

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

BULLETIN No 102

MAY 1987.

Dear Members,

Well here it is, after eleven years and forty editions of 'The Bulletin', this is my last one as Editor. I have enjoyed the contact with the members of ARCC, that the Bulletin brought, and the letters from the other side of the world and felt that in some small way I was holding us all together. I wanted to do the centennial edition, and that over it is time for change. . . . . but please don't stop writing to me, and please help the new Joint Editors Michael Donnelly and John Kelly, by sending them information and articles. For the last umpteen years Father David Lannon has been my stalwart support, printing, stapling, folding, enveloping and posting all the bulletins. Without his help, I would not have lasted this long; and so a Big Thankyou to him, and now we are both going to sit back and breathe a sigh of relief.

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

1. DID YOU PAY YOUR SUBS last October? No? Well then you won't be getting an other Bulletin will you? Because you aren't a member any more. So if in doubt ring Nev Haigh Blackpool 0253 54505.
2. Tony Brindle will just about be shaking the Welsh College dust off his heels and will soon be off to Kenya and Tanzania, then the Alps for a months work, then Nepal in September and October. Next May an expedition to the Karakorum with Dai Lampard and Al Phizaklea to attempt Gasherbrun 1V, selling T-shirts for that one, so watch this space.
3. Keith Foster has been having an action packed four month overland trip back from Nepal. Skiing in Gulmarg, Kashmir, befriended in Katmandu by a Sherpa who runs the Exodus Expeditions workshop and who climbed on Everest with Cho Tathkaa (Joe Tasker). Stoned in the Swat Valley, N West Frontier; saw Bazookas being made for the Afghan war; mended his truck in Damascus and went to the Golan Heights - awesome, and has lots of good ripping yarns to tell!
4. Brian Fanning has set up, is proprietor and chief driver of FELL BUS. A new service between Buttermere and Seathwaite, and Keswick and Buttermere, via Braithwaite. Service is operational between May 1st and 31st Oct. Best wishes for its success.
5. Get Well Soon to Anita Haigh, Mrs Subs Sec., for a speedy rev up from her recent op.
6. Mike Lomas and Chris Farrell thank in advance everyone who has offered to help with their Bob Graham attempt in June.
7. Thankyou to Frank Whittle for organising this years 'Long Walk' from Buckbarrow, round Ennerdale Horseshoe. He even used his precious leave from work, to make sure everything ran smoothly. Thanks Frank.



NEWS . . . . NEWS . . . . Cont.

8. The Wooden Hut at Buckbarrow has been refurbished. Now insulated and lined, with new beds and mattresses, it is a little palace!
9. Leo Pollard, the Gang Leader of the Fell Runners, reminds everyone wishing + to enter races, either road or fell, under the Achille Ratti Banner, that they must complete a registration form and send it to him at 2, Medway Close Horwich, Bolton. Tel 0204 694657.
10. Clare Kenny has running vests and shorts in Achille Ratti colours. See her at the races or contact her via Leo Pollard, tel no above.
11. ARCC Fell Running Section. Please enter races showing your club as Achille Ratti. This matters for team points, now that we have so many runners and some of them doing quite well.
12. Congratulations to John Britt and Carol Oxley-Desmond. To all those not yet 'in the know', John and Carol are pleased to announce their engagement. 13, Yarburgh Way, Badger Hill, York.
13. Jim Harding is organising an orienteering type competition towards the end of July. The weekend of the Siabod Race, in Wales. Details from Jim, 42, Durham Road, Wilpshire, Blackburn. 0254 40127.
14. Bishop Pearson, recently celebrated his 80th Birthday, congratulations from us all. He has also been in hospital for a minor operation, and is pleased to report that he is making a good recovery. All members send their founder president their best wishes.
15. Congratulations to a trio of 'Golden Oldies'. Barry Ayre, Pete Durkin and Alan Brighton are celebrating their half - centenary on the weekend of the Junior Meet at Langdale 4/5th July. Happy Birthday to You's.... la.. la ..

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BIG ORDER 1987 . . . BIG ORDER 1987 . . . BIG ORDER 1987

Yes Folks, its big order time again. Please follow these instructions, lets all do it right this year. Please lets all do it right.....

Last year was the biggest Big Order we've ever had approximately £5,600 value. And did it take some sorting out and collecting. So this is what you do.

TAKE NOTE

Go to Frank Davies Climbing Shop in Ambleside during August and September and choose your goodies. I will have left an order book there. The items you have chosen must be written in the book, with your name and address. Items are then left in a box in the store-room. Pay no money now. On October 3rd, I will collect and pay for everything, with one ARCC cheque. I will take the loot back to Bishopscale, price it, bag it and then you must collect and pay for it . . . . THAT WEEKEND. 20% discount on shop prices. Collect 3rd Oct. Details discussed on 0253 697948 Joyce Foster-Kent. OK? Che. ers then!.



FUTURE MEETS IN 1987DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

July 4/5th	Junior Meet, Bishopscale. Booking form at end.
AUG/SEP	Big Order, Frank Davies Shop.
Sep 13th	Sunday. Club Fell Races. Seniors, Juniors etc.
Oct 3rd.	Bishop's Sponsored Walk, Grizedale Forest. Bishopscale will be reserved for members and guests assisting with the walk. Dinner provided on Saturday evening.
Oct 3rd	BIG ORDER TO BE PAID FOR AND COLLECTED FROM BISHOPSCALE
Oct 10th	Langdale Fell Race. Helpers, marshalls needed.
Nov 7th	Working/Bonfire weekend at Tyn Twr.
October 17th	AGM Preston.
November 14th	Club Dinner, Waterhead Hotel.

FELL RACES

July 5th.	Skiddaw	9mls/2,700ft
July 11th	Wasdale	21mls/9,000ft
July 12th	Bootle, Black Coombe	5½mls/1,900ft
July 25th	Moel Siabod	8mls/1,900ft
(This race starts from Capel Curig hence Tyn Twr is the obvious base)		
July 26th	Fool on the Hill, Mountain Trial.	12/15mls.
(Jim Hardings orienteering, Carneddau. Walkers welcome, dawn start.)		
Aug 1st.	Borrowdale	17mls/6,500ft
August 29th	Pendleton	5mls/1,500ft
Sep 19th	Three Shires	14mls/4,500ft
Sep 20th	Club Race, Bishopscale	8½mls/1,000ft
October 10th	Langdale	16mls/4,000ft

Enjoy the running,  
Jim.

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LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES

This is an up-date on your local representative scheme. If you live in any of the following areas, contact your rep. You may be encouraged to go out on local hills, share petrol for the weekend, go for a pint, further afield, a training trot or even a friendly boozy bike ride. If your area is not represented contact George Partridge Club Chariman, 16, Centurian Close, Meols, Wirral. 051 632 5903.

<u>Area</u>	<u>Local Rep</u>
Blackpool & Fylde	Joyce Foster-Kent, 4, Godwin Ave, Blackpool Tel: 697948
Chorley/Preston	Christine Benjamin, 2, Talbot House, Lancaster Court, Chorley. 68917.
Deep South/Hampshire	Jennie Massie, Coombe Farm, Rake, Nr Liss, Hampshire. Tel Liss 892236.
Edinburgh	Nicki Baker, 8, Bellevue Terrace, Edinburgh. Tel. 556 5178.
Leeds	Peter McHale, 533, Foundry Rd, Leeds 8. 488390.
London	John Parsons, 22, Bencombe Rd, Purley.
Merseyside	George Partridge, address above.
Midlands	Ken Godfrey, Moorfield, Dunsley Rd, Kinver, Staffs. 0384 873628
North East	Dave Hall, 17, Gladesfield Rd, Norton, Stockton on Tees. Tel 531813 John Kelly, 62, Kells Lane, Gateshead. 487 6562

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REPORT ON SCOTTISH WINTER MEET 7-15th Feb, 1987

In all, 18 people attended the 8 day meet at the MacIntyre Hut, (BMC), North Ballachulish. For half the week we were not crowded, as three could not get away until late in the week, and we also had four climbers up at the CIC Hut, for four nights.

It was quite a dry week, although initially overcast in the day, with clear nights, so that we saw more of the moon than the sun. In fact those nights were so beautiful that it took all our will power to drag ourselves into the pub next door.

Another device to keep us out of the pub was that someone brought a projector and screen, and most evenings members showed slides they had brought. The highlight was when Barry Rogers at the invitation of the proprietor, gave us a pictorial version of his life story in the adjacent bar. From the crags of Hongkong as a young squaddy, via many Scottish winter routes to superb climbs in the Alps as a somewhat wiser man.



WINTER MEET CONT.....

Wilf and I got off to a flying start with Ben Dorain on the first Sat, having stayed in Crianlarich hut on Friday evening. Various other walks throughout the week, including some by different parties at different times, were:  
 The Devils Staircase, Buchaille Etive Beg, Buchaille Etive Mor, Ben Vair, Devil's Ridge of Sgurr Mhain, Mealna Teanga, Carn Mor Dearg Arete, Bidean Nam Bian, Stob Coire Sgreamhach, Glen Creran to Ballachulish, Stob Coire nan Lochan, Aonach Eagach Am Bodach, Ben Starav, Glas Bhein Mor, Sgurr Eilde Mor.

Snow and ice conditions were not quite as good as last year, routes done include, Cresta on little Brenva Face ( of the Ben), Castle Ridge, Zero Gully, Comb Gully Good Friday Climb, N.C. Gully and Twisting Gully on Stob Coire nan Lochan. Some tried the skiing in Glencoe. Very difficult snow, ranging from black ice to powder within a yard. Better skiing was had in Coire Cas, on a trip to Aviemore

We did have a drop of rain, but the weather steadily brightened during the week, so that the Saturday and Sunday were really magnificent. A good week for the third year running, so all are agreed to keep to the same time of year. Watch later bulletins for the exact dates for next years February meet.

John T. Foster.

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DOLOMITES 1986

(otherwise a report on the British Boobies Expedition)

We left Blackpool and **Chorley** on Friday evening and drove hotfoot to Dover. Went like the wind to Italy, having first crept into a Swiss campsite after dark, pitched tent, slept, packed up again and away, amazed at the cheapness of it all. We breakfasted by a lake in the early sunshine, ignored by the Burghers taking their constitutionals.

There was 4 inches of fresh snow on the Fluella Pass and it was pretty chilly, but by the time we crossed the Stelvio, the highest road pass in Europe, it was HOT. Poor Car got hot too, and after we'd stopped to admire the view, Chris wouldn't let me look whilst I was driving, stupid car wouldn't start again. But we had a 'clever' German parked right next to us, he held his hand over the air intake, and it fired. His shoulders went back, chest swelled, face wreathed in smiles and away we went, swooping down the hairpins, Alpine birds in a car. . . . but Chris didn't like it. She wanted to drive, she felt sick, and lost count of the bends after twenty-nine.

I had both the books. Via Ferrata in the Dolomites and also Alta Via High Level Walks in the Dolomites. We planned to do Alta Via 1, The classic showpiece walk, through stupendous scenery with walking varying from level strolling to steep scree and a bit of Via Ferrata. We would stay in Huts and carried day time food and Blackpool tomatoes, gear including karabiners and slings sufficient for the journey. We didn't want to descend to the valleys, preferring to stay high, between 6,000 and 8,500ft for the 75 miles.



The Dolomites 1986 Cont. . .

We decided on Alta Via 1 then we wouldn't need to carry axes and crampons, and thought we'd better have a look at 'job', before we decided on a Via Ferrata holiday, although Chris had done several big routes in the Stella Area a few years ago.

The first night we stayed at a lovely Victorian, Alpine style hotel, Albergo Lago de Braies, with marble wash stand and all. We had to share a very large double bed, so we put a pillow down the middle to keep us apart. A coach party of English people proved to be something of an embarrassment to us. They were not enjoying the Hotel's remoteness and beautiful scenery and lake at all, and spent their time planning Colditz style escapes amid shrieks and cackles of laughter. The rest of the guests were middle-aged English-speaking Germans.

However morning dawned hot, sunny and clear. Off we went, leaving the car behind, through the woods round the lake and up the scree to the Pass. Turquoise lake shimmering below and behind, Monte Cristallo, Monte Pelmo and in the distance Marmolada's glacier glittering. We stopped by a Refugio for lunch, overcast and cold I had found the 900 m very hard, first day and big sack. Chris said that she couldn't see my sun hat over the top of my sack it was so high! Later in the week, as we ate the food my head emerged. And then it was fairly level for a bit, and then it started going down, and down and down, very, very steeply. An awful track with 4WD taxi trips, we should have got a taxi, but when we arrived on the green grass at the bottom in the valley, everyone was waiting for us, was it us or some other celebrity, anyway they all cheered.

The next day we walked past Monte Castello, which was heavily fortified during World War 1, it was quite easy to see where half the mountain had been blown away by the tunneling troops. The Refugio the previous night had had large shellcases decorating the balcony. Steep downhill and uphill again and my knee began to ache. On the way to the next Hut, Chris went ahead to check if there was room as it was quite small. Uphill was agony, I hobbled along across the clints in the rock taking short-cuts and peering down the cracks at the rusty barbed wire and cans. It gave me the creeps. Eventually being very stoic, I arrived at the Lagazuoi Hut. The view was reward in itself. I must have been bad, Chris came back and offered to carry my sac, but I didn't let her, instead she collected some snow in a poly bag and there I sat in the evening sunshine, on the terrace amidst the most stupendous scenery drinking my aperitivo, not that I needed one, my appetite was big enough. The snow-pack did the trick and much recovered we set off with an Italian and a German down through the World War 1 galleries occasionally popping out of a tunnel to blink in the strong sunshine. This battle-site was mind-bending, thousands of men had lost their lives here, from exposure as well as gun-fire. This was how the Via Ferrata paths throughout the Dolomites came to be built, for war between the Austrian and Italian Forces. It was very steep down, The German guy was a bit worried and they kept asking if we were frightened. When we got to the bottom and were resting in the cafe on the Passo, we told the Italian that Chris had climbed at Vajolet Towers, and they reeled back in amazement. We won that move!

Chris and I parted ways, knee bad again I wandered through the wild flowers down to the Cinque Torri Chairlift. The liftman took my sac and put it on the chair in front, it was a single seater, and I spent the next 3,000' not looking at the cliffs of Castelletto and Monte Tofane but worrying how to get my sac back. By the time I got off, it would have set off back down again. But no bother, there was a charming man waiting, and he displayed no mean feat of strength, first the sac and then me lifted off. Well I thought, that was nice, shall I go round again? But duty called Chris was



Dolomites Cont...

. . . . up here somewhere on this mountain, toiling uphill. I sat anointed with oil and waited for her.

The next day we were getting fit, and fairly bombed along. By now we were getting used to seeing the same people each night at the Hut. We walked along with a mixed group of nationalities, all singing, we met a group of Italians and we all stood on the ridge conducting and singing The Grand March from Aida, it was superb. Then they asked us to sing, we didn't let the side down, we gave a perfect rendition of 'Ilkley Moor'. On and on we went, at one of the refugios the Guardian peeked at us and Sabina from Berlin, from out of the petunias on the balcony, whilst we sunbathed on his terrace. Then the longest day we had. We left Monte Pelmo and went via Monte Civetta's 7km long 1200m high line of cliffs. We dodged the stonefalls down the gullies and burnt off the Berliners and the other guy, proving that the scorned British mountains make a pretty good training ground. We waited for them at the col, but they stopped at an earlier hut and we didn't see them again. Meanwhile thin, high cloud had been forming and the hot sun wasn't so hot any more. Torre Venezia was huge, neck-aching stuff just to look up at it, past the pretty horses and foals and even more fluffy-eared cows, down the land-rover track and by this time feeling tired, the hut.

'I didn't get my passport this morning,' I said, horrorstruck. 'You did, I saw you,' she said. There it was after all, in its place in my sac. I became aware of a team of beautiful young men, bronzed with well muscled shoulders, wearing psychedelic tights, lazily watching with dark brown eyes. Chris was head down, arms whizzing her belongings backwards over her shoulders. 'I've lost my passport and money', she wailed. Nothing to be discovered about its whereabouts despite phoning other Refugios, the watching team wandered off. We decided that rather than go all the way back to last night's hut, to carry on out to the road at the next Passo, and Hitch back to where we'd stayed. The scenery was more impressive than ever, but moving really fast now, because of the worry of it all, we were soon at the road. The first car, a large brand new Mercedes stopped, and the driver took us 40 miles out of his way back to ~~Staglanza~~. His wife wasn't too impressed at all.

Chris jumped out the car, ran up the steps to the hut where the previously petunia peeking Guardian was waiting. He grabbed her, gave her large smacking, wet kisses both sides, Italian Style and produced passport, money and travellers cheques. £300 in all. Wasn't she, weren't we, lucky?

So we stayed another night there, and the poor man was banished to the kitchen by his wife, as punishment for the demonstration.

What should we do now? Get a lift back and finish the next day's walking? During the night we were awake with an electrical storm, and the morning was wet and manky. So we finished there, and hitched and bussed back to the car.

All part of a cracking good holiday!

There are six more Alta Vias too!

Joyce Foster-Kent & Chris Benjamin.

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WITHER GOEST THOU?

It could be vital that you leave word.

One weekend last November, Tyn Twr was quite busy. Not only was there a visiting group in, but two members and a guest as well; so I didn't have to talk to myself. These three, one of whom I had met a few times before, arrived rather late on the Friday night, and moved into the little back room with me. They were up and out fairly early (before 8am) planning to eat breakfast in a cafe. I noticed that they packed climbing gear, but left sleeping bags on thier bunks.

I was out quite late that Saturday night, attending a reunion dinner, so the hut was still as the grave when I returned, but for the odd snore. After a bite and a brew, it was about 2am when I went quietly up to bed. But there was no-one in my room to disturb; just three empty sleeping bags, lying as they had been left eighteen hours before. It was unlikely the lads had returned then gone elsewhere, but it would have been unreasonable to wake someone to ask.

When I first met the one I knew, he was a student in the area, so I suspected that they may have met up with friends and been invited to a party. To have gone without saying so would have been highly irresponsible, but some folk do stupid things on impulse. So on Sunday morning I went down to the 9.30am Mass, I half expected to see them there, but no sign. My dilemma was now, how soon should I report them missing. If benighted, they needed time to get down. But no point waiting until dusk before initiating a search, a second night out in winter would likely be the finish of someone lying injured.

By 11am I was getting really worried. Another half hour and I was telling my tale to the local constable; but it was all too brief. "How Many?" Three. Names? I could give only one. Make, colour and registration of vehicle? I hadn't even seen it. "Where had they gone?" Climbing. "But which crag? The whole of North Wales, from Tremadog to Gt Orme, the Moelwyns to Gogarth. The man in blue put down his pen and looked at me. "There isn't much I can do really, is there?" And I could only agree with him, feeling a right Charlie.

I said I would stay at Tyn Twr in case they came back and promised I would report their return immediately. Still no sign of them at 2pm when the constable and sergeant called in. They had alerted Llanberis police and were going to Ogwen Team Base to see if anything was going on. At 4pm our visitors came in, so I went off to see some friends. I returned at just past 5pm, the missing three were dining.

"Where the Hell have you been?" I was on edge, ready to tear into them if they had been socialising. But I soon calmed down as I listened to their tale.

Lliwedd had been their objective. They had found it very mossy, progress had been slow and they were still well below the top of the crag as darkness fell. Nor did they feel their situation convenient to abseil off. Bivvy bags were pulled on and a chilly night spent tied to the crag. A dry morning failed to make the rest of the route any easier, and it was 3pm when they descended to Pen-y-Pass. There they had the good sense to report to a Park Warden and were relieved to find that the policeman with him, already had a report that they were missing.



WHITHER GOEST THOU? Cont....

This experience led me to propose to the committee what had been in my mind for some time; that by the main door of each hut, a destination board should be provided. As an interim measure, Route Sheets are being provided and located near the Notice Boards in the Huts.

The onus then passes to you!

Are you prepared to help save your own life? Dont think it cannot happen to ME. My turn came last February.

I was but a beardless youth when I first took to the hills in the late forties and there is a lot of grey in my beard now. Over the last thirty-five years, before and since and during my time in RAF Mountain Rescue, I have helped to carry quite a few off the hill, but this was my first time on the stretcher.

I came off the first pitch of a route on Carn Dearg (Ben Nevis) and only fell 10 or 12 ft, but hit an aridge of hard ice with my shoulder, dislocating it. This I was unaware of, all I knew was that it hurt. I started to walk down, but the discomfort grew until all I could do was sit and nurse my arm. So after 3hrs or so I got my ride on the stretcher down to the CIC Hut, there being plenty of willing porters about, it was like Bank Holiday up there. Then came the big, yellow canary and I was being winched up to it. A couple of horrible jolts and I slid in. But they don't give you a Rolls Royce ride. The vibrations coming up through the stretcher felt like a cobbled street. When I was demobbed I swore that I would never fly again, but it didn't worry me that an identical Wessex from Leuchars had crashed on Ben More three weeks earlier. I was past caring, as the morphine took hold, except for my shoulder all I wanted was to get down to medical attention below. So the best thing about the ride, was that it was soon over. If you fancy a trip, this way is not recommended.

In case I sound ungrateful, I did thank God for The Lochaber Team, The RAF, and the National Health Service. My shoulder was soon put back into place, which was a tremendous relief, although it will be some months before it mends. The Belford hospital is the best hotel in town.

The lesson to be learned from both these incidents is that my accident occurred in good weather, with a lot of help about, and close to a rescue post. The CIC hut also has emergency radio. Yet five hours elapsed before my shoulder was put back.

My fears last November were that at the foot of some remote crag was a heap of bodies in need of medical attention, awaiting discovery. So don't load the dice against yourself. Tell someone of your plans AND fill in a route sheet as well. As for myself, if I get another 35 years on the hill before I'm due on the stretcher again, I'll not complain.

John Foster.

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ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB CAR STICKERS . . . . . You haven't got one yet? You aren't showing one in your car? Shame on you, not many left now, so hurry, hurry, send a S.A.E. with your 50p to me. Send straight away to Joyce Foster-Kent, 4, Godwin Avenue, Blackpool.



USEFUL ADDRESSES TO TEAR OUT AND KEEPBulletin Editors:

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HUT WARDENS

Buckbarrow: Frank Whittle, Old Strands, Nether Wasdale, Cumbria. Wasdale 265  
 Bishopscale: Alan Kenny, 81, Stanhope Ave, Torrisholme, Morecambe. 414615  
 Tyn Twr: Dave Armstrong, 26, Elmfield, Shevington, Nr Wigan 0257 425320  
 Dunmail: Tom Baron, The Post Office, Stavely, Kendal Cumbria.

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JUNIOR MEET BISHOPSCALE JULY 4/5th

There will be a Junior Meet at Bishopscale over the weekend Sat/Sun of 4/5th July, for children aged 10 - 15 years.

We plan to lay on rock-climbing and walking, the latter with maybe an overnight camp or other accommodation.

If we have an adequate response, we will provide a two day trip for reasonably strong walkers able to carry their own personal gear, sleeping bag, food, etc. Please note that for those staying at the hut, we hope to be able to provide Dinner on Sat. evening, if we can find some volunteers among the seniors, to provide the service.

For the overnight camp party we will provide Sat. dinner and Sun. breakfast and day rations for Sunday. Please provide your child with food for the hill, and breakfast on Saturday.

All taking part must be adequately equipped with wet weather gear, hat, gloves, boots etc. And if in doubt please phone and ask.

Cost is £5 per child, all inclusive. (For parents and any others for Sat even evening dinner, only £3 plus normal hut fees)

Please return the attached booking form to Derek Price, 10, Egerton Rd, Preston

Tel: 0772 727261

Junior Meet July 4/5th 1987Junior member's name

age

Ealking

R.Climbing.

1.

2.

3.

4.

Parent Name . . . . . Address

TelNo.

Amount Enclosed.

Return to Derek Price (address above)