

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

BULLETIN No 82

AUGUST 1981

Dear Members,

Hopefully you are all having a good summer. Its quite pleasant sitting outside the Langdale Hut in the sunshine typing this. As always, there is a sudden deadline to meet.

NEWS (not much I'm afraid, everyone seems to be away)

1. Some longstanding friends of mine Peter and Pat Lennon of Mountain and Wildlife Ventures, have written to say that they have started a mail order service for maps of Norway and Sweden. They have almost ten years experience of running wildlife and mountaineering holidays there, and will be happy to give advice. Other services include Wildlife and walking holidays, Cross-country ski-ing holidays and Self-catering holidays in Sweden. Please send a stamp when writing for information. Morecambe Bay Wildlife Centre, 34, Thornton Rd, Morecambe. Tel: 0524 418577.
2. Several Members have asked me for a copy of the Mountain Bothies Association list of maintained bothies. Individual Membership of the M.B.A. costs only two pounds £2 per year, and the bothies are free. So how about joining and getting a list of your own. Write to Richard Butrym, Tigh Beag, MacLeod Homes, North Connel, Oban, Argyll. The MBA are holding their AGM at our Dunmail Hut this year, on Sat 31st October.
3. The MBA were to organise a work party in June and July to rebuild the bridge over the river Carnach at NM865965 in Knoydart. Hopefully it is now rebuilt, several people have been drowned there and there have been more accidents since Sourlies Bothy was rebuilt.
4. Annual Dinner. Is at the Red Lion in Grasmere on November 21st, 1981. The Guest Speaker is Fr. Piers Grant-Ferris, now an ARCC member and an international mountaineer. Tickets cost £7.50 each and will be available from Barry Ayre, 51, Lythe Fell Ave, Halton-on-Lane, Nr Lancaster Include S.A.E.
5. Leo Pollard is organising an ARCC Fell Race. This will take place on Sunday 4th October 1981. More information and application form further on in this bulletin.
6. Please pay your Subs. They are overdue. £10 per year, unless you are unemployed then £5 per year. Why not complete the form you received with the last bulletin and send it all off together. to either Barry Ayre or Nev Haig. Address later on.



News cont.....

7. CLUB ORIENTEERING EVENT: this will be held as usual on the day after the Dinner. George Partridge has been organising this event for several years and would like to give someone else the chance to do it. Please contact George at 16, Centurion Close, Meols Wirral. Tel: 051 632 5963.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

HARRY ROBINSON

CAMPING AND CLIMBING SPECIALISTS

-- Most leading brands stocked --

DISCOUNT AVAILABLE TO A.R.C.C. MEMBERS

5, New Road, Lancaster (Nr. Bus Station)

Tel: 0524 66610.

---

Harry has been a member of Achille Ratti C.C. for many years, and will be pleased to see members old and new.

---

6

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Useful Addresses.....

Club Sec: Barry Ayre, 51, Lythe Fell Ave, Halton, Nr Lancaster.

Bulletin Editor: Joyce Foster, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, nr Wigan.

Hut Wardens: Tyn Twr: John Foster, above address Tel: 0744 894 512.

Buckbarrow: Frank Whittle, Greengarth Hall, Holmrook, Seascale, Cumbria.

Langdale: Alan Kenny, 17, Rochester Avenue, Morecambe: 0524 414615

Dunmail: Tom Baron: 2, Azalea Grove, Morecambe: 0524 410922.

Subs Sec: Nev. Haig, 752, Devonshire Rd, Norbreck, Blackpool.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY PAID 1981 SUBSCRIPTION OF £10, THEN YOU ARE DUE TO LOOSE YOUR A.R.C.C. MEMBERSHIP UNDER THE CHUCKING OUT PROCESS. SUBS WERE DUE ON THE 1st APRIL, 1981, AND WE HAVE LOTS OF APPLICANT WAITING TO JOIN. SO SEND OFF THE MONEY WITHOUT DELAY TO THE SUBS. SEC. address ABOVE.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-



WELSH WALK , 14 PEAKS OVER 3,000ft, 9th MAY, 1981.

According to Roy Shimwell's calculations based on 'Naismith's Formula'  
 - Allowing 3miles per hour on the level, plus 20mins per 1000ft ascent,  
 the time for the Welsh Walk should be in the region of 14hrs 35mins.

Roy's observations reveal the following:-

Snowdon Section	$7\frac{1}{4}$ miles	2,900ft	3hrs 25mins.
Glyder Section	$8\frac{3}{4}$ miles	5,500ft	4hrs 45mins.
Carneddau Section	$15\frac{1}{2}$ miles	3,750ft	6hrs 25mins.
	$31\frac{1}{2}$ miles	12,150ft	14hrs 35mins

A detailed breakdown reveals the following:-

Snowdon Section Naismith's Formula

	<u>Miles</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Height</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Total Time</u>
Pen y Pass to Crib Goch.	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0.30	1,900	0.38	1.08
Crib Goch to Crib y Ddysgl	1	0.20	700	0.14	0.34
Crib y Ddysgl to Snowdon	$\frac{3}{4}$	0.15	300	0.06	0.21
Snowdon to Pant y Fron (Vag's Hut)	4	1.20	-	-	1.20
	<u><math>7\frac{1}{4}</math></u>		<u>2,900ft</u>		<u>3.25</u>

Actual Time 2hrs 35mins.

Glyders Section.

Pant y Fron to Elidir Fawr	2	0.40	2,200	0.44	1.24
Elidir Fawr to Y Garn	$2\frac{1}{4}$	0.45	900	0.18	1.03
Y Garn to Glyder Fawr	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0.30	1,200	0.24	0.54
Glyder Fawr to Glyder Fach	1.	0.20	200	0.04	0.24
Glyder Fach to Tryfan	1	0.20	1,000	0.20	0.40
Tryfan to Milestone Car park	1	0.20	-	-	0.20
	<u><math>8\frac{3}{4}</math></u>		<u>5,500ft</u>		<u>4.45</u>

Actual Time 5hrs 30mins.

Carneddau Section

Milestone Carpark to Penryrolewen	$2\frac{1}{4}$	0.45	2,250	0.45	1.30
Penryrolewen to Carnedd Dafydd	1	0.20	300	0.06	0.26
C. Dafydd to C. Llewelyn	2	0.40	400	0.08	0.48
C. Llewelyn to Yr Elen	1	0.20	200	0.04	0.24
Yr Elen to Foel Grach	2	0.40	400	0.08	0.48
Foel Grach to Foel Fras.	$1\frac{3}{4}$	0.35	200	0.04	0.39
Foel Fras to Gerlan via Afon	$5\frac{1}{2}$	1.50	-	-	1.50
Wen and Caseg (difficult ground)	<u><math>15\frac{1}{2}</math></u>		<u>3,750</u>		<u>6.25</u>

Actual Time 7hrs 50mins.

Cont over.....



We were on schedule till we reached Carnedd Dafydd, in actual travelling, but had stopped for some food and boot changing (total time 10mins) to add on. We were slow in finding the path to Yr Elen (lost 5mins). We were careful in the mist, and therefore slow in finding the path to the hut (lost 5 mins). We spent 15 mins with Tom Finney on Foel Grach and total time lost so far 30/35 mins. We left Tom at about 18.10 but didn't get to Foel Fras until 19.25, i.e. it took us 1hr 15mins to do what should have taken 40mins, and our descent time was 5 mins slower than estimated.

Joint effort by Barry Ayre and Roy Shimwell.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

# I REMEMBER WHEN . . . . .

(An extract from a letter to the editor from one of ARCC's earliest members, Cuthbert Rabnett OSB)

"I was one of the earliest users of the outhouses of the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel in their primitive state and for many years later using them in their adolescence before Raw Head Barn was bought. But now also I am beyond that sort of activity . . . . .

One morning in the 40s with a firm cloud base at 2,000ft, I and a companion elected to make for Scafell, experience telling us that there would be brilliant sunshine from Esk Hause onwards. And so it was. Ascending to the low end of Gt End a boy came running down - "A party is flashing mirrors from a spire on Scafell, - , you can see them from Scafell Pike". I remember he had the three rabbits of St Cuthberts Grammar School, Newcastle on his cap. We hurried on feeling like the relivers of Mafeking. Not a soul on the summit, how had the boy got there so early himself? He had gone on down and we had had no time to ask him.

Down we went, across Mickledore and up Lord's Rake. I was proud to think I could do what I had been warned was dangerous for walkers, and up the gully to the left at the top of the rake; the marooned were out of sight of course. Luckily some climbers were there and we persuaded them that there was need of their help. So up we all got, to the top - there they were, a party of five or six sitting on a flat top, sheer on all sides. 'We've been here all night; they said, 'Nobody came to look for us! We left our motot-bikes at Seathwaite. They must know we're stuck. We can't see how to get off safely.' 'How did you get up,' I said. 'Oh, we just kept climbing up (without ropes). and we've had nothing to eat all night.' So my companion gave them all his sandwiches, and I was shamed into doing the same! The climbers quickly had them down, and we were ready for dinner that night, with that heroic feeling one knows is undeserved.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-



## REASONS WHY

by  
C.H.

Lying in honey-humming heather  
 Rusting bracken,  
 Lark-lulled,  
 Imprisoning the sun with a portcullis of eyelashes.

The cloud snaps quietly shut  
 And falls in silently behind,  
 A host of watchers,  
 Like spirits from the dead.  
 Here there is only water, wind a  
 And rock,  
 Once fire-forged,  
 Now drowned,  
 Shattered ruin  
 Streams gulping greedily at roots.  
 Each blade of grass  
 Has speared a raindrop, a translucent head;  
 Panicles of hair-grass hung like chandeliers,  
 Catapulting crystal  
 In wind-shivering.  
 The croak  
 Of a disembodied raven  
 Barks a warning from invisible crags  
 And is strangled by mist.  
 Progress  
 Is punching from boulder  
 To boulder  
 Looming through this wet weft.  
 The compass life-line.  
 Vibram skids on greasy rock-mould  
 And the drips drop.  
 They will be silenced when the frosts come:  
 Steel-strong then,  
 Water will prise off the rock skins.  
 Wind  
 Tears this tissue  
 Tormented,  
 Gully glimpsed,  
 A black gullet,  
 Its jaws grinning with tottering teeth  
 Shredded shroud in its maw  
 And the air groaning in its throat.

(Cont...)



Reasons Why cont...

Down,  
 Scattering the clattering corpses  
 Littering this bloodless battlefield.  
 Emerge into evening  
 Lights like stars in the dark pool of the valley.  
 Muscles knotting in each thigh at each step,  
 Knees jelly  
 And the chill cheek brought back to life.  
 Boots scrutching on gravel,  
 Behind the wall  
 Cows snatch timelessly at grass.

Light bursting open the door,  
 Sitting dazed  
 This cacophony of conversation  
 Milling mass  
 The grateful fire  
 Steaming wet-wool reek.  
 The ache of truce.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

THE FOURTEEN PEAKS WALK 9th May 1981.

Once again: by J.T.Foster.

At 4am, Leo Pollard and Ted Southworth set off on foot up the Nant (Ffrancon) to follow the Miners track over to Pen y Pass, whilst the 'softies' drove around to walk 'The Fourteen' at a more sedate pace, commencing at 4.20am. Clear, calm and dry.  
 By 6.30am, an hour before expected Alan Kenny and Mike Donnelly were the first to reach the first brew point, closely followed by Dave Hall and Pete Kirkbright. Most passed through in the next couple of hours and a brilliant morning had materialised.  
 By the next check-point at Ogwen around mid-day the weather had deteriorated and most descended from cloud and some rain. Everyone continuing was buffeted by strong winds and lashed with the rain as they fumbled there way through the clag over the Carneddau. Quite a few didn't bother with Yr Elen and Foel Fras and with some justification. It was quite enough to carry on at all in that mank, and Gerry Slavin was even more nutty, nursing a broken wrist. Eventually by 22.15 in fairly complete darkness all had reached Gerlan. A most successful walk, the standard of fitness has improved considerably over the last 8 years since the first Club event.  
 Thanks to all helpers, especially Joyce, and Tom on Foel Grach.



THE FOURTEEN PEAKS ----- 30th JULY 1981.

by Joyce Foster.

The weather had been continuously bad. The only time the sun seemed to shine is at 6.30pm on Sunday evening just as I pack the car for home. So when the forecast was good on Royal Wedding Day, I decided to salvage something of the summer, booked two days leave and prepared for Wales.

Driving down the roads were busy, everyone must have been glued to their televisions and set off at the same time as me. Just for a change I went through Llandudno and round Gt Ormes Head, and with the windows down, the warm air, hazy mountains and sparkling blue sea looked almost Mediterranean in the evening sunshine.

I left a food cache under the bridge at Pant a Fron, the Vagabonds Club Hut in Nant Peris, and retired to Tyn Twr to pack as small a sac as possible and to have an early night. I Didn't hear the alarm at 3.30am and woke twenty minutes late, so I had to hurry for a 4.30am start at Pen y Pass. The sky was clear and the air warm, so I replaced gloves, hat and overtrousers with sun oil and sun hat, but the sac still felt heavy.

I parked in Pen y Pass Car Park, free at this time of day and started walking. The valleys were filled with great banks of white mist; the sun crept up un-noticed until it turned the peaks of Snowdon pink and then blood-red and I realised how aptly named is Crib Goch (cock's comb ridge). A young scout stopped abluting outside his tent, rubbed his eyes and then rubbed them harder as I went past and began to scramble upward. A buzzard spiralled overhead and then below me; a perfect morning, row after row of mountains far to the horizon. I thought to myself, "Clare isn't daft, there's something in this early morning lark."

Already it was hot and the summit of Snowdon not deserted even at this hour, and then three fell runners trotted past near Clogwyn Station. Then down the steep slope to the Pass, knees aching a bit, will they last out? But the path is quite definite, not like I remember it. Then a wet boggy bit; great, nothing quite like soft ground for sore knees until I begin to ski across it, and fall not once but twice, full length on my back. Lovely and cool, mustn't lie here too long it smells!

Out onto the road and past the campsite at Gwastadnant. Most people are still in bed, but a girl wearing a yellow bikini is cooking beautiful, aromatic bacon. Up the lane to Pant a Fron an old man wishes me, "A good day on the hill", and the steepening tarmac makes me hotter. I retrieve the food and now the sac does feel heavy, and gentle snores come out through the open windows of the hut. No brew going here, so I carry on and stop for breakfast up the



Fourteen Peaks cont..

track where I collapse onto the grass. I don't feel hungry, but eat dried bananas and apricots for instant energy. All around is shimmering heat, Elidir Fawr seems 9,000ft high, and my shoulders are already pink and its not 9am yet . . . . . I have a job to stir myself and get moving again, and decide that on such a hot day I haven't a chance of completing the fourteen, so decide to miss out that monster humped over to the left. Decision made, I feel happier and start plodding up by the wall on the parallel shoulder. A very tame wren sang and watched me and ran in and out the stones and kept me company for quite a fair way. No-one about now and on Y Garn the stones dance and shine; I feel like a lost traveller in the desert and begin to discard clothes. I must be walking fairly quickly, I see a group of people in the distance and soon pass them and then the stones seem to ripple and move. 'Heatstroke', I think and stop to adjust my eyes. It moves again and my eyes are OK., its a stoat rippling across the stones closely followed by two babies in single file.

At Llyn Cwn above the Kitchen people are sitting in the water. What a good idea! Once more annointed with oil its up the 800' onto Glyder Fawr and I'm walking automatically. I feel great now and for the first time begin to think I made a mistake missing out Elidir Fawr, but with the lake water still damp in my sun hat its easy to think that. No-one about again, no mad dogs either, just me; and then going down the side of Bristly Ridge two people going up. No-one on Tryfan to watch me bandage my knees before the descent, my ankles a bit sore now . . . . . and I'm starving hungry. By the stream above the road cheese and rhubarb jam on currant teacakes, pate and salad and wholemeal bread, dried fruit and chocolate and two pints of fruit juice and I feel lethargic and sprawl on the grass. A quick sit in the stream, much colder than the lake water higher up wakes me up. Then along the road trailing drips behind me, peculiar looks from the pic-nicers in the lay-by.

Going up the shoulder of Penyrolewen I have to speak sternly to myself. 'Why am I here, this is B... stupid, I'll either collapse from heat stroke or heart attack! Rubbish, keep going, don't look up, count 150 steps then stop for 10 breaths'. The sweat pours down and eventually stops. I rub my neck and find a kind of mud all round it; oil, dust and sweat. 'Dehydration, black tongue, sightless eyes staring up into the sun, bones picked clean and bleached; Bob Eaton and Ogwen Team.' 'Don't be stupid, keep going, you're nearly there; sorry sheep you'll have to move, my need is greater than yours. I huddle into the shade under the rock, the sheep stares soulfully at me from three yards away and wriggles its tail. I hear a buzzard scream and almost gassed with the sheepreek vacate the shade and sheep settles gratefully back immediately.

The buzzard wheels round above Ffynnon Lloer and for the next 500' I ponder on hang gliding and how it must save wear on knees, and how cool it must be. Then I'm on top. A drink and some apricots put new life into me. More oil, and off I go singing 'And when they were up



Fourteen Peaks Contt.....

They were up, and when they were down they were down, and when they were only half way up etc..... (Grand old Duke of York). The mist caused by the cold sea which has been hanging round Anglesey all day is coming in wreathes towards Yr Elen. I wonder if I'll need to get the map out after all. Dafydd done, Llywelyn done and I feel chilly and dizzy: it must be sunstroke, twelve hours in the sun. I've had my hat on all day, its not fair. Only two left now, I could kick myself: for missing out that stupid Elidir lump this morning, it seems like yesterday I was on Crib Goch. I know now that I should be able to finish, but if I collapse in Cwm Caseg no-one will find me. Half of Ogwen Team are on holiday and Bob will shout, so half way to Foel Grach I change my mind and return to Llywelyn, and chat to a woman whose car is parked at Helyg on the A5. Good idea that, how stupid I was to miss Elidir Fawr; even if I do complete the Carneddus I have only done thirteen of the fourteen peaks. So slowly down the path above Graig yr Ysfa to Ffynnon Llugwy and down the straight, smooth tarmac to the main road. A lovely car with soft seats and a lift all the way to Pont Twr.

Who says Tyn Twr showers don't work. They do, snabbing, hot as well. Dreda Holmes treats me like an invalid, plying me with food and hot sweet tea. I feel great having proved to myself that alone and unsupported I did eleven peaks. The views were fantastic, the map a waste of energy carrying it, but the lack of moral support was worse than having to carry all my own gear. Maybe next time there is a club event someone else will do all the organisation.

I felt no guilt at all spending the next three days idling on the beach and sunbathing up the hill. (Thanks to David Huddleston and Marie for taking me to collect my car and then out for a drink).

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SEE OVER PAGE FOR DETAILS AND FORM (

THE NEW ACHILLE RATTI FELL RACE

ORGANISED BY LEO POLLARD

FOR YOU!



ACHILLE RATTI FELL RACE SUN. 4th OCT 1981.

The event will be based at Bishop's Scale, and is for ARCC members of all ages. As far as possible the courses will be 'safe' ones, and be able to be seen from start to finish. By holding the event on the date stated, hopefully it will not clash with anything else in the fell-running calendar, and will be good training for those already entered in the Karrimor mountain marathon. Lots of people trained hard to help Leo with his 'Pond Walk', and have kept their fitness, so here is something else to train for.....

SENIOR RACE

16 yrs plus: (Self Handicap Race) Distance 3 miles, ascent 1,200'

(Explanation of Self-Handicap) The time for the course is 45mins, if on the day you think you can complete the course in 40mins, you write plus 5 by your name on the start list. If you complete the course in 42 mins your 5 mins is added, making 47 and you are 2 mins out.

Say someone thinks they can complete the course in 65 mins, they write minus 20mins. If they complete the course in 66mins 30secs then the 20 mins is subtracted making 46.30; they are 1.30mins out. The person nearest to the 45 mins wins.

JUNIOR RACE

If requested for 11 to 15yrs. The same as the senior race route.

If requested for 10yrs and under.

$\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, course chosen on the day according to conditions.

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB. BISHOP'S SCALE FELL RACE.ENTRY FORM.

DATE 4th Oct 1981.

Start Time 11am.

Name

Address

Age

Male . . . . . Female . . . . .

Signature . . . . . If under 16yrs parents signature  
 . . . . .

Please return this form as soon as possible to Leo Pollard,  
 2, Medway Close, Horwich, Bolton. Entries on the day may be accepted.  
 But first forms first....