

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

BULLETIN No 95

DECEMBER 1981.

DEAR MEMBERS,

Lawlessness still stalks Bishopscale!!!

Now we have not only the two-legged ones, who creep in and don't sign in the book. But pretty little brown furry ones, with long whiskers, have taken to lurking in the depths of food boxes, especially to disturb the esteemed wife of one of our fell-runners. Contrary to rumour, the shrill noise heard recently in the kitchen, is not a new type of alarm clock designed to shift the most somnolent overtrained runner/climber from his bed..... Beware too during the festive season, the little dishes of turquoise granules are not to decorate the trifle. It is mouse poison.

CARRY YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Annual Subscriptions are overdue, they should have been paid by 1st October, to Nev Haig, 752 Devonshire Rd, Blackpool and please enclose S.A.E. Subs are £12.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS at the AGM. The what? Did you say Annual General Meeting?

Dear Mr Chairman and Members,

I had a temptation to come in person to this AGM, but remembering what the Penny Catechism of old told me to do when tempted, I said a prayer and put it aside. For a full year, the first of my retirement, I have refused to attend Jubilee celebrations (XX), gatherings of any kind and I feel that this should be no exception and would be misunderstood by others. retirement, its wonderful not having enough time to do nothing!

I want to thank you for the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving on Saturday, 17th September of last year, with the Brochure and super anorak that you organised for me. It was the first of a series of Celebrations and nowhere was the warmth and tone of that surpassed.

When I founded the Club for Catholics, I never intended that it should remain static. The Church is dynamic and to live is to change and I know that you, as Catholics and members of ARCC, are, in the spirit of the 2nd Vatican Council moving into an age where personal responsibility must be balanced with tradition and custom.

At the close of my discourse in the Langdale Chapel I said -"This is the end of an era. You have the challenge of the nuclear age. Our relationships with the people amongst whom we live are different to the isolation of the past and we share the anguish, the joys and the hopes of our contemporaries.

As in all days of change, problems will arise but that is what the mountain-eering spirit is about and so I confidently leave the Club in your hands. I would especially want to say that I have been blessed with good Chairmen, Reggie Rogers, Terry Hickey and now George Partridge. I know that George along with his very fine Committee, and you the members, will align the Club to be at its finest when you celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of my Priesthood, 1st November, 1994. Why not?"

Lastly I keep abreast of all your activities through the most readable and racy bulletin, and thank the Editor for it. May God Bless you all, Ad Altoria
(XX) Monsignor Kershaw's Jubilee. T.B.Pearson.

AGM REPORT cont....

Despite the proposed change in membership percentage, (Rule6) which had given rise to so much discussion, both verbally and by letter, even fewer members than usual attended the AGM. This was probably the lowest attendance for twenty years, and can only be seen as a massive vote of confidence in the Management Committee!

The proposal, "Applications from non-Catholics may be considered at the discretion of the Management Committee within a limit of 33% of the total of ordinary and life members". The voting was, thirty-eight members for the motion and one abstention. There were no votes against the motion.

Barry Ayre and Leo Pollard were returned unopposed as secretary and ordinary member respectively. In all a very quiet meeting.

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NEWS . . NEWS . NEWS . NEWS . . NEWS . . NEWS . . NEWS . .

NEWS . . . NEWS.

1. THE BIG ORDER . . . was very successful once again. Until the last day I thought that we hadn't ordered enough to qualify for discount. I am left with a pair of Henri Lloyd, small size, green, nylon overtrousers. They were ordered by 'BIRKETT', and left in the box at the shop and were marked ARCC big order. Please will Birkett contact me, or would anyone like to buy them at the special price of £8....? Tel: 0744 894512 (Billinge) In total the bill came to £1,481. Thanks to Frank Davis and his staff.
2. MUSTAGH TOWER. . . . Mal Duff and Tony Brindle reached the top on July 28th at 4.30pm. They followed the route taken by Joe Brown twenty-eight years ago, and as this was the first ascent since then, they were both pretty chuffed. Tony wrote that the climb was in three stages, ice-fall, ice-face and the west ridge itself. The ridge was quite hard, they climbed it in two days alpine-style, and bivvied at 22,500' on both the ascent and descent. Two team mates reached the top on the following morning. After this they moved on to Gasherbrun II, for an Alpine-style attempt. but sickness and bad weather forced a retreat from 18,500'.
EVEREST - THE UNCLIMBED RIDGE . . . Tony has got a year out of College to enable him to go on the British Expedition next March, led by Mal Duff. The route is the one on which Pete Boardman and past ARCC member Joe Tasker disappeared two years ago. Tony's team-mates will be Kurt Diemberger, Sandy Allen, Bob Barton, Nick Kekus, Jon Tinker, Chris Watts and Julie Tullis. Journalist Andy Greig is going to China and Tibet as feature writer for a newspaper. Mal is still looking for one other team member and a good climbing doctor. Contact him at 14, Hopetown Rd, South Queensferry, Edinburgh.
3. LADY FELL-RUNNER . . . Angela Soper nee Faller is fifth in the womens fell runner of the year competition, and she is running under Achille Ratti Club name. Many members may not know Angela, she is a life member of ARCC and is also a member of Fell and Rock, she usually comes into Bishopscafe kitchen for a chat after Sat. evening Mass, and has even been seen to give Barry Ayre a friendly hug. She is also a past contributor to the bulletin, rock-climber on the International Womens Meet etc... etc...

NEWS cont . . . NEWS Cont. . .

4. Have you seen December 'High Magazine'? There you will see Mick Lovatt, in full colour and also read about Barry Rogers' and Buckbarrow Crag in the new routes section. Have you seen David Jone's new book 'ROCK-CLIMBING IN BRITAIN'. It would make a lovely Christmas present, and who is the dishy man on both the front and back covers? Yes, its our very own, Mick Lovatt!!
5. MIKE SHORT is to defend his Cameroun Title at the end of January, (see March 1984 Bulletin). Mount Cameroun at 13,353ft is the highest peak in West Africa, and the race has 13,000 ft of ascent and a distance of 27 km. from tropical jungle to above the snowline. This year Mike will be challenged by runners from eight nations. Fr. Sifter a Swiss missionary priest is at present training three Europeans aiming to snatch the title from Mike.
6. KNOYDART - GO NOW or you may never see the wilderness. . . It was reported in the summer that an American had offered to buy Knoydart Estate for £2million. If the bid was successful, the buyer would spend a further £5 million in the next five years transforming the estate. Plans included a yacht marina, arts and crafts village, conference centre, photo-safaris, private airstrip, health clinic and high-class restaurant. Locals did not have much to say on the subject!
 At one time the army wanted to buy the estate, but backed off after public outcry at the idea of Scotland's most beautiful peninsula becoming a firing range.
 Now the new laird, has put onto the market 8,000 acres of the 56,000 acre estate. Philip Rhodes a 41 year old property dealer from Surrey is also selling 12 building plots, 14,000 acres of shooting rights along with Inverie House which could be developed into a luxury hotel and become a playground for the rich. Russell Harty is reported to be buying the old manse. Mr Rhodes said that he would like to see the British Empire make a comeback, and would like to build a polo field on Knoydart. He insists that he has no desire to destroy the area's natural assets, and describes himself as 'the Gassenach guardian of the area and its people'.
 I wonder what the mice in the bothies think of it all!
7. CLIMBING ON TV. 6 h. f hour programmes by Border TV, for Channel 4 for March next year. Each one takes a climber from the decades 1940-1980 and shows him on a climb with which he is associated. Bill Peascod on Eagle Front; Don Whillans on Dovedale Groove; Chris Bonnington on Holy Ghost, Pete Livesey on Footless Crow and the last one is Pete Whillance, the climb not yet revealed.
8. SKI - 85 . . . TIGNES. twelve members are going out by coach in March, one week or two weeks coach, self-catering cheapie. Cheaper than a long weekend in Aviemore. If you have missed the bus again, interested members were asked to enquire in the June Bulletin. Remember to ask for next year.
9. JUNIOR MEET . . . Should we have a junior meet? If you think we should have an organised Junior Meet in 1985, contact George Partridge by the end of January (address on Cross Country Ski Notice). Please state which date you prefer, 8th June or 6th July. Help will be required and also a parent organiser.
10. CONGRATULATIONS to George and Pat Partridge on becoming grandparents for the first time. Son Mike and daughter in law Cathie have a son Jonathan Robert born December 5th.

THE BISHOPS WALK 1984.

A very big thankyou to the forty or so members and friends who helped at this years walk. The new venue and route in Grizedale was a great success and well received by the majority of walkers. To my relief we did not lose any walkers in the forest and we had no problems with coaches.

Hawkhead village provided an excellent base for HQ and first class catering facilities. Once again we were left with a surplus of meat pies but a deficit of orange juice. Perhaps next year we should provide biscuits in place of some of the pies.

If you have any comments please pass them on to either Barry Ayre, Derek Price or myself.

George Partridge.

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THE CLUB FELL RACE. (ARCC)

The weather conditions for this years race were quite good, and the competitiveness of the runners excellent. Dave Parker winning the Handicap Race - the main event, only thirteen seconds faster than his stated time.

Alan Kenny was the fastest man with a time of 31mins 56 secs, a new course record.

Clare Sutton was the fastest lady in a time of 40mins 1 sec, a new ladies course record.

The under 16yrs race was won by Greg Cooper in 20m 5sec, and the under 10yrs was won by Judith Parker in 8mins 41secs.

On behalf of all the runners, I would like to thank all the members who helped to make the race a success. In particular Wilf Charnley, summit marshall and Barry have ladder will travel Rogers, the wall marshall.

Leo Pollard.

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ORIENTEERING This year's post dinner orienteering took place at Lords Lot Wood near Carnforth, at a local event organised by South Ribble O.C.

I had mild misgivings about asking members to take up the challenge of open competition but the advantages were enormous. No need to plan and arrange the venue, no course to mark, no controls to hang or collect afterwards, everything laid on. I could sleep late and enjoy the run and afterwards, a final bonus, enjoy a pint.

There was an excellent turnout. I suspect Mike Woods, titleholder for the last three years, let us off the hook this time, or maybe he was tired of cleaning the trophy! Congratulations to Jim Harding and Marion Armstrong, the new trophy holders. Jim in fact finished third in the open event, just 3mins behind the winner.

Results

1. Jim Harding	49.39.	4. Leo & Freda Pollard	66.39.
2. George Partridge	60.02.	5. Marion Armstrong	72.49.
3. Mike Lomas	63.19.	6. Bernard Potter and Dave Armstrong.	

also Wilf Charnley, Jill Morrison and Alwyn Cooper, Andrew Morrison, Jim Cooper and David Mercer. Sadley and much to my chagrin, Brian Fanning and son competed on the longer Blue Course. My apologies to them, particularly as the Fanning Family organised the 81 and 83 events. Paul Cooney and his girlfriend arrived too late for the start, but joined us with Barry Ayre, Roy Phillips, Jack Greenwood and a few other keen supporters for the presentation of Trophies and celebrations at the Eagles Head. George Partridge.

TRAVELS AND CLIMBS IN MOROCCOJane & Dave Fenna.

The Atlas Mountains are not the most obvious spot to head for, on your holidays; that is what attracted us to them at first. Going somewhere unusual seemed adventurous, no matter what climbing we might find there. However, reading Collomb's guidebook in Frank Davies' Shop, we discovered that there is in fact, some interesting mountaineering in Morocco. Our plans soon developed into reality, and we set off at Easter for a trip into another world, a million miles away from England in terms of culture, but just six hours from London by jet.

We had the misfortune to arrive at Marrakech at midnight, Easter Saturday. You cannot buy Moroccan money until you get there, and of course no Bureau de Change was open. Our hotel, The Grand Tazi, whose address we got before setting out, seemed expensive and dingy at that time of night, so we wandered around in dazed and indecisive state, weighed down by our sacs, until an Arab sidled up to us: 'You like cheap hotel?'. Five minutes later, feeling that the Arab had taken the decision for us, we were being led into the darkest, narrowest streets of the Medina, followed by a growing number of seedy onlookers. Finally our guide halted at a door sunk into the walls of a dead-end street. With a group of young men shuffling along behind us, the tension was high enough as it was, but when the door opened to reveal an old hunchback, dressed in a large kaftan, we'd had enough! We paid the guide to take us back to the Grand Tazi, which by then seemed good value for money. The following morning, having breakfast in its rooftop restaurant, we realised that it was in fact quite posh."

On Sunday we hired a taxi to take us to Imlil, the last village accessible by car, at the foot of the Toubkal Massif, the highest and most popular range in the Atlas. Herethe mountains are of heights equivalent to the major alpine centres, but there is little snow and their profiles are generally less dramatic. The taxi was, typically, an old and well-worn Chevrolet with a cracked windscreen. There was acres of room inside, which makes them cheap when shared by five or six people.

Our reception at Imlil, which is quite a hole at first sight, was a complete surprise. Even as the taxi was still parking, hoards of weather beaten faces were clamouring round the windows. Within minutes, we were introduced to the shop-keepers, muleteers and the C.A.F. hut warden. All seemed to be called Mohammed and claimed to be friends of Hamish Brown! That evening we wandered up a side valley to another more primitive village. A little boy showed us around, and we soon found ourselves a source of amusement for the colourfully dressed women of the village. The crude houses, amde of mud and pebbles, were crowded together on top of a small crag with green terraces spilling down the hillside beneath it. It was hard to believe that only the previous day we had been tramping through the streets of Leeds.

The next day we hired mules to take the gear, and to give Claire who has a false leg, a ride up to the Neltner Hut. The walk was pretty easy without sacs, and the charge £4 per mule carrying three sacs, was well worth it. The scene at the hut appeared more familiar to us, especially with skis propped up outside the door and a stiff chilling wind blowing down the valley.

Morocco Cont....

We spent just over a week in the mountains, our stay cut short by bad weather. The walking and climbing was varied enough and very satisfying. On the first day three of us climbed Ras, the second highest top at 4,088m, by an easy-angled couloir which leads straight to the summit. The snow on the whole was pretty good and gave the route an alpine feel. Unlike the Alps, there was no worry about getting down safely, so we spent several hours sunbathing until altitude sickness sent us scurrying back down the East ridge. The next day we went up Toubkal by the Ouncums ridge, about alpine A.D. on rock. We managed to misread the guide book and unroped, believing ourselves to be near the top. Only to find a drop of 150' down to a gap in the ridge, we were only about half way up. After this we lost our patience with the climb and for the most part scrambled unroped, avoiding the pitch of 1V, described rather vaguely in the book, in order to catch up time. We reached the top, the highest in North Africa 4167m at 6.30pm, thoroughly tired from our race up the last part of the ridge and from the $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours walk from the end of the climb to the summit. The view was amazing. The cloud rolling up from the valleys in the north and east, the sun dipping behind the snowy faces to the west, and the arid, cloudless plains to the south. The 1,000m descent took only 1hr 15min down the south cwm. Claire had gone up Toubkal by this route, which must have been quite a hop! An attempt was made on Tadaft, an alpine looking ridge by my friends, but very loose rock turned them back.

Later we walked back to Imlil and across a pass to Tachedirt. This remote village set at 7,500ft in a lush steep sided valley is hemmed in by the massive, ravined face of Aksoual and the Gimmer-like cliffs of Angour. We were well looked after by the guardian of the CAF hut there. He is a friendly and amusing character, and kits himself out from 'presents' extracted from his guests. He was wearing a woolly balaclava, and beneath his kaftan were track suit trousers! We set out to climb Arhemer, 3,982m, by its classic NNE ridge from a bivi on the pass above Tachedirt. After toiling up to the bivi-site in the mid-day heat we dumped the gear and had time to scramble up Angour 3,616m by its east flank, which is in parts a Crib Goch style ridge. That afternoon heavy cloud rolled in and it snowed during the night. We also ran out of parafin through melting snow in the morning, so with no water and unreliable weather we came back down.

Two days later the weather was even worse, and the mountains were plastered with new snow. We decided to head back to Marrakech by a long walk down the valley to Asni, which is where the bus stops. The walk was really idyllic, skirting above gorges in the valley bottom, passing through lively villages and lush green terraces which appeared round every corner. It is quite an ego trip, to go through the Berber villages with all the kids running around, saying 'Bonjour' with great glee. Only on occasions were we pestered too much for bon-bons, dirhams or cigarettes.

The remainder of the holiday was spent as pure tourists, savouring the niceties of living in Morocco cheaply. These ranged from staying in another 'cheap hotel' in Marrakech, which turned out to be a brothel; being threatened with our lives in the Souks to travelling by bus and taxi to the edge of the Sahara. South of the Atlas the scenery is very impressive: a vast desert plain backed by the shady folds of the mountains, whose tops were covered and glistening with new snow. The towns were well supplied with 'Kashahs', full sized sand castles of Beau Geste fame, and were beautifully green in contrast to the barrenness of the desert. We also visited the Todra Gorges, some 370km south-east of Marrakech.

Morocco Cont'...

where the cliffs are up to 300m high. But fortunately, we did not take our climbing gear?

Altogether, the two weeks proved extremely interesting and varied, with climbing on both snow and rock, scrambling, trekking and sightseeing. All in an environment very different from Europe.

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ALPS - AUGUST 1984. by John Braybrock.

Once again Sydney and I set off with bold ambitious plans to conquer the Alps; this time a jam-packed itinerary including climbing the highest peaks of three countries: The Dom of Switzerland, the Gross Glockner of Austria and France's Mont Blanc.

Auspicious portents greeted us at Geneva, intoxicated by the holiday spirit we gazed out across Lac Lemman from the balcony of Sydney's friends's apartment to the distant alpine peaks basking in the late afternoon sun. Promising remarks made by our host, that the light northerly breeze playing across the lake was a sign of a spell of good weather added to our buoyant optimism.

At Arolla our old climbing haunt in the Val d'Herens, we got off to an encouraging start by climbing Mont Collon 3637m, whose imposing north face, majestically dominates the head of the valley. The route we took, with another British pair, was to cross the Glacier du Mont Collon from the Vignette Cabane and then ascending the rock west ridge. The west ridge, graded PD Sup, is a pleasurable and recommended route. The final narrow and lofty rock arete, heading for the steep slope of the summit snow cap is breathtaking, and here we were welcomed by the dazzling sun.

Just before mid-day we were perched on the summit rock pinnacle, taking photographs. From we traversed snow and rock ridges to another peak, Le Chancelier 3626m, to make our descent by the South east ridge into a snow couloir which in turn led us to the Glacier de la Mitre. Then down its snow falls onto the Haute Glacier d'Arolla and a three hour walk back to Arolla. It proved to be a long day!

After successfully completing this warming-up and acclimatisation climb, we felt that our dreams may be fulfilled, but next day the forecast was unpropitious, and with this our pipe dreams of a 'grand tour' were dashed.

Thankfully the weather altered after five days, and with revised plans made during tourist visits to Zermatt and Chamonix we decided on going to the Zinal Valley, situated between the Val d'Herens and Zermatt, with the objective of climbing Besso 3667m, the Zinalrothan 4221m from the Cabane du Montet 2886m.

Underestimating the time it would take us to get to the cabane, we arrived after dark after a five hour walk alongside the edge of the Zinal Glacier.

The next morning mist shrouded the impressive ring of peaks that surround the Cabane - the Zinalrothan, Weisshorn, Trifhorn, Obergabelhorn, Pointe de Zinal, Grande Cornier and on the other side of the glacier the Dente Blanche, that pyramidal jewel in the crown. So we only reconnoitred the route to the Besso and anyway we felt tired after the long haul up to the hut.

ALPS 1984 Cont....

Just as we were about to set off into the fresh, morning air the next day the guardian who was also a guide, advised us to abandon our plans. He thought that on Besse we would experience adverse conditions and recommended that we take the Trifhorn or the Blanc de Dornig. After deliberating we settled for the latter.

It proved to be an enjoyable and idyllic day, under a deep blue sky. The route to the summit of Blanc de Morning, is by a rock ridge, grade PD sup., and then up a short snow field to the summit at 3638m. Following in the footsteps of a German Lawyer and his guide, with whom we had struck up a friendship at the cabane, we dropped down from the summit by a snow arete. The Arete du Blanc dips down from the summit to rise again, curving gracefully to the soaring and tantalising peak of the Zinalrothan. One side of the arete drops precipitously onto the Glacier de Moising and at the saddle of the arete we clambered down easy rock on the other side, onto the Glacier du Montet to make our way back to the hut for 2.30pm.

Time was running out, and so we had to say our goodbyes and journey homewards.

John Braybrook and Sydney de Cruz.

Many thanks to Austin Guilfoyle, coach, mentor and pacemaker, for four days of intensive training, prior to leaving for the Alps.

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THE EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN WOULD LIKE TO AWARD A PRIZE FOR THE MOST INTERESTING AND READABLE ARTICLE SENT TO HER FOR PUBLICATION EACH YEAR. After all, the centenary edition of ARCC Bulletin isn't very far away. Why don't we have an annual journal as well as the bulletin. Please send articles to Joyce Foster, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr Wigan. Next Publication date is March, so start writing, and send them off, now, yeh now, do it now! Please send news, articles and information. Thankyou to all this editions contributors.

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THE DRYING OUT SESSION

Anon.

So far, he concluded, it had been one hell of a holiday. Non-stop boozing on the bus all the way to the resort. Bars both on piste and off, open 'til you fell over. Supermarket Beer at 35p a litre and cheap plonk. But tonight was going to be different. The mid-holiday drying out sessions, no early evening dash to the pub and no late drinking.

He went out to the balcony and gazed across the pistes to the mountains shining in the unearthly glow of the moonlight, almost as if lit from within. Each

Drying-out session cont....

Diamond spire was etched savagely against the black sky whilst overhead the milky way tumbled and spiralled across the heavens. The stars shone brightly reflecting the sparkle of myriad soaring ridges. The cold stung him but the beauty of the scene tore at his soul.

He announced his intention, packed a small sac with emergency provisions, collected his touring skis from the locker and ventured into the night. After the bustle of the day the stillness and the silence were profound. The swish of his skis did not intrude and the squeak of the snow echoed the emptiness. His breath, curling soundlessly upward was the only other movement.

He entered the wood, and its folds silently and gently embraced him. Playfully he tapped the branches with his pole and the snow exploded, sparkled in the moonlight and fell softly to the earth without disturbing the utter silence of his world.

Eventually he emerged from the woods into the harsh flaring world of the upper snow slopes glittering like silver. Below him he could see the pistes where he had struggled for so long in a vain attempt at learning to ski.

Never had so much time been lavished on one individual by his friends with so little effect. Slow, clumsy and awkward he was still struggling from the pupa of 'Stem Christies'. Yet here his spirit soared in unison with the peaks and ridges. He was master in his own world. A mountaineer able to move freely and safely in his chosen environment both physically and spiritually.

He passes into the inky shadow of a steep crag which brooded menacingly over him. He knew that in the present viciously cold conditions he would be safe from stone fall and that it had already avalanched its recent snowfall. As he emerged back into the moonlight the sparkle from the snow almost hurt his eyes. Slowly he continued to climb up the huge snow bowl and eventually traversed across to the top of the big drag lift. From here he knew that a long easy run led down to the alcoholic rendezvous. He took stock of the situation.

On his right the crags under which he had come glowered cruelly like a knight in icy armour, hunched against the rage of the winter. On his left rose a slender elegant spire shining like a spear in the moonlight, a study in etched silver, poised between heaven and earth and defying the blackness of the sky. A stillness pervaded his soul and held himself spellbound. The graceful beauty entered his heart and sent his spirit soaring to where the mercurial blade leapt against the night in magnificent unity and true beauty.

In front of him on the other side of the dark trench of the main valley the bulk of Mont Blanc, diamond cut by the ravages of time, and supported by the steely spires of its satellites, floated mysteriously upon a gossamer mat of cloud.

At once both apparent and real, savage yet peaceful, the jutting bones of some earthly corpse yet a vision of such deathless beauty as lives in the mind for ever.

He reflected on the many epics and tragedies and especially on Bonatti's retreat from the central pillar of Frenay. It seemed impossible now in the utter peace and tranquility of the night to imagine storms of such murderous ferocity.

The spell was broken by the warm glow of the little village nestling in the folds of the hills like a babe in the womb, protected from the harsh outside world and full of expectant life. He removed his skins, locked down his heels

Drying Out Session Cont...

and set off down the piste slowly and inelegantly. He smiled to himself as he reflected that there was none around to notice his poor style and concentrated on absorbing the view. Gradually the surrounding hillsides pressed in on him and eased him towards the village.

In the bar the festivities were in full swing. The exercise had given him a thirst and he soon passed the number of pints he would have consumed had he arrived with the others. Eventually most retired, and he moved into the restaurant area to enjoy a few more pints and the excellent jazz session. The warm glow at the bottom of the glass reflected his spirit as he viewed the clarinettist through the alcoholic haze.

The last cable car came and went. He spent the last hour alone. The cold 'pression' fizzed like the music until 2am found him outside, struggling with the skis. He half wobbled, half snow-ploughed down the easiest run he could locate and eventually found his way back to his apartment block.

It had been one hell of a moonlit ski tour and one hell of a drinking session.

D.A.Barle.

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WHERE IS THE MEETS CARD ? ? ? ? ? ?

And do you really think that you deserve one? Attendance at meets apart from The Long Walk indicate that for all the notice the vast majority of members take of it, we may as well save the money. Perhaps you throw them out with the Christmas cards, instead of nailing it to the wall where you can keep an eye on it, throughout the year.

So for the first half of the year, here are the dates of the meets, if you have any good ideas, please let us hear them.

16th Feb.	Buckbarrow.
9th March.	Tyn Twr
11th May	Tyn Twr Long Walk.
8th June	Bishopscale Junior meet?

Booking slips for the last two meets will be in the next bulletin.

Members weekends (no visiting cluns) are as follows:-

Bishopscale (Langdale)	1st Sat of the month.
Tyn Twr	2nd Sat of the month.
Buckbarrow (Wasdale)	3rd Sat of the month.

Hut Wardens may be contacted sometimes at:

Alan Kenny, Bishopscale: 17, Rochester Ave, Morecambe. 0254 414615. (Wasdale)
 Frank Whittle, Buckbarrow, Old Strands, Nether Wasdale, Gosforth, Cumbria. 265.

John Foster Tyn Twr, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr Wigan. 0744 894512.

Tyn Twr Key Custodian: Frank Hughes, Bethesda 600196. If arriving late or mid-week, please phone to ensure availability of the key. Please return all keys to the custodians on vacating the huts.