

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

10th September 1967

Bulletin No. 25

Side 1

Dear Member,

Summer '67 is almost over - and a very mixed-up summer it's been, too. I'm told that the rain in Skye fell mainly upon the hard men desperately waiting for a break in the gloom and elsewhere the picture was pretty much the same, apart from the odd glorious week-end, one of which coincided with our first Annual Fell-Race. Preparations are now in hand for the Annual Dinner, the Welsh Hut negotiations are going ahead quietly but steadily, Membership is increasing, and in general, the ARCC is in a very strong and healthy position. Just one little cloud on the horizon - about 40 Members have not yet renewed their Subs., and some Graduates who have been on the books for more than six months have not yet applied for Full Membership. **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED !!!** Let Barry hear from you - even if it's only 'farewell'!

In the recent search (August, Grasmere) for a missing fell-walker, most of the Members at Bishop's Scale that week-end took some part in the proceedings, one group was even equipped with radio and given the code-name "Ratti Search". All credit to those Members who struggled through some very difficult country to do their part. The body was recovered that day in Langstrath, having fallen some 200 feet - a tragic pointer of the need to inform others of your intended route!

Rennie McOwan would be interested to hear of any photographs, or transparencies which illustrate the activities of Members, as he wishes to publish some articles about the Club in the 'Universe'. Address is 'The Northern Editor, The Universe, c/o Web Off-set Ltd., 1, Marsh Lane, Bootle, 20, Lancs. Rennie often slips in little items about the Club and so deserves your support in this.

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POTENTIAL 'TIGERISM' - or 'SPARE THE ROD'.

Rod Witham.

I had done some some rock-climbing before, but the idea of tackling a climb that was a grade higher than anything I had ever done before didn't exactly fill me with delight. I was to be middleman in a rope of three and the other two, referred to as Chris and Ken for convenience, didn't waste any time on the formalities; in no time at all, Chris had casually moved up the first few feet, bridged up an awkward looking crack, and disappeared from sight. A short delay whilst a belay was arranged, then it was my turn.

The actual climbing was an anti-climax after my 'pre-climb nerves' and it was with increasing confidence that I climbed up to the crack. A funny sort of layback move put me into a bridging position but then I was brought to a full stop. There were sufficient holds even to my inexperienced eyes, but Chris had put a nut runner in the crack and no matter how I pushed, pulled, twisted, coaxed or swore at that little piece of metal, it refused to move. My new-found confidence rapidly evaporated and I beat a hasty retreat to the bottom of the crack. The problem of the nut was solved in the best British manner - I unclipped my rope and left the mess for Ken to sort out. Having disposed of that, I

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Outward Bound School, Eskdale. Book now, or you may be unlucky.

First come, first served!

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#### THE ARCC FELL-RACE

The first Annual Fell-race was run on a beautiful evening in July, the 22nd, to be precise, and the course was short but stiff, from the New D.G. up to Stickle Tarn, down across Stickle Breast to Pike How, back to the New and along the road to the finish in the field opposite Bishop's Scale. The chief prize was a very handsome Trophy, to be awarded each year, an engraved medal with the winners name and two free tickets to the Annual Dinner. Second and third prizes are engraved medals and one free ticket each, Trophy and medals to be awarded at the Dinner.

Surprisingly, the contest was quite fair, amongst the runners at least, no-one was actually nobbled or had his running shoes nailed to the floor. Three marshals were sent off to their allocated positions, John Britt (retired Alpinist) duly armed with a couple of sponges.

At 6.30pm the runners trotted off to the cheers of the spectators, of whom there were many, for word had got around the valley.

At the falls, Mick Pooler took the lead, followed by Ian (Fred the Folksinger) Gartside, Geoff. Cross and Barry Ayre, after whom there was a gap before the rest of the field hove into view. At the Tarn, they were met by Britt who cheerfully swung a very soggy sponge into the face of each competitor as they passed by and sent them, half-blinded, towards the next marshall, Tony Quinn, who greeted them with many kind words of encouragement. By this time, Mick was a good 200 yards or more in the lead and held off all attempts to close the gap, despite the efforts of Geoff. and Fred who were pacing each other in 2nd and 3rd places.

As they came down to Pike How and Terry Hickey, the officials (!) hurriedly left the New in order to beat them back to the finish, and within a very short space of time Mick had sprinted along the road and passed the post, a very clear winner.

One minute later, Geoff. and Fred arrived, shoulder to shoulder, in a storming grandstand finish, which Fred won with a single stride to take 2nd place. Shortly afterwards, Barry galloped into view to take fourth position. The rest of the field followed at intervals, but it was no mean feat to even complete the tough course, and for the weary runners the bottle of beer they each received was most welcome.

We were most relieved to find that all the competitors came back sound in limb, if not in wind, but the arrival of the three marshals dampened things a little, as they'd had a race down the fee all to themselves, during which Tony skinned his toes, Britt strained a leg muscle and Terry broke his little finger.

It was a good race all round, with a cracking time for the course which next years entrants will have a hard time to beat.

Unfortunately, I've lost the piece of paper with the names and times on it, but Mick's time was 31 mins. with Fred and Geoff. one minute later and Barry about the same behind them. My apologies to you all!

Pity about Terry's finger though, - still, as Pooler remarked, "He's only done it to get his name in the Bulletin!"



News from Buckbarrow - Paul Charcock reports:-

Rule 1. Upon arrival at the Hut, please sign your name and date of arrival in the signing-in book. Guests must also be signed-in, using this book as the separate Guest Book is now redundant.

Rule 2 Three guests may be taken to Buckbarrow at any time by one Member, except during Easter, Whitsun and the months of June, July and August.

Rule 3 You must pay your own Hut Fees to Mrs. Gass unless you have Personally made an arrangement with someone to do it for you. It is not the done thing if you are going early on Sunday to leave the money and a note proclaiming 'Hut Fees' for someone to find on his return from the fells.

Congratulations to Dave Hall and his friend for climbing the 'Buckbarrow Crack'. His entry in the log-book mentions that the locals in Egremont reckon that Buckbarrow Crag has some of the finest (if not THE finest) climbs in the valley. So how about some new routes being done and sent to the Editor for publishing, after all, we are the second largest climbing club in the Lakes, and when was the last time that the Bulletin had a new route of any standard in it? The Editor can't publish them if no-one writes them up. Don't leave it all to the Fell & Rock!

WALKS FROM BUCKBARROW No. 4 - The Northern Mountains of Scotland.(!)

If you're tired of Grimping around on Gimmer or Aping around in the Alps, and long for some quite, relatively unclimbed and unusual mountains, then go to Buckbarrow, which is ideal for use as a centre. Although you can walk to the foot of these mountains, transport from the Hut would be an advantage over the first 500 miles or so, as the road walk gets a bit boring after Gosforth. That is, until you get to Tongue on the North Coast of Scotland and look south at the most graceful mountain in Britain, Ben Loyal!

Although it is only 2504 ft. high, its six separate pointed tops joined together by deep, sweeping curves, justly earn it the name of 'The Queen of the Highlands'.

Paths on it are non-existent, but if you set out across the peat moors from the road which runs from Tongue to Altnaharra, leaving your car alongside Loch Craggie, you aim for Sgurr Chaonasaid which appears to be the main summit. All being well, you should then find yourself too high up the flank of the mountain and will have to descend a little to cross the stream. Then head upwards, taking whatever gradient suits you as they are all steep.

Upon arrival at your main summit you will find that you are on a ridge which sticks out from the main mass of the mountain, with steep drops all around except for your ridge. Then 'horrors', it isn't the top at all, because to the south is a wedge shaped lump of rock which looks impregnable but which is definitely higher! Still, not too difficult to get up on top of it and where else can one feed ptarmigan like feeding pigeons. As for the views away to the East are the flat lands of Caithness, flat that is, when you look West at the dark, overpowering massif of Ben Hope, your next mountain when you have got off this lump of rock. Don't forget to look North at the blue Atlantic which is all that's betwixt you and the North Pole!

Ben Hope's main claim to fame is at once obvious if you study the map, it's the most northerly 3,000 footer in the British Isles, and even less frequented than Ben Loyal.

The best way up it is to drive down Glen Hope past the loch, then opposite the first building on your right - cowshed of sorts - where a waterfall pours down the mountain on your left. Follow this stream up, passing countless waterfalls and deep pools as it cut through a rim of crags overlooking the valley. Where it splits into two, head up between them, swinging left to head due North. This slope leads straight to the summit but is very convex. It was going up here that I saw my very first golden eagle before it saw me!

From the summit, which drops vertically away from you to the East, North and West, one can see Iceland if the conditions are good, but the finest view is of Ben Loyal away to the East.

So there you have two entirely different but complementary mountains, which most people have never even heard of.!

Paul Charnock.

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HELD OVER... I have received one or two items from various Members, Chris Mitchell and Mike Lomas among them. Many thanks for your contributions, please don't feel hard done by because I haven't used them this time, but I'll have to hold them up at the moment, due to space. Sorry, chaps.

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WELSH HUT - All that I can report at the moment, is that the solicitors for all parties are still putting the finishing touches to everything.

A lay-out has been agreed by the Management Committee and the plans have been drawn up by our architect, Nev. Haigh. A scouting party has been down, measured up and reported back. We don't know exactly how much has been raised, as we are still getting the odd donation or Life Memberships - in fact, Paul Charnock rolled up to the last Committee Meeting with a donation from Mrs. Cass, and there have been others. So far as we can tell we have reached somewhere around the £1350 mark, which is a magnificent sum and one which means we can pay the Hut right off. I hope in the next Bulletin to be able to tell you that it's all sewn up.

When it is clinched, we shall need volunteers to go down and put the place in order. The Hut will not be open for general use for quite a while after we have purchased it so don't make plans based on Tyn Twr. There's a lot to be done first. Anyone wishing to help in these working parties - and we mean work! - should contact John Foster, 29, Braeside Crescent, Billinge, Nr. Wigan, but don't expect an acknowledgement until we are ready for action. Volunteers, one pace forward, please!

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COMPETITION !!! - The Man. Comm. have been discussing if Members would be interested in buying small metal lapel badges at a very modest fee for Club funds. This evolved into a discussion on the Club's badge. Was it still a suitable design or was it perhaps too formal? Is there a better design or motif? If so, then what? Accordingly, we decided to open a competition to all Graduates or Members to design a new badge in not more than three colours and capable of being reduced to a small size, say, of one inch or even a half inch. There are some very neat little ~~little~~ badges now, capable of being worn in the lapel of a suit or decorating a hand bag. A rough sketch will do, it's your ideas that we want!

We can't promise however that we'll accept any particular design or even that we'll change the old one, but let me have them just the same.



ENNERDALE FOREST - ACCESS FOR MOUNTAINEERING

Barry has asked me to publish the following:-

A permit has been granted to the Federation of Lake District Mountaineering Clubs authorising up to 4 vehicles to travel as far as Pillar Bridge for purposes of rock-climbing. The Head Forester, i/c Ennerdale must also be notified as far as possible in advance of date of travel and the vehicle numbers.

Procedure: - check with the Federation (Sec. Miss C.G. Robinson, 10, Cheviot Road, Stanwix, Carlisle) that the permit is available for that date, and notify the Forester, giving as much notice as possible.

Normally, all wheeled traffic stops in Ennerdale at Bowness Point where a car park is situated, thus leaving the climber some miles to cover before he enters climbing country. This permit saves you some miles of weary walking - but you must comply with the above conditions.

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Well, thats about it for the time being but there'll be another issue in December. Publication dead-line will be the last week of November.

As for the rest, I'm sorry that I've had to hold over one or two items, and I'm even more sorry for the state of the typing and for the lateness of the Bulletin. In fact, if it wasn't for the good offices of a former Member, Fred Vandome, you probably wouldn't be reading it yet! My thanks to him!

book early.

Don't forget the Annual Dinner on Nov. 4th -

Cheers,

BRODDY.

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"WORKING WEEKEND" 7/8th OCT. '67 at BISHOP'S SCALE. ALL WELCOME.