

John Foster.

'Why were the Mountain Rescue Teams set up?'

'Uh, it's obvious. Walkers get lost and someone has to find them, climbers fall off crags and make a bloody mess on the scree. The hills have to be kept tidy.'

'No, I mean the R.A.F. teams. What has it got to do with them?'

Well, the reason is part of history now. Ever since Daedalus fitted wings to himself and his son to escape from Crete, man has defied gravity whenever he has left Mother Earth behind. And like Icarus, whose wings came unstuck when he flew too near the sun, many of their successors too have come unstuck for all sorts of reasons. Life was dicey enough for the early aviators without looking for trouble, so they generally kept well clear of mountains. A rare exception was when some R.A.F. pilots flew over Everest in the thirties (because it was there?). Otherwise, mountains were left to climbers and other madmen.

Then came the Second World War, and a tremendous expansion in the Royal Air Force. Air fields were built along the Channel to defend the south coast, hundreds of bomber bases were built in East Anglia to carry the war into Germany itself, while training airfields were built mainly in the west. This was logical, to keep them away from enemy aircraft, but most of our mountains are in the west, too. Half trained air crew were crashing all over the hills, and for a while we seemed to be losing more aircraft in accidents than we were in enemy action.

One of these new airfields was hurriedly built at Llandwrog (Clandoorog, in English) near Caernarfon in 1941. By chance the Station Medical Officer, Flt. Lt. George Graham, was a climber. He was concerned that if he or some trained medics could get to crash survivors in the hills quickly enough, there would be a chance of saving them. He obtained the Station Commanders approval to set up a rescue team, using his personal jeep for transport, general service stretchers and little else. It went operational in April 1942 (co-incidental with the birth of the Achille Ratti) with a dozen or so volunteer aircraftmen (aircs.) who were equipped with no more than groundsheet/capes and welly boots. The core group were medical orderlies from the Station Sick Quarters, backed by volunteers from other sections of any trade (stretcher fodder). By the end of the year they had brought 12 aircrew down safely and recovered 35 bodies from 11 crashes in north and mid-Wales. Belatedly, the Air Ministry realised that mountain rescue teams were a good idea, and the following year promulgated a general order establishing a Mountain Rescue Service for the mountain areas of Britain. Initially there was only Llanwrog for Wales, R.A.F. Millom (now Haverigg prison) to look after the Lake District, and R.A.F. Montrose to cover a tiny part of Scotland. So it was that last year was the official Golden Jubilee of the R.A.F. Mountain

Rescue Service, celebrated by a reunion at Bangor University last September of ex-members and representatives of all the present teams, which I was unfortunately unable to attend because I was in hospital. Just my luck, I'll not last out until the centenary (you never know, but they'll have to carry me in on a stretcher). Somehow I have jumped forward to the present, and must now go back 40 years.

It was in the early fifties that we started to ride our bikes into North Wales, usually staying at our Welsh barn for a shilling a night (the Youth Hostel cost 1/6)! After a hard day on the hill we felt we had earned a pint or two, and sometimes rode our bikes into Capel Curig. But even in those days before the breathalyser we realised the danger of trying to keep a bike upright after several pints. On 4 wheels you have a chance, but on two, zero. So we often left the bikes at the farm and walked the 3 miles to the Bryn Tyrch or Coldsens. Going wasn't bad, but it was a drag back up the A5 after closing time, so we were always on the lookout for a lift. More than once an R.A.F. lorry with Mountain Rescue on the cab roof would come by, and it always stopped when we stuck a thumb out. 'Where are you staying, lads?' 'Givern-y-Gof Ysaf'. 'O.K.' and we clambered over the tail gate. It dawned on me that this was the best way I could spend my 2 years National Service. When the time came I opted for the R.A.F. and was accepted. At every station I was posted to I kept asking 'How do I get into a Mountain Rescue Team,' to be told 'You've got to do your square bashing,' 'You've got to do your trade training.' Eventually, while training to be a 'rigger' (air-frame mechanic) at Kirkham, I applied to be posted to a station with a Rescue Team. A squadron leader interviewed me, could see I knew what I was talking about, and approved my application. Then came the end of the course and a list of postings. It was quite obvious that some clerk had stuck pins in the list of names to match them up to requirements. There were lads who had no interest in the hill going to Kinross, Valley, and Topcliffe (all rescue teams), while I was going to Leeming. It was only 14 miles from Topcliffe, and a lad from Ayr who was posted there said he would swap with me. So a couple of weeks later (it was the end of June 1956) I rode my Ariel over to see him. Just my luck, he had met up with a bunch of Jocks and didn't want to move. There were consolations though. The grim barrack block he was in was like an old air raid shelter, whereas Leeming had brick built H blocks. When I checked on the map I found it was only 73 miles across to Ambleside, no problem with my bike. I had been put in the tyre bay, and with the runways being rebuilt there was little flying (Meteor N.F. 13s and 14s) and no tyres wearing out, so I spent my time mending punctures for lads on the base at half a crown a time, the only fiddle I ever managed. I could get up Langdale and life was bearable.

One fateful weekend I rode up the valley and met Mike Hornby, Tom Carroll, Joyce Kent, and many more youngsters from The Fylde. They were kipping in the barn at Rawhead which is now Bishop's Scale, but which was then known as 'The Monastery'. I moved in too, feeling I had more right than they had. Life was getting better.

At the end of September an A.M.O. appeared on the station

notice board, 'Volunteers Urgently Required for Mountain Rescue Duties'. Where had this lot been these past nine months while I was trying to join the team? Should I apply? I had enough service in to know that volunteering could be a dicey business. I might be posted to St. Athem (walking country), or Kinloss (a long way from home and from Joyce, but among the biggest mountains). I decided the status quo was cushy enough, I had only fourteen months left to do. A fortnight later I was up on orders, posted to Valley to join the Rescue Team. The moral seems to be 'when you apply you don't get it, but when you don't apply you do.' How we came through two World Wars God only knows. The flt. sergeant said he could get me off the posting if I wanted, but I decided to let it go through. Mountain Rescue was what I had joined the Air Force for, after all.

So I arrived at Valley a few hours after the Marines had landed at Suez, and the paratroops, the Navy and the R.A.F. were knocking hell out of Nassers lads. That'll show them. Pride in the Empire was restored.

I was allotted to the Aircraft Servicing Flight doing major and minor overhauls on the Vampires. I applied to join the team, and found my Flight Commander was also the officer-in-charge of the team and that I was working with many of the team members, and that one of the M.O.'s was a member of the Achille Ratti (Dr. Tony Cliffe, last heard of in the Manchester area). My application was accepted, but when I rolled up to the section to draw my hill kit I was in for a shock. I found that rock tigers were not wanted, that the ideal team member was considered to be a strong fell walker who could carry a reasonable load at a moderate pace, was sound in navigation, and could abseil and solo diffs. safely on rock, unroped. An all rounder. Fortunately I had done an eight year apprenticeship in walking before I took to the rock, and though my navigation was a bit rusty, it would polish up.

I soon settled into the routine, up to the section at mid-day on Saturday. Onto the trucks and away we'd go, sometimes to Ogwen, sometimes to Llanberis, and sometimes much further afield, deep into the hinterland of North Wales, for we needed to know all the territory we were responsible for. The main transport consisted of a couple of 3 ton Bedford Q.L.s (quadrilateral drive) which drank a gallon of petrol every six miles, a Series I Landrover which usually towed a trailer carrying jerrycans of petrol and oil, a long wheelbase Landrover ambulance, and an Austin Kg I tonner which with its box body was the signals truck. This housed a generator and an 1154/1155 transmitter/receiver from a Lancaster bomber. The 'portable' radios too were of similar vintage (H.F.15s), and were more suitable for ballast for a Royal Navy diver. Transistors were invented in the forties in America, but the R.A.F. didn't seem to have heard of them, the current demand of the cathodes in these valve sets requiring heavy battery packs. Hence the need for strong fell walkers.

I had already learned the need for rescue teams from an aircraft point of view. Early on we had found the wings and engines of a Douglas Boston (or Haroc) on Carnedd Dafydd. That crashed in 1942, and the sole survivor was lucky to be found by chance a couple of days later. The engines have gone, but the

wings are still around. Then there was the bomber on Great Carrs. The story that the late Cyril Bulman told me nearly 40 years ago was that it was a Wellington, which also crashed in 1942. That Cpl. Scotty Dwyer, who after the war was the first B.M.C. certificated guide, had gone up with a couple of 'aircs', and buried the bodies under a cairn. Later information shows that it was in fact an Halifax which crashed in 1944, and that the Millom team brought the bodies down a couple of days later. It had been coming in from the west or northwest and hit the north side of Broad Slack just below the top of Great Carrs. The fuselage caught fire killing all 8 crew, while the wings and engines tore off and fell into the head of Greenburn valley. I have passed the site many times, and there were once large pieces of aluminium which had melted in the fire. Now only the steel parts of the undercarriage remain, with the steel brake drums and wheel bearings, and someone has erected a hardwood cross there. In March last year I walked up to the head of Greenburn to inspect the wings, which are partly burned, and found two of the Merlin engines (rather worse for wear after nearly 50 years), and the hubs of 3 of the 4 bladed propellers.

Another story I heard a great many years ago, which I cannot verify, was of a Hurricane pilot whose engine cut-out, and he made a crash landing in the fells somewhere north of Skiddaw. He must have been greatly relieved to have put the kite down almost intact and survived, but he had broken both legs. So he sat in the cockpit and waited to be rescued. A shepherd found him the following Spring, still there, still waiting..... A local rescue team which knew the hills might well have found him in time.

It is not my intention to trace the history of the R.A.F.M.R.; that has been ably written by Frank Card in his book, 'Whensoever' which was published last September by the Ernest Press (Jack Baines), 1 Thomas Street, Holyhead. My aim is to relate a few incidents during that time, which now seems so brief looking back across the years, when I wore the Albatross for my shoulder flash, and the coiled ropes and crossed ice axes on my sleeve.



CAN SKI

George Partridge.

On Friday March 26 last, I left KL's Subang airport for San Francisco via Singapore and Hong Kong. I left at 08.00 and was mildly surprised to find it was only mid-day at San Francisco as I had crossed the date line. I spent four days in the city before flying on to Vancouver via Seattle arriving around 17.30. An hour later I was on the coach to Whistler Mountain. My choice of Canada for skiing was due in part to the prompt response by the Canadian High Commission in KL, who provided full information on skiing in Canada, in contrast the U.S. embassy had no information on U.S. resorts. I was very impressed with the helpful attitude in Canada, typically on the coach trip up to Whistler, it takes about two hours and the driver phoned ahead and fixed B&B for me. Vancouver is surrounded by ski resorts; Grouse Mountain is a mere fifteen minutes from the city, Cypress Bowl and Seymour Ski County a half hour away; with another four resorts on Vancouver Island. Whistler and Blackcombe boast some two hundred plus runs. However, so mild was the weather in Vancouver, that the Almond blossom was fully out, back home I always associate Almond blossom with the Three Peaks Race, the last weekend of April, here it is a full month earlier. Coastal British Columbia enjoys a mild climate, similar to California, the January temperature averages 2 degrees C., would there be snow?

There was plenty, although at valley level X-C tracks were bare and had closed about two weeks earlier. I stayed six nights in Whistler, but skied on just two days. This mainly due to poor weather and I also needed to buy some gear. I had taken only a cagoule and one pair of thick socks when I left home the previous autumn, having no plans to ski. I had added another pair of socks, and a fibre pile jacket whilst in New Zealand over the Christmas break. The weather in the mountains was just like west of Scotland at its worst and it rained for the next four days. I spent my first day on a round of the five or six ski shops in Whistler Village thoroughly depressed by the steady downpour and grey skies. It was reminiscent of Aviemore or Fort William with better architecture and superior burgers and hot dogs. Eventually on my fifth or maybe sixth circuit I took the plunge and after some haggling purchased a suit, gloves and hat. None too soon as by now even I was beginning to suspect I might be loitering with intent.

There are three base areas around Whistler, Whistler Village and Blackcombe with Whistler Creek base about four km away. The skiing is on two mountains, Whistler 2183m and Blackcombe 2284m, the base areas are around 670m, so there is a vertical drop of around 1600m. Whistler Village is a purpose built pedestrianised area, very pleasant. Blackcombe base is a mere five minutes walk away but there is a three person chair to Blackcombes lower slopes from Whistler for access on ski.

Development started in the late seventies, so all the architecture is relatively new and in my view quite pleasant.

The weather continued wet and miserable but on Friday morning it ceased just long enough to tempt me into hiring skis and boots and enrolling in a beginners class.

I should mention that I was a trifle nervous about skiing. I had last skied in 1988; in '89 I had a hip job and my only foray forth since had been a nervous hour on the dry ski slope at Plas-y-Brenin. I was also very unfit. We took the gondola to the first station, for some test runs on a beginners tow. The rain had now returned with a vengeance, but the ski school was well prepared and supplied plastic rain tops, visibility was maybe fifty metres. We were sorted into groups and six of us capable of turns and stops proceeded to the upper gondola station at around 2000m. Here it was snowing heavily and the light was very flat but Darren the instructor, deemed us if not competent at least able to ski the green run back to the lower station. I did enjoy two runs of about 900m drop but I was the first of the group to quit, lacking both in fitness and grit and also very wet and tired, but quietly delighted to be back on ski. I decided to call a halt whilst undamaged and took the gondola down and went for a beer. Saturday brought more rain so I went for a walk but Sunday dawned with brilliant sun and clear skies a dream of a day for skiing, and I enjoyed an excellent day on Blackcombe in the company of two acquaintances from the ski class, Richards Snr. and Jnr. father and son from Alabama, I found it reassuring to have company on the hill. Later on some remoter X-C trips I got a little nervous, more so when meeting signs reading "You are now in Bear Country". Apparently there was no cause for alarm, the bears were still hibernating!

The weather forecast was pretty dismal and I decided to move on into the Rockies, I took a bus early on the Monday to Vancouver. Spent the afternoon sightseeing and then took an overnight bus to Jasper, 900km and eleven hours ride to the north west, arriving at 5.30am Tuesday, a trifle early for breakfast I thought, but the local fast food joint opened at 6.00, which I thought pretty good. I've never been up that early in Aviemore!

I stayed six days in Jasper, walked a little, hired a mountain bike to explore around the area and then a car for two weeks, which allowed me to both tour generally and also X-C ski on some prepared tracks and also the Bald Hills overlooking Maligne Lake. This lake almost 28km long, in a truly splendid setting amongst 3000m plus peaks, was frozen and snow covered. The Maligne area has many summer walking trails, the "Skyline Trail" wanders some 44km over the rounded Maligne Range back to Jasper. It can be X-C skied and depending on conditions and individual fitness takes one to three days.

Jasper also has a Whistler Mountain with a gondola that runs from April to October, from the gondola top station it is about an hours walk to the top at 2470m, it is an excellent viewpoint with Mount Robson 3954m and a host of 3000m summits all around. There is downhill skiing at Marmot Mountain which is opposite Whistler to the south across Whistler Creek. The name Whistler is derived from the call of the hairy marmot, resident in the mountains. These hills are part of the Trident Range and are reminiscent of the Cairngorms but rather larger at 2400-2600m.

Whilst I was six days in Jasper I only scratched the surface, I regretted not skiing at Marmot but needed a rest day, which I took driving down to Lake Louise, 235km to the south on Icefields Parkway over Sunwapta Pass with an easterly diversion at Saskatchewan Crossing to the Kootenay Plains and Abraham Lake. Lake Louise is best known for the much photographed and very grand Chateau Lake Louise. The lake cradled in snow peaks with the Victoria Glacier cascading down behind it, is quite breathtaking. Equally superb is Moraine Lake and the Valley of the Ten Peaks just a few miles to the south. From late May it is possible to drive to Moraine Lake, it is about 12km. On X-C ski I had it all to myself, a fair pull up but an exhilarating run down until I met a snow blower, grader and excavator starting to clear the road for the summer, happily they had cleared only the lowest 400m. The operator reckoned about three weeks to clear to the Lodge. It was now 14th April and for the lower X-C prepared tracks late March seemed to be the end of the season.

The Lake Louise downhill ski area is about two miles from Lake Louise Village, a ski bus operates both from the Village and also from Banff. Skiing is on four faces of two hills; Mounts Whitehorn 2671m and Lippalian 2713m, the base is at 1660m; the season lasting to mid May. It is the largest ski area in Canada facing south west with stunning views across to Lake Louise and the Bow Range and boasts a green run from every chair which was exactly what I needed to build up some confidence. I stayed six days in Lake Louise, with two days of downhill and a little walking and car touring in addition to X-C trips.

I left Lake Louise and drove over Kicking Horse Pass (named around 1850 after Dr. James Hector was so hoofed by his nag). Here the Canadian Pacific Railroad crosses the Main Range of the Rockies via the spiral tunnels, built in 1909 these loop through two mountain spurs in a huge figure of eight to flatten the grade, a major feat of railroad construction. There are side roads nearby to Lake O'Hara and Takakkaw Falls, third highest falls in Canada at 384m and a popular ice climbing venue. Both these roads were closed by snow but the road up to Emerald Lake was open and I walked around this gem of a lake, it was hard work walking with some deep patches of soft snow and I regretted not having X-C ski with me. The uncleared side roads were excellent for X-C ski. My somewhat unplanned drive, I was travelling hopefully and enquiringly rather than purposefully, continued following the Kicking Horse River through the town of Golden and south down the Kootenay-Columbia Highway running in the Rocky Mountain Trench through Harrogate, Spillimacheen, Radium Hot Springs, Invermere and Windermere, the latter with a lake, bigger than our 'Lakes' original. I continued south as far as the headwaters of the Columbian River at Whiteswan Lake and Provincial Park. This whole area is laced with National or Provincial Parks and must be superb backpacking country from late June.

I now returned to Lake Louise via Kootenay National Park and moved down to Banff. Banff seemed a veritable metropolis, in fact it is quite a small town, population about 8000, but it is Canada's top resort with some three million visitors a year and

can be crowded in July and August. In April it was fairly quiet. Banff is very popular with the Japanese, probably two thirds of those skiing were Japanese and Japanese is spoken in the majority of shops in town.

I had one day of car hire left so had a final fling and took a long drive via Canmore on the Trans Canada Highway into Kananaskis Country. Canmore was the site of the 1988 Olympic Nordic events and has a splendid purpose built Nordic Centre, this had closed a month earlier. Above Canmore, a gravel road, almost as wide as the M6 climbs to the shores of Spray Lakes Reservoir between the Sundance and Kananaskis Ranges and runs to Kananaskis Provincial Park through splendid mountains. I looped back north on the Kananaskis Highway and looked in on the downhill resorts at Fortress Mountain and Nakiska, the latter the venue for the '88 Olympic downhill events. Fortress has the highest base elevation at 2072m in the Canadian Rockies, but both resorts had closed the previous week. The area contained by these roads has a dozen scrambling peaks between 2400-3185m, however none are viable for the average scrambler until May and some not until July, with avalanche risk very high throughout the spring.

I stayed ten days in Banff mainly skiing at Sunshine Village. There were some excellent value packages available around £260 for one, for 7 nights accommodation (no food) with 5 day ski including lift pass and ski bus; around £180 per person for two. Sunshine has the longest season, skiing into June. Ski buses from Banff serve Sunshine, Lake Louise and Mystic Ridge/Norquay the latter is the nearest downhill slope to Banff about 2 km out of town and possibly the experts choice with some steep runs but closed by now.

Sunshine Village is at 2200m, access from the parking area at Healy Creek is by gondola, the village is a purpose built resort with ski facilities and accommodation, not a traditional village, set in a delightful open alpine meadow. Staying on site would certainly allow maximum time on the slopes but I preferred to stay in Banff. This allowed a wider choice for skiing between Lake Louise or Sunshine and also of eating places and bad weather options. A cautionary tale, over new year '93 with a full house in Sunshine the temperature was down to -20c but no snow! Doesn't only happen in Scotland. However I understand lack of snow is most unusual, skiing normally starts in October (it did in Aviemore in '92 but only for a weekend!)

Happily in mid April the snow was abundant, the skiing excellent, the weather kind, a mix of sunshine and spring snow showers, no crowds and no lift queues. Now without the distraction of the car I skied every day and totalled some 13,000m of down hill, more than I had ever skied before! For my final day I hired some mountain X-C gear to sample all the runs at Sunshine I had run on downhill ski and explore the area a little more freely than on downhill gear. It made a great last day.

I did take in some sightseeing around Banff of course, visited the Cave and Basin, historic site of original hot springs and walked to Sundance Canyon, no connection with the 'kid'. I was

duly awed by the scale of the Banff Springs Hotel, a remarkable blend of Scottish baronial and French chateau architecture built in 1888, which has clearly influenced more recent ski developments such as the Chateau Whistler built in 1989. The Sulphur Mountain Gondola goes up the mountain to the south of the town and it is a short stroll to the top of Sanson Peak at 2290m, with spectacular views of the surrounding area. Near here I met a lady from Stavely, a customer of Tom and Rita Baron. It's a small world really.

Wildlife abounds throughout the Rockies, Wapiti in Banff town, Big Horn Sheep and Goats on the lower slopes of the hills, a Porcupine by Lake Louise and a pair of Wolves near Maligne Lake and a Coyote seen whilst riding the gondola to Sunshine. I was told that Black Bear could be seen above the Healy Creek road to Sunshine. Canada Geese were numerous on one of the ice free lakes, together with a variety of duck, many birds and both Golden and Bald Eagles.

My overall impression of the skiing was that the Rockies seemed to have a more settled weather pattern than the west coast. Facilities and piste grooming were first class and cafes, day lodges, etc. at Whistler and in the Rockies.

For information try:-

Canadian High Commission, Canada House, Trafalgar Sq. SW1 5BJ for the following Provincial Tourist brochures

1. British Columbia Skiing; B.C. Accommodation Guide;
2. Summer and Winter Vacations Alberta.

Guides:-

1. Scrambles in the Canadian Rockies. Alan Kane, Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary.
2. Cross-Country Skiing, Nordic Trails in Banff National Park. Banff Information Centre, 224 Banff Avenue, Banff.
3. A Guide to Alberta Cross-Country Ski Trails, Canadian Ski Association, Edmonton, Alberta.

JUNIOR CORNER.

DANNY HOPE - FELL RUNNER.

Part 2. 1993.

After winning the English under 16 fell running championships in 1992. I was optimistic about the year ahead and I have done equally well this year. Out of the six championship races my best four results were three seconds and one third. This meant that I finished second overall but I was also the first Englishman as the outright winner was a Welshman. My three seconds came at Ambleside, Kettlewell and Theiveley Pike and at the latter I was watched by Peter Bland the England team manager. This resulted in me being selected to represent England at the Junior Home International at Grasmere.

At the Home International I ran against teams from Scotland, Wales and Northern and Southern Ireland. The teams spent a free nights accommodation and food at the Thorneyhowe Youth Hostel in Grasmere. I didn't have a particularly good run on the day although I still finished 8th and the 2nd English counter. The English team finished second and were beaten by Wales. The individual winner was Tim Davies from Wales, the lad who had beaten me in the English Championships.

Next year I will be in the under 18's age group and hope to do well again. There is an international race at Knockdhu in Northern Ireland which hopefully I will be competing in and also the World Cup which is to be held in Germany this year.



Danny Hope finishing in the Junior Home International, Grasmere.

JUNIOR MEET - 18/19th SEPTEMBER, 1993.

Ciaran Limmer. (Aged 10)

The Junior Meet was divided into two groups. One group went with Dot and some helpers and the other group was:

Jill and Gwen Garstang and their Mum, Elaine and their grandparents, Leo and Freda Pollard;

Christopher Daniels and his parents Beryl and Arthur and his dog, Scamp;

Joel, Debbie and Robert Green and their parents Robert and Diane and their dog, Sky;

David Meredith;

Joe Pollard;

Ciaran and Tristram Limmer and our parents, Ivan and Margaret.

We all met in Settle then drove to the first cave. It was called the Jubilee Cave. It was quite small but we had to climb out of it. We all switched our torches off when we came out.

The next cave was called Victoria Cave. On the way we saw two dead rabbits - victims of myxomatosis and old age. We saw a sign, this is what it said:

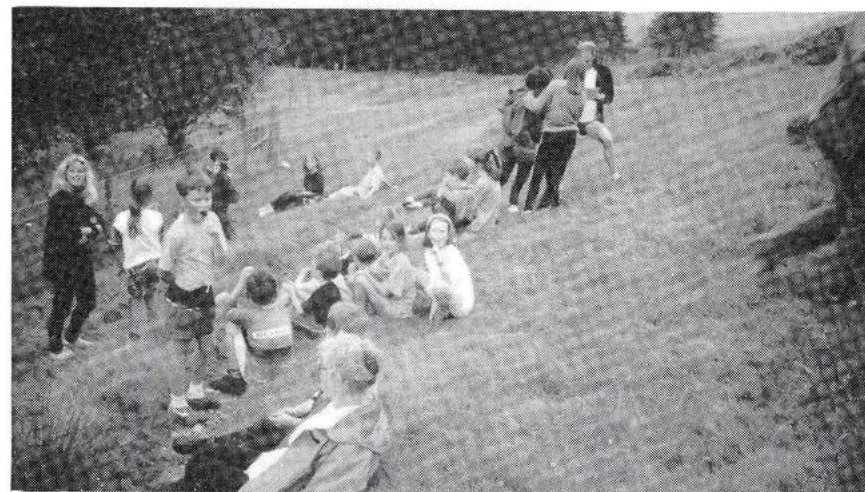
WE TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEATH OR INJURY OF ANY PERSON IN VICTORIA CAVE.

It was from the council. We had to be very quiet when we went in because of rock falls. It was really good. I swapped helmets for that cave because my other torch wasn't working properly. Arthur's dog Scamp tried to follow us but was held back.

After Victoria Cave we had to go back to the cars. I was third not counting the grown-ups. When everyone got their lunch out we sat down and shared some soup round. Then we got into the cars and drove to Yordas Cave. It was quite a long way, we had to walk up a field to get to it. The entrance is quite small but the cave is very good. You go round in a circle and you don't notice until the end. First you walk through the main chamber, then up a little cleft to a waterfall. When we got to that part Joe Pollard went under the waterfall and got soaked through to the skin. Then we climbed out on the other side and went down a passage to another chamber not quite so big as the first one, but in this one there was a tunnel - or we thought there was. It wasn't very long. The next chamber was the one we started in. We all rushed to the other end and found a tunnel. It led to a dead end so we came out and climbed on a big mud bank. We had loads of fun! Then we came out of the cave and we drove up to the hut.

The next day was the Club Races but I hope someone else will write about that.

Unfortunately, Ciaran, nobody has, but I do have photographs which may give readers a taste of the atmosphere. I believe 18 junior members took part in the race and everyone won a prize or a medal. DWP.



Juniors resting after their race.



Start of the Senior Race.

Kids and Caves

Tristram Limmer.

When we went into the cave
Some of us were very brave
But a few of us weren't quite so bold
Because it was so damp and cold

When we sat down for a photograph
No-one had a camera
So we all had a laugh

When we went into Yordas Cave
The waterfall was on full power....
So Joe had a shower!

After that we all had a lot-
Yes, we all had a lot-
Of meat and potato hot pot.



The Cavers. All ready for action.

New Year at Langdale.

John Braybrook

It was seasonal that so many of the Club had come together for the New Year. The car park at Bishop's Scale was jammed with vehicles.

The New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel was the venue for the New Year Eve festivities and a folk group supplied the music for the revellers to sing and dance to. A good time was had by all.

The main event for New Years Day was the Fell Race at midday starting from the N.D.G. There were twenty runners at the line up to run the three mile course up Side Pike and back. It was a dry and sunny day with snow covering the tops and the odd bank of low cloud covering the Pikes. The going was good.

The Hope stable: Robert, Danny and John took the first three places in that order. Sheila Anderton was the only lady representative and complained that a handicapper should have treated her favourably and given her a head start on the men. We were wondering what had happened to all the other women fell-runners; come on ladies!

The winning time I was told by Alan Kenny is purely academic and that it is the taking part that counts.

At the Mass at 6,30pm Father Hughes in his genial manner said he was surprised to see so many of the club there.

The finale to the day was further frivolity at the N.D.G. with music by the Banshees.



Cath Hope keeping a nose in front.

A Tour in the North West Hardangervidda of Norway - April 1993.

David Hugill.

The party consisted of Andy Beagan, Peter Dowker and David Hugill.

The Hardangervidda region lies mainly south of the Bergen-Oster railway line, which reaches its highest point in the region of the small settlement of Finse, where Captain Scott based his Antarctic expeditions for training many years ago.

We left the train at Hollingsheid, west of Finse, and met with a scene of sunlit, white, beautiful desolation. A group of small buildings barely visible beneath the snow contained the DNT hut, the only clue being a DNT sticker on the upper roof window, level with our knees on one of the huts. Several attempts finally revealed the entrance about 6 feet below the snow. Once established inside and organised, we took advantage of the daylight to visit a nearby summit to view the lie of the land to our next hut the next day.

Alas, the next day the weather got the best of us, and we retreated our steps to Hollingsheid, after three and a half hours on our route to the Rembesdalseter hut, due to high winds, poor visibility and deteriorating weather. A hot meal of macaroni and corned beef, was enjoyed as the snow fell heavily outside!

The next day, similar poor weather prevented a trip to the next hut, but a trip to the summit of Skomanosi 1640m was achieved, with some exciting navigational difficulties in less than ideal visibility, at times.

Day four dawned, with only a marginal improvement in the weather, so after some debate, the decision was taken to move to Finse, and take the marked trail to the huts north of Finse which can be followed in poor visibility. After five hours of following the trail marked with birch twigs, we reached the manned hut of Geiterygghytta which proved to be almost a hotel, complete with showers, self-service breakfast, and a welcome drying room.

On to the hut at Kongshelaren 1450m for a couple of nights, with little improvement in the weather. The wind howling all night, we had Norwegian visitors, passing through to the next hut, and keeping the big stove burning, we made soup and brews to pass the time.

In improving weather, we retraced our steps to Geiterygghytta, and the following day, in sunshine at last, passing the summit of Sata 1555m, we skied on, eventually arriving back at Hallingsheid, in soft snow.

At last, the weather was clear and settled, so a trip out to the neighbouring hills was planned, and accompanied by two Scottish ski-tourers, Donald and Donald, we headed north west towards the summit of Bascoffellget. Climbing the initial slopes

was alright until I struck trouble with the climbing skins getting wet between the skins and the ski bottom causing the skins to slide off, so detaching the skis altogether. I climbed without, very slowly, to the top of the initial ridge. A brew and 20 minutes drying the skins in the sun, enabled better progress to me made. Then it was up another valley, down across a frozen lake, and up zig-zagging towards the summit. Alas, the top, very steep, slopes proved too wet and avalanche prone to continue, so retreating to some dry rocks we again brewed up, and enjoyed the view of the snow clad, empty valleys and peaks all around us. Returning to the hut, we all concluded that at last, we were getting fitter!



Fine weather at last!

So, the weather was now holding out, next day we packed gear for a three day trip round the south side of the Hardanger

Jokulen ice cap, staying at the Rembesdasetter hut, and the Kjeldebu hut. This proved to be a fairly long trip but was enjoyable because of the mainly good weather and our improving fitness (especially Pete who was now going like a mechanical man with a Duracell battery!)

The run down to Finse, saw us meeting more parties, leading away from Finse, and several dog sled teams, camped out on the ice.

Arriving back in Finse, the now busy hut, proved a good resting point, before next day doing the ascent and circuit of the ice-cap summit. After reaching the refuge hut a Jokullytta, the wind assisted our trip across the flattish high plateau, and then it was down the lake, back to the hut to prepare for the train journey back to Bergen.

Just as a footnote, the Norwegian huts are run by the D.N.T. (Norwegian Touring Club) and many are unmanned with well stocked foodstores, and you pay by cheque or cash for the food you use, itemizing your purchases on the back of the envelope provided. Woodburning stoves seem standard, and all had a radio but finding a weather forecast in English, proved difficult!

It's Sometimes Hard Being A Woman

Dot Wood.

Camping at 19,000ft. on Mera Peak was one of the highlights of my recent trip to Nepal. It was desperately cold, -25C according to Terry. Having to get out of your tent and warm, cosy sleeping bag to answer a call of nature was quite something at that altitude and in those sort of temperatures. But I had to go before it became too critical, that's when it's hard being a woman.

The view from this campsite was breathtaking and hauntingly beautiful by light of the almost full moon and the brilliant stars. Beyond the cold light of the moon the giants slept, Everest, Lhotse, Nuptse and Makalu, cold and aloof in the distance, while the smaller summits nestled round them just occasionally shifting slightly to shrug off another avalanche of ice or snow.

Snuggled back in my sleeping bag, Terry's down bootees on my feet and Harry's duvet around my shoulders I waited for the shivering to stop and the warm, cosy feeling to overtake me that preceded sleep. It was slow in coming but I gradually drifted into sleep only to be awakened almost immediately by Terry with a lukewarm brew and the news that he was ready to set off for the summit. I had been vaguely aware of noises from the other two for some time but I was too warm and cosy to do much about it. My stove didn't work either and I needed more to drink and eat before I could set off up the hill.

Mera Peak is situated at the head of the Hinku Valley to the east of Mount Everest in the Solu Khumbu region of Nepal. At an altitude of 21,200ft it is the highest and the easiest of the trekking peaks. Dave Hall, Terry Kitchen and myself had left Kathmandu 15 days earlier and after a long bus journey and two weeks of walking we were now poised to go for the summit, at least Terry was, Dave was slightly more laggardly whilst I was positively sluggish. Terry gave me his stove and left, it was still dark. Dave also gave me his stove and a panful of half melted ice, then he left. It was a little lighter now but still many degrees below freezing. After a few more brews and some half-cooked porridge I had to make a rapid exit from the tent. The pre-dawn light was touching the tops of Everest, Lhoste and Makalu, and the sky was the deep, dark blue of high altitude and the last stars were fading in the sky. A faint glow in the east behind Kangchenjunga heralded in the dawn and the sunlight picked out the mountain tops one by one. I finished dressing and then put on my boots, my feet froze immediately but I hoped the exercise would warm them through. It was still minus 18C by Terry's thermometer hanging by his tent. There was no sign of the others on the hill but the light was getting stronger by the minute and the track was clear ahead.

I set off up the hill but my feet already felt wooden. I stamped them down hard and walked as quickly as I could but the altitude soon slowed me down. I wasn't happy and unimpressed as

it seemed likely I would risk frostbite to carry on. I turned round and went back down to the tents.

It took almost an hour for my feet to thaw out but they seemed none the worse for it. I took lots of photos and waited for the others to arrive back. Terry arrived at midday vowing that this was definitely the last big hill that he was going to be doing. Dave soon followed and was pretty much the same frame of mind. I made them brews and soup and more brews, in between hiding in the tent from the fierce mid-day sun. Terry and I packed up our tents and left for the lower campsite below the Mera La. Dave had decided to go back to Luckla so we left him to come down later. That was the last we saw of Dave until we arrived back in England four weeks later.

We had now to decide what to do. The original plan of going over the West Col and Sherpani Col to Makalu base camp and then out to the Arun Valley now seemed to be out of the question. My cold feet and Terry's bad head aches whilst camping at altitude ruled that one out. But as we both wanted to go to the Hunku Valley, maybe we could go for the Amphu Labsta instead. This would take us back onto the main Everest trail at Chukung which was where we had stayed two years earlier when we had climbed Island Peak. The only problem now was the gear and food we had to carry. I couldn't carry all my gear plus ten days food. Terry very nobly said he would carry the extra stuff if he could, because he really wanted to go up this valley and couldn't go on his own, besides, we could leave caches of food each day just in case we couldn't get over the Amphu Labsta at the end of the valley. The next day we packed up, had a bonfire with the stuff we discarded and left some spare gear on a boulder for the next porter who came along to claim. Two English guys arrived as we were about to depart, they like us had no porters and like us were wondering about whether to carry on. We thought that they would probably catch us up but we never saw them again so maybe they went back after all. Our way down the moraine and into the afternoon mist, which was coming up to meet us, across the shoulder of the next hill and then down into the Hunku Valley. It was almost dark by the time we arrived at a possible campsite. There were some porters ensconced in the lee of a huge boulder but no sign of the group they were supporting so we pitched our tents along side of them. When we looked out the next morning we couldn't have chosen a better campsite. A bouldering paradise with big crags behind them, blue sky and hot sunshine and across the valley the mighty West Face of Chamlung. The large trekking group which had been camped around the corner, hidden from our view, all tramped past as we ate our breakfast, they were going back the way we had come down yesterday. It was another three and a half days before we were to meet anyone else.

The next four days were hard going especially for Terry who was carrying almost twice as much as I was. It was definitely worth it though. It was and felt remote and otherworldly. We could only travel slowly which meant we could stop and look at the views. The orange, brown colours of the valley floor merged upwards into multi-coloured screes and rocks of the various peaks along the way, the whole ending in brilliant white startling against the dark blue of the sky. The pass we had hoped to

cross, the Amphu Labsta, was directly in front of us at the northern end of the Hunku Valley. Towering above all was the trilogy of Nupsta, Lhotse and Everest drawing us onwards each day. Looking back the way we had come, the river meandered down through the screes, forming occasional lakes, full of silt and gravel, that reflected the surrounding mountains before crossing the valley floor, in a series of cataracts and waterfalls, and disappearing under the mist that lurked at the end of the valley that seemed each day to try and envelop us in its tentacles, but fortunately never quite succeeding. Our path traversed the screes below the shattered rocks of the mountain, following the convolutions of the river until we came to our last camp before the final scree slope up to the col.

We arrived as the last of the daylight left the sky and just as the stars began to illuminate the scene. The lake was beautiful, still and clear, the water the finest we had tasted in weeks. We camped in a small sandy bay and during the night the lake, which was partially frozen, sang to us with the songs of whales. The morning dawned sharp, clear and cold until the sun reached us. When we were warmed we packed up, left our last cache of food and set off up the scree for the col. It looked like it would take a couple of hours and it did, probably take twenty minutes back in England on the Lake District hills. We arrived at last and perched on the col that we had worked so hard over the last few days to achieve. The north side of the mountain was steep and snow covered and impressive, but with views to match.

We were not alone on the mountain, a sirdar from a group that had crossed the West Col two days previously was here to fix ropes for his party to use the next day. We were able to help him a little and he let us use his 100m rope to abseil down the first part of the gully. He was a really nice guy but very worried, none of his party were experienced and he had two sick people back at the campsite. He was nearly out of food and asked us to deliver a message to his sister who lived in Chukung which was the first habitation we would reach on the other side of the pass. After the sirdar had gone down and begun to fix further ropes for his porters to use the following day, Terry followed him and then it was my turn, the sirdar shouted at the two porters who waited for him on the col, they looked at me and the ropes that remained. So there I was loaded up with all my own gear plus a couple of extra ropes about to abseil down the north face of Amphu Labsta. I took a deep breath, checked that everything was OK and went over the edge. I'd watched Terry struggle and wondered what he was up to and soon discovered the problem. The snow was deep and soft and you went through up to your waist and then had to kick your way out of it whilst trying to still go downhill without turning upside down. It was extremely hard work and I had to stop frequently to take in huge breaths of the still very thin air. The two porters peered anxiously over the top of the shallow gully as I made my way slowly down to the sirdar. Terry had carried on going down and the sirdar shook my hand and thanked me. Terry had left him our rope as we had no further use for it. I wrote down the name of his sister in Chukung and said I would try and pass on the message but we wouldn't get there today as it was already three p.m. He said OK and with further entreaties to take care on the

rest of the descent I set off down the snow after Terry.

It was a long way down to the moraine but Terry had a brew going for which I was grateful, however this was not a nice place to camp so we set off to find one. We were thankful when at last we left the scree and in a dry flat valley we were able to pitch the tents just as the last light left the sky. We were lucky to find a small trickle of water before it froze for the night.

The sun reached us early in the morning after first lighting up the ridges of Mount Everest, Lhoste and Nuptse and finally picking out the summit ridge of Island Peak. Terry spotted a small mouselike creature near one of the boulders at the edge of the field. It was the first wildlife we had seen other than birds and we hadn't seen many of them. There had been cat prints near the tents on Mera La which we thought could only be snow leopards, but these are shy creatures and rarely sighted.

We packed up slowly not wanting to move really now that the adventure was almost over and we would soon be amongst other people again. But we had promised to pass a message on to Lakpa Sirdars sister at Chukkung so thats what we did. Once we joined the main trail up to Island Peak base camp we began to meet groups of people, some would speak but most seemed unfriendly and not enjoying themselves particularly. We arrived at Chukkung at midday to find that it had doubled in size since our last visit and was seething with people. We went to the lodge where we had stayed when we were here last and it turned out to be owned by Lakpa's sister but she wasn't at all interested in the plight of her brother and his clients on the mountain. We couldn't seem to impress on her the seriousness of his situation, all she could say was it was too late and she would send somebody the next day. We gave up in the end and after some lunch we carried on to Dingboche a couple of hours further down the valley.

We were now in the cloud and it was cold and damp. Terry met a Frenchman who said the lodge he was staying in was warm and very quiet. It was certainly quiet, not very warm but was OK. Next morning the cloud had gone but the sun was hidden behind Ama Dablan and it was cold in the shadow of that fascinating mountain. We had asked the lodge owner to arrange porters for us as far as Namche Bazaar, which we hoped to reach in the day, but as they themselves were going to Kunde which is near to Namche we said OK we would use them, or rather the yaks, that they were taking with them to carry the stores that they hoped to buy in the market the next day. The yaks didn't want to be caught and in the end we just left our rucksacs leaning against the wall and set off down the valley to Tengboche Monastery where we hoped to have lunch. We met a few interesting people on the way, one group of Americans whose leader was originally from Halifax. They had a fascinating instrument with them which took your pulse rate, blood pressure and gave a reading for the oxygen saturation levels in your blood. Both our oxygen saturation levels were in the high 90's but the group levels in the low 80's, one or two of them looked as though they were on the point of collapse and one guys pulse rate 120 even after he'd sat down for more than half an hour.



Ama Dablan

We carried on to Tengboche and had lunch in one of the lodges outside the monastery. This burnt down in 1989 but has now been rebuilt and just recently had a grand opening ceremony. The head lama was wandering about outside with some of the monks and workmen obviously planning the next stage. Lots of porters went up to the head lama to be blessed, including our sherpa who had caught us up with the yaks, and his elder daughter aged 8, who was about to start at the Hillary School in Kunde. She would be staying with her grandmother during the school term.

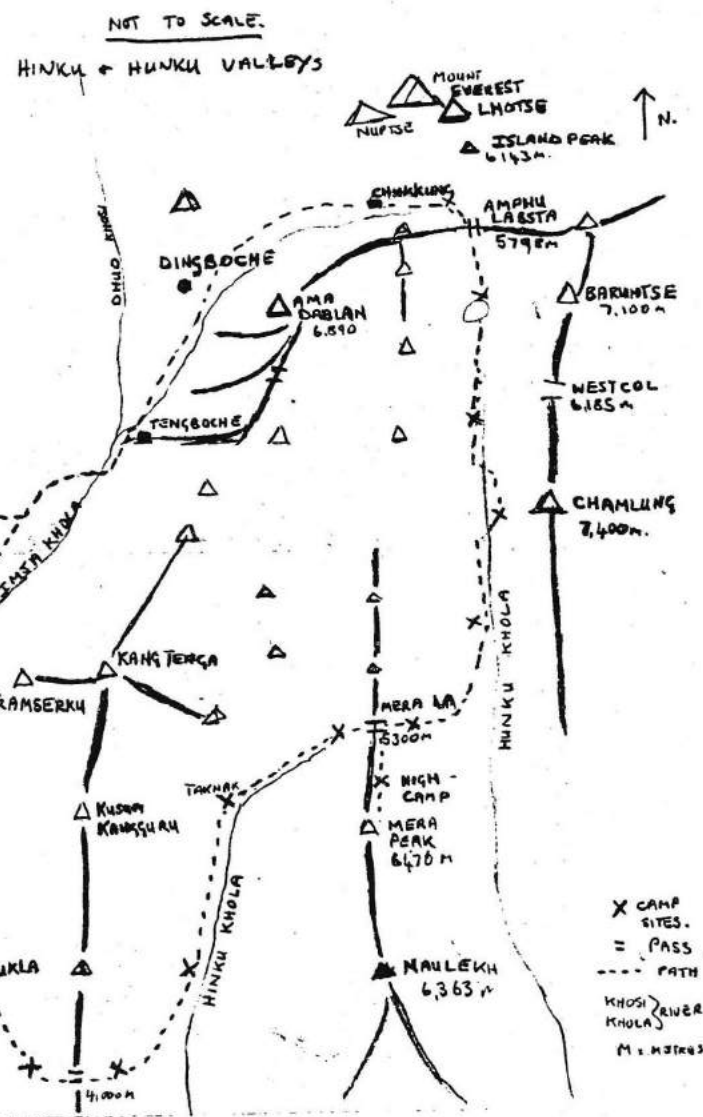
It's a long way down the hill from Tengboche and then steeply up again, now in the mist which was quite pleasant after the heat

of the midday sun. I was flagging a bit even though I wasn't carrying anything at all. The sherpa stopped for chang at a teahouse but we wanted to keep going so he gave Terry a twig and said he was in charge of the yaks. This caused great amusement to all who saw us and the yaks just ambled along as usual. It did become a little more tricky when we met a long line of yaks coming the other way, loaded up with gear for the Japanese Winter Expedition to Mount Everest, but Terry coped by guiding our yaks into a lay-bye whilst the train of yaks went past. When we left the main trail to go up to Konde, we saw a small, delicate deer browsing unconcerningly amongst the shrubs on the hillside. It was dark when we reached the village and the sherpa was probably only too glad to get rid of us at the first lodge we came to.

It was a proper lodge but not one that would normally attract trekkers. It was typical of some sherpa lodges we have stayed in in more remote places. However, it was warm, comfortable and the food and coffee was excellent. It was one of the best nights sleep that I'd had for ages. Morning came inevitably and the woman rattled the door latch to wake us up so we could let her in. She brought hot milky coffee with her which was sheer luxury. But we had to get up and packed and be away early as the sherpa wanted to get to the market before all the bargains had gone. People came hurrying past us as we wandered slowly down the hill towards Namche. Wanting to get back to civilisation we were reluctant still to cross the threshold back into the "maddening" crowd. But we arrived eventually and made our way to the Namaste View lodge and cinnamon rolls.

We spent a couple of nights in Namche, I sold my boots, crampons and axe to a sherpa shop owner and my duvet to a New Zealand lad. I met up with Kate and Bonnie who I had last seen two years earlier and in the same place. We went to Lukla hoping to be able to fly back to Kathmandu but the place was fogbound and had been for 2 or 3 days so we decided to hire a porter and walk out to Tumlintar in the Arun valley which was where we had intended to end up anyway, but that will take another three pages to tell so I'll leave it for Terry to expound. It was a good trip but very hard work at times and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

If enough people are interested and would like to make up a group to go to Nepal next November please contact me in the next couple of months. I would need at least 8 or 10 people to make it a viable proposition or if you fancy going on your own I'm willing to help with any information.



Part Two of Dot's Story

Terry Kitching

Namche Bazaar 15th November, 1993.

We have this great plan. We'll walk to Lukla and get a flight to Kathmandu, then river raft to Chitawan National Park to watch the rhino and tigers. It's only one day to Lukla and Dot's sold most of her spare gear so there's not much for us to carry. We don't need a porter just to Lukla as I can carry the few things Dot would rather not. It is the last day on the trail, and we've been loafing about eating for the last two days.

The plan went wrong after a long day to Lukla, arriving at dusk. NO FLIGHTS IT'S FOGGY! We couldn't even send our gear out. It took another day for it to sink in that we would have to walk. We had no air tickets, and with 500 people waiting for 14 seater planes not much point in buying any. There was a helicopter landed at Surke below the cloud offering seats at 300 U.S. dollars each (84 U.S. dollars on the airplane).

Lakpa's auntie from the Yeti lodge next door found us a porter, Jit Bandur Biswakama, who lived at Gudel, a village on the trail to Tumlintar, somewhere between 5 and 19 days away depending on who you talked to. We had to pay Jit a minimum of 7 days at 150 rupees a day even if we did do it quicker. Jit was on his way home after portering for treks around Namche area. Our first day was just like home, cold, fog and light drizzle which turned to rain just after I found a truck stop at Karte but a little while before Dot arrived. Karte lodge is not a trekkers lodge but Didi made us some dalbatt and let us sleep with the H.G.V.s. There were about 15 porters with their dokos already in when we got thrown out of bed by the fire in the kitchen that we had hopes for. Jit made room for us to lie on the benches after I moved some of the dokos, one of which felt that it was nailed down.

Dot thought we were going to stay at Bupsa about 300m down the hill where there are some comfortable lodges which led her to remark "you take a girl to the nicest places". Apart from the flashlights some of the H.G.V.s used to sort their loads for a crack of dawn start, and but for the plastic sheets they had slept on it could have been a scene from hundreds of years ago. Dot said biblical, but I don't think that's got here yet.

Next day up and down around the hillside to Pangam for an egg butty for breakfast. That's two chappittis with an omelette in between, easy to order if Didi has the English, but difficult to get everything hot at once if not. Over the pass to our lunch stop which was shut, so down a bit further to some sherpa houses on a cultivated narrow ridge. We got some salt tea and watched the kids playing. Why don't the babies fall over the edge? I never saw any notices to tell them it was dangerous! Steeply down to Hinkoo river now. I got into a race with Jit and a friend he'd met so was knackered by the time we got to the bridge. Had a nice rest waiting for Dot. This was where we lost

the dog who had been following Dot most of the day. It wouldn't cross the suspension bridge, it sat and howled. Steeply up hill, through Gay Karka a scattering of houses and terraces in a jungle clearing to Najiing, on not so steep ground where the Didi was waiting in the field to lure us into her lodge just as it started to rain. The lodge is made of woven split bamboo panels, black with soot from the cooking fire. It's well ventilated. A German and his guide/porter are occupying the other 2 beds, they are five days out from Tumlintar. Rats either mating or fighting under the floor boards under the beds woke up Didi who crept in with a candle looking for them. The draught blew the candle out so she crept out again.

400m up the next pass then 1500m down to Bung by the Honku river which we last saw at Panch Pokari. It is a very narrow steep valley here. We are down to the world of rice and millet fields and flies on your food if you eat outside. No milk for tea, no eggs, but we did manage a pancake to go with the Ra Ra soup at lunch time. Dalbatt for dinner. Question. Cows and chickens everywhere so where are the milk and eggs? Shared the room with some Nepalese travellers.

Down to the river then up to Gudel so Jit can visit his family. He left us with his friend who fed us tea and eggs. Jit only speaks a little English but he seemed to get the egg thing. Gudel is gorgeous, wish we'd come up here yesterday, but yesterday it looked very up hill. Jit sent us on while he had some chang with another friend. He knows how fast we walk now our capabilities for taking the wrong track so he will catch us up before we have chance to get lost. "Cum Bato Tumlintar" is a good phrase.

A long gentle slope up to Sanam over bare hillside then forest with some huge oak trees. Some very recent landslides too.

Our lodge at Sanam was great. We had it to ourselves. The Didi made us some Dalbatt and she had a large piece of white cheese at 20 rupees a go. She was hurrying off to a party and gave us some hot Rakshi. Dot doesn't like it! Distant sounds of drums and partying - how nice it is to be this end of the village. Midnight they brought in a drunken Lama and put him to bed opposite us. His mates came too! Didi had about 30 lady friends in the kitchen gossiping and giggling until 4am. I got up to see what was going on, and was bought off with more rakishi. They even woke Jit up and he was out in the shed.

Our last pass today, Salpa pass at about 3300m only 500m above us through the jungle. Down to Phedi and the lodge with Bougainvillia growing over the gateway. It's warm enough to wash in the stream here. It's a good job my partner is not fastidious or she may have noticed that I'd not washed since Namche. There is a paper factory by the stream with the paper drying on frames spread all around. Dalbatt for dinner.

Ra Ra again for breakfast then an easy walk by the river and crossing some remarkable bamboo bridges. We've given Jit just about everything to carry now it's warm, but it hasn't slowed him down much. The track through the fields is harder to find than

on the hills. Jit waits for me at the difficult bits, I wait for Dot. It's impossible to keep them both in sight at once. Everyone wants to talk to Dot as she passes. The kids shout Namaste from fields away but it's Dot not me they're looking at.

The houses here are different. Some are open at ground level, and people live on the first floor. Woven bamboo sides and pitched thatched roofs make them look friendly.

Manjar village teacher's house is our next stop. Orange (suntala) trees in the garden. Dalbatt with curds for dinner - the best yet. The teacher is ill, and tells us about it while we are having dinner. It's no proper diarrhoea or worms but he has a belly ache, head ache and fever. Doc's given him some milk of magnesia tablets but they are doing no good. I've got lots of pills, I don't know what he's got, but I've a pill to cure it. It does to inside an hour, but he's allergic to the antibiotic and comes out in blisters all over. The womenfolk are rubbing him all over with hands full of beads. We are sleeping on the floor in his bedroom. How do we escape? No Chance! They'll be after us with the kukris in the dark. Jit thinks it's hilarious. You need the gods on your side with this trekking. Teacher's Ok in the morning and still cured. Dot took lots of photos of the family in their best clothes to send back to Kathmandu.

Final day at Tumlnitar hot and sunny, great. Followed river Arun sometimes on its banks sometimes on the sand and stones by the river. We must be getting near civilisation as we passed a diesel engine being carried by porters going the other way.

A fridge with beer in it at the best hotel in town (the one that does the pancakes). Paid off our porter who was by now our friend - I wish we could have communicated more in words. Dalbatt for dinner.

A holiday today before flying to Kathmandu tomorrow. (44 U.S. dollars - we saved 40 dollars by walking here). The first holiday on the entire trek. We sun bathed on the sands of the river (not the Arun, it's too cold for swimming), but the crystal clear one on the other side of the village. The school children have a short cut home across it, clothes and books held high above their heads as they wade chest deep, or the clever ones swim. It flows quickly too - the English kids would drown.

No time for rafts or tigers now only a few days being a tourist in Kathmandu where steak and chips cost £2.00, that's double the price of two years ago. So that's our adventure over, Dave had to walk back to Jiri as he could not get a flight either. The time is up on our 300 dollar climbing permit so I no longer have to do as I am told. She had been a good leader; leads from the back but treats her porters well.

CAFOD Grisedale Horseshoe Fell Race.

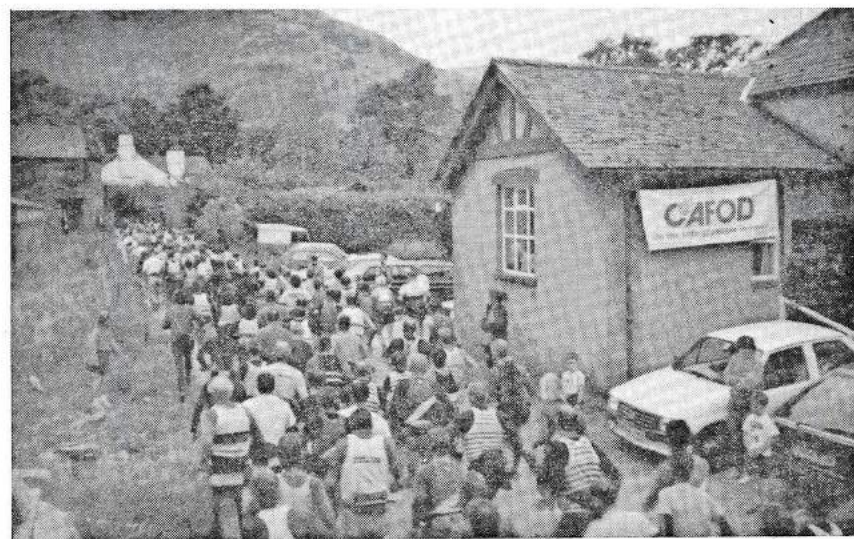
Peter McHale.

This year the Grisedale Horseshoe attracted 174 runners, making it the best attended race yet in its brief, three year history. It is very gratifying to see such a large, high quality field rising to the challenge this demanding fell-race poses. Three clubs chose to make it their own championship race - a much appreciated affirmation! Weather and running conditions generally again were good, even so, the winners time was down on last year.

It seems to be a very borderline course regarding distance, alternating between AL and AM (long and medium).

Competitors will know that all proceeds from the race are used to support an international charity - CAFOD - which is currently heavily involved in bringing relief to the former Yugoslavia, amongst others. Last year we raised almost £1500 - this year we exceeded £1500.

All this is made possible only by the enormous efforts of our helpers and supporters. Many competitors have commented on the quality of support and refreshments they receive during and after the race. The reassurances of having the close support of our radio communication experts, Raynet, is invaluable to helpers and runners alike.



Start of the CAFOD race.

Thanks to all for making it such a successful race. Hope to see you again at the next race on the first Saturday in September 1994!

P.S. The race managed the excess of £1500 this year despite the fact that Faz was unable to run! His fans should know, however, that he is expected to run this year.

P.P.S. Talking of this year's race: This will be on the 3rd September and hopefully followed in the evening with a dance - Barn dance; Square dance; Ceilidh? - Any ideas? - in Glenridding Village Hall. Helpers are required over and above those who invariably help at the race itself. Any proceeds from the dance will also go to CAFOD of course.

General Information

Past Bulletins.

I am putting together a record of bulletins for the club library, dating from 1961 to 1988 (before the present system of newsletters started). Unfortunately, I am missing the following issues and would be grateful if members could supply them. Numbers: 28, 44, 49, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57 and 94. D.W.P.

Meets Card.

Once again I ask meet leaders to nominate someone to write a report on the meet for the 1994 journal. My appeal last year only had a response from our junior members. So sadly twelve meets have gone by without being recorded.

Dunmail.

Dunmail will again be open for members, guests and families to use during the month of August. Please contact Dot Wood on 0524 67535.

John Foster.

John writes: I would like to thank everyone who sent messages of sympathy and 'Get Well' cards during my illness last Autumn. Dialysis is working and I feel much better. So once again I thank God for the N.H.S. and medical science which made the treatment possible. But to return completely to normal I need a kidney transplant, which is where you can help. The best card you can obtain (free) is a Donor Card, all you supply is your signature. Like making a will, it should be faced up to before it is too late. So carry the card, and you may help to save or improve someone's quality of life.

Beckstones.

Please note that Joyce Kent has replaced Frank Whittle as hut warden at Beckstones. Frank's time has been taken up organising the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme for Sellafeld apprentices.

Frank Whittle.

Frank was appointed hut warden of Buckbarrow in 1978. He was an obvious choice as he worked at Sellafeld and lived close by. Nothing really changed apart from wooden bunks being built into the hut and the bedrooms and the chapel/lounge being converted into a members dorm. Buckbarrow was basic (to put it mildly) but very popular with some members. The situation was superb and perhaps an attempt to buy the property in the early years might have proved successful. (Before the West Cumberland Farmers had covenanted it to the National Trust). Frank took on the wardenship of Beckstones when the N.T. terminated our lease on Buckbarrow and has been responsible for the improvements there. We owe a great debt to Frank who has worked unpaid, year in, year out, for the benefit of other members. We wish him well for the future.

Direct Debit. A reminder that Nev Haigh would like the full members not yet using the Direct Debit system to do so, thus making his work much easier. Also, it would be appreciated if members corresponding with him could enclose S.A.E.'s.

Working Weekend - Bishop's Scale - April 9/10th. A reminder that the Langdale hut is used far more than our other huts by members, so a good turn-out for the working weekend may be expected. At the last working weekend only three members attended!

New Zealand - December 1995. Advanced notice of the possibility of an ARCC meet. Please drop me a line if you are interested. D.W.P.

Tim Walbran R.I.P.

Four or five years ago a chance meeting in brilliant sunshine outside the Old D.G. after a good day on the hills led to Tim and Sandra joining the ARCC. It soon became obvious that their love of the outdoors and the Lakes and Langdale in particular meant that they and the club were ideally suited. Sadly due to a tragic accident Tim has been taken from us. His loss will be felt by all who knew him because he was a thoroughly nice person and such youth and vigour are surely the future of the club. Our sympathies lie with Sandra and we hope that she will feel able to carry on where Tim so tragically left off. A.D.

Tim Walbran's ashes were scattered on Bow Fell John Gilmour's and Peter Durkin's above Bishop's Scale.

A book of remembrance is to be placed in the chapel of Our Lady of the Snows, Bishop's Scale, for relatives to comment in.

ARCC MEETS CARD 1994

February 5-12	Winter Meet - Scotland	
March 26/27	Family Weekend - Beckstones	Joyce Kent 0253 697948
April 9/10	Working Weekend - Langdale	Alan Kenny 0524 414615
April 23/24	Climbing Weekend - Langdale	Nick Smith 041 3349245
May 7	Long Walk - Dunmail	Dot Wood 0524 67535
May 14/15	Family Weekend - Beckstones	Joyce Kent 0253 697948
May 28	Camping Meet - Skye (Glen Brittle)	Alan Kenny 0524 414615
June 18/19	Family Weekend - Beckstones	Joyce Kent 0253 697948
June 25	Old County Tops Race - Langdale	Alan Kenny 0524 414615
July 2/3	Junior Meet - Tyn Twr	Michael Pooler 0706 873463
July 9/10	Catered Meet - Beckstones	Joyce Kent 0253 697948
August - All month Dunmail open to Club members and families.		
Last 2 Weeks	Camping - Spain	Derek Price 0772 727261
September 3	CAFOD Race - Grisedale Horseshoe	Peter McHale 0532 488390
September 17	Junior Meet - Langdale	Faz Faraday 031 661 7566
September 18	Club Fell Races	
October 1	Sponsored Walk	Derek Price 0772 727261
October 22/23	Family Weekend - Beckstones	Joyce Kent 0253 697948
November 5	Working Weekend-Bonfire-Tyn Twr	Anne Wallace 0744 811864
November 26	AGM - Chapelstile/Dinner Dance.	Alan Kenny 0524 414615
November 27	Orienteering - Open to all	Arthur Daniels 0706 819706
December 9/10	Working Weekend - Dunmail (Free Meal Sat.)	Dot Wood 0524 67535

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

PRESIDENT.....Rt.Rev.Mgr.Francis Slattery, V.G., M.A.

CLUB CHAPLAIN.....Rev.Fr.Francis Hughes, S.D.B., L.R.A.M.

TRUSTEES

Rt.Rev.Francis Slattery
Mr.Barry Ayre
Mr.George Partridge

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....Mr.Derek W.Price

10 Egerton Road, Ashton, Preston. PR2 1AJ. 0772 727261

VICE-CHAIRMAN.....Mr.Michael Pooler

Brandwood House, Royds Road, Bacup 0706 873436

HONORARY SECRETARY.....Mr.John Meredith

41 Holden Avenue, Astley Bridge, Bolton. BL1 7EK 0204 591414

TREASURER.....Mr.Michael Lomas

21 Broad Lane,Upperthong, Holmfirth, W.Yorks. HD7 1LS 0484 687030

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY.....Mr.Neville Haigh

752 Devonshire Road, Norbreck, Blackpool. FY2 0AD 0253 354505

ORDINARY MEMBERS

Faz Faraday.....4 Meadowbank Crescent, Edinburgh

Bill Mitton.....84 Rein Road, Tingley, Wakefield, W.Yorks WF3 1TA

Nick Smith.....41 Hamilton Drive, Kelvin Bridge, Glasgow GL2 8DW

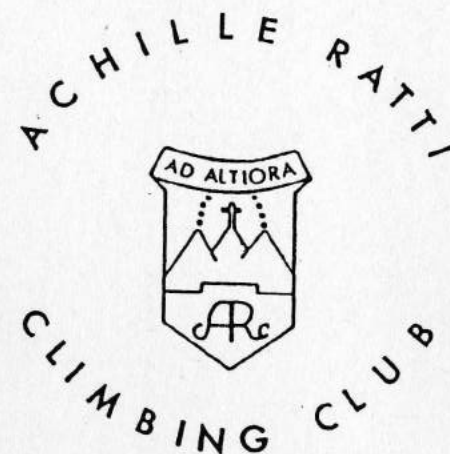
HUT WARDENS

BECKSTONES....Joyce Kent,4 Godwin Avenue, Marton, Blackpool FY3
9LG 0253 697948

BISHOP'S SCALE.....Alan Kenny, 81 Stanhope Avenue, Torrisholme,
Morecambe LA3 3AL 0524 414615

DUNMAIL.....Dot Wood, Harry Place Farm,Great Langdale, Ambleside
0524 67535

TYN TWR.....Anne Wallace, 28 Cecil Street, Sutton, St.Helen's
0744 81186



1994 MEETS CARD

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