

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

18th March 1967

Bulletin No. 23

Side 1.

Dear Member,

Well, to all those who have been wondering where I've been lately the answer is, I'm back! Not that I've been anywhere, mostly I ain't but the last three months have been car-less which has made the gathering of news and items rather difficult. However, I'm back in the saddle of ten horses and it's heigh-ho for the hills again. Perhaps we take the Huts for granted but it's only when we can't get to them that we realise just how much they mean to us. I did manage one trip up in that time and after all those weeks of absence, even the thunderous snores of you-know-who seemed to have a charm all of their own. At any rate, it was good to be back!

I think all Members will be pleased to learn that our President, Bishop Pearson, has been elected to Membership of the Alpine Club, a very great honour to him and to us also. I'm told that his Lordship isn't saying very much about it but secretly, he's feeling very chuffed with the whole thing. So are we all!

A second item, his Lordship has been given the northern part of the diocese to look after and he is to move from Blackpool to St. Herberts at Windermere sometime in April and take up residence there. With luck, we'll be seeing a little more of him, I hope.

News from the Huts.

Langdale - The wearing of boots and heavy footwear upstairs is now banned and a notice to this effect will be displayed (in wrought iron, please, Derek!) Fresh tea towels have been obtained and a new chip pan. DON'T treat these please, as you would your own! A large cupboard has been built on the landing for blankets, which should be replaced in there when you leave.

Buckbarrow - During the New Year Hols., repairs were carried out at the Hut. Some modifications were also made to the fire-place but these should not affect the snug character of the living room. A saw has also been provided to cut logs for the fire - and not, the Warden hopes, to gather rust.

Friday, the 17th of February, saw vast hordes travelling to another of Buckbarrows famous all-in Meets. A rather cramped night saw the dawn of a rather doubtful day, but undaunted, everyone ate a hearty breakfast before being assembled on the Cumberland coast. Then like marauding hordes, they trampled over miles of rugged 'flat' country to Devoke Water, where we amassed our forces for an all-out assault on Stanley Force from above, but which was still some miles distant. Despite being up to our necks in myck and bullets, the Buckbarrow Irregulars won through and all returned safe, if not sound. The evening heard the reciting of old campaigners tales, to the astonishment of some and the disbelief of even more.

The next day we saw and we conquered Buckbarrow Crag by various weaknesses on the Western and Southern faces before being allowed home on leave.

If you have never attended a Buckbarrow Meet, then the following may be helpful. For 21/- the Hut Committee provide you with food (cooked)

from Saturday morning until you leave on Sunday night, and includes food out on the fells. The fees also are included in this.

Organised excursions are arranged but if you wish to go elsewhere please do, so long as you are back at the Hut at a set time for the evening meal. An early booking plus 5/- deposit secures a place for you. Watch the next Bulletin for the date of our next one.

Paul.

P.S. When are you going to Buckbarrow, Jenny ?

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#### CHAMONIX MEET.

- It is hoped that sufficient Members will be in 'Cham' or Zermatt in August to hold an ARCC Meet. Mick (le Maitre) Pooler would like all interested parties to get in touch with him (33, Wilson St, Bury, Lancs) or put their names on the list at Bishop's Scale, in order that transport arrangements can be sorted out and non-mobile Members fitted in. Dates are the first three weeks in August.

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#### Round and About

- At the Langdale Old Peoples Party at Christmas, two of our Members, Geoff. Barry (Mouthorgan) and Ian (Fred the Folksinger) Gartside entertained the audience and were given a very enthusiastic reception\*\*\* one of the speakers in a BBC broadcast on the Alps, was Angela Faller, Ph.D. More recently, Angela was the Guest Speaker at the Annual Dinner of the St. Helens M.C. and has also been invited to join a ladies expedition to Greenland shortly. \*\*\*\*it is reported that three intrepid matelots from the Club are attempting to sail to the Isle of Man or the Scottish coast this summer. Opinion at the Hut is that it is lucky for the Americans that the Irish coast gets in the way\* \*\*\*also believed that a Former Hut Warden of Buckbarrow has outlined a scheme for a trip to the Hebrides by means of an outboard-driven rubber dinghy, but no further details have reached me yet\*\*\*\*\*

#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The A.G.M. will be held at St. Ignatius' Hall, Pump St, Preston on Saturday, 29th April 1967 at 2.30 pm. This should be a very interesting Meeting as we hope to announce how the appeal for our Welsh Hut has gone on.

There will be one vacancy on the Management Committee, John Gilmour is the retiring member, and is offering himself again for re-election.

Nominations for this position should be received by the Secretary, J.B. Ayre Esq, 17, Scafell Ave, Morecambe not less than 14 days before the A.G.M.

Please make every effort to attend as with a bit of luck we may be able to announce the successful completion of our Welsh venture.

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#### WALKS FROM BUCKBARROW - No. 2. ( With a bit of motoring thrown in )

Waberthwaite to Stanley Force, via Devoke Water.

This route requires two cars to cut out a great deal of road walking. Car no. 1 is left at the Tattygarth Inn ( until recently, the King George ) , here count the party ! The Inn is just south of Eskdale



Green at the junction of the roads over Birker Fell and Hardknott.

Car no. 2. is driven along the Birker Fell road going south, then you take the first right hand turn which follows the River Esk. Turn left when it joins the coast road.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile along here brings you to a farm marked on the O.S. Map as 'Dyke', and leave the second car here. Lock it!

Walk through the farm, going along a wide, muddy track which winds uphill then in between two high walls (shown on the map). Please do not irritate the Bull which roams loose around here! The walls, which hide the view, finish at a gate, here you bear right for the hills and before long you should find a muddy track across your path. Follow it and on your left you will see heaps of stones, part of an early settlement (not ARCC).

Keep on being observant or lucky and you will find a stone sink which has been carved out of a solid lump of rock, which is oblong and quite deep, into which I can get both my feet. Walk on and you arrive at a gate, pass through it, on a bit uphill and onto a flat moor, where you will find numerous remains of early (YHA?) settlements. Keep on a heading of ENE and when you reach a small col - all the going should have been fairly level with no steep ascents or descents, if you had then it's hard luck (in other words, you're lost - Ed.) - head East until Devoke Water looms up. Go round it on the right hand side, not forgetting to admire the boat-house which looks a bit tatty inside but very appealing on the outside to rubber dinghy owners.

A well surfaced (?) track leads to the Birker Fell Road, cross it and down the road exactly opposite. First left, through a farm and down a bit. left a bit, keep left past a farm which is on the right, through the gate across the field, over a wooden fence in a wall, through the rhododendrons and what-nots in a wood, following a sort of path which drops down to a river.

If you wish to see Stanley Force, go upstream over a bridge. If not, turn left and follow the path alongside the stream, left at the first gate (I think). Keep going, you should have the river on your right, going across fields to the bridge near Milking Stæd (marked on map) which is a very fine steel suspension bridge, over this, shutting the gates at both ends, across the field, onto the road, and turn left for the Tattygarth Inn.

Distance - about 8 miles.

In conclusion - this walk has one great merit, it has not been done (or should I say printed) by Wainwright. The fells around Devoke Water are worthy of further exploration, they are not high but look very interesting.

P.T.Charnock.

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I have been requested to say that as a practical joke, some members recently loaded up a car boot with large and heavy rocks. The unsuspecting owner then drove off with four adults packed in. Had the springs been damaged would - or could - the people responsible have paid for any repairs?

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WELSH HUT APPEAL. - At the time of going to press (!) the amount raised so far is in the region of £400, £112 of which was raised in the first three days. A surprising number of Members are sending applications for Life Membership. There's still some weeks to go but if you're thinking of contributing then please do so now...

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

The frosty weather of the past winter set me wondering if we would ever see a return to the grand old-fashioned pastime of 'knurkling'.

A form of the sport is still to be seen in the winter months at Keswick and in the Highlands of Scotland, where it goes under the name of 'curling', but this is merely a pale and innocuous shadow of its former glory.

The knurkler, carefully picked for his size, speed and fighting weight, is armed with a broom and equipped with crampons. The knurk, on the other hand, is lightly built and preferably long in the body to reduce wind resistance and is fitted with a door-mat attached to his chest. An umpire is also required, complete with whistle and able to keep his head (above water) should the ice for any reason break under him, thus dropping him into the oggin. A base-line is marked out. A 'jack', (large stone, half-brick or surplus spectator) is skimmed out over the ice and the umpire takes his stance close by. The object, as in bowls, is to get a knurk as close to the jack as possible. The contest may now begin.

The first knurkler takes his position some way behind the base-line and places the broom (bristle end) in the small of the back of the knurk, who of course, is lying in a prone attitude on his door-mat. With a ringing cry of 'Knurk away', he begins to accelerate towards the base-line propelling the knurk before him, releasing his projectile whilst crossing the line at maximum revs., allowing it to speed across the ice. The knurk may use his feet or elbows as brakes if in danger of overshooting the mark, or alternatively, should streamline himself if undershooting it.

The umpire calls a long or short knurk as the case may be, scoring one point for a short, two for a long, whilst a knurk within arms length of the jack counts three points. Hence the need for long, thin knurks!

Should any knurk disappear through thin ice, the umpire calls 'Lost knurk' and deducts five points from the knurklers score. A fresh one must then be obtained.

The first to reach a score of twenty-one is declared the winner, named 'Chief Knurkler' and escorted in triumphal procession to the nearest hostelry, where he stands the first round. Any lost knurks should be recovered, dried out and lightly oiled, preferably with Keg bitter, before they warp at the seams. All artificial methods of reducing friction, such as lubricating with slippery elm, are verboten, although a liberal application of elbow grease is not frowned upon by the enthusiast.

Having now re-introduced this Royal and Ancient Sport, it only remains for me to wish you....

Happy Knurkling!

Anon.

(Editors Note: - this seems a dangerous pastime. Members are reminded of that fanatical enthusiast, the Sicker o' McSicker, who, in the hard winter of 1789 slipped one of the new-fangled rockets into the back pocket of his ghillie, Donald McTalisker, in an attempt on the Scottish All-comers Record.

The unfortunate ghillie disappeared over the frozen Kyles of Lochalsh in a cloud of blue smoke, returning three days later with the record secure. Whence originated, (1) the Skye tourist industry, and (11) the old Scots song, 'Donald, where's yer troosers ?' ).

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A quick trip around the Hut produced the following news items.

BIRTHS - On Christmas Day, to Jack and Valerie Case (nee Flynn), a daughter.

MARRIAGES - On February 4th, Peter Durkin to Dawn Backhouse.  
Am also informed that Miss Barbara Preston, of Skipton was married sometime in December.

ENGAGEMENTS - sometime in January, Guy Comyn.

We offer congratulations and best wishes to all the above, and wish them every happiness.

FORTHCOMING

- WEDDINGS - In July, Zita Howarth to Tom Walmsley.  
- In August, Angela Farrell to John Britt.  
- On August 2nd, Margaret Ogden to Derek Price.  
- Date unknown, Alwyn Littlewood to Jim Cooper.

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A GRAND FELL AND CROSS-COUNTRY RACE will be held on the Saturday of August Bank Holiday, the course will be a short one and is to be decided later. Officials are John Gilmour, Clerk of the Course, Fearless Fred Fenlon, Principal Bets Holder, Terry Hickey, Chief Handicap and Tom Brodrick, Tea Boy.

A valuable Cup will be awarded to the winner and your support is requested, either as entrants or spectators, to make this a momentous event in the annals of the ARCC. Details will be published later but you can take it from me that bumping, boring and nobbling are OUT!

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Well, that's about it,  
Cheers,,  
BRODDY.

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*Subs now due*