

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

Bulletin 39

January 1971

Dear Member,

The Club's annual Dinner Dance at the Red Lion Hotel was a great success - the main complaint being that it finished far too early. The orienteering race also proved immensely popular (with a very hotly debated finish!) and considerable numbers of club members have attended the two Hunt Balls. With this upsurge in the social life of the club, however, there appears to have been a steady decline in the general outdoor activities - and in the numbers indulging in them. Over the last two or three years the club's climbing activities have centred round an ever-dwindling "core" of Hut Regulars, until in 1970 the "core" very nearly vanished. Perhaps it is appropriate, therefore, that we should make 1971 the year that put the climbing back in A.A.C.C. Climbing Meets have been organised at the various huts, and it is important for the health of the club that there should be a success. With this in mind, may I wish everyone a happy and prosperous new year!

AIR ON A K.G. STRING

by I. Dewhurst

Once upon a time there was a climber who had a score to settle with a certain climb. Several years previously he had walked up this route and returning, vaunting his prowess and talking in terms of a "piece of cake". His next visit demanded a public apology. It was a bit of a let-down, - into free flight from some 15 feet above the peg. Perhaps it was 'ruddy'ard' after all. Thus on the day that our story takes place the score was K.G. -1, Ian & Rd. Ltd. -1.

Mid-morning found us established below the overhang, looking for vengeance; and, one of us at least, wondering what the outcome would be. Quickly we roped up and I moved off across the traverse. The crack seemed harder than I had remembered (not a very good omen) but eventually we were both ensconced in the chimney. So far not too bad. Getting out of the chimney wasn't too easy either, but after carefully teetering round the corner, I was at last face to face with the "auld enemy". Somehow, it all seemed very much steeper than the first time, (I still find it very difficult to recall very much of the second attempt). So up to the peg and a short rest before tackling the crux. That tempting sling jammed in just below the overhang would have to be studiously ignored. With remarkable phlegm, I started to figure out how it was to be done - my confidence wouldn't survive another performance like the last one. The trouble is that you can only see half of the problem and it's the difficult bit that's hidden. The long step into the groove didn't seem too bad: - up a bit, that blasted sling's going to get in the way, -

there's something wrong, I can't quite reach that big hold, - back. So, back to the peg and another rest. Off again, this time I can reach - get the feet as high as you can, pull - harder! That's it. A short rest on the ledge, traverse right and up the final crack. Rod followed up rapidly to make it 2 - 1 to the Utd.

The question now, of course, was whether to quit while we were ahead, or to push our luck a little further. A quick consultation with a watch showed us that we hadn't taken as long as we had thought, so that we couldn't really justify going down again on such a nice day. Quite what made us light on Gimmer String as a suitable follow-up, I don't think either of us know to this day - but light on it we did. At first it all seemed perfectly straightforward; until, that is, we reached the foot of the crack that leads up to the stance on K.G. There I stood on this nice little ledge with a perfect jamming crack (complete with chockstone) about three or four feet away round a bulging corner. I could reach it with my left hand, and I could reach it with my left foot, but I was blown if I could manage both at the same time. So I stood there, gradually becoming more and more frustrated, until at one stage I was seriously contemplating jumping for that "damned elusive" chockstone. Fortunately, wiser counsel prevailed and I eventually managed to work the move out without resorting to such drastic measures, although when Rod came to ask for advice a little later I had to admit that I hadn't the faintest idea as to what I had done: - divine inspiration? or a plain old-fashioned brainstorm? Whichever it was it took us to the foot of the final pitch.

The first part of this was very fine, delicate climbing, but nothing like as desperate as it had appeared from below. It remained to climb a thin crack, traverse round a rib on the left and follow the ensuing wall to the top. The crack proved quite climbable - too much so as it happened, as, unfortunately, I had the greatest difficulty in determining the correct level at which to traverse. The realisation that something was wrong was borne in on me when I discovered that the crack was starting to peter out. Obviously I was too high. So I went back down a bit - and a bit further, then back up - and down - and up - and so on - a veritable Jack-in-the-box. But what wouldn't I have given for the Beanstalk! By this time my fingers were beginning to tire. So was my brain - I was just about out of options now. At last I saw it - practically at the bottom of the crack, would you believe? It may or may not have been due to my tired state, but the fact is that I found that move quite tricky, despite its being on the easiest angled piece of rock that I'd found in the past 15 minutes. However, once round the rib, I was able to rush the final wall before I could become further fatigued. Imagine my exasperation when Rod came waltzing round in a matter of seconds. Fortunately my self-esteem did receive a slight shot in the arm when he was temporarily balked about 10 feet from the top. Well, that was it, 2-1 over K.G. and 1-0 over the String, but we didn't fancy pushing for a third big one, and it would have been anticlimatic to have stepped down a league.

So we spent a long time coiling the rope, and sorting the gear, and eating our chocolate, by which time of course it was late enough to enable to saunter down to the ODG with no great loss of prestige.

BUCKBARROW

"The only thing of note at Buckbarrow just lately has been the removal of the old cast iron oven and water boiler which was the old fire-place. A new, more open, layout has been adopted which does not in any way affect the character of the hut. Also worthy of note is the addition of a grill in the kitchen - installed because the hut warden likes toast and jam with his tea in bed in the mornings!"

Paul Charnock

DUNMAIL

Once again, the Warden, Clive Millard, is appealing for furniture for the hut. If you are thinking of a springtime clearout, you can contact Clive at:

11 Shakespeare Terrace, Chorley.

OTHER CLUB ANNOUNCEMENTS are included in a section at the back of the Bulletin.

THE NIGHT BEFORE

I. Dewhurst

Stretched orange
Resounds to the pattering rain.
Une chenille francaise
Crawls through a circle of brightness;
A friend.
Thoughts of another friend,
Distant,
Drown the increased hammering
On the canvas.

.....
The hammering fades,
Replaced by a mountain-torrent roar,
Continuous,
A backdrop to the silence.

"Night-time,
To some a brief interlude,
To others
The fear of solitude,"
Stretches on.

.....
A book
Is the only companion,
Companion enough.
People often asked me "why."
Then, I
Could find no answer. - I know it's solitude -Without fear/

Tomorrow,
 To grips with life again;
 Vertical chess,
 Occupying more than just the mind,
 In surroundings beyond the most pleasant dreams;
 But demanding
 Future strength, and so -
 Present sleep.

.....

The following article describes a true incident only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

They Can Who

The Romans had a phrase for it - Possunt quia posse videntur - and how else could I explain away the fact that I was hopelessly stuck on a piece of rock that Alan had just solved, and Ken had just led with the greatest of ease. Psychologically there was no problem - after all - high level traverses have been in vogue since the start of rock climbing as a sport. Also, the first 15 feet had been easy enough, as this had been climbed on big (though widely spaced) jugs. But after that, the difficulties had begun. The start of the traverse was protected by a runner, and removing this was the first problem. The only handhold was a small flake and the runner, on this high-on overhanging wall, was placed - you've guessed it - round the flake. A few missed heartbeats later, however, and I had been ready to start the traverse.

The next two moves had been tricky; I had had to "lay away" at full stretch from the flake, to get two fingers of my left hand in the bottom of a large vertical pocket. I could then balance out to put my left foot on a desperately small foothold, and next - to quote Ken - I had to move with the speed of a striking snake, to jammy right hand in the pocket above the two fingers of my left hand, swing on this right hand jam to "change feet", whilst disengaging the fingers of my left hand, to teach - again at full stretch - for a krab clipped in to a peg.

My heart had missed a few beats whilst I had been removing the runner However, having reached the peg, I was comparatively safe, being able to hang on to the krab (with both hands!), and having the luxury of an insignificant "foothold" for each foot, instead of the usual one shared between two.

This, however, brings us back to the Romans. The last 10 feet had been difficult - but the next ten feet looked impossible. The face - I will swear - was plumb vertical, and there wasn't a hold on it, not even a wrinkle; except for a small flake with a runner looped round it - 5 feet from the peg and diagonally upwards to the

left, and a ledge (about 2 ft. long and 3" wide - i.e. cricket pitch size) about 8ft. horizontally left of my present position. The mutterings of the ever watchful audience warned me that underhanded tactics, (such as grabbing hold of the next runner) would not be permitted - so I had to steel myself to "do" the whole thing properly. The trouble was, I didn't believe that I had the strength to make the moves under such vertiginous conditions - and confidence was the key to success of the whole climb. Hanging about on the peg, talking to myself, didn't ease my position either, and my arms and legs were aching with the exertions of simply staying put.

I called to Ken to keep the rope tight, and built myself up for the move. Trusting everything on the solidity of the peg and krab, I tentatively put my right foot up on the blank face, and then launched myself in a crabwise run up the wall. The fingers of my left hand just curled over the top of the flake, and letting go of the krab with my right hand, I began to swing across towards the big foothold. "All" that remained now was to change hands on the flake, and continue the swing across until I could step down on to the ledge; I found myself gently "penduluming" about the face on the end of the rope. Everyone, of course, roared with laughter; and Ken rather overhurriedly dropped me the last few feet to the ground - causing even more merriment.

"Let's call it a day and go for a drink", a muttered, untying the rope - after all - a 30 ft. fall on to a concrete floor is no joke.

Two minutes later, with only half full pint pots left, I realised that a climbing wall had certain advantages.

HELP PUT THE CLIMBING BACK IN A.R.C.C.

Three meets have been organised so far:

JANUARY 23/24 Bishop's Scale

February 27/28 Tyn Twr

March 20/21 Buckbarrow

Unfortunately, the Bishop's Scale meet may well have taken place by the time you receive this, but with M. POOLAN as meet leader, good active weekends are assured at TYN TWR and BUCKBARROW.

ANNUAL ORIENTEERING RACE

This took place on the Sunday after the dinner, and was a tremendous success. The following account was given by Chris Farrell;

This year, the club's annual orienteering race was held near High Wray on forestry Commission land close to Windermere. As a partaker rather than an organiser my experience of the race was a little confused and this is by no means an official or even an accurate account of what happened. Certainly it wasn't easy to find your way

completely round the course and it was damned hard work getting round at all. In the haste of it all I never really did find out who all the other competitors were apart from some I met at the start and the bewildered and exhausted few I stumbled across later in the woods. Nonetheless, I thought it was an exciting and worthwhile event.

I joined the motley crew who had volunteered for the ordeal at 2 in the afternoon the day after the Club Dinner. There were a few assorted climbers, one or two unknowns, several heroic young ladies and a couple of dogs. Suddenly it was my turn for off. Someone showed me how to use the compass and map (???) and I was away and disappearing into the gloom of the woods. The first marker told me it was 400 yards to the next point on a bearing of 202° . By the time I'd got that worked out my map was ruined by the rain and I'd been overtaken by a whole bunch of people led by Ben Carter. Never mind, they seemed to know where they were going and I trotted along behind them. Markers 2 and 3 were soon found. This was great, we hardly had time to notice the knee deep bogs we were ploughing through, the needle-sharp branches of the pine trees, the pouring rain or even the faster pace as the spirit of the competition increased. At number 4, I decided it was time to make my break. Quickly reckoning up where the fifth marker should be I dashed off into the unknown leaving the rest behind.

About an hour and several miles later I decided that No.5 must be harder to find than the others. Gradually the team was united again and looking for the elusive marker No.5. Every now and then another odd bod would appear through the rain and bushes clutching a muddy bit of paper and looking like a distraught member of the Viet Cong, until quite a large party were searching together. I wouldn't say we were all following one another but it did strike me as a little odd that several of us were plodding along in the same direction looking for different checkpoints.

At last a marker was eventually found, cunningly concealed behind a particularly dense fir tree. By now, however, the spirit of competition had begun to be replaced by one of desperation. Lord knows where we all were. The markers continued to be more and more difficult to find and the rain appeared to have no intention of stopping. It was even beginning to get dark. The joyful shouts as numbers 8 and 9 were located sent everyone scurrying in the direction of the finder. At last we were on the final stretch. Once more the party which was scattered by now over a wide area limbered into a trot. A few stone walls to climb, a barbed wire fence, a few more bogs and it was all over. Strangely enough we had all found only nine markers and missed out the same one - no. 5. We had apparently found the next one by accident and mistaken it for No.5. None of us had won but at least we had all got back!

But of course, our adventures didn't compare with some of the others. Derek Price nearly drowned in a puddle after falling head first off a log. Dot Woods and her team of females were not seen

for some hours after getting lost around checkpoint 4. Micky Pooler, that determined fellow, eventually found all ten and so won the event and thecup. A just reward for true perseverance.

Every credit must go to the organisers who managed to contrive a route which was of sufficient length and difficulty to challenge anyone and yet was within the capabilities of most members. A pity though that the event didn't get more notice beforehand. A lot of people didn't know what to expect and anyone without a plastic bag for the map, for example, might as well have not had one. Some others would have come if they had known exactly where it was. Anyway, I for one am looking forward to next years holocaust.

As a final editorial note - the club is indebted to Wilf Charnley for organising the event, and wishes to thank him for all the work he put into it.

BON JOUR, GIGANTE

by A.M. Faller

Robert, my Alpine climbing friend, doesn't believe in cable cars. He is, ofcourse, superbly fit. Ever since I met him four years ago at University, I have suspected him of running ten miles a day. Still, I couldn't admit defeat without making some effort so I plodded up to the Torino hut, trying to keep him in sight. The red capsules swung overhead at the rate of one every ten minutes, full of people.

In the English guidebook it states that the walk to the Torino hut is impossible, but I can't imagine why. It is the easiest high-hut walk I can remember - first a quiet track through the pinewoods, then Alpine meadows reminiscent of Heidi, then the zig-zags, with only a short section of unpleasant scree on the steepness near the top. We found a lot of good reasons to ignore the English guidebook this holiday.

Robert scores more points for a peak of 4001 metres than for one of 3999 so he was just as keen as I was to climb the Geant, or, since we started from Italy, the Gigante. As he was dubious about the E.D. South Face we decided to attempt the North ridge/face, Difficile.

Even when we are not in the Alps, Robert wakes me up for Alpine starts, so when he allowed me to sleep until 7a.m. I know that the weather must be poor. It had snowed during the night and a very cold wind was blowing, but at least it was light when we set out. The Geant was in cloud but tracks led to it through the snow, which was soft as usual this season. After a couple of miles of this we reached the scrambling section leading to a col where parties rope up. Already guides with their clients were turning back.

We could see enough of the mountain to know that it would be like British climbing in snow, at best. The pointed summit of the Geant would be the worst possible place in a storm, and there had been thunder and lightning every day already. How much time had we, that was the question. Robert suggested that we scramble up to the snow col and then decide.

There we met two London lads who had inspected the North side and found it impossibly verglassed - it would have to be the voie normale, fixed ropes and all, or nothing. Leaving the ice-axes, we roped up quickly, just beating the London lads, and led through on the few hundred feet before the fixed ropes. It was very cold and all hand-holds and foot-holds were covered with ice. Almost immediately I regretted leaving my axe. As I made a very hard balance move, I wondered how on earth people climb pitches of VI in Eigerwand conditions. Soon I could see the fixed ropes, which seemed to glinting with ice.

But no, they were actually white ropes, very thick, almost like cables. I found them too thick to grip comfortably and jammed part of the way using a good crack in the steep wall. When I did use the ropes it was cumulatively strenuous, like easy lay-backing for a long way. A friendly colleague had lent me a set of old Vallot guidebooks which were once jointly owned by him and Arthur Dolphin. In fact the book in my pocket had the very initials A.A.D. inside and we kept being reminded of that famous climber, killed while descending this very peak.

The French book insists that the Geant has 'deux sommets, chaque entièrement en territoire Français', and the first statement, at least, we soon found to be true. The two summits looked to be the same height but the further one bore a statue of the Madonna so we descended into the gap and crossed over to it. There was just enough room up there for us and the London team. It was bitterly cold in such an exposed position.

All the same, Robert had scored his points and we had climbed a fine mountain for the first time. In those circumstances, who cares about the route they took? For a brief interlude the sun pushed the cloud away over Italy so that we could see Mont Blanc, much higher, and the summer skiers cavorting round the Torino hut. The Grand Jorasses then appeared, with a roped party in the foreground, walking elegantly along the "ochefort ridge. Since no storm was threatening we endured the chilly wind as long as possible in the hope that the verglas would melt and restore the lower pitches to their rightful standard of V.Diff. And so it turned out to be, with cold but straightforward climbing back to the Hut.

CLUB MEETS

An official meet was held at Langdale at the end of January. It was wet and windy but some climbing was had on Raven Langdale on the Saturday and on Sunday, Pooler led the party to Castle Rock, Thirlmere. About ten people climbed some 3000 feet of cold wet rock.

A month later the same party, on an official Welsh Meet At Tyn Twr, suffered similar if not worse conditions on Tryfan on the Saturday and on the Sunday, even 'irrepressible Pooler' agreed that Llanrwst for Sunday lunchtime opening wasnt such a bad idea. How the mighty have fallen.

But only temporarily, Mick has promised fine weather for Wasdale March 26th- 28th when another Club meet will be held at Buckbarrow. Please bring your brollies- sorry gollies.

Everyone will be pleased to hear that arrangements are being made for monthly meets to be held at venues other than those mentioned already.

Harry has suggested a camping meet for Antactrica or Buttermere depending upon weekend transport and 'le Maitre' M. Pooler is now making firm arrangements for an attempt on the three Lakeland Peaks, starting and finishing at Bishops Scale during the weekend of 14th May, 1971. Refreshment points are to be arranged for various points and trusty volunteers are needed.
- A good excuse for spectating.

ORIENTEERING EVENT SUNDAY 22ND NOVEMBER, 1970.

Wilf Charnley and Paul Charnock once again organised the event which following the true A.R.C.C. tradition, was held in the rain. Nevertheless it was a very worthwhile occasion. Nev Haigh and M. Pooler were the first to return but didn't win. Some technicality meant they were discounted. Officially they couldn't prove their visitation to all the checkpoints. Some subtler reason may seem to exist and here are the results:-

1st	E. Kelly	1. 13.50.		
2nd	P. Elder	1. 14.25.		
3rd	B. Carter	1. 21.00.	4th	C. Farrell 1. 26.05.
			5th	C. Millward 1. 44.25.

Well done Wilf and Paul for a most interesting event.

ANTARCTICA LECTURE

The lecture was given by Harry Wiggins and was most interesting. A fairly good attendance by members, friends and others meant that the venture raised about £16 for the club after expenses.

LANGDALE HUT WARDEN

Members will be sorry to hear that Barry Ayre has resigned as hut warden at Langdale. Harry Wiggans has been appointed to position and thus becomes a member of the Management Committee.

Harry's address is 25 Rectory Close Croston, Preston where he has now moved to with his wife, Cherie.

Many thanks to Barry for the work he has put into Langdale, particularly in connection with the Chapel. We all hope that he is able to enjoy a rest from club duties after many year's work as bulletin Editor, Secretary and Langdale Warden.

BULLETIN EDITOR

Rod Witham who has been Bulletin Editor since April 1969 has also resigned after producing the Bulletin for two years. Everyone will agree that they have been most interesting. The new editor is Derek Price and all future material and news items should be sent to Derek at

'Eskdale', 615 Blackpool Road, Preston Tel 0772-27261

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The A.G.M. will be held on Saturday, 1st May, 1971 at St. Ignatius' Hall Preston at 2.30 p.m. and everybody who can, should come along.

J. Cooper - Club Treasurer and Nev Haigh Assistant Secretary have now completed their three year term of office and are therefore due to retire. However both Jim and Nev are prepared and willing to undertake a further term of office subject to re-nomination.

Nominations for the positions of Treasurer and Assistant Secretary should be sent to the Secretary, Bernard Hayes, 41 St. Stephens Road, Preston, PR1 6NT. to arrive not later than 14 days before the A.G.M. i.e. 17th April. Motions and amendments to the constitution should also be sent to the Secretary but not less than 28 days before the Meeting i.e. 3rd April. Meetings of the management committee are held monthly in the Preston area and Nominees should be able to attend the meetings.

An amendment to the Constitution is to be proposed by the Management Committee as follows:-

That the words "and a Bulletin Editor," be inserted between "Hut" and "all of whom will be ex officio etc." in line nine of clause 11 of the Club Rules.

The effect of this will be to grant the Bulletin Editor Membership of the Management Committee. He is obliged to attend meetings at the moment in order to do his job effectively. The amendment will regularise a reality and membership will be 'ex officio' to the Bulletin Editor like the Hut Wardens.

WORKING WEEKEND AT LANGDALE

The weekend of the 23rd/25th April will be set aside as the first working weekend under Harry Wiggans as Langdale Hut Warden. I am sure a large number of members would not wish to miss this special occasion. It is guaranteed to be a good friendly weekend.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the last Annual General Meeting subscriptions were increased to £2 and you will remember that the increase was to take effect from 1st April, 1971. Therefore your subscriptions which are now due will be £2. and they should be sent to

Nev. Haigh, 752 Devonshire Road, Norbreck, Blackpool as soon as possible. Please remember that if your subs are not sent appropriate date your membership lapses. Despite this you will be helping the Club if you send them quickly in view of the heavy commitments at the moment. You will also know that Life Membership increases to £20 from 1st April, 1971.

Applications for Membership

The Management Committee have agreed that future applications for Membership should be supported by written references from the proposer and seconder giving the Committee some information about the person they are considering for membership. The letters can be given to the applicant for forwarding with his application or they can be sent direct to the Secretary.

It is also necessary to remind Graduate Members to give details of their visits to the various huts and of their climbing or fell-walking expeditions during the period of Graduate Membership. Details of attendance on club meets and working weekends are also useful. If satisfactory details are not provided a further period of graduate membership may be imposed.

VISITORS HUT FEES

Hut fees for visitors have now been increased from 5/- per night to 30 new pence (6/-) at all the Huts. This was effective from "D-Day" but in view of the postal strike a general notification was not possible.

CHILDRENS HUT FEES.

The Management Committee have also re-affirmed their decision that hut fees for children will be at the rate of 15p. per night irrespective of whether a club bed is used or not.

NEW CHAPEL

Mrs Banner has only recently returned from hospital after an operation and this has meant that the handing over of the new Crucifix has had to be postponed until after Easter. It was to be held on the 3rd April.

Annual General Meeting

In view of the delay in despatching this Bulletin, Motions and proposed changes to the Rules will be accepted up to the 17th April.

Sincerely

ROD.

CLUB SECRETARY:

EDITOR:

Mr. B. Hayes,
41 St. Stephens Rd,
PRESTON PR1 6NT.

Mr. R. Witham
10 Cavendish Road,
ST. ANNES ON SEA.
Lancs.

P.S. A sheet on Tyn Twr is enclosed for the use of members

TYN TWR HUT, BETHESDA

POSITION

The Hut is situated in Bethesda, close to the A.5 and the river Ogwen at the far eastern end of the village, on the Tregarth road. From Capel Curig the Tregarth road is the first turning left after the Bethesda sign and the Hut is over the bridge adjoining a former school. O.S. Map ref. SH 625 659.

There are plenty of shops in Bethesda (5 mins.) and milk is delivered if a note is left or by arrangement.

The nearest Catholic Church is in Bethesda (3 mins) and is visible across the river and two fields from the Hut.

KEYS

These are kept by Mrs. Sherlock, who is the Club's tenant of the adjoining house.

ACCOMMODATION

24 beds are available - 12 in the Men's Dorm, 6 in the Ladies Dorm, and 6 in the spare dorm - mattresses and blankets are provided, Sleeping Bags or sheet Sleeping Bags MUST BE USED.

Adequate space for parking vehicles is available next to the Hut and the School playground can be used for overspill parking.

FACILITIES

Electric lighting and cooking. Cooking utensils, crockery and cutlery are provided, coke is kept in the slate out-building at the extreme rear of the Hut, the key for which is kept behind the front door. The lounge fire may be lit as required. Hot water is always available as long as the kitchen fire is kept well stoked. There are wash basins in both the Ladies and Men's Dormitories and the toilet is downstairs off the entrance hall.

REFUSE

Perishable food must not be left at the Hut. Tins and bottles should be placed in the bin provided and all perishable refuse should be burnt in the kitchen fire.

HUT FEES

These must be placed in an envelope (provided) with details

of your stay in the cupboard. A safe-box is provided for the Hut Fees and is to be found in the same cupboard.

Members	3/- per night
Guests	5/- per night
Day Visitors	1/- per day

GENERAL

Please read and act on the Hut Notices.

Members must enter their names in the signing-in book on arrival.

When leaving please ensure that:-

1. The Hut is clean and tidy.
2. All electric lights, cookers etc., are switched off.
3. All windows are secure.
4. The Hut is locked, also the door of the coke-shed and the keys returned to Mrs. Sherlock.

Warden

J.T. Foster, 29, Braeside Crescent, Billinge, Wigan.
to whom all enquiries regarding use of the Hut by
Members of other clubs should be addressed.