

Secretary's Address

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

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

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

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

Auditor's Comment

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

DOGS

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

Under no circumstances must they be allowed into the huts

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

My Bob Graham Attempt

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul Cooney