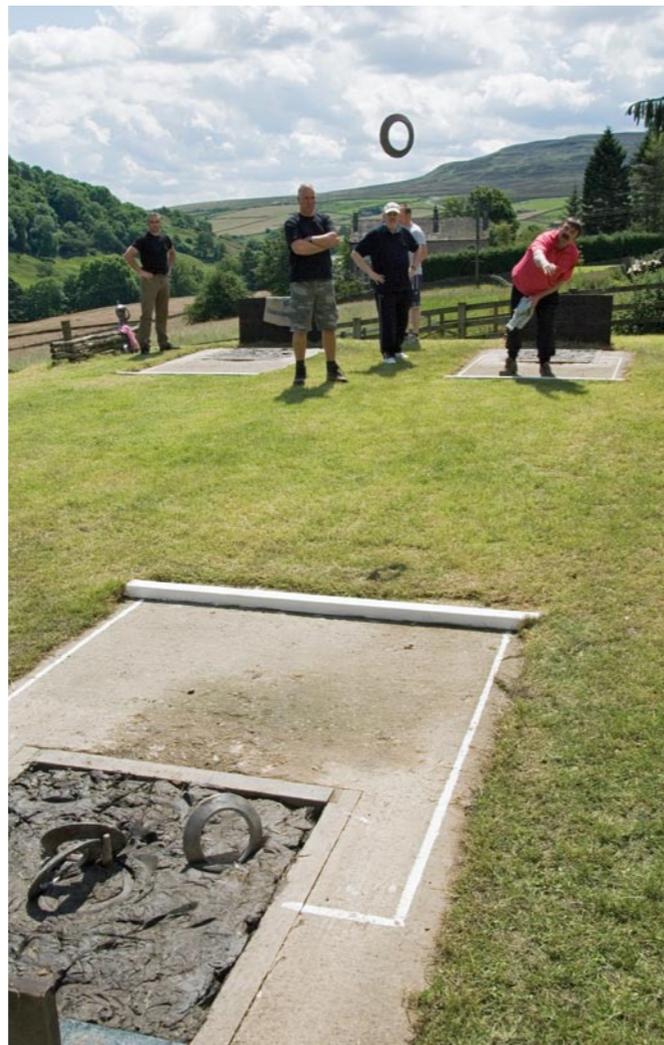


▲ With its four well tended pitches, turfed terraces and elevated viewing areas overlooking Arkle Beck, the 18th century **Charles Bathurst Inn** – better known as the **CB Inn** – at **Arkengarthdale** in the **Yorkshire Dales**, has on several occasions provided a stunning setting for the NQA's annual pairs championships and for the Wilkinson Sword Invitation Championships.



But although the pub is named after an 18th century landowner whose family set up lead mines in the area, the real hero of the piece is former RAF officer, Charles Cody, who took on the CB Inn in 1996 when it was a derelict hulk. Often, when a pub gains a makeover and a reputation for its restaurant and rooms, it is at the expense of pub games.

Not so at the CB Inn. After ten years and £750,000 worth of repairs and landscaping, these were the scenes in 2007. When not rescuing this and another local pub, the Punch Bowl at Low Row (where he has also reintroduced quoits), Cody plays for the CB Inn team in both the Swaledale & Arkengarthdale League and the Zetland League.



▲ Although the hob is visible and 'lighters' are not needed as often as in the long game, the thrower in a competitive short game may well call for help from a 'bibber,' who assists him in aiming his second quoit with points and hand gestures rather than with paper. There will also be on hand a 'trig man,' whose job it is to look out for foot faults.

Only if there is a real dispute will the referee be called upon, and in the sociable and usually amicable atmosphere of a quoits match that seems rarely to be necessary. But, more often than not, as here at the **CB Inn**, the tensest moments of all occur when it is time to judge which of the quoits is nearest to the hob, a judgement not always possible with the naked eye, but

one that invariably results in much discussion on bended knees. If agreement cannot be reached this way, it is the referee's task to bring out his straight-legged compasses and come up with a decisive measurement. It is a portentous moment, often accompanied either by hushed murmurings or forced laughter. Every millimetre counts.