

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB.

BULLETIN No 91.

DECEMBER 1983.

Dear Members,

A Happy New Year everybody!

REMINDER

Have you paid your subs? Annual Subs were due on 1st Oct.1983, and if you are unsure how much you owe, due to the change in the Club's financial year, please telephone Nev. Haigh, Subs.Sec. on Blackpool 54505. No reminders are ever sent to members, it is up to you!! Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for the return of your current membership card, and please carry it with you when visiting the huts. Membership cards are occasionally asked for, due to cheeky non-members making un-invited use of our huts. Send subs to Nev Haigh, 752, Devonshire Rd, Blackpool. £12 this year.

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News Items

1. John Foster - the new Chairman of the Glen Brittle Memorial Hut Committee, for the British Mountaineering Council. Anyone interested in wardening next summer, please contact him. Address later in the bulletin.
2. John Foster has a caravan to let at Sconser, Skye on the bank of Loch Sligachan. Please write or telephone Billinge 0744 894 512. 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr. Wigan.
3. In the last two issues of Climber and Rambler magazine, ARCC Members have featured prominently in the New Routes sections.
4. Frank Whittle has given up smoking!
5. The Annual Dinner at the Waterhead Hotel was most enjoyable, there were very varied opinions and comments about the band ..... and the food. But unfortunately the more affluent members of the Club missed out on the fat, hairy belly competition back at the Hut..... winner?
6. The Annual Fell Race was held in Langdale. A full report has not been received, but Gary Pollard was the winner of the Senior Race, in absolutely horrendous weather.
7. Barry Whiteley has recently departed these shores for pastures new in The Bay of Plenty, New Zealand. Congratulations on his engagement to Christine Gee.
8. Jo Woods, daughter of Dot has two beautiful dogs, one of which must go. Lovely dog, named Paddy, nine months old, friendly, long legs, good mover, would make suitable running companion, or happy hearthrug friend. Please contact Jo Wood, 41, Stonethwaite Rd, Thorpe Edge, Bradford.



THE ANNUAL ORIENTEERING COMPETITION Nov. 1983

Our thanks to Brian and Pat Fanning and numbers two and three sons, who gave up a lot of time to setting up the event. As you will see from the list of competitors, the event was not well supported, which is a great pity in view of the beautiful day Brian had laid on for us, as well as his excellent course and Pats welcome tea and biscuits.

Mike Wood's annual winning performance took place, as is becoming usual. (The evening before, I watched carefully for the secret ingredient in his food, but I didn't manage to identify it.

Even with Mike apart, the times produced by the gentlemen competitors were still very respectable.

The Ladies entry was dismal, one ageing 'crumblie' - where were all those lithe females who had been girating on the dance-floor the evening before? They would find the orienteering course much less exhausting.

Winner of the Mens . . . . Mike Woods . . . . . 25 mins.  
2nd Mike Lomas, 39.32; 3rd Wilf Charnley 40.39; 4th George Partridge 44.31;  
Dave Mercer 45mins; Morrison and Cooper 54.05; Norman Raine 62.30; Frank Whittle 63.39.

Womens Event . . . . Pat Partridge. (Technical knockout, controls 8 and 9 were removed before I found them) I

Pat Partridge.

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THE BISHOP'S CELEBRATORY MASS

was held in Langdale Chapel on the 17th of September. Members and friends, old and new, attended and afterwards refreshments were served in the hut. A presentation was made to the Bishop our Founder President, of Richard Gilbert's book 'The Big Walks' and also a 'Grenfell' jacket.

The following letter has been received. . . . .

Dear Barry,

Would you please convey to your Chairman, George Partridge, and to your committee my deepest thanks for the way in which you celebrated my Jubilee at Bishop's Scale. The whole event showed imagination coupled with affection and made me very proud of the whole achievement of the ARCC. It was the first of the celebrations and fittingly so, because long after I have become a part of history I like to think that the ARCC will continue to be one of the liveliest organisations under the umbrella of the Lancaster Diocese.

I would like to express gratitude to Derek Price for his preparation of the liturgy and to his wife Margaret for the refreshments.

I might also add that I am now able to view the 'Big Walks' in the comfort of my home, leaving the shelter of the anorak for much smaller walks.

Ad Altoris! With a blessing,

Thomas B. Pearson.



Extracts from the minutes of the Annual General Meeting Oct. 1983.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT: Apologies had been received from Pat Haley and Mick Pooler who were unable to attend the AGM.

The Club had lost several members during the previous 18 months, and he mentioned the deaths of Lester Lowe, Joe Tasker, Cuthbert Rabnett, Gerry Charnley, Sally Bulman and Peter Guy. A special Mass would be said at Langdale for Peter Guy. He also spoke of Tony Brown who was recovering from a stonefall accident on Jack's Rake. Reggie Rogers, a previous Chairman of ARCC who was very ill, Dave Armstrong who was recovering from a climbing accident and Msgr Kershaw who had now recovered from a heart attack.

The special events over the past 18 months had included Terry Hickey's Memorial Service, Bishop Pearson's retirement Mass, two successful Junior Meets, though there had been no camping this year. Canoeing had been introduced and had been very popular. The Club had become affiliated to the Northern Counties A.A.A.

He explained that the Management Committee were seeking two means to allowing some of the non-Catholic applicants waiting for membership to join the club. There was a recruitment campaign under way which was being organised by Derek Price. It was hoped that the Club could sort out the relationship with the diocese with the advantages of charitable status. Altogether he felt that the club had enjoyed a very successful 18 months.

SECRETARY'S REPORT:

Barry Ayre explained that it was difficult to establish the true number of paid up members due to the change in the AGM and an 18 month year. The Treasurer and Subs. Sec. would be able to throw more light on this point. He mentioned the continued success of the Long Walk. In 1982 it had been Three Counties Tops and in 1983 The Wasdale Horseshoe. In 1984 it would be based on Dunmail Hut, but a route had yet to be fixed. He congratulated Andrew Barbier on completing The Bob Graham Round.

The previous years Dinner had been a huge success with Joss Naylor as the guest speaker. This year the event would be held at the Waterhead Hotel with John Wyatt as the guest speaker.

The chapel floor at Bishop's Scale had been completed and had been greatly admired by everyone.

The Pope's visit to the UK in 1982 had been an important occasion to the Club. Barry Ayre, Derek Price, Dave Ogden and Pete Durkin had represented the Club at functions in London to mark the Pope's visit.

A note of concern was recorded about the lack of usage of the Huts by members. It had been a disappointing year and it was difficult to pinpoint why.

It was up to the members to justify the very existence of the Club.

To encourage members to use the huts more, the house rules relating to one member one guest, and guests visits limited to three per year, had been relaxed, and with the Hut Wardens permission, extra guests can accompany members. Further encouragement for increased usage of the huts may follow.

He thanked the Management Committee for their assistance during the year, and in particular Jack Whiteside who was not seeking re-election. Jack is one of those legendary figures to whom Bishop Pearson was always referring.

Vice-Chairman's Recruitment Campaign report:

It was explained how the committee hoped through Schools and Youth Organisations to recruit young members. Annual Subs for young members would be 25% of full subs and details would appear in a future bulletin.



Minutes of AGM cont

Treasurers Report: Dave Ogden submitted a comprehensive balance sheet. He mentioned that there had been a resistance to payment of an 18month sub. £18. There were no increases planned for the next year.

Hut Wardens Reports

Dunmail Tom Baron reported that it had been another successful year and that the hut had been occupied for a record 198 nights. Income was up by 12%. Young people, handicapped groups, blind children and Youth Opportunity parties had all used the hut. Thirteen trees had been lost in the winter gales last year. The bulk calor gas tank had been installed. The hut was in good order and had been repainted throughout, a new fireplace for the lounge and new bunks were planned for 1984. The Junior Meet had been based at Dunmail for the first time for the walking party and the 1984 Long Walk would be based there.

Langdale: Alan Kenny reported that the lounge fireplace had been completed. A new boiler had been installed in the kitchen and independent heating in the family quarters. Twenty tons of limestone chippings had been spread across the parking area and up to the chapel. Alan commented on the lack of use by members.

Tyn Twr: John Foster reported an increase in usage, though not by members. Condensation which had been a major problem had been partially cured by vents in the windows. The March meet had been attended by 18 members and the Oct. Meet by 11 members.

Buckbarrow: Frank Whittle sent a report stating that the hut was in good condition.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

There were no other nominations for Treasurer, and Dave Ogden was re-elected.

Jack Whiteside, who was retiring from the committee was replaced by Christine Benjamin, the only nomination.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS

The question of Associate Membership was discussed in order to allow applicants who had been waiting for membership into the club. The Management Committee promised to look into the problem and come up with a solution.

Leo Pollard pointed out to members that the club had joined the Northern Counties AAA. He had been asked if ARCC would support and help to run the Langdale Fell Race.

There being no further business the Chairman declared the meeting closed.

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Samples of dust and soil for radiation testing, are being taken to collection points throughout Cumbria according to the local press. It was decided that we should send samples too, but it was found that the huts were so clean that no dust was readily available.

The man who attended Strands Hotel Fancy Dress party at New Year, wearing a Sellafied close-contact protective suit and carrying a metal-detector in imitation of a geiger counter was discounted from the judging. He was said to be 'sick' and in need of treatment.



PETER GUY . I was surprised and saddened to learn of the death of Peter, who was a young and quiet member of the Club. I knew him as a member of my university climbing club, before I'd even heard of ARCC and had been pleased to see him again unexpectedly at Bishopscale, not long after I had joined. He was a cheerful person, full of life and with a keen sense of humour guaranteed to ease the tedium of the drag up to the crag, and will be greatly missed by his friends and family.

C. Benjamin.

The following article was found in Peter's papers by his parents ready to send for publication in the Bulletin.

#### TITLE

"DON'T WORRY, HE SAID"WE'LL FIND YOU A PARTNER".

#### PROLOGUE.

#### THE INNOCENT ENGLISHMAN

An ordinary, quiet bar in Dunkeld, early on a Friday evening in mid-February . . . . . refreshment halt, Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club Meet en route for Creag Meagaidh.

The story so far . . . . . keen, young (but ageing rapidly) Englishman without wheels or partner decides that best chance of getting a decent winter season in, means joining the E.U.M.C., and thus taking advantage of cheap transport to the hills, and the high probability of finding a partner amongst the 47 others on the trip. The Meet-Leader kindly volunteers to find a suitable team-mate for him.

Halfway through my second pint of Guinness, Graham the MO, emerges from the massed ranks of javelin jackets and tweed breeches and introduces me to my future partner, a quiet looking youth by the name of John. Brief formalities over and initial assessment of each other concluded, we strike up a short, guarded and somewhat one-sided conversation. This John was definitely not one to give too much away to a stranger. As he appeared to be quite experienced and I was feeling ambitious, I suggested that we do Staghorn Gully, to which he nodded assent and said he would see me in camp at eight on the following morning.

Several hours later the two dozen or so masochists who want to climb ice on 'Meggie' are comfortably ensconced by the rather beautiful side of Loch Laggan. The stars above are like iced diamonds, and I am very content.

ACT ONE: HIGH AMBITIONS 08.30 Saturday morning. After a cold, frosty dawn the veils of mist over the Loch have been drawn away and a bright, winter's sun is rapidly giving warmth back to the frozen land. Sausage butties and a brew have been consumed and both John and myself are packing what seems like several cwt of hardware into and onto our sacs. We each cast furtive glances over the others gear, trying to assess capability by quantity and usage. John does seem to have rather a lot. He bids farewell to the vaguely distraught



The Innocent Englishman Cont...

ACT THREE : Out of the frying pan, into the fire.

Early afternoon, Saturday. The sloping verglas-covered stance is poised uncomfortably above a yawning hundred foot drop to Raeburn's 45% ice slope. Behind, the overhangs bear down oppressively. Retreat, though not impossible would be very difficult. The climb up the chimney through the overhangs would be likewise. John is alternately tip-toeing or thrutching up the ice, slowly moving out of sight. My upwards attention wavers and my eyes rove the surrounding landscape . . . time slips inexorably by. Of a sudden my mind is aroused from its morose wanderings by the insistent tug of the rope being taken in. In contrast to below I am almost thankful to leave the stance. First a slightly impending pillar of ice and then into the icy confines of a deep chimney. It takes considerable nerve to bridge out and up and I expend a fair amount of nervous energy to reach the next, relatively pleasant, stance. A quick change over and once more John is on the move. Above, the prospect is more open. The gully is still narrow, but more like a gully at last. I am able to watch him most of the way to the next stance. When he has finally gone from view I am shocked to see that almost all the rope has run out. By the time he is on belay there is virtually no rope to take in. Disconcertingly there appears to be a long way to go. However, I am now beginning to come to terms with my situation. Circumstances have forced a rapid improvement in technique and I actually seem to be improving with every swing of my axe. Despite my unusual combination of "terror" and "zero", I find a certain rythm and although the ice, which is in good nick, is rarely far from vertical I am beginning to enjoy the experience.

Then I reach the stance, or such as it is, for in order to ensure enough rope to climb the pitch above John has taken a belay some forty feet above Appolyon Ledge. He informs me that this will be the last real pitch (thank goodness), but that is also the crux. A fact which looking up becomes palpably obvious. Albeit still warm from my recent exertions I shiver and I am definately worried.

ACT FOUR: The Moonlight Sonata Sketch

Very late afternoon, Saturday. I am constantly being battered by falling ice as I hang, wedged across the metre-wide gully, from the two belay pegs. Everything John knocks off finds its way down to me. It is not a pleasant situation. About ninety feet up John informs me that the ice, now overhanging has gone very soft, and would I please watch the rope carefully. He is being so cool that he is mentally freezing his axes into the choss. Strangely, despite the probable terminal consequences for both of us if he comes off I feel curiously remote from his struggle. I cannot watch him, the ice overhangs and bulges so dramatically that he is directly above me, neither do I want a faceful of ice. Indeed, we have hardly spoken a word all day. Twenty hours previously he was a complete stranger . . . to some extent he still was. The situation was out of my hands and John was fighting to stay in control. I decide its no use getting paranoid since there is nothing I can do.

"Duck!" I almost have a coronary. A wild rush of air, an ear-splitting crash, a moments incoherence and then the sudden thought "What the Hell was that?" John is still there, my helmet isn't. He anxiously enquires after my health (he thought he had be-headed me!) and then carries on up before all control is lost. The thought of another mini-serac crowning me dominates



The Innocent Englishman Cont....

my consciousness. I quell momentary panic, quite forget about John and concentrate on forming an objective standpoint to my reason for being here, my purpose in life, Oh is there a God etc. etc. Not a moment too soon it is my turn. I quickly regain a measure of composure as I front-point up the now moonlit ice. I decide that I am fated to survive, having reached the crux at dusk and to have the luck to benefit from an early moon shining right on to it. However, the infamous top pitch bulge still has its reputation to protect. I'm just twenty feet from the lip and the ice is already pushing me out of balance, my placements are becoming sickeningly insecure.....

There are two objectives. One, to reach a nut runner, wedged in the gap twixt ice and rock. Two, to gain a small cave formed where the ice abbutts the top overhang. I decide to use the runner for aid. Gingerly stretching up I can just get my gloved fist around the crab. I start to pull up and because of the angle I barn-door, inexorably, backwards, until the nut pops. I have to swing in to get back onto the ice. I apologise to John and try again. After the fourth bounce on the rope for pitifully few feet gained I realise that unless I make it, soon, I won't make it, at all. John sounds worried, and rightly since apart from keeping the rope tight he can do little else. So, I "makewith the positive waves" and will myself into a situation where my hands are in the cave. Be-cramponed feet kicking desperately I thrutch into a sitting position and for ten dark, silent minutes try and recover. The last bit looked ridiculous. The ice hung over a hundred feet of free air at about five degrees, the wrong side of vertical. At the very lip, there is a large, rounded bulge. I swing out of the cave and get my feet up to the level of the floor, reaching up I am delighted to discover that there is a gap between the rock and ice which I can lay away on. So, hand in crack, I traverse up and right beneath the overhang, until the crack runs out and my head is level with the bulge. But the ice is too soft for my feet to move up on, so I am forced to leave the sanctuary of my hand jam and traverse rightwards still farther, where John tells me the ice is much improved. He is right. After two tenuous placements my feet and axes reach more solid goods and in controlled desperation I propel myself out and over the lip to stand at the bottom edge of the 50. degree summit snow slope. I feel grimly satisfied, almost not daring to believe that I've done it. I lead wearily but carefully up the slope, around the cornice and onto the plateau. By the time I have set up a belay John, frozen and impatient, has joined me. It has taken us about eight hours from the bottom and lunch (tea and supper) is much overdue, but despite having packed every conceivable piece of hardware our food content appears to be two Mars Bars. They are devoured ravenously. The wind pushes us, a thin veil of moonlit cloud mercilessly across the plateau and I have a passionate desire to sleep.

EPILOGUE : The Cream of the Jest.

00:30 Sunday morning. I am sitting in my tent at Loch Lagganside, patching up a rather gruesome hole in my left leg where I have frontpointed myself and wondering if the undeniable thrill of having climbed Smith's Gully is worth all the suffering involved. Getting down was quite as desperate as getting up and evolved into a five hour epic. Everywhere except on 'Meggie' it was a perfect cold, moonlit night. On the plateau it was a white out. Stumbling around, blind, trying to find a safeway off began to feel like an endless task. Even once out of the cloud the rough and rocky slopes seemed to take an eternity



The Innocent Englishman Cont....

young lady who has accompanied him thus far and we begin the unspoken race to the crag. Neither one of us is willing to let the other get too far in front, nor wants to slow down. It is thus, in a little under an hour that we reach the stretcher box in Coire Adair, some four miles from the camp. We stop . . . . I stare . . . . two tiny dots in a gully give an uncomprehendable scale to the vast arena. Its not just big, its megabig. I gaze, transfixed, at the Post Face. Not a lot of snow about, but seems to be plenty of ice, and the weather. Just the sort we hadn't been having all winter. Conditions will be pretty hard, at least John looks confident, perhaps too confident as he is glued eyeball to icewall at the left extremity of the Pinnacle Buttress.

"We'll take a look at Smith's, first pitch has ice in it." And he immediately sets off towards the foot of Raeburn's Gully. I hurry after him not wanting to appear too reticent. My memory is working overtime. "Smith's? But thats Grade 5, surely?" He cant be serious, gotta be a devious ploy to do Raeburns, a classic two . . . more the sort of thing I'm used to. Anyway no harm in taking a look."

Of a sudden the air feels cool and I, a little worried.

ACT TWO: Blind Faith

10.00 Saturday morning. I finally catch up with John at the foot of Smith's Gully. I "take a look" upwards and force down the rising tide of fear and disbelief within, that suddenly threatens to drown me. "He's mad." I mumble. The so-called gully appears to be a seemingly endless cascade of ice held within a deep, towering slot, the vertical bits of which look only to be punctured by the more obvious overhanging sections. But no he has already prepared himself . . . harness, hat, "terrors", ice-screws . . . the lot. In an unwilling daze I followed suit, convinced that its sole purpose is to say that we did at least try. No way is he going to get up even the first bit, and with that small crumb I comfort myself.

He checks the rope(single 9mm!), tries to smile (fails), and sets off. To my amazement he is all too soon up and belayed. The rope goes in and I have reached The Moment of Truth. My sensible self tells me it would be foolish and insane to even try it . . . there cannot possibly be any face lost in refusing to take it on. My alter-ego insists that there is no choice. I owe it to myself to see if I've got it in me to get up. I hesitate. Just then I notice two other climbers coming towards me up Raeburn's. "Oh !!!" I moan inwardly, "that does it, an audience". I resign myself to have a go. The first bit I find hard, it takes an age just to get off the ground. Fear propels me along a frighteningly thin traverse to and from the single peg runner on the pitch. I scrabble inelegantly up the bulging ice to finally stand, muscles twitching, next to John, letting him put me on belay. The two climbers below are long gone, obviously not happy at watching two others committing what musthave appeared as slow suicide.

The air is distinctly chilly and despite getting up my confidence is in ruins.



The Innocent Englishman Cont....

to get down. I felt as if I were going backwards . . . no races this time. To John all this was perfectly normal, its all part of the ambience of hard Scot's winter climbing. Like all newcomers I was finding the initiations painful.

Back at camp, apart from a certain amount of fear on behalf of John's woman for his safety, the rest of the climbers found my experience decidedly amusing. You see, partnering me with John had been in the nature of a test, to see if I were as much a madman as the rest of them. They had no doubts that John would be able to do the route since his reputation on ice is unrivalled in the club, they were interested to see if I could be persuaded to do a hard route and if I could indeed get up it. The joke as it were was on me. Its a good job I've a sense of humour . . . and honest, I really enjoyed it . . . afterwards.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE FROM BUCKBARROW.

The Government's announcement yesterday of its plans for the rationing of the countryside was, of course to be expected.

RATION BOOKS . . . . . OPERATIVE from April 1st 1984 . . . . . will be issued to all members of the community and ARCC by February.

The announcement has come as no surprise after the speech a few days ago by Mr Niall McDermott, Minister of State at the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. He said it will be recalled: "I recoil from any idea of rationing the countryside. But unless we meet the challenge of growing demands on the country, unless we can provide the means for people to enjoy the open air and teach them how to use it, we have to admit the awful possibility that it could one day come to something like this."

Tokens in the new ration books . . . already popularly acclaimed as the Green Sward Stamps . . . will entitle their holders to their due measure of shady nook, babbling brook, cowslip meadow, rolling down, magic mountain, and haunt of coot and fern. In addition to pic-nic site vouchers, space cards, ramble tickets and beautiful view tokens; the new ration books will consist mainly of stamps entitling the holder to one day a month in the National Parks, or any other countryside within the meaning of the Act (where two or three trees are gathered together, etc.)

It will be possible for those wishing to take consecutive days in the country to transfer the use of stamps from one month to another. One orange summer stamp being worth two white winter stamps. Stamps held by travellers in motor-cars will count only as half stamps.

To encourage the population to visit nature-reserves out of season, there will be special showings of artificial sunsets during bad weather. Registered Nudists will receive supplementary outdoor coupons. Multi-day route mountaineers and hard rock men will receive extra beans and more guinness. The Government hopes to gradually increase the countryside ration, and as an immediate measure all farms, farmers, farm animals and licenced premises are to be preserved as ancient monuments by the National Trust. People wearing moleskin or Derby tweed breeches or small woolly hats will be limited to using the National Park Centre at Brockholes. These measures have already been warmly applauded.



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The new meets cards are included with this bulletin, and the huts are reserved on one weekend per month for use by members and guests, no visiting clubs. This information is in the meets card.  
Booking Forms for The Long Walk at Dunmail, will be in the next Bulletin.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Alan Kenny, Langdale Warden, 17, Rochester Ave, Morecambe. 0524 414615  
Frank Whittle, Buckbarrow. c/o ARCC Buckbarrow, Nether Wasdale, Gosforth.  
John Foster, Tyn Twr, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr. Wigan. 0744 894512  
Tom Baron, Dunmail, Stavely P.O., Nr. Kendal, Cumbria.

BULLETIN EDITOR Joyce Foster, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr. Wigan.  
Please send your changes of address, so that your bulletins can be sent to you after you have moved. Please send news items, information for the bulletin and articles to me at the above address, and thanks to all the roving reporters for their help. Also thanks to FR David Lannon and Fr Burns for their help printing and sending the bulletins to you.

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ACHILLE RATTI RUNNING SECTION

AIMS The aims of the section shall be to encourage fell-running and athletic activities generally.

MEMBERSHIP Membership shall be open to all members of ARCC who are amateurs as defined by the Amateur Athletic Association and the Womens Amateur Athletic Association. Each applicant for membership of the section shall complete an application form and a roll of members shall be kept.

An Honorary Secretary shall be appointed by the members of the section, together with a committee as deemed necessary for the organisation and running of the section.

The Honorary Secretary and Committee shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting of the section.

APPLICATION FORM

Name. . . . . Male/Female  
Address . . . . . Date of Birth. . . . .

Tel: . . . . . Type of Membership(not Binding)

Fell Runner . . . ; Road Runner . . . ; Fell and Road . . . Supporting  
I am an amateur as defined by the A.A.A. . . . . . Member. . . . .

return to Leo Pollard, 2, Medway Close, Horwich, Bolton . Tel Bolton 694657.