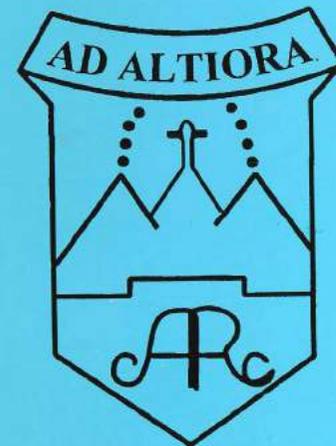


ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB



**2001
JOURNAL**

ACHILLI RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

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ARCC 2001 JOURNAL

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'RIDE THE WILD COUNTRY' (JOEL McREA, RANDOLPH SCOTT, 1966) THE LONG BIKE RIDE 2001

The foot and mouth outbreak had put paid to the long walk in May, and so John Hope suggested a long bike ride, in the Lake District, instead.

His chosen route was - Langdale - Red Bank - Town End - Dunmail - Ambroth - St John's - Mungrisdale - Mosedale - Berrier - Penruddock - Ullswater - Glenridding - Kirkstone - Troutbeck - Bowness - Ferry - Sawrey - Hawkshead - Coniston - Chapel Stile - Langdale.

A shorter option was offered, returning to Langdale from Kirkstone Pass via Ambleside. Kath, Pat and Arthur provided the support.

The event took place on Saturday, 19th May 2001. The day was cloudy, but dry. At 09.45 ten enthusiastic, but apprehensive cyclists, left Bishop's Scale to start the day's adventure. (Alan Kenny, the eleventh member, set off slightly later, but quickly caught up.) The main start was delayed somewhat due to Dave Hugill cannibalising Arthur Daniel's bike to use his pedals.

The riders quickly formed into three groups - the leading group composed of John Hope, Danny Hope, Dave Makin, Steve Schofield and Pete Dowker, and following groups Paul Cooney, Alan Kenny (catching up at Mungrisdale), and myself and Dave Hugill, Pete McGonagle, and Sean Makin.

Any bike ride in the Lake District will include hills, and this was to be no exception. Red Bank was followed by Dunmail Raise, leading into the steady ride along the back of Thirlmere and down St John's in the Vale. Paul and I took the minor road off the A66 at Scales, skirting along the edge of Souther Fell. We had gone about two thirds of the way along the road when we

came to a 'Road Closed' sign (due to foot and mouth). We reluctantly turned back, and on the way back to the A66, Paul got a puncture (from the farmer's hedge clippings). At this point Alan joined us. We got back onto the route at Mungrisdale, but at Mosedale, where we were hoping to have a tea break, we found the quaker café closed.

We decided to continue along the route, hoping to meet up with the support group. We followed the quiet roads through Berrier to Penruddock, where we caught sight of the leading group, who had stopped for refreshments. We decided to push on to Glenridding, following the road to the east of Little Mell Fell, and onto the A592 along the north side of Ullswater, to Glenridding.

We arrived at Glenridding to find it almost deserted, due to the foot and mouth restrictions. We went into the small café opposite the village hall, and had some food and tea. When we went out to resume the ride, we met the support party, who we had missed at Mosedale. We then set off to climb what we knew would be the stiffest climb of the day, to Kirkstone Pass. As we climbed, Paul pulled away from me with his new super climbing cog on his road bike. We climbed past the Brotherswater campsite, the scene of numerous Ian Hodgson Relay races, and up to the final, steep section, to the Inn at the top, where we stopped to get our breath, have a drink, and admire the magnificent view down to Windermere. From there it was almost all downhill, through Troutbeck, to the ferry across Windermere, through Far Sawrey and Near Sawrey, into Hawkshead. Like Glenridding, Hawkshead was very quiet. After a short stop in Hawkshead, we set out on the B5286 towards Outgate and Clappersgate, turning left on the B5285 (good old B5285) which leads toHawkshead Hill! At the top of Hawkshead Hill we knew that we had 'cracked it' to Langdale, and we raced down the steep hill to the edge of Coniston Water, and into Coniston. From Coniston it is only a 'cockstride' to Langdale, and we duly made our way back to Bishop's Scale, arriving at 6.00pm. We had covered a distance

of 75 miles in just over 8 hours, including several stops, and one puncture repair. The day had been cloudy, but dry throughout. At night, we enjoyed a communal meal, prepared by Kath and Pat, of pizzas, garlic bread, salads, chick peas, rhubarb crumble, apple pie, and apple and blackberry pie, and custard. We finished the night at the Britannia and Wainwright's, both of which were half full.

The first long bike ride was a definite success. A follow up has already been suggested, in Snowdonia. Keep your eyes open for further announcements!

Gandzasar, Pilgrimage to Heaven. by J. P. MARMIAN.

Khendzorestan was hit by a cloud burst, and the projected camp site was flooded. Fortunately there was a hall in the village, which occasionally doubled as a cinema. During Soviet days Khendorzorestan had suffered much, and the village church had been totally demolished, and then in the more recent struggle for survival in 1993 forty one men, mostly young, from this village had died. Their names and pictures were centre stage on the wall of the hall with flowers below, and the inscription read, 'our bodies to the State, our spirits to God, but the honour is ours'. One of the pilgrims, Robin was taken by three young girls to a cemetery, where he left some of the flowers we had been given at a grave, and immediately some wives and mothers came out to lament.

The pilgrimage to Gandzasar in Nagorno Karabakh was to celebrate 1,700 years of Christianity in Armenia, and the aim was to walk the 130 km from Lachin to Gandzasar, camping over night.. St Gregory the Illuminator had come to Armenia, and after converting the king's son spent a long period in a dungeon prison, a deep pit, and now a shrine.. Later he was freed, made bishop in Caesarea, and became the apostle of the first Christian nation.. He finished his work by retiring to be a hermit, and so set an early monastic example in the land. Armenia has many monastic churches, now mostly ruined, and the last of the monks died out in 1931. Some of the churches are now designated as world cultural sites. This is visibly an ancient Christian land.

But the other reason for the pilgrimage was to show solidarity. The Armenians suffered greatly at the hands of the Turks when in 1915; about one and a half million were massacred, and they lost much of their traditional lands, including Mount Ararat. In more recent times during a major earthquake both the Turks and the Azeris blocked aid to the victims. Finally in 1992 there was an attempt at ethnic cleansing which forced the hill farmers of

Nagorno Karabakh to fight for their lives. An account of this struggle is told by Zori Balayan in his *Between Hell and Heaven, the Struggle for Karabakh*, 1997. From the early days of this conflict Caroline Cox has been involved in NK, (also called Artsakh,) and now the organisation Christian Solidarity Worldwide keeps a small presence in the land, and helps with rehabilitation. CSW proposed the pilgrimage to show support for those who had suffered so much for their faith.

Replies, and eventually pilgrims came from Australia, USA, three African countries, Finland, Poland, Germany, France, Greece Iran and the UK. And to the 45 who came from abroad, other pilgrims joined from Armenia and Artsakh. Some pilgrims were no longer in the first flush of youth, and one CSW organiser from Armenia first reacted by wondering whether it was an impossible journey for geriatrics! Christians came with a Lutheran background, Greek and Armenian Orthodox, Church of England and Catholic. Blisters are very ecumenical. The logistics of helping such a group across mountainous country, with its limited resources, was formidable. It was helped by recruits from the Armenian Youth Federation, the Mountain Rescue team, CSW reps and the local police. The presiding genius (with a bull horn) was Artemis. The back up vehicles included one with a row of bullet holes, and another with the cracked windscreen held together with cellotape.

At Lachin (with only about half the dwellings restored) the local priest gave the pilgrims a blessing as they started on their first 25kl. When the people here came to restore their town the first priority was the church, next a small hospital, and then an art gallery. Stalin had tried to destroy the culture in Artsakh, and it had been suppressed, but the people greatly value their artists, musicians poets and dancers. In Yerevan there is currently an exhibition of children's art from around the world, but a quick visit to it showed that the children of Armenia and Artsakh were more than holding their own in a context of international competition. During the war in 1994 there was an air raid

warning at Stepanakert when a concert was scheduled. One young woman disregarded the siren to make her way to the concert hall, and found to her delight that the pianist has done the same, and to a background of destruction the music went on. During the pilgrimage on a number of occasions a young member of the Youth Federation sang parts of the Armenian liturgy entirely on his own, and with conviction and grace. After seventy years of Soviet persecution this has a touch of the resurrection about it.

Much of the inspiration for the pilgrimage came from Baroness Caroline Cox. She was on her 51st visit to the country, and had been there in the dark days of the war., and is witness to the Azeris attempts at ethnic cleansing . She saw villages in which Christian women had been crucified, and inhabitants decapitated and tortured. Among the pilgrims were some of those who had fought for the freed of this land, been wounded and now walked with some difficulty. Such example helped more senior pilgrims to conquer hills and distance.. Nagorno Karabakh, or Artsakh comprises six districts, and it had been Soviet policy to divide and rule, and the districts kept separate. So some of the route of the pilgrims was a new and half made road system uniting the areas.. Patriots from abroad had helped to sponsor this At Vank there is a splendid new factory built by an Armenian from Chicago; all the workers came out to welcome us.

Many villages provided a formal reception, with the school children lined up to welcome the visitors, gifts of flowers, the traditional offering of bread and salt, and dancing. At Shushi there was a blessing by the archbishop, who has only nine or ten priests for the whole country. Some villages are far from church and clergy. But there are three seminaries in Armenia, with the major one at Etchmiadzin, the Vatican of the country, and on pilgrimage we were joined by a young deacon who walked the full distance with us. Under Soviet rule the clergy were tightly restricted, and a former British army officer, Jeremy, was running a project to help with ideas about chaplaincy work.

Others among the pilgrims over the years had helped with the rehabilitation clinic in Stepanakert, and so along the way were making contact with old friends. But above all Caroline Cox was constantly recognised, greeted with delight and interviewed. During the week there was an hour long programme on the television about her and the pilgrimage. Dr Gerayer Kocharian from Berlin was also constantly surrounded by local friends. He was on his thirtieth visit. So from village to village this unusual pilgrimage wound across the land from Lachin to Gandzasar. Chaucer would have been delighted with the variety, and Canon Kwame Amomoo from Ghana was probably the first African many, especially the children, had ever seen.

Gandzasar monastery was the most important shrine in Artsakh. At the height of the war the country was virtually defenseless against air attacks. There was one anti aircraft gun in the whole territory. Instead of using it to defend Stepanakert, it was located at Gandzasar. The Azeries repeatedly tried to demolish the church, and came within a kilometre or two of it. The monastery was hit, but the church survived. At one stage the parish priest was active in the defence, and throughout he never left the church. So the final walk of the pilgrims was from a river side camp up the mountain for the Sunday liturgy in this shrine. In the 13th century the Catholicos of Armenia's eastern territory had chosen Gandzasar as his seat, and from this spot the princes of Artsakh wrote in 1701 to Peter the Great of Russia for aid against the barbarian menace from the east. The Soviet oppression has failed to destroy the culture and faith of this Christian land, but it is still under threat from the Azeries. Both British and American foreign policies seem indifferent to its fate. Can it survive?

Its history and perilous condition needs to be known. One young teacher with us had mounted a year long programme in school, and this could be an example to all church schools. In September a new cathedral will be open in Yerevan as the high point of the celebrations for the 1,700 years of Christianity. The

young Armenian clergy wondered whether one country could have more than a single cathedral. Perhaps it will rank as a basilica. With a touch of the miraculous the final cost of this project will be well below the estimates, and the site manager was confident that it would be ready on time. This occasion should be a major opportunity for hearing more of the history of Armenia, Artsakh and the prospects for this people. Meanwhile on Saturday 2nd June there was a day for Armenia at the American Cathedral in Paris. The Armenian Ambassadors from London and Paris was there, with the Apostolic Archbishop of Artsakh. There were notable speakers, and an opportunity to experience the liturgical music of Komitas. And the work of Christian Solidarity Worldwide will continue to make information available both through its regular publications and on www.csworldwide.org.uk, and in America on www.cswusa.com. As Caroline Cox wrote, welcoming the pilgrims 'We pray that this will be a time of blessing for all who come as we walk, talk, pray and worship together. We also pray that the pilgrimage will bring many blessings for the people of Artsakh and we offer this as our small contribution to your celebration in this holy year.' As the pilgrims departed for home and rest Lady Cox flew on to Moscow to visit the orphanage there for a few days, Artsakh has a resolute defender in the Baroness....

THE PIE

It was the day of the Scafell race
Up and down at a steady pace
Now after all that toil so hard
I looked towards my just reward .

I'd spotted it upon the shelf
A work of art,I thought to myself
Crimped at the edges,just meant for me
A treat to tempt the finest gourmet.

Round and deep with golden pastry
Which looked to me so very tasty
The lady said we've only just baked it
I said just wrap it up,I'll take it.

Just thinking of that pie a'waiting
It set my mouth a'salivating
Hunger pangs I did perceive
Which only that pie could relieve

The peas I'd steeped the night before,
Then boiled them slowly,and what's more,
The chips cooked last but certainly not least
And meaty gravy to complete the feast.

The meal gave off a splendid aroma
I sprinkled salt and vinegar all over
A pot of tea , two slices of bread,
I knew that I would be well fed.

I smelt the pie,I licked my lips
The pungent aroma of the chips,
Sent my senses in a whirl
The mushy peas my hunger unfurled

I cut into the the pastry shell,
It yielded,and to me the smell,
Of heavenly gravy, poured straight out
I fed a morsel into my mouth.

Oh! How I enjoyed that meal so splendid!
I was so sorry when it ended.
I stuffed myself till I was stallin'
That night I'd room for just a gallon

How can I forget that wonderful pie!
I'll have another by and by,
But until then I'll have to manage,
And get by with a bacon sandwich

Anonymus

Beckstones Meets 2001

The working weekend in March,and in May, the Long Walk from Ennerdale to Beckstones, had to be cancelled due to foot and mouth disease.The walk is now postponed until May 2003.

Beckstones re-opened in the middle of July, members returned and a pleasant summer BBQ weekend took place.

In September, 24 members came, and the cottage was full to the brim. The climbers went to Dow Crag where long classic routes were done , and to Wallabarrow. The bikers went on various tracks with varying amounts of mud, some cycled to the crag and then climbed, and the walkers went on various routes,up different mountains and along field paths. The weather was calm and sunny and the recipient of the surprise birthday party on Saturday evening was highly delighted,and vowed to have another next year.It was a really good weekend, after so long with no activity in the valley.

The first weekend in December saw 16 members gathered. Saturday's weather was superb after early rain, with birdwatching led by Tom Walkington.A great day, where no bird was too common to be mentioned by Tom, and his experienced eye led us to a wealth of varieties we would normally not have noticed. Thanks Tom.

We visited Rampside , Cavendish Dock Barrow , Walney Island ,and Tesco's café, and in all saw 51 species on Saturday, including spotted redshank and blacktailed godwit, with more species on Sunday.

Those not spending their days with binoculars and telescopes went to Swinside Circle and various other wet routes in the mountains. The Christmas and New Year period was busy with excellent festivities and food, and as one group of members left, another group arrived, and this was repeated, barely giving the beds a chance to cool down. In all an excellent year, despite foot and mouth.

MINUTES of the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

held in the Chapel, Langdale on Sat 17th November 2001, at 1.30pm.

1. Number present.
2. Apologies from: Roy & Dorothy Buffey, Bryony White, Sharon Gaitskill, Geoff Oldfield and George Partridge.
3. A summary of the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 25th November 2000, were read by the Secretary and were passed as a true record. There were no matters arising from the minutes.
4. **Chairman's Report:**
 - a: David Ogden first gave a brief appraisal of Derek the previous Chairman, who had so sadly died in the summer. He had worked tirelessly for the Club for over 40 years, having served as Hut Warden, Secretary, Bulletin Editor and Chairman. Dave told us that in collecting and sorting papers from Margaret, he was reminded of the vast amount of time Derek had spent on ARCC business and he mentioned a few things that are perhaps forgotten now. Derek's trips to Scotland and the numerous letters dealing with the bid for a hut at Kinlochleven, for the development of the old presbytery behind the church at Ballachulish, all the work done to obtain a hut to replace Buckbarrow in connection with the Thistleton Barn project. We shall miss him, he is an act too hard to follow.

b: Foot n'Mouth:

When the crisis started we followed Government advice and the experience of the 1967 outbreak and closed all the huts. It was quickly realised that farming was no longer the major industry in the National Parks, so Bishop's Scale was opened.

T'yn Twr remained closed to take the opportunity of reduced demand, to complete the work on the gent's toilet and to carry out improvements to the kitchen and dining area.

The closeness of Beckstones to the adjoining farm and the outbreaks of the disease in the Duddon Valley made it necessary for the hut to be closed until the middle of July.

Dunmail was closed until July. All those who had booked cancelled, but most asked us to hold their deposit for a future date. The closure of Dunmail has caused a major fall in our income for the year.

The overall effect of the crisis has not been as bad as might have been expected and members now seem to be keen to get back to the hills. The general perception is that hut use has increased.

c: Hut Improvements:

Significant improvements have been made at the Huts during the year, particularly at Beckstones and at T'yn Twr. We need to ensure that the huts are kept in a good state of repair and that they are safe and comfortable. One of the jobs that David would like to see started next year is the installation of the fire alarm and emergency lighting at Bishop's Scale. The Club Officers have a duty of care to members and others who use the Huts.

d: Trustees

The Club has three Trustees: Monsignor Slattery, George Partridge and Ben Carter. Barry Ayre resigned last year after many years service and at his suggestion, Derek was asked to act as a Trustee. When Derek died, we invited Ben Carter to act as Trustee. Ben has accepted the position and in enquiring into his responsibilities, he has found that the Club Trustees have a considerable responsibility but no power to protect their own or the member's interests. This is a matter that needs to be addressed and Ben has agreed to look into it, in consultation with John Meredith, the Club Solicitor. He will report to the Management Committee and it is likely that detail changes to the Constitution will be presented at the A.G.M. next year.

e: The Club is in Good Heart

The Chairman commented on the lively spirit in the Club despite the Foot and Mouth problems and commented on the work done by many members, too many to mention by name. To ensure that we have a vibrant Club, member's work to ensure the success of events and work to ensure that the Club's property is kept in good order.

f: Thanks

The Chairman finished by thanking, on behalf of the Club, the Management Committee and all those members who have worked for the Club in the past year. He also thanked the Management Committee for the support they had given him during the year and singled out the Vice-Chairman Leo Pollard in particular, for his support. Leo has taken up the job with enthusiasm and has brought to it his considerable talents.

5. Vice-Chairman's Report

Leo said that it was so unfortunate that most meets had to be cancelled because of foot and mouth. All Fell Races except Borrowdale were cancelled and it was Aug/Sep before areas started to really open up again. Nevertheless, there were successful gatherings and meets at Bishopscote, T'yn Twr and Beckstones. The Junior Meet in September was particularly pleasant and it is interesting that junior participants of yesteryear are now attending with their own children and the grandparents just cannot kick the habit. So it is still a worthwhile and well attended event and it is also encouraging to see new adult helpers. The Senior Fell Race was held with a chasing start handicap and this format will be used in future.

The CAFOD Grisedale Fell Race was cancelled and at the same time Colin Jones decided to retire as organiser. This race has raised hundreds of pounds for CAFOD and Leo wished it to be recorded in the minutes, the ARCC's appreciation of Colin's efforts in maintaining the success of this event. The Secretary has already sent a letter to Colin thanking him for all his hard work in this regard. Peter McHale was the original organiser of the event, he has now taken it over again and next year it will be on Saturday, September 7th.

The CAFOD Sponsored Walk on the 6th October was again held from Glenridding Village Hall. It was not practical to involve schools this year because of foot & mouth disease, but it was so important that the walk took place. Firstly, we had to make the transmission from the Bishop's Sponsored Walk to the CAFOD Walk to complete Derek's work, and secondly because charities have also suffered as a result of the foot & mouth restrictions. The CAFOD Sponsored Walk raised a magnificent total of £770 and Leo thanked everyone who helped in any way to make this possible and made special mention of Ian and Becky from the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel who donated £200 towards the amount.

Leo said how Meets are very important to Club life and praised all those who took time and effort to organise them, it is a great source of community and friendship. Finally Leo thanked Alan and Lucia Kenny for organising the Annual Dinner at the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel.

6. Treasurer's Report:

Jean Lockhead gave a very detailed and clearly laid out account of the Club's finances.

a: Receipts and Payments Account Year ended 30.9.01. The receipts were made up of subscriptions, hut fees, special events, bank interest, co-op interest and dividends, donations, CAFOD and recovery of dishonoured cheques and totalled:

00/01	£35,100.37p	99/01	£43,525.00p
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The payments came from hut transactions, rent, rates, insurance, water testing, fuel and energy, repairs, maintenance, etc., special events, bulletins and journals, administration expenses, subs to the B.M.C., N.E.A.A., F.R.A and totalled:

00/01	£35,100.37p	99/01	£43,525.00p
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b: Cash & Bank Reconciliation: The balance brought forward and the bank balances in various accounts were presented and came to:

00/01	£58,063.84p	99/01	£64,604.76p
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c: Memorandum Accounts: Hut Transactions: The incoming and outgoing of the four huts were detailed as follows: Fixed expenses made up of rates, water rates, key holder, insurance, water testing and variable expenses made up of fuel, energy, repairs, maintenance, consumables and major work. Income from Hut Fees last year showed only Dunmail making a surplus and this year none of the huts showed a surplus.

D: Special Events Summary: The income & expenditure of various events was listed. These were Winter Meet refunds, the Bunkhouse Weekend, sale of T/Sweat shirts, calendars, annual dinner, the Club fell race, Sponsored walk and orienteering punches.

The income from these events was £757.62p and the expenditure was £1256.48p.

After Jean had finished, a big, warm and well-earned thank you was proposed by the Chairman to Mike Lomas as retiring Treasurer, for his outstanding contribution. He has always kept the Club's interest at heart and has done a magnificent job. All those present rightly gave him a huge round of applause.

7. The Secretary's Report:

The Secretary had little to report, only briefly relating some of the different types of mail he receives for the Club, a lot of junk mail, some from members and outside bodies wanting information and usually a lot from the B.M.C., but this year very little from them and this mainly covered updates on F & M access restrictions. The Secretary gave a big thanks to Mike & Jean for their continued assistance in typing and distributing the minutes to committee members. Their help has been invaluable.

8. Membership Secretary's Report:

Nev Haigh pointed out that membership had fallen from last year's 669 to 649 members, the lowest in 5 years and he thought this to be a probable knock on effect of F & M. Junior membership at 135 was an improvement. Over the last 17 years the highest membership was 692 in 1996/97 and the lowest 546 in 1984/85. There are still 78 members to renew their subscription.

9. Maintenance Officer's Report:

George Partridge was unable to attend as he was having a great time in Patagonia. He sent a letter pointing out a few things which required attention viz.: at Ty'n Twr window frames need replacing and exterior woodwork needs treating and painting, the stairs need non-slip treads, there is a need for fire exits and emergency lights; at Langdale the exterior wood needs treating and painting and at Dunmail the trees need thinning out.

10. The Hut Warden's Reports:

Langdale: Arthur said that hut usage was up after a poor start. New members were using the hut more, and with increased usage by women members, we may have to re-think extending the women's quarters.

Paul Charnock asked whether the drinking water was safe. Arthur said that we had taken advice and provided that we maintain the system we have installed, there should be no problem. This led on to a discussion on the sewage system and Nev Haigh explained how it worked at Langdale with the septic tank being emptied regularly. Dot Wood questioned the necessity of the extension of the women's dorm. And said it should only be done studying the numbers of women using it.

Dunmail: Mike gave a run down of the hut, month by month. In Feb there was working weekend and the water supply to the tank was improved, some cleaning and painting and chairs repaired. In March the hut was closed due to F & M and group bookings were deferred. In April new mattresses were supplied at a cost of £2,800. In May the proposed mobile phone aerial was put on hold whilst discussions about planning permission continued. In June and July a new kitchen servery and a new steel beam over the servery hatch were fitted, new curtains were made and the hut was re-opened. In September, contractors were contacted re the painting. The young trees planted some years ago need to be thinned, weather permitting, by members. In October the water treatment system was repaired and in November the aerial was still on hold. Fire alarms and lights were installed; the generator is well past its best and will need refurbishing if we do not get electricity. The hut fees showed a deficit of about £3000 due to F & M and the hut is booked every weekend during 2002.

Mike thanked the Chairman for his help and the members for their work at the hut.

Ty'n Twr: Members are using the hut more and there have been many re-bookings by visiting clubs after cancellations due to F & M. The men's toilets and showers have been refurbished and the kitchen area improved. At the working weekend lots was done and the hut is looking good. The coal shed is a bit of a problem when the coal is low, and Anne needs to be informed by members so that she can re-order further supplies.

Beckstones: Joyce said that the meet in Dec 2000 was well attended as usual with everyone going their own way, doing whatever and returning for a shared meal in the evening.

Work on the alterations started in early Dec 2000 and in all Terry Kitching, Frank Lord and Joyce, with Frank and Joyce working voluntarily, worked for 7 periods of 5 days making the new washrooms in the Cottage and the new family quarters in the Bothy. It was hard work, on one day Frank barrowed a ton of sand and also cement for the floor, but still could not keep up with Terry and the mixer. Dave Ogden did all the electrical work, and the undertile heating in the shower area is only to be used in the winter.

And then F & M came. It started at the head of the Duddon, the hut was closed and the area was in quarantine for 8 weeks, being on the edge of the culling area each time. A farmer in Torver was reported to have praised us for always having been responsible and in tune with the community, so a big thank you to our hut users for staying away.

After all the planning and preparation for The Long Walk, it had to be cancelled and the charabang to Ennerdale is postponed until May 2003, for people to make their own way back to Beckstones. In the middle of July we opened again and since then we have taken more than twice the hut fees in the same period last year. The Family Quarters opened for Aug Bank Holiday weekend with Ann McWatt, her daughter and grandchildren being the first occupants and theirs was the first congratulatory letter of many that Joyce has received. The booking system works well, but there has been a problem with dogs being allowed to run loose outside the FQ and in stockfields. There is now a warning inside that dogs seen running loose may be shot, a threat, which will be carried out. 24 members attended the meet in September, another active, social weekend with good weather. In October, Brakewells came from the farm where we keep the key, for dinner and to open The Bothy and the new washrooms in The Cottage. We spent a very convivial evening, regaled with tales of local farming in the old days.

The water supply has passed its drinking water annual test again and The National Trust have applied for planning permission to sink a bore-hole in the garden to replace the present beck water supply which is inadequate.

Joyce thanked Terry Kitching, assistant hut warden for his support and hard work which has been invaluable. She also thanked Frank Lord for his hard work in keeping the hut clean, and those who have taken the trouble to write and thank Joyce and the workers for the alterations and ongoing improvements, which they have made.

11: Election of Officers:

The voting resulted as follows:

Treasurer	-	Jean Lockhead
Membership Secretary	-	Neville Haigh
Ordinary Members	-	1. Faz Faraday
		2. Dave Makin
		3. Dave Hugill

Whilst the voting was being prepared, Margaret Price told the members that, whilst clearing out a lot of stuff after Derek's death, she went to the archives at St. Walburga's, Preston. The priest in charge there, showed her a citation which had been given to Bishop Pearson, our Founder President, Margaret showed it to us and said she thought it should be kept at Bishopscale.

Ben Carter gave notice of the Winter Meet to be held in Ullapool 16th - 23rd Feb. 2002. The information will be displayed in the huts.

12: Proposer - John Foster. Seconder - Dot Wood. That the acquisition of a Hut in Scotland and the survival of the ARCC are inextricably linked.

John pointed out that his proposal should have read, 'that the acquisition of a Hut in Scotland and the survival of the ARCC as a climbing club are inextricably linked.' John put his argument that he sees the decline of the Club as a climbing club over the past 20 years, he spoke with some passion and said he would leave his case until his article to be printed in the Journal.

Dave Ogden, Chairman, replied that the Management Committee had spent a lot of time looking for a hut in Scotland, had pursued the purchase and looked at the financial aspect in some detail. He urged members to read John's article and to write to the Man. Comm. with their views. Joyce said we missed the chance 10 years ago of obtaining a place at Roy Bridge and read from the current Summit magazine a letter from a Scottish guide/bunkhouse owner asking English Clubs to benefit

the local communities and use bunkhouses rather than buy their own properties. Arthur pointed out that Clubs in Scotland would like to pursue the idea of reciprocal rights with English Clubs.

13: Any other Business:

- a. Adrian Crook asked if a plaque to honour Derek would be erected. The Chairman replied that Derek's family had not made a decision as yet.
- b. John Foster raised the point of the Book of Remembrance. The Chairman replied that the cost had been prohibitive, but that it would be looked at again.
- c. Arthur explained how Ian and the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel have helped in various ways with events in Langdale.
- d. Adrian asked what the Man. Comm. is doing about the resurgence of Masses at Langdale and Dave replied that all that could be done has been done. A lack of priests and an ageing clergy put regular masses at Langdale Chapel out of the question, and Mgr Slattery confirmed this.
- e. Dot Wood asked if the Club Chaplain could be more involved. Dave Ogden said that he was as pressed for time as any other priest, being single-handed in his parish. But he did say that he would try to lean on some priests to see if they would come to say Mass.

Dave thanked everyone for their attendance at the meeting, declared the meeting closed, and tea and biscuits were served in Bishopscale kitchen.



The Race

A two hundred and seventy five mile adventure race across the Scottish Highlands, starting and finishing in Stirling, for mixed sex teams of four. Teams navigate around a set course by mountain bike, double kayak, on foot, on horse and negotiating obstacles by climbing and abseiling on fixed ropes. The teams decide when, where and whether to sleep and eat but the race lasts only five days and if cut-offs aren't reached within set times then the team is disqualified. All food and equipment is carried by the team, though the race officials transport bikes, kayaks and paddles to the start of the relevant sections and there are two re-supply points where competitors have access to equipment boxes and can re-stock with food, change clothes etc.

The race was scheduled to take place in Ireland at the end of May but due to foot and mouth it was first postponed and then relocated.

Team Outward Bound

Captain. Andy Scaife, Achille Ratti member, Policeman and the only member of the team to have done an event of this nature before, the first Adrenaline Rush in which my team failed to finish and I completed the course unranked with team Apex.

Helen Young, Quakers running club, Darlington and works in a sports shop but is joining the Police at the end of August. Helen has completed numerous two day mountain marathons and long fell races, regularly climbs and is the teams horse expert having owned and competed on her own horse.

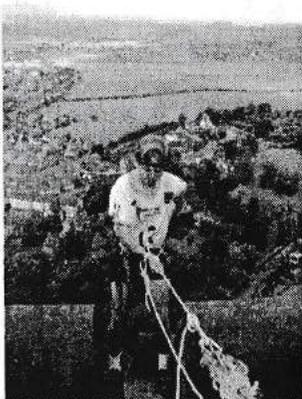
Graham Fairweather, Policeman and former Army Commando. Graham is obscenely fit and is particularly strong on a mountain bike. We have raced together in the Police organised Cheviot 2000 fell race and the Scottish Islands Peaks race, (Sailing and hill running).

Martin Barratt, bum and layabout, works for Outward Bound, Ullswater. Martin raced in the Scottish Islands Peaks race with Graham and I and is the team's expert in all things nautical (he's stronger in a kayak than the rest of us). Helen, Graham and Martin all helped me on my Bob Graham round and Martin is planning his own attempt, F & M permitting.

The team's goal was to finish together, within the time limit as a ranked team, a daunting prospect as, on average, only a third of any big adventure race field finishes in the rankings and ours was a fairly inexperienced team.



Team no. 7, Outward Bound, at the opening parade in Stirling

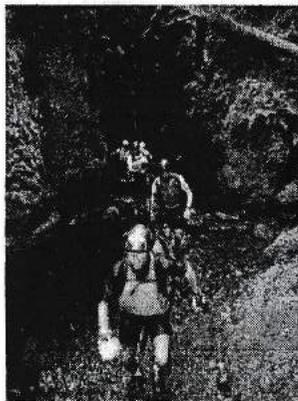


At 08:30 on Monday 30th July the 32 teams cycled the couple of miles from race H.Q. to the Wallace memorial on the outskirts of Stirling. The team captains then climbed to the top of the monument and abseiled off. This was a show put on for the media, but it was spectacular and a great start to the race.

At 10:00 the competitors then cycled, with a Police escort, about five miles to the west of Stirling, the escort peeled off and the race was underway. A steady 22-mile cycle on roads brought us to a field and PC (Passage Control) no. 1. The bikes were left and we followed a marked course into a riverbed, which we then followed upstream into a narrow gorge with high,

Abseiling off the Wallace Memorial

overhanging cliffs, deep pools to swim across and waterfalls to climb. This was one of the highlights of the race, a really beautiful place, but very cold and wet.

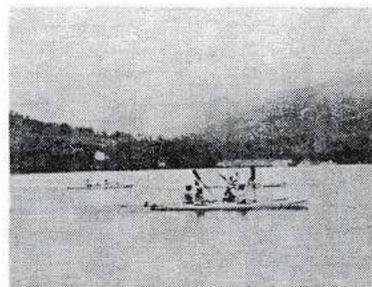


We then returned to the bikes and cycled another three miles to the start of the first kayak section on the Endrick River. We paddled down river and into Loch Lomond where we had seven checkpoints to find, on various islands in the southern end of the Loch. As we reached the Loch the weather was deteriorating, with strong winds whipping up quite big waves and heavy showers. At one of the checkpoints I slipped getting back into the kayak, hurting my back. This was to cause me pain on all the subsequent kayak sections due to the seating position. Once all the checkpoints were visited we paddled north to Rob Roy's cave, a long, long way, over 30 miles in total, and we reached the PC after dark. At this PC we pulled the boats up onto rocks and the team were meant to split with two going to a

Emerging from the gorge

checkpoint in the cave and the others jumarring a fixed rope up cliffs to another, however due to the atrocious weather (torrential rain by now) one of the competitors in another team had fallen 20 feet onto wet rocks shortly before we arrived so, in the interests of safety, the marshals closed the rope sections and we got back in the kayaks and paddled across to the west side of the loch for the first foot section.

A short break for food and change into dry kit and at about half past midnight we set off on the long climb up Bealach a' Mhaim and onto the Cobbler. About half way up we stopped for our first sleep, ten minutes, and reached the summit shortly after dawn. We had to wait for about thirty minutes here as there was a queue for the abseil ropes, but due to the icy wind no one was able to sleep, we just huddled together in the shelter of some rocks.



Kayaking on Loch Lomond



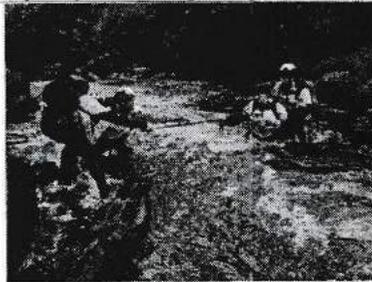
Abseil off the Cobbler

The abseil was down about 300 feet of very wet and slippery rocks and it was a relief to reach the bottom and get some shelter. An American team was waiting here for news of one of their teammates who had been taken off the mountain for treatment for hypothermia, the first of many such cases over the next few days. We then descended to the shore of Loch Long, a sea loch and the start of another kayak section. We managed to take the wrong line off the mountain and ended up fighting our way through extremely dense woodland, probably losing over an hour in time. However the weather improved and by the time we started the kayak, shortly after 9am (6 hours ahead of the first cut off time), it was glorious sunshine. We paddled to the junction with Loch Goil, and across Loch Goil to Carrick castle. We were all getting pretty tired by now and I began hallucinating, Helen yelling at me from the front of the kayak as I steered sharply away from the high kerb (in the middle of the loch!) that we were about to hit. As we turned into this second loch the weather began to deteriorate again and we were paddling into a cold wind and choppy waves, which at least helped to wake us up. As we were leaving the castle another team was just arriving, the girl appearing to be very distressed and requiring treatment for hypothermia. We continued to kayak to the head of Loch Goil, beaching the boats at 15:26 and then joined half a dozen other teams in a field for a fifty-minute sleep

Another longish trekking section through forests and over hills now commenced. The competitor guidebook states, "*This trek is not easy. The path on the map is not the path on the ground. Be careful.*" They weren't kidding. By following the compass, forest rides and water courses (and the leaders footprints) we eventually came to the bottom of a spectacular waterfall. As we climbed up beside it to a hanging valley the views were awesome, however I'd already got my disposable camera totally submerged so if any one wants to see for themselves I'll give you the grid reference. We arrived at PC 9 at 21:24 and continued immediately to PC 10, more trekking over the hills. As it got dark we relied more and more on the compass and in the early hours found ourselves in some woods. This was a problem as we should have been on open hillside. We were all pretty tired and beginning to argue about decisions so we decided to sleep until first light. After an hour and a half, at around 04:00, we climbed a small rise and found that we were almost exactly where we were meant to be. We found the sub-summit we were aiming for and then took a bearing as instructed in the guide book, "*...to sub summit at 066 976, then due west down through young plantation to the checkpoint at 062 975 on the fence corner of mature plantation. (This fence corner is not shown on map). Proceed northwest down forest ride (not on*

map)". Have you ever tried to follow a bearing through a forest to a location that isn't marked on a map? However, we found it and continued to PC 10 outside the village of Newton on the shore of Loch Fyne, where we were to board a boat that would take us across the loch and the start of the horse riding section. According to the guide book the boat was "Brian's gift" to the competitors, however the person hired to ferry the competitors across had demanded 300 cigarettes as part payment. When these had not materialised he had taken his boat away in a huff. There's never a dull moment in adventure racing. We were forced to wait, along with a number of other teams, for transport to take us by road and ended up being delayed by nearly four hours. This was worrying as the next cut off was at 2pm that afternoon at PC 12. (We ended up being 10 minutes late but the cut off was extended to 23:00).

The horse riding was fun, on lively but responsive horses, though it rained incessantly throughout the section. Graham refused to ride, running the whole way so we got more rest. He's scared of horses. At PC 12 we gained our first access to the gearboxes, dry clothes and the chance to cook a hot meal. (A quick boil in the bag Lancashire Hot pot that didn't touch the sides). After sorting the gear and eating we were off in less than 2 hours and back onto another trekking section, again across forested hillsides with no tracks. Guide Book; "Follow track, forest rides and streams to reach and cross Douglas Water (River). Follow upstream..." The river was waist deep, very fast flowing and sporty.



Following instructions we began trekking upstream and after a few hundred metres found a bridge (not marked on map). I began to hate Gary (Thompsett, Course Co-ordinator, nicknamed "Satan" by a French team). The next checkpoint was on top of moorland, which as we climbed was shrouded in mist. Graham and Martin navigated across here, relying totally on the compass. It was very cold, damp and miserable and the terrain very

complicated but their nav. was flawless and we were soon descending on a path "(not on map)" to PC 13 on the shore of Loch Awe, which we crossed on a small boat to the start of the mountain bike section.

We reached PC 14 and the bikes at 01:54 on Thursday. We were in a dense and very dark forest and we were all horrendously tired. Graham and I were ready to go first so we cycled a couple of hundred metres to check our bikes. Due to fatigue and perhaps the darkness we both felt disorientated and both fell off our bikes. We should have taken this as a warning and got some sleep but we decided to press on along the 6 or 7 miles of tarmac road to the start of the off road section, sleep and then set off again at first light. As we cycled away from the checkpoint I was riding alongside Helen and glanced at the map to check the route. I immediately swerved into Helen and we both crashed, me into the verge and Helen onto the road, landing badly on her knee. A potential disaster. The knee was grazed and began to swell almost immediately. Helen decided to carry on and see how it felt and after a mile or so it didn't seem too bad. We then found a rocky ditch to sleep in, luxury. Back on the road at 1st light and the knee problem seemed to be ok though painful on the uphill sections. As we were in

the Highlands there was going to be a fair bit of pain. We soon left the road and began a long climb on a rocky track followed by an even longer descent to Loch Scammadale, on a twisting, grassy track, very steep in places and crossing a number of streams. Everyone took a few falls but there were no injuries and it was a laugh watching others crash. A mile of tarmac along the north shore of the Loch and then another long off-road stretch. This was very steep and we were pushing the bikes from the start. We turned off the track and onto a narrow footpath that was obviously little used, very overgrown and rutted and we were pushing and carrying the bikes for an age, though it was only little more than a mile. We finally reached the top and a good forest track leading steeply down to the village of Kilmore. Martins and my brakes failed as we descended and, as we began to career out of control, we both took a dive, which judging from the hysterical laughter from Helen and Graham must have been pretty funny. Only a mile from Oban, we turned inland and cycled along Glen Lonan to Taynuilt and PC 15. The second potential bike disaster occurred in Glen Lonan.

We were happily cycling along the road and paying no attention to anything or any one (well I wasn't) when Graham said, "look out". I looked at Graham and said "what". As I did so I drifted to the verge on my right, which I was pretty close to anyway and collided with Martin who was trying to overtake me. I still don't know why he thought he could get through such a small gap, made smaller by my manoeuvre but the result was a badly buckled front wheel on Martins bike. As we were stamping on it to try and make it useable a farmer pulled up in his Landrover. He took Martin and the wheel to his nearby farm where he had a vice. It wasn't perfect but with the front brakes removed he was able to continue to the PC. Luckily for us a team had dropped out here so we were able to steal a wheel from one of their bikes. We had quite a long break at the checkpoint to rest, though no one slept. The route book also ended here so we were given the next set of directions to the next transition area. This involved cycling halfway along the shore of Loch Etive, then turning inland and following a track the full length of Glen Kinglass to the Inveroran Hotel on the West Highland Way, near to Bridge of Orchy. Most of the route would have been fairly fast going but Helen was beginning to suffer a lot with her knee and was forced to push on all the inclines. We all had to push for a couple of miles near the head of the glen, as the track became a rutted, bouldery path with large areas of swamp. As we neared the PC there were a couple of rivers to cross that were in full spate and I was worried at one stage that someone would loose a bike. I was experiencing a low point by now, feeling very tired and drained of energy. Helen, on the other hand, seemed to have got over the knee problem and began to push the pace, so much that we were struggling to keep up on the hills and we finally reached the PC just after 21:00 on Thursday evening.

There was soup and rolls provided here, a massage area and medical staff on hand to treat injuries or illnesses. The site looked like a casualty evacuation area in a Vietnam war film, people laid out all over, ambulances arriving and taking people away. A large number of competitors were suffering from hypothermia and various injuries; by comparison we were in pretty good shape. We all paid lots of money to do this!?

After soup and roll we had some more boil in the bag meals, fruit cake and custard, changed clothes and re-stocked our 'sacs with food and kit for the final stages of the race. Graham and Martin got treatment for blisters, Helen and I were still blister free,

and Helen was told that nothing much could be done for her knee. Then we went to sleep for a couple of hours, on the back of a box van used to transport the gearboxes. It was still dark when we set off on the "death march" but the route was easy to find, follow the West Highland Way to Crianlarich. We'd had a training weekend here a couple of months before the race and it had finally stopped raining with the added bonus of clearing skies. Martin was suffering badly during the first part of this, feeling ill and with stomach and blister problems, however he improved during the morning. We got to Crianlarich and PC 20 at 10:50 and the marshal wrote in our passbook "*not far now*". Liar!! The route now took us through forests and into Benmore Glen where we climbed very steeply to the Bealach between Ben More and Stob Binnean. The choice now was to contour round Stob Binnean or go straight over the top. As I knew these hills I persuaded the others to contour round, which I now believe to be a mistake as it was very tough terrain and seemed to take ages. It was a very warm afternoon and we found a small, sheltered grassy bowl where we had 10 minutes sleep. Actually we overslept and had 15 minutes, but everyone seemed to feel better for it and we even stopped bitching at each other for a while. (Actually we had very few disagreements...though there were some). We found the checkpoint on a large boulder on the 800m contour of a spur without too much trouble and descended very steeply to PC21. This descent took much longer than it should because of the jarring to Helen's knee. I still feel bad about that crash.

I began to notice a big change in the others as we descended, Graham was having lots of trouble with blisters and trench foot, and all three of the others had visibly lost loads of weight. Helen looked like somebody else, it's hard to explain but I didn't recognise her as the person I'd done all the training and started the race with. This became more bizarre during the following night. I guess I looked just as bad and my feet were starting to suffer with trench foot and a couple of blisters had formed on both my little toes.

Back in the kayaks at 18:00 and a paddle down Loch Voil and into the river Balvag. This was another high point for me, it was a beautiful evening, the wind was behind us and we were really motoring, leaving another two teams in our wake. The first part of the river was great with some easy rapids, really good fun and Helen and I kept having to wait for the other two. Although we were the weaker paddlers we seemed to be better co-ordinated together than the others and at PC 22 the marshal wrote "*still looking fresh, soon over, V.good*". The river emptied into Loch Lubnaig, which we kayaked the length of, arriving at PC 23 at 22:08. I was flagging again, and had trouble finding the PC in the dusk. We nearly went straight past as I was having a minor dispute with Martin over the navigation. As I was falling asleep in the boat I should have given him the map. We then began another longish trek towards Callander and very steeply up Callander crag, passing PC 24 on the way. The marshal here wrote "*looking well and still smiling*". I don't remember the smiling bit. My feet were agony now and due to extreme tiredness I was unable to take part in any navigation or decision-making. I merely stumbled along behind the others in a daze.

As we climbed Callander Crag Martin and Graham were navigating (we were incapable) and I noticed that Helen was stumbling and nearly fell a number of times. She seemed to be almost asleep. I took hold of her arm to help and support her, which must have looked pretty funny as I was falling asleep on my feet. We were both virtually incoherent. I remember looking around to try and find Helen so that she

could help me look after the girl I was trying to support!!? As we crossed the top of the crag and descended the path on the other side I was hallucinating again and several times I reached out to take hold of the polished brown wooden handrail to steady myself. In hindsight this was quite scary, as there were some big drops and certainly no handrail.

When we reached the road I remember telling the others that Helen and I had to sleep. Martin said he would find somewhere, but I got my survival bag out and laid on it in a car parking area, telling Martin I was going to sleep "now". The others settled down with me and as it was a cold night Martin gave me his down jacket. I remember placing it, still rolled up, on my chest. I woke up 10 minutes later, quite refreshed, gave Martin the still rolled up jacket, thanking him for its warmth and we continued into the dawn. That night was the most surreal experience I can ever remember, dark, no idea where I was going or what I was doing, seeing other teams in the darkness and not recognising anyone and with no real idea of who Helen was or what she was saying to me and wondering how feet could hurt so much.

At 06:23 we arrived at PC28, the start of a 10-mile kayak along the river Forth to the finish. Another nice morning and I was back on planet earth and relishing this final section. 100 yards down the river, over a small weir and along a fairly shallow and fast flowing section of the river. This was fun as the "fat boys" in the other boat kept getting grounded where we just slipped through. An amalgamated team was ahead of us and we caught and passed them fairly quickly, before we came to the second weir. This prevented the tidal seawaters of the Forth estuary from going any further upstream and was 5 feet high. We shot over the weir and had to steer pretty sharply to avoid a number of large rocks below it, really good fun, though I thought we were going under at one point. I can recommend "Necky" double kayaks, they're very stable.

The last few miles were on flat water, below the Wallace memorial and finally to the jetty at race H.Q. and the finish at 09:15 on Saturday 4th August, in an hour short of 5 days (and a day and a half behind the winners, 9 feet.com). We were the 14th, and last ranked, team out of 32 starters but, more importantly, the whole team had worked brilliantly together to get to the finish intact despite crashes, injuries, damaged gear and some pretty miserable weather.

After a clean up and several large fried breakfasts we went to bed. Three hours later we were up again, fully refreshed, after all we had 8 hours sleep during the five days of racing and off to the pub for a beer or several. Actually it didn't take a lot of beer to have us gibbering like idiots.

After the race Graham and Helen both said NEVER AGAIN!! Martin didn't say much of anything. Graham and my feet were in pretty poor shape; Graham couldn't wear anything on his feet but trainers or sandals for a week. On Sunday evening, back in Darlington, Graham called round and during the conversation mentioned that he would like to go back and race for a top 10 placing. Helen took a week and a half of "*never agains*" before telling me that she wanted to do another one. Martin injured his back, sailing, shortly after returning home. He'd recovered from that and done the Welsh 3000's within a fortnight of Adrenalin Rush. Adventure Racers have short memories.

After the race I wasn't certain that I wanted to do Adrenalin Rush 2002.....but only because I wanted to do one of the big foreign races such as Eco Challenge, Primal Quest or the Southern Traverse, however the new team has been formed, entry form sent and deposit paid. The race is back in Ireland at the end of May and I'm racing with Martin again, a South African guy who lives in Las Vegas, Derek Ziade and who we met at this year's Rush and an American girl who is apparently brilliant in kayak and on mountain bike. YeeeeeHaaaaa!!!



SEA TO SEA CYCLE ROUTE – 18 TO 20 OCTOBER 2001

I had wanted to do the 'Coast to Coast', ie the Sustrans route, not Wainwright's route, by bike for some time and I managed to persuade Paul Cooney, John Hope and Dave Hugill to do it in October. We decided to stay at Beckstones on the Wednesday night, drive to St Bees Head on Thursday and follow the C2C route to finish at Sunderland on Saturday.

We woke up on Thursday morning at Beckstones to pouring rain, with dark skies. However, as we drove towards St Bees Head the skies cleared and the rain stopped. We went through the ritual of going into the sea before we started, and then set off to join the C2C route at Mill Row. From there to Rowrah you follow an old mineral railway line, with seats, sculptures, etc along the way.

The weather continued to improve as we rode along quiet country lanes via Lamplugh to Loweswater, where we stopped for a soup break. From Loweswater to Lorton there are brilliant views of the north western hills of the Lake District, Whiteside, Grasmoor, and Whiteless Pike. Whinlatter Pass did not present much of a problem, and we descended to Braithwaite via the track through Whinlatter Forest. We had a food stop at the campsite (the service is a bit slow, but the food is not bad). From Braithwaite we went through Keswick and on to our first nights stop, at Greystoke, where we found accommodation at a local farm. The village pub is quite good and we ate and drank, then joined in the pub quiz. Surprisingly, we won the quiz and the only reason I mention this is that our best round was the one on fashion, where one of us (who shall remain nameless) knew the Coco Chanel invented the little black dress.

Friday morning was bright and after a good breakfast we set off towards Penrith, where we picked up some food. We followed the route along minor roads to Langwathby, and beyond to the foot of Hartside. We thought it was going to be tough and it was. Hartside summit is at a height of 1900ft and it was cold