

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

Bulletin 37

JUNE 1970

Side I

Dear Member,

With the hot sun blazing through my windows as I'm writing, it is difficult to think that the weather can improve as the summer progresses, but perhaps at last we will have a chance to climb those odd little walls and corners that the guidebooks describe as "usually wet" - Even the walkers may have a chance to cross large tracts of country without getting their feet wet. It is all a dream perhaps, but great feats have been accomplished by mountaineers who had dreams of far-off places.

\*\*\*\*\*

FAREWELL '69

It was just like being in the Alps again (except that the weather was better). There we were, creeping about the hut in our stockinged feet so as not to disturb the seven sleepers. A quick breakfast in the semi-dark and off we set to walk down to the ODG en route for Scafell. A couple of quiet days had given us a chance to recover from the Christmas festivities, and the previous day on Bowfell had informed us that what snow there was, was in terrific condition. Hence a determined effort to get to Scafell and Moss Ghyll.

It started to get light at the bottom of Rosset and by the time we reached Angle Tarn it was obvious that it was going to be another fine day. Further on, an extremely deep hoar-frost made the rocky path very difficult going and we found it much easier to walk on the hard-packed snow where possible. Three hours walking saw us on top of Scafell Pike, looking down on a magnificent sea of rolling, sunlit clouds, broken only by the lonely peak of Snaefell and the twin towers of smoke emanating from Calder Hall. Half an hour later, we reached our objective. At first sight there didn't appear to be very much snow at all in Moss Ghyll, but a closer inspection showed us that all the ledges were probably deeply covered. In addition to this all the water that normally abounds on that part of the crag was now ice - the route looked tricky indeed. Knowing that the hours of daylight were extremely limited, the prospects of success looked doubtful, but after a short debate we decided to press on, and Geoff led off. There was indeed a good deal of solid sloping snow on the ledges, and it made an interesting change to take axe-bolays for rock pitches. The conditions called for several minor alterations to the route, but all went quite smoothly till we reached the Tennis-Shoe Wall. Geoff had regaled me with stories of this (and its difficulties) ever since we started. At last we were face to face. Unfortunately it was my lead and I'd never done it before! Looking back, it's probably not even vertical but on that cold December day, deep in the Ghyll, at the very heart of Scafell Crag, it definitely seemed to impend slightly. One false start later saw me safely at the top - fingers numbed to the bone, mind greatly relieved. "It's not all that bad - now." Geoff in fact made very light work of it, which was just as well as the next pitch was the crux and it was his lead.

Colley's Step - it looked ghastly, the huge chockstone festooned with icicles and the whole of the wall coated with an inch or two of ice. Nothing daunted (well, almost nothing), Geoff went into the attack. After approaching the thing from about five different angles, he came down for a rest and a thaw. I made a very half-hearted effort and then we sat down to discuss tactics. The first idea seemed a good one - throw a rope over the chockstone and then prussik up. This was tried - with no more success than before, - it was still impossible to reach above the sheath of ice. The only alternative, then, was a 'directissima' up the left wall. Out with the gear - five pegs, two slings, two Heiblers and Geoff's north-wall hammer. We were off to a good start as the snow at the chosen point was about four feet deep, so we'd surmounted the worst of the overhang before we started. On the grounds of my greater experience of pegging, (all two day's of it), I was delegated the sharp end. A bit of free climbing brought me to the foot of the crack that was our objective. My only channel fitted snugly in the bottom of it and I was then able to thaw my fingers a little before putting two blades together in the top of the crack. A bit of desperate knees and elbows work finally put me above the ice. Geoff then was able to prussik up and remove the ironware, (I still say we must have been psychic to take TWO prussikers). It all sounds very simple put like that, but in fact it took us half an hour each, and with no spare slings, Geoff wound up with the worst of the deal. This brought us to the amphitheatre, a bowl of solid snow, to enter which was a major operation, - good old Geoff, you were a tower of strength that day. Another three-quarters of an hour's scrambling up snow and ice-covered slabs brought us to the magnificent shaft of sunlight which heralded the top - a mere five hours after starting. "(Some measure of the conditions may be conveyed if you remember that the Hornligrat on the Matterhorn takes only the same time)". Avoiding the normal 'easy way off' (which would probably have taken another five hours), we walked round the foot of the East Buttress and set off back, arriving on top of Scafell Pike again just in time to see the previously mentioned cloud-layer turned a beautiful pink-colour by the setting sun. This had the effect of reminding us that time was getting on, and we made all speed for Langdale, reaching the top of Rosset just as it got dark. An Hour's stumbling back along Mickleden left us with a short walk to a very welcome and well-earned bowl of hot soup. A magnificent day - II hours from start to finish, not at all bad for the end of the decade.

I. Dewhurst.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS

- These were due on the 1st of April, and anyone who has not yet paid should send their 30/- as soon as possible to Nev. Haigh at:-

752 DEVONSHIRE ROAD, BLACKPOOL, LANCs.

Please enclose an S.A.E. with your money. Subscriptions must be paid by the 1st July, otherwise membership is deemed to have lapsed.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Until April 1st, 1971, Life membership of the club costs a mere £15, and it is worth mentioning that members who loaned the club £10 back in swinging 1967, can purchase life membership with payment of an additional £5.

Next year, subscription rates go up to £20 life membership and £2 ordinary membership.

\*\*\*\*\*

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

- was held at St. Ignatius' Hall, Preston, on Saturday 9th May, when about sixty people attended. His Lordship Bishop Pearson was also able to attend for approximately an hour.

The club secretary began proceedings by reading the minutes of last years meeting, and with no matters arising, the Chairman - Bill Carter - gave his Report. The great event of the year of course had been the opening of Tyn Twr - and Bill wished to thank publicly John and his helpers for the excellent work that had been done on the hut. Buckbarrow also warranted mention, as we had received a letter from its owners informing us of an increase in the rent from £60 to £150. We had written back to enquire about the prospects on either a long lease or purchase of the property. Finally, he wished to thank Tom Brodrick for his year as secretary.

Tom Brodrick gave his Secretary's Report, and started by apologising for falling behind so badly with the correspondence, but that would be explained later. Membership figures were 275 full members (40 up on last year) 96 Life members and 53 Graduate members. There were also 13 applications for membership and 15 enquiries. The Annual Dinner had made a considerable loss, but try and avoid raising prices again this year, the guest list would be severely trimmed for this years "do". His final remarks were concerned chiefly with the "Bishop's Walk". Last year Barry Ayre had borne the brunt of the work involved, and he hoped that this year much more help would be forthcoming. However - one last thing - the reason for his resignation as Secretary and his failings with the correspondence was his acquisition of a printing business in Windermere, so although he was moving, he hoped he would continue to see us in the Lakes.

Jim Cooper, the Treasurer, reported that the hut fees were generally up, but that these had been offset by large increases in the cost of Fuel and Power. "Our" lodger at Tyn Twr had not paid his rent..... but he must point out that non payment of rent was one of the best grounds for getting rid of a tenant.

The Buckbarrow hut report was given by Eddie Kelly: attendance at the hut was almost exactly the same as last year - the kitchen had been entirely rebuilt, -The triennial painting had taken place in Spring - the blankets had been laundered - and finally, please take away your empty milk bottles.



For Langdale, Barry Ayre reported that new floorboards had been laid in the women's dormitory; the Drying Room had at last been completed; the Hogg house was progressing well and the windows should be going in soon; finally, he wished to thank his hut committee for their assistance in running the hut.

The Dunmail hut warden, Geoff Cross, said that several minor repairs had been carried out, but the biggest job would be the reslating of the roof this Autumn. Bookings were up on last year, with the hut now fully booked, till the end of August. As a last point, he thanked Cath Hickey and Bernard Hayes - Secretary and Treasurer - for their part in running the hut.

At Tyn Twr very little had happened that was not already well known, reported John Foster, but his main point of concern was that since Easter, only 12 people had stopped at the hut. If members weren't going to use the hut, then we would have to encourage visiting clubs to use it and this would surely be a retrograde step.

The Club President, Bishop Pearson, began by congratulating John Foster and his helpers for the magnificent work that had been carried out at Tyn Twr, and he then went on to describe what the new Hogg House Chapel should be like when completed "with the evening sun on Walmsley's window." The official opening of the Chapel would be on Saturday July 18th at 6.00 p.m. There would also be an open air mass on the hillside above the chapel on Thursday 16th July. He regretted that he would have to leave for another engagement, but he had one last announcement - there would be a Dance at the Social Centre (on the road between Windermere and Bowness) on Saturday 20th June. The cost would be 12/6 - which would include a Buffet Supper - and there would also be a Bar (the centre was Licensed.)

The election s next took place, and these were quickly over;

John Gilmour was returned unopposed as Committee member.

Bernard Hayes was declared Secretary (no other nominations had been received).

For the last item on the Agenda, Any Other Business, it was decided that the Annual Dinner Dance should take place on Saturday, 21st November (1970) There was some discussions as to the form this "do" should take, but it was pointed out that we could not dramatically alter the arrangements for this year, and suggestions for alternative arrangements (for 1971) should be sent as soon as possible to the secretary.

The proposal "That Subscriptions be increased by 10/- with effect from 1971" was then discussed. There was quite a lively debate, but after the counter proposal "Consideration be given to future expenditure and subscriptions be related to it" had been defeated, the original motion was carried with one against and several abstentions. The Chairman then declared the meeting closed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Management Committee is now:

|                        |  |                  |            |
|------------------------|--|------------------|------------|
| <u>President</u>       | The Rt. Rev. Bishop T. B. Pearson  |                  |            |
| <u>Chairman</u>        | W. F. Carter.  | <u>Secretary</u> | B. Hayes.  |
| <u>Vice Chairman</u>   | T. Hickey.   | <u>Treasurer</u> | J. Cooper. |
| <u>Committee</u>       | J. Gilmour. N. Haigh. M. Pooler. J. B. Ayre. E. Kelly.<br>G. Cross. J. Foster. |                  |            |
| <u>Bulletin Editor</u> | R. Witham.   |                  |            |

\*\*\*\*\*

A CIRCULAR from the CAERNARVONSHIRE County Council wishes to draw the attention of all climbers and walkers to the following points:

- Following complaints from the farmer about "people" who come along the LLANBERIS PASS from the direction of NANT PERIS and insist on climbing the fence to gain access to CRAIG DDU, climbers are asked to walk farther along the road towards Clogwyn-y-Grochan and turn in the direction of the cliff after passing the reservoir at ref. 619573.

- Last Summer, the Mountain Rescue teams were called out five times following accidents on the Watkin Path leading to Snowdon Summit. The dangerous state of the path hardly needs emphasising, and further notes on the PYG and Miners tracks indicate that these two are also in a very treacherous condition.

The full circular, which has paragraphs of interest and importance on such diverse subjects as "Unexploded Missiles" (Bombs to you and me), the Foel Grach Refuge, access to the Nantue Ridge and Mynydd Mawr, will be found on the Notice Board at Tyn Twr.

\*\*\*\*\*

From New Zealand, Gordon and Rosemary Fox have sent the following contribution:

TUTO-NO-KO

or

"SHAMBLES Amongst The Alps."

'Twas a fine morning last summer. We were in the Upper Hollyford valley vainly trying to stuff gear for a week in the hills into our new "extendable" rucksacks. The hope was to leave our big N.Z.-style frame packs behind to save weight. On the third or fourth attempt we succeeded - proud indeed to have kept the pack weights down to less than 60 lb. Funny - they still seemed to be about half a ton each to carry.

We left the car near Milford Sound, at the bridge over the Tutoko River, and changed into our Kiwi-style summer tramping gear (shorts, light shirt, socks, boots and sunhat). We balanced the packs onto each others backs and

heigh-ho for the merry bush (translate as "jungle"). It's easy to follow a track (translate as "path") through fiordland bush - you just follow the line of deepest mud.

After about three hours of sweating, stumbling and digging the wife out of deep mud drifts we emerged onto open river flats. Our out-dated copy of Moir's Guide (translate as "joke book") said that we should follow a series of dry river beds to our left.

"Can you see any dry river beds?"

"No, only a very wet one to the left and the main river on the right, anyway, the main river flats look easy going."

The grassy flats were easy going for the next ten minutes - then the bush edge came down to the river again. Finding the bush impenetrable to the English we resorted to wading waist deep up the edge of the river itself. We could see where we wanted to be - Leader Creek, cascading down from the right hand wall of the valley, further ahead. The Scenery was tremendous, with the steep walls of the valley supporting fine alpine peaks, but the tramping had a lot not to recommend it.

Eventually we arrived at a series of grass flats and dumped our packs on a convenient log while we went to find a convenient campsite. We wandered up as far as the bottom of Leader Creek and, happy that we had found the far end of the dry river bed we should have followed, returned for the packs.

"Which logs did we leave them on?" she asked innocently as we surveyed the wide river flat - covered with similar looking logs. Now the tracker training came to the fore as we retraced our footsteps across the river shingle patches. With not a little relief we found them, unpacked the tent and set a brew going.

Next morning mist hung round the valley. We packed up and slogged on up-river. A dry creek bed, Limerick Creek, is followed to approach the Age Glacier. Fording the river to the creek mouth was easy by N.Z. standards - the water wasn't much above knee deep. The creek bed itself wasn't quite dry (there were nice pools one could fall off boulders into). We reached Dave's Cave, a natural rock bivvy, after about an hour's tramping. We found two abandoned tents and a note to say that six Aussies had gone up to Turner's Bivvy. Not too bright, as we thought we had the valley to ourselves - and Turner's is supposed to be a squeeze for four.

Now decision: "We'll camp by the glacier at the bush edge. Should be able to climb Madeleine from there. Could move up to Turner's if the Aussies clear out in a day or so."

So on up to join and ford Leader Creek just below the Leader Falls. The bush track on the other side was really disgusting. Muddy, narrow, winding and steep into the bargain. But it got us to the glacier and once again we pitched the tent and brewed up. A quick look at the snowgrass covered bluffs up to the Madeleine Snow Basin, then to serious sun bathing for the rest of the day.



Next morning - 3 a.m. blinking into the murk: "cloud down to about 6,000 ft. Probably rain before afternoon. Back to the sacks - whoopee!" That afternoon a party of four announced their arrival from the drizzle by shouting "Knock knock - anyone home?" outside the tent.

Two Aussies and two Kiwis. "Place is getting like Bondi Beach."

"Ugh, Poms. How big is Turner's Bivvy supposed to be?"

They went on up to chance their luck at Turner's. With no tent they didn't have much option. That made ten under a four-man bivvy rock - not bad as this valley can go for months without seeing a human being. "peck, peck" from outside the tent. A Weka (a form of local flightless feathered type bird) was trying to peck its way into a polythene bottle of primus fuel. "Charly Duck" was to become quite a companion .....

The rain continued until 3 p.m. next day. Then I took a stroll round the valley to look at the ice cliffs above the glacier. Charly Duck waddled up behind. A nor'wester was blowing and the atmosphere was warm and humid, so I put a two inch deep billy outside the tent as a rain gauge.

A family of four keas flew in: "Them parrots again. Tie everything down!" Charly Duck had already dug up our buried rubbish and went into a scrap with the keas over it. The keas got fed up and flew off.

It rained heavily that night. We woke when I found that I had rolled over onto the tent wall - and my sleeping bag was slowly filling with water. Next morning the billy was overflowing. The primus decided not to work, in spite of continuous pricking. Waterfalls poured off the rock walls of the valley and the creek was a torrent. No show of us crossing it to pull out. So we could only wait.

Next morning the rain had stopped and the creek was nearly back to normal. "Let's get down to Dave's Cave, get a decent fire going and dry out." Charly Duck watched us pack up.

The creek crossing was more difficult. We crossed together, grasping each others pack straps (river crossing tactic no.2). Dave's Cave was occupied by the two Kiwis who we last saw heading up to Turner's.

"Are those Pommie packs? Should never have been allowed into the country!"

They were still in their sleeping bags. They had been swamped out and had come down the previous day, crossing the glacier above our camp to avoid the creek and bashing down through trackless bush. My favourite pyromaniac distinguished herself again and got a raging fire going with damp wood. The Kiwis were trying to gather up the energy to move out to the pub at Milford as we dried out our gear.

One Kiwi went down to Limerick Creek to see if the main river was crossable. He came back and said it was. They set off but we were comfortably installed and had just enough food for one more day. Soon after they left two more bods arrived from below. Life at Turner's had apparently been roughish and the hordes of Aussies were due down the next day. The amount of climbing done had been nill. We spent that evening chatting and singing round the camp fire.

We went our separate ways next day. We headed for Milford knowing the way, this time we took less than four hours to get to the car. On our way we met one of the jokers who had gone out from Dave's Cave the day before. Re-provisioned and with a favourable weather forecast behind him he was heading up to join the other two at Turners. We cursed the weathermen - we had a ferry to catch back to Wellington and work in two days time.

Our final day we (replenished with food stored in the car) did an easy climb up Barrier from Homer Hut. We looked across to Tutoko and Madeleine, standing out against the clear blue sky. Tutoko was climbed by our three acquaintances that day (they told us about it, back in Wellington, weeks later). But such is climbing in the Darans, where the rainfall is about the highest in New Zealand.....

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE 4th ANNUAL FELL RACE

will be run on

12th SEPTEMBER 1970 at 6.30 p.m.

The route is the usual one - starting from the "New", up to Stickle Tarn, then back to Bishop's Scale via Pike How and the "New". The time to beat is 28 minutes, though most ordinary mortals take 35/40 minutes. As usual, there will be prizes for the winners - and usually reliable sources report that the entrants also get free beer after the race.

ORIENTEERING The date for this has not yet been finally fixed; however, the event will be different from last year's requiring skill (and a compass). Details will be posted in the huts as they become known.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE OFFICIAL OPENING of the "Hogg House" Chapel will take place on Saturday 18th July at 6.00 p.m.

Bishop Pearson will carry out the ceremony, and we have been assured that there will be good weather for the occasion.

At the Windermere Social Centre, on SATURDAY 20th JUNE, there will be a Dance and Buffet Supper. The centre is on the main road between Windermere and Bowness, and as a further attraction the centre will be Licensed for the evening. \*\*\*\*\*



SNOW and ICING IT at EASTER

Things always seem to happen when you go to Scotland - and the climbing? Well, as we perched inside Oz's van which had its back wheels resting on the edge of the road, and its nose buried, a couple of feet lower, in the mud of a sealoch, things didn't seem too bright. We watched a bleak and watery dawn breaking slowly and waited for Ed to turn up in his van and tow us out.

It was really raining when we made Fort Bill, and ambitious plans of spending a week up on the Ben, removed from the temptations of Scottish ale and women, fizzled out. A rumour that the Cairngorms had had it fine for a month sent us motoring over to the apres-ski scene of Aviemore. About an hour's walk from where the skiers park their smart cars is "Jeans Hut" - free, warm and squalid.

This snow and ice game is a bit different from rock-hopping and perhaps we didn't realise this because when we wandered up to the crag at dinnertime we launched into the first steep groove of tumbling ice that we met. Pete was in front having demanded the lead but I hadn't really thought of arguing. He hacked away for quite a time at these slippery bulges while I hummed meaningless pop-songs and jumped up and down trying to keep warm. A couple of hours later and three ice screws for aid he was up. The remaining 200' was simply a matter of chopping steps up an easy angled snow funnel, with a delightful finish on the airy crest of a snow ridge.

That route wasn't in the guidebook and we were a bit put off the hard work side of this game so we unroped and did "The Vent" a Grade II in about ten minutes after Geof and Dick had kindly chewed a way up it for us. There was a nice bit of ice on this route which lasted about 20' from which (the ultimate sin) I dropped my axe. After the ice, the gully opened out into a great snow basin up which we cramponed to the top.

Ed and Oz had done "Right Hand Y Gully" Grade II, and following in their bucket steps we did this very quickly too, being disappointed to find so little ice on it - but there was a real, live cornice at the top.

No-one else had cut up any more routes, so after retrieving my axe, we regretfully left the shadow of the North Face of Corie an Lochan and rolled back down to Jean's Hut. There was a little more room there now, as the Royal Marine Commandoes had moved out and we no longer had to sleep among the pools of water on the floor.

The weather was just too good - blue skies during the days and freezing temperatures in the nights produced mad ideas like moonlight walks. Also we were becoming arrogant; after abseiling back down to earth from a Grade IV that was 200' of iced up, foot wide, crack we decided to solo the "Milky Way" a Grade III that Geof and Dick had cut up. We nearly died on that and from the top walked over to Coire an Sneachda where Ed and Oz had just spent six hours working their way up Fiacail Couloir, 400' of

Grade III. That took about fifteen minutes and was really pleasant, not as hard as "Milky Way" but very good. It was about 7.00 p.m. by then and not wanting to leave just yet we started walking towards Ben Mac Dhui. To the south we could see row upon row of featureless, snow covered hills and to the north, lower hills with less snow stretching away into the distance. Half an hour later Ben MacDhui seemed not the slightest bit nearer so we turned back, dropped down into Coire an Lochan and Jean's Hut.

If Pete and I were getting lazy, the others were growing sick of doing all the donkey work for us, so we went down - very regretful to leave a place where we had seen such perfect weather, snow conditions and an attractive remoteness.

Ed and Oz had left earlier to retrieve the vans from the car park before the attendant woke up; we joined them, had a couple of hours sunbathe by the river, appeared like blots on the smoothy scene at Aviemore and turned to the East - to see what Lochnagar had to offer.

It is all Ballymoral estate land round there but we guessed the queen wouldn't mind us spending a few days as her guests. Next morning we took the salute from the army as they soared past in armoured cars from their encampment opposite. The crag was five miles away, and we could see the right wing above the col. It was another magnificent day but as we reached the top of the col we were bent double against a bitter wind.

700' of crag is quite a lot and Lochnagar is really impressive in winter. Parallel Gully a Grade III was the route Pete and I belayed at the bottom of - teeth chattering, hands numb, wishing we were home. A first pitch of ice promised well for the rest of the route. A second pitch of front pointing seemed all right until I met the porridge half way up and then it was a matter of floundering up the soft, wet stuff as well as possible. A stretch of icy snow at the start of the third pitch was not as steep as it looked - a thing which seemed characteristic of the snow and ice we did. This point was emphasised on the next pitch when, suffering from the delusion of all rock-hoppers on ice, I made for a rock chimney in preference to a sharp ice wall on the left. The trouble with rock-climbing under snow and ice conditions is that all those jugs and thank god holds one looks for on pulling over bulges don't exist - you have to make every hold yourself. So I came back down this chimney and cut a way across and up the ice wall. The ice was somewhat rotten and the snow above was considerably worse than lower down, but from my token belay in the slush it looked to be only about one more rope length to the top - which was unfortunate as that meant Pete would get the cornice. However his lead up more of the slush only brought him to the entry to a snowy bowl below the cornice. 100' of slush for my lead brought me into the bowl; now the whole thing seemed really serious - there were no technical difficulties, but the soft, wet snow lay a foot deep on ice - was the avalanche enigma about to strike? and behind us heavy, dark clouds were piling in from the North West. The route was becoming monotonous, but the next 100' of rubbish brought us to the supposed crux of the climb - an ice traverse to the left to gain entry to the exit gully. As an ice traverse the crux did not exist. It was more

packed snow, admittedly less wet than the rest, looking very steep and exposed. A rock peg protected it to support another nominal belay, but instead of having to chip holds in ice, I had to ram the shaft of my axe into the snow, hang on and kick steps. Pete came up it and we now looked to be very near the top, but he ran out of rope again, which left the cornice to me.

A snow arete led up to the cornice which was very small at this point, but when I reached the Crest of the arete there was a terrific wind blowing, so I began to hack away at the bulge above. Cutting through a cornice proved to be far less enthralling than I had envisaged, it was just hard work of which I soon tired and bridging up on the arete, I hammered my axe in as far over the bulge as possible. This provided an excellent handhold, and, using my hammer to dig another hold in the top pulled over onto the summit into a tearing gale and flying spindrift. I retrieved my axe, hammered it in again further back and brought Pete up who surmounted the cornice by a similar manoeuvre and we hurried away to get down out of the blizzard as soon as possible.

Geof and Dick had done Raeburn's Gully another Grade III further along and found it in equally bad condition. And what about the other two, Ed and Oz - their job took a little longer. We spent the next two days crouched in our tents as the wind came howling across from the North West and the snow streaked past in a whirling fury. At last Ed had replaced his windscreen which a Scottish stone had shattered and Oz had replaced the sump frame on his van which the Scottish roads had cracked; we turned the vans south and escaped home in time for Easter.

- J. Tasker.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### EVENTS 1970

|                |                                 |               |                      |
|----------------|---------------------------------|---------------|----------------------|
| 30th July      | Ambleside Sports.               | 1st August    | Grasmere Rushbearing |
| 6th August     | Applethwaite Sheep Dog Trials.  |               |                      |
| 13th August    | Rydal Hound Show.               | 15th August   | Rusland Sports.      |
| 20th August    | Grasmere Sports.                |               |                      |
| 31st August    | Keswick Show.                   | 1st September | Hawkshead Show.      |
| 10th September | County Show, Kendal.            |               |                      |
| 30th October   | Windermere Harriers - Hunt Ball |               |                      |

Further details and information can be obtained from John Bulman.

\*\*\*\*\*

Eddie Kelly said it first, but it is worth repeating as a general point; Please dispose of all your perishable food (Especially MILK) at the end of your stay at the huts.

\*\*\*\*\*



There will be a Beginners Meet at Bishop's Scale over the weekend 18/19 July. This is to be an introduction to Rock Climbing, and as well as being the ideal way to meet fellow club members, sufficient guidance and instruction will be provided to ensure that everybody (who wants to) can have two good days climbing.

So make a note - 18/19 JULY, BEGINNERS MEET at BISHOP'S SCALE.

\*\*\*\*\*

Finally, apologies for the opening paragraph, and I promise to wear a Sun Hat when I venture forth in future;

Editor.  
R. WITHAM  
10 CAVENDISH ROAD.  
St. ANNES-ON-SEA,  
LANCS.

Sincerely,  
  
Rod,

SECRETARY  
MR. B. HAYES  
41 St. STEPHENS RD.  
PRESTON