

Ron Smith on Tennis Shoe

Dunmail Raise - August 20-21st.

Since the loss of Buckbarrow, Dunmail is our longest standing hut. It is mainly used for visiting groups but was opened to members during August. This meet would therefore be a good opportunity to experience its' particular charms. Unfortunately, August is also the time when people are committed to family

holidays, trips to the Alps, getting married and so on. So it was a small but enthusiastic group which gathered at the hut for some climbing.

The cloud hung low over the pass on Saturday morning and the familiar question of where to find dry rock was raised. As so often, the answer was to head out of the Lakes and into limestone country. Twistleton Scar was chosen as our venue and once more the sun shone as we enjoyed the view of Ingleborough from the flanks of Whernside. Twistleton Scar extends for a kilometre along the hillside and offers a good variety of routes throughout the grades although rarely exceeding 18 metres in height. The most popular of these such as The Candle and Candle Crack, are so polished as to make their grades meaningless. But there are always routes in the vicinity which possess both character and friction, such as the balancey Prest On Up.

Sunday at least started dry but heavy rain over night had soaked the crags. The company set off for Borrowdale where half headed straight for Shepherds' while the remainder explored further up the valley. After an aborted visit to Quayfoot Buttress, we crossed the valley and climbed in the recently developed Delt Quarry (GR 249166). This is a small south facing crag of quarried andesite (which from a climbers point of view is similar to slate), mostly vertical and up to 40 feet in height. There are some 18 routes here from 4c to 6a. But with only three below 5b this is perhaps not the place for the novice. On the other hand, most of the lines are bolted and so the greatest danger to be encountered is probably the large population of midges which inhabit the stagnant pool in the quarry bottom. After this diversion we returned to traditional routes on Shepherds' Crag and then to the cafe to argue about their grades.

Climbers: D.Wood, T.Kitching, J.Cooper, N.Smith, N.Warnes (guest), E.Barnes, A.Brownlow, S.Britt, T.Walkington, D.Parker, D.Bowdler.

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Bishop's Scale. September 24-25th.

This was one of those damp autumnal weekends when coal smoke hangs low over Chapel Stile and the cloud, thick above the fells, forbids the sun from warming the ground. It started quite promisingly, early brightness tempting the unwary up to Middle Fell and Gimmer, but by mid-day it was starting to drizzle. Jim Cooper, Dave Makin and the meet leader were making their way to Harrison Stickle, intending to join the rest of the party at Gimmer later. They were to look at some new lines and one very old one.

Waller's Crack is something of an enigma. The guidebook gives it VS 12m and places it near the bottom of the graded list. It gives no first ascent date or first ascensionist. Furthermore, no one seems to know anyone who has climbed it. Could it be that the grade hasn't been checked since the introduction of Extreme

grades? And what is the mystery of it's eponymous name?

It seemed likely that the route was the work of Ivan Waller and a little bit of research proved this to be the case. His name will be familiar as an active climber during the 'twenties and thirties' when he seconded Colin Kirkus on such pioneering routes as Mickledore Grooves on Scafell and West Rib on Dinas Mot. As a leader he was less prolific, but his few routes were striking and bold. In Wales Belle Vue Bastion and Fallen Block Crack (both 1927) were fine achievements for their time and are now well established classics. Waller's Crack was probably climbed in about 1930 with Jack Longland seconding. If the forthcoming edition of the Langdale climbers guidebook were to give this the realistic grade of E1 it would make it the earliest extreme in the lakes, predating Birkett's Harlot Face by nearly twenty years.

If Waller's Crack were down on Raven Crag it would be a well known problem. But Harrison Stickle, though not in vogue, has some good rock and room for more routes. Harristickorner is an entertaining V.Diff. and we added a good second pitch at mild severe which might be called Harristislab. The obvious groove to the left of Harristickorner was climbed independently but an old Moac suggested that it had been done before. The plumb of the day though was J.C.'s new route through the overlaps to the left of the main pitch of Porphyry Slab. This gave a devious and strenuous pitch of HVS in the now steady drizzle. A second pitch was added by D.M.

These routes salvaged an otherwise dreich weekend with Sunday offering only trips to the Keswick climbing wall or mountain biking in Grisedale forest.

Climbers.

T.Walkington, T.Kitching, A.McNulty, B.White, F.Faraday, D.Linney, J.Cooper, D.Makin, N.Smith, N.Warnes (guest).

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It came as a pleasant surprise that so many active climbers attended the meets. Some where unknown to others of equal experience. Thus are bridges built and it is hoped that it will be easier for the solitary climber to find a partner as a result of acquaintances made on these occasions.

Perhaps more encouraging still were those walkers and runners who decided to find out what attracts us lunatics on to vertical rock. First steps are often the hardest to make and consequently the most rewarding. Finally I'd like to say thank you to every one who turned out and made these meets the success they were.

TYN TWR - The Birth of a Hut

Concluding Chapter

John Foster

The bombshell Derek dropped on me in September 1972 was the question 'Can you put on a Long Walk from Tyn Twr next year, is there anything suitable in North Wales?'

There had developed during the sixties a tradition of an annual Long Walk, the Wasdale Horseshoe from Buckbarrow, the Old Three Counties Tops from Bishop Scale, and various routes from Dunmail. My answer was 'yes'. and the obvious walk was The Fourteen Peaks, the Welsh 3000 footers.

The reason why it put me off climbing for several months was that my leisurely conversion of the second half of the hut had now to be put on overdrive, with a deadline to make the hut fully operational. Yet again it was back to working weekends every fortnight, and as before I turned to my old mates from St.Helen's for support.

I collected second hand wash basins from Terry hickey's shop and new materials for which he charged the club what he had paid for them, which at the quantities he used must have been a lot cheaper than the ironmongers in Bethesda. Bernard Potter, though a spark like myself, carried out all the plumbing. John Liprot scavenged his glassworks scrapyards for old cooling pipes for the bunks, and I got more canvases made up at the tarpaulin firm in Wigan. Leo Pollard supplied steel plates and angle brackets as before. Upright and cross pieces I had to buy from the timber yard in Menia Bridge, but the tensioning brackets for the bunk poles were made as the previous ones in a local builder's workshop.

This was arranged by Bob Eaton, one of their foremen, who had a special place in the development of Tyn Twr. He gave me much valuable advice, and with his local knowledge put me in touch with whatever tradesmen I needed. And even more, he worked on the roof ridge.

The connecting doorway between the kitchen and the dining room was too narrow for convenience, so I decided to widen it in February. I had no idea how to tackle it, but Bob provided the know-how. Acrows and needles (6 inch square timber baulks) to support the tons of 2ft. thick slate wall above reaching to the roof. Taking out the wall took some stamina. The lime mortar was mostly soft enough, but with irregular slate blocks of varying length and thickness, some of the joints were only a knife blade thick in places, and so very difficult to cut out. We started at eight o'clock one Saturday morning, and by mid-afternoon I had developed tennis elbow from swinging my hammer. Alan Holmes and his lad arrived, not realising it was a working weekend, and so walked into the thick of it. I was happy to let

him finish it off.

Bob had also supplied three used 9 x 3in. joists from his current job on the Belle Vue Hotel in Upper Bangor. On Sunday these were inserted to support the wall above, Bob built a new pier to support them at one end, and dry packed slate shims to take up the slack. It was another fortnight before I dared to slacken the acrows (jacks) with bated breath. But nothing moved, not even a crack, as the joists took the load.

My connection with Bob Eaton, who was never a member, was through his wife, a St.Helen's lass I knew a great many years ago (her dad had worked with me and Bernard). But his motivation to help me came from having been the warden of the Vagabonds' Club hut in Nant Peris, Pont y Ffron, where we locate the breakfast stop on the Fourteen Peaks. He knew only too well how lonely a hut warden can sometimes be when there is work to be done. I, and our club, owe him a great deal.

On another weekend we opened up the second access (furthest from the A5). There was only a narrow gateway, and in removing the wall we also demolished a small slate shed in the corner. In that shed I found a small cross made of slate (what else?). There was no figure or inscription, so I took it to a mate from my early fell walking days, who became an industrial stone mason at one of the glassworks and asked him to cut the letters ARCC on it. This I then fixed to the wall above the front door to identify ownership.

Meanwhile, I began planning for the Long Walk itself. I had been on all the tops some very many times, but had never linked them all together. Much of it was straight forward and obvious, but a study of the map seemed to indicate that the best way down from Snowdon to Nant Peris was to follow the railway line and just before the half-way station drop off to the north down an apparent gully making a break in the crags. But was it feasible, bearing in mind the route was for walkers not climbers. So my sons and I set off one fine Saturday morning to reconnoitre the route. Up over Crib Goch, Crib y Ddysgli, to Yr Wyddfa. Then down the railway track, and there was the gully. Horribly steep it was, but it looked navigable with care. We took the plunge, and it was OK but not pleasant. The rest of the way to Nant Peris was straightforward. We located Pont y Ffron and found it was ideally situated as Bob had said for the breakfast stop, before the long haul up Elidir Fawr. That was the only reconnaissance necessary, and with the route defined I could now measure the distance, and pick off the spot heights of the peaks and troughs. At 28 miles to Gerlan from Pen y Pas it is almost as long as the Three Counties Tops, but with 11,800ft. of ascent over rougher country it is the toughest of our Long Walks.

Catering arrangements I confidently left to Joyce as I had the domestic development of Tyn Twr; making curtains, scouring second hand shops for used cutlery, seconds crockery from Ashton market. The finishing touches were put to the hut, wallpaper stripped and walls painted. Derek Price persuaded a woodwork class to make a plate rack. Many other members lent a hand now and again, but one of my most dedicated supporters was Tom Finney, who had no

particular tasks but picked up all the odds and sods which others left. After this length of time I cannot remember everyone who helped.

Bookings began to come in, and to reduce the confusion on the Friday night I allotted people to various dorms keeping mates together, and made up lists to pin up in the hut to direct them to their rooms. I wanted folk to get as much sleep as possible. On the Wednesday before the Walk everyone in the St.Helen's area concerned gathered in our local for a final briefing, so that all knew their function. Not only was it the first walk I had organised, but the first from the new hut, and as far as I knew the first time Achille Ratti members had tackled the Fourteen Peaks. It was an unknown quantity, but good planning should help ensure smooth running. It would be a long day, so on the principle that any spare daylight is better at the end of the day, a dawn start from Pen y Pas was scheduled at 4 o'clock. Some grumbled it wasn't necessary, but I knew that I at least would need every hour of daylight to get around.

Ogwen is the halfway point, but with two thirds of the ascent done, the second half should not take as long. I laid down 15.00 as the deadline for folk to leave Ogwen to ensure everyone was off the Carneddau before dark, and I would sweep any stragglers up myself. Although the going would be easier in the latter part of the day, thirst could be a problem. So I asked Tom Finney to run a teastall at the refuge on Foch Grach.

The big weekend came, and though I had hoped folk would get to bed early on the Friday night, most kept up the Achille Ratti traditions and would not leave the Douglas Arms until closing time. I had everyone up by 03.00 for tea and cornflakes, intending to leave the hut at 03.30. I had parked my Landrover in the far entrance with Tony Weldings Utilibrake behind, then John Liptrots Commer and a car or two to transport the 31 brave souls to Pen y Pas. And so at only 10 minutes after my intended 4 o'clock start on 19th May 1973, we set off up Crib Goch.

A variety of speeds started to spread us out in small groups of mates. By the second breakfast at Nant Peris there were a few drop outs, and Elidir Fawr strung us out still further, with extremely violent winds on the ridge. At Ogwen more folk decided they'd had enough, leaving only 17 survivors for the last long leg over the Carneddau.

All greatly appreciated the cup of tea (or two, or three) which Tom Finney provided at the refuge, slaving over his primus stoves, with my younger son Keith as water bearer. All who left Ogwen reached Gerlan; Leo Pollard, Cyril Hodgson, Vinnie Wells, Lester Lowe, Bernard Carter, Mike McGovern, Bernard Potter, Dot Wood, Dave Parker, John Liptrot, Pete Kirkbride, Godfrey Holden, Roger Beswick, Pete Cavanagh, John Thorpe, Graham Harkness and, like the Duke of Plazatoro, myself leading my troops from the rear, taking seventeen and a half hours, (fast party two hours less).

Joyce was very grateful for help in feeding everyone, to Cath Millard, Ginger Hickey, Val Case, Shelagh Welding, Barbara Wells

and Maggie Birch. The planning paid off, everything went without a hiccup (as did the subsequent 3 Fourteen Peaks walks I organised), and Tyn Twr was now a fully fledged Achille Ratti hut.

That concludes my story of the Birth of Tyn Twr. It maybe that in the distant future the last warden of Tyn Twr may sadly write the final chapter in the history of our Welsh hut. But we must hope that the warden's grandparents are not yet born.

Epilogue.

A couple of years later Tyn Twr was finally completed when Dave Parker, with my eldest son as his apprentice, built the drying room and the table and seat in the bay window.

Obituary.

Our club has lost a good friend in the death of Ffancon Hughes on 7th November. He took over as the key custodian of Tyn Twr in August 1977 on the death of his mother. His sister Joan was most grateful that eight members made the effort to attend his funeral at Glan Ogwen Church.

Though not a climber, Ffrancon loved walking among his native Welsh hills. One day in March several years ago he came round to Pen y Pas with me, and we walked up the Pyg Track as far as the Zig-Zags, then down to Glaslyn and back along the Miner's Track. It was then that he told me he was the first man of his company to the top of Ben Nevis when they were undergoing Commando training at Achnacary Castle. May God grant him eternal rest.

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## A WINTER ASCENT OF HELVELLYN

Ann Gaitskill

My first achievement was on Saturday 19th February, 1994.

"Today's the day, perfect weather" claimed Barry. I felt both excited and apprehensive as we were about to prepare for my first snow and ice climb on Helvellyn. Barry was naturally ready before me and stood scowling at the front door as I was scurrying about collecting my gear. I looked at his face and thought 'I hope its not going to be one of those days'.

We arrived at Greenside Mines and just managed to squeeze onto the carpark. It was cold but sunny and the views were excellent. We commenced the walk upto Red Tarn. We were walking at a steady pace and as the ground became steeper I began to think "Whats all this about!" My rucksack felt heavy and I was wondering if I was going to have any energy left to do the climb. I thought I was grimacing to myself and Barry was ahead, then....."Whats the matter with your face?" came to my ears. I had been caught out. "Nothing", I said, lying.

Just below Red Tarn we reached the snowline. Baz pointed out the climb to me which looked huge in comparison to the people already climbing it, and also the long line of people looking like a trail of ants along Striding Edge. We met a man descending and he stated that the snow high up was in good condition, which brought a smile to Baz's face.

We walked round the Swirral Edge side of the completely frozen Red Tarn. The air temperature felt colder as the wind had strengthened. We climbed a short distance above the tarn and found shelter behind a boulder. I put on my recently purchased plastic boots followed by my crampons and extra clothing. We had a drink of coffee and a bite to eat and as we were getting cold Sir said "Right, lets go for it".

For the next 300ft. the climbing was easy, zig-zagging up the large snow slope which took us into the narrows of No.2 gully where we roped up. I was amazed at the number of people in the gully. Baz was muttering (as usual) as he lassooed a large spike with a sling. At the time I thought, 'How on earth am I going to get that off?' (Being only 4ft 11 and a bit). Baz raced past past three lads; caught up with a girl from Charlotte Mason's who was on the ice pitch - poor girl had no sooner taken her boot out of a step and Baz's was in its place.

Then the rope became tight and that was the signal for me to start climbing. I had slight butterflies in my stomach, much to my surprise of excitement. The lassoo on the spike wouldn't come off even with the help of my new ice-hammer, (bought via Anne Wallace). I thought, 'typical, thank goodness he's out of sight so he can't see'. I stood one one front point, stretched and finally flicked it off.

After feeling tired on the climb up I now felt rejuvenated and started the ice-pitch which I found easier than it had previously looked. It was great working out where to put the ice hammers. The gully eventually opened out onto a large slope. As I climbed up towards Baz you'll never guess what! "Just hold it there while I take a photograph".

We climbed easily towards the cornice and from this point Red Tarn looked a long way below. Striding Edge looked very Alpine and I felt excited and exhilarated that I forgot all about my supposed 'fear of heights'.

I asked Baz if I could lead the last pitch and he said, "That's why I belayed here". I kicked my way up the trough in the cornice and rolled onto the plateau of Helvellyn, stood up, walked forward ten yards and tripped over my crampons - then I was there at the shelter near the summit.

I'd done it! All that remained now was to get down. "You've got a choice, Striding Edge or Swirral Edge", said Baz. Oh no!

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## A TERRIBLE SITUATION?

John Foster

The rain had stopped when I left the Rugby Club in Stirling about 10 o'clock one Thursday night near the end of January '94. I headed N.W. up the A84, and it was in Callander that the snow started to fall. Through the Pass of Leny, then Strathyre, and my concern was whether the van would manage the long pull up Glen Ogle. There were few tracks on the road, most sensible people being in the pub or sat by the fire. The flakes were just as large but somewhat thinner when I reached Lochearnhead and began the long climb. The road had a good covering but the snow tyres I had on my driving wheels coped well enough. It is at times like this that I miss the surefootedness of my old Landrover. I reached the Ochils M.C. hut at Crianlarich without problem, taking two hours for the 46 miles from Stirling, and as the snow was still falling parked by the road so that I would not far to dig out. The following morning was bright and clear, little more snow having fallen, but I listened anxiously to Radio Scotland to hear if the road over Rannoch Moor was closed. No mention of it, but there was a report of two members of the SAS missing in Glen Coe. I had no more problems on my way to Skye, and it was a couple of days later that the SAS lads were found under an avalanche on Buchaille Etire Mor.

The next few weeks while I wardened the MacIntyre Hut were bitterly cold, with a strong easterly blowing most days. But it was bright and sunny much of the time, attracting many people to the ski slopes, and I heard of queues for some of the popular snow and ice routes. Almost every day it seemed there were reports of accidents and people missing, and inevitably some fatalities. During the first ten weeks of the year, 14 people died in the Scottish mountains, so some papers had a field day. There clamour attracted the attention of the Scottish Office, and money was made available through the Education Department for a detailed study of mountain rescue incidents from 1989 to 1993, with a more general overview of trends since 1964. This was published in June, and I was able to borrow a copy. Some of the facts which emerged were to be expected, but some were quite startling, confounding many commonly held assumptions.

There are more mountain rescue teams in Scotland than I realised, twenty four civilian as well as two RAF comprising about 960 volunteers, much the same as in the late sixties. But it was no surprise that Lochaber and Glen Coe are the busiest, averaging four call-outs every five weeks. Some believe that accidents mainly happen to novices, but the study showed that 73% of casualties were considered experienced, and 84% of fatalities. This confirms my own knowledge of accidents to climbers I know, showing that there are no grounds for the belief that 'It won't happen to me'.

Some Scots also believe that it is English climbers who are more likely to come unstuck, but 51% of casualties are Scots and only 40% English. Of the foreign climbers, German predominate.

Avalanches are the most spectacular causes of accidents, but while producing only 15% of winter casualties, they cause 13% of the fatalities indicating how low is the survival rate if rescue is not speedy. Their incidence has decreased in the last two years maybe due to the Avalanche Information Service informing climbers of the level of risk every day from December to April.

It might be expected that the impetuosity of youth would be the reason why the 21-30 age group had the greatest number of casualties, but the most fatalities were 31-40. I surmise this may be due to harder climbs being attempted, with most folk being in the prime of their ability and experience. The robustness of youth is illustrated in that students are 13% of casualties, but only 6% of fatalities, whereas 10% of casualties are retired, who form 14% of fatalities.

It will be no surprise that 70% of climbers are male and 85% of fatalities, indicating that females are safer. The most dangerous month is February, with other peaks in May and August coinciding with holidays periods. Considering that there are much fewer people on the hill in winter, the fact that 60% of casualties occur from November to April emphasizes the seriousness of winter mountaineering. Yet most hypothermia cases occur in August due to people being inadequately clad, not appreciating how much colder the tops can be compared to the glens.

While MR incidents increased from under 50 a year in 1964 to over 250 in 1990, fatalities remained fairly constant at 15-20 per year. But the past four years have shown a definite increase in fatal accidents, with over 40 this year (1994) to the end of October. It is this trend which so alarmed the Scottish Office. The study has been worthwhile as it has shown that the increase in fatalities has been due to increased participation in mountaineering, with the fatality rate almost halving compared to the numbers on the hill today.

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## THE THREE PEAKS WALK

### KATE MEREDITH

On August Bank Holiday 1994 Arthur Daniels and Christopher, Mary and John Meredith, Sarah, Kate and David, Margaret Conroy, Tristram and Ciaran, Julie Meredith and Daniel Stones, went on the Yorkshire Dales Three Peaks Walk.

We met at the Horton campsite in Ribblesdale and set off on our walk at 8 o'clock am. We climbed up Pen y Ghent with the wind almost blowing us off our feet. I am not at all surprised to know it is known as 'The Hill of the Winds'.



Next there was quite a march through marsh and bog. It was drizzling steadily and everyone (except Arthur!) was feeling miserable. The only bright patch was watching one woman sink to her knees in the mud and, when her husband went to help her, seeing them both land flat on their backs in bog.

We stopped to wait for Pete McHale (who was helping us by bringing food and warm drinks) by a wall, but continued walking after a short time to a stream.

Everyone cheered up after a warm drink and a sandwich. The weather brightened up and we set off to Ribbleshead, our second stop.

At the viaduct we realised we had lost Julie, John and Sarah. They were at the pub. Arthur willingly agreed to go back for them while we huddled around Pete's car. The rain was blowing

horizontally at us and we were freezing cold.

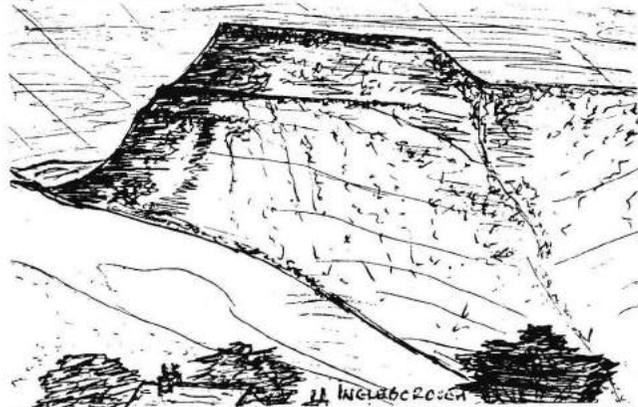
Next came Whernside. It was very steep and took us quite a time to reach the top. At the top, I felt very pleased with myself as I looked down at the steep slope. At last!



There was another walk at the bottom of Whernside and I felt very tired as we started the climb up Ingleborough.

Ingleborough seemed a very long way. It was a very slow climb to the top and I do not think I was the only one who was tired.

As we went down the mountain I had the surprise of the day. Christopher, David and Tristram running down the hill.



We had finished within 12 hours and I for one was very pleased with myself. I found the day tiring and hard but I enjoyed it. I would not have finished without Arthur's encouragement and Pete McHale's constant supply of food, warm drinks and entertainment. Thankyou.

## WEST HIGHLAND ROVER

NICK SMITH

The title of this article is not a reference to the author but the name of a discount railway ticket. The ticket in question is extremely good value for money at £35 and gives four days in any eight between Glasgow, Oban and Mallaig, although the inspectors are fairly relaxed in their enforcement of this.

The West Highland line is 100 years old this year. A strange subject for a climbing club journal, you might think. But the railway is a great way to get to the hills and has played an important role in the history of Scottish climbing. Indeed, the railway effectively opened the area to climbers. Before the advent of rail travel, the easiest way to access the West Highlands was by steamer via the many sea lochs which probe like fingers into the mountains. It is worthy of note that, prior to the opening of the line to Fort William in 1894, there was only two mountaineering routes recorded on Ben Nevis. (These were North East Buttress and the descent of Tower Ridge, both by the Hopkinson brothers of Manchester in 1892). However, before the end of the century, another eighteen routes had been added.

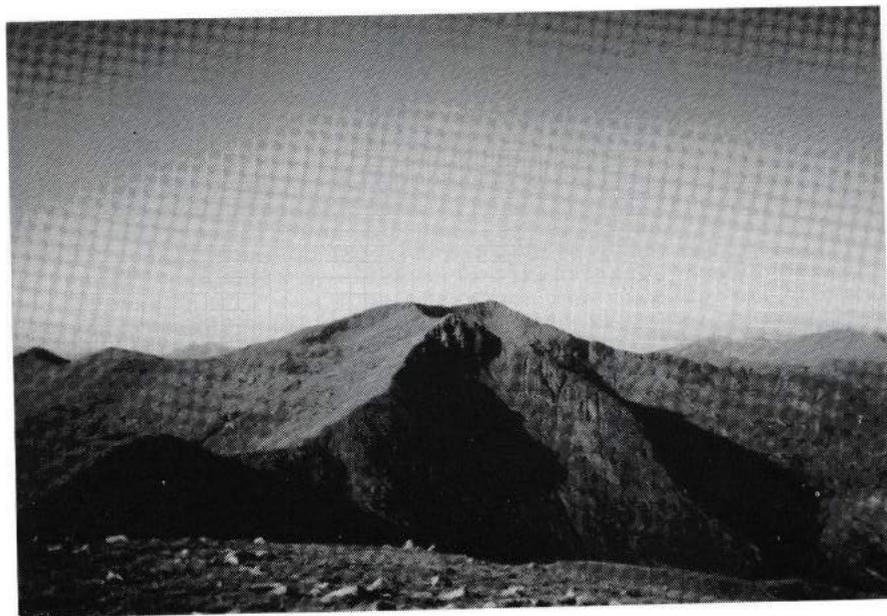
The railway had reached Tyndrum as early as 1880 opening up Arrochar and the Southern Highlands. Popular mountaineering excursions of the time included the South East Ridge of the Cobbler, Central Gully of Ben Lui and the Central Couloir of Stob Ghabhar. The latter resisted persistent attempts until 1897. One earlier attempt was successful but was disallowed because Willie Naismith (he of Naismith's rule) climbed the more difficult rocks to the right of the accepted crux. He did this on the day after walking the 41 miles from the railway at Dalwhinnie to the Inveroran Inn via Ben Alder in just eighteen hours. They made them tough in those days.

When I made use of this ticket in October, I wanted to combine long backpacking trips with one day Munro bagging raids. I also wanted to alternate camping with visiting bothies. However, the possibilities far outnumber the days available. What follow are just a few suggestions. But whatever you do, making use of Britain's most scenic railway has its own rewards.

Several long distant walks connecting railway stations present themselves on the map. Corroeur-Dalwhinnie or Corroeur-Fort William are frequently done but Glen Kinglass appealed to me and is rarely travelled as a through route. My West Highland Rover Ticket took me first to Loch Awe. The journey through Arrochar had been in brilliant morning sunshine with a cloud inversion filling the fjord-like Loch Long. Now at Loch Awe I looked back towards Kilchurn Castle and Ben Lui reflected in the mirrored water. The plan was to climb Beinn a' Chochuill and Ben Eunaich en route to Glen Kinglass and Bridge of Orchy. Unfortunately Castle estate was stalking and I was forced to take the Lairig Dhoireann. This route afforded good views of the Black Spout of

Stob Maol which was a popular objective of the Victorians. (There are no fewer than 21 references to it in the first eight volumes of the SMC journal). Today it looked wet and repulsive and is understandably no longer vogue.

I pitched camp at the head of Glen Kinglass where the waters from Coire na Caimhe join those from Coire Beithe. This is a wonderfully remote spot to watch day turn to night, surrounded by mountains and the roaring of stags. The next day I left the tent and made a tour of the Starav group from the North. The low state of the streams made for great scrambling up water-worn granite slabs but I nearly over-extended myself on the crags of Choire Dhuibh. From the tops, the view ranged from Ben Lomond to Ben Nevis, with Bidien and Cruachan particularly well displayed. On the way down I found an excellent bathing pool near my camp, but it was too cold for more than a wash.



Ben Starav

The next morning I walked the ten miles out to Bridge of Orchy and a welcome hotel lunch. The hills around the Bridge of Orchy have found new favour in recent years as a venue for ice climbing. Routes come into condition quickly, needing a good freeze rather than a build up of snow, and are easily accessible. I finished another excellent pint and boarded the train for the

crossing of Rannoch Moor, as a low cloud toyed in the corrie of Ben an Dothaidh. Hamish Brown has written how he can never stay seated on this leg of the journey, there being so many good things to see on both sides.

The building of the West Highland Railway was a major feat of engineering. Sections were "floated" across Rannoch Moor on brushwood and, despite such mountainous landscape, the line to Fort William only required one short section of tunnel near its start at Craigandoran Junction. Constructing a railway line through such hostile terrain created many legends and its history is well worth reading. There is a good chapter on the subject in Alistair Borthwick's *Always a Little Further* which also gives an entertaining account of a 1930's ascent of the Upper Couloir of Stob Ghabar.

Gorton halt, on Rannoch Moor, no longer exists but must have been the most remote station in Britain. Now there is just a lonely bothy facing the station some half mile distant. (It is a good walk to Bridge of Orchy from this bothy via the ridges of Beinn a' Chreachain, Beinn Achaladair and Beinn an Dothaidh). The remotest station award probably now goes to Corroul. This is a popular destination with walkers and has a youth hostel and a private bunkhouse but little else. The hills around Loch Ossian make a good day walk, with the hostel ensuring that missing the last train is not too serious. Longer high level routes to Tulloch and Rannoch stations are possible and make good ski tours. If descending south off Carn Dearg however, be careful not to avalanche wind slab on its eastern flank. It could be your swan-song.

One of the pleasures of working in Scotland is to combine a little walking or skiing with ones professional obligations. I recently walked the eastern Mamores from Kinlochleven, slept at Staoinaig bothy and caught the morning train from Corroul to work in Fort William. It was a great way to arrive at work, a leisurely 30 mile descent along Loch Tieg and Glen Spean from the railways highest point of 1350 feet shortly after Corroul.

My next destination was Glenfinnan on the Mallaig extension and a walk in the dark to Corryhully bothy. The map does not prepare one for the changes here. A new road just bulldozed but metalled, heads all the way to a new and incongruous lodge above the bothy. The glen is densely planted with spruce and beyond the bothy further landrover tracks lead up to its head. Such progress is epitomised by the bringing of electricity, the icon of 20th century evolution, to this basic bothy. It now has electric lights, extractofan and a kettle off a fifty pence meter!

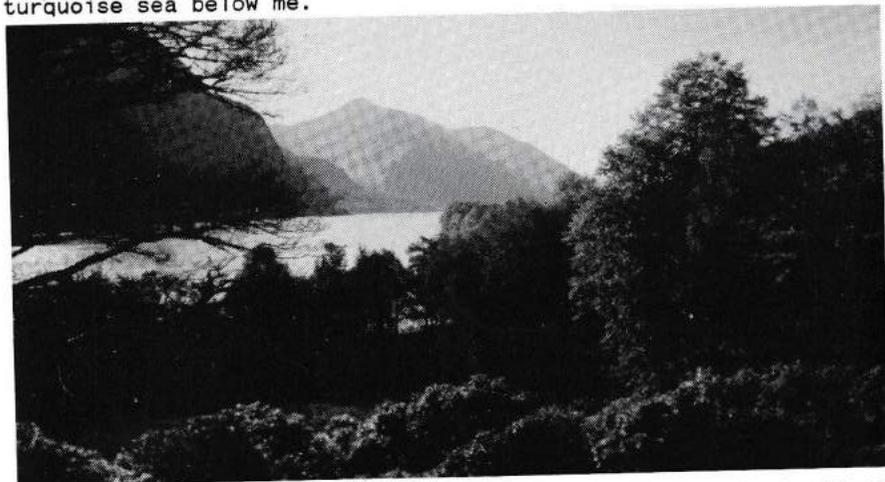
I woke on Saturday to a dull morning. The clog was down and a dampness filled the air. Two fellow bothy dwellers from Chorley were walking through to Knoydart via Oban and Sourlies bothies and I expected to see them again in Inverie. I had hoped to see a good view of Knoydart from the hills behind the bothy but it was not to be and, with my timetable becoming stricter, I climbed them more out of duty than pleasure. Later in the day I learned that the stalker is to be laid off in the spring to make way for more tree planting. He only took 15 stags this year and the

estate can make greater profit from European subsidies.



Corryhully Bothy

On Sunday I walked to Glenfinnan, under the impressive railway viaduct, and killed time before mass at St. Mary and St. Finnian's. I visited the visitor centre (it was here that Bonnie Prince Charlie raised his standard and rallied the clans in 1745) but could not find an hotel serving lunch. The church does not face the road on which it stands, but instead enjoys a superb vista down Loch Shiel. After mass, and as there were no convenient trains, I hitched West to Polnish and walked in to Peanmeanach bothy, enjoying the distant views of Eigg and Rhum and the turquoise sea below me.



Sgurr Ghiubhsachain from Catholic Church Glenfinnian (Loch Shiel)

Peanmeanach has been recommended to me by so many bothy fanatics that I felt I had to spend at least one night there, despite it being a little out of the way. It is not in the hills but at the end of the uninhabited Ardnish peninsula, overlooking a beautiful white sand beach. At night fallow deer come down and graze outside the door, but inside the fire roars and the whisky and the stories flow.

I shared the bothy with an unlikely group of Glaswegians who arrived by boat from Glenuig. One was an ex-Craig Dhu man who climbed with Cunnigham and Marshal. Another, a restaurateur now living in Switzerland, described how he had once managed to catch and ride a wild pony when staying at a certain bothy. The beast behaved impeccably while undergoing this humiliation and the restaurateur dismounted feeling rather smug. He turned to walk away and the horse seized the opportunity, butting him in the back. Quick as a flash the Glaswegian responded as only a Glaswegian would. He swung round and punched the horse square on the jaw. The apocryphal version tells how the horse lifted its four legs off the ground and hit the deck. Hearing it, as it were, from the horse's mouth, I can reveal that this was not the case. It did not even blink. The next morning the restaurateur's hand was the size of a boxing glove. Back at Glasgow Western Infirmary he told the doctor that he had shut his hand in a door. The doctor eyed the man (no longer the youth he once was) with a weary expression born of experience and said, "Your fighting days are over my lad."

It is possible to have too much of a good thing, and the next morning, having overslept, I felt somewhat worse for wear. I was also faced with a forced march to catch the 12.48 train for Mallaig at Loch Ailort. Fortunately, the train was late, as I was to meet a friend from Edinburgh on it to share my last few days in Knoydart. At Mallaig we barely had time to acquire provisions before the thrice weekly post-boat left for Inverie. In consideration for my blistered feet, I declared the rest of the day a rest period but managed to walk to the Old Forge, mainland Britain's remotest pub. The Bass was excellent and the bar was full of seventeen year old girls. Yes really! Things were looking up.

On Tuesday we checked the stalking arrangements at the estate office and set off for the round of Meall Buidhe and Luinne Bheinn. Once again the weather was fair giving us extensive views from Skye to Ben Nevis. Nearer at hand Ladhar Bheinn and Sgurr na Ciche were impressive and Ben Aden appeared from the north east ridge of Meall Bhuidhe to possess much climbable rock. The long trek back to Inverie from Mam Barrisdale seemed interminable. We arrived at dusk to find one of the Chorley lads pitching his tent next to ours. His friend was stranded at Sourlies bothy with a sore foot. The evening, my last, turned into something of a party. I kept the lad from Chorley in beer in return for the whisky he shared with me at Corryhully and he seemed to get just fine with the girls. His friend was unlikely to believe this bothyist fantasy when he returned to Sourlies next day.

All good things come to an end and the next morning we caught



and ended up going back up to 4000m. We were all pretty much knackered by now but we came back down through the forest eventually and out of the rain and snow into the sunshine and the village of Tackegyang. These were Buddhist Sherpas, very lovely people, the house we stayed in was immaculate. Polished floors, rugs, a good fire and the Amah was a good cook. We decided to have a rest day here.

The next day was fine and sunny and the start of a festival. Don't know what it was about but there were three men dressed up like Morris Dancers or Greek soldiers with lots of scarves banging on drums and whirling about while circling a flag pole with prayer flags on it in front of the Gampa (church). The older ladies all brought bottles of Rakohi (rice wine/fire water) and linked arms and solemnly chanting/singing danced round as well. They occasionally had to run as they were so slow they got in the way of the travelling monks. The older men also linked arms and danced, I expected Zorba the Greek at any time, and sang in counterpoint to the women. Then some detonators went off. There was some more drinking and twirling then they all danced off down the lane towards the next village, followed by most of the local populace. After the excitement we went back to the lodge where one of the daughters had elected to stay behind to look after us. I sat in the courtyard and read my book. I think Dave found a quiet corner in a field

The next day we set off for Melechingoun which was a big village on the opposite hillside but was almost 5 hours away as we had to descend 1000m, cross the river and climb back up the otherside. The spot by the river was superb and if I can ever retire in comfort it's the sort of place I'd want to be. When we got to Melchingoun we met up with the twirling men again, still going strong with a huge crowd of followers, possibly 200 people. We met the sister again from Tarkegyang and this time we had a drink of Rakohi and even a little dance as one old biddy pulled us into the dancing. But they were soon away back down the hillside followed by a smaller crowd and the ones left behind finished off the Rakohi.

We met up with two young Brits on the way, sons of army majors stationed in Nepal and we travelled with them for the next three days back to Kathmandu. It was a steep slog up from Melchingoun to Chetrupati Pass and into the mist and snow but we weren't staying there so it wasn't too bad. This was where we should have turned off to visit Goisiwkund Lakes but we'd had enough of snow and clouds and no views so we set off down, back to the land of sunshine.

In the next couple of days we saw some of the best views that I've ever seen in Nepal from the Annapurnas, Manasalu, Ganeshihimaz, Langtang, Dorjelakpa, Shishmapagugma, Juyalhmaz, Gauri Shanker, and Numbur. I thought we could see Mt. Everest as well but I think it was too far away. The land was more cultivated and we were soon down amongst flowers, oranges and bananas, also muck, dust, and dirt. The lower we came down the more dirty and unkempt everybody and everything was and in spite of the hot sun, I at least wished for the cold air of 3000m where people seemed happier and cleaner and the animals had less wrong

with them.

Kathmandu was worse than ever, noisy, dusty, fummy, as I sat on the roof of the hotel out of the way finishing this epistle off. We tried to go out on bikes yesterday but the sky was overcast all day and the pollution was tremendous. The bikes were pretty awful and I got upset by the state of the animals at the Monkey Temple. It would be more compassionate to kill them rather than let them live in the state they are in.

Thursday, 24th November, 1994.

Still waiting to hear if the Tibet trip is on or not. I'm going to photocopy this. Hope you don't mind, I couldn't write all this again.

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MANY PEOPLE COME; LOOKING, LOOKING.

Joyce Kent

It has always been during the autumn when I have been to the Himalaya, and I promised myself that next time I would see the flowers in spring.

Early March found me packing and away to Kathmandu, bound for the Everest area.

We flew into Lukla at 9,200ft, with its gravel and dust or mud, depending on the weather airstrip, and saved five or six days walk from the roadhead at Jiri. The first view of the strip from the air perched on its ridge, the Dudh Kosi 'milk' river a long, long way below, widens eyes and puts hearts into mouths...and then you see the crumpled planes off the edge of the runway. Safely landed, we met Sirdar, porter, cook, yakman and his daughter and not least his yaks and his dog. We trekked northwards, gently downhill, and both sides of the trail were carpeted with acres of wild, mauve drumstick primulas, just like in the front gardens at home, and later a pale pink orchid tumbled down a mossy rock wall. We stopped for the night at Phakding where a crimson rhododendron was just opening, and with a promise of more flowers to come, these were the last I saw on the way up. I had come two or three weeks too soon.

The following day the serious scenery started. We entered Khumbu region and the Sagarmatha National Park. Big shapely mountains, Thamserka and Kantega, heralded the first glimpse of distant Everest, and still climbing we arrived in the Sherpa capital of Namche Bazar. It nestles in its horseshoe bowl at 11,330ft and I was surprised to find that it looks exactly like its photographs. The grey stone lodges with bright paintwork, ringed in tiers, yak trains passing through the narrow main street with all its stalls, pots and pans and paraphernalia, trinkets and maps and used warm clothes. Plenty to watch. But on our rest day for acclimatisation purposes we had to go up and come down again. We visited the plushy Everest View Hotel, where every bed has supplementary oxygen, and partook of tea on the terrace whilst the rising clouds caused the legendary view to have some difficulty in appearing. But Ama Dablam is surely the most beautiful mountain. Back in Namche the traders were arriving for the market next day; there were goats with grass muzzles, led on a string; porters with baskets full of meat complete with hair and hooves and smell; high-cheeked Tibetans in sheepskins with rolled-up carpets and a porter with a load of 120 dozen eggs; and more. I sat and discreetly gawped and telephoto clicked.

Another steep track up to Tangboche monastery, hard to imagine that in the early days, this was the main base camp for Everest. The monastery is recently rebuilt, the old one burnt down probably due to the new-fangled electricity, and the museum at

the side is worth a visit. Heavy snow during the night at first blotted out the scenery, but as the sun broke through, the juniper trees and surrounding mountains took on an ethereal beauty. But the yaks weren't pleased, it caused them to grunt all the more. Along Dingboche at 14,200ft in the Imja valley underneath Ama Dablam, the soil in the stone-walled fields was beginning to thaw and everyone was out working with mattocks, preparing the ground for planting of the small, sweet potatoes. The swillie wind was blowing the brown dust upwards in spirals, and away, to the breathtaking view. At the lodge was a Japanese expedition, to climb Island Peak prior to the big one, and two Alaskan doctors working for the season from the clinic at Periche, allayed our fears of the effect of altitude on high blood pressure. Up to Chhukung 15,200ft, the Yakman's little dog suddenly became my best friend and stayed with me all day. I walked along the moraine path below the Nuptse, Lhotse wall towards Island Peak and looked in vain to the right for the Amphu Lapsta pass that Dot and Terry crossed last year. The mountains all had big snow plumes, it was very windy and the fluted ice-wall of Ama Dablam very noisy. On the roof of the lodge a raven sat, trimming its wings in the chimney smoke, and a flock of bunting dipped and wheeled in the dust.

It was only a short day to Bibre, a summer yersa in an idyllic position. Strongly built stone barns with shiny padlocks to lock the secrets away. We were above the cloud filled valleys now, the scenery superb and an early start to Pokalde Peak 19,049ft, the ice was extremely hard and my new crampons would not bite. We ate lunch, chapatti and a battered boiled egg, sitting on the knife edge of the Kongma La, with views down both sides and ahead, Nuptse, Lhotse Sha, Island Peak, Makalu and round to Ama Dablam. I suddenly realised I was numb with cold, so down and across the boulder covered Khumbu glacier to Lobuche. Little dog hadn't come today, he'd gone round via Periche with the yaks and I'd missed him; now here he was charging towards me, pink tongue flapping as he ran. His name was Popu - black and white it means, a Khumbu terrier with a double, thick, silky coat.

Lobuche is another yersa but now with tea houses, and in several days walk from the denuded forest wood for fires. I was horrified to see the huge piles of mountain campion cushions outside the lodges, to be used for fuel for food and water for trekkers. The fragile eco-system is being damaged and ruined, the use of kerosene should be enforced by the park wardens, trekkers can and should be made to pay extra. The dusty soil is already disappearing into the great river systems and causing serious floods in the deltas and plains. But, onwards and upwards, together with trains of yaks we followed the Khumbu glacier to Gorak Shep there to climb Kala Pattar 18,200ft or visit the Base Camp. At Base camp were several expeditions, it was very crowded and cold. My camera had been in the lid of my sac and wouldn't work. I counted nearly 200 yaks on my way back, mostly carrying expedition equipment, but some with folding hand gliders. The constant shouting and whistling of the drovers made a kind of music with the occasional yak grunt providing the base. Back at the lodge on the first warm day of the year, the babies were being bathed, dried and olive-oiled and left to play naked in the sun. I just unzipped my duvet jacket, that was enough,

and the Himalayan partridges pecked around my feet whilst I drank tea and chatted to the women; during the night outside for a pee, my headlight torch reflected on two large, green eyes, not so far away. Could it be a snow leopard? I hurried back to my warm sleeping bag.

Over the Cho La 17,700ft, no sign of the large crevasse which features in the guide book, but the extra strong UV light blistered by ears despite the sun blocker. Going down the other side the sun loosened boulders as big as buses and the deaf porter couldn't hear and run, like the rest of us. It began to snow and was soon a whiteout, eighteen inches of soft, fluffy stuff, and Sirdar was singing a haunting melody, over and over again. Gokyo had begun to be the promised land, we'd been walking hard for twelve days, every day. Crossing the glacier was tiring, humps and ridges like frozen waves in the ocean, up and down, the longest glacier in Nepal. Suddenly there were the lakes, but not turquoise blue as expected, flat and white, the ice covered with snow. By the third lake, the lodges at Gokyo were quite busy and they told us there that we were the first over the Cho La this season, and they were surprised because of the snow. Three toddlers where we camped were enchanting and could already speak some English and count money! The greenhouse built by Leo Dickenson and Eric Jones for 'Ballooning Over Everest', was a great place, warmed by solar power. A plate of chips, a mug of hot chocolate, jacket off...heaven. But the nights were the coldest yet, almost too cold to eat, and as I shivered the little dog jumped onto my knee and curled up, one eye open, watching. The yakman told me that all Nepali dogs are reincarnated naughty monks, and don't take my eye off him. That night Pophu foresook my tent doorway and slept on top of a pile of dung, it was warmer there. From top of the next Kala Patar I clambered about taking pictures of the Classic Views of four of the seven highest peaks in Nepal, Cho Oyu, Everest, Lhotse and Makalu, it all defies description, but Pophu guarded my sac. On the way back I was delighted to see a pair of rare russet Brahmy ducks on a little bit of open turquoise water.

Homeward bound now, everything an anticlimax, the Yakman pointed out pugmarks in the snow, and told me tales of little and big yetis, and which valleys they live in, and the villages they steal women from. As we descend, the frozen waterfalls are thawing, rushing water everywhere, its almost spring. At a lodge we meet a Venerable Rinpoche Lama, making his return journey, and an 82 year old American trekker going up to Gokyo. My legs have wings and across the valley and below, the golden roof of Tangboche glistens in the sun, we have come full circle. Pophu marches with me and the Yakman says I may take him home. The Yakman has visited the Swiss Alps as a guest of the Swiss Alpine Club and I suppose he thinks Blackpool is the same. Where we stop for lunch the daughters of the house are beating up one of the husbands with staves and his screams are pitiful, they said he was lazy and useless. Also waiting for food was a returning Italian expedition, one of them remarked in derogatory terms as to whether I was going up or down the trail. When I answered him in Italian he was incredulous, but I got my revenge later.

It started to rain, cold, stair-rods, but the huge camelia

trees were in full bloom, absolutely fabulous, all the flowers were out. We had a farewell party with lots of beer and dancing and a tasty dinner. Unfortunately the same chicken that had been sitting under a blue plastic sheet on top of a basket all day, now, sadly we'd eaten. But would the plane fly? We checked in at the shed at 5.30am, thick cloud everywhere. Some people had been waiting six days and if our plane didn't come, then we would be at the end of the queue. Then at 10.30 the klaxon went and out of the mist appeared our little, white plane, slithering to a stop in the mud. We jumped in, and as we taxied downhill, Sergio behind me clamped his arm around my neck, laid his head on my shoulder and wept, calling to all the saints. I was wet through, but didn't admit either to him or myself that it really was double scary, and two days later I was back at work. Was it really a dream?

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## HOT DAYS

Bob Melling

Some of us love them. Some of us hate them. But most of us remember them.

An entry in the old Club log book at Langdale told the story of two members who endured pangs of thirst during a walk in the Coniston Fells on the longest day of the year, and possibly the hottest. They must have been well grilled since one of them entered the following heartfelt verse in the book:

Oh heck!  
What a beck!  
Red Dell-  
Simply hell!

For myself I specially remember a baking day during a holiday in the old Wasdale Hut.

Our chosen destination that day was Pillar Rock where we hoped to do a little climbing. We perspired, more than that we sweated, along Mosedale, up Gathersone Beck, over Looking Stead and along the High Level Route to where we knew was a spring of blessedly cold water. The hart panting after the water brooks wasn't in it.

We left oranges and apples floating in those cooling waters ready for our refreshment later in the day, and made our way up to Jordan Gap. As we roped up, the sky became milky and there was a perceptible lessening of the sun's furnace heat.

Away went the leader up Central Jordan, soon to be followed by the second man. I was the Tail-end Charlie, and by the time I had moved up a few feet, the sky was black and a bitterly cold rain began to fall.

Now, you may be timid, and he may be a cowardly swine, but I am of a gentle retiring nature - so I gently retired.

By the time I regained the Jordan Gap, the icy rain was falling in torrents and I resigned myself to an uncomfortable wait for my companions.

The next few minutes were terrifying.

I found myself awakening from a dream-like state in which I seemed to be talking to someone - some member of my family. My heels were instinctively digging into the ground as with hands and elbows I frantically tried to stop a slide down the steep hillside. There was a metallic taste in my mouth and the echo of a fearful crack of thunder in my ears.

I am not ashamed to say that I fell to my knees and prayed as a strange terror gripped me. However, sanity returned and in no

time at all "Richard was himself again".

Eventually my companions re-appeared with their account of sparks flashing from the rope as the lightning struck the summit of the Rock.

We never did get back the those oranges and apples.

The day was not without tragedy. The lightning strike caused a fall of rock which, sadly, took the life of a climber in another party in (I think) Great Chimney.

Whitsuntide 1948 provided a few days of blistering heat and some blissful climbing on the sun-warmed Gimmer Crag. Brother Joseph (R.I.P.), along with some of his Clapham College students, was staying at the Langdale Hut at that time ready for the official opening of the Dunmail Raise Hut. This took place on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows - a festival no longer in the church's calender it seems. The accompanying photograph of Bishop Flynn doing the honours may jog a few memories, not just of the ceremony, but of the heat.

Did I ever tell you of that week in Skye when I was younger? Gosh! it was hot.....



Bishop Flynn (centre) At the Official Opening of Dunmail.

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Faz Faraday

The Junior Meet of September 17th-18th in Langdale was exceptionally well attended. In all there were 28 junior members. All except two arrived on the Friday night. It was officailly organised by me but saved by Dot, who, seeing the panic when it was realised there were only two leaders calmly suggested a Gorge Walk on the Saturday morning. This saved me running back to Edinburgh and created a wave of interest and enthusiasm not only with the Juniors but also with Mums, Dads, Grandparents and others who had also wondered how so many Junior Members could be led by just two oldies.

After an official briefing on Saturday morning the Juniors were taxied up to Tilberthwaite and with plenty of willing adults to keep them together were split into three parties. Ivan and I led the older boys (dare we call it the 'A' Team, in such a politically correct era?). Dot led the youngest of the juniors who climbed the Gorge to the Bridge. Here the older girls joined the main Gorge as it steepened. They had gone to this point by the path on the side of the Gorge along with other senior members.

At the bridge the girls went ahead of the boys who had decided to take a bolder start beneath the bridge. Eventually both parties met up beneath a steep, very wet wall that was technically severe. It had the additional threat to it that anyone who slipped would end up in a very deep pool.

By the time both parties had got together, Dot had fixed a top rope and placed herself at the edge of the waterfall above the steep right-hand wall. There were many heroic ascents of this severe pitch from the youngest to the eldest. Perhaps what was most impressive, apart from the actual climbing, was the patience and endurance of the parties since it meant a long wait for all in wet and cold conditions.

Once the technical pitch was over, the rest of the Gorge was climbed quickly and all returned to Langdale for a mid-afternoon lunch. Jim Cooper had arrived during the morning which meant that there were three leaders. From after lunch until shortly before mass, fifteen juniors equipped with new harnesses and helmets did at least two routes on Copps Howe Crag.

Mass on Saturday evening was well attended and one suspects that more than a few prayers of thanks and relief were said!!

The focal-point on the Sunday was the Juniors' Annual Fell Race organised as usual by Leo. This year it was decided to hold the event on the Fell behind the Hut. This meant less time was spent travelling to and from the race.

The Courses involved up to two laps of the field behind the

Family Quarters and Chapel. Competitors were well organised and marshalled and pre-race nerves, tactical running and post-race analysis was in plentiful evidence. The finishing times were exceptionally fast and the Club would appear to have a strong and healthy contingent to uphold what has now become a tradition of Fell-running.

After lunch on Sunday all those who wished, or weren't injured in the race went back to Copps Howe Crag. Those who hadn't climbed on the Saturday were given priority on the Sunday, and everyone else did at least another two routes.

The final event of the Meet was the rebuilding of the Memorial Cairn in the field at the back of the Hut.

Each Junior Member carried a piece of slate back, inscribed his or her name on it and had it officially cemented in place. This formal building ceremony brought the Meet to a close.

No junior members have been named. It would not be possible to do them all justice but one thing is certain: the future of the Club is assured if the enthusiasm and ability of members of the Meet is anything to go on. It could have been a failure of a weekend as there were only three Senior Members who were able to organise the climbing, but it wasn't by any means a failure, thanks to the inspiration of the Saturday Gorge Walk, the willingness of the non-climbing Seniors and above all to the patience and enthusiasm of the Juniors. If any members are to be mentioned I think the names of Sarah Kenny and Sarah Meredith who gave so much of their time helping the others. Thanks Sarah and Sarah, and to all who helped organise the Climbing and the Races, and in doing so made it a happy and succesful Junior Meet.

N.B.

Thanks to those who sent me advanced apologies regarding the September Meet. While it is good to have so many enthusiastic juniors it is important for the sake of safety at least that we have a better working ratio between juniors and leaders.

With such enthusiasm from the Junior Members perhaps next Junior Meets can be noted well in advance by more climbers willing to support them.

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THREE OF US CLIMBED MAN OF STRAW

Bryony White

Three of us climbed Man of Straw.  
You first, leaving us like fledgling birds, tethered to the nest,  
twittering with anxiety between us.

You led in deft flurries up the rock face,  
leaving little havens of gear behind you - and kind words.  
Then I scrambled and teetered after - choked here with fear - and  
here with laughter,  
achieving by wing and prayer your ledge, and above,  
to belay and balance there.

Watching with craning head you coax and cajole,  
with unperturbable patience your third,  
absurdly brave and frightened baby bird.

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STOPPING ON SCOUT CRAG DESCENDING FROM WHITE GHYLL

Evening is almost summer, hot, beginning. Suddenly the valley  
stretches out both ways below us, green and soft.  
And open as arms.

We stop to take it in, and for one long moment are stolen from  
our descent; our busy days; our list of things to do, to hover,  
spell bound.

Becalmed - between Green and Blue.

ACHILLE RATTI 1995 FELLRUNNING CHAMPIONSHIP

(WITH SOME CLUB FIXTURES)

DATES AND TIMES FROM THE 1995 FELLRUNNERS CALENDER

Leo Pollard

Fixture Card

February.	Ilkley Moor	5 miles - 1000ft	Short A Mens/Ladies
March.	Black Combe	9 miles - 3800ft	Medium A Mens
April.	Pendle	4.5 miles - 1500ft	Short A Mens
April.	29th/30th	Long Walk from Beckstones	
May.	13th/14th	Fellsman's Hike	60 miles
May.	27th/28th/29th	Three National Peaks (Juniors)	
June.	Ennerdale	23 miles - 7500ft	Long A Mens
June.	24th	Old Counties Tops	
July.	1st	50 Peaks.	Bill Mitton
July.	E.T.A. Loughrigg	4.5 miles 100ft	Short A Mens/Ladies
August.	Wadworth Village	4.5 miles 800ft	Short B Mens/Ladies
August.	Pendleton	5 miles - 1500ft	Short A Mens/Ladies
September	2nd Grisedale Horseshoe	10 miles 4400ft	Medium A Mens
September.	Three Shires -	13 miles 400ft	Long A Mens
September.	Club Fell Race	3.5 miles 1000ft	Short A Mens/Ladies
		or when Junior Meet is at Langdale.	
October.	Bishop's Sponsored Walk.		
October.	Ian Hodgson Relay.		
October.	Langdale Horseshoe	14 miles 4000ft	Long A Mens/Ladies
November.	Dunnerdale	5 miles 1800ft	Short A Mens/Ladies