

December 1976.

Bulletin 63.

Dear Member,

I would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope that we get plenty of frost and sunshine and good conditions this winter.

Thanks go to Ted Southworth from us all, for his hard work during the last three years. He told me that the nicest thing about being bulletin editor, is that one receives lots of mail, and already I find myself watching for our postwoman. It is exciting, getting so much post, so please keep writing, and thanks to those who have already written. Please send me your changes of address too.

NEXT YEAR'S MEETS.

Enclosed with this bulletin is the new meets card. The only bookable meet, is the long walk, at T'yn Twr this year, and this is a catered meet too. For all other meets, just turn up at the place and bring your food and your gear. You can do your own thing if you wish, no-one will try to organise you, but families must book for the junior members meet at Langdale.

I am sorry to report the resignation of Jim Harding as Meets Secretary. He did a splendid job, re-vitalising meets, and whipping up some enthusiasm in a club which has always been notoriously non-meet minded. A prime example of this, was the Yorkshire 3 Peaks Meet in April this year, which was well attended by a broad spectrum of people, including one Junior Member who completed the walk.

We met, camped, went to the pub, and enjoyed ourselves in a group. But in the morning, three awkward members went off two hours before the rest of us they wanted to walk alone ! The remainder started, and gradually split into our own speeds, later meeting two members no-one even knew were on the meet, they were doing it the other way round ! Two dropped out half-way and went to a motor-bike rally, and even went back to Horton To get the B.M.R.90, in order to pose better. It was a beautiful spring day, and a very enjoyable and successful meet.

Thanks Jim and Clare.

REPORT ON THE CAVING MEET. HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE 16th. Oct.

Those present were Stu. And Alistair Evans, Harry and Cherie and Thomas Wiggans, Four Fosters, George and Liz Partridge, Jim and Dave Harding, Pete Long - hot-foot from the Himalaya, and off-comer Terry Parker (Fell and Rock C.C.)

All the above named actively grovelled in the darkness at one time or another except John, Joyce and Terry. The youngest Wiggans didn't really count as he only grovelled in the dirt above ground.

Alum Pot provided an interesting and sporting trip for a large and slow party of ten on the Saturday. The excessive rainfall of the previous four weeks ensured that the cave was neither too warm nor too dry for comfort. Everybody reached the bottom, Approximately 350' underground, and had almost resurfaced before any

Caving Meet Cont....

rival parties had entered this very popular cave. (That says something for Stu's brand of early morning persuasion ! !. Nor had we finished then. Stu proceeded to get lost in an 18inch high muddy crawl in a nearby cave; just for variety and to give us a taste of real caving. Then we washed off by half swimming down the waterfall in Upper Long Churn Cave. Alistair actually did swim, because his ever-reliable Dad dropped him.

Sunday saw a slightly depleted party descend Sunset Pot as far as the final chamber, and return to daylight just in time to miss a lunchtime pint.

Epic of the weekend, however, was to be found above ground, in the Craven Pot-Hole Club's Hut. To put it mildly, it fell somewhat short of A.R.C.C.'s cleanliness standards. If one survived the health hazards in the kitchen there was still the 3am. bog-hoppers and roisterers annual ball to be endured. Some visitors found peace and relaxation in their vans outside, others lay and endured it, Harry fought back, giving a very fair imitation of our esteemed Chairman in one of his famous 'raging furies'.

Despite all this the hut had one great advantage;- it was next door to the Crown Hotel; which helped to compensate for the previously mentioned drawbacks.

Everyone enjoyed the meet (I think), which was certainly something out of our usual line; and I'm sure all who were there would like to thank Stu' for his organisation, equipment provision and careful shepherding underground.

JIM HARDING.

NEWS.

1. Peter Dimond's parents, Mr.W.A. and Mrs B.C. Dimond have donated £5 towards the building fund for the Patterdale Chapel. Nev. Haigh reported that the planning permission is almost through, and that work is expected to start in a month.

2. To date, £1,936 has been spent on Dunmail hut. Derek said that really a porch was necessary at the front door. But he was told he could not have one, due to lack of funds. However, the hut is expected to be operational again in the New Year, and bookings are already being accepted. Write to Mr. Derek Price, Hut Warden, 615, Blackpool Rd., Preston.

I have just realised that new members probably know nothing about Dunmail Hut. For their benefit, it has been undergoing major repair and refurbishment, and is normally let out to parties. Arrangements to stay there must be made through the warden.

3. The dinner was held at the Red Lion in Grasmere. And was a Huge Success. The meal was superb, the Guest Speaker witty, and the only fault was, that it finished too soon. For those of us staying at Langdale the party continued, due to Dog. Holdens friends complete with tin whistles and uilleann pipes. Several people are now brushing up on their folk songs, and I am Learning the words to Flower of Scotland.

There is report on the Orienteering further on.

News.... Cont....

4. The new drying room at T'yn Twy was authorised by the committee. The materials are expected to cost approximately £70. Dave Parker helped by apprentice Mike Foster, has already completed the woodwork, and only the plumbing remains to be done.
5. Pete Chapman recently had an accident whilst climbing in Yorkshire and was taken to Keighley Hospital. He suffered some damage to his spine, but is now recovering slowly, a very impatient patient. He received lots of visitors when he was transferred to Kendal, a tin of beans, and a birth congratulations card...But the thought was there.
6. Congratulations to Val. Cann who was married in Preston on Club Dinner day to Andrew Berbier. They met at Ullswater Outward Bound School, where Val. was Matron and Andy. an Instructor.
7. Joe Tasker has recently been in the news again. He and Pete Boardman climbed Changabang 22,500 ft. by its previously unclimbed N.West buttress, in Alpine style and with no support team. I remember when Joe was a fairly new member of A.R.C.C. and was borrowing an ice-axe as he was off to the Alps for the first time.
8. The Management Committee decided to send a donation of £10 to Carlisle Mountaineering Club. A.R.C.C. member Martin Bennett, Chief Instructor at Arrochar Outdoor Centre is a member of Carlisle's team to the Kishwar Himalaya in Aug.1977. They hope to make the first ascent of the Unnamed Peak(20,970 ft) and to be the first British Team to reach the summit of Sickle Moon (21,570ft.) Donations gratefully accepted by Martin at Arrochar Outdoor Centre, Arrochar, Strathclyde.
9. Obituary.
Terry Hickey recently attended the funeral of Miss. EILLEN SMITH. She was the first club secretary that we had, and bore the brunt of early organisation of A.R.C.C. In the early days of 'Bishop Buys a Mountain', Eileen was instrumental in raising roughly £1,800. This was when Bishop's Scale was bought.
A spray of flowers was sent from the club.
10. John and I have decided that in order to try and compile a history of A.R.C.C., the bulletins that we have been saving since its innovation in 1961, can form the basis of the records. We also have a copy of A.R.C.C. Journal Vol. which was given to us by a Lancashire Gaving and Climbing Club Member after he had stayed at T'yn Twr, and we also have one of those little old enamel badges. Unfortunately, we are one bulletin missing, No. 44. If anyone Has a copy of this and can bear to part with it for a good cause, it will be put to good use.
We have none of the old newspaper cuttings either, so if you have anything of relevance tucked away, how about handing it over and we'll start a Club Archive.
11. VISITING CLUBS AT BISHOP'S SCALE
Jan.15/16 th. Tuesday Climbing Club.
17/21st. Midweek Outward Bound Eskdale.
Feb.12/13 th. Coventry M. C.
14/18 (Midweek) Eskdale O.B.M.S.
26/28 Foley College.

IT'S A STRANGE GAME

I'd only been working at the place for six weeks and I was asking for three months off. Surprisingly, I got it and as the time approached to leave, I looked forward to the long treg with mixed feelings, mainly a heavy apprehension at embarking on something that, with so many massive unknowns, could be anything from blinding success to a disastrously expensive shambles. I was glad to get on the road.

With 5,400 miles to go there's no point rushing and we drifted across Europe and Asia in a series of reasonable '9 to 5' days. There was a great contrast between being in the front and back of the van. In the driving seat, it was a constant sweaty battle with wagons suicidal motorists, donkey carts, foot deep potholes, kids throwing half-bricks and camels. The three pounds spent in a Glasgow scrapyard were greatly appreciated in the back, where those not driving lounged in Mercedes-Benz reclining seats, legs drooped over the tail-board, appearing to the locals as unshaven Paul Gettys amid an Alladins Cave of Western unobtainables.

We dossed by the side of the road, the amenities we considered necessary for the night slowly being struck off the list as we got further East. After the first three days or so, we all felt uncomfortably dirty but again, as time passed, we got used to it and settled into a happy Neanderthal existence. You get used to anything in the end.

So after four weeks on the road and only a few cases of 'Delhi Belly' or Khatmandu Quickstep' on the health front, we rolled into Rawalpindi, hottest, sweatiest, dirtiest and most frustrating place on earth. The Pakistani system of running things it seems, is to pick a bloke who has absolutely no knowledge of a particular matter and then make him head of it. Every body of officials we came across was totally inefficient and things we would expect to take a few minutes, would take days to get done. Several times we were in despair, envisaging the trip foundering in a sea of the ineptitude of other people. The time spent waiting around also left too much time for thought. 'I won't be home for two and a half months yet'.

'No beer for ten weeks!'

'Wonder what the weather's like in the Lakes?'

'Wonder if I'll get killed'.

Not a happy time.

A Lockheed Hercules cargo plane eventually whisked us over Nanga Parbat (dangerous looking - no wonder the Krauts go down like flies on it) to Skardu in Baltistan - 7,000 ft up - dry and hot. It's a beautiful place with loads of fruit trees and clear streams and the morale of the party rose immediately. A forty mile jeep ride with us, our gear, the driver, many hangers on (literally) and several dogs, got us to the end of the road where The Walk began. It was in the middle of nowhere but straight away blokes started to appear out of the ground, coming to be signed on as porters. They were little, skinny men and smelt of wood fires and sweat - we needed fifty-two in all. It seemed to be getting out of hand somehow -

'Do I really have to go through all this just to go climbing?'

The walk in took a week. The ground was really bad and being unfit we Sahibs really suffered for the first couple of days. I wore big

STRANGE GAME Cont....

holes in my shins with my new boots and though my lower lip was flapping around like a flag in the wind, my upper one remained stiff. 'Can't let these chaps see an Englishman is suffering y'know!' National pride did us a good turn in that the 'Liason Officer' we had would goad the porters into action when they were procrastinating by saying, 'Look the Englishmen are going on and they are carrying more than you are!' and off they'd go. We were carrying 70lbs loads to save porter costs and they had 56lbs each.

The country got wilder and higher. The scale was huge. Places that seemed an hour away, would take half a day to reach. I felt small and frightened. In the evenings, the doubts about my strength, mental and physical, for such an undertaking loomed and some of the entries I made in a diary at the time sound very lonely.

Base Camp was set up at about 14,000 ft. on September 2nd. It was great to get rid of the porters and be on our own again. We were next to the snout of a big glacier and at the top of this was a snowy col and up to the left of this was a big mixed rock and ice face leading to the summit ridge of this hill we'd come to climb. On the map it was called Pai I, but the locals called it CHIRICHU which was good enough for us. Gear was sorted out ready for the fray.

In the first nine days, there were only two good ones when we were able to carry gear up through the first couple of icefalls to dump it on a level spot at about 16,000ft. The bad days of snow and rain, were spent in mammoth pancake sessions, the record being established at fourteen eaten in a three hour period by Bill Douglas from Wallasey. Impressive! These icefalls were pretty dangerous and I used to quake with fear in my pit at night, thinking about them. As usual though, when it comes to actually going through them, I wasn't scared at all, mind totally switched off to the possibility of the chop. This is always the case when I go on big routes; I quake with fear before I go on them, climb them with my mind on a different plane which has me operating with all the emotion of a machine, and then feel weak at the knees afterwards when I think of the danger I've been in. Its a strange game.

Anyway, the weather got better, blistering hot days and very cold nights up on the glacier. We carried stuff up every day, just like doing a days work. Camp 1 at 16,000ft, Camp 2 at 18,000ft at the head of the glacier. A lot of rope was fixed through icefalls and over lace-thin bridges over horrendous crevasses. The team sorted itself out into the slow and the fast, the weak and the strong as inevitably it would. My shins were festering badly but I acclimatised well and never felt any ill effects from the altitude at all except the expected heavy breathing. Some of the lads had bad headaches all the time, nausea, insomnia, loss of appetite. We all lost weight and we all lost our libido - just as well I suppose. Its a strange game.

The col was reached on the 19th. September and the view over the other side from it was stupendous. High peaks stretched into the distance, most unclimbed, many unnamed, one of the remotest places on earth. We pressed on up from the col to Camp 3 on a little

Visiting Clubs cont.....

March 14/15th. (Midweek) Eskdale O.B.M.S.	24 places.
Apr. 30/May 1st. Foley College	12 "
May 21st/22nd. Bolton Tech.	12 " "
Sep 10th/11th. Vibram M.C.	12 " "

CLUB ORIENTEERING EVENT 1976.

Sunday November 14th.

'Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare'.

A bright, frosty morning beckoned forth some twenty-five members to dare the wooded slopes of Long Heights and Arthur Wood, seeking knolls, crags, depressions and wall ends. The Annual Dinner and Dance was last night or maybe this morning, certainly this morning, for those who joined the Bishop's Scale choral group, Northumbrian Pipes and all!

I went out into the wood about 10.30.a.m. to hang the controls, setting up some half-dozen deer on my way to the first control site. At the time I was somewhat nervous that I might not stay ahead of the field, and was quite relieved to find the finish area deserted when I got back.

Helen Charnock was the first to return, shortly before 12.30. and had clearly set a fast time on the Ladies Course. Helen in fact took the Ladies Trophy, with Nicky Skelton just 4mins in arrears and the Maureen Kelly quartette, (Zeta Walmsley, Alwyn Cooper and Maureen Pitchford) third.

The Gentlemens Event, or more correctly 'The Open', for it attracted 3 ladies, Sue Sullman, Ailsa Donnelly, and Mary Witham, and Sue finished a very creditable sixth. Paul Charnock was a clear winner, 15 mins. clear of the two Daves, Ogden and Harding. Dave H. claims that he would have won, had he not been running in double mountaineering boots with laces which kept coming undone.

Fiona Donnelly aged 4 months, was the youngest competitor, she whispered instructions to her father. Ladies Champion 1997 perhaps?

To sum up, it was gratifying to see so many members either competing or supporting and giving comfort. I must express my particular thanks to Pat Partridge, Joyce Foster, Clive Millard and Terry Hickey for their help at start and finish.

My apologies on two counts. I failed to get back in time to witness the presentation of the trophies, and I had particularly wished to see 'One Foot', the Mens Trophy. (Its body fell off in an unfortunate cleaning accident. Also take note of the name of the previous holder) The second apology is regarding the rogue control marker, 40m. beyond control no.7 - the cairn. I did not find it until my final tour to collect controls in, and then I was looking for it, having been told of its presence by Mick. Crawford. I hope it did not mislead too many on the long course.

LADIES TROPHY 2½ km. 8 Controls.

1. Helen Charnock 39.00
2. Nicky Skelton 43.55
3. Maureen Kelly's Quartette 47.20
4. Late Starters, non-competitive.
John and Lynn Higgs, and Pete Cavanagh and Elaine 71.00

Orienteering cont. at end of Pete Long's article STRANGE GAME

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shoulder at about 20,000ft.

Things were becoming a bit harsh now, the ranks thinned a bit by illness and food and rope were a bit short. Getting up in the morning was probably the most demanding exercise in self discipline I've ever suffered. The cold was intense. The stove was lit with frozen fingers and boots thawed out before they could be put on. Porridge in the unwashed curry plates of the night before. Tea in the soup mugs. Tasted great though. When the sun arrived, it was like the hand of God and once on the move the human animal in us felt better. We had degenerated into primitive, skinny, filthy, scarecrows, eyes white and wide in faces battered by the sun. Conversation was interspersed with oaths in every sentence as it always is in groups of men in difficult situations together. Belching, scratching, spitting and general bodily functions were all very public but nobody could care less. We wouldn't have gone down well at a Palace garden party. Men turn into uncivilised beasts when there are no women around to put them straight.

The climbing became more difficult now - Scottish 2 or 3 ice climbing and difficult rock steps. We fixed rope on it all because we reckoned on another camp on the ridge before we had a chance at the top. They were great days. On up the ropes with the first sun, the physical effort so great that it seemed to purge our souls. I felt intensely elated to be up at 21,000 ft, higher than nearly everything, white snow, intensely blue sky, the old body hanging away there. I caught myself laughing out loud for no reason and thought I must be going mad.

Trouble is we ran out of rope. Without it we couldn't make the route safe for carrying gear and food up. Time was knocking on and the weather seemed to be breaking up. Winter was on the way. None of us fancied a multi-day, multi-bivouac epic in these circumstances so after a lot of humming and hawing, we decided to pack in. When Mick Green and I went up to start getting the ropes off, I took a photograph from the highest point - about 21,300 ft. just for the record. A lot of abseiling and carrying of mammoth sacs ensued and we made it down to base on the last day in blizzards, floundering in deep snow, dodging avalanches.

The porters had come up and it was nice to see them again - blokes who'd carried for us on the way in. It took a week to walk out again but being very fit by now, it seemed a stroll compared with the walk in. Cow dung fires were the norm in the evenings and odd smokes at the porters' strange bubbly pipes produced strange effects on the brain. - must be the tobacco!

Another bone - crunching jeep ride, a flight over Nanga Parbat and we were in good old 'Pindi again - bearable now at 90° in the shade and only 99% humidity. Clean clothes after a bath and a shave at the British Embassy felt beautiful - we all looked totally different afterwards as we started to become normal and join the human race again.

Then, one morning I was at Rawalpindi Airport, ten hours later at Heathrow in driving wind and rain, two hours later at Ringway. Finally, I stood on the deck of the ferry over the

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the Clyde. It was dark but there was a moon and cloud lay over the tops of the hills at the head of the Holy Loch. I'd felt uncomfortable and a bit vagrant in England. "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive", someone once said and its certainly. true. I'd looked forward longingly to getting back to England again but when I arrived there it was all a bit hollow. The damp, balmy wind blowing up the Clyde felt nice. Feeling worn out and shellshocked I shambled off the pier wondering if the whole thing had really happened at all.

PETE LONG NOVEMBER 1976.

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ORIENTEERING COMPETITION RESULTS Cont.

THE GENTLEMENS TROPHY. 4.3 km. 12 Controls.

1. Paul Charnock	71.30.
2. Dave Ogden	86.15.
3. Dave Harding	87.30.
4. Wilf. Charnley	91.40.
5. Mick Crawford	93.00.
6. Sue Sullman	102.10
7. Derek Price	108.50.
8. Dynamic Duo (Andrew Pritchard and Geoff. Pitchford)	110.00
9. Eddie Kelly	119.00.
10. Ailsa Donnelly	123.00
11. Peter Donnelly and Fiona	136.00.
12. Rod and Mary Whitham.	155.00.

For Club statisticians it was the se for the second year a family triumph. (But a different family, last year the Partridges won) Finally, whilst the memory is still green, please think about the future, should we stick to the same formula or do you think we should try some variation from the standard orienteering-type course? Lets Have your ideas before next year.

(How about the Charnocks setting the course out?)

Dont forget, send news and views to me for the next bulletin.

Cheers,

Joyce Foster.

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P.S. Photographs of the Caving Meet and Orienteering Event are on display at Langdale.