



On the journey from Scotland to Wasdale. David, Christopher D. and Tristram.

Alex Downie

The kids were magnificent! Not a moan, a whinge or a blister to be seen. At the end, before the wonderful meal at Tyn Twr many of the younger ones were playing on the slate tip behind the hut, whilst mere adults gazed in wonderment....It is noticeable that the scheduled times allowed for walking the mountains were largely adhered to - even in hostile conditions. A tribute to the spirit and organisation existing in the Achille Ratti Climbing Club.

MASSIF CENTRAL BIKE RIDE

David Hugill.

JUNE 1995

Four members, John and Kath Hope, Peter McHale and myself, visited the Massif Central region of France this summer, with the object of staying and exploring the Cevennes.

Our route began at Lyon airport, and took us down the Gorges de Malleval past Mount Pilat, through Annonay eventually to Lamastre.

Some off road riding (old railway line) took us through Le Cheylard, then up into hill country via Mezilhac, followed by spectacular limestone gorges down the Volare river into Val les Bains.

The Ardeche river followed, again with spectacular limestone gorges, and after a welcome swim at Valln Pon d'Arc, and a steep long climb in baking heat, the plains between the Ardeche and the Cevennes were reached at Barrias.

Rock climbing was popular either side of the river at the nearby village of Casteljaud. We stayed for a couple of nights at a splendid farmhouse gite, before moving on to Villefort in the Cevennes, and to our destination at the old railway station of Concoules, owned by an old friend of mine in Morecambe.

Here, we stayed and explored the area, which is very hilly but with a great variety of woodland, and river valleys cutting deep into the landscape. The area was walked by Robert Louis Stevenson many years ago, and it is possible to follow his footsteps today.

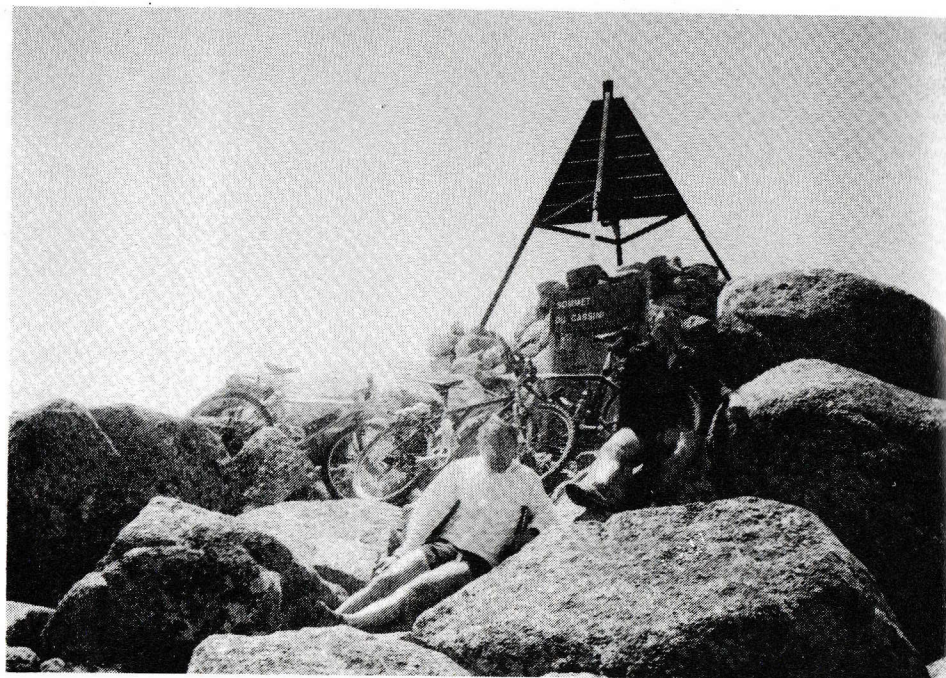
One day, using forest tracks and trails we cycled, and pushed our way to the summit of Pic Cassini at 1680m, an ascent of 1096m from our base at the station. An awkward descent via the Col d'Aigle took us to the road, and down to Villefort.

Taking the train northwards to Clermont Ferrand, we passed very impressive volcanic mountain scenery, the line snaking through deep river gorges, over many bridges, and through many tunnels.

It was then up the Loire, via the large town of Roanne, eastwards to Lyon, and an exciting ride through rush hour traffic (not recommended) took us to the youth hostel.

The whole trip took us two weeks, stopping in gites, caravans on campsites, and small hotels. Gear was kept to a minimum, but the stove and billys proved to be worth their weight in gold.

All four bikes behaved well, and I can't recall any punctures!



Peter McHale and John Hope on the summit of Pic Cassini. 1680m.

(Photographed by David Huggill)

USA 1995 - THE GARSTANG FAMILY

Elaine Garstang.

Having successfully backpacked around the Greek islands with 3 children in 1994, our 1995 holiday plans to tour western USA needed to be special.

There were plenty of pre-booked fly/drive holidays available but the itineraries left little time to experience areas that attracted us.

So we decided to do our own thing and flew out to San Francisco with only our return tickets, a few clothes, sleeping bags and a 4/5 berth tent.

Our three week holiday would take us in a clockwise direction to Yosemite, Death Valley, Las Vegas, Zion, Lake Powell, Grand Canyon, Sedona, San Diego, Santa Monica, Ventura County and flying out via Los Angeles.

A car is a necessity with the various destinations purposely mixed to offer a wider experience for the kids. The real memories however will be camping and experiencing the wilderness places.

Each of the kids have prepared an account of part of the holiday that was special for them.

Yosemite Falls - Robert Garstang - Age 13.

After the journey we went for a short walk to Lower Yosemite Falls. We were drenched by the spray but the 2425ft high falls in full flow from the melt water of June snows was spectacular.

We decided we would walk up the falls and so next day we set off early. At first the falls could not be seen. It was very quiet as we moved into the wilderness areas. Signs warning of bears were posted on the trail.

After a time we began to hear the falls but then we turned a corner to see the Upper falls in front of us. The Lower falls were below us.

As we moved nearer the noise was tremendous. We could feel drops of water on our face. Later when we were closer it felt like rain.

We kept climbing up the switchbacks until eventually we were level with the falls. We climbed onto a ledge immediately alongside the falls and looked out across the valley.

We then moved on up the mountain to Yosemite Point. Looking out we could see Half Dome, Glacier Point and the Merced River in

the valley below. El Capitan could not be seen from this point, but in the next few days we would see climbers on the rock face. It was very quiet on Yosemite Point. We only saw two other people once we climbed above the level of the falls.



At the top of Yosemite Falls

The Mist Trail - Gwen Garstang - Age 10.

In Yosemite there are four big waterfalls, Yosemite, Bridalveil, Nevada and Vernal Falls.

Having already climbed Yosemite Falls we attempted to climb Vernal Falls. These falls are 317ft high and the path to the top is known as The Mist Trail.

We were soon to find out why it was called this. A brisk walk on a warm afternoon took us to the mist. Jill put on her binbag (waterproofs) but the rest of us were brave. We were soon to regret this because for 15 minutes we were running uphill trying to get out of the freezing cold, 100ft high mist cloud off the waterfall roaring alongside us.

The spray was worse than having a cold shower. It took your breath away. Finally we sheltered under some trees, took a

photograph and took the last steps to the top.

It was very hot at the top so we found ourselves a perfect spot to dry off and take in the views.

On our way down it was just as bad but this time we all put on our binbags. Evenso we still got drenched.

As we reached the bottom we saw a black bear in the bushes. It had just been in the dustbins rumaging for food,

Grand Canyon - Jill Garstang - Age 12.

Having spent the previous day viewing the canyon from the Sontu Rim we decided we would walk down into the canyon.

We got up early, had a quick breakfast and set off to meet a ranger at 7.30 am. Walks set off early so as to avoid the heat of the day.

Remembering it was 7.30 am on the Sontu Rim of the Grand Canyon some 5000 miles from home Mum met someone she works with. The ranger could not believe it.

We set off walking down the canyon side. Down and round the many switchbacks.

The ranger was very good. We had to conserve water for the harder climb back. The River Colorado was too far for us and so we stopped at Cedar Ridge.

Then the weather broke. Clouds then thunder and lightning moved south towards us.

The ranger told us to walk back up the canyon but to avoid the edge where lightning always strikes.

After six hours of torrential rain we returned to view the sunset. The rocks were very red. White fluffy clouds hung in the valley below us. A great big rainbow over the canyon made all the rain worthwhile.

John Foster.

'How long have your kidneys been as bad as this? They are not working properly'. If Dr. MacDonald had kicked my legs from under me that brilliant day of early May 1993 I could not have been more taken a' back. I was in the surgery in Portree, to which I had been called to hear the results of a blood test.

It was not the death sentence it would have been forty years earlier, but it did seem to spell the end of the way of life I had led all of my adult years. It was the final piece of the jig-saw which made the picture clear. The reason why since Christmas I'd had one cold after another, why on the winter meet at Mill Cottage in February I could not keep up with Ben Carter and Roy Phillips (both older than me), why a week earlier when I had taken a couple of Munro baggers up Inaccessible Pinnacle I had been so slow with no enthusiasm for the climb, despite the marvellous rock architecture all around me.

The summer dragged by as I went steadily down hill (and unable to get up any), while Dr. MacDonald measured my degeneration by blood tests monthly, then fortnightly, then weekly. In early August my despondency reached its peak when he told me I'd need dialysis in a matter of weeks, so he'd better start to arrange it. The prospect of attending a major hospital every couple of days for haemo-dialysis was a prison sentence. Goodbye to Bishop's Scale, Tyn Twr and the croft.

'Not so', he said. Peritoneal dialysis, a DIY method, would probably be suitable for me, so once I had been fitted up with the essential plumbing I would be mobile again. By the time I entered the hospital in Liverpool for this in early September I was like a zombie, no energy, no appetite and feeling sick continually, as the poisons built up which the kidneys normally dealt with.

When this had been done I started a course of intensive dialysis, 12 hours a day, 3 days a week to scour me of the backlog of impurities which had accumulated. This lasted three weeks, and by then I was feeling wonderful, with a spring in my step once more, my energy and clarity of mind had returned. I was trained to change the dialysate myself and told I need only come back every couple of months for a check up.

That Friday I shot off to Tyn Twr feeling like Superman, to test myself where it mattered, on the hill. As I had been unable to do anything all summer, and the last time I had been above 3000ft was that April day on the In. Pin. there was no point tackling the North Ridge of Tryfan. The rolling hills of Carneddau would suffice, so it was up the Girlan on the Saturday morning and up the lane we descend on finishing the Fourteen Peaks. The Superman illusion quickly faded as I struggled up the ridge above Afon Caseg, 10 minutes was all I could manage before I ran out of steam and had to rest for an equal period to enable me to repeat the process. It would take all day to reach the

first top at this rate. By early afternoon I'd had enough, and dejectedly turned down hill.

Back at the hut I found that Jenny Massie and Keith Birkett had arrived, and brightened up when they invited me to join them on a climb. I agreed as long as I chose the crag and the route. After Mass on Sunday we went up to Milestone Buttress, which I could manage with it being so close to the road. With Jenny tied between us Keith led off up the first pitch of the Ordinary Route. Jenny soon followed then me and when I reached them carried on to lead the second pitch after a short rest. So we continued, taking alternate leads until we reached the last pitch, the vertical chimney in the back of the large square corner. Keith waltzed up it with ease, Jenny had a desperate struggle even with a tight rope, and I could not manage more than the first five feet. I had not realised that rock could be so polished outside of a stonemason's yard, so I consoled myself that the route was now far harder than when John Liptrót and I had made it our first Welch climb 39 years earlier. Keith too was consoling, pointing out that two large chockstones which had originally split the chimney into three sections had disappeared, and that he and Jenny were wearing rock boots while I was in bendy boots with bionic soles (a great misnomer). So I thanked God that while I was no longer the lad I once was I could still get among the hills and do a bit.

A couple of weeks later I was back at the hospital for my first check up. When the senior consultant asked me how I was I made the mistake of saying that I felt so well that I had been rock-climbing. 'Tut, tut' was the response; walking, yes; climbing, no; was the sentence he handed down, until I had a transplant and the cannula could be removed from my abdomen.

Through the winter my behaviour was impeccable, with limited forays above 1000ft but most of my walking was at a low level. By Easter I was back on Skye, and as nature slowly awoke from its hibernation my thoughts turned to sun bathed Cuillin and the feel of warm dry gabbro under my fingers. In my imagination I could see the holds on the Corner Route up the side of the Great Slab leading to the neck behind the Cioch, up which I had led many a rope over the years. This climb was a doddle, and I was once so familiar I could have led it blindfold. Surely I could come to no harm on this, especially if I had a leading machine. And it became my target, but neither of my sons same up as I had hoped, and the operation was put on hold until 1995.

Another winter slid by and I kept moderatley fit with low level walking, but only marginally faster than a tortoise on any steep sections. May was the coldest I have known on Skye, but I was feeling great and my confidence grew that this summer I would make it.

Mike arrived in early August, knowing what was on my mind, but it was oh so hot. The temptation to potter about in the boat was resisted, and only mad dogs and Mike and myself headed up the track into Coire Lagan. We were late setting off, but the vast rock faces were empty, everyone else was festering on the beach or cooling off in the pub.

Maybe it was the heat, for I decided to shun the easy route and fancied the Cioch Guiley instead. This is a 600ft V.Diff up the western side of the Cioch Buttress, but we could easily avoid the hard pitches near the top. The bottom half is so easy we soloed, but as it steepened we tied the rope on, and led through at first. It was a great relief to be in the shade, for the air was so warm the usual cool draught up the chimney was very pleasant. This was climbing at its best, and my confidence rose.

'Do you fancy leading the final V.Diff pitches, Mike?' I had led Keith up the whole route about twenty years ago, and I know there was a strenuous chimney, followed by a lay back. He said he'd have a go and set off, his grunts drifting down to me for he hasn't done much in recent years either. The chimney slopes to the left, and it's a case of backing up rather than straddling. I managed it OK and then watched him tackle the layback. That too slopes to the left, so the weight is more on the legs than the arms. A long run out, then the remaining slack is taken in and away I go. Keep moving, if I pause my arms will tire, and before long I'm on to easier ground. Back into the sunlight and onto the Cioch itself. Elation the equal of any I have known in 50 years on the hill. There's life in the old dog yet, and if my number comes up in the great national lottery for transplants I will surely be rejuvenated.

So the message for all you old fogeys who think you are has beens is don't believe it, don't accept it. Get out there and do what you can while you can, for you know not what lies in wait around the corner. It was a return to the Cuillin for Mike as well as me, and our pints that night were well and truly earned.



The Cioch Buttress is in the centre, with the Cioch at its apex. Cioch Guiley runs up its right hand side. The Western Buttress is in the shadow on the right.

BOB GRAHAM ROUND (CLOCKWISE) BY ROBERT GREEN 20.8.95 21 HOUR SCHEDULE

Robert Green.

I suppose it was inevitable that one day I would attempt the Bob Graham round following in the footsteps of so many Achille Ratti members. I entered the Fellsman's Hike in May, and Leo Pollard suggested that if I could complete the Hike in under 18 hours I should attempt the BG. I completed the Hike in 15 hours 15 minutes so I thought I may as well attempt the BG this year. With work commitments and holidays, the weekend of 20th August was chosen, bit late in the year, but I was quite confident.

As the time approached 2.00am standing by Moot Hall, the tensions of the last few weeks were beginning to flow away and disappeared as soon as we started running down the road to Fitz park and Skiddaw with my father-in-law Leo Pollard, accompanied by Neil Sale and Wes Jones, who were pacing me over the first important section.

The night was clear with almost half a moon to help us. The weather was very warm so I decided that shorts and Halley Hansen top only would be sufficient. At times even that was hot.

I felt strong and reached the first top on schedule. The terrain from Skiddaw was difficult up to Great Calva and even tougher from Great Calva to Blencathra. Climbing up Blencathra I pulled away with Wes Jones and we descended Hall Fell ridge in daylight. Leo and Neil followed about 1/4hr behind. We arrived at Threlkeld fresh and ready for the drink of tea supplied by my wife Diane and Howard Smith, who were the support team. I had a bowl of rice pudding and some cake. The new team for the Dodds were Colin Jones, Colin Mathews, Albert Sunter, Eddie Hicks and Jeff Hollaway.

With a change of socks and another cup of tea we were off. With the recent weather the importance of fluid intake was foremost in my mind, so frequent drinks were the order of the day. Clough Head came easily and we moved steadily over the Dodds. The sun was heating up as we reached Helvellyn. Dollywagon to Fairfield was tough but I still felt strong. Descending Seat Sandal I could see that the support car was not there, then there was a red flash as the car arrived. We had started this section 15 minutes down and came to Dunmail 30 minutes up, so they were not quite ready for us.

With a change of socks and food and drink, I put my suncap on and set off. 30 minutes up with a new team of Bill Mitton, Alan Kenny, Dave Hugill and Eddie McGrath, my long suffering running partner who had helped in my training and build up to the BG. We also had Howard Smith and Robert Hope who came to the summit of Steel Fell with us and then returned to Dunmail.

The heat was now making me drink more and more. The pace was kept up. Bill Mitton dropped off into Langdale at Harrison Stickle with an injured back. We had arranged to meet Peter McHale on Rosset Pike and by the time I reached there I needed a

rest, food and drink. Peaches and tea revived me enough and after 15 minutes we set off for Bowfell and Wasdale. The descent down into Wasdale was hard and Yewbarrow, across the valley, looked awesome. We arrived at Wasdale 30 minutes up but tired. I sat in the shade and had a potato pie, rice pudding and cake. I needed 24 minutes rest to tackle the next section with the help of John Hope and Arthur Daniels. Arthur set off ten minutes before us and we met him at the fence. It didn't seem to take long before we reached Yewbarrow 20 minutes up, this section proved to be very difficult to keep eating and drinking. Although I felt I was slowing down all the time I remained 20 minutes up all the way through the section.

When we reached Great Gable the thought of finishing within the schedule seemed possible. The descent became painful but we kept moving and I felt happy with myself.

At Honister I wanted a quick change and to be off again. I was greeted by a cheering crowd from the Youth Hostel. I found out later that they had seen Diane setting up the food stall and asked what was going on, so someone explained and they waited for me to take pictures and applaud. I had a lot of encouragement from Diane and brother-in-law Gary Pollard (who had taken over from Howard Smith at Dunmail in the support car) to keep going and I would finish it easily.

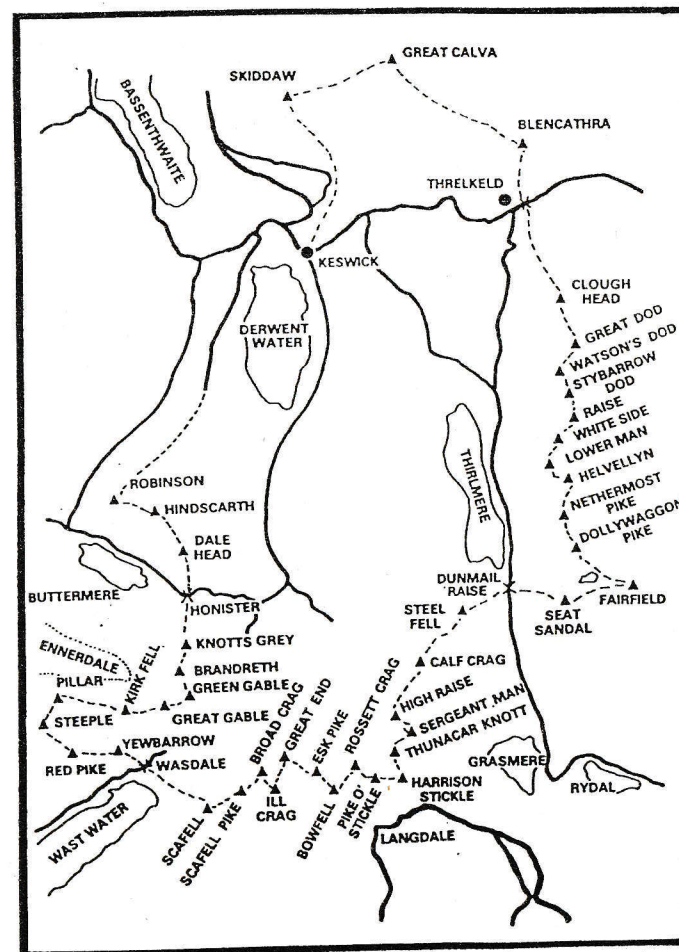
I had a quick drink and a cake, changed a T Shirt to a long sleeved running top and set off after 6 minutes. The team for the last section was Colin Jones (who had run the second section) Alan Jones, Jeff Sale, Gary Pollard and the only lady runner Natasha O'Boyle. We did not need torches until we descended off Robinson towards Newlands church. I became impatient and wanted to finish within 21 hours. Descending the crags hurt but as soon as we got to the track I began to loosen up. I sent a message to Diane with Colin Jones to get some road shoes ready for a quick change at Newlands church. When we arrived I found that I had not brought my own shoes so I had to borrow Leo's, but that's what families are for! A quick drink and shoes on and I was off. It was 10.15, I had 45 minutes to get to the Moot Hall, was it possible? I thought I'd give it a go. I took my head torch off and ran by other lights, every uphill I had to walk. I reached a sign 3 miles to Keswick, 15 minutes to go, no chance! But I had to keep going. As I reached the bridge outside Keswick it was still not 11.00pm. I sprinted across the park, the sound of my watch echoed in my head I had not managed sub 21 hours but I did manage to keep sprinting the last half mile to reach the Moot Hall at 11.04.44. I slapped the door, FINISHED.

When I was running up the main street, there was music playing, Glen Miller I think, crowds of people dancing, surely not for me, no, it was Keswick V J Day celebrations. But there was enough supporters and my family present to see me finish and I had my own party. After five minutes they played the National Anthem. What an end to a tough, hot but enjoyable day.

My thanks to all those who helped, runners, supporters and friends. A special thanks to Leo and Freda who helped organise the run and Elaine Garstang, her children Robert, Gill and Gwen

who helped to look after our children whilst we were out enjoying ourselves! Without the family support it would not have been possible to complete the Bob Graham Round.

THE BOB GRAHAM ROUND



RETURN TO VIETNAM

Keith Foster.

The onward flight from Moscow.....

We landed only once enroute, at a snowy and very cold Novosibirsk, for the pilot's tea break and to fill up with vuodtka. Then flew almost due south, seeing the dawn break over Mongolia, a crumpled white landscape of nameless 6000m peaks below, strongly picked out in the morning sun.

The weather was crystal clear, absolutely fantastic. Crossing into China near Urumchi I could pick out sections of the Wall of China, unravelling north of the vast Taklemaka Desert, huge, tan dunes etched in relief by the long shadows. Then down across Qinghai and the eastern Tibetan province of Amdo, swinging onto a south eastward bearing around the isolated, snow plastered massif of Anymachin. In the distance the awesome, pristine white flanks of the Himalaya soar across the horizon like heavily crumpled panels of a large truck after a very high speed impact. Kangchenjunga, Makalu, Mount Everest, Cho Oyu, Shishampangma and Annapurna to name but a few of the highest peaks in the world are plainly picked out across the huge distance. This staggering vista made my heart ache for the high places of Nepal, and as we turned and slipped past Chomalhara and the kingdom of Bhutan I wished that Kathmandu was my destination.

Cruising on, the edge of the highest plateau in the world dips with the camber and curve of a storm beach. The vast tan and snow bound landscape etched with a minutiae of breathtaking detail, roads, rivers and Chinese Gulags or Lao Gai concentration camps and collective farms. The land gives way to a very different coat of black and very dark green cloth, swathing detail into obscurity. To the south, behind the tapering tail of the Himalaya, towering clouds of cumulo nimbus billow in steaming crescendo over Myanmar (Burma). Visualising the tropical rain forests in anticipation, I could feel the humid, cloying heat and hear the buzz-saw of crickets and the click of insects. Not soon enough, the verdant rice paddies of Vietnam came into view as we descend through the clouds. The rich green, pock-marked with numerous circular fishponds, legacy of America's bombing campaign during Vietnam's war of independence. Trundling past rows of antiquated MIG fighters and their concrete bomb shelters from the same era, we ease to a halt, and the whine from the engines die away, truly a flight to remember.

(Extract from a letter. Keith is Field Director in Vietnam for 'Frontier' the Society for Environmental Exploration, and is based in Hanoi).

THE DOLOMITES - A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ROUTES COMPLETED BY DAVE HUGILL AND PETER DOWKER IN JULY, 1995.

Dave Hugill.

Peitlerkofel - South Ridge. A straightforward ascent of the Refugio Zannes (1685m), at first through alpine woods and meadows, then via Refugio Genova (2297m) to a col at the base of the rocky South Ridge.

In fine sunny weather, the ridge to the summit (2875m) offered fine scrambling with wire rope protection, to our first Dolomite summit. Some snow remained on the summit, but the panorama all round was the most impressive sight with the Austrian peaks of the Zillertal, Stubai and Otztal alps all clearly visible. Looking south and west all the major Dolomite ranges could be seen, with the white bulk of the Marmaloda, glistening in the distance.

As an introduction, we can recommend this summit, which is accessible from the Val di Funes, east of Brixen. A small chalet on the descent path serves huge slices of applestrudal, and milk straight from the cow, also recommended!

Pisciadu (2985m) Summit. (Sella Group). The via ferrata Brigata Tridentina leads steeply up the craggy flanks of a deep gash on the north side of the mountain. The second half of the route is steeper, and includes ladders and an airy suspension bridge. A short walk to the hut, then a 90 minute walk and scramble takes you to the summit. Here in very damp, threatening weather the metal cross fizzled alarmingly and one's hair rose on head and arms, so we beat a hasty retreat!

Sass Songher (2665m). (Puez Group). A good summit to do from Covara in Val Badia. Steep scrambling near the top is well protected, reversed to a col, and then a route through limestone scenery, reminiscent of the Yorkshire Dales, is possible to provide a good day out.

Civetta Summit via ordinary route. (3220m) A long, rocky, broken route with protection at various places, across waterfalls and crag faces. Much broken scree was encountered, after a pause at the Refugio Torrani (2934m), the final slopes consist of boulders and scree, but the views from the summit especially across to the bulk of Mt. Pelmo, and a descent in late afternoon sunshine made it a memorable day.

A grade (e) Via ferrata exists which would probably have provided a better ascent route, using the normal route for descent.

Monte Piano (2324m) An old path leads up through woods to the short via ferrata up steep walls and ravines to the summit plateau. Old gun emplacements, caves and trenches abound all over the mountain, and the whole area is a historic monument to the 1915-1917 mountain war.

Cristello Cima de Mezzo (3163m) A fine route from the Lorengi Hut to the central summit of Monte Cristallo. We did this route in the late afternoon, after a walk up the valley, and a cable car trip to the hut. Snow patches and distant approaching thunder, added a bit of urgency as we reversed the route back to the refuge for the night.



Pete Dowker on the Cima de Mezzo (Cristallo) via ferrata to summit (3163m)

Ivano Dibona High Level Traverse Hut. (Cristello Group) This route starts at the Lorengi Hut, and takes the ridges westward, and includes protected sections, iron ladders, and an airy

suspension bridge. Fine situations, views over to the Pomagagnon range, and old military outposts, all add interest to the route.

Punta Fiames (2240m) (Pomagagnon range) An excellent via ferreta (grade d) winds up the apparently vertical south face of the mountain. The route provided good climbing and airy situations, though not difficult.

We based ourselves just north of Cortina for our last two routes. There is a good campsite (Olympia) near the Hotel Fiames.

Col Rosa (Tofana Group) (2166m). An approach path leads up through attractive woodland to a col, the route rises steeply to the summit. Good ledges, chimneys, and slabby sections, provided possibly the most technical route of our visit. A little on the short side, but after a fortnight's activity, a good long sundrenched lunchbreak on the summit was very welcome!

Rope Drag (or the Joys of Leading)

First of all there is 'The Route'.
Before you even get off the ground,
guidebook in hand, eyes skidding
over instantly forgotten directions poured.
And no doubt kindly meant
by some overly casual wit.

Then there is the cringing Too-far-up-already.
Brandishing a fistful of hopeless warmongery
at a resolutely unsuitable wall.

Often an audience of temporarily patient climbers
form a queue beneath you, greatly enhancing
an already heightened 'Sense of Exposure'!

But,
The last straw.
Is that the nearer your destination you get -
The more -
Your erratically placed protection -
turns -
Your -
Final delicately balanced movements
Into a ridiculous -
Tug of War!

Bryony White

Tom Baron.

Author's note.

This account contains such of the history and origins of Dunmail as are known by me or can be gleaned from the Bishop's own writings, plus perhaps a little conjecture. However there are obvious gaps which can be filled from memories of other members and there is research to be done elsewhere. Time has not permitted this further exploration now, but members who have knowledge are invited to put it on paper so that a complete, definitive history may be written in the foreseeable future.

Early days and the acquisition of Dunmail.

The story of Dunmail is nearly as long and nearly as gripping as the story of Achille Ratti itself. Each portrays the conception of ideas, painful growth to life and subsequent successes, failures and recoveries. The year 1996 sees the 50th anniversary of the concept of Dunmail and sees it yet again at a crossroads which is quite unnecessary and is indeed a reflection of uninformed or forgetful membership. Dunmail most certainly is not a redundant hut that no-one knows what to do with - it is the embodiment of one of the first principles of the C.B.A. and it requires and deserves to be so treated.

We all know of the origins of Achille Ratti in the Blackpool Catholic Boys Association, formed in the mid-1930's at St.Cuthbert's by Fr.Pearson, and of the frequent visits to the Lakeland hills. A fellow curate at St.Cuthbert's around 1937/38 was Fr.George Atkinson who quickly became a C.B.A. enthusiast. In 1938 Fr.Atkinson was appointed Parish Priest of Mater Amabilis at Ambleside, with a new church which had been opened in 1933. The old "tin church" (A green painted corrugated iron structure half way up the hill in front of the new church) was still standing.

The two priests soon had their heads together and in the blazing hot August of 1939 - just before the outbreak of war around forty members of the C.B.A. went to camp in the old tin church. The following year (1940) they returned in greater numbers following the first-ever summit Mass, said by Fr.Pearson on the top of Scafell Pike to implore Our Lady to save us from the threatened invasion after the fall of France, and to bring us peace.

It was during this camp that Johnny Schofield, then a boarder at St.Joseph's College, Blackpool, after listening to accounts of life in Alpine Refuges, asked his innocent but shattering question "Why can't we have a hut of our own?" Within a week Fr. Atkinson had contacted Cyril Bulman of the Old Dungeon Ghyll and secured the use of a barn with kitchen and lounge built in, behind the New Dungeon Ghyll, at a rental of £25 a year. So the

future ARCC acquired its first hut.

Returning to the tin church. During the war years and after, groups from schools and colleges, etc., from all over Lancashire were in camp there each year from June to the end of September. One camp had over a hundred youngsters! This was surely the forerunner of Dunmail! The noise and nuisance must have been a problem - not only to Fr.Atkinson but also to the residents of Wansfell Road and it is not surprising that the local council eventually brought this use of the old tin church to an end.

Fr. Atkinson was very much a priest of his people. He preferred to be with them in their working environment, so becoming one with them. His parish was enormous and he wasn't bothered about 'boundaries'. It was he who in 1943 found Mr.Gass and rented Buckbarrow Farm in Wasdale for £50 a year, so establishing the second members hut.

It was also Fr.Atkinson who got to know a Mrs. Wright of Bolton-by-Bowland who had allegedly come to the lakes to escape the bombing (not, surely in Bolton-by-Bowland!) She had bought the old Isolation Hospital at Dunmail Raise - for what purpose I do not know. Fr.Atkinson and Fr.Pearson went to look at it. To quote the Bishop himself from two sources:-

"Indeed it looked as if there had been a bomb on the ground floor, it was so pitted and mutilated"....."....there was a cow in the bedroom and the other rooms were full of sheep, sheltering from the snow and wind. Fr.Atkinson got rid of the cow and the sheep".

"We had no further aspirations at the time....but the real reason of this hut was because there are so many who have charge of Colleges and Clubs who are anxious to introduce boys to the hills and yet cannot take them to the climbing huts, that we felt something ought to be done to meet this need. Here was the ideal situation on the slopes of Helvellyn....being on the main road and connected by a regular bus service with Windermere station....."

The club of course had no money but Jack Doherty, a provision merchant from Blackpool came up with about £600 in £5 notes as an interest free loan. The property was bought for £799 excluding the trees, which had to remain while Mrs.Wright and her agent Captain Pinkerton were alive. They have since died. A further loan of £1000 was obtained from the Diocese.

Plans for conversion of the building were ambitious. To quote the Bishop, speaking at the 1946 A.G.M.:-"...It must be warm and cheerful, with the best of accommodation, fittings and cooking facilities. It was to be a "show place", a model of what a mountain hostel should be...(plans had been drawn up) for complete internal reconstruction, showers, baths, hot and cold water systems, drainage and sanitary arrangements and external renovation to the windows and roof". The cost would be £648 -17 shillings. Additionally it was proposed to install central heating. There would also be a small 'climbers room' for the use by members.

Raising the money.

So it was all decided, the new centre was to go ahead. Fr's Pearson and Atkinson smooth talked people, called favours in and doubtless twisted a few arms, and it all began to happen.

The upper floor in the main part of the building was weak and three massive girders were brought from Blackpool and installed. They may not have come from the Tower but they were certainly overkill!

But most of the work would have to be paid for and loans would have to be repaid. The Club had no such money and no means of raising it. Fortunately, at that time the idea of providing a centre such as has been described was one that appealed - particularly to the ladies. The 14 year old lads of 1946 had been 7 year olds in 1939. If they had lived in the cities they had gone through evacuation, or bombing or both! By the time they were 9 most of their dads had gone off to war and were only just coming back. For some, peace had come too late and Dad wasn't coming back!

Ladies everywhere had put a lot of effort into Forces Welfare. In particular the CWL had run Forces Canteens. All this was coming to an end but here was a new cause! Ladies Committees were formed - certainly in Blackpool and Carlisle and probably elsewhere - and money was raised.

But apart from a few generous donations from members - three members had made a spontaneous joint offer of £250 at the 1946 AGM - the money was raised from - and largely by - well wishers outside the Club. By and large it did not come from the Club or membership itself.

A brief history of the building.

This has to be brief because not a lot is known. Research is needed here!

Certainly the building was known as the old fever hospital and appeared on the Bartholomew map as 'Raise Cottage'. I think it stopped being used as a fever hospital in the early 1920's and few, if any Grasmere residents of today remember it being used as such.

The building is clearly in two parts - the rear portion being built of boulders with the front extension largely of quarried slate. The construction and situation of the rear portion suggests a traditional Lakeland back barn, probably built in the 19th century. It does not appear on the first Ordnance Survey Map of 1859, nor - according to Derek Price - is it mentioned in any of Dorothy Wordsworths writings, but then as a simple back barn it might not have been worthy of comment.

The front portion was presumably added when the building was converted into a fever hospital, around a hundred years ago.

After its use as a fever hospital ceased Raise Cottage was the home of the Allonby family. Mrs. Allonby may or may not have been the last caretaker of the fever hospital but Mr. Allonby was a roadman for the local council (opinion favours Grasmere U.D.C. rather than Westmoreland County). Mr. Allonby drove the steam roller!

There was a front garden on the Grasmere side, traces of which remain, although the stone of the back wall was used to build the gas bunker! Mrs. Allonby did afternoon teas and the like for passing travellers and was said to make more money doing that than Mr. Allonby did driving the steam roller.

One day around '87/88 when George and Pat Partridge were at Dunmail doing some decorating, a couple turned up and asked to see inside. They had stayed at Dunmail in 1938 on their honeymoon cycle trip through the Lakes. So evidently Mrs. Allonby also did bed and breakfast.

In the late 30's the council estate was built at Benfield, just below the Swan, and the Allonby's were rehoused there. We do not know whether Mrs. Wright or anyone else lived at Raise Cottage afterwards. The likelihood is that it was left empty and allowed to deteriorate until re-discovered by Fr. Atkinson and purchased as described above.

Dunmail 1947-1975.



Official Opening of Dunmail in 1947 by Bishop Flynn

Dunmail was got ready and duly opened in 1947 (see photograph). I know little of this period but presume that it was operated as planned. I believe that Jack Whiteside was the first hut warden but suspect that visits were arranged by the Bishop, Fr. Atkinson and Dr. Frank Rickards, and that "getting things ready" and solving whatever problems arose were left to Jack.

The Club lost the use of the Langdale hut at New Dungeon Ghyll in 1951 and I presume that this led to increased use of the "climbers room" at Dunmail by members. However, to quote the Bishop again:-

"...Dunmail is hostelling and we are Fell Walkers and Rock Climbers - we want to be more in the heart of things".... subsequently the barns at Raw Head were acquired and Jack Whiteside was called up for service there. I don't know who took over at Dunmail.

My first visit to Dunmail was at Whitsun 1950 or '51. A group of us from St. Mary's, Morecambe had heard of the annual Whitsun Mass on Helvellyn and wanted to attend. We were put in touch with Frank Rickards who encouraged us to base our ascent on Dunmail.

We arrived at Dunmail on Sunday evening. Mass was to be at 7.00am and take-off was planned for about 4.00am. The hut was choc-a-bloc, with bodies everywhere. We had small tents for seven or eight of us. It was going to be a long hard night!

We went down to Wythburn to begin our ascent and returned the same way. We were very appreciative of the caring atmosphere during the ascent, at the Mass and afterwards at Dunmail when Fr. Atkinson and others chatted to us.

A couple of years later I was leading a week's fell walking for a party of four from St. Mary's, starting in the Grasmere area. Three of us were ex-war service and we didn't fancy Pernatta the ex-Palestine police warden of Thorney Howe Youth Hostel. Frank Rickards gave us permission to stay Sunday night at Dunmail.

When we arrived there were about four members in residence. They received us well but it was clear that the lounge and the front of the hut were theirs. We were to sleep in the main dorm and sit in the kitchen. But one of them was going by motor-bike to the Travellers and he offered to bring back a few bottles for us!

We paid 1/6 (7 1/2p) each for the overnight fee. It would have been 1/- (5p) as members at a Youth Hostel. The accommodation was spartan. Ex-army double bunks with horsehair mattresses which had clearly done "life" at Catterick or elsewhere stood on a bare-wooden floor. The shower was communal with two or three heads over a lead-lined plinth.

For the next several years I was happily fell-walking - mainly solo - with the aid of a 1" map, a compass and a Ribblesdale bus timetable. Later Rita came on the scene and I introduced her to the fells. We were on the fells most Sundays finishing our day with Benediction at Fr. Atkinson's church, followed by a quick

pint in the Royal Oak before the 7.30 bus home. It was Fr. Atkinson who introduced us as members of ARCC in the later 1950's.

The decline and rebirth of Dunmail.

In the early summer of 1975 (I think) I had a call from Maise Armistead. I had known Maise and Maurice for a long time - both had been at the Helvellyn Mass and Maurice had been with me when we stayed at Dunmail a year or two later. Maise was now Deputy Head of St. Mary's Primary School, Morecambe, and it was her custom each summer to take the top class to Dunmail for a weekend. It was their leaving present!

I think she rang me on the Monday evening and was concerned about the splintered state of the floors in the main dorm and toilet areas. She wanted me to acquire floor covering for those areas so that her flock would not get splinters in their feet.

I twisted a few arms and by Wednesday I had six or eight rolls of Lancastrium (felt base floor covering) and the use of the Halton Scout Group van, plus driver, to get it all to Dunmail.

We took it up on Thursday evening and had the required areas and back stairs covered in record time. Time even for a jar or two in the Travellers on the way home. But it was obvious that Dunmail had run down very seriously. Frankly it was a mess!

Later that year two things happened which were either directly triggered by the above or at least followed as a logical progression.

Firstly there was another call from Maise. She told me of the formation of what came to be known as "The Morecambe Group". This was evidently a group of people - not Achille Ratti members - who were concerned about the state that Dunmail was in, and concerned that it should continue to fulfil the role for which it had been originally conceived and developed. They had evidently approached the Club and offered to take over the running of the building and to be responsible for it. Maise was obviously a prime mover in this but I did not ask and was not told who the others might be or what finance they had available. The object of the call was to ask if - assuming that their bid was successful - I would be willing to help in any practical way.

Not dreaming at that stage that I would in fact fairly soon become hut warden of a new rejuvenated Dunmail with a brief from Terry Hickey that was virtually "Get on with it - don't bother us - and don't ask for any money" I told Maise that while I would support them enthusiastically I did not have time for practical involvement. How wrong can one be?

The other event was yet another call from Maise. The "Morecambe Group" bid had either been rejected or withdrawn, Dunmail had been closed, and the Club intended to restore and re-open it as soon as possible. Part of the plan was to convert the desperate toilet situation area into pleasantly acceptable separate ladies and gents facilities. Floor tiles were required

and the Club asked Mrs. Armistead to approach her "floor covering contact", not realising that I was a member!

Rita and I went to Dunmail one Sunday at the beginning of December to measure the proposed area. It was a dark snowy day and we went into cloud at the Travellers. When we got to Dunmail most people had left for home. Going into the kitchen through the back door we realised that there was no ceiling. The toilet floor had proved to be rotten and had been removed, together with the back stairs. I estimated the area of the resultant space and we left for home. In the circumstances we didn't even stop at the Travellers!

On a lighter note - getting the tiles was not a problem. Getting them for free was another matter and I had no brief to spend money. Linoleum production had gone to Scotland but an ex-Lancaster colleague made suitable tiles available from "development stock" at a nominal price. But they had to come through the Kirkcaldy shop who would expect to see some money pass! I got the tiles transferred to the Lancaster shop where the manageress (who I'd known since she was sixteen) agreed to accept payment in simulated fur coats from my own "development stock"!

We delivered the tiles to Dunmail on another Sunday. We found lots of members beavering in every direction. The old central heating system long since wrecked by frost was on its way out, distemper had been scraped off the walls, a fireplace was coming out of the old chapel. And so on!

In total contradiction of what I had told Maise Armistead about having no time for practical involvement we got involved! That same afternoon we were scraping walls.

After that, for us and for an impressive number of others it was most weekends at Dunmail. Terry Hickey was the Power House, there were other members with expert skills - and there were the rest of us who did what we could. Don and Rolley Woodburn were doing building work and Peter Stott was doing the woodwork - floors windows and doors.

For several months there were no toilets so, for the ladies at least there had to be "toilet runs" to the Travellers or Grasmere. We could clearly not sleep at Dunmail so on Saturday nights it was over to Bishop's Scale!

The work went on for nearly two years in which time the interior of the hut was almost renewed. New water tanks were put in the roof, a new gas boiler was installed, the plumbing was entirely renewed, new toilets and a bathroom were built, two small dormitories were created in the front extension and the old coke boiler house became a drying room. "New" dining tables and chairs came from Woolworths at Blackpool. The Colour Dept. at Lune Mills was turning out regular 5-gallon mixes of white emulsion and the whole interior was decorated.

One Monday evening when I was at an SVP meeting Rita had a call from Derek Price. Would she become the new booking secretary,

and since it was desirable to have hut warden and booking secretary in the same house would I like to be hut warden. We were told that the "normal" tour of duty was three years. We held the jobs for more than fifteen years!

When the work-force left and we took over we found enough pieces to assemble 16 beds. Our first party was due next weekend and wanted 16 places! I was offered six beds from Tyn Twr (two triple deckers) and went to get them in my Cortina Estate. It was a tight squeeze - there wasn't really room for a driver! Later Joyce Kent told me that the bunks had been pinched from Dunmail in the first place.

Morecambe Queen Victoria Hospital provided two beds and Fr. Tony Duffy brought half a dozen single beds from the North East. Lune Mills engineers converted them into double deckers for me. Dunmail was back in business!

Dunmail Fell Centre.

When Dunmail re-opened enough people knew or heard about it to provide as much business as we could cope with at the time. We were short of blankets and pans and there were other little refinements and improvements to be done. Security was an obvious problem and we were not prepared to accept that Dunmail would be broken into regularly. Friends in Morecambe provided blankets etc. and Lune Mills Engineers made security bars. I asked for old cooking equipment from the Works Canteen and was given £30 to go and buy what I wanted!

We instituted a strict regime. Parties were told what was expected and if they did not conform they were told in no uncertain terms. A letter to the Headmaster usually did the trick!

When things settled down we prepared a brochure and sent a copy to every school, college and youth organisation listed in the Diocesan Directory. We circularised places like Brathay Hall, the YMCA Lakeside Centre and indeed everywhere that we could see a youth connection. We gave priority to youth bookings but were conscious of the need to get money in, and so took bookings - especially repetitive ones - from clubs and social groups of adults.

As confidence grew I decided to give the place a name and called it the "Dunmail Fell Centre". I renovated the old signboard and got it painted in American Ancio lettering by a colleague from the Design Dept. at Lune Mills. It cost me a four pint can of Boddington's!

After a couple of years we got the usage up to 190-200 bed nights a year. Two hundred nights seemed to be a sort of sound barrier and I think we only exceeded it two or three times. But 200 nights a year is an average of nearly four nights a week throughout the year! Not in any way a bad average!

At this level of usage the hut was turning in a nice regular annual profit - indeed the only year in my whole wardenship that

it did not turn in a profit was '81/82 when we had the main part of the hut re-roofed. It cost £8000 and our trading surplus of just under £3000 was not enough! But not even Bishop's Scale could not have self-financed a project of that magnitude!

It would be nice to embark on a detailed account of the sorrows and joys of our wardenship - yes, there were many joys among the sorrows - but space does not permit. Suffice perhaps to say that along the way the main dormitory was divided giving much greater flexibility, the bathroom was replaced by two shower cubicles, new canvas sling beds were provided and the lounge fireplace was rebuilt. Thanks to George Partridge the long-standing flooding problem was understood and remedied! And through all this Dunmail served its purpose and continued to turn in a nice profit for the Club.

Along the way we picked up quite a number of groups of physically and mentally handicapped youngsters. The condition of some of the kids and the obvious devotion of the helpers tore at ones heart-strings, and after a nod from Terry Hickey I let many of these parties stay for a nominal fee - or sometimes no fee at all. This was surely in keeping with the original purpose of Dunmail and we were pleased and proud to have been part of it.

I have mentioned above the sorrows and the joys of wardening Dunmail. There is no need to reflect on the sorrows, but some readers might question the joys.

The joy came from making Dunmail do what it had been conceived to do - bringing kids from the inner cities where the environment was decaying brick, smoke and grot, to the freedom, fresh air and beauty of our Lakeland hills. The joy was to be seen in their faces and certainly went through to my heart.

And when we got latched into the handicapped kids - it was flaming hard work - but joy became sheer heaven. Here was the total "job satisfaction"! One group of kids each left a hand-drawn "Thankyou Tom and Rita for letting us use your lovely house".

I imagine that wardening a members hut brings social satisfaction. Wardening Dunmail is something different.

Eventually in 1990, when I was 65, we realised that we were finding it harder and that the place was beginning to slip back. It was time for us to go and we slipped away quietly without too much fuss. In our last year of wardenship the gross income at Dunmail had been £9000.

Much has been done since then by others - more progress and more improvements, including the provision of electricity. But this is recent history, better known to others and I will not attempt to recount it.

The Crossroads.

In spite of the recent work and improvements referred to above, a new crisis arose in 1994. At the AGM of that year it emerged

that Dot and Jim were less happy with their roles as hut warden and booking secretary. Dot - who was not present - was reported to be advocating the sale of Dunmail, and Jim - who gave the Dunmail report - said that Dunmail "could not continue to be run as it is". One gathered that nothing was being done to promote usage, which was already declining. At the Annual Dinner that evening I was assured by the warden of another hut "Dunmail would have to be sold since no-one would be found to warden it".

During 1995 the Management Committee decided to seek the views of members on various matters and circulated a questionnaire. Two questions referred to the sale of Dunmail in certain circumstances. Evidently of whole of the Club membership only 43 members said yes to these questions and at the 1995 AGM the idea of selling Dunmail was declared dead. Following the decision Jim formally asked the Management Committee to consider and define the future role and use of Dunmail.

At the time of the questionnaire several members separately expressed to me their sincerely held views that while the Club holds the deeds of Dunmail it does not morally own it and certainly has no right to sell it. Rather the Club holds Dunmail in trust with the moral duty to ensure that it continues to be operated in the modern version of the dream and ideal for which it was purchased by Frs Pearson and Atkinson, and paid for by money raised by the ladies of the Diocese!

I certainly agree with this view. Indeed, in the light of this history who can disagree?

But what is the modern version of the dream? In the 70's and 80's usage was heavily based on school parties and youth groups and we were beginning to attract groups of disadvantaged, disabled and mentally handicapped youngsters.

Today some teachers are reluctant to accept the responsibility of adventure/activity holidays and some Education Authorities impose restrictions in this area. Many suburban school look to exotic foreign trips with a free place for the teacher, which strains parents budgets and are really little better and little safer than a well run holiday at Dunmail would be. Ted Schools of Blackpool used to book Dunmail for about three weeks and in that time would put about six full parties through on a three-day holiday basis. Dunmail has electricity now and is a far brighter (!) prospect. You couldn't show slides or videos or run a disco on Calor gas! (We had one group of self-motivated Christian youngsters who came each year for several years and brought their own generator and disco gear!) I suggest that we need to look for devoted teachers like Ted Schools in inner-city schools. Friends who are teachers in Liverpool assure me that such people do exist and would welcome the chance to use Dunmail. They just need finding.

In the 60's the new big Youth Centres came into existence - Lancaster and Barrow Catholic Youth Centres come to mind. They killed off the Parish Youth Clubs and enjoyed a brief career. Barrow used to use Dunmail until I barred them because the supervision provided was ineffective and the resultant behaviour

disgraceful. The Youth Centre concept has run its course but Scouts and Guides, and a new Christian concept - "Crusaders" are very much alive. Local youth clubs are coming back and need encouragement.

And there is a large and growing market in the disadvantaged/disabled/mentally handicapped area. People are doing sponsored walks, parachute drops and whatever to raise money to provide facilities for these people. We have the facility standing there! It's called Dunmail. For God's sake tell them!

If any reader is not impressed by the moral argument to continue at Dunmail with new vigour, let me remind him briefly of the profit record during my wardenship. Suitably run, Dunmail is a money spinner and will help finance activity in remoter areas that are perhaps otherwise marginally non-viable!

The Future.

Dunmail needs Promotion and Publicity (deliberate capitals!) It also needs intensive "hands-on" wardenship. The role of Booking Secretary should be re-defined and renamed Publicity and Promotions Secretary. I understand that there are plans for a new brochure. What about a promotional video? Surely we have cam-corder enthusiasts who would love to make one!

As for the remark made at the 1994 Dinner that "no-one will be found to warden Dunmail" I just don't believe it! Rita and I were virtually unknown when we crept out of the woodwork in 1975. Achille Ratti is a great Club full of great, generous and caring people and I am confident that given the lead the right people will come forward to carry Dunmail over the threshold into the 21st Century. As John Schofield said in 1940 "...in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail". Fr. Atkinson did not fail John in 1940 and the Club has not failed him since. In this, the 50th anniversary year of Dunmail let us not fail now!

Editors note. To answer one of Tom's earlier questions regarding the wardening of Dunmail in the periods up to 1977. I took over as warden in 1963 and I believe prior to that the hut and been in the capable hands of a group of ladies from Carlisle, Lancaster and Preston. I was followed by Marie Bailey (now Huddleston), then Clive Millard for a longish stretch to 1975, and I took up the reins again until 1977.

Derek Price.

JUNIOR MEET BISHOP'S SCALE - 15TH 17TH SEPTEMBER 1995

Debbie Green.

I arrived on Friday night and managed to get a top bunk in the main ladies dorm along with my cousins - Yipee! We stayed up until 11 o'clock.

Next morning I got up very early. Dot gave us hats and equipment to go climbing. We split into two groups the older ones went to the Three Shire Stone in cars, then walked up to Black Craggs.

Arthur Daniels led the younger party totalling 13 children and 8 adults. We walked from Bishop's Scale to the cattlegrid then up Pike o Blisco where we met all the runners in the Three Shires Race and shouted and cheered them on. Then we went onto the climb at Black Craggs. After butties and pop we said goodbye to the older ones, they had to walk back.

We could have two climbs each on the rock I thought it was absolutely BRILLIANT. We walked down to the Three Shire Stone and got a lift back to the hut in cars.

The next day we did orienteering before breakfast around the back fields, I thought it was tiring. After breakfast I went to the club fell race for under 9's. Everybody took part. Every age group did a different course on the back field and everybody got a medal and toffees. A special thanks to Dot, Faz, Ray, Bryony, George Partridge, Jim Cooper, Sarah Keeny and Arthur.

CAFOD 1995

Margaret Conroy.

1995 has been a very good year in the history of ARCC's support for CAFOD. A great many members took part in our two fundraising efforts, the Junior Three National Peaks expedition in May and the Grisedale Horseshoe Fell Race in September.

In total £1435 was raised through members hard work and generosity and their willingness to beg from friends and colleagues.

CAFOD have written to acknowledge our efforts:
"To all our friends at the Achille Ratti Climbing Club thank you very much for your generous donations towards CAFOD's work with your partners overseas. The long term development it helps us to fund will make a real difference to the lives of the poor".

Congratulations and well done to all concerned!

THREE SHIRES / CLUB FELL WEEKEND

Robert Hope.

On a mid September weekend towards the end of the long hot summer, members gathered at Bishop's Scale for an action packed weekend incorporating the Three Shires Fell Race, the Junior Meet and the annual Club fell races.

Saturday morning saw the juniors go off on their activities whilst some of the hardened fell runners of the club ventured over to Little Langdale for the Three Shires Fell Race covering a distance of 13 miles and 4000ft. of ascent. Conditions were good although too warm for some. The race was won convincingly by A. Davies of Borrowdale and second and third places were fought out by J. Bland and A. Wrench respectively. First home for the ARCC was Alan Clark with an excellent run not too far behind the leading pack. Rob Green was next home. (I'm not sure about the rest of the performers, you will need to see the results list). Along with the senior race the English and British Championship junior race took place in which Danny Hope, Wesley Jones and Mike Kenny participated. Danny having been hampered with injury most of the summer did not have the form to compete with the best and finished fifth. Wes ran well in the same age group as did Mike in the younger age group.

Whilst the members were racing, Howard Smith and I ran over Lingmoor from Bishop's Scale to greet the finishers and meet the athletes at the pub to refuel lost energy with a feast of pasties and cups of tea generously supplied by the pub staff. Members then made their way back to the hut for dinner and preparations for drinks and jovialities at the New Dungen Ghyll Hotel that evening. Jokes were largely at the expense of Pete and Tony McHale as Leeds went down 3-1 to QPR.

Sunday morning greeted us with more fine weather as the juniors embarked on club races in the back field involving a range of distances for the different age groups from 1/2 to 2 laps of the hillside. Enthusiasm was running high especially from the cheering parents awaiting their offspring at the finish line and there were many competitors who could possibly take the junior fell races of the future by storm.

Lunchtime saw the en-mass transport of members down to the Gt. Langdale campsite for the start of the Senior Club fell race. I was particularly anticipating the race as I wished to attack the course record held for some time by my father (John Hope) which was set in a race involving a tough duel with Mike Fanning. Conditions underfoot were excellent and the start line was assembled with what was probably a record entry. Some members managed to compete the course even though it looked as if they had just discharged themselves from a military hospital. Peter McHale with his dodgy knee supported by a ski-pole and Howard Smith with his pinned broken ankle, to name just two.

The start saw the removal of all watches to prevent any unfair play as part of the race involved predicting your finish time. The pace set at the start was very fast for the ascent up past

Side Pike which brought out a few expletives from several of the 'older' members. I was determined to beat the record and finished just over one minute inside it. Danny Hope was second and Rob Green third. (See results for complete listings). Many people had excellent runs, John Meredith showing good form and the Kennys' packing well. Good runs were also had by two juniors running the full course, Sarah Kenny and Stuart Hart. The handicaps part of the race was won by Danny Hope who was six seconds off his predicted time. Wesley Jones was second and third went to Mike Kenny, 16 and 21 seconds out respectively.

Post race activity involved congregation at the New Dungeon Ghyll for prize giving and soup and bread generously provided free of charge by the Hotel. The 'booby' prize - a bottle of alcoholic lemonade - went to Pete McHale for being furthest out of his predicted time, 18.23 minutes!!!

Race			Handicap	
Time lapse after R.Hope at summit.			Secs.	
1.	Robert Hope	27.32	New record	1. Danny Hope 6
2.	Danny Hope	30.06	1.19	2. Wesley Jones 16
3.	Robert Green	31.23	2.30	3. Mike Kenny 21
4.	Wesley Jones	32.16	3.00	4. Mick Seed 28
5.	John Meredith	34.11	3.29	5. Robert Hope 28
6.	Alan Kenny	36.56	5.15	6. Sheila Anderton 41
7.	Brian Kenny	38.16	6.29	7. Mike Lomas 1.00
8.	Mike Kenny	38.21	6.45	7. John Meredith 1.00
9.	Howard Smith	39.00	6.34	9. Robert Green 1.23
10.	Mick Seed	40.52	7.23	10. Tricia Wakeford 1.25
11.	Leo Pollard	41.01	8.20	11. Alan Kenny 1.26
12.	Faz Faraday	41.08	7.46	12. Diane Green 1.26
13.	Arthur Daniels	41.26	8.13	13. Brian Kenny 1.40
14.	Peter McHale	41.37	7.07	14. Bryony White 1.41
15.	Dave Hugill	42.04	8.26	15. Dave Hugill 1.56
16.	Sheila Anderton	51.11	12.15	16. Faz Faraday 1.57
17.	Mike McGoldrick	51.27	10.11	17. Arthur Daniels 3.34
18.	Mike Lomas	51.40	13.11	18. Paul Garstang 5.54
19.	Sarah Kenny	51.45	12.56	19. Howard Smith 6.00
20.	Tricia Wakeford	52.05	13.41	20. Leo Pollard 6.29
21.	Bryony White	53.19	12.24	21. Jim Cooper 6.36
22.	Diane Green	53.26	15.12	22. Dot Wood 6.58
23.	Paul Garstang	54.06	16.00	23. Sarah Kenny 8.15
24.	Stuart Hart	56.28	14.42	24. Ray Baptist 11.18
25.	Jim Cooper	1.03.24	19.49	25. Elaine Garstang 11.23
26.	Elaine Garstang	1.03.39	19.39	26. Mike McGoldrick 13.27
27.	Ray Baptist	1.03.42	15.14	27. Peter McHale 18.23
28.	Dot Wood	1.07.28	22.52	Stuart Hart not included

Terry Wilson.

A number of members suggested that perhaps a get together could be organised to celebrate the New Year.

Bishop's Scale was full to overflowing, there being floor space only in some of the dorms.

The kitchen area was adjusted to make room for a dance floor and music was provided by the evergreen DJ Bill 'Fluff' Mitton. Two barrels of ale were organised by Marshall, which went down extremely well, (not really surprising at the price).

There were a number of junior members who were well entertained with games of pass the parcel and musical statues.

It was good to see that some of the more senior members have moved with the times, two in particular trying out the latest dance craze of table dancing.

We were fortunate enough to find a passing piper to add bagpipe music to the festivities, and there were fireworks to be seen outside as the New Year entered.

The festivities continued into the early hours and it was obvious by the comments passed that a good time was had by all.

A special thanks must go to the ladies who organised the entertainment for the juniors; Freda, Pat, Sylvia, Kath, Margaret, Miriam, Mary and Mary, Ann and Ann, and Sheila. I hope I haven't missed anyone.

By the number of photographs taken I think the board in the lounge will be full by February.

Same time, same place, next year? But this night will be a hard act to follow.

CONGRATULATIONS

Tony and Anne Appleton (nee McCarthy), who were married in the ARCC Chapel of Our Lady of the Snows, Langdale, on the 5th September 1992, proudly announce the arrival of their first child, a precious daughter, Laura Anne Appleton.

Laura was born on her parents' third wedding anniversary, 5th September 1995, weighing 7lb 2 oz. Mother and daughter are both well and looking forward to seeing members in Langdale over the coming year.

Andrew and Sonja Metcalfe (nee Durkin) announce the birth of their first child, a daughter, Jemima. Jemima was born on the 2nd January 1996.

Andrew and Fiona McArthur (nee Durkin) announce the birth of their third child, a boy, Connor. Connor was born on the 23rd of December 1995.

Derek and Margaret Price. Announce the engagement of their eldest daughter Catherine Mary to David Andrew Shakeshaft of Leeds.

LIBRARY

THE ARCC BOOK LIBRARY HAS BEEN MOVED TO THE LANCASTER DIOCESE TALBOT LIBRARY IN PRESTON AND IS SITUATED IN THE OLD SCHOOL NEXT TO ST. WALBURGE'S CHURCH IN WESTON STREET, (OFF MAUDLAND BANK) PRESTON. ST. WALBURGE'S IS THE HUGE WHITE SPIRE THAT CAN BE SEEN FROM MOST APPROACHES TO PRESTON. MAUDLAND BANK IS BEHIND THE UNIVERSITY OF CENTRAL LANCASHIRE.

THE LIBRARY IS OPEN FROM 9.30am TO 5.00pm MONDAY TO FRIDAY.

THE BOOK CASES ARE POSITIONED AT THE BOTTOM LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE LIBRARY AND HAVE AN ARCC SIGN OVER THEM.

BOOKS MAY BE BORROWED FOR A MAXIMUM PERIOD OF THIRTY DAYS AND SIGNED OUT IN THE BOOK PROVIDED. THERE WILL BE A LIBRARIAN PRESENT DURING OPENING HOURS AND MEMBERSHIP CARDS (WITH PHOTOS) MUST BE SHOWN. THE LIBRARIAN WILL HAVE AN UP-TO-DATE MEMBERS LIST.

IF ANY MEMBERS HAVE MOUNTAINEERING BOOKS TO DONATE PLEASE LET ME KNOW, ALSO, IF ANY MEMBERS HAVE HUT LOG BOOKS, SIGNING-IN BOOKS OR ANY OTHER MATERIAL BELONGING TO THE CLUB, PLEASE RETURN THEM SO THAT THEY CAN BE DISPLAYED FOR ALL TO SEE IN THE LIBRARY.

PLEASE ADHERE TO THE FOLLOWING:-

1. SHOW YOUR ARCC MEMBERSHIP CARD TO THE LIBRARIAN WHEN ENTERING THE LIBRARY.
2. THE DATE, THE BOOK TITLE AND THE BORROWERS NAME MUST BE ENTERED IN THE SIGNING-OUT BOOK.
3. THE MAXIMUM BORROWING TIME IS THIRTY DAYS THOUGH IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO EXTEND THE LOAN BY TELEPHONE. (TALBOT LIBRARY 01772 760186)
4. SOME OF THE BOOKS ARE QUITE OLD AND WORSE FOR WEAR. CAREFUL HANDLING WOULD BE APPRECIATED.
5. IN THE EVENT OF DIFFICULTY IN RETURNING BOOKS, i.e., IF THE LIBRARY IS CLOSED, THEY COULD BE LEFT OR SENT TO ME.

Derek Price.

CLUB LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES - AN APPEAL

Derek Price.

Hut Log Books

As mentioned overleaf we have, thanks to Bishop Brewer who allocated us space in the Diocesan Library, a proper and fitting place for books and Club records to be displayed. The library itself, housed in the old St. Walburge's Primary School, is worth a visit, being crammed with old books, paintings and etchings which have been donated by members of the Diocese or found in the attics of old houses. Some books are put on sale at very moderate prices.

I am very concerned that some of our records, especially those illustrating the activities of members, are not available. Hut log books have been the main source of recording activities in and around the huts, on the hills and rock faces and even some overseas adventures and we have but two or three in the library at this time.

To emphasise my point I offer the following facts:-

- i. No log books on record for Dunmail.
- ii. No log books on record for Buckbarrow.
- iii. No log books on record for Tyn Twr.
- iv. Some log books for Bishop's Scale but not all.

I am aware that some members are in possession of a number of these books and have been looking after them because there was nowhere to place them, in particular the Buckbarrow records. So I now appeal to any member who has any log books, photographs, letters etc., belonging to the Club, to contact me as soon as possible so that I can deposit them in the safety of the library where they will be available for all to see.

Club secretaries always seemed to receive a mountain of paper and boxes when they took up there position. I can remember having to buy a filing cabinet to file dozens of paper cuttings, photographs and the like. There were the old CBA badges and later ARCC badges and lots of ARCC Associate Membership cards which Bishop Pearson had sold to the clergy and others at £5 a go. (Considering that we have never had Associate Membership this wasn't a bad deal). Somewhere, somebody, has stored these away and now we want them back.

So I appeal to those members who have held positions of authority in the Club to make a search of their cupboards and lofts and let me know on 01772 768174 if anything of interest appertaining to the Club is discovered.

N.B. I have colour slides of the opening of Tyn Twr and the Chapel at Langdale. Has anyone slides on the opening of Dunmail or Bishop's Scale? (A box of Club slides are in the library).

Family Quarters at Bishop's Scale.

The Management Committee has appointed Robert Green of 22 Douglas Avenue, Horwich, Bolton, BL6 7EE, 01214 692895 as Families Representative.

If you have any concerns about the facilities for you and your children and wish to suggest ways in which they might be improved, please tell Rob. He will draw your concerns to the Management Committee's attention.

Children at Beckstones and Tyn Twr.

Beckstones. Members with young children are reminded that because of the limited sleeping accommodation the warden of Beckstones **MUST** be contacted to request permission to stay. It is because of the lack of space that the warden, Joyce Kent, has introduced family weekends.

Tyn Twr. Because of the numbers of other organisations using Tyn Twr during the week and at weekends, it is necessary to contact the warden at all times except during July and August if you intend to take young children to the hut.

JULY/AUGUST 1996 BREGALIA/ BERNINA ALPS.

It has been suggested that this summers informal location is Val Bregalia (resorts Bondo and Vicosoprano) in South East Switzerland on the Italian border just north of Lake Como.

There are the famous Piz Badile and Piz Bernina (4049m) with a huge variety of rock and ice climbing and easy peaks. Much alpine walking including some of the most beautifully situated huts.

It is quicker to reach than Zermatt and less crowded than the western alps.

Guide Book: Bernina and Bregalia Selected Climbs (Lesley Griffen Alpine Club 1995) Map: Swiss CNS/LK 1:50000 series No.278 and 268S.

Further Information from Jim Cooper 01524 24185

A reminder that the rule regarding junior membership was changed at the AGM. Parents now need to have been full members only 18 months before they can apply for junior membership for their children.

FULL MEMBERSHIP AT THE AGE OF 17 YEARS

On application junior members automatically become full members at the age of 17 years and annual subscription is only £8.00 until they are 21 years of age. However, of the twenty or so members who have not renewed their membership this year, most are in this age group. Perhaps a reminder from their parents would be useful.

BISHOP'S SCALE

At the moment the Management Committee is looking at ways of extending the sleeping accommodation for the ladies being aware that the number of beds is insufficient on busy weekends, especially now that more children are of age to use the dormitory.

In the last twelve months the family quarters have been equipped with a renovated kitchen, ceilings lowered in the bedrooms, childproof heaters installed and storage units fitted. We now need to examine the possibility of a second toilet and shower.

New sinks are ready to be installed in the members dormitory downstairs.

1996 Meets

The meets card is enclosed. If any member is hoping to plan a meet not included on this list, please give me the details as soon as possible so that members can be informed in the Spring Newsletter.