

January, 1970

Dear Member,

For the first time ever (I think), the Bulletin contains a fairly lengthy report on a meeting of the Management Committee; and after you have read it, I think you'll agree that it ought to be the last time as well. The thing to bear in mind, is that the committee really does have the best interests of the Club in mind when it meets, and for a property owning Club, such as ours, septic tanks and insurance are important things. In future bulletins, I hope that the notes on meetings will be much more 'digestible', the fuller reports being left to the A.G.M.

HUT NEWS  
BISHOP'S SCALE

Bishop's Scale has had a busy Winter to date, and in addition to use by Members, the Outward Bound have stayed midweek, and several visiting clubs at weekends.

Club bookings for the next month or two include:

Jan. 17-18	E.H. Mercer (Blackburn)	15 persons
30-31	Sollihull Y.H.A.	-do-
Feb. 14-15	Nottingham University M.C.	-do-
21-22	Birmingham M.C.	-do-
Mar. 14-15	Aylesbury C.C.	-do-

In addition, the Outward Bound will be in residence midweek

Jan. 20-23	(Tues.- Fri.)
Mar. 17-19	(Tues.- Thurs.)
24-26	(Tues.- Thurs.)

A Working Weekend will be held on the 7-8 February. Members prepared to work will be welcome.

During the Autumn, Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell presented a bookcase for the lounge in memory of their son, Chris. This has not yet been permanently fixed in the alcove, but gifts of climbing books etc. from members will be most welcome.

Another consignment of wood has recently been delivered and members are invited to partake in reducing it to burnable lengths with the axe and saw provided. (Ideal wet weather sport!). Volunteers are also invited to riddle the mountain of coke and ash at the back of the hut. The coke can be re-burned and the ash can then be disposed of. Urgent repairs to the outside of the chapel roof were carried out before the Winter gales tore all the slates off.

Work on the new chapel (the present hogg house) should recommence in the very near future. The contractors will be carrying out structural alterations

alterations, mainly constructing windows and a new entrance and porch. Later in the spring there will be a lot of work to be done by members both inside the new chapel, and on the approach from Bishop's Scale through the field.

Following the recent hard frost, burst pipes flooded the kitchen to a depth of 3" - twice in 3 days! The only remedy available appears to be to leave a couple of taps running during extremely cold weather. The stop tap for the building is in the end wall of the bottom dormitory but several hundred gallons of water are contained in the tanks in the loft.

BUCKBARROW It has been a very quiet winter so far, with four weekends when there was no-one at the hut at all. However, there are two visiting clubs in the near future, and it is hoped that attendances generally will improve as spring approaches.

DUNMAIL The hut has quite a lot of bookings for next year, but surprisingly, what are usually the most popular months of August and September are as yet completely free.

#### TYN TWR

At 16.00 hr. on Saturday, 14th March, your new hut will be officially opened by our President, Bishop Pearson. It is hoped that Bishop Petit of Menevia and his auxiliary Bishop will also be present. Because of the limited capacity of the hut, everyone intending to be present and requiring a bed on Friday and/or Saturday nights MUST let me know as soon as possible. We will also be arranging additional accommodation in the district, but it would be helpful to know our approximate requirements. Hotel and 'bed and breakfast' accommodation will also be available for anyone preferring it.

#### Working Weekends

Since the two weekends published in the last bulletin, there have been others and there will be working weekends on 17th and 31st January (probably past by the time you read this), which have been organised on occasional visits to Langdale. From the attendance, it would appear that the great majority of members are under a misapprehension; that the privilege of working at Tyn Twr is restricted to a select few. I don't deny that this may appear to be so, because apart from my own family sometimes 2 or 3 members from St. Helens, it is the same little team which also attends the Bishop's Scale and Dunmail working weekends. (Buckbarrow, of course, has its own faithful team). But let me reassure you that there is no favouritism, ALL are welcome.

Up to now, Tyn Twr has cost about £2,700, an investment of £7. 10s. per head of our membership of around 360. At least 30 members have stayed there over the last year or so, yet those who have worked there can be counted on 2 hands.

I know that many of our old stalwarts have been married off in recent years, and now have homes of their own to look after. But so have I (with a mighty fine jungle at the back, too). Some use the distance as an excuse, but my 'select few' has included members from the Fylde coast and even Yorkshire, so within that range must reside at least 90% of our membership.

But don't despair, there will be opportunities in the future to carve a place for yourself on the Tyn Twr Roll of Honour. A fortnight before the opening (28th Feb./1st Mar) will be a general cleaning and tidying weekend, and I still await volunteer woodworm assassins.

John Foster.

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As many members already know, Mick Hopley and Paul Charnock are currently 'doing' a twelve month grand tour of Europe and the following is Part I of what could easily develop into a long serialised Saga. Part 2 of 'Morocco Bound', which includes the ascent of Toubkal - the highest peak in the Atlas Mountains - appears in the next edition of the bulletin.

#### MOROCCO BOUND

(or an account of the A.R.C.C. Moroccan Expedition - Part 1)

The day dawned bright and cheerful and from our park bench we watched the sunrise over Gibraltar. It was a pleasant sight marred only by the two Spanish harbour guards, who had stood with their unslung carbines watching us all night.

The boat to Tangiers did not sail until 12 noon, so, after a leisurely breakfast, we wandered onto the harbour and joined the queue at the customs point. After inspecting our passports we were given a form to fill in, with questions in Spanish and Arabic. Now this we could not understand because the customs officials filled in these forms for everybody else, but then a friend told us: "You, sir, are British". I never could understand politics! Undaunted, we returned the completed form and to our surprise, were allowed to continue unheeded, and so boarded the boat for Tangiers. The Spanish are obviously determined to better anything that Britain can do, and felt that by leaving 1½ hours late, they had bettered even the best of British Railways.

The sea voyage was uneventful and after 2½ hours we found ourselves docking in the exotic (?) country of Morocco. Now as soon as the Moroccan children are old enough to speak, they are taught to say "dirhams dirhams". (Moroccan currency) and this they practice with unceasing regularity throughout their lives. Consequently, we were greeted by hordes of traditionally dressed Arabs, all offering their somewhat dubious services for "dirhams dirhams". Luckily, we also had been taught suitable adjectives whilst learning the language and so we were able to convince the helpful gentlemen that we could manage quite well on our own.



For anybody who is contemplating travelling through Morocco to the Atlas Mountains, without their own transport - don't! There is a very good train and bus service, both being state owned and so they have to stick rigidly to a timetable (Moroccan National Railways and C.T.M. Bus Service). The only snag is that there are only three buses and one train per day, even to the other large cities, consequently early booking is essential.

We booked seats on the 10.30p.m. bus, and at the appointed hour, along with forty yashmaked and fezzed Arabs, took our place on the vehicle. Once everybody was seated, a do-it-yourself Beatle kit appeared in the form of one man, who proceeded to entertain (?) the passengers by strumming a music box and moaning some unintelligible song which lasted approximately 10 minutes. He then came round to allow you to thank him personally ("dirhams dirhams") but strangely enough Paul and I had fallen asleep! When we awoke we were at Cassablanca; here a hard hours work of bribery and corruption got us two seats on the bus to Marakesch at 7.30a.m. The porters buy a portion of the tickets for the main bus runs and sell these to the highest bidder when all the ticket-office tickets have been sold.

At 7.29a.m. we boarded the bus and soon were thundering through the arid plains of South Morocco to Marakesch. Marakesch is an old walled city whose interior has hardly changed since its construction and in the centre of this den of thieves lay the bus station. Once in Medina Square, which lies just outside the bus station, we were met and followed by the usual throng of "dirhams dirhams" chanters. We made our way through the streets of mud built houses to the local bus for Asiu, our next destination, and found the bus station to be an old yard hidden behind huge wooden gates. Inside, about 50 or more Arabs squatting on a variety of commodities, waited the arrival of the next bus. To the left of the yard is a foot square opening with three horizontal bars and about 15 Arabs somehow managing to hold some portion of the metal. This was the booking office. Five minutes to the departure of the bus the office is opened and a limited number of tickets are sold. Into this I plunged and with sheer brute strength managed to hold a portion of one of the bars; Paul meanwhile was trying to prevent a dozen inquisitive Arabs from obtaining souvenirs of our presence in the form of rucksacks and contents. Suddenly, a face appeared at the window and literally all hell was let loose. Men, women and children began fighting and pushing beyond all belief to reach the window. I suddenly found myself face to face with the booking clerk (?) and quickly, somewhat demanded, in broken French, "Deux Asiu s'il vous plait". Leaving the queue was quite easy - one merely let go of the bar! We picked up the rucksacks and climbed onto the bus which was one of the old originals, powered by an antique Perkins diesel. It was soon crowded to capacity and after willing hands "bumped" and started it, we were on our way to Asiu. We thundered along at 4 miles per hour, sometimes reaching five, and after 30 minutes and furious pumping of the brakes, came to a standstill. The conductor (?) then brought the handbrake into operation, which consisted of placing a large stone under the rear wheels. He then took a can and proceeded

to refill the radiator with water. This was to happen three or more times before we reached Asui.

Once at Asui (6 muddled houses) we sought a taxi, for there is no bus service to Imitil, the site of the first French Alpine Club Hut, and soon found one loaded with grapes and tomatoes. In we climbed and joined two other Arabs on the front seat; then the driver got in! The drive to Imitil was through the foothills of the Arab mountains and the scenery was truly magnificent. Mud built villages perched on steep mountain sides and people in their bright coloured traditional dress were to be seen all along the road. Often we would come across 'trains' of mules carrying a whole variety of goods for sale at the local market and it was only by continual use of the horn that our driver managed to avoid numerous collisions. (We had no brakes at all on this vehicle - just the customary hand-brake stone!).

After one hour's jogging, we arrived at Imitil and the whole village turned out to greet us. Here there was no cry of "dirhams dirhams", just the offer of mint tea at an exorbitant price! The sixth person claiming to be the hut guardian turned out to be the real guardian, and we thankfully lowered our 70 lb. packs onto the concrete floor of the finest building we had seen since leaving Spain. The hut is stone built and is first rate. It has three dormitories, a kitchen (with calor gas) and a dining room, a shower of sorts and a real toilet (French style of course). Mohammed, the guardian, took a great pride in the hut and it certainly was a credit to him.

We were now within ten miles of Toubkal's summit and so, after a restful day, we again took up our packs and began the long 8 mile grind to the next hut, situated 4000 ft. below the summit.

M. HOPLEY

#### MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

You may have noticed that from time to time, the bulletin contains announcements originating from the club's management committee. These brief notices, contrary to what some members may think, do not in any way show the full scope of the committee's activities. In fact, the committee meets about 9 times a year to discuss the running of the club. It is impossible to give anything but the barest outline to what goes on at these meetings, but perhaps the following will help.

At the last meeting on December 3rd, proceedings started with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, and with no matters arising, the Secretary, Tom Brodrick, gave his report. This concerned two topics: the field in which the septic tanks for Tyn Twr were sited; and the club's annual dinner.

On the septic tanks, a letter had been received from the farmer who owned the field, complaining that the land had not been

restored to its original state and in his opinion the terms of the agreement had not been met. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided that the Secretary should arrange a meeting between the parties concerned, and that the balance of our bill should not be paid until the farmer was satisfied.

Tom then read out a letter from Mr. Jack Jowett, thanking us for our hospitality at the Annual Dinner. The bill for the dinner had been paid, and resulted in a 'loss' to the club of £20; and the hotel had been provisionally booked for 28th November 1970, for next year's Dinner. Tom also wished to say that for personal reasons he was finding it increasingly difficult to give sufficient time to deal with the club's correspondence, and he wanted to let the committee know that he would be resigning at the next A.G.M.

After this shock announcement, he gave a brief report that had been sent by the Treasurer, Jim Cooper. Jim, unfortunately, had been unable to attend. This report, however, listed the club's expenses and income (too complicated to give here) and the net result was a balance in the club's favour of £367. 16s. 8d.

The Buckbarrow Hut Warden, Eddie Kelly, was also unable to attend, so there was no report from the Wasdale hut, but Geof Cross, for Dunmail, told of the various repairs that had been carried out, chiefly to the woodwork - such as new window frames - and of the repairs that were still needed. When questioned about the "new" road outside the hut, it transpired that the present surrounding walls would not be touched, and that cars could be parked in a new lay-by next to the A.A. Box.

Barry Ayre for Langdale gave the usual routine report, the only exceptional items being the repairs to the chapel roof, and the news that work should start on the hoghouse conversion in the New Year.

The Tyn Twr report from John Foster was also brief; as the hut had received so much publicity recently he said, he had nothing to add that wasn't already known.

Next two items on the agenda were the applications for graduate and full membership. Of the applications for graduate membership, 3 were turned down and 9 accepted, and in the applications for full membership, 6 were accepted, and one deferred for a further period of 6 months.

The only point of discussion under the last point on the Agenda - Any Other Business - was the Insurance of the various club properties.

After this, the meeting officially closed, as dry throats had to be slaked, but it was, in retrospect, a quieter than usual meeting, there being comparatively few items that needed discussion.

At the next meeting on January 14th, the main points under discussion were the official opening of 2, Tyn Twr (and the decision to notify Mr. Sherlock that we would soon be making repairs and improvements to 'his' property) and the discussion of the club's finances.



Briefly these are:

In 1969, money was spent as follows - £790 repayment of Diocesan loan (necessary to get the Langdale and Dunmail deeds) - £950 on Tyn Twr (septic tank etc.) - £500 Langdale (repair of bulges in wall.)

The balance is, at present £210. 15s. 11d., but in 1970, money will be required as follows - Langdale £1500 (conversion of hogghouse to chapel) - £600 repayment of loan to members.

- As you might agree, it is not quite the position of affluence that the bank balance of January 1969 showed.

### The Club Secretary

Hidden in the report on the management committee, was the rather important news that the present Club Secretary - Tom Brodrick - will be resigning at the next A.G.M. Because of the importance of this position in the running of the club, it is as well to start considering a successor for this post. The 'only' requirements for this job are the willingness to devote a considerable amount of time to Club Correspondence (and think of all those Foreign Stamps you can collect!) and the ability to attend the 6 weekly committee meetings. Out of 360 members, there must be someone who will do the job; let's hope that 2 months of discussion can find him (or her).

ORIENTEERING I was unfortunately unable to be present at the 1969 event, but I believe that it was an extremely successful 'do'.

However, a brief description of what it was all about; 15 small and inconspicuous check points were scattered (in a sane and logical manner, I must add), - over Loughrigg Fell, and the competitors had to visit any 12 (or was it 8?) of these points. The team doing this in the shortest possible time were the winners, and there was a time limit of 90 mins. for the course. Competitors were given a map, compass, and a list of 'clues'. The checkpoints were also marked on the map.

Thanks are especially due to Wilf Charnley for organising and running the event.

Finally the winners were:

1. G. Cross & K. O'Hara
2. D. Ogden
3. P. Gilmour and S. Newall.

There were 18 entrants.

# THE ANNUAL DINNER

This was held at the Red Lion Hotel, Grasmere, on Saturday, November 22nd - and was the usual chair smashing success. The meal was beautifully prepared and presented, and the club's chairman - Bill Carter - faced a very contented audience when he started the after dinner speeches. After hinting briefly of the "better things to come", he read a letter from Bishop Pearson, regretting that he was unable to attend, and then spoke briefly of the great achievement in the opening of Tyn Twr. The guest speaker was Mr. Jack Jowett - of the Fylde Mountaineering Club - who opened his speech by comparing the progress of the two clubs over the years. After reminiscing on some of the brighter and funnier moments in his own long and varied mountaineering career, he finished on a more serious note by giving us his views on the role that a club such as ours should have in the climbing world and local community. The Rt. Rev. B. Foley Bishop of Lancaster - next rose to speak, but his lordship said that because of his very limited mountain experience, he wished to limit his comments to the recommendation of a book - "The Path to Rome" - by Hilare Belloc, this containing some of the best passages on men and mountains that he had ever read. Fr. Walsh spoke next, but the bulk of his speech is unreportable (have you ever tried writing down jokes?) and the final comments were on the Bishop's Walk.

The following item on the programme was the presentation of prizes for the Fell Race to: Ian Dewhurst - winner 1968 & 1969, and medals to Chris Farrel and Kevin O'Hara (runners up 1969). For the Orienteering race to Geof Cross and Paddy O'Hara (joint winners 1969).

The dance of course followed; the secretary, Tom Brodrick, winning the raffle (hmmm!); but finally, especial thanks are due to John Gilmour - the Master of Ceremonies - who kept things moving despite an attempt by Mick Pooler to eat the 'master' programme.

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I. G. Cross & K. O'Hara  
S. D. O'Brien  
S. P. Gilmour and S. Newell

There were 18 entrants.



Saturday Mass at Bishopscare

Members who have not been able to visit our Langdale Hut since last summer will be surprised to hear that Mass is not being said in the chapel on a Sunday, but is at 6.30p.m. on Saturday. This Saturday Mass, by special dispensation from Bishop Pearson, fulfills the obligation to hear Mass on a Sunday. It is to be hoped that members will support this Saturday Mass, and help make it into a permanent arrangement.

I have had a letter from Peter O'Neill (which I hope to publish in the next bulletin), the concluding line of which says:

"If anyone fancies dropping a line, it will be more than welcome and they will, I assure them, get a reply!"

His address is:

c/o British Embassy,  
14 Naberezhnaya Morizath,  
Moscow,  
U.S.S.R.

So for those who collect foreign stamps, or have ambitious holiday plans for the Caucasus, the invitation is there!

In a similar vein, the letter from Mick Hopley had a footnote to say that if anyone was interested in Morocco, or the High Atlas Mountains, they could obtain further information from him:

Room 417, Sheridan Plaza Annexe,  
Zugspitze Strasse,  
81 Garmish Partenkirchen,  
Bavaria, GERMANY.

ANY MORE FOR ARRAN?

It may not be true that lightning never strikes the same place twice, but I am keeping my fingers crossed that it will be so as far as the T. & G.W.U. and the Clyde ferries are concerned this Easter.

For some members I suppose Easter will be their usual annual pilgrimage to Buckbarrow; for the more adventurous, a trip to Wales to sample Tyn Twr. But I am hoping that the club is not so stagnant that no other members will join us on this wonderful rugged island. In addition to the excellent walking and climbing, there are lots of chambered cairns to be seen, relics of the Beaker peoples of 4,000 years ago.

To make the best of the rather high cost, we will be staying at least a week, from Wednesday or Thursday of Holy Week till late Easter Week. If anyone would prefer to leave their vehicle at

home or on the mainland, we will meet you off the ferry. If you are interested, let me know. My address is below:

29, Braeside Crescent,  
Billinge, nr. Wigan.

John Foster.

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Harry Wiggins has also written recently, and this is an edited version of his letter.

"Many thanks for your letters and the club bulletins. Many of the articles I have reproduced for the Base newspaper, which we bring out once a week. I've just returned to base after a three hundred mile dog sledging trip. The work on this trip was in a very heavily crevassed area, my job was to find a safe way through for our eight ton snow tractors. It was a completely successful trip and the tractors are now well on their way across the ice cap. Meanwhile, yours truly has just one more trip to do. Quite a short one this, only 170 miles. I'm leaving base tomorrow. After I return, an American aircraft should be on its way to Halley Bay to airlift six of us plus three dog teams out to the Shackleton Mountains for the summer. This summer, I will become the first man ever to do a complete traverse of this range and it's quite a big one too. This letter will be flown out by the Americans so you should, with a bit of luck, receive it for Christmas.

It is almost two years since I left the U.K., it seems like two months, the time simply flies by. There is always so much to do even in the long winter months and we have the longest winter of any British base. After all, we are only 800 miles away from the South Pole itself. We lose the sun here for almost four months and the temps. are pretty chilly, minus 50 degs. centigrade for most of the time. Summer is now almost upon us, so we do not expect the temps. to drop much below minus 25 degrees. You would be surprised just how warm 25 degrees (minus) can be, especially on a calm day. Yours truly has a really deep tan already. By the time I've finished in the Shackletons I should be burned black, at least I was after spending last summer there. Just imagine a mountain range as big as the Alps where no one has ever been, all to yourself.

I did some thirty-odd first ascents last summer, and well over a thousand miles of dog sledging around the range. These dog teams of ours are really wonderful. The only reward they expect for working their hearts out is a pat on the head at the end of a long day. Mind you, when they start fighting amongst themselves it takes some sorting out. They live for three things these huskys, pulling, fighting and ..... unprintable. As I've probably already told you, the name of my team is the Beatles. This team is the fastest that has ever been known at Halley Bay. This is no idle boast. I would match them against any dog team in the Antarctic - including the one Ken Doyle had. /cont....

I should be home sometime next March. It might be earlier if I miss the relief ship when the aircraft brings us back to Halley Bay. If this happens the Americans will have to fly two of us out of the Antarctic as our tour is up. The route back will be via the South Pole, McMurdo Station, Christchurch, Honolulu, San Francisco, and Washington. We are hoping like hell that we miss the ship!"

HARRY WIGGANS.

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SATURDAY 14th MARCH - 4.0 p.m.

GRAND OPENING OF THE WELSH HUT BY HIS LORDSHIP

BISHOP PEARSON (CLUB PRESIDENT)

ALSO PRESENT BISHOP OF MENEVIA- BISHOP-PETIT

AND THE AUXILIARY BISHOP OF MENEVIA

All members welcome but please get in touch with J. Foster Hut Warden- as beds will be at a premium. Accommodation is also being arranged at other huts.

#### ADDRESSES

Please note that the Buck barrow Hut Warden- Eddie Kelly- has recently changed address, and now lives at;  
22 Fishwick View, Preston.

#### FROM THE SECRETARY.

Several members in the London area have said from time to time that it would be pleasant if they could meet socially or possibly hold meets. One or two members have replied to my last note in the Bulletin, but I am sure that there must be more who have not yet written, due possibly to the Christmas rush. I don't like to hand out lists of members addresses indiscriminately, so if you are interested, please let me know so that I can notify these 'exiles in suburbia' concerned.

There is a nucleus of four so far.

TOM BRODERICK.



The final page is almost a Stop Press.

# Arran Ferry Time Table

27th March to 29th May

Depart	Ardrossan	Brodick	Depart	Ardrossan	Brodick
Monday	{ 08.00	08.45	Tuesday	{ 07.00	09.35
only	{ 11.00	19.35	to	{ 11.00	13.50
	{ 15.15	13.50	Friday	{ 15.15	16.40
		16.40			

Saturday	{ 07.00	08.20	NEVER ON
only	{ 11.00	13.50	SUNDAY!
	{ 15.15	16.40	
	{ 18.00		

## Return Fares

Passengers 15s. (Children up to 14 half price)  
Cars (inc. driver);

up to 11ft. £4. 19s. Od.

up to 13ft. £5. 11s. Od.

up to 14ft. 6ins. £7. 1s. Od.

over 14ft. 6ins. £8. 12s. Od.

Enquiries and bookings; The General Manager  
Caledonian Steam Packet Co. Ltd.  
GOUROCK.

Due to circumstances beyond my control, the publicised article -Climbing '69- has had to be omitted from this edition, but will, I hope, appear next time

Finally, apologies for the typing oddities (3 machines will have been used preparing this) but with fingers like mine what do you expect?

Sincerely  
Rod.

Secretary  
Mr. T.P. Broderick,  
22 Fairfield Street,  
Accrington.

Editor  
Mr. R. Witham,  
37 Canada Drive,  
Rawdon, Leeds.

P.S. Observant members and friends, who know that I have been living in St. Annes for the last two months, are asked to use the above address for correspondence, as my "St. Annes" address is temporary only.