

ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB

BULLETIN No 87.

JANUARY 1983.

A Happy New Year everybody, a little belated by the time you receive your bulletin, but nevermind.

Sorry this will be a rather short bulletin compared to the usual, but there has been a dearth of news items and articles from you, the members. So I've had to invent it all, not just a part of it. Please send something for the next issue due in April, deadline beginning of March.

NEWS

1. It was decided at the last meeting of the Management Committee, that any Junior Member staying at any Club Hut with his/her parent may, with the prior permission of the hut warden take a friend as a guest.
2. The Meet card for 1983 is included with your bulletin. Please keep it in a safe place and refer to it, as it is not always possible to remind you in the bulletin of future events.
3. There will be no Annual General Meeting in April this year. As decided at 1982 AGM, they will now take place in the autumn.
4. On Members weekends at the huts there are never any visiting Clubs. An up to date list of party bookings at the huts, all huts, is displayed on all hut notice boards. I am sorry that I have not got a copy to print in this bulletin. If you are concerned then a phone call to the warden of the hut concerned.
5. Did you miss your big chance? The last weekend of November 1982! Were you unavoidably prevented from helping on the working weekend at Tyn Twr? If so, there is a second chance at no extra charge, to save your conscience on the Members Weekend of 12th Feb. All the bare walls have been replastered and are now dry for painting. Extra vents fitted in November seem to have improved the ventilation sufficiently, as hoped, to keep it somewhat drier. More new glass to be fitted, and old paint on the stairs needs burning off before sound deadening material is fitted to the stair treads.

Is it really true that we have members who have never in the past fourteen years helped improve Tyn Twr? It is not too late to join the elite. From John Foster Warden.

NEWS Cont....

6. Dinorwic In time for Christmas, the 1st 300 megawatt set was commissioned. The other five should be in operation by the end of this year. So oneday this summer, you may see from the top of Mynydd Perfedd or Elidir Fawr, the level of Marchlyn Mawr rise rather suddenly, even in drought.
Also commissioned last autumn was Britains largest 24m , wind turhine at Carmarthen Bay. This will generate 200kw., but I dont think one of top of Buckbarrow Crag would meet with much approval! (from John Foster).
7. JUNIOR MEET 1983. Weekend 11th June, based at Bishopscafe. Full details will be published in the next bulletin. If you would like to help either with the walking camping group or with the rock-climbing you will be very welcome. Volunteers please ring George Partridge 051 632 5963. or write to 16, Centurion Close, Meols, Wirral 147 7BZ.
8. One damp , misty autumn Sunday having left Little Langdale village at about 2.20pm to walk back to Langdale we could not believe our eyes at the bottom of Wrynose Pass. A squad of the 9th Roman Legion in full regalia were marching down the road. Ten legionnaires, a Centurion, A Tribune and two slaves shouted and gesticulated towards us. A shiver ran down our backs; were they ghosts, they looked so real? With a call from Tom, "Come on, across this bog, Romans can't follow Celts across Bogs", we ran splashing; and on the other side turned, they had gone! Did we dream it? No, we discovered later it was some of Northumbria police on a sponsored walk from Ravenglass to Northumbria.
9. So Mr George Younger refused planning permission for The Lurcher Gully £2 million expansion of ski facilities, in the Cairngorms. Presented in the Highlands as a victory for southern conservationists, it was also a victory for many Highland people who care deeply about the misuse and destruction of northern Scotland's natural resources.
10. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE TO BUY KNOYDART ESTATE hit the headlines in December. STOP PRESS January, ARMY IN STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL.
But before Notice of proposed use of the peninsula as a training area had been posted in local post offices and West Highland newspapers. There has been a meetin of the Scottish National Trust, The Highlands and Islands Development Board, and the National Heritage Memorial Fund and others, with the hope of saving Knoydart for the Nation. Chris Brasher has plans for a trust to buy and run the estate and another private consortium with shares at £200,000 a go, have plans to buy the estate, originally on sale at £2.7 million now down to £1.95 million. Keep your eyes open for news in the national press, and if M o D threatens again write to John Nott MP.

OBITUARY GERRY CHARNLEY.

As many of you will already be aware, Gerry Charnley was killed in an accident on Tuesday 14th December, he fell from Swirral Edge. This was a sad loss for us all.

Gerry had been a member of Achille Ratti for twenty-six years. He was a man of wide interests with boundless energy and enthusiasm for mountain activities plus an innate ability for conveying this to all who knew him. He was, of course, the organiser for the Karrimor Mountain Marathon from its inception in 1968 and a pioneer of Orienteering in the UK. He still found time to organise our Club Orienteer ring Event for many years.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and family and to his brother Wilf.

G. Partridge.

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JUNIOR MEET 1982.

G. Partridge.

Here is rather a late report of the Climbing party achievements at the Junior Meet last June.

Climbing Leaders were Jim Harding, Alan Kenny and George Partridge. Children taking part were Damian Baron and the Parsons Children. What we lacked in quantity we made up for in quality!

Saturday morning we spent on Scout Crag, but at lunchtime we were rained off, so the party went on to help with setting up camp for the other Juniors.

On Sunday Dow Crag was visited and we took Damian up C Ordinary route, Jim returned for the rucsacs and the party continued up onto Coniston Old Man and then returned to the hut after a pleasant day.

Perhaps next year, more youngsters will be tempted to join us, meanwhile my thanks to all those who offered to help with instruction.

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MY thanks to George for all his items, we seem to have written this between us.

REPORT ON THE CLUB ORIENTEERING EVENT.

Our thanks to Tony Brindle for organising a most enjoyable Orienteering Event at Lakeside on the day after the Club Dinner.

The outing is a great hangover cure and Tony considerably planned the length of the event with an eye to licensing hours and most people finished in time for more of the hair of the dog that bit them.

We are happy to report that six ladies participated in the Event, Dot Wood again won the Ladies Trophy, was it a Freudian Slip that she forgot to bring the trophy to Langdale to be re-presented to her!

Mike Wood also retained his 1981 title and by such a large margin that we are seriously considering a special course just for him next year. Perhaps the responsibilities of fatherhood slightly handicapped second placed Jim Harding. Next year will Jim be left holding the baby whilst Clare competes?

Thanks to all those who came, it would be good to see the event better supported, but we do have a group of loyal customers who always turn up.

Dot Wood.	67mins.	Mike Wood	35 mins.
Ann O'Hagan	81mins	Jim Harding	51 mins
Brigitte Duffner	88 mins.	George Partridge	56 mins
Catthy Partridge	90 mins	Alan Kenny	60 mins
Carol Raine	121 mins	Chris Farrell	62 mins
Helen Shepherd	139 mins.	Andrew Morrison	74 mins
		Wilf Charnley	75 mins
		Sean O'Hagan	81 mins
		Paul Cooney	88 mins
		Mike Partridge	90 mins
		Norman Raine	121 mins
		Mike Lomas	139 mins

Clarke Family and Damian Baron and party course unfinished.

G. Partridge.

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Hut Wardens: Langdale: Alan Kenny Tel 0524 414615.

Buckbarrow: write Frank Whittle c/o ARCC Buckbarrow, Nether Wasdale
Nr Gosforth, Cumbria.

Tyn Twr: Tel John Foster 0744 894512.

Dunmail: Tom Baron, The Post Office, Stavely, Cumbria.

Hon Sec: Barry Ayrec/o, 4, Pinewood Ave, Bolton le Sands.

Bulletin Editors: Joyce Foster, 29, Braeside Cres, Billinge, Nr Wigan.

Subs, Sec. Nev Haigh 752, Devonshire Rd, Blackpool.

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KNOYDART

I used to stand at Pat's lounge window and gaze in wonder through binoculars across the Sound of Sleat, to that promised land of remoteness; blue mountains, lonely bays and seven miles of deserted road which starts nowhere and goes nowhere. This was once a populated land, but the Highland Clearances of the late nineteenth century, for sheep walk and deer forest, saw an end to that.

'One day I'll go there,' I thought. And I waited for years and years.

It was late Spring, and North West Scotland had been basking in weeks of sunshine, that pre-monsoon period between Easter and Summer. I travelled North full of bated expectancy, drove West along Glen Garry, past the high barrenness of Loch Quoich dam and then down the rugged defile to comparative lushness, to park at Kinloch Hourn pier.

We gazed, and drank in the clear beauty, the sun going down at the end of the narrow fiord-like loch, mirror mountains on the water. Looking at the map, it isn't far to Barrisdale Bay and the bothy, an easy well-made track hugging the shore; so we packed our sacs and set off.

Before long the duck-egg blue sky turned a deeper blue and became star-spangled in the frosty air. Soon, stumbling in the dark the moon came up and reflected its light on the primroses lining the path, small fluorescent beacons. The path was deceptive, up and down and on and on, the sacs heavier by the minute, so we searched for flat grass and camped, resting the stove for a brew on a tumbledown croft wall covered in moss. The grass being too dry to risk a stove in case of fire. The petrol leaked, tinder dry moss, flames ran down the wall, lucky we weren't far from the sea, I had visions of the whole peninsula burning.

Very early morning saw us rounding the corner of Barrisdale Bay, and my first sight of Ladhar Bhienn, still my favourite Munro, grey rock spires topping a sugar coated confusion of mountain, a green glen with groups of deer browsing. The bothy was full so we camped and set off the steepest way possible to Luinne Bienn, where once on the summit we basked on the snow in the hot sun. All the Inner Hebrides, the mountains of Rhum and Skye were floating in heat haze on the mirror of the blue western seas. We saw figures on Meall Biudhe and continued round the horseshoe to its summit, the people now down in the glen and toiling back up the pass to Barrisdale. I was tired and another 2,000ft beyond me, so with the 'pimping' gassed we picked out a route round the back of the huge corrie, through the welter of gnarled rocks and arrived back before the bothy party.

Whilst dinner cooked we heard an engine. It was the Keeper driving one of those small Atco garden trucks used in the parks at home. Suddenly deer came running from all directions, until a

KNOYDART Cont....

couple of hundred of them, stags with small antlers in grey velvet, and hinds were trotting in fanned procession, the leader snatching the odd mouthful of hay from the bales on the truck, until they reached the river flats where they were fed. Since his wife died, the keeper had lived alone with the deer, at Barrisdale.

Muscles aching, skin sore from the sun, relaxed from the dram, the ground rock hard, the noise of the quiet washed over me and I fell asleep.

Up early again, and off before eight. Across the river flats and up the hill, violets and wind anemones peeping through last years grass as we rounded the glen above Loch Hourne and up towards the bealach (pass) to Ladhar Bienn's three tops, narrow ridges and steep scooped corries. We descended slightly and on the final summit rested and drank in the view northwards; rows and rows of mountains and the twisted fiord of Hourne west to the sea. Knoydart is superb, so we saved part of it for next time, anticipation being nearly half the pleasure.

This was May Day and as we returned to Barrisdale, people were appearing from the mountains, returning to the 'big smoke'. We had a week and more new mountains to come. What did you say about Munro-baggers? So we packed big sacs again, no time to cook and set off along that track back to the car. I was already shattered, this next six miles seemed interminable. Slowly, alone I plodded on, and at the top of the biggest rise I was offered the most revolting drink which nevertheless put new heart into me. Hot Bovril laced with Glen Morangie! Sacrilege!

I was soon passing a party of sixth form students returning from a field trip. Along part of the shore, the old path built when Knoydart was populated is just above the sea, a seal popped his head out whiskers dripping iridescent in the evening sun. The path narrows, cut into the rock and a rather beautiful young man was close behind me. I stood aside to let him pass and in a lovely Perth accent he assured me, "No carry on, you're going fast enough for me. I think its great to see folk of your age still active and out in the hills". This was a few years ago. I cannot print my reply!!

In 1981 I went to Knoydart again, this time with Wilf and Pete. We did Sgurr na Ciche ridge amongst other hard days and I was pleased to see that the peace and wilderness made the same impression on them as it had on me. Nirvanah

THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO ACQUIRE ONE OF THE LAST REMAINING REMOTE AREAS IN EUROPE AS A SHOOTING RANGE. HELP SAVE OUR HERITAGE write to Rt Hon John Nott MP, Sec of State for Defence, Whitehall, London SW1A 2HB.