

EDITOR'S NOTES

Should I have got all my sheets in the right order and stuck my staples in the right places, you will each have received along with this newsletter a copy of the revised club constitution. You now have 8 months to study this before it comes up for discussion at the next A.G.M..

The full list of members requested at the last A.G.M. is still under construction but should be ready for distribution with the next newsletter.

NEW MEMBERS

The following are welcomed as introductory members:-

Trudy Hoyle, 52 King Street, Clitheroe.
Janet Elaine Mizon 25, Kirkstone Drive, Norbreck, Blackpool.
Alan Blackburn 21 Caxton Avenue, Bispham, Blackpool.
Christopher Alan Wade 30, Carnforth Ave., Bispham, Blackpool.
C.D. & A.E.J. Pink 16, Oakfield, Fulwood, Preston.

FULL MEMBERS

Gary Nuttall.
Mark Broughton.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBER

That rarest of awards, the poor man's Nobel Prize, Honorary Life Membership of the Fylde Mountaineering Club has been awarded to retiring Treasurer, George Parker.

It is, of course, impossible to assess the value of work done by George during his 12 years in this most demanding post and the awarding of life membership is the club's most appropriate way of expressing its gratitude.

Thanks George.

THE ADVERTS

Scarpa Bronzo Boots, Size 8 As new, worn only twice.
Offers £30. Contact Dave Clarke, Fleetwood 78157.

SUBS

A final reminder to those who may still not have paid and Treasurer, Dave Greenhalgh wishes to point out that his address is 20, Warren Avenue South, Fleetwood, not simply Warren Avenue as stated on the club card. Apparently someone else has been collecting our money.

BOOKING SEC. CLEVELAND M.C.

The club card also gives the wrong booking secretary for Cleveland. It should be: Tom McClure, 20 Hwley Ave., Brotton, Salthurn, Cleveland. Phone Guisborough 77206.

MIDWEEK CLIMBING

Martin Dale is organising some midweek evening climbing this summer. Anyone interested can contact Martin on Blackpool 52311, Ext 209, during the day.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

June 23rd	Football Match with	Ski Club at the Rangers
July 14th	Boozy Bike Ride*	Dave Laycock
July 21st	Rounders Match with	Ski Club at the Rangers
July 28th	Treasure Hunt (Walking)	Eddie Craig Garstang 4169 (Start Council Offices Car Park Garstang 6.45pm onwards)

* Midsummer Madness

BOOZY BIKE RIDE starts Wed. July 12th at 7.00 pm at the Buccaneer Car Park. Other arrangements for out of town competitors from Dave Laycock on Blackpool 867790.

B.M.C. TRAINING COURSES 1982

The B.M.C. is staging the following courses for novice climbers.

Rock Climbing: Bosigran, Cornwall 21-26th June and 26th June to 1st July.
Price £65. plus food and hut fees.

Mountaineering: Based in Glen Brittle, Skye. 4-10th September.
Price £65. plus food and hut fees.

Alpine Climbing in Ailefroide:

Eight one-week courses based in Ailefroide, in France's Dauphine Alps, commencing on 10th July 1982. Full tuition will be given in glacier travel, ice axe and crampon use, belaying, ropework and techniques of ascent. At least two climbs will be covered if weather permits.

Price £85. plus food and camp site fees. Grants may be available.

Alpine Climbing in Chamonix:

A fortnight's course based in Chamonix for those who want to learn the techniques of Alpine climbing and then consolidate on their knowledge during the course in a magnificent mountain range.

Price: £150. plus food and camp site fees.

Rock Climbing for Youngsters at Derwentwater, Lake District 21-28 August.

A week's course for 12 - 16 year olds who want a good grounding in the sport. Based at Derwentwater Youth Hostel, near Keswick, the course will tackle some of the 'fun' climbs in the Borrowdale area.

Price £75. including food and accommodation.

Anyone interested can obtain further details on any of the above courses by writing to Christopher Dodd, B.M.C., Crawford House, Precinct Centre, Booth Street East, Manchester, M13 9RZ or 'phone 061 273 5839.

RECIPROCAL RIGHTS ALPINE HUTS

Send £6. plus 2 passport photos to the B.M.C. (address above) stating membership of the F.M.C.. This cost can be saved by a stay of 4 to 6 nights in a hut.

VOLUNTARY WARDENS GLENBRITTLE HUT, SKYE

Voluntary wardens are required for the B.M.C. Hut Glenbrittle for any period between now and October.

Interested? contact Tom Meredith, 808 Garstang Road, Barton, Preston.

HUT AVAILABILITY

June 26, 27th	Both Hut to Hut.
July 2-3rd	Nant Peris - Vags hut.
July 9-10th	Langdale, families
July 9-10th	Stair
July 16, 17th	Langdale (Fell race/raft race)
July 23, 24th	Stair (Ladies)

July 30,31st	Langdale
Aug. 6,7th	Stair
Aug. 13,14th	Langdale
Aug. 20,21st	Stair
Aug. 27-29th	Stair, families
Aug. 27-29th	Langdale
Sept.3,4th	Llanberis (Chester hut)
Sept.10,11th	Langdale
Sept.17,18th	Stair
Sept.24,25th	Langdale.

FUTURE MEETS

10,11th July	Family W/E, Langdale	
17th July) See addendum on Page 2.	
18th July		
24,25th July	Ladies Meet, Stair	Liz. Rawcliffe
31st July & 1st Aug.	Back Packing.	D. Nichol.
28-30th Aug.	Family W/E, Stair.	

FELL RUNNING by Martin Pickup

"Toad the Terror The Lord of the lone trail
 The miles were eaten up under him, as he sped he knew not whither,
 fulfilling his instincts, living his hour, wreckless of what might come
 to him. " The Wind in the Willows, Kenneth Grahame.

Pre-Amble

A few issues ago, the Editor referred to the fact that he had not had any articles from the Fell Runners in the Club and said "what a modest lot they must be" - of course, he knew damn well modesty didn't enter into it - not in my case, anyway - if there had been anything to crow about he'd have been first to hear.

The truth is I am to fell running what the Editor is to Fleet Street, (or big wall climbing or cordon bleu cookery or piste skiing - the list is endless). In short, a trifle insignificant. I usually finish in the last third of the field and have never yet managed to beat the first lady! I suppose my main claim to fame is that Ross Coates once knocked me down in the Blisco Dash. She was on her way down and I was still plodding up.

However, every dog has its day.

Introduction

Last Autumn I was doing some Armchair Mountaineering when, glancing through some race results, I realised that in almost every race I only needed to improve by approximately two minutes per mile (a mere seven seconds per hundred yards) to finish in the first ten. My times for my training runs have gradually improved by about one minute per mile. How could further improvement be achieved? Flexi-time now allowed lunch time runs and by concentrating specifically on hill running it could be possible. If I could manage to RUN up all the hills my times should improve dramatically. Well, there was only one way to find out and last winter saw me keeping at it as hard as any Olympic hopeful. Before reading further, the reader is recommended to obtain a copy of the stirring Vangelis theme music to "Chariots of Fire", switch on and settle into a chair. Ready? Now read on.

The Race

The Kentmere Horseshoe Fell Race - 11th April, 1982.

A watery sun shone down on Kentmere and the valley seemed, at first glance, to be its normal quiet self - the smoke rose straight from the farmhouse chimneys and the clouds were well clear of the fell tops. But look closer and a bustle of activity is detected; around the village hall and in the fields below the farm figures move purposefully. More

cars arrive and disgorge their tracksuited occupants. The second event in the 1982 British Fell Running Championships is about to take place.

I had arrived in plenty of time, trotted to the bog, collected my number, trotted to the bog, filled in a results' envelope, trotted to the bog (nerves of steel, that's me) and was now trotting down the lane for a warm-up. I fell in behind two runners in Clayton vests, John Reade and Sean Livesey. This could be interesting.

"Don't go off too fast, Sean. Just keep it steady till we hit the Fell and then you can pass as many as you like."

Now Reade had been sixth in the 'Ol Nevis and fifth in last year's championship and might just be a man to listen to. I decided there and then to try and stick with them for as long as possible. Ten past one, the start was at 1.30. Back to the car to rest and to keep warm before jogging to the start. I felt good, only three pints last night, honey butties and staminade for breakfast - fit as a butcher's dog. This time I was here to race not just complete the course.

The start is in the field below the village hall and begins with a two hundred yard uphill dash to a six foot hole in the wall.

"Get back; get back."

To fell runners everywhere this instruction means "shuffle forward". I had managed to get up front with the Hard Elbowed Brigade when the starting pistol fired. Eyeballs out to try and reach the gap before the 318 others. Not too bad, I must have been about 30th through and was reasonably in touch with the leaders. A mile or so later we left the road for the open fell and I still felt comfortable (well not actually physically sick). The path steepened and I kept telling myself I could keep running. "It's not as steep as Parlick. Pretend Jan Leeming is running in front, in a backless dress..... with a slit skirt..... and stockings and suspenders..... and pink...." - I digress. It's all psychological - count five hundred double paces and then do the same again with the other leg.

By the time we had reached Kentmere Pike I'd caught up with her and I felt her shiver as I tore the flimsy dress from her lithe body - wrong story, start again.

By the time we had reached Kentmere Pike I was last of the leading group of thirteen which included John Wild (Cumbria Fell Runners and RAF Cosford), John Reade, Mike Short (Horwich), Dave Cartridge (Bolton), John Broxap (Keswick) and others I couldn't recognise through my steamed up specs..

Wild and Broxap pulled away a bit on the fairly level stretch to Nan Bield Pass and I hung on to the others. A number of sheep trods contour round towards The Pass and I found myself on a particularly good one a little higher up than the rest and managed to gain a few places. Surprisingly, as I reached the rough descent to the Pass only Wild, Broxap, Short and Reade were in front. Now, I have always felt I was pretty fast on the rough descents (bloody stupid some might say). The secret is to ignore the other runners and spectators, just watch the ground and hope for the best, and if anyone is in the way "poop poop" like the demonic driver, Toad. I'd never been in a position to see the good lads descending before and they didn't seem to be hanging about but I quickly caught Wild - mincing about like a girl guide. He seemed a little surprised at my "poop poop". Perhaps it was a bit cheeky, him being current British Fell Running Champion and all, but he should have got out of the way a bit quicker. At the Pass shelter I was twenty yards or so ahead and had gained on Short and company.

It was a different story on the way up the other side. The cheers of the fell walkers we passed helped, may forced, me to keep running but Wild went past everyone and pulled steadily away on the drag up to High Street. By this time it was really hurting and I took a look round to see

where the chasing group were. This action, in itself, suggested that I'd given up the race and it was now about survival. The descent past Thorrthwaite Beacon revived me and it would have been nice to have time to look at Windermere stretched out to the south. At this point I realised there were two more steepish descents where I might make up ground and the Garburn Pass track itself is too rough for the sprinters to have it all their own way. I contoured round Proswick with John Reade and Mike Short and we could see Wild ahead of Broxap, less than two minutes in front. I had to walk a bit going up Ill Bell and this let the other two get ahead again. A quick swig from the summit marshall's flask and on. As I began the descent I saw the others ahead - I could hardly believe my eyes. All four of them were following the wall down towards the summit of the Pass. Surely they knew that the check-point is well to the east of the summit and by far the quickest way in such dry conditions was to bear left and cut across to the Gully. I was still in with a chance. The realisation sent the adrenalin going and I went across the dry marshland like a rat up a pipe (Could that be the rat I've been smelling for most of this article!- Editor) Down the steep, tricky gully section and there was the Pass and Kentmere. I daren't look round but I was sure I was in front "Mustn't make a mistake now". Along the rough boulder strewn track, almost panic stricken. Groups of spectators clapping all the way now. On to the tarmac and two hundred yards to go to the finish field. I heard more clapping behind and looked round to see Wild closing fast, but I'd reached the field gate. Down the hill, along the tapes - I could hear him right behind and forced myself to sprint - beaten him by a midges!. We shook hands and I collapsed in a gasping heap, people were slapping me on the back.

"Hey - come on mate, wake up. The start's in five minutes."

"Eh! What! Oh! Right - must have dosed off. Yawn! I feel knackered."

And now the reality.

Official Results, Kentmere Horseshoe - 12 miles, 3,300ft. of ascent.

319 Starters plus six ladies.

1st	J. Wilde	1.20.49	(Course record)
2nd	J. Broxap	1.23.50	
3rd	J. Reade	1.23.56	

F.M.C. Positions

201.	Paul Garner	1.49.44	(B.Crook please note for handicapping purposes.)
222.	Martin Pickup	1.52.31	
262.	Brian Wilkinson	1.59.27	

Sue Parkin won the Ladies' Race in 1.46.46.

In addition to Paul, Brian and myself, Eric Maymon and George James have been seen in various fell races recently.

Conclusion

The statistically minded will be able to calculate that I again finished in the last third of the field and failed to beat the first lady. It is obvious that all the others heard about my training, saw the threat and increased their's correspondingly. I am applying to Gale's and Staminade for a refund and may stick to fantasizing over the BBC News at weekends in future. Apologies are offered to J. Wild, etc. for any unintended libel in the foregoing load of tripe.

The Laid Back Approach to Mountaineering: Confessions of a Failed Munro Bagger and How to Do Nothing Without Really Trying.

As a serious hill climbing expedition, its validity was, I suppose, always in doubt. It wilted before the wind, creaked from lack of commitment and finally floundered completely and deliciously in coq au vin and cote de Rhone. But more of such things later; first the beginning.

A sudden and unexpected change of plan gave me an empty Easter programme and a phone call to the Legendary Tartan Cockney seemed in order. Could he, I enquired, find me a secluded spot somewhere on the west coast of Scotland where I might recline in quiet contemplation with the sea before me, the hills at my back and perchance even the odd munro that might be ascended. He was, of course, more than equal to the task.

On Friday we journeyed north and a lunch stop at Callander gave the first hint that all was not well. The Editor lost 2 games to 1 at Pool and the Secretary regaled him with misty eyed memories of a poor but happy Milwall childhood when the family would gather round the Joe Davis Junior Snooker Table in order to keep warm. They set fire to it. That evening, however, things suddenly began to look brighter.

With the intention of pitching somewhere on the coast near Mallaig we stopped at Arisaig for tea and discovered "Jacque's Place".

Jacque's Place is difficult to describe, mostly I suppose because it defies description.

A small cafe sitting neatly on a corner where the glen finishes and the ocean begins it has a menu, English and French, Eat In or Take Away that could put the Ritz to shame. Coquille St. Jacques, Meringue Chantilly, Rabbit Chasseur, St. Jacques Provencial, Venison in Port, Petit Danois, Mille Feuilles, what's MilleFeuilles? what's any of it?

The Editor was struggling to come to terms with all this, or rather failing to come to terms with all this when he was further staggered by the waitress who informed him that he was only looking at the Day Menu and promptly presented him with the Night Menu which was like the aforementioned only more so. This isn't the kind of thing you expect in Arisaig dammit, what's happening to the Highlands? Nevertheless, we promised ourselves a feed later in the holiday.

We pitched further up the coast in bright evening sunshine, though dark cloud hugged the tops inland and a strong wind blew straight from the Arctic. A state of affairs which persisted throughout that Easter weekend and provided more than sufficient excuse for the ensuing lack of activity. Munro summit cairns I must confess went happily unfrequented. Not that we attained a state of total idleness, there were I remember a couple of walks, one coastal and one by Loch Morar when we must have covered at least seven miles, though this latter was only achieved after some hard driving by the secretary who had the time of his life crossing off Eiders, Mergansers, Goosanders, Black Guillemots, Divers and Herons in his little birdspotter's book.

As if to compound our good fortune in the evenings we found a series of very acceptable bars. One in Mallaig featured the local Police Sergeant who played a squeezebox and even sang the odd Alan Bell ditty.

Without doubt, however, the high spot was the night we dined at Jacques. The Editor chose the Coq au Vin whilst the secretary opted for Venison in Port, washed down by a bottle of Cote de Rhone. We watched the sun set beyond Tir Nan Og. Somewhere men were returning after a day on the hill, somewhere men were welcome to it, the laid back approach was triumphant.

Only on the last morning did the wind drop. We stood on a white beach and gazed to a far horizon where Rhusa and Eigg floated mysteriously on a pale blue sea. The sun warmed our shoulders, we were unanimous, it was a good trip.

On the way home I vaguely remember a suggestion that we might knock off Ben Lomond, presumably to give the whole thing some sort of credibility. The idea was, of course, swiftly vetoed and instead we enjoyed a leisurely sunlit drive through Moidart, Sunart and Ardgour.

Readers of this little piece should not assume that the editor no longer takes any interest in mountains; indeed they still occupy a large part of his thoughts. But now ridges bear a striking resemblance to long banana splits, glaciers are made of Ice Roch Brune and every peak is topped by a Merinque Chantilly..... just the way it should be.

Eddie Craig.

THE DREAM

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING This is a Dave Earle article and may damage your health.
--

As a piece of heaven on earth the western seaboard of Scotland can have few peers. An exquisite necklace of bejewelled mountains shot through with a filigree of sinuous lochs each displaying the subtlety of shades of molten precious metals with the changing light. All in perfect scale and harmony. Jewels beyond price.

Not all jewels are born equal. Some shine with an unsurpassed brilliance and the Cullinard of the west coast must surely be the Loch of Heaven, Loch Hourn, its Barrisdale bay and the peak, corries and ridges of Larven, spelt Ladhar Bheinn, rising from its southern shore. Added charisma is given by its isolation and the most rewarding approach by far is the 5-7 mile walk along the shore from Kinlochhourn and the ascent by the north east ridge arcing like an arrow to the proud summit. This perfect mountain experience can be rounded off by an overnight camp on the shores of Barrisdale bay.

Such a jewel is not to be wasted in dull or mediocre light but saved to be enjoyed in the most stunningly clear northern light that Scotland is able to produce. Larven had been reserved and savoured for the perfect day, a three dimensional dream. Would, after the long wait, the reality fail to live up to expectations?

It was Easter. We were trapped in a time warp on the A.74, the endless action replay of the journey north. Our dream machine at the prescribed 70 m.p.h..

Familiar Glen Coe was reached and pints sipped in that superlative of Scottish Inns, the Kingshouse. In view of the poor weather forecast the journey north was terminated by an overnight camp in Glen Etive.

Slowly the daylight penetrated my subconscious. That warm, glowing, almost back to the womb, sort of light that makes orange tents such a splendid retreat from life's storms, both elemental and spiritual. And there was no sun. My shift lagged body could lie here in clear conscience recharging itself.

Raff broke the news gently. We were camped in the morning shadow of the Buachaille. Beyond, the world was hot, very very clear, and with not a cloud in the deep blue dome of the sky. There was no wind. All around us the Etive giants stood naked. Every crag, furrow, corrie and ridge bared to our gaze etched by the morning sun and enlivened by the sparkling clarity of the air. It was the perfect day.

Almost in a frenzy the tent was struck and we set off to Fort William, a late breakfast and some last minute shopping. Beyond Invergarry we turned off the Skye road, past the daunting "No through road after 22 miles" sign and we had a commitment to Moidart, that land of superlatives.

The scenery of Glen Garry, down which we now drove, is pleasant rather than spectacular. The few remaining mature Scots Pines give

the lie to what once was. With the trees destroyed, the rivers and natural lakes dammed, and the latest intrusion - a power line, which mercifully manages to avoid Kinlochhourn, though only just, man has little to be proud of here. His inhumanity to man seems rivalled only by his inhumanity to nature.

Beyond Loch Quoich the road descends a steep and narrow ravine of tumbled boulders, birch and rowan, to the flats of Kinlochhourn. ARCADIA had been reached. Before us the glassy, deep greenyblue waters of the loch lay quite still, steeply enclosed on both sides by craggy tree girt hillsides tumbling into the water; hillsides alive with the fresh translucent greens of spring. A scene outstanding in its simplicity and its beauty. Fiord like in its quality. There is no finer place in Scotland.

Quickly we sorted out enough gear for one overnight camp and shouldering our burdens, we clanked along the stone causeway that had been built out into the loch round the initial rocky bluffs that dropped so steeply into the deep placid waters. The smell of the sea permeated our lungs and the sounds of the birds echoed from the Fiord-like slopes. The gently mobile seaweed added colour and movement to the shore.

The path wound on and we indignantly discovered that it climbed over rather than round several rocky headlands. Magnificent remnants of the Caledonian forest framed stunning views both up and down the loch. Superb mountains crowded round the head, each trying to shoulder out its neighbour while in front of us the north east corrie of Larven together with its attendant ridge arcing to the summit grew in stature. The normally dark and brooding cliffs were benign in the afternoon sun and the ridge inviting.

The quality of light on the loch was bewitching and its flat mirror-like surface reflected the glorious scene to perfection. It seemed like some vast stained glass window echoing the heavens with a subtlety and translucence that man could never hope to emulate. No mullions or transoms needed here for support; the whole shone with an unimpeded brilliance.

The magic roller coaster ride ended at Barrisdale bay, the path dropping down to the track between the Big House and the pier. The best camp site had a 'no camping' sign, incongruous in its isolation. It looked, and we chose to believe, it had been washed up from the sea, and pitched the tent accordingly. The preceding collar work demanded a brow but we were surprised to find in this, the wettest place in the U.K., the streams were practically dry.

It was half past four on a superb afternoon. Larven still beckoned us across the bay, its corrie reflected in the still, tranquil waters of Loch Hourn. Weather like this in these parts was almost unique. It couldn't last and the prize was there for the taking. A night out on the hill would be exhilarating at best, uncomfortable at worst, as the next Atlantic front jostled its uncompromising way down the loch, shrouding the hills in its damp veil. We set off.

As we walked past the garden of Barrisdale House the afternoon sun shone through the daffodils with magnificent brilliance, creating a sea of shimmering colour contrasting all the more with the sombre hillsides. Time is indeed relative. With those flowers alone we had stepped back two months compared to home. The silence of the house and grounds and of the ruined cottages and lazy beds was deafening. Here no children laughed and played, no crofters tilled the land. They had long since been evicted from that which they had loved and had wrest from uncompromising nature. We trod carefully, wary of their ghosts and treasured memories.

We passed through a large herd of deer, part of the new regime, skirted the bay, located the stalkers' track and entered Coire Dhorraicill. The dream involved traversing the N.E. ridge, high above the furnace-like corrie. Curse the dream. A lone pine, presumably especially planted for the purpose, gave a lovely foreground for Ben Sgritheall that looked so well across the deep blue mouth of Loch Hourn and a welcome excuse.

for a photographic stop. The grind to the ridge seemed interminable, but gradually the view opened out. Previously invisible peaks appeared and finally we were there.

We revelled in every convolution of this airy coxcomb and of the stupendous views. Beneath us in the corrie schistose cliffs lay savagely delineated by the westerning sun, their mural precipices bent and buckled by their journey through time. Across the Minch Skye, Rhum and Eigg rode at anchor like medieval galleons. Such treasured land of treasure.

It was very late evening when the ridge led us to the summit. It was still hot and there was no wind. We lay the map on the ground by the cairn and began the enviable joy of identifying all that we surveyed. Many well loved friends were there. The Terriden Peaks, the Hirtail ridges, the Ben; as well as myriad lesser known peaks. The astounding peaks around the head of Loch Nevis, Sgarr Na Ciche and its satellites particularly caught the eye and brought back memories. For nearly an hour we let our eyes feast on this kaleidoscope of shape and colour from our eyrie, poised as Rebuffat so aptly puts it, between heaven and earth. Sinuous sea loch and mountain. Mercurial minch and island. Each and every part a joy to our hearts.

Night was already advancing, out of the valleys to meet us and we reluctantly set off south east along the summit ridge. We turned the crags of Aonach Sgoite on the ham Barrisdale side, no heroics in the gloom for us, and made our way in the dark down the slopes of Stob Nu Muircraidh. The track down past Barrisdale House was located and followed back to the tent tired but with feelings of excitement, exhilaration and supreme contentment that only a first class day out on the hill can give.

We were still sat by the tent in the silence of the night when the moon rose. Not the harsh cruel moon of winter but a huge dun coloured orb, flooding the earth with a soft warm gentle light, the shrill piping of the oystercatchers in contrast; welcoming this false dawn. Mountains and loch emerged from the cloak of darkness and crowded round us, steeper now than they were. The shimmering incandescence of the moonlight on the water led the heart and mind to Skye. Gradually even the most educationally sub-normal of the oystercatchers recognized this impostor for what it was and silence again pervaded everywhere.

The following day dawned just as fine. We elected to 'have a look' as they say at the other two ampros in the area, and the late afternoon and evening was spent lazing about and exploring the foreshore. A boat by the pier provided magnificent photographic material. Foodless we decided we could not forsake this place and it was not until the following late morning that we made our leisurely way back to Kinlochhourn, the car and the food box, on which we fell ravenously.

The afternoon was spent exploring the northern shore of Loch Hourn and its approaches which gave us equally fine views, that from the little memorial high up a little way down the loch being; exceptionally fine.

D.A. Earle.

ADDENDUM (See Future Meets on Page 3)

- 17th July 1st Annual Raft/Lilo Race. Meeting at Britannia or Little Langdale, after closing time. Race commences 4 pm. Course: end of Little Langdale Tarn to Ford. Beer and refreshments. Meet Leader: Barbara Sealey. Bookings to B. Sealey on Tel. No. St Annes 729050
- Rules: 1 stay in water, 2 no swimming of Rob's Hole 3 raft/lilo to reach finishing line, and 4 foul play allowed.
- 18th July 5th Annual Fell Race Start 11 am. Langdale. Beer & snacks provided. B. Crank and C. Kirk.