

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

January 1972

Bulletin 43

Dear Member,

1971 passed on leaving a feeling of fellowship and unity in the Club. We had a successful year on the hills with a fair amount of hut usage and a reasonable meet attendance, culminating in a lively Dinner Dance and a cracking Orienteering Competition ---- surely a good omen for 1972.

I have enclosed a Meet-card for this year, please keep it handy & try and attend some of the meets. The dates and details of the Annual Dinner and the Orienteering Competition will be given later. Enough to say that the Dinner will be on a Saturday this year.

My thanks to the authors of the various articles I hope their efforts will encourage other members to put pen to paper.

Finally, it was nice to see Bill Carter, our Chairman, at the last Management Committee Meeting. He said that he was feeling well but still taking things easy and only working about five hours a day. (Micky Pooler pointed out that this was more than he used to do when he was fit, and recommended that he ought not to go in at all).

CLIMBER'S COMPLAINT

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.....

THE 1971 ORIENTEERING COMPETITION by Eddie Kelly

At 10-24 on the morning of Sunday, 14th. November, Mick Pooler set off as the first starter on the Club's 1971 Orienteering Competition. 1 hour 15 mins 50 secs later he was back, having found his way round the twelve control points on the course without too much trouble. Behind him, scattered round the Claife Heights course, were 29 other Club members struggling over some rough, well-wooded country with plenty of rise and fall.

The organisers were Alan Holmes, Roy Philips and Gerry Charnley (sadism must be a family trait in the Charnleys), and they had organised a beautiful autumn day for the event, although nobody noticed it once they were whistled off. They had also provided beautifully clear and accurate maps, hard backed and rain resistant. Even the grid lines were parallel to magnetic north! There had to be a snag and there was.

"What's the scale" I asked

"One to 10,000" said Roy Philips

"How many inches to the mile is that" says I

"Just think of it as 1 cm. to 100 metres" says Roy.

I had no intention of doing any such thing, and eventually worked out that

out that.....

one little finger nail equalled 100 yards.

Out on the course, blood, sweat and tears and a selection of colourful expletives were being showered over the landscape, particularly near control point No. 5 where at one time it seemed half the total membership of the Club was milling around. Control point No. 8 also gave a lot of difficulty, and the knoll could well become a dirty word in the Club. (Knolls to you too, Gerry).

At the finishing point, it was a matter of waiting, and 25 mins. went by before anybody came in with a better time than Mick's. Eventually when all the times had been worked out, Bernard Hayes came out an easy winner by 3 minutes 53 seconds over Dave Ogden in second place. Third man was Ben Carter, only 40 seconds behind Dave.

This year there was a good turn out of girls for the event, with a total of ten plunging into the woods after the men. Angela Faller was in a class of her own, however, being placed in 5th. position overall, with a time no less than 41 minutes better than the next girl. Tactfully, none of the four competing wives surpasses her respective husband, but if each couple had been competing as a team against the other couples, Matt and Janet Bennett would have been comfortable ten minutes winners over Chris and Anne Farrell.

This year Wilf Charnley and Paul Charnock changed their role from cowboy to indian, and for a couple of novices did quite well. Wilf came in a steady eighth, and Paul a comendable sixth - although he must have come very close to being disqualified because of the unfair advantage he got from his size twelves over the boggy bits.

Two interesting placings - Joan Kierans placed 18th., Derek Price placed 19th. What about giving Joan that Mountaineering Course certificate now Derek?

After the four competitions which have now been held, form is beginning to be established. Bernard Hayes was also winner three years ago; Dave Ogden came second also in 1969; and Ben Carter was placed third again last year. Angela Faller came second in 1968. It makes you wonder whether next year we can expect to see some character - probably from Blackpool - running a book on the event.

But after seeing the increasing support by members for these always enjoyed competitions, I wonder if they ought to remain as once-a-year events. After all, our climbing meets are not annual affairs, and how often do we get 30 members attending a meet.

E. J. K.

PONDERABLE THESIS

In the mountains of Japan the guides attribute gathering clouds to the

to the.....

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presence of women climbers on the crags.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE BY QUINTIN HOGG PUBLISHED IN THE NEW STATESMAN

Ball-games are all right for those with keen eyesight. Man is naturally a predator, and so, I suppose, hunting, shooting and fishing respond to some deep need of human nature. Competition in various sports of speed and skill no doubt provides a splendid outlet for our aggressive instincts. But the sea, the mountains and the wilderness provide a charm and a challenge which, for me at least, are the greatest of pleasures. For me it is the mountains. They offer all I can desire in the way of physical recreation. The exquisite views, the photography, the flowers, the wild life, the companionship, the bodily well-being, the emotional and intellectual preoccupation with purely physical problems, all this is thrown in as a bonus. The real thing is the mountains themselves, in wet or fine, whether the ice forms treacherously on the rocks, or the granite is sensuously warm to the fingers in the sun, whether you are crunching happily up in the early morning on the points of your crampons, or staggering horribly down in the afternoon slush of an August snowfield, whether you can see 100 miles or six inches, it is sheer joy to be in them, a pleasure as satisfying in retrospect or anticipation as in the enjoyment. And there is no sense of guilt or satiety attached.

VISITORIAL REMONSTRANCE

Ye rash men who go up the Glyders,
Not one of you ever considers
If you see a thick fog when
You start from Lake Ogwen
Your wives may be changed into widders.

THE 'HAUTE ROUTE', Easter, 1971 By Angela Faller

When I mentioned plans for the 'Haute Route' last Easter, People said politely 'Oh, I didn't know you could ski'. I had grave doubts myself whether I could ski well enough to get from Chamonix to Saas Fee, nearly a hundred miles at 12000 feet; but there was only one way to find out.

After 'playing' for the morning on the Grande Montets runs the three men and I shouldered our rucksacks and set off for the Argentière refuge. Almost at once we began to tumble - the combined effects of the load and the untrodden snow upset even the experienced members. Since I can only manage parallel turns on gentle piste, I didn't attempt them with an extra thirty pounds on my back. On the glacier we put on our skins, my first experience of using them, and shuffled up to the refuge.

The Argentière refuge looks across the glacier to the huge north

faces of the Courtes, Droites and Verte, which trundle fierce avalanches on a summer's afternoon but in early spring are frozen into immobility. Darkness fell while we at the impressive view and the guardian cooked our food.

First light saw us climbing to the Col de Chardonnet, wearing crampons and carrying skis. There were tracks to follow and quite a procession of people also setting out. When the sun rose we were dazzled even through our goggles. It was very hard work but magnificent. I was relieved that I could keep on my feet, at least. Ascending to the Col took a few hours but the descent was over in minutes, even for me. Completely out of control I launched myself after the others shouting 'wait for me', and eventually they did! Another Col separated us from the Trient plateau, where we digressed to climb the Aiguille de Tour, before heading for the Trient hut which turned out to be unguarded.

Next day was easier; I began to enjoy it more and to worry less about holding up the party. To descend into the Val d' Argette we had to climb down roped and in crampons, which was slow. But this led to a long gentle run between slopes which might have avalanched and then through the pinewoods to the village of Champex. The season there was finished and the nursery slopes waterlogged so we caught a small bus to Bourg St. Pierre where the Haute Route crosses the Great St. Bernard road. There we bought provisions for the next section, booked in at a pension and went out to feast on fondue and raclettes.

Unfamiliar mountains followed. The Valsorey hut, perched high on the Grand Combin. A day wasted in bad weather and two nights' accumulation of ski mountaineers piled on top of each other. A miraculously clear, starry night. And a very early torchlight start for the crux of the whole route, the Plateau de Couloir. Somehow I was first away from the hut and somehow I stayed in front. It was certainly steep but there were big steps in good snow. Steep enough to dig the axe in at every step, to watch the skis on my back didn't project me into the crevassed bowl below. A broken cornice led onto the plateau, as level and icy as a skating rink. And as I waited there for the team the sun came up over the distant shimmering ranges of Mont Blanc.

Next the Chanrion hut, a pretend wash in the snow, sore heels from skinning up glaciers. The Vignettes hut, again very crowded. Its logbook suggested that as a guideless British party we were a rare phenomenon. Twenty miles next day to Zermatt. Three cols to cross.

It was a wonderful day. We overtook parties before the Col de Valpelline. The Matterhorn, Dent d' Herens and Dent Blanche dominated the scene, looking virgin compared with there summer greyness, many, many photographs. Zermatt looked in the trees ten miles away below. Excellent piste at first on descent. The Continental parties, better skiers, overtook us again. Horrible icy ruts further down. But we skied into Zermatt, as near as made no difference. Rich tourists with chic gear and porters goggled at my unkempt and laden figure. Little did they know I was the

was the.....

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proudest girl in the world.

At the Hotel Bahnhof, Fraulein Biner hoisted the Union Jack in our honour. It was marvellous to have a shower and a good meal - but not so good to lack some decent clothes. We only had what we had carried across. Zermatt and the weather gods were celebrating Easter. We sunbather on a brown alp newly freed from snow, and it was dreamy.

But the journey was not yet finished. The Monta Rosa hut, packed to overflowing. An ascent of Castor, a 4000m peak. And the last long day, across to Saas Fee via the Adler pass and the Strahlhorn, with strange streaks in the sky. Our celebrations were rather hasty as there was only just time to get home for work. I was dreading the journey but it was delightful, with France a riot of pink blossom. It always takes a while to re-adjust from Alpine to ordinary timetable, so I left London at 4.a.m. on the first day of the summer term. Luckily I hadn't to give a nine o'clock lecture.

A.F.

EVEREST

1922

It is an infernal mountain, cold and treacherous.....The risks of getting caught are too great, the margin of strength when men are at great heights is too small. Perhaps it's mere folly to go up again. But how can I be out of the hunt? It sounds more like war than sport, and perhaps it is.

G.H.L.Mallory

FROM A 1962 BULLETIN

A Dangerous Act

A candle has been found in the barn at Buckbarrow. This piece of foolishness has lost us the use of the barn and the outbuildings as overflow accommodation.

And Ten Years Later.....

Candles are being used in the bedrooms of the hut.
Another piece of foolishness???

LAKE DISTRICT MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS ASSOCIATION

TO ALL TEAMS

The Cumbria Police Authority have, following a circular from the Home Office, taken out an Insurance Policy providing Personal Accident insurance to cover civilian volunteers involved in rescues on land and water. It provides cover for those civilians aged between 16 and 70 years who assist the Police in searches for missing persons on land and water, and mountain rescues subject to such civilians approaching the police with an offer of voluntary assistance in response to a specific police request.

It will therefore, be necessary for future reports of persons missing or injured on the fells to be reported to the POLICE PRIOR TO TURNING OUT YOUR TEAM

Police officers have been instructed to report particulars of the number of civilian volunteers involved in each operation.

The Policy does not yet cover, caves, potholes, marshes or TRAINING. It only covers volunteers operating in CUMBRIA, but an approach is being made to Lancashire Constabulary. The matter of insurance for training is being pursued.

The benefits under the scheme are as follows:-

	<u>Sums payable</u>
Death or Permanent Total Disablement	£10,000
Loss of both limbs or both eyes	£10,000
Loss of one limb or one eye	£5,000
Temporary total disablement	£30 per wk up to 104 wks.
Temporary partial disablement	£12 per wk up to 104 wks.
Damage to clothing	£100 limit
Damage to personal effects	£50 limit (£30 any one article)

S.B. Darbishire

Chairman, L.D.M.A.A.

DESCENT FROM THE SUBLIME

We sing of peaks that through the cloudland burst,
And bars below for climbers with a thirst.....

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT By Micky Pooler

(Not to be butchered by editors!)

Alpine arrangements for the summer of 1971 finally fell through due to circumstances beyond my control one might say. (Editors note: one might also disagree with the last statement - see announcements). Still it did enable Harry and Cherie Wiggans and myself to get down to Wales before the Hills got worn down (see Foster Johns passionate plea for the Welsh Hills at the last A.G.M.).

It had been a dry summer and Cloggy was in excellent condition. Even so climbing on the "black cliff" for the first time is impressive. We had a few days climbing between Cloggy and Gogarth and slowly "form" came back. We had thoughts on White Slab and got the general low down on the route from various odd bods etc., between Wendy's Cafe and Padam. Good opinion held the first few moves off the ground were technically as hard as anything, with a high difficult hand jam being the key move. Fancying myself on hand jams I thought we might be alright. Even so we approached the foot of the rock with some mild misgivings. Another rope was just ahead of us and were attempting the first moves. After about five minutes they stood down and Harry pointed me at it. The hard move is only about fifteen feet off the deck but the only flake runner is small and loose and I'm no hero. The hand jam didn't bother me at all since it was about four feet above my head and well out of my reach. (Wiggans says I give in too easily). I fuffed about pretending to go for it knowing full well I'd never reach it, then came down having given up climbing for ever. Harry next went up and tried, though whilst he has a longer reach he hates hand jams and finally he came down. A few spots of rain made us wonder if we could justify saying we were rained off, but we didn't bother.

It did nothing for us when the first rope had another go and the leader got up. I smiled, and said "well done", then threw rocks at him. Harry again pointed me at the rock and talked me into trying a traverse on a slightly lower line, this finally yielded and once again we thought what a good life it was. Harry came up and led the second pitch passing the other rope who had wandered off course. This brought the third pitch into reach, a 120ft. run out on the arete. The pitch was delightful, exposed with small holds and tremendous situations. The next pitch was Harry's turn and involved the famous rope move, which involves lassoing a small spike and using the rope to aid swinging across the slab, not a move I'm over keen on. Harry finally lassoed the spike and potted across the slab.

Being completely absorbed in the climbing we hadn't noticed the dark clouds rolling over the mountain and by the time I reached Harry the rock was already wet with rain. A short attempt on the next pitch showed the futility of continuing under such conditions and we agreed a retreat was in order. I organised an abseil on some old 'tape' I'd got in my pocket, but on Harry's insistence ("you can stuff that") put a newly purchased tape on the

on the.....

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rock, (Wiggans to replace, which he did) from which we abseiled down 150 ft. to the top of the second pitch to join the other party. It was at this stage we saw the wisdom of carrying descenders which several of the Cloggy climbers never seem to be without. Fortunately the other climbers had a 200ft. doubled rope which reached the deck, our 150 ft. rope being slightly short. Much of the last abseil was free which made an interesting, if wet, climax to the climb on White Slab.

I was under the impression you only abseiled in the Alps; at least when I do its a sight cheaper on tape, the snag is Wiggans still thinks the equipment belongs to H.M. Government. Give him a year or two and he'll be abseiling on boot laces like the rest of us.

M.P.

THOUGH T FOR A "SECOND"

How fair a prospect is a bright backside!

ANNUAL DINNER DANCE - Held at the Red Lion Hotel, Grasmere

The dinner was held on a Friday night this year to see if the response would be any better than previous years. Out of one hundred tickets printed some ninety-four were sold.

His Lordship the Bishop was the guest of honour with Fr. Turner and Fr. Walsh in attendance.

The after dinner speeches were if short in content long in humour. The meal itself was much the same as always served with the usual "efficiency".

The music for the dancing was provided by a jazz band. This seemed to go down well with the majority, one of the complaints was that it was a 'trifle' loud. Even so, more people than usual seemed to be dancing.

On the whole the majority of people enjoyed themselves. This year a different venue might be arranged on a Saturday night.

As previously stated the response for the tickets was good, but for the most part they were the same old faces that appear at all the Club functions. So come on, lets see some "FRESH" faces this year.

Clive S. Millard

MORTAL MAN

"O mortal man, that liv'st on bread,
 How comes thy nose be so red?
 Thou silly ass, that look'st so pale,
 It comes of Sally Birkett's ale."

from the "Mortal Man" Inn, Troutbeck.

Dedicated to those members who spend as much time on the "hops" as others on the "rocks."

GENERAL INFORMATION

Postage It would save a great deal of time and money if correspondence addressed to the Hon. Secretary, the Subscriptions Secretary and the Bulletin Editor could include a stamped addressed envelope. Any effort on your part to conform to this request would be greatly appreciated by those concerned.

Membership and Bulletins If you hear about anyone complaining about not receiving a bulletin, this is because they have not paid their subscription and are now ex-members of the A.R.C.C.

Bankers Orders Information about paying subscriptions by bankers order is enclosed with this bulletin.

Visiting Clubs at Tyn Twr 1st. of February and 27th. of February, 20 beds each time.

Club Constitution A solicitor is investigating the possibility of any improvements or amendments to our present constitution. The result will be announced at the Annual General Meeting.

Wanted The Bulletin Editor wishes to purchase a copy of W.E. Bowman's "The Ascent of Rum Doodle." Any offers?

AnnouncementsBirths:

- o Vincent and Barbara Wells - a daughter
- Michael and Ann Pooler - a son
- William and Margaret Stirling - a daughter
- James and Alwynn Cooper - a son

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Nev Haigh and I have just finished "throwing out" those members who have not paid their subs for 1971/72. It is obvious that many members, even some regular hut visitors, have poor memories. So why not let the bank do the work and pay by banker's order on 1st April each year. It is so easy and the advantages are obvious.

For you (1) Forget about remembering.
(2) No letter to write, no postage to pay
(3) No letters lost in the post or sent to the wrong 'bod'
(4) You know we have your subs.

For us (1) Membership renewals up-dated when they should be.
(2) Subs income straight to the Bank at a predictable time
(3) All the admin can be 'polished off' in one storm session instead of over several months saving time and 1,001 other snags etc.

A lot of members have been pressing for this system already, but there are two important points.

1. Changes of address must be notified to Nev Haigh in good time or your card will be sent to the wrong address.
2. Some banks will not give or communicate names on bankers orders, only reference numbers. So return the form to me for numbering and I will arrange for it to be sent to your bank.

A bankers order form is enclosed for your use and the same information can be used if you wish to pay by the bank giro system on an annual basis over the counter at your own bank.

----- Bernard Hayes, Club Secretary -----

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