



EDITOR'S INTRAY

It is just over twelve months since John Kelly and I took over the role of newsletter editors. During the period there have been cosmetic changes to the format of the newsletter, which has found favour with most readers. However, reviewing the past year, the articles seem to have been written by a small group of members. "These that buy the editors a pint" you may say, but in fact it is quite the contrart. The trickle of news we manage to hew out of members we meet is less than enough to fill the newsletter. So can we please have an upturn in the submission of articles. Don't you do anything worth writing about?

Club Fell Races

There will be the usual Junior and Senior events running up Side Pike and Lingmoor. The Senior Event will be self-handicapping so that the first back may not be the winner. It is quite possible to walk the course and win.

Caving Meet

Following the success of the Junior Caving Meet last December, Dot and Micky are organising another one. This time it is open to adults as well. An earlier venue of 23rd-24th September will ensure the temperature of the water being a few more degrees above freezing than last time. To reserve your lamp and wellies contact either of the trogladiles. At least two weeks notice required in order to book lamps. Telephone Micky Pooler on (0706) 878454.

Bishop's Walk

This will take place on Saturday October 1st. Volunteers are required to help organise and marshall the event. Free dinner on Saturday night for the helpers. Pre-booking at the Bishopscale Hut is essential for the weekend. Contact Alan Kenny on (0254) 414615.

USEFUL ADDRESSES TO TEAR OUT AND KEEP

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Dunmail: Tom Baron, The Post Office, Stavely,
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Langdale Fell Race

The race will take place on Saturday October 8th. Marshalls are required for checkpoints (warm clothing and waterproofs recommended). Contact Leo Pollard on (0204) 694657.

Club Dinner

The Annual Club Dinner will be held at the Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside on November 19th. For menu details and reservations, contact Gordon Cooney on (0772) 690113.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the ARCC will be held on Saturday November 19th at 2.00pm prompt at Marion House, Knights of St Columba Hall, Beech St, Preston.

Members approaching Preston from the North, East and South should leave the M6 at Intersection 31 by the Tickled Trout, Salmesbury Island. At the top of the hill, near the Telegraph Pertol Station, fork right along the ring road marked A5085 for Blackpool. After crossing the A6 by the park, cross four more sets of lights and at the FIFTH SET turn left into Tulketh Rd, and then left again into Beech St. Marion House is on the left, and the bar should be open.

AGENDA

1. Minutes of the last AGM.
2. Matters arising.
3. President's Report.
4. Chairman's Report.
5. Secretary's Report.
6. Treasurer's Report.
7. Reports from the Hut Wardens.
8. Election of Officers and Committee Members.
9. AOB.

Members are reminded that nominations for vacancies on the Management Committee, must be received by the Secretary not less than fourteen days prior to the AGM. Management Committee meetings are usually held at two monthly intervals either on an evening in Preston or more usually at one of the huts, often Bishopscale. Those nominated should be prepared to work and accept responsibility. Nominators should be prepared to introduce the nominees to the AGM if that is required. The Management Committee have the following vacancies: Chairman; Ordinary Member; Vice-Chairman (if he is elected to Chairman). The date by which any proposals to change the rules has to be received is Saturday October 22nd. Matters to be considered at the AGM other than those on the agenda should be notified to the Secretary by any two members within the seven days prior to the meeting.

All Hut Wardens and the Bulletin Editor are appointed by the Management Committee for a period of three years and members willing to serve in these capacities are at liberty to offer their services.

ONLY FULL MEMBERS AND LIFE MEMBERS, not graduates or juniors, are eligible to vote at the AGM.

PLEASE ATTEND: IT IS YOUR CLUB.

ARCC SCOTTISH MEET 1988

We arrived to scenes of disaster in Glen Coe: helicopters, rescuers and dead bodies on the hill with avalanche conditions prevailing. The hut was an oasis of welcome after the sobering start to our week's holiday in Scotland. John had the hut in gleaming condition and a glowing fire completed the welcome. People arrived at various times during the late afternoon and evening, and after a quick meal, we went round to the pub next door to make ourselves at home again. It only seems like yesterday that we had left. Mountains and routes were discussed with increasing enthusiasm as the amount of beer consumed took effect. And we rolled off to bed happier if no wiser.

Sunday dawned grey but bright but with the snow soft and deep around, with the promise of more to come with gale force winds as well. Most of us opted for low level routes in the glens. Not deterred by the forecast, John

Kelly, Jim and Denise went off to do the Aonach Eagach ridge. Tom was determined to do a route and took himself off to Glen Coe and the West Face of the Aonach Dubh. Pete, Pete and Peter, Mike, Ann, Terry, Dave, Dot and myself went for a walk round the Mamores. Eight hours later we arrived at Mamore's Lodge to a welcome pint and another glowing fire. It was like visiting Heaven after the previous eight hours of slog, Peter Dowker and Terry McHale having bagged a Munro on the way. Jim, John and Denise had had to concede defeat on the Aonach Eagach, forced off by high winds. Tom found a partner called Mad Mitch and had been suitably chastened by the state of the routes.

Next day was windy but sunny between the showers, so we all either walked or ran up the glen and then went for a swim but not in the river! Then on for coffee at Nevis Sport. Tuesday was just wet, wet and wet. Some of us went for a drive out to Mallaig, spotting catholic churches on the way. Others read the papers or visited the fort again.

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny with a lot of cloud but still very windy. Tom, Dave and Bob with Denise went off to do the Buchaille Etive Beagh from Dalness. Jim met them on the summit after traversing the ridge from Glen Coe. The wind was ferocious on the tops and Denise had to be pinned down so she could not blow away. But the views were tremendous and Denise was able to practice her Charlie Chaplin walk on the way down. The rest of us walked or ran through various glens, some of us doing two walks so that we had an excuse to visit Mamore's Lodge again.

Thursday was the best day of all and saw everybody on various ridges and summits on the Mamores. The snow was pretty unstable but the ridges were magnificent and the views breathtaking. You could not have wished for a better day. Tom and John Kelly were the exceptions as Tom went off climbing on the newly opened climbing wall whilst John Kelly went to play on the ice falls on Carn Dearg. Peter, Mike Ann and myself choose the best way onto the mountains as on the way off we ended up at the Mamore's Lodge once again.

On Friday it was snowing again so we all left for home apart from Kohn F. who was staying for another week. We cleaned the hut first after much prompting from John and tried not to leave too much gear behind. Thanks to John for organising the meet again, and I hope that we can all stay again next year.

Dot Wood - February 1988.

A GREAT WEEK OUT ON THE FELL

THE LONG WALK, MAY 14th 1988.

Well, yes, I know it was only a day: I was there! But the full horror did not come home to me till I was looking it all up in Wainwright a few days later. We seemed to have wandered our way through at least two volumes. Page upon page, with AW wittering on and on about what a wonderful day out each separate fell, hummock or slight elevation would make for the discerning tourist! I'm sure it must add up to a good week's worth.

The Long Walk (capitals please note) is something the Club really does well, thanks to the efforts of all those people behind the scenes who do all the work - some of the walking too. This year's walk - from Dunmail, over High Street and back along Helvellyn, was no exception to the rule. It really was a great day out.

Compared with the grey skies of Ennerdale and the radioactive rain of the Three Shires (my Cag still glows in the dark), we had everything we could possibly have hoped for. The morning was superb: even the gasping gring up the back end of Fairfield was worth it for the peace of Scandale Head, and I could wax lyrical for ever about the view from Red Screes (George Partridge brewing up!).

I've never quite been able to make up my mind about bacon butties. I approve in principle, of course, but it is noticeable that just as we trudged up Stony Cove Pick congratulating ourselves on the lack of indigestion, the butties struck hard and fast! I think eating them is part of the acceptable risk of mountain life (unlike the infamous Ogwen Eggs, which were completely over the top).

As we reached Threthwaite Mouth, Derek Price and Mickey Pooler yomped past, like a scene from the Lord of the Rings. (My lips are sealed as to which scene.) By the time we reached Riggindale, the first of the runners padded past, and by the time we reached High Raise, the trickle of runners had become a flood. I'm sorry if this is a bit vague, but it was getting a bit difficult at times to tell who was running and who was not, and the dog seems to have done the whole distance twice!

I can remember a few years back when Long Walks were done in leather boots, GAITERS and rucksacks big enough to sleep six. You would never have thought it to watch this lot going past. Not a slab of rum fudge in sight - the Peak District wardens would have the vapours ("...are you sure you are adequately shod, sir? ...") It's all getting a bit hard: which was why it puzzled me when the tourist feller asked me if we were out training. TRAINING? can ARCC really be a secret cell of the SAS?

After the beauty of Angle Tarn (and three miles of descent), into Patterdale for lunch. Now, this is where it does not pay to be one of the high speed mob. Last time we did this Sue ended up eating ice cream with the late Bishop Pearson. This time Fr Hughes regaled the tail enders with strawberries and cream. Out of respect to the cloth, we draw a decent veil over the story behind this charity! I missed it, of course.

Catstycam was a stroke of genius. Instead of the awful first gear four wheel chug up to Sticks Pass, we ascended Helvellyn by one of the finest routes imaginable, pausing only to pick our way round the hordes of infants on the way up Swirral Edge. I still don't know the meaning of the strange ritual at the top of Catstycam, but I guess that is why I am not a runner - these things just have to be in your blood!

A brief halt at the top of Helvellyn, then down the old fence to Raise Beck, past the sunbathing lass (a poor world this, if full of care...) and to the Dunmail Road. Home! And never let it be said that there is no good in a Yorkshireman (if he is prepared to give up his beer, that is). A wash, a change, a superb meal, then off to the Travellers Rest (shame to the person who had another meal when we arrived!).

About sixty of us, all told, though nobaody was entirely sure at the time. It was a great day out, and it was the people who did the work who made sure of that for us all. Thanks, all of you, for your work, for your help, for your company.

OLD COUNTY TOPS RACE

Saturday 25th June 1988

In presenting the results for the OLD COUNTY TOPS RACE, may we first say thank you to our sponsors:
Frank Davies, the Climbers Shop, Ambleside
Kirkstone Green Slate Quarries Ltd
Meg Falconer
Chesters Coffee Shop and Restaurant
Preston Panels (Timber) Ltd
Langdale Leisure Ltd (Pillar Time Share)

Thankyou to Mr Eric Tailfirth, the farmer at Mill Back, for the use of his field which was the finishing area, and all the farmers enroute: Mr Chris Benson, Mr David Bland, and Mr Thompson.

You may have noticed that two of the check points were computer linked to base control and that the radio cover was so professionally done by RAYNET. Many thanks.

Last but by no means least, thank you to the stalwarts of the Achilli Ratti who manned and controlled all the checkpoints and provided you with food and drinks.

The main sponsor of the race was Frank Davies of the Climbers Shop, Ambleside. This sponsorship was secured for us by Joyce Foster Kent. The two Johns and myself are grateful for the effort and work done by Joyce in helping to make the race the success it was.

Winners of the MENS TROPHY
(Sponsored by the Climbing Shop, Ambleside)
John Nuttall and David Nuttall
Clayton le Moors Harriers
7 hrs 41 mins .08 sec

TEAM TROPHY
(Sponsored by Kirkstone Quarries)
Achilli Ratti positions: Total 33
No 5: John Hope, John Nixon
No 8: Robert Green, Alan Kenny
No 20: Clare Kenny, David Huggill

Pos	NAMES	CLUB	CAT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	FINNISH
1	JOHN NUTTALL	CLAYTON	S	1.43	19	1.29	42	58	1.11	40	39
1	DAVID NUTTALL	CLAYTON			2.03	3.31	4.13	5.11	6.22	7.02	7.41.08
2	DAVID ROSEN	S.R.O.C.	S	1.52	21	1.35	47	1.02	1.44	38	38
2	RICHARD LAMB	S.R.O.C.			2.13	3.48	4.35	5.37	6.44	7.22	8.00.24
3	ADRIAN LOWE	PRESTON	MC	1.45	20	1.38	47	1.09	1.44	38	37
3	JOHN WORSWICK	HORWICH			2.05	3.43	4.3	5.39	7.23	8.01	8.38.39
4	RUTH PICKVANCE	CLAYTON	FM	1.59	25	1.45	51	1.06	1.28	35	36
4	COLIN VALENTINE	KESWICK			2.24	4.07	4.58	6.04	7.32	8.07	8.45.31
5	JOHN HOPE	ACHILLE RATTI	S	1.45	21	1.44	53	1.1	1.35	39	39
5	JOHN NIXON	ACHILLE RATTI			2.07	3.51	4.44	5.54	7.29	8.08	8.47.30
6	NICK RUSSON	TELFORD	S	2.00	25	1.45	53	1.05	1.33	43	36
6	STEVEN DAVIS	TELFORD			2.25	4.07	5.00	6.05	7.38	8.21	8.57.52
7	BILL BUCKLEY	GLOSSOPDALE	S	1.5	24	1.52	49	1.11	1.27	40	45
7	ROB POOLE	GLOSSOPDALE			2.14	4.06	4.55	6.06	7.32	8.13	8.58.51
8	ROBERT GREEN	ACHILLE RATTI	S	1.55	21	1.53	59	1.08	1.26	38	41
8	ALLAN KENNY	ACHILLE RATTI			2.16	4.09	5.08	6.16	7.42	8.20	9.01.39
9	STEPHEN WOOD	AMBLESIDE	S	1.59	23	1.45	49	1.07	1.38	43	44
9	BRIAN DOME	AMBLESIDE			2.22	4.07	4.56	6.03	7.41	8.27	9.08.35
10	PAUL FRECHETTE	HALIFAX	S	1.58	23	1.47	51	1.09	1.35	44	55
10	GRAHAM EDDLES	CLAYTON			2.21	4.08	4.59	6.08	7.43	8.27	9.22.35
11	RAY MILLER	HORWICH	S	1.55	19	1.47	51	1.10	1.34	52	57
11	PAUL MURREY	HORWICH			2.14	4.01	4.52	6.02	7.36	8.28	9.25.25
12	NEVILLE HAWKIN	SKYRAC	S	2.00	21	1.47	52	1.05	1.42	58	48
12	GUY COLLINSON	SKYRAC			2.21	4.08	5.00	6.05	7.47	8.45	9.33.36
13	LINDA LORD	CLAYTON	L	2.05	25	1.59	1.02	1.13	1.25	49	49
13	VANESSA BRINDLE	CLAYTON			2.30	4.29	5.31	6.44	8.09	8.58	9.47.27
14	ALAN HEATON	CLAYTON	MC	2.10	26	2.01	55	1.10	1.29	57	45
14	EDWARD WATSON	HEATON	V90		2.36	4.37	5.32	6.42	8.11	9.08	9.53.54
15	NORMAN WALKER	AMBLESIDE	S	2.05	23	2.03	1.01	1.17	1.33	52	44
15	GEOFFREY CLAYTON	AMBLESIDE			2.28	4.31	5.32	6.49	8.22	9.14	9.58.30

LADIES TROPHY
(In memory of MA. Y MITCHELL FALCONER)
Linda Lord and Vanessa Brindle
Clayton le Moor Harriers
9 hrs 47 mins 27 secs

MIXED TEAM TROPHY
(Sponsored by ARCC)
Ruth Pickvance and Colin Valentine
Clayton le Moor and Keswick A.C.
8 hrs 45 mins 31 secs

VETERANS TROPHY OVER 90 YEARS
(Sponsored by Chesters Coffee Shop)
Alan Heaton and Edward Watson
Clayton le Moors and Heaton Harriers
9 hrs 53 mins 54 secs

VETERANS TROPHY OVER 100 YEARS
(Sponsored by Preston Panels (Timber) Ltd)
Derek Hodgson and John Amies
Ambleside A.C.
11 hrs 11 mins 11 secs

Thank you
Leo Pollard
John Hope
John Nixon

The Old County Tops
Promoted by Achille Ratti Climbing Club

Sr SENIOR
LEADIES
MC-MIXED CLUB FM-MIXED
TEAM
V100-VETS/100YRS
V/90-VETS/90YRS

JUNIOR MEET JULY 1988

July 2nd-3rd 1988

Saturday A rainy start to the day so we went to prospect the Slare Quarry and mines on Honister Pass. Mickey Pooler's idea, and a good one. 22 Junior Members along with 9 adults went along for an interesting tour of the slate caverns followed by summiting Fleetwith Pike. The afternoon turned out fair so most of the kids went for a quick dip in the river before a great tea laid on by the mums at the hut, followed by Mass in the chapel. The evening was rounded off by a short orienteering event, honours to the Hope brothers, which was enjoyed by all the participants.

Sunday The Juniors decided on a fun day and most of them ran or walked over to White Moss Common to join up with Margaret Price and party who organised the canoeing and boating. This was a great success and as the water was warm more than a few of us had a good swim and play in the river. Two of the juniors did go climbing with Mickey Pooler and Ann Cammock and enjoyed their day on Tarn Crag. Thanks to all the adults involved for helping to make this weekend a memorable and happy event.

D. Wood.

ONE MAN AND HIS DOG

It was late when I arrived at Bishopscale. Very late. Ten o'clock in the morning and not surprisingly the place was almost deserted. I signed in and changed into running gear, throwing EBs into my sac along with some warm clothing and the Langdale guide. I had high hopes today and rain was forecast for later in the afternoon. I would have to move quickly.

Shep seemed full of boundless energy as we departed along the road, a condition that would be severely tested if my plans were realised. Blue skies over the Crinkles gave an illusory forecast which I knew could not last. High cirrus earlier had acted as vanguard for the weather to come. Turning right, Shep startles a small flock of sheep into spontaneous disorder. There was a group of youngsters on Lower Scout: one person active, the remainder

16 TIM RYAN	GLOSSOPDALE	S	1.48	25	1.36	47	2.08	1.50	59	59
16 MR. IBBETSON	GLOSSOPDALE			2.13	3.49	4.36	6.44	8.34	9.33	10.32.00
17 G GROWTHER	HOLMFIRTH	MX	2.25	30	2.18	55	1.27	1.46	58	46
17 D HALL	U/A			2.55	5.15	6.08	7.35	9.21	10.19	11.05.12
18 TERRY ADAMSON	HORWICH	S	2.12	22	2.14	1.00	1.34	1.47	59	59
18 RICHARD IBBISTER	HORWICH			2.34	4.48	5.48	7.22	9.09	10.08	11.07.38
19 DEREK HODGSON	AMBLESIDE	V100	2.04	21	2.05	59	1.26	1.58	1.08	1.10
19 JOHN AMES	AMBLESIDE			2.25	4.30	5.29	6.55	8.53	10.01	11.11.11
20 CLARE KENNY	ACHILLE RATTI	FM	2.23	28	2.25	1.08	1.21	1.39	1.05	1.00
20 DAVID HUGILL	ACHILLE RATTI			2.51	5.16	6.24	7.45	9.24	10.29	11.29.21
21 PAUL COONEY	ACHILLE RATTI	S	2.04	26	2.20	1.08	1.31	2.07	1.00	1.07
21 PETE McHALE	ACHILLE RATTI			2.30	4.50	5.58	7.29	9.36	10.36	11.43.21
MIKE LOMAS	ACHILLE RATTI	MC	2.18	31	2.35	1.09	1.36	2.17	2.05	RETIRED
PHIL LORD	SADDELEWORTH			2.49	5.24	6.33	8.09	10.26	12.31	
JOHN STOKLEY	C.E.P.A.C.	S	2.20	31	2.37	1.06	1.38			SPLIT UP
FRANK JACQUES	C.E.P.A.C.			2.51	5.28	6.34	8.12			
SHEILA ANDERTON	ACHILLE RATTI	MF	2.29	34	2.15	1.01	2.18			
MR LAYCOCK	AMBLESIDE	MC		3.03	5.18	6.19	8.37			RETIRED
STEFAN MILANEC	PILLAR A.C.	S	2.06	26	1.54					SPLIT UP
RODNEY BERRY	PILLAR A.C.			2.32	4.26					
CHRIS FARRELL	ACHILLE RATTI	S	2.04	24	2.20					SPLIT UP
PETER DWYER	ACHILLE RATTI			2.28	4.48					
MICHAEL POOLER	ACHILLE RATTI	V90	2.28	38	2.58					RETIRED
DEREK PRICE	ACHILLE RATTI			3.06	6.04					
MR DEAKIN	LANCASTER AND	S	2.29	37	3.05					RETIRED
ALLAN DENHAM	MORECAMBE			3.06	6.11					
CLIVE DAVIS	RACCOON C.C.	S	1.49	20						
A. LEWINGTON	RACCOON C.C.			2.09						RETIRED BETWEEN CHECKPOINTS 2 & 3
ROBERT SLATER	CLAYTON	S	2.04	45						
MR FARRELL	CLAYTON			2.49						RETIRED BETWEEN CHECKPOINTS 2 & 3
JOHN POLLARD	G.M. POLICE	S	2.43	45						
DAVID JONES	SPECTRUM			3.28						RETIRED BETWEEN CHECKPOINTS 2 & 3

standing with hands in pockets. I mused over whether Shep would scatter this group in a similar vein to the sheep.

Fortunately for me the active member reached the ground as I arrived at the foot of the cliff. He was still walking up as I acknowledged the presence of the group above, my sudden appearance over the top of the crag causing some consternation. I shouted for Shep, who came round the side at full tilt, and followed him towards Upper Scout. I was warming up slowly which was in marked contrast to the group of lasses waiting at the base of this crag. Their leaders were wondering where the routes went so I exchanged pleasantries whilst changing footwear and then shouldered sac again and climbed "Route One". I had forgotten how good this route was and paused frequently to take it all in. I often do this when soloing. It brings a sense of reality to the situation and heightens my own awareness. Today was no exception and my senses were buzzing to the world beyond the hand and footholds that mattered.

In the descent gully Shep required considerable encouragement to come on up; he thought I was going down and I thought I was going to White Ghyll. Mine was the stronger will and we duly arrived below "Man of Straw". I retained the sac to save unnecessary descent later and Shep enjoyed five minutes rest until he spotted my familiar form running across to the descent. The dog not being a lover of steep scree, we contoured left, out of the ghyll, and followed its true right flank upwards. Grey banks of cloud crowded my thoughts, but no one was yet established on Pavey's east wing. This was really where I wanted to be today. Here, and on Gimmer. White Ghyll had been a necessary evil en-route; to kick the machine into action, be rid of any cobwebs, and remind myself of movement on steep ground after three months of different activity abroad. "Man of Straw" had been mechanically seduced, but "Astra" was different. We shared a Mars Bar and I pointed the route out to Shep, revelling in the pre-route adrenalin. I left my sac in Shep's capable hands and donned an extra top. "Hobson's Choice" required care and I reminded myself of a nasty accident there a few summers ago. The moves on to the route proper are as hard as ever and totally committing. I pause on the flake crack and look around. The East Buttress is deserted and I shout to Shep who never takes his eyes off me whilst I'm climbing. His tail acknowledges my affection and although I cannot see his eyes, I know they are laughing. Mine are too. The holds lead onwards and upwards and I can rejoice in a superb flowing sequence of moves based on total control; one of the finest routes in the valley and a top pitch which does justice to such a statement. Leaning out on good holds, I

can exaggerate the exposure and absorb the feeling of isolation; high on a major cliff, enjoying the experience and not wanting it to end. It does and I find myself exercising extreme caution on the traverse to East Gully. One slip here and the consequences do not bear thinking about. Shep falls on the chockstone and is subsequently over enthusiastic with his welcome. I pick myself up and chastise him, but the incident is already forgotten, and after a quick change, it is running mode again.

The descent to Stickle Tarn was taken at breakneck speed and a large group of people, on their way to "Jack's Rake", pause to spectate as master and dog compete for first place. My familiarity with this type of terrain gives me the edge and for once Shep follows diligently in my tracks. At the inflow I insist he takes a drink, and then it is away again, contouring around Harrison Stickle at a subdued pace, and an opportunity to look around again. The summit of Bowfel has succumbed to then cloud masses and the wind is infinitely colder on this side of the valley, but the lighting effects are adequate compensation for the lack of sunshine. I briefly lose direction and am penalised with a slight ascent to regain the correct line.

Gimmer is catching what sun is getting through, but the rock looks and feels cold. Judging by the clothing other climbers are wearing, it is even colder higher up. Everyone seems to have chosen Gimmer today. A party of three on "the crack"; four on "Gimmer String", and six on "Kipling Groove". It is "Gimmer String" that catches my imagination and mood today. I have not climbed this in its entirety before so the initial roof and wide crack will be new ground. I spend an idle five minutes watching the other people and trying to anticipate a gap that I can make use of. Dressed in a life top and running shirt, headband and running slacks, I cannot afford to sit too long. Leaving Shep once more, I begin to climb. The traverse on "The Crack" always feels hard, and I acknowledge the decreasing temperature, hesitating for a moment before committing myself through the overhang. One awkward move and then the climbing becomes absorbing and I hardly notice the cold, wrapped up in the moves and taking in the position, exposure and history of this great classic. The climbers in the cave kindly allow me through and then I am on my own again. Surely there are few better positions than this in Langdale? Poised on the edge of a void that exaggerates the distance below, two perfect finger locks and positive bridging holds for the feet, spreadeagled across the face like a spider on a wall, and yet there are no feelings of isolation up here. The spell is broken by the arrival of the finishing holds and

the weather encourages a rapid descent so I fairly fly down the descent chimney. My dog is there to meet me and soon we are traversing towards Mickleden. The run up Rosset Ghyll is tough and I find that I am really having to draw on reserves just to keep moving. At last enough height is below us and the rough traverse to Neckband Crag replaces the agony of ascent. Shep is training badly now which allows an even slower crawl across the final scree slope to the base of the crag. Here we share a packet of nuts whilst I change into my rock boots. I guess that I have just enough time before the rain comes to climb the route, but don't count on the route already being wet. Consequently my gamble does not pay off and the arrival of the first shower finds me sheltering beneath the final bulge of "Razor Crack". I cannot decide whether to descend the seventy feet already climbed or ascend the remaining thirty. A soloist's nightmare. Opting for the lesser evil, I launch into the final moves and ignore the feeling of insecurity as first hand then foot find the holds too hostile to make use of. Shep looks as anxious as I feel, but the top brings immediate relief and more persistent rain.

Reaching the Band is uphill again and the weather is grim. Shep has had enough and makes no effort to speed up, even with my encouragement. Once we reach the descent all this changes and I struggle to keep up. He knows we are on our way home and only the road down to Langdale to go. It is not yet three in the afternoon and I dream of Scafell's majestic outline. Perhaps another day. Running down the valley, I am well pleased with the day, but Bowfell would have been desperate and Scafell even worse. On arrival at the hut I have time for a bath before the fell runners return from the three Shires race. It feels good to be back in the Lakes at last after four years away. Roll on the winter.

Tony Brindle.

ARCC FELL RUNNING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Points to date (with no results for the Black Combe and Three Peaks)

Pos.	Pts.	Name
1	178	John Hope
2	134	Robert Green
3	112	Leo Pollard
4	84.5	Paul Cooney
5	78.5	Pete McHale
6	74	Gordon Cooney
7	71	Alan Kenny
8	62	Jim Harding
9	61	David Hugill
10	60	John Nixon
11	35	Phil Micklewski
12	33	Pete Dowker
13	32	Jim Cooper, Peter Billington
15	26	Derek Price
16	17	Mike Donnelly, Chris Farrell
18	16	Frank Whittle
19	13	Joe Carbarino

LADIES CHAMPIONSHIP

1	118	Sheila Anderton
2	10	Dot Wood, Clare Kenny, Angela Soper.

The 4th WORLD CUP MOUNTAIN RACES will be held from Braithwaite Village, Keswick on Saturday October 15th, Sunday October 16th. John Nixon and Leo Pollard are running in the Veterans Race on the Sunday. Races start at 10.00am.

TYN TWR

THE BIRTH OF A HUT

THE ORIGINS AND ROOTS of the Achilli Ratti in Wales go back a lot further than most members are aware: to the early fifties, and even earlier. It was then that a dozen or so handsome young lads from St Helens were polishing their abilities with map and compass, and widening their knowledge of the Lakeland hills. Having begun fell walking in the late forties, new skills with hemp ropes and ex-WD karabiners were also being developed. In fact most of our gear was ex-military: U.S. Army "bivvy" tents, "jumping jackets", gas capes to protect us from mustard gas, but which also shed the Lakeland rain. It was an era of change too. Itschide "Commando" soles were replacing clinkers and triple lobs, "Viking" nylon ropes were just making their appearance, and nuts were still only Whitworth or B.S.F.

We had tried camping up Mickleden and down Borrowdale but the weather always seemed to be against us. Youth Hostels too had their drawbacks. Three nights was the limit before moving on, and the 10 o'clock curfew meant us leaving the pub before closing time. (Unheard of)

We need a Club with a hut up Langdale" was the universal opinion. We had heard of this Catholic Climbing Club with a foreign name, and which had a hut at the top of Dunmail Raise, but we were not interested, in spite of its having central heating. "Too far from the rock" we agreed, and Langdale was a better walking centre too. A few of us had old motorbikes, but not enough to carry everyone around.

We were actually in the Lakes for a week in August 1955 when "BISHOP BUYS A MOUNTAIN" hit the headlines of the national press as well as the local and catholic papers. It was what we had been looking for, and we joined immediately. A month later we were back, to stay for the first time in what was very much the barn of Rawhead Farm: the new hut of our new club. The farmhouse itself had passed to the Fell and Rock in 1949. What is now the Woman's Dorm was equipped with eight single beds, a trestle table and a bench, and a massive "Black Prince" gas cooker, with a single mantle mounted on the bare wall above it. One elsan was located in the chicken shed, which is now the family quarters.

We climbed in White Ghyll for the first time. Gimmer, Pavey and Bowfell Buttress we already knew. The weather that September week was mixed, giving us a ???ing of two, but it did not worry us. There was a solid slate roof over our heads and thick stone walls around us, so we slept dry and warm, if dampish at times in the day. I think it was on the Thursday that we had a surprise visitor, the red sash giving away his identity. The Bishop had made a special trip to meet us, we learned later, in his Austin-Healey, if I remember rightly. For all we knew then he wandered the Lakes whenever it was fine, a Bishop being his own boss. We had been given a good recommendation by Fr Reederer sj at our home parish and I suppose a group of eight joining en bloc was a big boost to a membership of about sixty.

"What the devil has all this to do with Tyn Twr?" you are no doubt wondering. Well, an advantage of living in South Lancashire is that the Lakes and North Wales are equidistant. We had already started to ride our bikes into Wales for long weekends, camping by Llyn Ogwen, or kipping in Big Willie's barn, about three miles from Capel Curig, at a shilling a night - the same as Wallend. Now Welsh rain is just as wetting as the Lakeland variety, and a soggy wet tent at Ogwen is just as uncomfortable as a soiggy wet tent up Mickleden. If a hut up Langdale is a good thing, so too is one in Wales.

The final crunch came a few years later when some of us had married and had young families. Camping in a field below our Welsh barn one Easter, a hell of a gust hit the tents. Tom Finney's was flattened. So too was John Liprot's Stirling, and even our little Jamet had a stell pole like Robin Hood's bow. The campaign for a Welch Hut was on.

In taking on the purchase and conversion of Rawhead Farm, the Bishop needed to expand the membership dramatically. This was successfully achieved, starting with the great publicity in the papers. In widening the membership beyond central Lancashire however the need for a Welch hut was created. Thus the birth of one hut eventually led to another.

Achilli Ratti climbers were in North Wales before us, as is clear from Brother Joe's article on page 23 in the recent commemorative journal. I know too that Rom Smith used a barn as a base while climbing with John Cooper (L.C.&C.C) during the day before donning his "monkey suit" in the evenings to perform with the Halle Orchestra on a tour of the coastal resorts in the summer of 1848. I think the Bishop himself climbed in North Wales and at the

consecration of Tyn Twr he gave me an old rock guide to Tryfan and Cum Idwal to place in the hut.

J.F.F. July 1988.

SCOTTISH WINTER MEET

The weather last winter was poor for mountaineering. Our week in early February had snow or rain almost every day. So there was plenty of snow for skiing but with little consolidation there were frequent avalanches all around. These caused injury and fatalities among climbers who lacked the experience or patience to keep off potential avalanche slopes.

Not a single climb was done by members but folk were out everyday, mainly on low level walks. On the one really good day, a half dozen of us ascended Slob Ban under a brilliant blue sky with puffy white clouds. The views all around were magic with the mountains under such deep snow cover, but therein lay the danger. Pete Kirkbright was two or three yards from the edge of a deeper than suspected cornice when it cracked right along, ready to go with him on the wrong side. He moved pretty sharply but would have had no chance had it gone.

There was some discussion in the hut as to whether a change of venue was due, with Lochnagar in mind. The general consensus was that no other part of Britain offered the variety of the climbing and walking that the Glencoe - Ben Nevis area has. So the MacInyre Hut is booked again from Saturday 11th to Sunday 19th February 1989. Names and fees (two pounds per night) taken from October.

John Foster.

WHITHER GOEST THE ACHILLI RATTI?

Those members who attended the AGM last October may remember that I was critical of some recent decisions of the Management Committee. For quite some time now I have been concerned at the level of expenditure on improvements at the huts. Some have been necessary, some desirable, others of dubious benefit. What finally provoked me into speaking out was the installation of radiators at the top of the stairs in Tyn Twr. It may be that there are times when I am just a voice in the wilderness, but I know that those few who were mainly involved with the early development of Tyn Twr consider these radiators unnecessary.

From acquiring Dunmail in 1946, Bishopscote in 1955 and Tyn Twr in 1966 we were in debt to the Diocese of Lancaster, which debt was paid off in the early seventies. Since then we have spent a vast amount on the huts. Look back through the accounts if you still have them. But does it mean members getting on the hills more? Doubtful. We are getting away from the provision of simple, basic accommodation as cheaply as possible.

At no time in the past twenty years has the committee discussed how far the huts should be improved. No decision taken "Thus far and no further". As long as there is money available, the tendency will be to find something to spend it on. And members' hut fees have been increased twice within two years, by more than 40% overall, and no explanation given, while annual subscriptions have been twelve pounds for nearly ten years now. For visiting clubs at Bishopscote, the increase is one hundred percent (One pound fifty up to three pounds). Some members may feel relieved that it is they who are bearing the brunt. Yet we should be grateful to them, since our huts would nowhere near pay their way out of the usage solely by members.

"Oggy" put it to me that our huts needed to be uprated to get today's youngsters in. If so, a sobering thought! More symptomatic of an aging membership. To a keen young climber, prepared to camp or bivvy in pursuit of his sport, four walls and a slod roof are the main requirement. If there is somewhere to cook, eat and sleep, and ideally a flush toilet and drying room, you have a climbing hut. All else is luxury. If most members consider Buckbarrow a perfection whose only blemish is having to empty the can, what need is there of more at other huts?

So where will it stop? Will every bunk eventually have an electric blanket and a Teasmaid alongside? When is a hut not a hut? Ah well if we are to be saddled with these fees, it is reasonable to expect something worthwhile. For some members, the best improvement on huts is more of them, in different mountain areas. That all the huts we have, were acquired in half the Club's life, and nothing in the last twentytwo years, surely indicates this. We can afford to. And I am not the only member whose thoughts were a long way north. Certainly our Founder President's ambition for his "child" included further expansion, as he informed the committee in January 1968 when a Climbing Hut in Glencoe would soon become available. And this only fourteen months after the decision to purchase Tyn Twr, and before it was open for use.

Some mau argue that we are a regional club. In origin, yes. But that did not stop us getting Tyn Twr. And just look where the biggest area of mountains in Britain lies. As our club has grown, it has spread, and members have moved too. Some have been living in the Lakes for quite a few years now and we already have a dozen full members, plus juniors, living in Scotland. Is it time we had a hut there too?

Our last border raid carried us as far as Bethesda. But a different border awaits to be crossed. A longer haul may be, but with mountains of plunder for the picking. Is the blood of the Achilli Ratti still strong enough? Will that spirit which gave us some of the best huts - and members - in Britain carry us forward yet again? If you think so, come to the AGM and say so. Conversely if you have good reasons why we should not seek a hut in Scotland, you should state them. If you cannot get to the AM, write to the Secretary.

Let the chorus of the Border Ballard be our theme:
March, march, forward is the order,
March. march, over the border.

John Foster July 1988.

ATTENTION - DOG OWNERS

A recent Club Management Committee meeting reviewed the topic of dogs on hut premises. The meeting agreed the following points:

1. Dogs would NOT be allowed in Club Huts.
2. Dogs shall be exercised off the immediate premises.
3. Dogs should NOT be allowed to run around the carparks or yards.
4. Dogs should NOT be allowed to intrude into general hut life.
5. Dogs' excretia should be removed by, and disposed of, by the dog's owner.