

## ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

October, 1971

Bulletin 42

Dear Member,

I have enclosed a "sticker" giving brief details of the A.R.C.C. and hope that you will obtain permission from your parish priest to have it displayed in the church porch.

We already have about 500 members but as only a third or so are active, the Management Committee, with future plans in mind, feel that we must improve our financial position, and the obvious method is to invite applications from interested persons.

Personally, I have mixed feelings about increased membership, though I realise that with such commitments as the converting of the second half of Tyn Twr and the possibility of alternative property in the Wasdale area, we must improve our resources. Nevertheless it seems a pity to increase membership when all we need is for our present members to play a more active part in the club.

### ANNUAL DINNER

Friday, November 12th. 7-30 for 8-15p.m. to 2.00 a.m.

Bar extension - 1.00

Tickets £1.75 (and going fast) from Bernard Hayes.

There will be a coach leaving Bishop's Scale at 7.30p.m.  
approx. 25p per person.

Dunmail will be open to members for the weekend.

### BISHOP'S SPONSORED WALK

Sunday, November 7th. starting from the Pillar Estate, Langdale  
As many helpers as possible wanted to act as stewards, marshals etc.

### ORIENTEERING COMPETITION

To be held on Sunday, November 14th. at 10.00am  
from Bishop's Scale. This is always a very enjoyable event, so  
please give it your support.

### ANNUAL FELL RACE

Held on the 18th September, 1971.

1st. Jim Harding 36.30

2nd. Peter Long 40.30

3rd. Ron Phillips 47.30

Only three competitors.

### MEETS

There will be a New Year meet at Bishop's Scale

### WORKING WEEKENDS

Dunmail - October 22/24th. Tyn Twr - November 26/28th. Volunteers  
welcome. (You even get a free weekend!).

SUBSCRIPTIONS Bankers orders will be sent out with the next bulletin for those wishing to pay their subs. by this method.  
Overdue Subs. This will be the last bulletin to be received by those who have not yet paid there subs and they cease to be members of the A.R.C.C.

CLOGGY IN THE SUNSHINE (Part 2) Master 1971. By Paul Sidoli

It is fatal to hesitate at Cloggy. The atmosphere tends to sap one's motivation. Sitting by our socks we held a long post-mortem on the 'Corner' and discussed the unique problems of climbing in a heart-wave. All the time I was trying to avoid looking at the left end of the last Buttress where, in my mind's eye, a body was swinging back and forward across a blank wall. This was 'Lithrig', involving a rope move in tension to gain a good ledge. I traced the line, up the first pitch of Sunset Crack, then out to a rib under a small overhang, over it and up a groove. Getting to the blank part, I saw to my horror that there was an actual body there, swinging about strangely inert, quite lifeless. Al saw him too and he noticed that it was exactly where the line of Lithrig should go. There was no sign of anyone else, and all our humanitarian instincts were roused to action, after all what if the vultures came in the evening? We sprang to our feet, and in no time I was spreadeagled on a rib to the right of Sunset Crack. Bridging up the left-hand side of this, I clipped into a peg, and traversed delicately across a short slab beneath an overhang. A crack broke through the right-hand side of this and after a few strenuous moves I was sure I would be able to touch the body. All I saw was a blank wall with a ledge about 15ft. away to the right. Higher up was a spike which would make contact with whatever it was we had seen. "Did you use these tapes for the tension-move?" No answer. So adding one more sling to the collection, I traversed across, crab-like, on small nicks in the rocks, till my righthand was within inches of the ledge. The rope was a bit tight, so I called for some slack. This came too quickly; out of tension my left foot slipped and I lurched forward, catching the ledge luckily, as I fell. "That was a bloody desperate way of doing it," a voice said. I looked up startled. Was the heat playing tricks with my mind, because I could have sworn it was the same voice that had shouted at the top of the 'Corner'? When Al came into sight he was as surprised as I had been to find no-one there. Our will o' the wisp had disappeared. Perhaps he had leapt into the sky, over the setting sun.

The way ahead was clear, wonderful open-face climbing up a series of faults arching right then left, up a corner we could see the top. Whether he had been real, or a creature of our overheated brains, we had to thank him. He had led us up two magnificent routes and had given us the urge to return again and try another. And we did return, the very next day in fact, with the weather still miraculously warm. Our party had increased to three, because that evening Joe Tasker had arrived from Manchester. He agreed wholeheartedly that we



mustn't miss a good dry, so once more we left Tyn Tyn, and once more slogged up the path. It was even hotter than the previous day. We stopped at the foot of the East Gully, which leads up to the Pinnacle, where our ambitions centred on the spectacular 200ft. wall up which went 'the Shrike'. Getting up the steep grass and loose rock East Gully took some time in P.A.'s. Nobody had really settled the question of who was to lead first, so discussion at the foot of East Gully Wall became very hypothetical. "Whoever goes third will have to bring a full set of gear, for the top pitch, in case we can't all fit on the stance." I suggested. They looked at me suspiciously, after all it had been my idea to do the route, and it appeared that the question of who should lead it was settled in their minds at least.

The first pitch of Shrike is shared with East Gully Wall, there is a peg for aid half-way up, and the book said that it had to be lassoed from below. Having got myself a few feet below this, I noticed that the peg was leaning down out of its crack, and the rope would be bound to slide off. A few vain attempts proved the point. So it was a case of pulling up on a runner and clipping in to the peg. After that it was straightforward to the stance. Joe and Al meanwhile had been entertained by a certain A. Rouse who was at grips with the vicious direct start to East Gully Groove. I felt a bit of a heel pulling in the ropes because they would miss the fun, but we lesser mortals had our little problem to tackle as well! The stance was adequate for all three of us. Above, the wall soared up, vertical at least, to overhanging, and the first 20ft. contained a genuine overhang with a peg for aid in it. Thankful that we 600ft. of rope between us, I launched up apprehensive and at the same time curious to see what would happen. The overhang had to be surmounted by a sling for aid in a narrow crack. On gaining this crack, all the runners I had fixed under the overhang came out, and I had to move quickly to fix a better one higher up. It was all incredibly steep and exposed, although the holds were excellent. I ran out of steam a few times, but received plenty of encouragement from below. Our hard men in the groove disappeared, and it felt lonely up there, like a fly crawling up acres of vertical rock. After about 100ft. the line leads out to the arete on the left, and the last runner, before the final steep wall, which contains the proverbial sting in the tail. By that time my arms were as stiff as ram-rods, but the end was near. Never had I been so relieved to see the top and to grasp the final holds. I was "psyched out" and sat back in the sun to un-wind. Joe and Al came up, obviously delighting in this stupendous though technically reasonable route. At the top we lay in the sun, euphoric setting in - there was no hurry for once. We discussed plans for tomorrow. 'Vember' or 'the Mostest' perhaps. But sadly, tomorrow was not to be. After getting back to the hut, and celebrating at the Douglas, the wind changed. Tyn Tyn by morning was streaming wet, water pouring off the roof, down the slatey walls. We backed the van up to the door, packed our gear, and moved off looking towards the 'Black Cliff' over the hill, through the wet mist.

MIDGMS ON HELVELLYN

By Ken Thompson

The weekend of 18th-20th June, 1971 saw a mixed party of students, past students and staff of Foley College, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, staying at the Dunmail Hut, nine of the less affluent members (mainly lecturers!) travelling the 160 miles in the back of a recently acquired and hastily converted bread delivery van (35mph flat out downhill!)

Roy Shimwell and I, two of the more senior members of the party, had devoted time between lecturing and examination marking during the previous week to planning a high level traverse of the Helvellyn Ridge by night, from St. Johns-in-the-Vale to Grasmere, with hope of a sunrise from Helvellyn. However, the heavy rain which was falling as we left Stourbridge was equally as heavy at Dunmail and this, coupled with sore "sit-upons", convinced us that our all-night walk and sunrise would have to be postponed.

Saturday morning appeared out of the muck - but no rain. We decided to walk the ridge by day. After breakfast we obtained a lift from the hut to Lowthwaite Farm in St. Johns-in-the-Vale and at 9.45am, leaving the public highway by way of a gate in an adjoining field, we were off.

We made very fast time for the first five hundred feet to the bottom of Wanthwaite Crag but this fast start was my undoing. We had climbed the stone steps over the wall when, pausing for a breath and to remove our anoraks, I had a sudden attack of nausea. From then onwards I literally crawled upwards, stopping every few paces, until the gradient slackened off where we joined the footpath.

To avoid the crags we traversed left, joining the path at Clough Head and then following it sharply uphill over the shoulder of White Pike and above Wanthwaite Crag. The footpath was very narrow in places and the rock greasy. There are two sections of the path where it crosses the top of some attractive little gullies that would require extra special care at night. Even on a clear moonlight night this side of the hill would be in darkness. Our path took us on to the main ridge. The walk to our first pike, Calfhow Pike, was uneventful, enabling me to recover my breath and note with much satisfaction, that all trace of my earlier disposition had now disappeared, for good I hoped. We continued on to Great Dod where we sat back to enjoy the sunshine, the view, and the orange.

Blencathra and Skiddaw, Bowfell, Great Gable and Scafell Pikes - all were discernable but melting into the blue haze of a perfect summer's day. To the East lay Ullswater. To my mind, Ullswater is rather sombre and viewing it on this lovely summer morning did nothing to dispel this impression.

We enjoyed an easy stroll to Watsons Dod where we met the only other walker we were to see until we joined the tourist route to Lower Man. Watsons Dod, Stybarrow Dod and Sticks Pass were all easy upland walking and, despite the rain of the previous night, very dry. For some reason we both felt completely drained during what seemed



to be an interminable slog to the summit of Paise but once over the top this lethargy left us and we carried on over Whiteside Bank, then down and up to Lower Man with Swirral Edge looking magnificent to our left. We were able to enjoy the spectacle of a very large party queuing to get on to the edge and slowly moving along it looking to us, from across Brown Cove to be like birds on a telegraph wire. By this time we had joined the main tourist route and met a large party of school children walking along the path above Browncove Crag.

Several fell runners were passing us going in the direction from whence we had walked. As much as I admire these men and their obvious physical fitness and tremendous stamina, do they, I wonder, enjoy the hills as much as I, or do they look upon them as just a natural obstacle course to be run as quickly as possible?

We had determined that, once past the Helvellyn refuge we would stop a while to rest, eat a Mars bar, and generally enjoy the scenery (we considered the Helvellyn summit to be about half way along our route). When we reached this point however, we ate our Mars bar very hastily, in between smacking and slapping at midges. We didn't stay for the view but rapidly repacked our sacks and left our vantage point at a run, not stopping until we reached Gough's monument. I cannot recall being so plagued with midges on a bare hilltop at three thousand feet ever before. After reading the inscription on the monument we walked onward pausing first on Nethermost Pike and then on Dollywagon Pike to enjoy the view down the valley towards Patterdale and; looking south across the valley of Grisedale Tarn, at the forbidding northern side of Fairfield and the steeply rising edge from Grisedale House onto Fairfield. Then down the zigzags we clattered and slid, alternately taking first the direct descent and then, in deference to our protesting toes, joining the path for a while.

We had planned to eat our lunch by the side of Grisedale Tarn, to rest our feet and legs and recover our flagging energy before tackling the long climb up to the summit of Fairfield. In one of my less rational moments I had even talked about swimming! The sun however, having been playing hide and seek for the last hour, finally gave up the game and disappeared completely behind the clouds. We sat on a small promontory to eat our cheese butties but an insidious little breeze blowing up Paise Beck soon made itself felt, and we were reluctantly forced to continue on our way.

From Grisedale Tarn to the summit of Fairfield is, as near as no matter, eleven hundred feet with an average gradient of one in three. This final lift in height brought the total climbed during the day to almost five thousand feet, five hundred feet more than a mile of vertical height! In the course of time we were very glad, to say the least, to be picking our way through the summit boulders to the summit cairn. From here it was mostly downhill for the rest of the way and continuing southwards we walked on toward Grestrigg Man, Rydal Fell, Heron Pike, and so to Grasmere. As we walked across the grassy upland we were glad to put on our anoraks, for the first time

...first time

Side 6

since our pause for breath when climbing out of St. John's-in-the-Vale earlier in the day. Plodding ever onward and downward we discussed our day. We decided that, to be fully appreciated, Helvellyn should be approached, as we had done, from the north. From this direction not only is it the highest point on a long ridge, but also looks, and is, a mountain - not just a great sprawling mass as it appears from the south.

As we continued the walk off Fairfield we could see the beginning of Lake Windermere but already that pernicious little wind that had forced us to leave Grisedale Tarn was calling up reinforcements. Mist was beginning to settle on the surrounding tops and on looking back Helvellyn was already completely shrouded and the summit of Fairfield was fast disappearing. Once past Heron Pike we dropped off the ridge towards Alcock's Tarn where we joined the footpath which eventually decanted us onto the main road.

Sitting in a favourite cafe in Grasmere, drinking hot sweet tea and watching the trout swimming in the stream, we estimated that we had walked some fourteen and a half miles and climbed five and a half thousand feet in seven and a half hours. A day we shall remember long after our aching legs and sore toes have been forgotten.

#### BUCKSTONE HOW - HONISTER

##### Groove One - V.Diff.

The crag is an old quarry dump. Groove One is the line of a natural stone-chute and would be particularly dangerous if others were climbing on the crag and using the way down which crosses the top of Groove One.

Derek Newmarch.

Unless someone supplies me with articles for the next bulletin you will be in for a thin time, in more ways than one.

BIRTHS To John and Jane Gilmour - six bouncing babes, looking fit and healthy and certain to be in the Jack Bodell class.

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