

March 1969.

Bulletin No. 31

Side 1

Dear Member,

First, my apologies to you for the late distribution of the last Bulletin - things got a little-just a little-disorganised but more of that later.

By the time you read this, the capital debt on the Club (£750) will have been repaid to the Diocese and the deeds of Langdale and Dunmail will be vested in the Club.

At the Windermere Hydro, on 1st March, the Management Committee handed over the cheque to the Rt.Revs. Bishop Foley and Bishop Pearson who in turn formally presented us with the deeds of the two Huts. Thus, after some twenty-seven years of hard work by many members and careful management of funds by successive Committees we are now in the position of owning three Huts and a large stretch of fellside into the bargain.

Many people have helped to bring this about: in the early days, Members ran whist, bingo and beetle drives to raise money; nor must we forget the Women's Social Circle in Blackpool who furnished and maintained the Chapel for many years, Cyril Bulman who enabled the Bishop to buy the land and barn which are now Bishop's Scale, and Dean Atkinson who roamed far and wide searching for suitable Huts and found Dunmail and Buckbarrow.

Possibly some Members, particularly newer ones, may take the Huts and facilities for granted. Let them consider that when Bishop Pearson's dream of a Climbing Club was born, there wasn't the slightest glimmer of any premises or even any money to obtain them. Now we have three Huts which are our property and a fourth, Buckbarrow, which we lease. It's a great year for the Club!

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Account of Climbing Meets in areas other than the Lakes

Stanage

The main party met, as informally arranged, in Manchester about 10.00a.m. Typical meet weather, continuous drizzle. Arrived at Stanage after an eventful drive expecting to have the outcrop to ourselves - some hopes! The scene closely resembled one verse from a "well known" climber's pet ballad, only here the mobs didn't come from Bangor they came from almost every university within a 100 miles. After a quick scan at the available possibilities, climbing commenced. Those not used to grit soon discovered the lack of incuts: "funny stuff this gritstone" standing - "sure, hilarious!" climbing. The hard routes were obviously(!) out of condition, little mention being made of them: those that knew them kept quiet; those that didn't, were lucky. Plenty of good routes up to middling V.S. were done, such as Central Trinity, Inverted V, Christmas Crack, and Straight Crack: all in a very pleasant day's climbing. The Sheffield Edges are well worth visiting from Manchester in the winter months when the roads are free of dawdlers - travelling time about 1½ hours.

North Wales

The intention, was to stay in comfort at another club's hut in the Pass. Unfortunately it appears you have to commit yourselves to booking at least 4 months in advance

advance: a condition impossible to apply to our group of wanderers. However, by kind permission of father John, we arrived on Friday night at Tyn Twr. Considering the very early stage, reached at present, in its conversion to a climbers cottage, it provided supprisingly good accommodation; with a little improvising.

Driving rain on Saturday morning - spent a few hours making hut more comfortable - in the end insanity prevailed and off we went to Idwal Slabs. It was very cold and wet, even our hardier lads were seriously taxed by H.V. Diffs. Sunday was a vast improvement, just slight snow flurries. The group split up, one lot returning to the Slabs to rout out "Charity", the others having a look at Milestone Buttress. Apparently the route they chose, the Superdirect, proved to be no doddle; "a series of fine pitches, very artificial, but one follows them for their merit, if you can". Having satisfied our appetites for the weekend we returned to the cars, and back home.

George Maddison

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Miss D.M. Nicholson

Miss D.M. Nicholson a member of A.R.C.C. and for many years the Headmistress of the Assumption School, Blackpool, has since her retirement taken a voluntary teaching post at a convent school in Kenya. Before leaving she asked John Gilmour on her behalf to extend a welcome to any travelling A.R.C.C. member visiting that part of Africa. Her address is P.O. Box 129, Meru, Kenya, E. Africa. Meru is half way up the slopes of Mount Kenya.

Miss Nicholson was among the first members of the club and served for many years on the main committee. She was responsible for forming the ladies social circle which built and furnished the Langdale Chapel and also made hundreds of pounds towards the development of the club. I am sure you will wish her health and happiness in her new venture.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. will be held on Saturday, 26th April 1969 at St. Ignatius' Hall, Preston at 2.30p.m. and all Members who can, are asked to attend. It is particularly important that you should attend if possible, as there are quite a number of retiring officials this year. These are:-

Bill Carter	-	Chairman,	Terry Hickey	-	Vice-Chairman
Barry Ayre	-	Secretary,*	Paul Charnock	-	Hut Warden, Buckbarrow
Michael Pooler		Hut Warden,	Tom Broderick	-	Editor
		Langdale.			
Derek Price	--	Main Committee			

* Non-elective, appointed by Management Committee.

Bill Carter, Terry Hickey and Derek Price are willing to allow their names to go forward for re-election. Barry Ayre and Tom Broderick are standing down. The position of Secretary is to be divided into a Club Secretary and a Membership Secretary who will be responsible for subscriptions. This will be taken on by Nev. Haigh.

/Therefore...

Therefore, nominations are wanted for the positions of:-

Chairman
Vice-Chairman
Secretary(Minutes)
1 Committee Member.

Which should be in the hands of the Secretary, Barry Ayre, 51 Lythe Fell Ave., Halton, Nr. Lancaster, not less than 14 days before the date of the Meeting. Motions and amendments to Rules should also be sent to the Secretary not less than 28 days before the date of the Meeting. Meetings of the Management Committee are held in Garstang each month and it would help if Nominees lived within reasonable driving distance of this.

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Have you thought about ARRAN, yet?

Easter is not many weeks away now, and it is necessary to book car space on the ferry in advance, but not passengers. If you want to take a car across, write as soon as possible, giving time and length of vehicle, to:-

General Manager, (Mr. Stuart), The Caledonian Steam Pack Co.Ltd., Gourrock.

Telephone: Cragburn 4498

Up to 3rd April, the times to Brodick from Fairlie are: None on Sunday, Sailing times; Monday - 0800 and 11.10, Tuesday to Friday - 06.55 and 11.10, Saturday - 06.55, 10.25 and 16.05.

From 4th April, the times are the same, except no 16.05 sailing, but one at 17.30, on Saturdays, with an additional one at 18.10 on Good Friday.

From Brodick back to Fairlie, times are; Monday - 0.64, 09.30 and 16.00, Tuesday to Friday - 09.30 and 16.00, Saturday - 08.35 and 16.00.

The passenger fare is 14sh. For cars up to 11ft. 72s.
13ft. 84s.
14ft.6" 114s.

over 14ft.6" 145s.

These fares include the driver.

I am intending setting off about Midnight Thursday(3rd) for the 06.55 sailing on Friday, returning on Tuesday or Wednesday sometime, probably the 16.00 sailing.

Anyone interested, in either travelling with us or independently, let me know as soon as possible. My address is 29 Braeside Crescent, Billinge, Nr. Wigan.

TYN TWR

Equipping the hut and repairs are progressing slowly. The plumbing is scheduled for Easter, and I hope the replastering will be carried out fairly soon afterwards. The main hold-up to opening it for general use will be the provision of flush toilets, the final detail of the septic tank being still undecided. However, I expect that sometime later this summer, we will be open for business.

J.T. Foster.

I can recommend ARRAN - it's fine for the climber, walker and artist, too. Camp in Glen Rosa or Little Glen Sannox, (nice beach) but if dry weather then I consider it wise to carry some water with you on the hills. Been there the last two years myself! (Editor).

Family Accommodation

There appears to be some confusion about proposed changes to the provision made for families, particularly at Bishop's Scale; fears that families were to be segregated from the life of the Huts. This is not so!

The proposal is that the Hogg house be made into the Chapel, then the present Chapel can be converted into two self-contained quarters for families. There will also be available the downstairs dormitory as at present. Therefore, family space will be increased, not decreased. The advantages are more privacy for the family which needs it, facilities for making feeds in the middle of the night if necessary, where the uproar in the Hut won't disturb children, yet the main kitchen and lounge are still available for the family and Members alike. There will be no reason for anyone to feel 'Out of It'.

So far, we've managed pretty well, but the Committee feels that something will need to be done for the future. For the present, families will have to use the bottom dorm, indeed they have priority there, so Members should leave this clear and if requested to move upstairs, should do so without comment. For the families - well, if two families arrive then they could help by arranging things between themselves regarding joint use of the dorm, say women and children in there and the men upstairs. A bit of give and take all round makes things much easier - and saves the Duty Warden from even more grey hairs! But first we must get on with the hogg house!

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At Whit's End

That V.S. crack of Whit's End was rather awkward! - On the stance on K.G. Adrian Liddell had said the hardest part of the Poacher was moving out from under the overhang round the corner on the left. There is a side hold, a sloping ledge for the left foot and a "letterbox" ledge, all round the corner. So I got my left hand on the side hold, left foot on the funny sloping ledge and then stretched up for the "letterbox" with my right hand and stretched and stretched and s t r e t c h e d. The "letterbox" was big enough to take my finger ends! I moved back down for a breather.

"Ey - Stefan it's hard!"

"Better put a runner on then".

(These . . . seconds who keep telling you what to do!) I put that runner on then left hand round to the side held, left foot round to the sloping foothold, right foot up against the back wall and then right hand finger tips on the letterbox; the thing was then to get the left hand up with the right, and the right foot onto the arete somewhere but.....it was just a matter of doing it. I went down for another breather.

"Ey Stef. it's dead hard".

Tried again.....Just a matter of balance. Another breather.

"Ey Stef. - I might not be able to do it".

Tried again.....I didn't have that balance. More breathing.

/ "Ey....

"Ey Stef. I might have to come down".

Again. Left sidehold, left foothold, right foot against the back wall, right hand up then my left hand fingertips joined it on the little "letterbox" ledge as I made the decisive move in a fever of nervous tension, my right foot finding a knurl of rock on the arete for a hold, and funny little wrinkles appeared in profusion. The hardest part was over - but I kept on running until I reached a flake on the left hand side of the wall. From there it was still thin climbing, still those funny little wrinkles of rock that you were seriously supposed to use for holds - but there was it the same desperation of the moves on the arete. A good mantleself move in the middle we later decided must have been where you are supposed to belay.

After that the route goes up the corner then traverses right, and goes up a wall to the top. The wall in itself is only about ten feet but it is very steep and Stefan was delighted to hear that I couldn't do it and had to continue up the corner as we had seen the earlier party do it. Naturally when with considerable difficulty and exertion (owing to his shortness of stature) Stefan arrived he couldn't resist showing me how to do that little wall and thus proving the superiority of E.B's over F.E.B's. Five minutes later on the way down, we had forgotten the difficulties.

"Well if that's all an extreme is....."

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J. Tasker.

Had two letters, one from Harry Wiggans in Antarctica, he's well and wishes to be remembered to everyone. The second is from Fr. Brian Passman in Peru - who also sends his best wishes to everyone. Brief extract(s) below.

Journey to ANDAHUAYLAS

"I am sitting at my typewriter, looking out of my window which overlooks the main square of Andahuaylas. It is a gloriously sunny day, three o'clock in the afternoon. It is such a change to see sunshine after the grey, overcast skies of Lima. All around the town the mountains rise up. Not great towering giants but more like the more gentle mountains of the Lake District. There is one difference, however, and that is that the town is nestling in a valley at a height of 10,000ft. so what look almost like hills around us are in fact mountains of twelve and fourteen thousand feet. About a hundred kilometres away are the snow peaks. The snow line starts at 18,000ft. There is another point of contrast with the Lake District, there is not in this vicinity a single rock face that one could climb. This part of the Andes is a bit of a let down from that point of view.

Flying to Andahuaylas is an experience. The planes are four engined D.C. something-or-others. The flight takes one hour fifteen minutes to Ayakucho and thirteen minutes from there to Andahuaylas. But often an engine gives out on the way. Once three of the four engines failed, the last one just as the plane was gliding in to land. One of our priests once optimistically remarked to the pilot that four engined planes could easily fly on two engines. The pilot quietly explained that there were two peaks which we had to get over for which all four engines were needed. If an engine failed between those two peaks there would be no alternative but to come down in the mountains. Once as the plane was taking off the front wheel went bouncing down the runway ahead of the plane. Despite all this they have had few fatal accidents. I arrived without incident except that we were six hours late due to the plane developing a 'fault' at Ayakucho. The priests from here had been waiting for us all of the time. Still, time means nothing in the mountains. Our airport here is a long patch of grass one of the longest runways I have ever seen. It needs to be.

/The.....

The altitude is 14,000 ft. When it rains the plane is unable to land. Fr. Mark Walsh decided to come up a few days after me but his luck ran out at Ayakucho. The plane developed a fault and a ten minute stop over became a thirty seven hour delay. He completed the journey by bus. The journey from Ayakucho to Andahuaylas by air, as I said takes thirty minutes. By bus it takes twelve bone shaking hours. Still even that is not long to travel back four centuries in time. Lima, with all its faults, is in the twentieth century. Andahuaylas is in the sixteenth. But more about that next time.

Regards to all at Lichopscale. Happy Christmas to all.

Fr. Brian Passman.

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The Gentle Art of Survival or take one Caribou.....!

A group of us were sat in the New one autumn evening, when one Member began to explain just why it was he'd beat a hasty retreat from Scotland and just how it was he'd left his sleeping bag at the Hut. We sympathised with the chilly night he'd spent in consequence but pointed out that a little improvisation could go a long way. Newspapers wrapped around the body under the anorak retain quite a bit of heat and prevent cold striking up from the ground. They are also particularly windproof if they have contained six penniworth of chips, indeed, the N.American Indian would wipe his fingers on his shirt after every meal just to provide a greasy surface that would turn wind and rain. Unfortunately you can't do much about the smell!

Every tramp knows the advantage on a cold, wet night of finding a herd of cows. Since the cow lies down before the rain comes, you simply move on the cow to provide yourself with an already warmed, dry space and with luck a pint of warm milk for a nightcap. Do not, I urge you, attempt to move on the bull, although this is a mixed blessing, as the resulting sprint to the gate will warm you up no end!

The Scottish traveller or clansman on the prod, would soak his plaid in the burn, wring out and wrap himself up in the now windproofed garment and peacefully go to sleep in the heather. Body heat soon generated a nice, steamy atmosphere and at dawn, refreshed and full of oats he would descend upon the weary shivering Redcoats and put them through the mincer.

Indian trappers and Esquimaux when faced with a desperate situation, would shoot a caribou or moose, quickly gut it and crawl inside to shelter from the storm, thus providing the hunter with cover and food. Tough luck on the caribou, though. There are drawbacks naturally; it is undoubtedly messy, but then it is not a matter of convenience but of Survival: further, you must first catch your caribou. There, you might say, lies the rub, Caribou are not that plentiful, right now they haven't seen one in Langdale for a year or two. Be that as it may, it is well worth remembering these little things, these gems of knowledge that enable the seasoned traveller to meet adversity with ~~experience~~ and be One Up on the other poor blighter who obviously hasn't a clue!

We started back to the hut. The air was chill and Kevin remarked that it seemed a suitable night for me to demonstrate the theory of sleeping out of doors in a wet blanket. I agreed, but pointed out that both he and Fr. Joe were sensitive souls and I was afraid that anxiety for me would keep them awake. They assured me that they weren't that sensitive but I knew better. How could I sleep in a wet blanket on the cold fellside whilst they remained awake with worry, in their warm beds? Common humanity compelled me to decline the invitation - much to their regret!

/Snuggling....

Snuggling down into my warm pit, I thought how lucky I was to have such considerate friends. With friendship like this, who needs enemies?

Tom Brod.

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'News from Harry's Sister!'

Having just received a letter from Harry Wiggans I thought that all members would like to read a brief extract of how he is getting along amongst that vast expanse of snow and ice - not forgetting his amicability towards his new neighbours - PENGUINS.

"Time has simply flown by while I've been down here. I've had quite a few adventures, some of them have been a bit dodgy too! Sitting out blizzards at minus 40°C isn't very pleasant. In fact it's.....cold. Trying to start a Muskeg Snow Tractor at -50 is.....ridiculous. You start with a small blow lamp, then you use the small one to light a bigger one, and go on up the scale till you have the biggest blow lamp possible working. This looks like a flame thrower. You then wave it around the engine. It's all a bit dicy really - at least with my dog team they do not need heating up before they start running. My biggest problem is stopping them fighting!"

Harry then goes on to say that we know as much about what he is doing than he does! They spend many weeks preparing for mysterious journeys which prove to be very interesting to the people who accompany him. He has some magnificent colour slides of the Shackleton Mountains - which he describes as 'absolutely glorious'. Apart from that there is a word of warning about the mail, apparently all mail has to go through S.A. and they pinch anything, in fact several base members did not get any letters from home at all last trip in and this works both ways, Harry has written to several members and he says that if you haven't received a letter it'll be lost in transit - But keep writing!

Adrienne Matthews

REMINDER !!!

Now is the time for all good Members to pay their Subs, which are due on the 1st April each year. Members in arrears on the 1st of July are reminded that they should not use the Huts until they are paid up.

Subscriptions should be paid at the AGM if possible, but if not then send them to the Subscription Secretary,

Neville Haigh,
752, Devonshire Road,
BLACKPOOL. Lancs.

You can possibly expect a little delay this year in receiving your Membership Cards (which you should always carry) as both Barry and myself are retiring and Nev. has to take possession of Subs. but do please get them in by July at latest - it saves a lot of book-keeping and we've got plans for the money!

Editor's Final Fling!

One of the joys (!) of being Editor is being able to say what you want in the bulletins and have the satisfaction of knowing that it will receive positively world-wide attention. I have received letters from all over the world and made many friends amongst the Members, been paid compliments on my work and had complaints about the lack of climbing material - ~~short~~ in short, I've had a lot of fun looking after it. So far as climbing material is concerned I've found that you have to drag it out of people - therefore, the remedy is in your own hands! 'Nuff said! For the rest, well, my thanks to all those who helped in any way, who contributed articles, addressed envelopes (400 of them, every quarter) and in particular to Adrienne Mathews who took the scribbled bits of paper from me and typed them into a coherent whole. Thanks again, and I hope the new Editor enjoys it as much as I have done.

Tom Brodrick.

MASS IN LANGDALE

The Bishop announced the other day that Mass at Bishop's Scale will commence in March and will be at 8.30 AM each Sunday THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. Not 10 AM as previously but 8.30 EVERY SUNDAY.

THE FINAL DEED(S)

Since writing the first article in this issue we have had the transfer of the deeds which was hastily arranged to take place at The Prince of Wales, Grasmere. Bishop Foley was regrettably unable to be present as a result of 'flu.

The Chairman, Bill Carter, handed over the cheque for £750 and received the deeds. Our Founder President, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Pearson then made a few remarks - and the Bishop was in cracking form! Unfortunately, I can only give a brief outline here, a mere shadow only.

Reggie Rogers was entered on the deeds as our new trustee, and to their surprise, Terry Hickey and John Gilmour had to sign as witnesses.

The Bishop remarked on the debt that the Club owed to the late Bishop Flynn who had enabled the Club to be formed, on the Constitution drawn up by Sir Arnold Lunn which prevented us from 'chiselling the Bishop out' in his lifetime and the acquisition of Dunmail, Buckbarrow and Langdale. He then told us of Dean Atkinson's work, of his obtaining from a Mrs. O'Dowd a houseful of furniture which was transferred to Buckbarrow during the war-time blackout.

As a result, they inscribed a plaque over the door, 'Endowed by O'Dowd' which looked very well but after some time Mrs. O'Dowd requested the return of her possessions.... The Dean's carpentry and skill in bunk-making - and his habit of leaving the nails sticking out - was also remarked on, and the problems of cows in the bedrooms of Dunmail, too!

The work of many Members was mentioned, Tom Donnelly, Tony Rose, Reggie Rogers, Eileen Smith and many others, how Gillie & Co. raised £1000 selling raffle tickets to queues in Blackpool, and a host of other. Finally, he mentioned the Sponsored Walk we ran for him last December, and the £1900 which it raised. The Bishop enters hospital shortly, for a minor operation, we wish him a speedy recovery!

Cheers, and a fond farewell to you all!
 BRODDY.