W. Cowen

Jubilee Dinner, 27th October, 1956

Presidents, Past and Present

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KANGCHENJUNGA

KANGCHENJUNGA, 1955

J. A. Jackson

The entire expedition was together at Rungneet tea estate outside Darjeeling by the 12th of March and made welcome by Jack and Jill Henderson. I had just arrived.

'Come and see the Sherpas, Jacko,' said Neil,* and immediately led me to their cook-house. There was the usual haze of eye-searing smoke, a smell of spiced cooking, the close packing of squatting figures and the smiling faces of some dozen Sherpas. One of them stirred a pot of *tsampa*, his long black hair glistening in the light of the cooking fire. His face was familiar. It was Lobsang, the Namche trader. I'd last seen him twelve months before, crossing the Nangpa La on his way to Tingri Tzong in Tibet. So this is the moment once again, I thought—the return to the Himalaya and back to old friends. Charles, George, Norman and Tom had similar reunions with Dawa, Changup, Big Illia and many others. It is always the same and the start of a great adventure, as we now all of us know.

We had two more days of sorting and packing; then we began the ten day journey to the Yalung Valley and the south-west face of Kangchenjunga. It is a short trek to a big mountain but, like all mountain days, it was full of interest. There were days of sunshine and hail on the Singalila Ridge with glimpses of bright mauve primula cushions catching slanting light, and at Khali-pokri swigs of warming *rakshi* in deserted bamboo huts while long curtains of rain swept across the deep-cut valleys below. Before Phalut we walked through clinging mist and by lines of stark dead trees draped with moss and lichen; Tondu's hot tea mixed with *tsampa* warmed us all that evening—a cheerful party huddled in tents as the lightning flashed near and thunder cracks overhead quickly rolled away into the distant mountains.

From the Singalila we descended 6,000 feet into the deep-cut tributary valleys of the Tamur River finishing with a cool refreshing bathe watched by our first white-capped redstart. Its cheery chirping rivals the memory of John's flute at Chyangthapu. Stiffened leg muscles soon began to loosen on the steep ups and downs of terraced slopes and at the pass above Mehele there was a lesson in fire lighting from the local Nepalese. This was great

*The expedition members referred to by their first names are as follows:—Charles Evans, Norman Hardie, George Band, Joe Brown, John Clegg, Tom McKinnon, Neil Mather and Tony Streather.

fun as in turn we struck the quartz with a short *kukri* knife and showered sparks over the kindling. Joe and George managed with some measure of success—or so we thought until a Nepali completed what had taken twenty minutes in fewer seconds.

Khebang gave us a fine reception and the children from the village school sang songs, loud and shrill, but proudly, for us strangers on the way to Kangchenjunga. We had breakfast in the centre of the village with an interested population looking on; and John busily administered to the sick.

From Yamphodin our last days took us across a high ridge to the Simbua Khola — a crossing memorable for the red blaze of rhododendron, views of distant snow-covered Jannu and a speedy descent through Himalayan conifers smelling sweetly of resin. As we sat round a huge log fire at the river camp, knowing that the next day would be the last before Acclimatisation Camp, there was a feeling of satisfaction for everyone; all except one, for over by a rock a tired coolie chanted this complaint to the world:—

The Sahibs are feeding like Rajahs over there,
Here am I cold and hungry,
And alas ! there is no baksheesh.

During the acclimatisation period, which lasted for over three weeks, different parties reconnoitred the routes over the Yalung Glacier. Moraine, Crack and Corner Camps were established and supplies ferried to them. April weather was never good, temperatures were frequently very low and fierce snow storms were numerous. Much cold powder snow covered the ground and as a result of blizzards some of the tents were ripped and torn. Several peaks were climbed; one by Charles and Neil south of Boktoh; and around the far side of Koktang two peaks of approximately 20,000 feet were ascended by Norman, Joe and I. Tom and Neil went to 21,000 feet on Talung.

Because more food supplies were needed for our Sherpas later in the expedition, three of us were fortunate enough to visit the Bhotia people of Ghunza. This was a pleasing revisit for me and yet another fascinating evening spent in the soot-blackened home of Lhakpa Tsering, the headman. We returned via the Lapsong La after a brief exploratory visit to the Yamatari Glacier where we had fine views of the great south face of Jannu. This is the toughest looking peak I have yet seen.

Base Camp was occupied by the 12th of April. From it Norman

and George placed Camp I at the top of the Rock Buttress, using the route worked out by my brother and Gilmour Lewis and described in the 1955 *Journal*. They then began to work their way through the intricate icefall, while ferries continued to Base. By the third day it was clear that the icefall was not going to be an easy passage and Charles and I enjoyed a fine rock ascent to join the others at Camp I. No sooner had we met them than George set us back a pace by saying that the icefall made the Khumbu seem like a children's playground. The reason was clear the following day as the four of us climbed out of the bergschrund and gingerly made our way across rickety masses of honeycombed ice. Steep and overhanging walls followed by heavily crevassed areas led us to a perpendicular fifty foot ice wall on which George and Norman had already cut a diagonal traverse for some thirty feet. This was very difficult ice climbing indeed and, while George ascended the final fifteen feet by some precarious artificial climbing, Charles and I returned to camp for a rope ladder. Later in the day this was hung down from the top of the wall ready for our return. The following morning the two of us still found the wall exciting despite the use of the ladder. We now had hopes of advancing quickly through to the horizontal shelf at the foot of the Upper Icefall, but these were soon dispelled as we moved over criss-crossed crevassing and found more steep walls to be climbed. Once the sun got to work on the unstable ice this would not be a justifiable way for Sherpas. Charles abandoned the route. There still seemed to be one ray of hope, for we had gone far enough to see a white tongue of ice descending the steep Western Rock Buttress. Could we switch the site of our Base Camp to a rock knoll and ascend the slopes above Pache's Grave, descend the ice tongue and reach the shelf? We would see, for it seemed to be the only way left open to us and we returned to Base Camp that same evening.

Ferries to the rock knoll — the site of Pache's Grave — began straight away; meanwhile George and Norman continued their task of establishing Camps I and II. Camp I was placed at 19,800 feet on the slopes above the knoll and they then crossed the 'Hump,' descended the ice tongue and succeeded in placing Camp II on the shelf. This was a great effort by the two of them and a fine piece of route-finding. Most of the Sherpas and expedition members continued to ferry loads to Camp II, but shortly Charles, Joe and Tom were taking lifts up to Camp III

at 21,800 feet, half way up the Upper Icefall. Carries to Camp II finished earlier each day until in the end parties were arriving back for morning coffee. Dry coughs were prevalent and because the Sherpas had used the store of pastilles for sweets John was reduced to concocting a particularly fiery and vaporous cough mixture. Several rude remarks were made between frequent and etherish 'burps,' but it did John's heart good when Dorje took his first dose, beamed happily, rubbed his tummy and said, 'Ah! brandy!' It was about this time, too, that Joe set up his eating record. His appetite developed because of increased acclimatisation and he ate a breakfast of large quantities of cheese liberally covered with tomato ketchup, followed by a couple of Mars bars. But really the record was that he kept it down for over half an hour while climbing the slopes up to Camp III (Advanced Base).

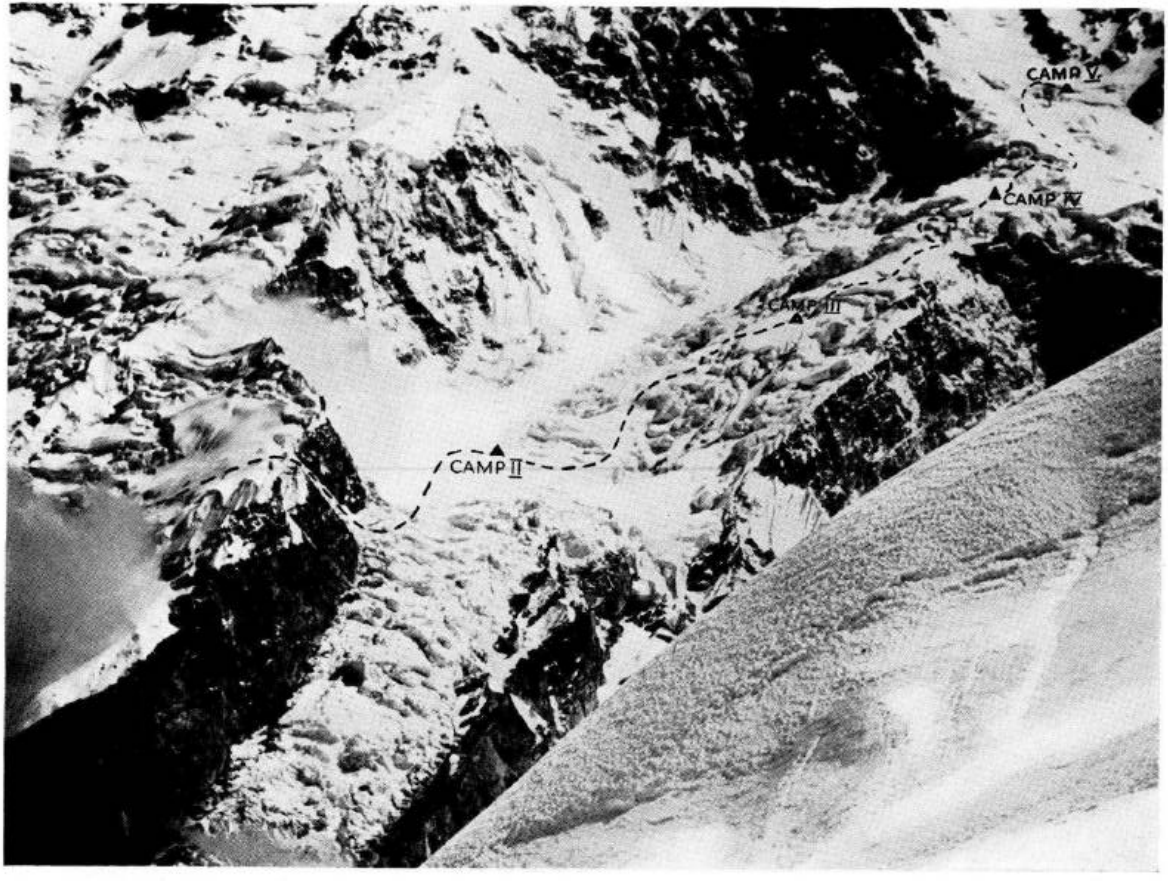
On the 12th and 13th of May, Charles and Norman, using closed-circuit oxygen made a speedy reconnaissance of the Upper Icefall reaching the Great Shelf and establishing Camp IV at 23,000 feet. A suitable site for Camp V was found at 25,300 feet at the foot of the Gangway. The two of them then returned to Base and Charles quickly called us all together for a briefing on an attempt to reach the summit.

Tom McKinnon and I with eleven Sherpas were to carry supplies from Advanced Base to Camp IV and, on the 19th of May, take some 500 lb. of equipment and establish Camp V. Charles and Neil with four Sherpas would follow one day behind us so that from the new Camp V they could place one tent yet higher on the mountain. Joe and George, the first assault team, would be with them. Tony and Norman formed the second assault party and in turn followed one day behind the others.

On arriving at Advanced Base we found that Neil and Tony had already packed some of the equipment and throughout the previous day had fixed ropes and carried loads to Camp IV. On the 18th one of the Sherpas was ill, so Tony with three extra available Sherpas helped us with the carry, then returned. Loads had been heavy and we felt particularly pleased with the day, though one of the Sherpas, Pemi Dorje, had been sick and had to be helped into camp. Camp IV was on an open ice platform and the strong cold wind rattled the tent walls continuously as we ate our meals, wrote letters, then prepared our sleeping oxygen for the night.

HEADMAN'S HOUSE, GHUNZA

J. A. Jackson



KANGCHENJUNGA, THE ROUTE

S. R. Jackson

My last view for several days was of Jannu with great cumulus clouds boiling up from below, then swirling round its knife edge ridges.

Soon our Sherpas, now feeling the effects of the day and the increased altitude, were coughing and groaning. During the day my goggles frequently iced up because of a mask leak and had to be removed on the steep sections to enable me to see. As a result I spent the night on my knees placing cool objects on my eyes, for I was going snowblind. Tom, too, could sleep but little, so that for all it was a most uncomfortable night, and for one the most bitterly disappointing of his life.

Early in the morning we began to melt snow for tea, then slowly arranged our packs. A biting cold wind blew snow and stinging ice particles at us, increasing the difficulties of loading, but by 10 a.m., a late start, all of us moved off on the carry. Tom, who worked tremendously hard all day, led the first rope. My own Sherpa, Phu Cheeta, led the second and I felt justified in following close behind him on the same rope. At least I could carry a load and give some encouragement when needed.

At the whaleback of ice we stopped a few moments; I learned later that a Sherpa was vomiting on us from above. There was a shout that Changup had lost his load and had left the last rope to return to Camp. We appeared to go on, up, down and around for hours, but always there was the friendly feel of the rope leading forward to our goal. Oxygen soon gave out but it seemed a relief to breathe the cooler external air. The snow became softer and deeper and occasionally the first two ropes would meet for a rest together—talking little—then Tom would once more begin the slow but dogged plod upwards to Camp V. Sometimes a Sherpa would leave the rope for a rest, the only indication being the rope end trailing through the fingers as one looped it in.

At last we crossed the bergschrund where the last steep ice-slope led to the camp. It was thought better that I should stay here rather than risk a slip on unseen ice steps, and the first two ropes climbed on, soon to establish Camp V by 3 p.m. The lonely wait at 25,000 feet ended as Sherpas rejoined me from above, and as we began to move down, the last rope of four came up to us, still pushing on towards Tom. He met them about 100 feet from the camp and there he got them to dump their loads because of the lateness of the hour. Changup had rescued part of his load and we met him half way up the Great Shelf. He returned with us.

Charles and the rest of the party were already at Camp IV and while I sat in the tent drinking a pot of hot tea I could hear there was some anxiety over the whereabouts of Tom and Pemi Dorje. A small party left camp to find them, but soon met them at the foot of the whaleback of ice. We three stayed up at Camp IV with the intention of descending to Advanced Base the following morning. That was not to be, for during the night a fierce blizzard blew up which lasted the next three days. Late in the morning of the second day there was a lull in the storm and the three of us did make our way down.

It seemed that our chances of reaching the summit were rapidly diminishing, but on the 22nd of May the weather settled, and Charles's party, after a tiring struggle through the fresh snow, arrived at Camp V very late. Unfortunately, too, new snow from the rocks above the camp had avalanched and swept away the dump of loads on the traverse so that equipment was picked up on the route and added to already large loads. Wisely they decided to rest on the 23rd, melting as much snow as possible for frequent drinks to prevent any possibility of dehydration.

The night was cold, but calm, and by 9 o'clock the following morning the party, all of them using oxygen, began the carry up the Gangway. The snow was good; two strokes of an axe and a firm step made. First Neil, then Charles, led the way, but soon Dawa Tenzing took over and moved strongly ahead. At 26,900 feet a suitable shelf was cut for a two-man Meade tent; then slowly, after a magnificent carry, Charles and Neil with their four Sherpas returned to Camp V. In the Meade tent Joe and George made hot drinking chocolate, ate a meal of tongue and meat bars, then slept for a time, using sleeping oxygen.

The morning of the 25th of May was fine. Tom and I with the fit Sherpas remaining were making our second carry through to Camp V in support of the second summit party. In this we were particularly fortunate as we were able to see the two small dots, Joe and George, leave Camp VI and begin to make their way up the steep Gangway. It was warm and sunny and for once we couldn't hear the dull roar of the wind rushing across the rocky crest of the mountain. We lost sight of them as they made across the rocks to the ridge, but it had been an unforgettable thrill for the two of us, and we felt that the expedition stood a fine chance of reaching the summit. Later we learned that they had linked up snow gangways where possible and, after several

steep rock pitches, reached the summit snow just before 3 p.m. Here they stopped five feet short of the top as we had promised the people of Sikkim, to whom the mountain is sacred. On the descent oxygen was soon finished and progress was slow. Evening shadows crept up the mountain, and still there was no sign of them. Neil and I at Camp III listened anxiously on the walkie-talkie sets to Tom and Charles who were looking out for the climbers and were relieved when we heard Tom shouting that he thought he could see them. Although the outcome of the day was still unknown at least they were safe.

On the 26th of May George and Joe descended to Camp V where they were able to tell Charles of their success. Straight away he wirelessed down the good news and as they descended further I went up to Camp IV with cocaine eye drops for Joe. He, too, had a leaky mask and was snowblind. While they descended to Camp III with Tom, I was able to keep a check on the Gangway, and again quite late in the day, I was able to tell Charles that two small figures were descending to Camp VI. Norman and Tony had made a successful second ascent. Even so there was sadness at all camps that evening, for John had informed us that cheerful and likeable Pemi Dorje had died at Base Camp of cerebral thrombosis.

Norman and Tony after a second night at Camp VI descended to Camp V early on the 27th, then along with Charles and Dawa came down to Camp IV. We all reached Camp III late in the afternoon. Everyone was off the mountain by the 28th of May, but it was to find the Sherpas and the rest of the expedition completing the ritual of Pemi Dorje's burial.

Slowly we packed our gear during the next few days. Bhotias from Ghunza, tough, cheerful characters joined us and helped to carry our loads down the Yalung Glacier on our way to Darjeeling. Now the grass was a rich green, primula sparkled near to clear snow-melt streams and a variety of dwarf rhododendron added a richness of colour which to eyes used to the glare of snow was a great delight. I collected a bag full of their oily leaves so that now I can still bury my nose in them on odd occasions, and as I sniff the aromatic odour it brings back many fine memories of a particularly happy expedition: days of hardships shared, or of merry moments in camp and of many an evening when the last rays of the sun lit up the Great Shelf, then finally, rose-tinted, the rocky summit crest of the Five Treasures of the Great Snow.

Greek Alpine Club

OLYMPUS

(By courtesy of Jocelin Winthrop Young, Esq.)

OLYMPUS FROM THE KATAFUGION — *Dorothy Pilley Richards*

BRACKENCLOSE

On the packed trod, the fern
—Beside the crushing boot—
It's should-be spreading head will turn . . .
Turn as a serpent's coil
And thrust down to the soil
To re-embrace its root,
Renounce the light and air
And its own self inter.
A self itself inter !

Regard this seedling oak.
Busy improvident sheep
The should-be guardian netting broke
Young hopeful twigs to lop
And scallopped greenlets crop.
What in the limbs' wide sweep
And oakly dignity
Stems from such infancy
Grows from calamity?

In the cavern gulfs of thought
—Whatever stir unheard—
The should-be sunlike luminary sought
Flits off as spark from flint
Or the billion-year-old glint
From an inapprehensible Word;
Though new as our morning sky
To some Martian saucering nigh
Meseem as I saunter by.

Years gone, this Spring in me
Dared hardly greet the May
May's should-be summoning breath would flee
Like an unwanted wish
Fishing for so long a fish
It warned all wishes away.
Come Spring, sing clear of Winter
And your own self enter.
Spring into Spring enter !

I. A. Richards.

MIXED GRILL

Dorothy Pilley Richards

Twenty or thirty chamois are cooling themselves off on a patch of snow over on Aguagliouls across the Roseg Glacier. To the naked eye they look like a sprinkle of pepper, but through the glasses they have a stance and posture as characteristic as the spread of a choucah's wings and couldn't, for example, possibly be goats. I am sitting outside the Tschierva Hut (the hut of the deer) on a July morning as fresh and clear as new washed air can make it, remembering last September when all the way up Il Chapütschin (I can see every step of it from here) seemed to have a hunter behind every boulder, and the Coaz Hut in the evening reeked of chamois gore: remembering too, mountain hours in many lands throughout this year of wandering in between. How lucky we had been to have the chance to gather such a variegated bouquet of peaks.

One mountain range brings out the character of another and this wide scene before me turns out to be a way of reviewing recollections of Kashmir, Adam's Peak (Ceylon), Mount Hermon (Lebanon), Uladağ (Turkey), Olympus, Parnassus and Kyllénē (Greece) — as bright now to memory, if as distant, as the backgrounds in early Italian painting. Let me try to arrange these memories.

How time spins away! Through lingering in the Alps we reached Kashmir in autumn just too late for any high peaks. The Vale itself was gay with the champagne of Lombardy poplars and the flame-like towering chenars, but on almost our first morning, as we looked out from our houseboat *Golden Gleam* at Srinagar, the mountain walls around us were already hung with winter snow. It gleamed beautifully across our sunny waters of Dal Lake, but made those hundreds of miles of ridges in their brightened glory quite unreachable. We longed to climb even one of those remote summits but in November had to be content with a standard trip to the Kolahoi glacier: all that available pony-men would undertake. Even so, at our second camp, Lidderwat, a fresh snowfall forced them to a hasty retreat. They had brought up no extra feed for their ponies and when the sparse herbage of the uplands was covered over with snow, they were seized with a sort of panic. Nothing would persuade them to stay: the ponies would starve: we would all be eaten by wild animals. It was hard to know what to think, but I.A.R. and I

decided to make a double day of it, go up through the new snow to the glacier and get down with the help of the moon, to catch up our descending caravan at Aru.

Under a high, white, snow-charged heaven we went out, admiring the bold rocky walls of the long glen through which our way led. In the discussion with the donkey-boys they had given us to understand that there was nobody left at all so late in the year, so far up in the mountains. Thus the sound of a dog barking and the sight of shepherds and their low, mud-walled, flat-roofed hovels on the other side of the torrent were our first excitement. The next was smoke near the path ahead. We drew near to find an immense fallen tree-trunk a-smoulder; a-glow, rather. As the morning breeze freshened, the black cave of charcoal woke to vivid life. Yet there was no one about and no footprints. This glorious fountain of warmth mysteriously going to waste made the white landscape somehow seem the more desolate—till we remembered the *kangri* or fire-pot. The smouldering log was a mine or quarry for charcoal. Kashmiris have an addiction—it is as pathological and pathetic as that—to wicker-covered, earthenware pots which they fill with charcoal and carry hugged to their stomachs everywhere and whatever they are doing. The children's tummies are scarred with burns. Our donkey-boys had pressed a fire-pot upon me the day before at a halt. They can't think how one wouldn't want one. I did as they told me, but disaster was immediate; the horrid smell of burning wool warned me to look quickly. There was my pet cherry-coloured Shetland sweater with a long crease of black across its middle. And when I was weak-minded enough to try the devilish device again, the same thing happened to the inside of my tweed overcoat! A devilish device it is indeed, not much older, I was told, than the 17th Century. More than a little of the Kashmiri inertia and sloth may be the outcome of sitting for six generations huddled in foul blankets over those fumes.

Above tree-line many of the slopes were blown bare of snow. They were grazed down to a pitch which would make the gloomiest Lakelander blink. What sheep, or even goats, subsist on up there is almost inconceivable to eyes nourished on Alpine scenes. Sheep, goats and little cows hardly any taller are herded together in starveling droves, so lean and weak it makes you ache to see them. Down below we had noted a

sudden stir of animation in one herd. Their shepherd lad was beating a mulberry tree with his long bamboo pole. Down came showering leaves and the flock ran falling over itself to get them. One of the reasons our donkey-boys had given us to prove that there would be no one up the valley was that there were no leaves left. But near the edge of the moraine, we came upon two pleasant-faced shepherds carrying lambs and minding their animals who were polishing off, it seemed, the last roots of a purely hypothetical herbage.

Between the snow flurries which gave such a bleak tinge to the scene, mountains shone out in ranges, far and high beyond our estimation. How huge the Himalaya: there is a glory in their vastness but a despair as well. Even their foothills under the falling winter snow feel irremediably beyond. How we wished, as we picked our way up on to the glacier, that we had some spring weather. But it was a late November afternoon and we had to get back again quickly somehow.

So, with a deep regretful salaam to peaks fast disappearing in snow-spray, down we hastened, running it seemed to me, to the romantic grandeurs of the forests and gorges: by the clear waters of the Seven Rills, through labyrinth and chaos, glade and grove and dell, by cataract, wash-out and basin, back to deserted Lidderwat and the tracks of the departed ponies. In the dark the untended burial-ground seemed especially sombre with its shallow grave-pits broken open by the bears. We shuddered as we turned away in the twilight from the human bones among the green blades of the iris. On we scurried through the empty land.

Our coveted, counted-on moon proved intermittent and only
sometimes shone
Through thick white clouds that flew tumultuous on
Passing beneath her with an eagle's speed.

Our old flashlight soon became only a dim, red glow. It was enough, however, to keep off the catamounts, panthers and bears who, we learnt, as we submitted about midnight to a foot-washing of welcome from our donkey-men, lurk on the path hoping for the chance of a smack at the passer-by's face, 'We trembled for you!' they cried, 'bears or panthers might have eaten you!' Foot-washing proved to be a drastic sort of massage of the calves, given traditionally to every guest, and possibly restorative but painful at the time. Anyhow, the twig-fire

blazed, dishes and drinks appeared, faces shone about us with delight at our safe arrival, our sleeping bags stretched alluringly about the floor. Not an adventure to match the scale of the hills around us; but still, the universal essentials were there with the added fairy tale quality that in the morning gaunt outlines of bare trees were apricots and the gambolling, yellow-furred creatures on a knoll among the deodars were not St. Bernard dogs but the bandalog themselves, Himalayan monkeys.

O mountain mornings when hours to linger out feel earned! Brackenclose and the remembered purple of the Screes, the outline of Gable, the meanderings of the lanes, the swaying of the bracken, the old monotony of Moses' Trod, the smell of hawthorn or of elder in the gills—different here at Aru, everything: the rat-riddled hut, the acrid charcoal reek, the dry thin air, the soil, the grass—but how the very differences bring back the remembered scenes, the home slopes that first taught one mountain ways. I have been faithful to thee, Lakeland, in my fashion.

The herds were coming down below Aru — insolent-eyed buffaloes with heavy, wide-sweeping horns in care of women wearing silver ear-rings, short djibbas and high medieval supports for their veils which left their friendly faces clear. On a midway crest of the path, where a dozen peaks stood up superbly ahead and behind, there was what looked like a *mendong*, a prayer wall, surely, overgrown and out of use, a vestige perhaps of a vanished Buddhist age.

How natural it is, we thought, for mountains to offer sacred places. All through this hill wander-year we met them, from Kashmir to Greece—as fitting to the scene as even the temples in the Western Hills edging the Peking plain, and always in some site where hearts have asked for beauty to be recognized.

Our next mountain—in February—was all pilgrimage. We had picked, we hoped, a perfect moonlight night, the time when tens of thousands of chanting pilgrims ascend Adam's Peak, Ceylon (7,300 feet) to worship at the huge footprint which adorns its summit. Adam's it is for the Muslim, Siva's for the Hindu, Buddha's for the Buddhist and St. Thomas's for some. But the weather changed its mind, and, veering with it, we decided to go up by day. Normally the sun's heat precludes this. Besides, there is the famous 'cone,' the peak's shadow, to watch at sunrise. However, it rained incessantly and very violently. A heavenly awning was spread between us and

the equatorial's chief foe, the sun; so, from Maskeliya, all little inns and bus offices and boutiques selling pilgrimage fodder, we set off against an immense stream of descending pilgrims in soaking, one-layer, light-coloured clothes, still chanting, 'Karanawa, Karanawa — Blessings, Blessings' and blissfully waving golden palm branches in token of their ascent. Portal and arch greeted us; sheds to right and left sheltered the wet and weary recuperators and the dryer aspirants. We kept on, at first by smooth, level, red gravel paths through the glossy-green tea gardens, then suddenly, after crossing a lively stream—where pilgrims kneel to worship and wash their feet and some their heads and bodies, too, in the purifying waters—by cut-stone steps, knee-high in their risers, toe-wide often in their tread. And past us trickled the exhausted tail-end of the descenders.

The staircase path wound up through thick forest. Now and then a tea-house offered shelter, a hot drink or 'judgri' — dark slabs like maple sugar made by boiling down sap of the palm, very sweet and doubtless a quick source of energy. Just above one of the highest of these stations the path led beside an immense cocoon, where pilgrims throw down thousands of needles and miles of white thread to commemorate the place where Buddha's robe was torn and mended by a disciple. Above this the steps steepen again until they need hand-rails and pitons. The ascending and descending caravans have to take to single file and wait their turn. A courageous spirit of cheerful patience rules the traffic: 'Karanawa — Karanawa' still chant the pilgrims in greeting, young and old, frail and hearty, sick and hale, fresh and exhausted, streaming past one another in never failing friendly courtesy and mutual consideration.

At last through a narrow passage and gateway to the summit, into a cloud of incense smoke about the shrine. The chanting excitement of the mounting line soars to its climax. In every hand the offering of flowers, or cloth or cash. On every face, Blake's 'lineaments of gratified desire.' What they have won, well 'worth no less than all that way and weariness.' But that and the price still to be paid in the descent is forgotten at the moment. Even to the most sceptical onlooker's eye the impulse that takes us up mountains seems on Adam's Peak to become clearer and more self-explanatory than elsewhere.

From the terraces of the Summit Temple the Wilderness of the Peak must be a fine sight. For us by evening all was veiled in a

return of heavier rain and though the windy darkness of the rearing stairways is relieved by swinging electric lights—as well as by the countless flash-lamps of the pilgrims — the descent must seem long to anyone. How some of the utterly inexperienced manage it is another mystery. As we got lower, past the dangerous abrupt corners, the upsurging throng grew denser. Night is traditionally the time for ascent: you come down in the early morning. As we have all remarked, when every step is fresh in the memory, we watch with a curious feeling the passer-by who is setting out. Would he go on, if he knew? Here this was multiplied ten thousand times over and has been for centuries: that cheery chanting would have another note for a minority. A First Aid Station keeps busy and some even die of exhaustion. Down near the portal the wind from time to time swept the clouds aside and the whole height of the Peak flared out in lurid and phantasmal glory. Framed in its own mist-reflected light, it hardly seemed attached to earth but soared into the empyrean.

By April we were some 4,000 miles away, many of them desert miles, pink landscape after pink landscape, empty except for the black, smoky-looking rectangle of the Bedouin's tents, the bobbing strings and clusters of camels, or the white grace-notes of the storks. Some baby camels are almost as white and as long in the leg. When you come in by Nairne bus from Baghdad (the overnight run is more comfortable than a night bus ride from London to Edinburgh) down into the greatest of all oases which is Damascus, Mount Hermon (2,814 metres) seems almost to hang over the city. Its name is Jebel Esh Sheikh and its white turban of spring snow gives it the dignity of one who has made a pilgrimage. Far out in desert areas famous for the numbers who get lost in them — out towards rosy Palmyra and Jerash, cities of the abandoned caravan routes — that faint white gleam above the dust devils serves as your landmark, and as you cross the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon passes to drop to the forgotten bluenesses of the Mediterranean at Beirut, Mount Hermon seems to be looking down on you all your way.

We decided we must go up Mount Hermon and woke at 4-30 a.m. one fine morning (24th April) of blossoming fruit trees at Rachaya. Camping with the hospitable peasants is not a very restful way of passing the night. One is too much under the microscope. But we did have a room of our own even if we did

not have it much to ourselves! Under Hermon is a stony region, drovers' lanes between high stone walls as long as those of Langdale, then terraced fields. On one of these I almost stepped upon a large but torpid snake with a very mischievous look in its eye. This took me aback, for, fresh from India, we had just been saying, 'How nice it is that the ant hills in these parts don't have cobras in them!' Orange lilies and forget-me-nots then beguiled our steps. Fortunately on the next bewildering, boulder-chaosed slope we met an old shepherd, as relieved to find us harmless as we were to see his smiles. Our conversation had to be in Spanish and was limited. Many Lebanese spend some years in South America but home-sickness brings them back again. Our counsellor pointed out a 'camina' which avoided the boulder chaoses and we trudged up like contented marmots. Soon we came to the edge of the snows and struck up a rocky shoulder.

Mount Hermon is one of those mountains we all know too well whose summit recedes as you approach. A cold gale tore at us as we came at last to the big summit cairn. But what was this circle of great, yard-square, cut blocks around us? Temple? Or watch tower? Or stronghold? Who built what there, and when? We wondered. Gale-borne dust made the distant view hazy but we could just see down to the sources of the Jordan so near those of Abana and Pharpar, sweet rivers of Damascus. The Old Testament lands were spread at our feet.

We were caught napping in a sheltered nook on the way down: both our watches tricked us and had stopped while we rested! We woke to see the sun nearing the horizon and a 5,000 foot descent takes its time. The night was dead black — so thick you could punch it — and the ground even stonier than on the way up. After some hours it was good to see the village lights and hear cries of "Good morning!" — not in irony, it was the only salutation they knew — from our hosts who came out to meet us. Good, too, are fried sausages and the local pick-me-up: *Arak*.

Uladağ (2,556 metres), the Turkish Olympus, may sometimes be seen, they say, from Istanbul. To approach it you take a little steamer from the Golden Horn, pass under the profile of Santa Sophia, and across the Sea of Marmora by the Isles. On 7th May we were at Bursa under Uladağ drinking coffee on the terrace by the Green Mosque and watching the frail little necklaces of electric lights round the minarets come out against the evening greens. They seemed curiously fitting somehow, as

though they were but celebrating the beauty of the hour. Next morning we rode — after a hearty breakfast of rose-flavoured jam — up through layer after layer of blossom and young foliage. After the desert one has a lasting hunger for green. Through peach orchards, beside meadows with sheep pasturing, then up through beech forests to pines and huge eroded granite boulder-land.

The big Sanatorium the road chiefly leads to (40 odd kilometres from Bursa) is an ugly, pathetic sort of place. It offers sky-high-priced accommodation to skiers, but there is a squalid little inn nearby (poor enough value) which we patronised. It was 8-30 a.m. already and we were still five miles or so from the spring snow-line and no one could say how soft the snows might not be. We stepped out in a dizzy sort of Spring Fever, the air so extraordinarily good, the sky so bright and Uladağ 'Big Mountain' looking so inviting: white, comely and remote. Carpets of mauve violas, then gardens of purple and yellow crocus and blue grape hyacinths nearer the snow's edges.

To our great delight we sank in only inches: important because we were ill equipped, trying to eke out rubber-soled canvas boots with cellophane bags supposed to keep socks dry, a device not to be recommended. Soon after taking to the snow the steady thumping of a gasoline engine surprised our ears. It came from a shack up the pine-dotted slopes. There we found a physicist inspecting Turkey's cosmic ray recording station, a charming man who gave us tea and conversation and lent us ski-poles. Eleven o'clock and the summit looking as far off or further. We swung up to a big hog-back where the snow seemed thinner, past a high ski-lodge, where a courteous care-taker brought out chairs for us which we lacked the time to enjoy. There were few signs of actual ski-ing but it was late in the season. Sunshine and views tempted us, but round a sort of rim we plodded on, up a long gentle slope across which a cold wind was blowing. By this time our feet were feeling our foolishness. We carried up wood from tree-line, built a cosy fire in the snow, made floods of tea and toasted our toes at the summit.

Two hours of blissful panorama—a little hazy towards the Sea of Marmora. Too long an exaltation as usual (2-15 p.m.—4-15 p.m.), but how insult Turkish Olympus with a briefer visit? The snow softened, the ski-poles had to be returned, the road had stretched or our legs shrunken, a mad dog, yowling horribly,

followed us lower down through the night. We were relieved to come to our lightless and seemingly empty inn, rouse a distracted and frightened lad, find some queer looking meat, cook it somehow and doss down.

For the Greek Olympus (2,985 metres) you start from sea level at Litochoron. High above the Salonica gulf hangs the palaced home of the gods, traditionally hidden in cloud from men's prying eyes. Zeus, the cloud gatherer, saw to that. But when the train from Athens set us down, (23rd May) Thessalian Olympus and its approaches were gleaming diamond bright in Grecian splendour. It was still early morning, but light of a glacier clarity — even there on the sea shore — was showing us every yard, it looked, that we would be going.

The Katafugion (refuge) of the Club Alpin Hellénique at which you sleep is at 2,100 metres. Mr. Tzartsanos, infinitely helpful Treasurer of the Club, had arranged for us to travel from Athens with a small party who had the sad duty of searching for a member lost, probably through an avalanche, in the winter, the first of the Club's casualties. So all was made smooth for us. Still there were delays. Time seems to pass grandly in Thessaly. The train drops you off at 7-30 a.m. A bus service begins much later in the day. In time a taxi rattles you across the plain to the little town of Litochoron. There the police took time in providing receipts for our passports which had to be left in their hands. So did finding a mule. Once found, the mule was packed off like a conjuring trick, so that we spent the middle part of the day, faint with lunchlessness, pursuing it! Moral that all know: ' never separate from your lunch.'

When we got away, a very (' very ' here means *very*) stony goat-ravaged ravel of paths led us by many criss-crossing zigzags up the steep flank to the heart of the country we had looked into from the shore: this flank, the long deep gorge winding in, the forest-clad walls above, and the final ridges at the foot of which the Katafugion perches. Where the way turns over into the gorge we cooled off (and needed to) at the watering troughs of the goatherds. It was a gay scene, hundreds of neat black and white goats, grand isolated conifers and the slopes knee high in a plant with leaves as golden as the buttercup.

But it was 12-40 p.m. and the mule with our sacks how many miles ahead up the gorge! We could not linger and it was well we didn't. The path contours and then, gently, deceptively, drops

towards the rising bed. When they met at last, it was a great meeting. Mule, muleteers, the search party, several different valleys and their torrents and their paths and ourselves all came together in the ideal setting for a robber's den. The sky had grown stormy and our friends decided to camp there. As it was nearly 4 p.m. and the Refuge was still 1,000 metres above us, there was clearly not too much time in hand. It is hard, though, to hurry when you find yourself walking across lawns of lily of the valley. However, in just three hours, with the light barely failing, we were enjoying the pleasant welcome (tea pouring and soup cooking) of a party from the British Embassy which had been up the mountain that day.

The Refuge is a solid stone barrel with a fireplace at one end and a wooden dais along one side on which you sleep. The sun got everyone up by 5 a.m. and we were all off (amazing celerity) by 6 a.m. in our different directions, Lady Peake's party down and we up for the summits.

The clouds had blown off and it was a clear cool morning, the way not hard to find. Up behind the Hut we crossed a wide scoop of snow to a bold shoulder just above tree-line. Then up little ridges, at first grassy, then rocky. Here a horribly chilling draft was blowing straight in our faces. We bundled on, wondering very much what the wind would be like up on the summit towers.

Suddenly we were out of it. Relieved at this we lifted our heads and opened our eyes again. There towards us, across wide snow and débris slopes, came descending tracks. We followed them in a care-free spirit and they led us in time to Skolion (2,905 metres) a minor summit first ascended 30th April, 1914, by Francis Farquhar and Aristides Phoutrides not knowing that the Geneva mountaineers, Daniel Baud-Bovy and Fred Boissonnas, with the local chamois hunter, Kristo Kakalos, had found and climbed the highest point, Mitka, the year before. (2nd August, 1913) . Here with the day still young and chilly, we used a few boughs we had carried up, brewed tea, warming ourselves enough to enjoy the view, in which Ossa was the great feature, Parnassus looking indistinct and humpy and some gleams above the mists of the Gulf of Corinth being, we thought, Kyllénē and Erymanthus.

After a nap fuel ran out and we felt we really ought to go on looking for Mitka, the highest summit. To the left of our route

several dark pinnacles, higher than we were, flung down fine cliffs into a cloud-filled hollow. One of these should be our goal. This looked as if it ought to be approached up the right-hand sky-line. What it had in store for us was a most delicious bit of mountain coquetry.

We had heard something of a fearsome gap with nothing below across which the climber must leap as from one space ship to another. When we came there, the gap was identifiable, but you could quite simply climb down and up again across. Then a moderately steep stretch of loose stuff, where care is recommendable, leads to a shoulder from which, we felt, the summit should be almost already underfoot. We poked our heads round and there it was, unmistakably bristling with flags and poles and cairns, but *hours,* it looked, away!

Purely atmospheric!

Here Zeus in 1913 entertained the first party to a typical display of caprice. Arriving in thick cloud they proudly built their cairn, deposited their bottle with their cards and shook out the Swiss flag. As they did so, lo! The clouds split to disclose *'Une formidable tour de roc qui les domine de haut et dont ils sont séparés par un gouffre immense'* to quote from Marcel Kurz's monumental *Le Mont Olympe,* 1923, that masterpiece of detective oreography.

Worse still, between was *'une effroyable échancrure.'* The disheartened party at that gave up—except Kakalos, who, without a word, led them across the face to a convenient couloir beneath the summit which they quickly gained.

Actually from the *échancrure* the summit was barely fifteen minutes away. Minutes much occupied by puzzling over strange, eerie sounds that seemed to circle about us. Could it be a lyre? Arriving, their source proved to be a large iron flag swinging upon its rusty pole. It had been placed there, we were told later, by Germans in the war and an enthusiast had repainted it in the Greek colours: blue and white; but he reversed them and thus produced a Finnish flag. This we read in the Athens papers but noticed nothing amiss at the time except the crazy squeaking.

Salute to the gods, a glimpse of the silver shore-line and down scurrying before the storm. Back in the Hut from the now thigh-deep snows, we built up the fire to dry out and decided to make as late a start as we pleased on the morrow.

Late it was and still we lingered; breakfast outside in the spring sunshine listening to birds trilling and trees resounding in the wind and watching their swaying against the background of our streaked and banded peak. Then packing up, the tidying of the Hut. O these departures! When would we return?

We could see Litochoron far down at the entrance of the gorge and beyond it the sea looking like rippled cloud and the thought came to us to break the journey by sleeping out somewhere on the way. Lightly then down endless zigzags. Near the lilies of the valley voices surprised us; prospectors and timber cruisers with friendly smiles and a detailed map. A long halt at the Robber's Den. Nightingales. From the traversing path above the gorge, hazels, young fern, reddish cliffs vivid in the rich afternoon sunlight. Far down below, the ruinous walls of a wrecked monastery.

It was about here that I lost one of my oldest mountain friends, my red-cotton sunshade. It had started by camping in the Himalaya in 1927 and protected me on many a tropic swim and mountain path, a valuable piece of mountain equipment I have not seen mentioned in any list, not even in Dr. Charles Evans's excellent inventory of the climber's gear in *On Climbing*. Mine had a little dog's head as a handle. Among how many strange peoples has that engaging little dog carried the conversation for me. Has some shepherd found you, and his children fallen in love with you? I hardly knew I could miss you so much.

We camped in a sheltered nook near the goat troughs and gave breakfast to woodsmen on their way up to work. Then reluctantly down the knife-sharp limestone path to the plain and the heavy air and Litochoron — there to sit in the shade hazy with contentment and drink amber-coloured, pine-flavoured *rezina* waiting for the bus.

After mighty Olympus, Parnassus (2,457 metres, 4th June) sacred to the Muses, offers a lot of good, puzzling, if rather stony fell-walking. It has so many summits so nearly of the same height that we had to go over a number of them before we could identify and climb the highest point. It is best to be there between the melting of the snows and the coming of the heat, for it is limestone country and water is hard to find. A snow patch and a tea-billy save a vast amount of trouble. There is an Alpine Club Katafugion, as on Olympus, where we slept and shepherds camping near will show where the spring is — in a neighbouring

dell, deep down in a cleft and choked up with thorn boughs to keep sheep from fouling it. I.A.R. took so long reaching the far water that I had time to deal with the environs of the Refuge, strewn with garbage as ugly as on Gable before the clean-up. It must be much visited at times, but we saw none but shepherds. Kindly, friendly folk they are — but much worried lest their dogs eat you.

As Kurz remarks, no note on Greek mountaineering is complete without mention of those dogs. He seems to think Urquhart's account, 1830, is exaggerated. The English diplomat writes of being attacked by twenty raving dogs and was only saved by the presence of mind of shepherds who covered him over with their cloaks. Indeed, dogs are the terror of these hills —rivals to the 19th Century ' Chief of the Bandits.' You complicate your route-finding considerably by creeping round silently as far away as you can from shepherds' camp grounds, in the hope of being unseen and unsmelt. What saves you, time and again, is the passion those red-eyed, foamy-fanged fiends have for chasing stones you bowl downhill. It is no joke at all to have a pack converging upon you and the helpless alarm of their ' masters ' is no comfort. On Parnassus and again on Kyllénē we did an immense amount of throwing stones — not *at* dogs, but *for* them. Fortunately there is no shortage of stones.

Instead of descending by Arachova you can drop directly by a steep, rugged path zigzagging through pine-clad precipices to the valley. Under Parnassus is Delphi, lodged in indescribable beauty below its bright limestone cliffs. Its priests are said to have flung Aesop down these because, after investigating Delphi for Croesus — the Ford Foundation of the day — he advised against a grant. Like a good maker of fables he compared them and their world-shaking oracles to sticks floating in a backwater. So they treated him as a blasphemer.

After each day of wandering over the many hills, up marble stairways and studying shadows across flutings of Doric columns, you can dine and rest overlooking the blue-green olive groves and watch the twinklings come out on the shores of the Gulf of Corinth and evening die away far beyond along Kyllénē's beckoning snow. I don't know where a mountaineer could be more content. It is a thousand pities there are dogs in the ointment.

Kyllénē (2,437 metres, 24th June) I recommend, though I

have no new tale to tell. We started out from and returned to a hotel at Trikalla which has an enchanted terrace overhung by a vast plane tree. (Impossible to get the key of the Katafugion without careful arrangement in advance and a letter to the caretaker; without this you run into a blank wall of distrustful argument). This made a longish day of it: at first through pine forests where much wood was being brought down on mule back; then up uncultivated slopes brilliant with gorse. Almost all the plants here protect themselves with formidable prickles — in the hope of discouraging the gutta-percha lipped goats. The cultivation is all on the checkered slopes below that tilt away towards the Corinth gulf: pale ochre barley and dark green vines planted diversely for currants, for raisins and for wine, all a-shimmer between the wandering indigo cloud-shadows.

The way was so complex that we were very lucky to find it. As we came out on the big upper grassy shoulders, smart showers swept down and from the summit the world vanished in mist. Gone were the archipelagos we had earlier overlooked.

the sprinkled isles
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,
And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps Greece.

We made our way by compass down gulches and ridges across eroded grassy uplands, and were rather relieved to come out from under the cloud-cover to landmarks and, in time, the valley sunshine again. The evening thunder growled; all the way home to Trikalla we were walking through a Turner stormscape. Another good mountain day enjoyed. Our next was to be Tschierva revisited.

A mixed grill it has been, indeed, but fellow mountaineers will understand which the most memorable moments in each country were! To the high places then — be it over the seas and hills and far away or in the homeland of the Lakes.

THIRTY YEARS ON . . .

A true Story with a happy ending

Ye climbers, before you read the Latin verses that follow, or their attendant translation, hear their origin, as is now related as briefly as possible:—

It was in July, 1926, that the author of the Latin verses (we will call him C.H.E. throughout) was climbing on Dow Crag with the father (G.W.E.) of the translator of the verses. 'Enjoy yourselves,'—they were having a day off.

G.W.E. was leading, and having achieved a point on the slab considerably and directly (mark this) above C.H.E., he unwisely parted company from the rock. In his descent, one which obeyed all the laws of nature in its maturing rapidity, G.W.E. came quickly (one might even write, very quickly) to C.H.E. directly below, and disturbed not only him but the belay: with the effect that (as an intelligent person you will have guessed) any witness would now have observed not one but two bodies in ever-swiftening course, downhill.

Matters were coming rapidly to a head. To G.W.E. there were two snags in his present but ever-changing position—

(1) the gully beneath, coming up at him fast, ever faster . . .
(2) C.H.E. above, heard crashing from bump to bump, directly above . . .

If the two masses were to coincide with G.W.E. in between, would he not resemble an animal on a road after a car wheel has passed over?

As in fact the dust settled, G.W.E., well ahead, had hit the grass before the gully; C.H.E. behind in the race, the rock. Both are most sensible of the care and attention freely given them by the quarrymen (it was before the days of regular Rescue Squads) who carried C.H.E. down (no lightweight then), and the doctor who put him together again, and made the lesser repairs required on the culprit.

In the summer of 1956, G.W.E. realised that no less than twenty-nine winters had passed them, and wrote his erstwhile companion in the adventure in dreadful and unrepeatable doggerel : to which, with the generosity that characterised him in the whole affair (apart from a certain understandable hastiness

of expression when G.W.E. thought to faint rather than to walk in search of help), C.H.E. answered in the elegant elegiacs below, directly below. For the benefit of those whose Latin is scanty, the next generation has kindly made an English rendering approved by C.H.E. It only remains to add that Winder and Calf are well worth knowing by any who do not now climb : they stretch reasonably comfortably up to a fair height north of Sedbergh, at the southern end of the Howgill Fells, from which the steeper hills of the Lake District may be most royally observed. It was from Sedbergh our two set out that day of July, 1926, and it was to Sedbergh they were very glad, somewhat sore, to return, after their day off to enjoy themselves.

THE LATIN VERSES.

Praeteriere anni ter deni, care sodalis,
Ex quo praecipites dececidere duo :
Alter ego comitem grata te voce saluto :
Terra, non animo, dissociatus eram.

Me non iam scopuli delectant, horrida cautes,
Qua tenebrosa infra panditur unda Capri.
Spiritus exiguus, crescens iam pondus iniquum,
Aegra senecta Senis scandere summa vetant.

Ventosum montem Vitulamve ascendere possim,
Lenius aggrediens tramite gramineo.
Si quando, ut statuo, loca quondam nota revisam,
Planitiem nacto sit mihi laeta quies.

C.H.E.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION by H.G.E.

Just thirty years have passed, dear friend,
From that remembered day,
When downward both we headlong fell
In headlong disarray.

But I am not the same, my friend,
Who now send greetings kind,
Long far removed by stretch of earth
If not by stretch of mind.

No longer now is my delight
In rocks and fearsome steep
To climb above the Goat's dark tarn,
His spread of water deep.

My breath so short, my growing weight
(Intolerable plight!)
With harsh old age forbid me now
To scale the Old Man's height.

But still perhaps I might attempt
The gentle Calf's thick grass,
I yet could reach to Winder's cairn
By some attractive pass.

And when once more, as I intend,
I seek those haunts renowned,
May joyful ease be mine, dear friend,
Firm based on solid ground!

CLIMBING ON PENYGHENT

A. H. Greenbank

It is surprising that such a fine-looking peak as Penyghent, whose gritstone crag is in full view from Horton-in-Ribblesdale, should have been neglected until so recently by rock climbers. Possibly the nearby pot-holes have been too strong a counter attraction, or, perhaps, W. A. Poucher's view expressed in the 'Backbone of England' that the rock 'is shattered and seems to offer no continuous courses for climbers' may be widely held. Whatever the cause of the neglect, it was not until 1952 that we first set foot on the crag and began to make climbs, and not once did we meet with evidence to suggest prior exploration. We both lived at Horton, forty minutes from the summit, and had made descents of numerous pot-holes as well as many long walks into Langstroth and the Fountains Fell area and round by the 'three peaks.' Indeed we usually reckoned on Penyghent once a day—and still do. Eventually we decided to investigate the rock-climbing possibilities of our local mountain.

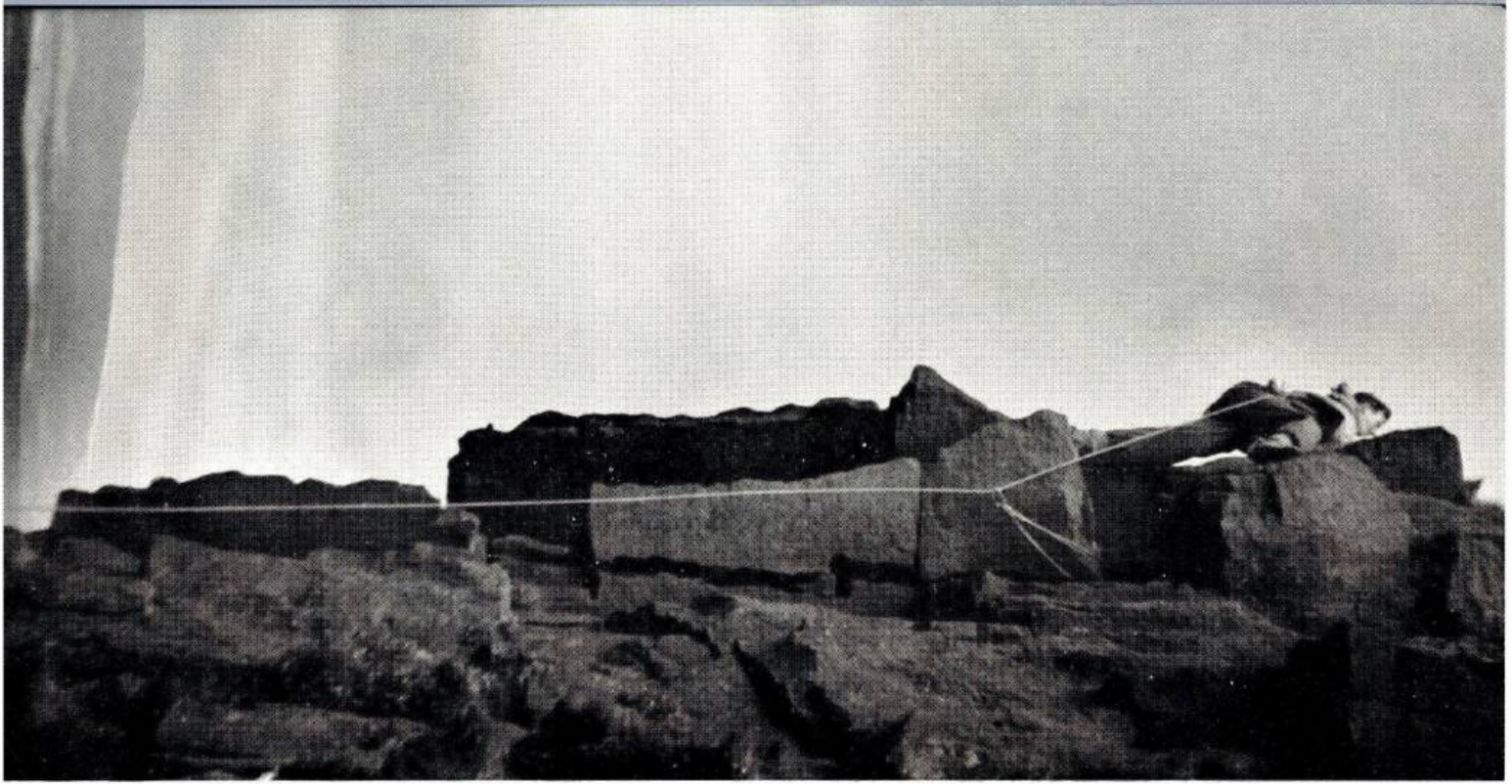
When we set out on our exploration I had just led my first climb in the Lake District and everything had to be attempted from the waterfall into Hull Pot to a girdle round the walls of a shooting box on Cosh Outside. It was inevitable that we should go on to inspect the summit crag and we began our survey by traversing the west side of the mountain where a row of limestone buttresses stretches across in symmetrical array. Unlike the walls of Hull Pot they were too friable and we climbed higher to the gritstone cap, not a great distance from us now and looking most imposing.

We made for the largest crag under the south-west sky-line immediately to the right of what we identified, when we later came to read the *Backbone of England,* as Mr. Poucher's lunch-place—'an armchair depression in the towering walls of gritstone.'

At least eighty feet high, the crag was topped by large square-cut overhangs, while on either side stretched shattered walls of gritstone which eventually petered out into the hillside. If there was any climbing on Penyghent the crag before us was clearly the place, for it not only gave an impression of solidity enhanced by the surrounding decay, but it looked, as we expected, unclimbed. Small grass ledges could be seen on the face, but not

PENYGHENT FROM ALUM POT

W. A. Poucher



many for the rock was too steep. Perhaps it speaks well for the standard of the climbing, that on our first day and in our inexperienced state, the only impression we made on the crag in the form of a route was twenty feet of climbing up a natural weakness which promised to give a good buttress climb.

This natural line, the most obvious to be seen, is a right-angled corner which runs the full height of the crag until it is finally topped by a fang shaped overhang. The turning of this overhang presented a problem in itself, but the immediate obstacle which halted progress for that day and the succeeding five months was a fifteen foot crack, quite bald and with no belay at its foot. We were not tigers enough to effect then either the few layback movements or the toe jams by which the problem was eventually solved, but one November evening as dusk was falling, saw the leader above the *mauvais pas* forty feet from the ground and not far from the overhang. Unfortunately increasing darkness made further progress impossible and the climb had to be reversed. Next day we again reached the overhang and after much deliberation crossed the wall on its left by a long stride. The wall was vertical and provided one handhold, but once the far edge was gripped the body could be swung into a chimney hitherto invisible to the climber. From below, the chimney looked not unlike Gimmer Crack above the Bower, but closer acquaintance soon dispelled this impression, for it proved to be the easiest section of the route. We wedged a pencil at the foot of the cleft and continued to the top in a jubilant mood, determined to have another opinion on the climb and convinced that this was only the beginning.

A few days later two climbers, who were used to the peculiarities of gritstone, accepted our invitation to grade the climb. One found the crack hard and pronounced the climb 'V. Diff.' The other had to be lowered from half-way and thought it was a 'good V. Diff.' On the first ascent J.C. proposed the name *Gadarene Groove,* but in retrospect the climb is not so hard as this would suggest, and, indeed, is very pleasant. We called it *Red Pencil* climb.

After the fourth ascent of *Red Pencil,* a more direct finish became a possibility. Originally we had turned the overhang to the left, for not only was the top of the corner blocked but the right wall also bulged. This bulge was formed by a large horizontal flake at least three feet long which barred access to a

Opposite—PAGAN'S PURGATORY
Aida Roper

good ledge on the face of the buttress. It was some time before this ledge was reached, and then by a quite airy movement made overhanging space, with forearms tucked under the flake. Once there we found a belay and, of more importance, a breach in the overhangs which looked so formidable from below.

The next climb we completed was *Damocles Groove*. Until now we had encountered hardly any grass and none that it was impossible to remove with the aid of an ice axe. On *Damocles* we spent an hour cleaving away a good thickness of sod from a presentable ledge about forty feet from the bottom terrace. From this ledge, now a good foot lower than originally, we found the crux, and immediately regretted the previous hour's hard work. The wall ahead had to be climbed for five feet and then, to avoid an overhang, a familiar looking stride had to be taken to the roof of another overhang to the left and jutting out as a huge nose. Apart from a slender crack the wall was holdless and our hopes began to diminish. We tried a number of ways, each more unsuccessful than the last, and were on the point of pronouncing the place unclimbable when J.C. produced a cold steel chisel, hammered it into the thin crack and was quickly on the nose. On the next ascent of the climb the chisel method was abandoned for a good pull on one finger in the crack, and to our surprise this move was adequate.

We now had two climbs on the crag and were ready to make a third. This was the easiest of them all—*Meddler's Crack*—and it is no more than Difficult. Something harder was required and our attention was taken by the very steep south-west side of the buttress, which was more shattered in its upper parts and quite devoid of grass. A most distinctive formation in the middle of this face—a large, deep and undercut recess in the form of a Norman Arch—presented an obvious and spectacular problem. Our aim was to climb into this ecclesiastical archway, over it and then to the top of the crag. Up to the present we have completed the first part of our plan and have reached the recess. The thirty foot pitch leading to this is certainly Severe, for entrance to the archway, which we called *Christian's Crux*, is barred by a twenty foot wall furnished with two obvious holds, and includes turning a very awkward overhang. As the first ascent into the archway was made on Boxing Day this year and snow lay on its roof, the pull-up onto the 'Culminating Point' was postponed until warmer weather. It will no doubt be very

severe climbing, for the roof of the arch projects further than the sides, which are smooth and at least a foot deep.

The 'Culminating Point' is the crux of *Pagan's Purgatory*, a companion route to *Christian's* and also Severe. At the 'Culminating Point' the climber is *forced to his knees* by a square overhang (seen clearly in the photograph) and the tendency to be fought is that of rolling over the roof of the arch to the ground below. Once a standing position is achieved a small bulge is tackled and eventually a narrow and exposed ledge is reached. A finish to the climb has been made, but it is not a direct continuation of the route. A more direct line is required, but the last few feet of shattered looking rock will need great care.

The chief characteristic of the crag in contrast to other gritstone cliffs is the exposure. Situated almost directly below the summit, it commands an airy position above upper Ribblesdale and from its foot the ground falls abruptly, for the first five hundred feet as scree, then as moorland which gradually becomes less steep until it meets the Ribble. The mountain has been too long the monopoly of the rambler and it is hoped that this account of our first climbs on Penyghent has dispelled the idea that it offers only loose and rotten rock to the climber. The main buttress is sound and it is the surrounding inferior rock which by its bulk has given the mountain a bad name. The crag catches the sun for most of the day and dries quickly, so that, although the height is only about eighty feet, it is an attractive climbing ground in a district which, though rich in fine mountain walks does not provide well for the climber.

THE CLIMBS

The crag faces west.

RED PENCIL CLIMB — 85 feet. Very difficult. The original climb, which runs the full height of the crag. Climb the obvious right-angled corner which is blocked by a prominent overhang at the top. Under this overhang is found a large block for running belay. Traverse left and round into the chimney. Climb over the chockstone and finish.

Direct Finish. — 85 feet. Severe. At the block for running belay use the flake on the right for jamming the arms and so climb on to the ledge to the right. A natural staircase through the overhangs leads to the finish.

DAMOCLES GROOVE 85 feet. Very difficult. Climb the crack 15 feet to the left of *Red Pencil*. After 10 feet, climb the continuation for another 15 feet to a platform. Climb the wall ahead on to a mantelshelf, stride left using a hold in the apex of the overhang above and enter a groove topped by a poised block. Climb past the block and finish up the 'staircase' of *Red Pencil Direct*.

MEDDLER'S CRACK 30 feet. Difficult. Climb the crack formed by a subsidiary mass of rock and the north face of the crag. This starts at a level of 20 feet higher than the beginning of *Red Pencil*. The first 10 feet is a steep wall followed by an awkward bracket. The climb continues up the crack to the finish.

PAGAN'S PURGATORY 85 feet. Severe. A good climb marred by an insufficiently direct finish. Climb directly up the rock below the obvious crack facing south (seen in the photograph) and forming a junction with the left side of the Arch. A fin of rock is immediately to the left when nearing the crack. Climb this crack until forced on to the roof of the Arch—the Culminating Point—by an overhang. Once a standing position is achieved here, climb the bulge to the ledge above. Finish up the corner (overhanging and severe) at the left end of the ledge.

CHRISTIAN'S CRUX 25 feet (unfinished). Severe. Interesting. Climb the wall under the Arch by its left-hand corner. When stopped by the overhang, use the jammed blocks and make a severe move right and up into the Arch. A thread belay can be arranged here and this may possibly serve the dual purpose of running belay and next foothold for progress above and over the roof.

A SEASON IN SOUTH GEORGIA

Tom Price

Our aim was to make a map. The task had been started in 1951 and after two seasons' work forty per cent. of the island remained untouched. South Georgia is about 110 miles long and at its widest 20 miles wide. It lies between 55° and 54° south, a latitude equivalent to that of the Lake District; but since it is on the polar side of the Antarctic Convergence its climate is wintry, and, apart from bits around the coast, there is snow and ice cover all the year. It is all mountainous, and, when you can see it, looks like the Alps half submerged in a wild green sea.

Although our object was surveying and only incidentally mountaineering, the A.C., the C.C., the Y.R.C., the J.M.C.S., the Wayfarers, the Craig Dhu and the F.R.C.C. were represented in our party of eight. We were drawn from varied walks of life, broadcasting, medicine, mathematical research, teaching, soldiering, shipbuilding and business. The leader was D. Carse; the doctor and second-in-command, K. Warburton; there were two surveyors, A. G. Bomford and S. Paterson; a photographer, G. Spenceley; and three climbers, L. Baume, J. Cunningham and myself.

The voyage out in the tanker, *Southern Opal,* was a delight and lasted a month. After calling at Dakar for a few hours for bunkers—no shore leave allowed as whalers are notoriously difficult to get on board again—we headed out into lonelier seas, escorted by flying fishes and porpoises, where, rather incongruously, we were to be found daily lashing sledges and adjusting ski-bindings in the fierce sunshine. In a couple of weeks, however, the decks which had thronged with bronzed or tomato-coloured whalers were given over to soughing winds and hissing spray. Albatross planed about our stern, and ice mast-high came floating by.

A moving moment came one night when by a portentous stillness we realised that the ship had stopped. Going up on deck, instead of the empty horizon we had grown accustomed to, we saw a range of snow-clad mountains standing out of the sea, vague and ill-defined, and consequently huge.

We came on deck again in the bitter cold of a splendid morning and watched the ship entering Leith Harbour. It was an important occasion for the 'over-winterers,' the maintenance

crews in the station, and revelry was taking place behind the bleak façades of the iron-roofed buildings. Robert Service would have liked Leith Harbour.

Our own base was a short voyage away at the seat of government, King Edward Point, a group of wooden buildings on a strip of shingle and tussock grass. We made ourselves comfortable in and around the jail, erecting a base hut in which, with the aid of oil heaters, we were able to enjoy temperatures of over 100°F. From this base we made four journeys.

Getting inland is very difficult in South Georgia. Once there, great glacier routes open up and the going is comparatively easy, but these inner solitudes are hidden behind a coast of remarkable steepness, itself protected by uncharted or ill-charted reefs which show as angry livid streaks on the dark surface of the sea, or as brown smears of kelp. The usual mode of access is to land on a beach at the side of a glacier snout. The problem then is to attain surfaces suitable for sledging. The equipment, weighing about 3,000 pounds, usually has to be back-packed in the early stages, four or five portages each being needed. The sledges themselves make awkward loads twelve feet wide, and the most prosaic surveyor, carrying one up a moraine in a stiff breeze, can discover in himself poetic gifts, especially when he encounters ice thinly smeared with mud and stones. At the end of the season the glaciers become bare in their lower reaches and miles of heavy crevassing may have to be circumvented.

Nevertheless the natural eagerness of starting carries one over these trials, and in any case the landing itself is fun. The sea passage, in a small and lively sealer, ends in an ice-littered bay, the party emerge from their varying states of sickness or buoyant immunity, get into thigh boots, and embark in the pram, to be pulled by horny-handed Polish Argentinians to the shore. It takes two or three trips to get all the portmanteaux and bags on to the beach, and a lot of wading to and fro in the surf. The sea-boots are sent back to the ship, and the pram is hoisted inboard. A farewell blast on the whistle and we are on our own for a few weeks.

Sledging soon becomes part of our working day. We have three sledges but it is only on good surfaces and very easy gradients that we can haul them all together. A more usual method of uphill progress is for all eight men to take one sledge on a mile or two, and return for the others. This gives opportunities for

pleasant ski-runs. Sometimes half-loads only can be managed, which means that the ground has to be covered, in one direction or the other, eleven times; occasionally it is impossible to sledge at all owing to balling up between the runners, and the choice lies between camping until the surface improves, or back-packing. In difficult sledging the enemy is not so much fatigue as ennui. Each hard thrust forward gains perhaps six inches of ground. After half an hour of it, head down, one glances up at the ice-falls abeam on the side of the glacier. They seem not to have moved an inch, while the col ahead is still infinitely remote. With no breath for conversation one has to resort to day-dreams or to reciting poetry in one's head, or even counting.

Sledging downhill on the other hand can be entertaining. It can be like taking a very big dog for a walk in that you are never quite certain who is in charge, you or the dog. Or it can be hard exercise with the party trotting briskly and in step like a detachment of carabinieri, lifting the knees perforce to avoid tripping in the deep snow, and looking anxious with effort. Descent on skis was for the most part beyond us, but we tried it often. It entailed no danger as the fallen skiers acted as a drogue behind the sledge and soon stopped its headlong career. For steep slopes the sledges are fitted with brakes, short lengths of hemp rope passed underneath the runners, but as they can only be applied when the sledge is at a standstill they are not a means of slowing down. Good judgment is needed to know just when to put a brake on. If it is done too soon you have the mortifying task of hauling downhill; if too late you may not be able to stop to do it at all.

Our experience of sledging was very varied. We hauled over bare ice, over ice encrusted with stones, over patches of snow and mud, through ankle deep slush, through the heavy blown powder we called Pom, through breakable crust, and new-fallen soft snow. We hauled on ski, on Vibrams and on crampons. And on more than one occasion some of us, in a sort of fury of endeavour, hauled on hands and knees. The sledges, of Scandinavian make, lashed by ourselves, were, I think, the most nearly perfect equipment we had. Their strength lay in their resilience, and to see them sliding sinuously over hummocky surfaces was a delight. One of them, however, misbehaved by running off on its own while we were hauling the others up a hill. When we came back for it, all we found were the two parallel lines of its track disappearing into the mist. At the

bottom of this slope, as we well knew, was a maze of crevasses, an ice-cliff, and the sea. We walked down the track, each thinking his own thoughts. After something over two miles we found a rucksack. Like John Gilpin the sledge was casting off its load. A little later we came across a sprinkling of broken candles, some primus prickers, a flame spreader, shreds of tobacco, and eventually, in the great ditch between the glacier and the moraine, the sledge itself lying in a heap of equipment and broken ration boxes. We were lucky: fate had forgiven our carelessness.

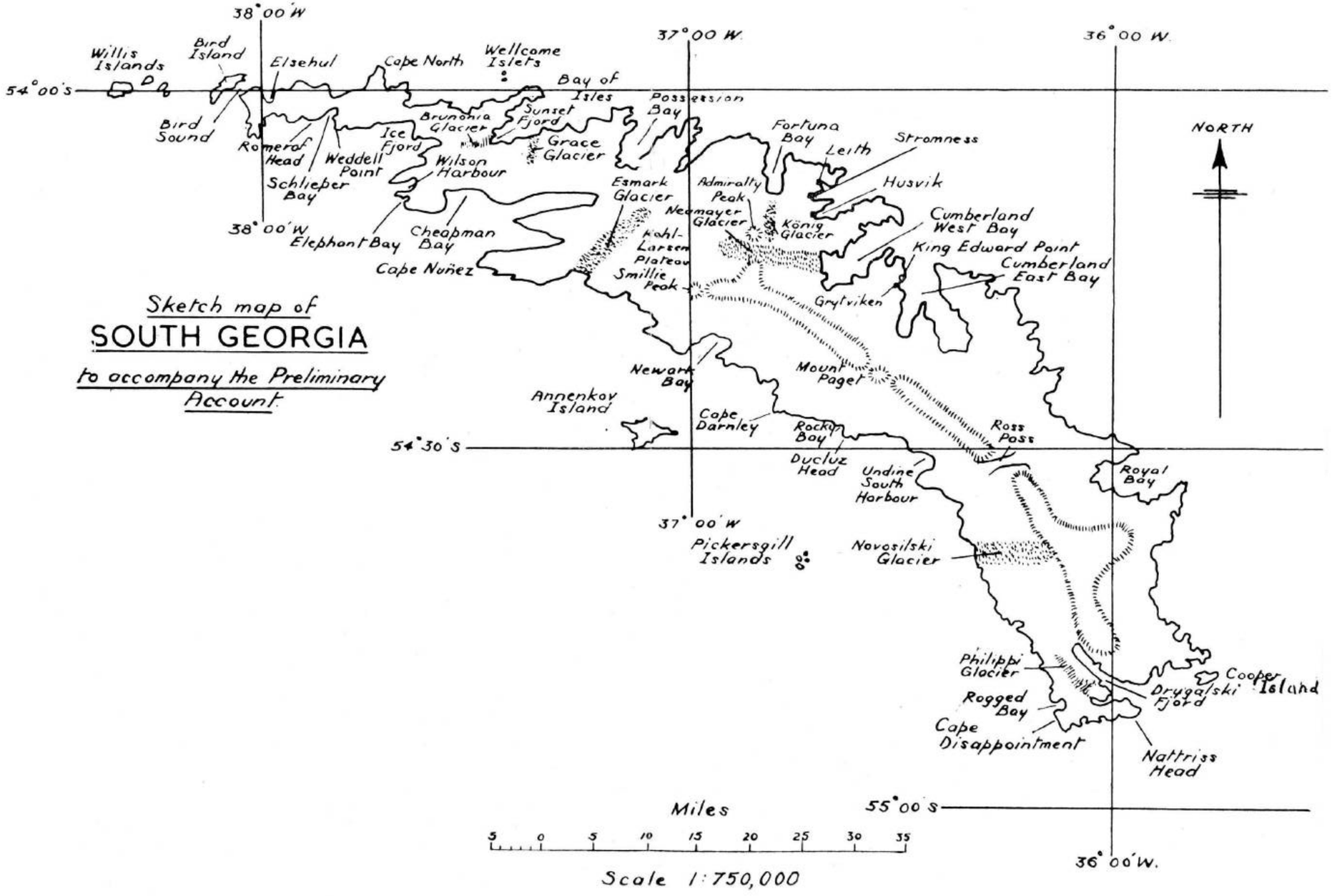
We travelled slowly. Both the terrain and the survey work demanded it. Our longest journey was of just over eight weeks, and on it we reached a place fifty miles from our starting point. We took seven weeks on the way out, shifting our camp like nomads to fresh snowfields and pastures new for our surveyors to browse upon. The return, with no surveying to do, but with some of South Georgia's most characteristic weather, took a week, though we were travelling as fast as we could.

The method of surveying was to wait for a fine day, then send parties of three or four men to the tops of nearby mountains. Each party was equipped with a Tavistock theodolite, a notebook, a sketch-book, spare clothing, binoculars, compass, thermometer, and so on, and sometimes even a shovel for building cairns, the typical load being about 25-30 lb. each. The mountain was usually approached on ski, which were left at the bottom. On the summit one man surveyed, one booked the observations and a third drew in pencil a panoramic view in four 90° arcs. A photographic panorama was also taken, as being more accurate, though less informative than a drawing. These tasks took about three hours, and on a few occasions were extremely pleasant, for it is not often that a climber can afford to linger on a summit for so long. For the most part, however, they entailed great discomfort, and I for one, as a confirmed panorama drawer, can testify to the difficulties of concentration in conditions of cold wind, blown snow, and the like. Minor irritations like the dripping of your nose on to the drawing make you feel persecuted.

The mountains were chosen of course with regard only to their qualities as view-points useful to the survey, and the only one climbed primarily for sport was Spaaman, a 6,000 foot peak with magnificent precipices but a straightforward ridge to the summit. Some of the survey stations, however, were worthy mountains in

Tom Price

WESTWARDS FROM 'CAKE'


38° 00' W
37° 00' W
36° 00' W
54° 00' S
54° 30' S
55° 00' S
38° 00' W
37° 00' W
36° 00' W
Willis Islands
Bird Island
Elsehul
Cape North
Wellcome Islets
Bay of Isles
Possession Bay
Bird Sound
Romeral Head
Weddell Point
Ice Fjord
Brunonia Glacier
Sunset Fjord
Grace Glacier
Wilson Harbour
Schlieper Bay
Elephant Bay
Cheapman Bay
Cape Nuñez
Esmark Glacier
Kohl-Larsen Plateau
Smillie Peak
Admiralty Peak
Neumayer Glacier
König Glacier
Fortuna Bay
Leith
Stromness
Husvik
Cumberland West Bay
King Edward Point
Cumberland East Bay
Grytviken
NORTH
Sketch map of
SOUTH GEORGIA
to accompany the Preliminary Account
Newark Bay
Mount Paget
Annenkov Island
Cape Darnley
Rocky Bay
Ducluz Head
Undine Harbour
South Harbour
Ross Pass
Royal Bay
Pickersgill Islands
Novosilski Glacier
Philippi Glacier
Rogged Bay
Cape Disappointment
Drygalski Fjord
Cooper Island
Nattriss Head
Miles
5 0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35
Scale 1:750,000

Tom Price

NORTHWARDS FROM 'CAKE'

themselves. We carried the theodolite, and its massive non-folding tripod, up some beautiful peaks, in spite of our avowed unconcern with climbing *per se*. There were many graceful snow and ice ridges, and many an airy summit where, stepping eagerly round his instrument, the preoccupied surveyor was in some danger of going over the edge. Rock we rarely encountered, though in the southern half of the island there is plenty of it and of fine quality. The highest point to which a survey station was carried was an unnamed peak we called 'Cake' for survey purposes, in the Salvesen Range. We climbed at first in mist and were not quite certain we were on the right mountain, having travelled a few miles on skis to reach it. It was a still day, however, and we soon came through the cloud and were able to choose a route among steep icefalls to a fine easy ridge which led to Elysian fields of ice flowers and then the summit. To a mountaineer it was a splendid survey station. There was little wind, the ascent had been full of enjoyment, especially as regards route-finding, and the view, though superb and inspiring, was limited by a sea of cloud to the higher peaks, so that the most conscientious surveyor could not possibly find more than an hour or two's work. And on our way home we had a good ski-run through the mist. Our camp was at 3,000 feet and the peak 7,200. I had shaved my beard at the end of the previous journey and the fierce sunshine of this day out penetrated a thick scurf of glacier cream and dirt and burnt my lips so that for many days I woke up each morning with them firmly glued together.

Two more stations deserve mention. One was on 'Bow,' a slender ridge of snow to which we climbed stripped to the waist and from whose top a panorama of exceptional complexity was seen. On one section of my drawing, I remember, I was obliged to write 'innumerable peaks,' for I could not draw them. Here we took out Shackleton's book *South*, and read his description of his celebrated crossing of the island in his attempt to make contact with the outside world after losing his ship in the ice. The country he traversed lay before us, seen for the first time since he was there. Through this and other observations we were able to establish satisfactorily the route of that historic journey, one of the greatest *tours de force* in polar annals.

The other station was at sea level, on another halcyon day. We surveyed from Start Point, a tussock headland in the Bay of Isles. The ground was so thick with Gentoo penguin nests that we had to evacuate two tiny chicks to make room for the third

leg of the theodolite. Penguin domestic life went on with its usual enthusiasm, and Bomford became quite hoarse from shouting his readings through the merry din. Now and then a skua would dart in and snatch an unguarded egg amid a storm of protest. Life on these shores is strenuous and teeming and eager. A walk through the tussock grass is like one of those ideal and fictitious nature walks where every ten yards some interesting wild creature is discovered doing something fascinating. As a person before whom all birds and beasts go quietly to ground or freeze into invisibility, and to whom, in consequence, even Whipsnade seems a series of empty pastures, I never ceased to marvel at the profusion of sea elephants, seals, penguins and sea-birds jostling about on that narrow littoral.

Carse, Paterson, Spenceley and I had the good fortune to form the Bird Sound party of the second journey. We spent a month, including the Christmas season, at the northern extremity of the island, which closely resembled the Cuillin in that you looked down from rocky summits into the sea and had sea-birds about your head as you climbed. The bright spongy mosses, sparkling streams and stony wastes looked exquisitely lovely after so much time spent on sunless snow or among the delicate ethereal tints of ice and sky. A feature of the landscape was an occasional white blob, visible for miles, denoting an albatross enthroned on its plinth-like nest. There was something touching about the great size of these birds coupled with their gentleness and dignity. I still feel guilty about taking their eggs to eat. The skuas made their nests equally obvious but by different means. They vigorously attacked anyone approaching their territory, flying at you along the ground in such a determined manner as occasionally to immolate themselves upon the arm or stick you raised in self defence. Terns did the same, but with less alarming results.

Inevitably one shows pictures and tells stories of the fine days rather than the bad ones. Let me, therefore, adjust the balance by stating a few facts about the weather. Bomford, our surveyor, estimated that the high tops were visible for eight hours a week. Wind and precipitation usually came together; fortunately we had little rain though sleet was common. We were sometimes buried almost to the peak of the tent in snow, and it was a good idea, seldom followed, to have a shovel *inside* the tent. The tent fabric, heavy-weight Ventile, was severely abraded by weeks of high wind. A blow usually lasted two or

three days, and the longest continuous one was seven days. During the season there was high wind for 35 per cent. of the time; there were eight blows at 55-65 knots; eight at 65-75; two at 75-90; one at 90-110 (Carse's estimates); nineteen full scale storms in all. During the last-mentioned, snow was blown through the heavy Ventile and settled in a white dust on our sleeping bags. We were camped in a cirque at the head of the Grace Glacier. Large pieces of ice from surrounding mountain-sides were borne along the glacier and scudded incessantly over the tents. At six in the morning of the second day a piece cut a hole in Carse's and Warburton's tent, which was then evacuated in what the cinema advertisements call 'an actionful drama packed with unforgettable moments.' Later that day Bomford's tent had to be flattened and left because the alloy poles had bent into curious shapes. With four men in each of the remaining tents the climax of the storm was endured the following night. We were allotted sections of the tent roof to brace with feet and hands, and had an anxious night of it. The strain of keeping one's feet up in position was alleviated by the end of one's sleeping bag freezing to the tent roof. The wind had the same uncouth violence as the Arve torrent running through its concrete channel at Chamonix. Throughout the night I laboured against the illusion that I was not in a tiny tent but in a great room all drumming with sound. The wind usually came in bouts of fury like the crises in an illness, but in the middle of the night there occurred a continuous three-quarters-of-an-hour cataract which seemed to go on beyond possibility. And that, I think, was the turning point. Next day we were able to emerge, wet and disordered, to sew up with aching fingers the stricken tents and set the camp to rights. The wind nagged ceaselessly at this period, frequently changing direction and compelling us at the height of many a blow to get out and swing the tents round to present their tapered ends to the weather.

Bad weather in the Alps is hard to support because one usually has a limited time there. In South Georgia, however, one has all the time in the world, and blizzards mean good reading and the life contemplative. Long novels like *War and Peace* make the best reading, but anything is acceptable, down to the last words of the dullest advertisement on a scrap of newspaper. Days in our sleeping bags passed very quickly. Time was not measured by the week so much as by the ration box. One box lasted each tent twelve days. 'Only so many ration boxes to

Christmas,' we would say, and we were generally very philosophical about lying up. Wild conditions outside naturally led to discomfort within. Excluding drift snow was a frequent difficulty. Going out of the tent and getting back, though somewhat alleviated by the coarse merriment of one's send-off, involved many kinds of misery. When the tents got buried the weight of snow on them reduced their inside dimensions until we felt more like a pot-holing meet than a survey party. Lilos were more or less permanently soaking wet, and sleeping bags damp. The bags had linings of a pleasing light blue, which turned to royal blue when wet. One kept an anxious eye on the development of such patches, and the polite enquiry, 'How are you keeping?' gave place to, 'Are you still in the royal blue?' During a long lie-up each man would inevitably melt himself a wallow in the tent floor, and so, 'each in his narrow cell for ever laid,' the party would continue its reading, or its reminiscences, or its writing, day after day.

The tents were not impregnable. Towards the end of the season, after the continuous seven day blow at the head of the Phillipi Glacier, you could prod your finger through those parts of the fabric which had been most exposed to the wind. We discouraged such experiments, in much the same way as one discourages a cautious cragsman from shaking and kicking a doubtful belay block. One Sunday morning at one o'clock I was awakened by Bomford to find him sitting upright in his sleeping bag, his head pressed hard against the tent roof. The tent vibrated in the storm, imparting to his frame a palsied appearance. It was gradually made clear to my sleep-drenched mind that he was in much the same position as the little Dutch boy who saved the dyke. Struggling into wet wind-proofs, I went out to see what could be done. Drift snow assailed mouth and nostrils with a choking effect. In the roaring darkness the camp looked a classic picture of polar desolation, the only incongruous feature being a tuft of Bomford's hair, white with frost, protruding from the tent roof. All boxes and other gear were frozen into the surface of the snow but after a deal of wrenching and hacking and soliloquy I managed to throw up a ration-box-and-snow wall to the height of the hole in the roof. The arrangements soon froze into place, and we stayed there with no further trouble for a few days. We took to building windbreaks of snow round the whole encampment. It was possible to quarry blocks of snow four feet long and so fashion a rude

barricade or *boma*. This snow building was much enjoyed and such things as ornamental gateposts were added.

In spite of what is said of sledging rations we found them quite enjoyable, and, on lying-up days, 'capable of improvement.' Baume had a flair for curries, and would cherish up pieces of dried orange peel from base, with which to flavour them. The personal allowance of weight per man was 15 lb., and as the season went on the tendency was to leave spare clothes behind in favour of food from base stores. Cunningham would put his loaded kit-bag on the scales together with a container into which he poured flour until the scales tipped. We all profited from his providence, for he could make excellent pancakes which he would pass to neighbouring tents. We were in little need of extra food, really, having an allowance of 4,000 calories a day (28.8 oz.).

In camp we lived in squalor, I admit, but with squalor go ease and simplicity. Moreover, dirty-bearded though we were, our minds were constantly stimulated by the splendid wide purity of snowscapes and the grand dramas of the weather. It was only in base that life ever seemed sordid.

Considering they all took place in one small island the journeys were remarkably varied. The first, the long one, was most like polar travel, with its wide snowfields and the novelty of sledging life. The second, for the Bird Sound party at any rate, was a colourful interlude in a natural zoological garden. The third had a dramatic quality, since we started in Royal Bay and had a rendezvous a month later in Drygalski Fjord, and it was uncertain almost to the end whether there was a feasible through route. We hauled sledges to a height of 4,000 feet, a long storm made it questionable whether we should arrive in time, and at the very end, when we could see the ship resting toylike amid the gigantic rock and ice scenery of the fjord, and could ourselves be seen silhouetted against the sky like Indians gazing down from their fastnesses into a canyon, it was still a problem to know how best to get our gear down to sea level. The solution was a steep gully, dangerous with falling stones, with a great chockstone over which everything had to be lowered.

The fourth journey, however, best merits a more detailed description for it was full of set-backs, and no-one is interested in an expedition which runs smoothly. This journey had as its chief object the ascent of Mt. Paget, 9,500 feet, the highest mountain in the island. The only difficulties envisaged were those of weather and approach, for the mountain itself is massive in the

style of Mont Blanc, with a precipice on one side and easy ridges on the other. The idea was to journey round, some thirty miles, to the easy side, and take one or two useful survey stations on the way. Cunningham and I were to be put as high as possible and left to await an opportunity of attempting the summit. As it turned out we never got near the mountain.

Our efforts to overcome the snout of the Neumayer Glacier lasted about a week and entailed much arduous back-packing. Finally, having crossed a zone of hideous moraines quite half a mile broad, we gained a footing on the bare ice of the main stream of the glacier, pushed off from the shore, and soon were almost out of sight of land among the wild waves of ice. We camped that night precariously between crevasses, cutting neat slots in the ice to take the broad flat tent-pegs. It was only at the end of the next day, after hours of heaving and wrestling with the sledges, that we reached terra firma once more.

On the Kohl Larsen Plateau we paused to take a survey station. Bomford, Paterson and I went off to a point on the ridge of Spaaman while the others moved camp a few miles along the route. We were to catch them up after our survey. During the survey the lower valleys began to fill with cloud and the wind increased. The cloud filling the Neumayer trough was boiling ominously as we hastened down on crampons. By the time we reached our skis we were in it. We had a compass course to the camp we had left, but only an approximate one to the new camp. Carrying our skis downhill, and still on crampons owing to the icy surface, we almost immediately became confounded by the appearance before us of a steep slope, heavily crevassed, which forced us to abandon our compass course for the time being. We went straight downhill until we reached level ground and were cheered to find a piece of wind-proof cloth stuck on the snow. Cunningham had discarded it at a halt in the previous day's sledging. We were now in a high gale thickly laden with drift, but fortunately it was at our back. We took off crampons but had to put them on again to stop being blown willy-nilly along the surface. Bending down into the heavy drift near the ground to do this was most trying. Innumerable moths seemed to be fluttering in one's eyes and clinging to hair and eyebrows. We felt fairly sure of not finding the camp but kept on, carefully steering courses and distances based on a series of hypotheses. At about three in the afternoon we got a short glimpse of a recognisable mountain-top standing high above the murk, like a Sign,

and set off on a new course, based on new surmises. Then Paterson found footprints, mere vestiges, but unmistakably footprints; and then the tents themselves. We marched in with great shouts of relief.

Like the *Marie Celeste,* the tents were empty.

It was four o'clock. We found axes, ropes and crampons still in camp. Our friends could not have gone far. Yet by six o'clock they were not back and the storm raged with a hard ferocity which increased our fears. Darkness came and we could do nothing except leave a light burning. We had a tent each, and one to spare.

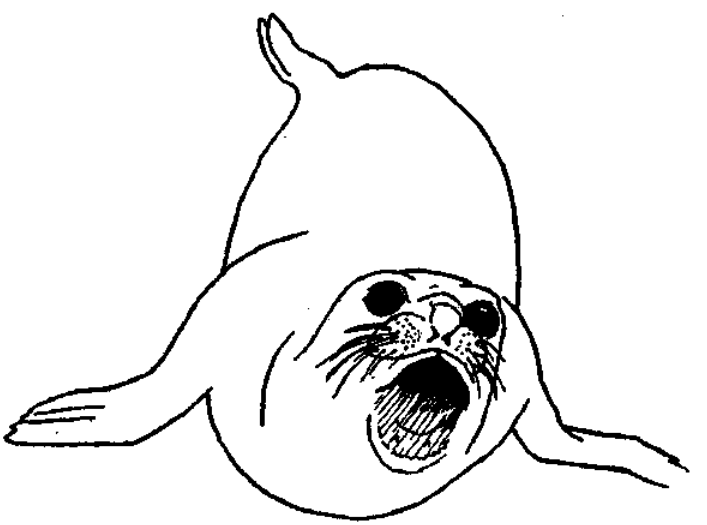
By morning a reserve amounting to embarrassment had grown up among us as we shouted cheerful conjectures from tent to tent. At 3 p.m., noticing some abatement in the wind, we determined to strike one tent and take it and a sledge in search of the others. As we dug out, the wind dropped and the sky cleared, revealing a pure and shining plain of snow, ribbed and ridged with *sastrugi,* all passion spent. We saw a fairly large dark object about half a mile away, as it might be a body lying in the snow. In fact it was only a hundred yards away and it was a whale-bird, still alive, in a transparent globule of ice, its tail and wings securely imprisoned in the glacier surface. It was a moving moment to pick up this warm, palpitating bird in such a dead place.

We searched the plateau until dark and camped again. Next day we returned to the main camp, loaded two sledges with as much as we could haul, and headed for Husvik whaling station. On the third day, after a hard haul down glacier through reluctant snow, Paterson said suddenly that he could see a helicopter. A fantastic suggestion, of course, but true. A factory ship, carrying a helicopter for whale-spotting, happened to have called at the island. Out of it, as it hesitantly touched its wheels on the snow, dropped Warburton, equipped with leather helmet and first-aid kit. We sledged to meet him. Bomford was the first to speak. ' What a funny hat,' he said.

The whole party was safe. When the sudden storm had arisen they had come out to meet us, missed us, and failed to get back. Eventually Baume put a foot down a crevasse. This crevasse was found to be habitable and on getting down below the surface they entered as if by magic a still and comparatively comfortable world, the storm rumbling remotely overhead like distant subway trains. At ten the next morning the storm

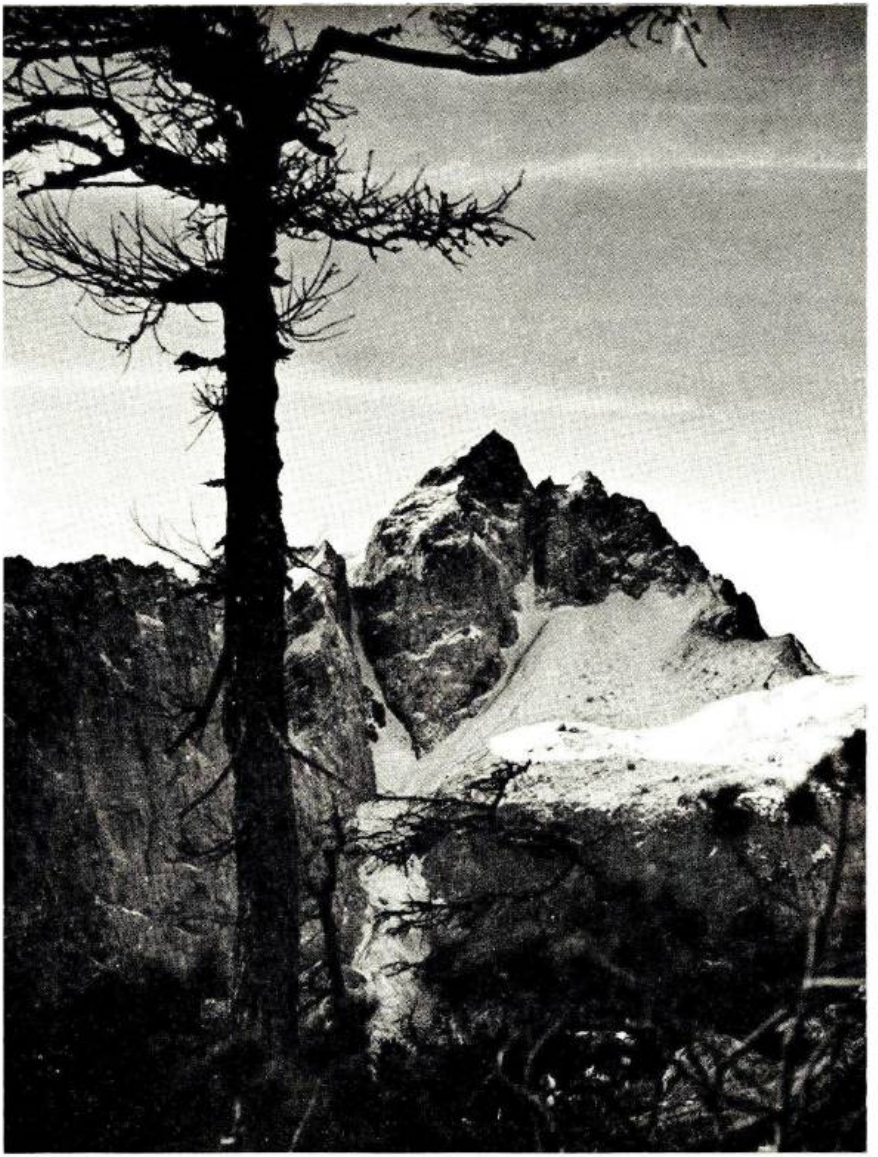
showed no sign of easing but the wind had changed direction. Fearing the consequences of a further night in the crevasse they got out and travelled before the gale into the Neumayer and so to Husvik. The difficulties and dangers of this fifteen mile journey, without food or equipment over a heavily crevassed glacier can be imagined.

This was almost the end of our travels in the island. Warburton, Bomford and I went back up the Neumayer to Débâcle Camp, as we called it, retrieved most of the gear that had been abandoned, and took one last survey station. A few days later we embarked in s.s. *Southern Garden* to make the leisurely month-long voyage home. The survey, in spite of our rum-doodling at the end, had been a success. We had, in addition to mapping the 40 per cent. intended, remapped another 30 per cent. 95 per cent. of the island was now secure, the odd 5 per cent. consisting of bits of coastline which could not be seen except from seaward. There are all too few blank spaces left on the map of the world, yet each man kills the thing he loves, and now there is one fewer.



Tom Price

KING PENGUINS AND CHICKS



Rado Kocevar

TRIGLAV

THE JULIAN ALPS

Donald, Nancy and Janet Murray

The remoteness of Yugoslavia and, until recently, the unfavourable exchange rate, has meant that comparatively few British climbers have visited that country since the war. We had noticed that the travel agencies were once more encouraging tourists to visit that part of the world, so we decided to do so ourselves before it became too crowded with our own countrymen. There are now no professional guides in Yugoslavia, but protracted yet helpful correspondence with the Secretary of the Yugoslav Alpine Club, which has its headquarters in Ljubljana, resulted in the welcome offer of a student, one of their best rock climbers, as a guide. We paid him a nominal fee for his services, together with his keep, and this proved a most happy arrangement, greatly adding to the pleasure of our holiday. We found he could speak fairly fluent English, not without some unconsciously amusing additions; we were indeed lucky, for Slovene being unintelligible to most people, the only other language of any assistance is German.

We left a doubtful summer in England at the end of July, and travelling by car with camping equipment, reached Kitzbühel in two days, continuing our journey south-east to Villach and over the Wurzen Pass to the first Yugoslav village of any size, Kranjska-gora. Our first evening was unpromising with mist low on the mountain, the hotel cheerless and uninviting. We stood a long time while our passport details were laboriously recorded three times on official forms — a tedious process we learnt to accept with resignation — and then followed an indifferent meal served casually by unsmiling women in dreary black overalls. A feeling of apathy and lack of laughter or sense of fun was, we felt, a sad feature of this country, particularly after the happy colourful people of nearby Austria. However, morning came bright and sunny and we had our first view of the Julian Alps, with Razor (2,601 metres) an imposing peak in the foreground.

Milan, our student, arrived and proved a gay addition to the party, only temporarily daunted when we produced a spare length of tent guy line as our climbing rope. When eventually our nylon ropes were unpacked, he was relieved and impressed, as he and his fellow club members had only a heavy semi-nylon

Italian rope, clumsy and stiff by our standards. He had planned for us two weeks' climbing in the Razor, Triglav and Jalovec mountain groups. The district is well provided with huts most of which (apart from some on Triglav) are accessible by road, but few if any buses serve the mountain valleys, so that a car is a great convenience. The roads are reasonably good, even the tracks to the huts needing only a little care. The huts are run by the nearest village committee under the Yugoslav Alpine Club, and we found they varied very much in standard and amenities according to the ability of the committees and guardians. Food was supposed to be available but was sometimes surprisingly scanty, so it was fortunate that we had with us substantial supplies of tinned meat, sugar, tea, biscuits, jam, coffee and those small luxuries you enjoy on the mountains; our flashlights were invaluable, as lamps and candles appeared scarce, and the electric light, if available, caused us much amusement by its frequent and sudden failures. Prices were reasonable although the accommodation and feeding were rough, but we missed the friendly, willing service usual in other Alpine countries.

One evening, after waiting over two hours, only a plate of lettuce appeared for our supper. At this, one irate member of the party flung our last empty meat tin on the floor to contribute to the other rubbish present; bottles, broken glass, bread, etc., lit only by our feeble flash-lamp. The following day, much to the amusement of the others, the same member, when complaining of old age, was assured by Milan that he was not an old man, but merely an elderly gentleman deprived of his comforts.

Provisioning for the huts was not the easy carefree affair it is in other countries, but the language difficulty made it amusing. Shops are owned by the State and are not easy to identify in the villages as they do not have window displays. Their opening hours are 7 a.m. to 12 noon and 5 p.m. to 7 p.m., and we found it was a case of shop early or go without. No effort is made to save time by prepacking food; and sugar, butter, flour, etc., are weighed out for each customer with invariably a long queue waiting. The bread is good, but fruit is scarce and there is not much milk in the mountain districts. As the whole area is limestone there are few streams and lack of irrigation leaves very little grass for the cows. It is advisable to carry a larger

water bottle than usual, for it can be very hot and the country is very arid.

The tourist leaflet told us that the Julian Alps, the final eastern bastion of the Alpine chain, are chiefly built of dolomite and Dachstein limestone, and water, easily dissolving the latter, creates bores, gutters and caves. The summits and peaks are boldly shaped, while the valleys are deeply cut and strewn with moraine. Triglav (2,864 metres) surpasses all its neighbours, and the hut (1,010 metres) from which we climbed the impressive northern wall, is attractively placed among the pine-woods at the head of the Vrata valley. The climbing reminded us of the Dolomites, but the rock is looser and is often very shattered. There were no belays such as we know them in England and the climbs we did, including pitches up to Grade 5, necessitated piton belays at the top of nearly every pitch. It is a point of honour not to leave pitons on a climb and every endeavour is made by the last man to remove them. We did not do any climbs where pitons and karabiners were used other than for the safety of the party, but on more difficult climbs use is made of double ropes and étriers. We were impressed by our student's sure knowledge of where to get a piton fast in loose rocks and his skill in driving it home with either hand, while on a tiny balance hold. A disconcerting feature of the classification of the climbs is that the standard is the average of the difficulties of the pitches, so that a No. 4 climb might include a grade 6 pitch as well as a No. 2 and 3.

We expected to find the main rock climbs strung with wire ropes and handholds, but it is only the tourist paths to the mountain tops or across the cols which are marked with paint and wired. The rock climbs are not marked even with cairns. With a climber of considerable local experience we occasionally got off the correct route on to more difficult rock, and for a party of complete strangers, locating the climb and following the route might prove difficult. For descending, the well-marked and wired routes are used rather than difficult rock climbs, chiefly because of the danger and the time taken in climbing down loose rock where most belays are pitons. Where scree is available it is of excellent quality and we enjoyed some effortless runs of well over 1,000 feet.

A number of the rock climbs are of such length and severity that they necessitate the use of a bivouac, and for this, competent

members can borrow from their Alpine Club a plastic bivouac sack of German manufacture weighing about half a kilo. There are four bivouac huts which are kept locked; their use is restricted to approved members, and we were privileged as the first foreigners to occupy the smallest of these. An interesting walk and a short climb to turn the face of a deep ravine led us to the upper slopes of the mountain, and in a little under six hours we arrived at Bivouac No. 3 (2,150 metres), a very small nissen hut, 8 ft. × 6 ft. and 4½ ft. high in the centre, placed clear of avalanches and stonefalls. It was spotlessly clean, equipped with straw mattress, blankets and cooking utensils, and, to our great satisfaction about a quart of water, although of uncertain vintage. No heating apparatus was available, and we made a fire outside with wood we carried up from above the ravine. Some twenty minutes away was a small patch of snow and from this we filled a large plastic clothes bag, carrying it up inside a rucksack. When melted over the fire it gave enough water for all our needs, which did not include washing. A meal was prepared and we settled down for the night in a somewhat confined area. We were up with the first light making the fire, and eggs laid in Yorkshire made a welcome breakfast. From the bivouac our party made the first ascent of the western wall of Velika Ponca (2,592 metres), a rock climb of about 400 metres, No. 4 in their classification, a Very Difficult or mild Severe by Lakeland standards, together with the added difficulty of loose rock. On this climb we used about fifteen pitons, only one of which we failed to recover. Milan returned to the valley much elated, almost walking backwards so as to impress on his mind the route he had taken and the details of the pitches for his official report to the Club.

The Yugoslav Alpine Club appears to be very well organised, and every encouragement is given to young people to become interested in Alpine pursuits. It is State sponsored and partly financed by the State and local rates, in addition to any funds it receives from hut dues. It is responsible for managing all huts, marking all paths, maintaining the wire ropes, running the mountain rescue teams, registering new climbs, publishing climbing guides and arranging mountaineering courses; these latter usually last a week and are held in both summer and winter for anyone over sixteen years of age. They appear to be efficiently organised and the training very thorough. There are

4,000-5,000 members and a small rock-climbing section of 300-400. Experienced climbers are loaned a rope by the Club, which will replace any pitons lost by a member on a new ascent of any note, or on any big ascents under winter conditions.

The Yugoslav information centre in Regent Street is concerned only with the tourist and has little or no information of use to the climber. The best map is *Julijske Alpe-Osnova: jugoslavanska topografska karta* 1:50000, and small sheet maps of the different mountain groups 8″ × 6″, which do not appear to be available in England, may be obtained from the Yugoslav Alpine Club in Ljubljana. There is also a *Short Guide to the Slovene Alps (Yugoslavia)* published in English in 1936 which is useful to both climber and walker, but it is now out of print and difficult to obtain. A recent guide book *V Nasih Stenah Isbrani Plesalni Vzponi V Slovenskih Alpah* on rock-climbing in the Julian Alps is obtainable from the Club and this gives a series of excellent photographs with the climbs clearly marked, but alas the text is in Slovene!

On our second day we were unfortunately involved in the search for a solo British tourist who left the hut for a stroll in the mist at 5 o'clock in the evening and did not return. After 24 hours he was discovered refreshing himself in the valley while the rescue team was looking for him on the mountain. We were most impressed by their organisation and efficiency. Five men, one an English-speaking doctor, arrived in a jeep bringing a collapsible aluminium alloy stretcher sledge with removable 14 in. light pneumatic wheels. They also had an aluminium alloy Thomas splint which appeared to be very light and had a screw stretching device on each side. Morphia is not usually carried or given even by a doctor. The members of the rescue teams are unpaid but are allowed about £1 a day for their keep while out on a search. Representing all walks of life, they come from the nearby villages and are called out a distressingly large number of times on fruitless errands.

To escape bad weather in the mountains we made for the Adriatic and spent two blissfully idle days camping by the shore. With goggles and snorkels we were introduced by Milan to the under-water life and rock formation in those clear blue waters. It made a pleasant end to an interesting holiday for which much credit must be given to our helpful and charming Yugoslav companion.

FIRST ASCENTS FOR FELL WALKERS

James Ogilvie

Venison, trout and caviare—these savour of luxury living, but such dietary supplements served only to emphasise the essential 'toughness' of the Epsom College Expedition to Norwegian Lapland in August, 1956. Twenty-seven boys, aged from sixteen to nineteen, all members of the school scout troop, led by Mr. C. T. H. Burton and four other masters, made up the team. I was fortunate in being invited to accompany them as Medical Officer and my hopes that a low sickness incidence would allow me to participate in the fell walking and climbing were fulfilled.

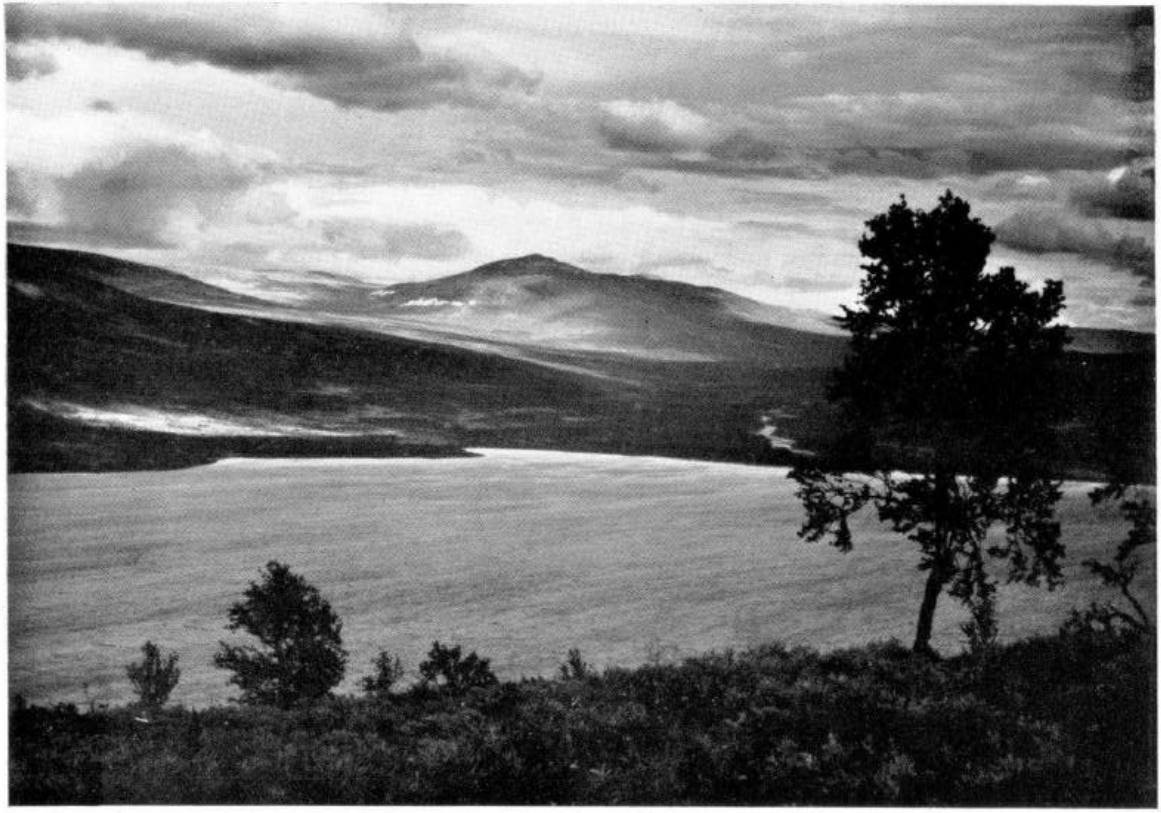
Epsom College scouts have for several years been increasing their pioneering skill and experience with camps in Germany, Luxembourg and the French Alps. This year, with their objective the upper Dividal Valley, a poorly mapped and only scantily explored area of mountain, river and forest, 180 miles north of the Arctic Circle, the outing could claim 'Expedition' status. Tasks undertaken included a geological survey; the collection of geological and botanical specimens for the British Museum; and an investigation of the climbing possibilities in the district. The Norwegian authorities gave their blessing and help, and a generous grant from the Mount Everest Foundation helped to bring the cost within the reach of the members.

The Dividal valley runs northwards from the Swedish border in the county of Troms, about 180 miles north of the Arctic Circle, or, to describe the latitude more fittingly for mountaineers, mid-way between the Lofotens and Lyngen. The lower valley is wide and thickly forested and is surrounded by hills that are still snow-capped in August. Scattered farms are served by an unmetalled road, and occasional visitors are attracted there by the fishing. The road was recently extended as a single track to the highest farm, Frihetsli*, surely the only pair of wooden houses to achieve depiction in the Oxford Atlas. Above Frihetsli, a vast expanse of pine and birch forest, willow scrub, marsh, lake, gorge and mountain, stretches as far as the Swedish frontier and beyond. The only available map is a German war-time reprint of a smaller map based on a survey of the 1870's which is alleged locally to have been sketched from the valleys. Although

*Frihetsli was reached in 5 hours by privately hired bus (with a lorry for the equipment) from Finnesnes, itself 4 days from Bergen by coastal steamer. There is no public transport, but smaller parties might make use of the lorry which takes supplies to Frihetsli twice weekly; taxis abound.

H. P. Spilsbury

MOSKENSÖ RIDGES
(*about* 2,500 *feet*)



D. J. Allan

DÖDES VAND

mountains and rivers are named, and winter and summer reindeer tracks well marked, contours and streams are inaccurately depicted. This is a great inconvenience, and at times actually a danger to those who are accustomed to put implicit trust in the exactitudes of the Ordnance Survey. There are no human tracks, except for one path extending up the valley for a few miles from the farm, and one well cairned Lapp trail through the forest which was crossed but not followed. No British people have been seen at Frihetsli since the valley was used as an escape route in 1940. The river and its tributaries pass through rocky ravines and gorges, well supplied with waterfalls, many of which would achieve fame for their grandeur and beauty if they were more accessible. The lower slopes of the valley walls are densely wooded, generally with pine trees where the ground is dry, and elsewhere with birch trees interspersed with swamp. Above the tree-line rise the fells, covered with coarse grass and boulders reminiscent of Cumberland, though on a much grander scale.

To climb one of the smaller hills opens up a great vista of fell, lake and forest, stretching to the limit of vision to the south and east, and as far as the coastal mountains to the north and west. Out of this, in the upper Dividal, rise, in magnificent splendour, the two local giants, Kiste Fjell and Njunnes Varre, embracing the headwaters of the tributary Anavasdal, and peaked with ice and snow. The heights of these were given as 5,491 and 5,319 feet respectively on our map, but opinions differ and Njunnes Varre is given as 5,525 feet and Kiste Fjell as 5,643 feet on recent small maps. Certainly to us, Njunnes Varre seemed much higher than Kiste, and probably not far short of 6,000 feet, though we could not establish an exact figure as we had no Base Camp control for the aneroid. In common with many other mountains, the claim has been made on its behalf that it is the highest within the Arctic Circle but that distinction seems to have been definitely acquired by one of the peaks of the Lyngen or Kebnekaise groups.

The first objective of the climbing section was Kiste Fjell. A strong party — four 'boy' mountaineers, a supporting patrol, and three adults—set out, carrying light tents and food for three days. With the idea of establishing an advanced camp as near the mountain as possible, a route was planned up the main valley, the intention being to cross the river above its junction with the Anavasdal. The maximum difficulties, namely, forcing a way through birch forest intersected with ravine and marsh,

and route-finding with the inaccurate map and no visible horizon, were thus early encountered. The party was not yet in training, and efforts to force the pace instead of submitting to a rhythm suited to the terrain led to premature fatigue. When a large river required fording, the direct approach of wading knee deep through icy water compared favourably with the more acrobatic efforts of some members to cross dry-shod; the result in at least one case was sub-total immersion, humorous to the observers but potentially serious to food and sleeping bag. A map and compass conference failed to pin-point the position and only a flash of genius from one of the boys enabled the party to realise that they had unknowingly crossed the Divi and were now proceeding up the Anavasdal. Birch gave place to pine with correspondingly easier progress and the gradual ascent along the southern edge of the Anavasdal gorge afforded magnificent views of its waterfalls. On the flanks of Nausti, birch scrub again predominated and weariness made a decision to camp at 7 p.m. very welcome. The speed with which well trained scouts could pitch tents, light a fire and produce appetising hot pemmican soup was a revelation to the older hands.

Next day an earlier start was possible and, unencumbered with camp gear, rapid progress was made past the tree-line and on to the fellside. The first halt gave one keen photographer an opportunity to camera-stalk some reindeer while the others discussed the route. Owing to lack of confidence in the map it was decided to climb the nearest small fell to have a look round and the half hour's scramble was well rewarded. The whole of the uplands round the valley lay revealed, and about five miles away a massive fell rose from amongst its lesser neighbours only to be lost a thousand feet higher in the clouds.

The objective having been identified, a pleasant walk across three shallow valleys and their intervening cols led to the base of the mountain. The assault party of one adult and four boys, all fortunately suitably dressed for extremes of cold, found the first thousand feet straightforward with boulder slopes and patches of snow. Once the clouds were entered, however, conditions changed. The wind from the north became colder and stronger, and before long snow fell, soon increasing to a blizzard. The angle increased and the boulders gave place to angular blocks precariously balanced at a critical angle and covered with thin layers of ice and powder snow. With visibility down to thirty yards and a tiring party becoming

increasingly depressed by the worsening conditions, a time limit had to be fixed. Just before its expiry, however, the angle eased off, and a few more yards of scrambling led to what was obviously the rounded summit ridge. Spirits revived and the ascent was rapidly completed. The ridge was fortunately broad, as progress was erratic due to the icy rocks and the strong cross wind. A boulder peak was reached, and a reconnaissance by one enthusiast reported that the ridge fell steadily away beyond, so the first British ascent was claimed and a small cairn built. An attempt at a 'Tenzing' photograph was presumed destined to failure, as the subject—four weary bodies draped round the summit cairn — could not even be seen through the view finder. The return to the Nausti camp naturally seemed much easier, and for part of the way a sitting glissade was enjoyed—though not fully by the boy who left his ice axe behind and had to trudge wearily back up the snow to recover it.

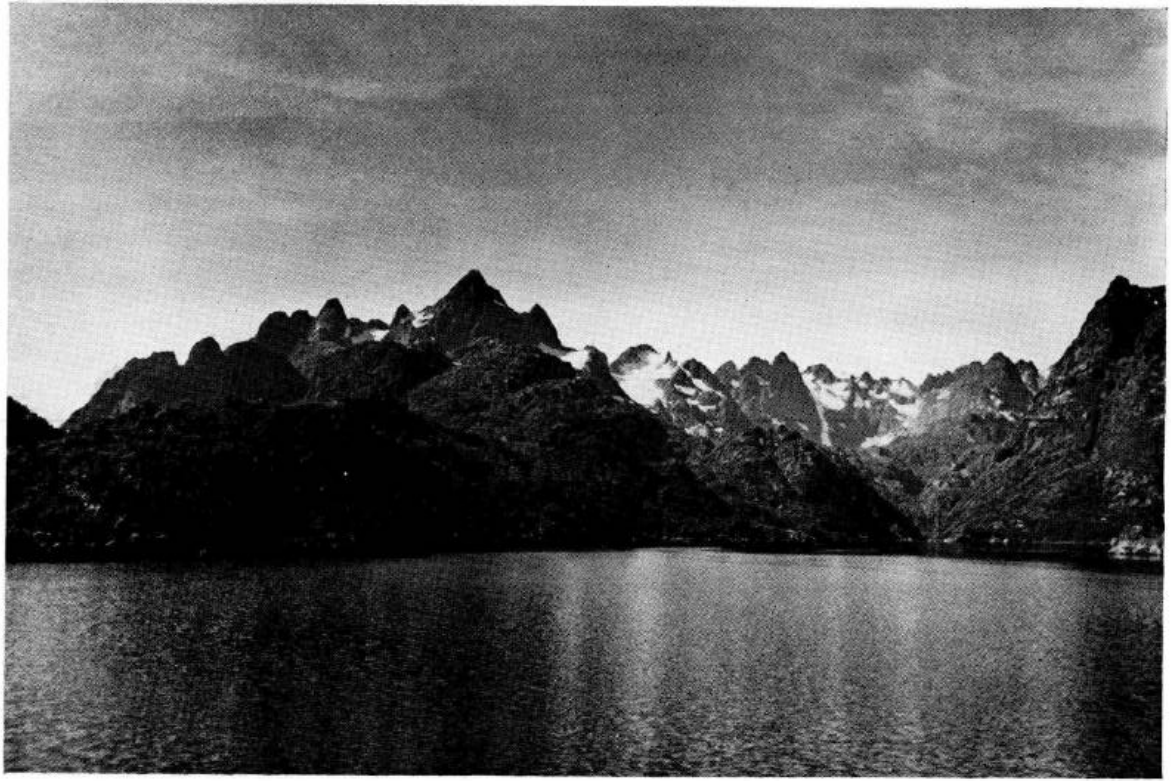
A day at base, resting, trout-fishing and cleaning bodies and clothes, was followed by a two-day expedition to Njunnes Varre. An ancient leaking rowing boat had been found at the farm and, with the aid of a climbing rope and a pine sapling punt-pole, a ferry service across the river had been organised. Another early start and a steady march up the Sandelv, with scrambling through steep forested gorge in glorious sunshine, ensured arrival in good time at the tree-line so that camp was pitched and lunch consumed by 2 p.m. A fit party, good weather and absence of worry about darkness, led to a decision to attack the summit the same day. The stream was ascended and the moraine-like boulder-heaps and patches of snow were surmounted. A closer view of the mountain revealed a magnificent array of cwms, cornices, buttresses and ridges but, unfortunately, further acquaintance showed the rock to be soft and crumbling and quite useless for serious rock-climbing. The apparent summit could be reached with easy scree scrambling but a steepish snow slope was used for part of the way — to afford technical practice; to air the rope; to justify the carrying of crampons; and to afford fresh photographic subjects. The only redeeming feature of the first false summit, when its barren bleakness had been attained, was the view it gave of Kiste Fjell. This appeared as a large replica of Helvellyn. The probability that the true summit had been reached three days previously was confirmed. The second summit of Njunnes Varre was similar to the first but slightly higher. It led to a col which

opened up a good view of the west side. This looked worth a visit with a possibly climbable rock and ice ridge, an ice-filled cwm, and an outlying eminence called 'Little Tryfan' for obvious reasons. The third summit was estimated to be at least 200 feet higher. The claim to another British first ascent was again confirmed by the absence of a cairn, an omission which was repaired with considerable difficulty because of the icing-in of the surrounding stones. The traverse was completed by a diabolically awkward stony descent of Sandfjell to the Sandelv camp, which was reached just as darkness fell. The descent to Base after a late start next morning was leisurely enough to be regarded as a rest day. A future fit party from Frihetsli could complete the traverse and return in one day, provided the boat survives, but a few days spent on the mountain would enable a more thorough exploration to be made, particularly on the west side.

While ascending Njunnes Varre, a fine line of cliffs, appropriately christened 'Salisbury Crags' could be seen to the north-east. These were identified as Likka Fjell. They were visited by the climbing party on another three-day excursion, but again an imposing collection of gullies and buttresses was found to be composed of rock too rotten for climbing, and a fell-walking route had to be used to reach the top.

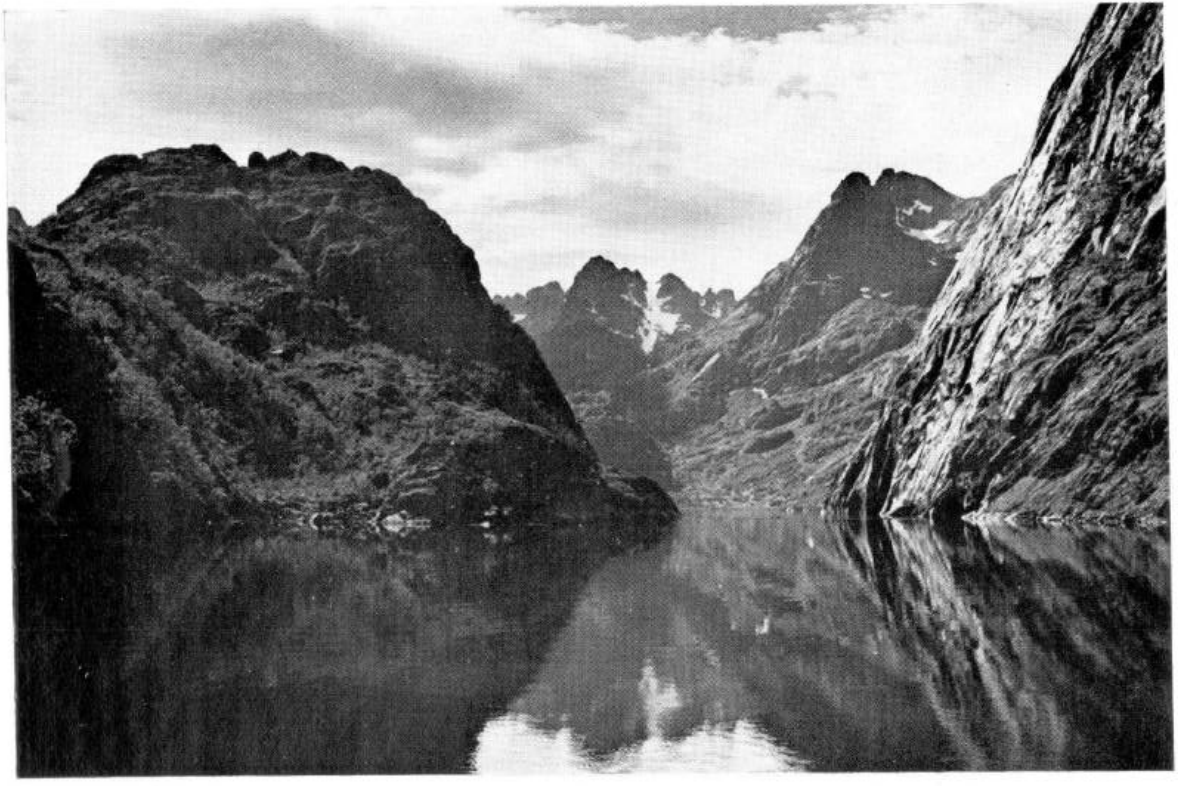
While these mountaineering investigations were being carried out, other patrols engaged on geological and botanical surveys were having, perhaps, even more strenous times. One party, in the course of a long trek to Sweden, possibly achieved the maximum degree of discomfort. They were forced to pitch camp one night on a high hail-swept plateau with no fuel except what they could gather from a marshy moor, and the following night they had to make the best of a heather terrace on the wall of a gorge. Spirits remained high, however, the excitement of finding wolf and bear tracks and Lapp trails, and the satisfaction of exploring virtually unknown country compensating for the hardships.

Although rock climbers and mountaineers are attracted by the Lofotens and Lyngen, fell walkers and campers will find in Norwegian and Swedish Lapland virgin land which will sublimate all their childhood's Fenimore Cooper instincts. No better country could be found for training youthful explorers or for testing the camping, woodcraft and route-finding resources of the more experienced.



H. P. Spilsbury

ÖSTVAAGÖ PEAKS FROM RAFTSUND, LOFOTEN
(left centre, Store Troldtind, 3,429 feet)



H. P. Spilsbury

ENTRANCE TO TROLDFJORD, LOFOTEN

ARCTIC HOLIDAY

Ruth M. Spilsbury

It would be idle to pretend that the following impressions, gathered during a short holiday in Lofoten, together with a few glimpses of the life of its people, have any claim to be either instructive or informative. The task was undertaken in a weak moment, and the result is necessarily superficial; the earnest and enquiring reader will find a comprehensive Guide to the islands elsewhere.

My husband had already had four climbing holidays in Lofoten before the war, and so often had I heard accounts of those incredible mountains rising straight from the sea and largely unexplored, though quite climbable despite their fantastic shapes, of the glorious effects of light and colour on sea and sky, of the eternal daylight in summer, and of the life of the islanders, that the whole thing had become almost legendary. I knew that sooner or later I must visit that fascinating country; and finally, in order to redeem a promise that I should be taken, a party was got together in 1955 in which I was included.

On a bright July afternoon we set off from Newcastle in the 'Leda', and crossed to Bergen tourist class, but in near-luxury conditions, on a sea like the proverbial mirror. There, after a day's sight-seeing, we changed to one of the coast boats, much smaller and older than the 'Leda'. These run daily from Bergen round the North Cape, literally hurtling along the *hurtigrute*, stopping only at towns of reasonable size such as Aalesund and Trondheim, where their arrival and departure are important events of the day. In three days we reached Bodö, a brand-new town replacing the one razed by the Germans during the war. There our whole party assembled, one Yorkshire Rambler, Harry Stembridge, three Wayfarers, Ken Tarbuck, Ken Collins and Albert Ravenscroft, my husband, Harry and myself. As on pre-war occasions, but with much more difficulty, we had chartered a motor-driven boat, about 40 feet long, on which we were to live for the next fortnight; this was to meet us at Bodö and take us across to Lofoten, where we would 'sail' about as we wished, stopping at suitable places to allow the men to climb. Alas! a storm was raging and a cold north-easter blowing, so we fled to the rather grim comfort of the Grand Hotel to await our skipper, who took ten hours to cross the channel (the Vestfjord) from Svolvaer, bringing with him as

interpreter a young man who certainly helped us that first evening. Having seen us settled, however, and being, as he said, no sailor, he wisely returned home by the *hurtigrute* next day!

Meantime, on hearing of the arrival of our craft, everyone came to life, our luggage (including 2 cwt. of supplies) was hastily got out of the store, and trundled down to the quay, escorted by the usual group of interested, not to say ribald, small boys. There it was stowed away in the ample cupboards of the 'Radar', which we then explored. Boats of this type are used in winter in connection with the fishing inspection. Lofoten is one of the biggest centres of the cod-fishing industry, and from December to March fishing-boats flock there in their thousands. In the old days of sailing-vessels, conditions were deplorable; it was a case of every man for himself and the weak to the waves. Now the industry is highly organised and the fishing strictly regulated.

In the off-season these police-boats are used by commercial travellers carrying specimens of their wares to dwellers in the far north, and are sometimes hired for months at a time. This makes it difficult for tourists to secure one for a short period. Chartering costs have quadrupled since the war, so we had to make do with a smaller boat. The 'Radar' was intended for four people at most. The saloon measured about nine feet square, with a settee along each side, a fixed table in the centre, and good cupboards. Curtained off at one end was a small cabin, with two bunks and a wash-basin. This became the married quarters, and during the day the bedding and kit for the whole party were dumped on one of the bunks. Two men slept on the settees in the saloon, one on the floor on a lilo, the other in a deck-chair, specially requisitioned. Captain Nielsen lived and slept in a small cabin for'ard. The consistently bad weather ruined our hopes of sleeping in the open. Indeed, after the first day or two, ropes were draped round the saloon to receive the constant relays of wet clothes. Fortunately, dripping mackintoshes and trousers could be hung in the wheel-room.

The warmest spot was the galley, a tiny place with an oil stove for cooking, supplemented by two of our own primuses. If there was a wind, both door and window had to be closed, so that the cook was almost asphyxiated, and had to emerge for air from time to time. Smuts and even soot were always in the

air, as the stove-pipe packing had come away at the joint where it passed through the roof. Whenever the engine was running the pipe rattled, and soot was released. However, no serious damage was done until one evening the skipper started the engine unexpectedly, just as dinner was ready. Down came a shower of soot straight into the potatoes, which were drying on the stove. The cook called for help, whereupon the 'boss,' after trying vainly to remove the soot by blowing and other means, decided that mashed potatoes would figure on the menu. The result was a dingy grey mess, but the dish was placed on the table with the usual florish. To the eternal credit of the climbers (who had, however, had a good day, and were no doubt starving) be it said that after a gasp of horror and a questioning murmur, followed by a sharp injunction to 'eat up; a little carbon won't do you any harm,' they cleared the lot without batting an eyelid, albeit in grim silence.

But to return to Bodö. We left on a chilly grey morning, to the accompaniment of that chug-chugging sound that was to become so familiar and so companionable. For three days we headed north, hugging the coast, hoping to climb some of the well-known mainland peaks, including Strandaatind and Stedtind; but we never even caught a glimpse of them. For three days all was gloom, the mist low and dense, rocks and undergrowth drenched in moisture. On the fourth morning, far out across the Vestfjord we caught sight of the Lofoten chain in blessed sunshine, and a quick decision was made to go there at once.

After rather a rock 'n roll passage (which we attributed to Harry's being at the wheel part of the time), we reached Svolvaer, the capital of the islands. The harbour fascinated us, with its many little jetties, its red-brown warehouses on stilts, its coloured houses perched higgledy-piggledy all round, a whaler here, a brand-new houseboat there, at the main pier the coast boat tied up for an hour or two while the travellers strolled about or refreshed themselves at the excellent Lofoten Hotel—and, in the background, ridges of fantastically shaped mountains under an ever-changing sky. The main part of the little town consisted of one long street widening to a three-sided square at the harbour end. Shops were modern and well-stocked, especially food-shops and those dealing in fishing and electrical equipment; fashion magazines adorned the newspaper-kiosks;

there was a cinema, a large church, and several high-powered American taxis. A very up-to-date milkbar, shiny with chromium, met our astonished gaze as we emerged into the main street, but it and all the shops were firmly closed at three o'clock on that Saturday afternoon. This, we were told, was to allow the people to get out, but not a single walker was to be seen.

As it was now fine and warm, the men made for the Gjeita (Goat), an oddly-shaped rock standing above the town, rather like an immense tooth with two prongs. These are the horns of the goat, and the technique is to climb up and across the face of the rock on to the taller horn, from which one jumps to the lower, while the Svolvaer graveyard waits invitingly below. This is the happy hunting-ground of the Lofoten climbers, all four of them, one of whom had heard of our arrival and followed the men up to give advice as to the best route. The climb began in the early evening, and about midnight the party returned 'home,' hungry but triumphant, with the news that one of the Svolvaer climbers was coming in for a meal with us. Protests as to lack of space and shortage of food were swept aside, and in due course *three* Norwegians appeared, instead of the one expected. Somehow we all managed to crowd into the tiny saloon, extra plates and cutlery were conjured up, and miraculously nine hungry people had enough to eat and drink. The saloon grew hotter as the fun waxed fast and furious, and it was a merry party that finally broke up at about 3 a.m.

This hospitality was returned tenfold a week later, when we were invited to the home of one of the climbers to see a collection of colour slides. Arriving at 8 p.m., we were regaled with coffee and luscious cream-cakes. Then followed the showing of hundreds of slides giving shots of life on the islands at different times of the year, thus affording us a much more complete picture than we ourselves could obtain in a short summer holiday. Somewhere around midnight we again gathered round the table, to be served with delicious lemon-tea and wonderful open sandwiches of all kinds, from egg to caviare. The smiling hostess, in bright cotton dress and apron, waited upon us herself, while an unending stream of sandwiches poured in from the kitchen. We had among us only a few words of their language, and our hostess no English, but such was the effect of this lavish and generous hospitality that one of our

men was observed to take his leave by bowing over the hand of his hostess and thanking her in fluent Norwegian! After which we staggered back to the ' Radar ' in the eerie light of 3 a.m. Like the dwellers in those remote fastnesses, we too had acquired the habit of ignoring the passage of time. Later, at the home of a magnate of the fishing industry in Reine on Moskenesö, we were entertained to a supper of smoked salmon and whisky, with smoked raw mutton, cream crackers and butter to follow. Aquavita instead of whisky was specially provided for me, with devastating effect.

To be in touch with a whole population living by or on the sea is in itself a strange experience. Normal transport is by boat, and such roads as there are outside the few small towns run round the water's edge. Wherever there is a sheltered cove fit for cultivation one finds a small cluster of white houses, each with its reddish-brown barn. On the tiny patch of ground grow a few potatoes and a crop of hay, which is cut by hand and thrown over a fence to dry. The upper floor of the barn stores the hay when dry, while below are the implements, potatoes, a few hens, a cow or one or two goats; and there hangs the washing in the long wet days.

We called once at such a house for a drink of milk, which was smilingly offered and payment refused. The living-room was spotless, the floor painted dark grey, the chairs also grey, with bright green seats. Everywhere were gay touches, of red and blue paint, and of coloured embroidery. We noticed an electric stove, an electric iron, and a telephone — every house has a phone, supplied free. Other houses we visited were similarly equipped, whereas before the war they had only wood-burning stoves for heating and cooking, lamps and candles for lighting. Since the coming of electricity the lives of the islanders have been transformed. Electric equipment of all kinds is on sale in every store, a glorified edition of our village shop, one of which is to be found near every jetty of any size. Meantime the fishing industry has prospered exceedingly, and the fisherfolk have wisely seized the opportunity to improve their homes and raise their standard of living.

The memory of the German occupation is still very bitter in Lofoten, and in the remoter parts, where no English is spoken, we preferred to trust to our few words of Norwegian. Waving a can and uttering the word ' melk ' usually produced the desired effect, and even cream on occasion! Sometimes it had surprising

results, as when a young fisherman with a child on his shoulder answered my questioning 'melk?' with: 'Oh, are you looking for milk? I'll show you the farm.' He had learnt his English in Scotland during the war, when 300 islanders had been shipped across in small groups to the Shetland Isles, and thence dispersed to various farms in Scotland. 'Were you happy there?' I asked. 'Yes, people were very kind, and we liked it.' 'And did some of you stay there?' I pursued, thinking innocently that our way of life would surely be preferred to theirs. 'Oh no,' was the quiet answer, with a secret smile, 'we all came back.' Looking round (this was in Reine) at the fantastic ridges and the rocky coast, and remembering the lure of the Cuillin, I could at least begin to understand.

But what of the climbing, the real *raison d'être* of the trip? As already mentioned, the summer of 1955 was very poor in north Norway, and most of the climbing was undertaken in either mist or rain. It takes courage to set out in a wet dinghy, wearing wet clothes, to climb in a continuous downpour a very wet mountain that one can't even see, and only the stalwarts attempted such feats. One expedition, however, in which I was privileged to take part, stands out as unforgettable. We had sailed into the famous Troldfjord, once a beauty spot, its upper end now desecrated by a hydro-electric station. Having tied up at the little jetty, we looked glumly around. The sky was leaden and the mist low, but we decided to set off for the Troldfjordvand (i.e. lake), using the tourist path, surely the only one in Lofoten, badly marked in places, and evidently little frequented now. In about an hour we reached the lake, which presented a scene of utter desolation, being not only completely frozen and overhung with mist, but also disfigured by ugly marks caused by the lowering of the water level; heaps of litter lay about.

Depressed by all this, but remembering that the weather report had been good, we decided to risk going up towards Store Troldtind, although the clouds were still low. For some time we toiled up a steep, wet, slippery slope of bilberry and fern to the left of a depression in the ridge. Here we found good snow and the going was easier for another hour or so, when we stopped for lunch by some rocks. The slope then steepened, the mist seemed warmer. Harry took me on a rope and we were pressing on, when suddenly we broke right through the mist and were in sunshine on the col! What a transformation!

The men stripped to the waist and capered about, while for the first time I was able to achieve my ambition and bask in the sun. An hour or so later we tackled the final stretch of rock and snow, and about 7 p.m. found ourselves on the top of Store Troldtind.

As we sat spellbound on the warm rocks, the scene was quite unearthly. A bright hot sun shone in a clear blue sky. To the south we looked down on the Vestfjord; in every other direction stretched a great sea of cloud pierced by innumerable peaks and ridges, many of startling and dramatic shapes. One had the extraordinary impression of being not so much on top of the world as detached from it, perhaps on another planet. Then, almost imperceptibly, the cloud banks, hitherto motionless, gradually melted away on all sides. One by one the ridges came into view, then the lower slopes, and finally the fjords themselves, until the whole vast panorama was revealed, spread out at our feet. To the south and east lay the Vestfjord with the snow-capped peaks of the mainland beyond; to the south-west the chain of islands composing Lofoten stretched as far as eye could see. To the north-west we could glimpse the northern part of the island of Östvaagö on which we stood, with the Vesteraalen beyond; and to the north-east the narrow Raftsund, a deep cut between the islands, through which even the largest steamers can pass on their journey towards the North Cape.

None of us had ever experienced anything quite so amazing, far surpassing in its kind similar scenes in the Alps. We sat on top in the sun until 9-30 p.m., then reluctantly began the descent. The first men ' home ' prepared a feast fit for the gods, of which we partook about midnight. The water of the fjord was calm as glass, bright like silver, the mountains clearly silhouetted against the blue sky, an unearthly stillness over everything. Quiet and chastened, we retired to rest in the early hours of the morning.

On the homeward journey, crossing to the mainland in the coast steamer, we saw at last something of the riot of colour that we had been promised. Against a sky of flaming crimson and gold the black jagged incredible peaks of the Lofoten Wall stood out in bold relief. And as they receded further and further into the distance the conviction grew ever stronger that we too must one day go back.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN . . .

Graham Sutton

'I thought I couldn't have heard him right; but I knew that I had. And then, of course, I saw through it . . .'

I do not mean I absolutely disbelieve in ghosts—and it seems merely civil to say so at once in case any ghost reads this—but I want proof. Cleverer men have believed in them. It is just that I can't believe in something I never met; and either because I've been unlucky, or suffer from what the backroom-boys call poor reception, they seem to give me a wide berth and I'm still unconvinced; in fact it makes me laugh like anything when I think how . . . But no: I'm aware this is a serious topic for many folk and I'm not laughing at *them*: only remembering how nearly I was converted, recently, by a gang of my friends.

Not that my friends believed in ghosts; oh dear no, this was an ingenious joke, a really elaborate attempt to pull my leg and it precious nearly came off—the joke, I mean. I admit that I'd asked for it. But the neatness! And the staff-work and speed that they put into it—it may not even have occurred to them till after I'd gone to bed—and the sheer skill—

We were a climbing party—Wasdale Head, you know the pub—on our last night; because though I'd still got a day in hand, they were leaving at breakfast. So we sat till all hours, and the talk turned on ghosts, and some 'rot,' and some 'possibly;' and of course they could all supply experiences that had happened to other people. But I stuck to my point: I'd accept a first-hand ghost; otherwise, nothing doing. Then I went off to bed. And slept. None of my friends rapped, or gibbered at me in a sheet: nothing so crude, for them. They were all gone before I got downstairs to a late breakfast: not a guest left but me.

I thought I'd use my last half-day on a fell-walk. No climbing (climbing alone is an immoral business), but if I found a party I might join them, or at least watch them climb; especially if they were good. There are few things more satisfying (short of climbing oneself) than to watch a first-rate man on a tricky problem: say a wall without holds. Because where you or I would grope and dither and hesitate, trying this way and that, edging out on to places where we found we'd no balance, and retreating precariously: and quite infuriated by advice shouted up by fatheads who weren't yet on the job: and having another

shot, just to prove that our way was right and that they were in point of fact fatheads: and still not making it, till we had to go right back to the foot of the pitch like Snakes-and-Ladders only you don't have ladders . . . Where you and I behave like that, the expert moves up with no waste of time and with an unbroken rhythm—I can't describe it, but he seems to flow up the pitch irrespective of gravity: almost uncanny, if you know what I mean.

Mind you, there are climbs — Super-Severes, they call them nowadays—where not even the expert flows. He just gets up as best he can, by the skin of his brilliant teeth. You and I don't attempt such jobs. It's on the Difficults or Very Difficults that the contrast between ourselves and him is observed; and how often it *is* observed by strangers who have a knack of turning up unexpectedly when we're a bit outclassed! We grunt and scramble and keep wondering why we've come and where the heck we go next. The expert flows, as I've told you.

Am I too technical? I shouldn't have risked it, only my yarn won't hang together if I don't make these points clear. Anyhow by lunchtime I was up in Hollow Stones below the Scafell Face, but I couldn't see anyone climbing. It was warm, no wind, not a sound except a trickle of beck, and I sat hoping to hear voices—it's amazing how voices carry there, or the click of bootnails on rock. Suddenly I felt chilly: just as though someone stepped between me and the sun—if there'd been any sun. And I'm blowed if there wasn't a chap standing there, not six feet off. 'Why, hullo!' I said. 'Where've you sprung from?'

'Oh' says he, 'nowhere special. Just been messing about.' He was in climbing kit—his choice was an old-fashioned norfolk jacket — but alone: and he hadn't a rope. 'Pulpit Rock' he explained. That shook me rather; the Pulpit's not at all the sort of place where one goes climbing alone. He grinned and said: 'Yes, I know it's contrary to the Law and the Prophets! but I just can't resist it——'

Well, it wasn't my business. I think such fellows ought to be chained up, if only for all the sweat they're going to be to a rescue-party some day: more especially if they've not killed themselves—they're less sweat if they kill themselves. Still, I'd have said no more, if he hadn't gone on to ask would I come up Moss Gill with him. Moss Gill is one of the classics.

'What, without a rope? No dam' fear! Why not sit down

and share my grub and we'll make a ridge-walk of it? While you're still in one piece,' I added.

He said: 'That's nice of you; but I've given up eating on the fells, I've lost the taste for it.' All the same he sat down. I'd begun to find him a rather charming fellow, even if he was a fool. He remarked, smilingly: 'I'm afraid you don't altogether approve of me?'

'It's your own neck,' I said.

'Will you believe me, the first and last time I ever came to grief was in leading a rope—Steep Gill.' He pointed. 'Fell out of Slingsby's Chimney. Stupid of me. I muffed that squirm-up into the overhang—d'you remember, the bit where you brace your foot against the right-hand wall? And I just came unstuck!'

I said: 'But how? There's a safe hold—not very obvious, but if you shove your left arm deep into the crack you can't help finding it!' And he smiled again: ruefully, this time.

'Yes, I know that one — now. But the knowledge is not much use, you see, to a chap that broke his neck twenty years ago . . .'

I thought I couldn't have heard him right; but I knew that I had. For a moment I really did feel knocked for six — and then, of course, I saw through it. I admit he'd done it superbly: the sudden appearance, the absence of rope, the climbing-talk and the old-fashioned coat and the details about the chimney—there was no doubt he knew his stuff all right—and then that bombshell about breaking his neck: altogether delicious! What amazed me was how they'd fixed it up at such short notice. He must have come in after I'd gone to bed; and they'd told him about our talk on ghosts, and planned this leg-pull, and briefed him in detail with the part he was going to play, all before they turned in. Or perhaps it was more deliberate? Perhaps they'd planned the hoax ahead, before coming on holiday; then they'd have only had to turn our talk to ghosts last night, and leave me to buy the packet? Yes, that was it, I felt sure . . .

He sat there watching me. 'I'm afraid I've upset you?' he apologised.

'Oh no! Oh lord no, I was just trying not to laugh.'

'Oh? I can't see there's much to laugh at.'

I said: 'Coincidence — the long leg of coincidence! I'm certain we've never met—'

'But we wouldn't,' he interrupted. 'I'm a generation before your time—'

I didn't bother to answer that; he looked no older than me. 'And yet,' said I, 'we appear to be closely in touch with mutual friends! Will you take them a message?'

'A message——?' He seemed surprised.

'It's quite short: just "Nothing doing and sucks to *you*!"' I replied.

He said: 'I've no notion what you're talking about—' Then he got to his feet. 'So you don't fancy Moss Gill with me?'

'I don't.' I didn't hide the fact that I was laughing now, for I saw how to call his bluff. 'But I'll sit here and watch you climb it!'

'As you like,' he said rather peevishly. And he started off up the scree.

So I lit a pipe and sat happy. My one regret was that the rest weren't with me; I'd have loved them to witness what an awkward fix their accomplice had got himself in. At the scree-top he stepped into the chimney that begins Moss Gill; it's about thirty feet, and he climbed it like walking up a ladder; he was good, you could see. I began to think we had gone far enough; a joke's a joke, but I didn't want to bluff him into tackling the Gill itself, it's a snorter. So when he reached Rake's Progress—that's the wide ledge below the second pitch—I stood up and yelled:

'Okay, I'll buy it—you're a ghost! You can tell 'em it came off and you pulled my leg—but there's no need to break your silly neck to prove it!'

He heard me, and waved his hand. He moved off left along the easy ledge, and I guessed that was the last of it; he had only to walk to where the ledge rejoined the scree, and I'd not see him again. But when he reached the start of the adjoining climb, he began shinning up that. And I thought: No . . . ?

D'you remember what I was saying about Super-Severes — the climbs that not even experts can go 'flowing' up, and that lots of them just won't touch? Well, this adjoining climb was one of those: it was *the* one in fact, the notorious Central Buttress. It needs not only a first-rate man to lead, but first-raters to follow; for at one point—a bulge that's known as the Great

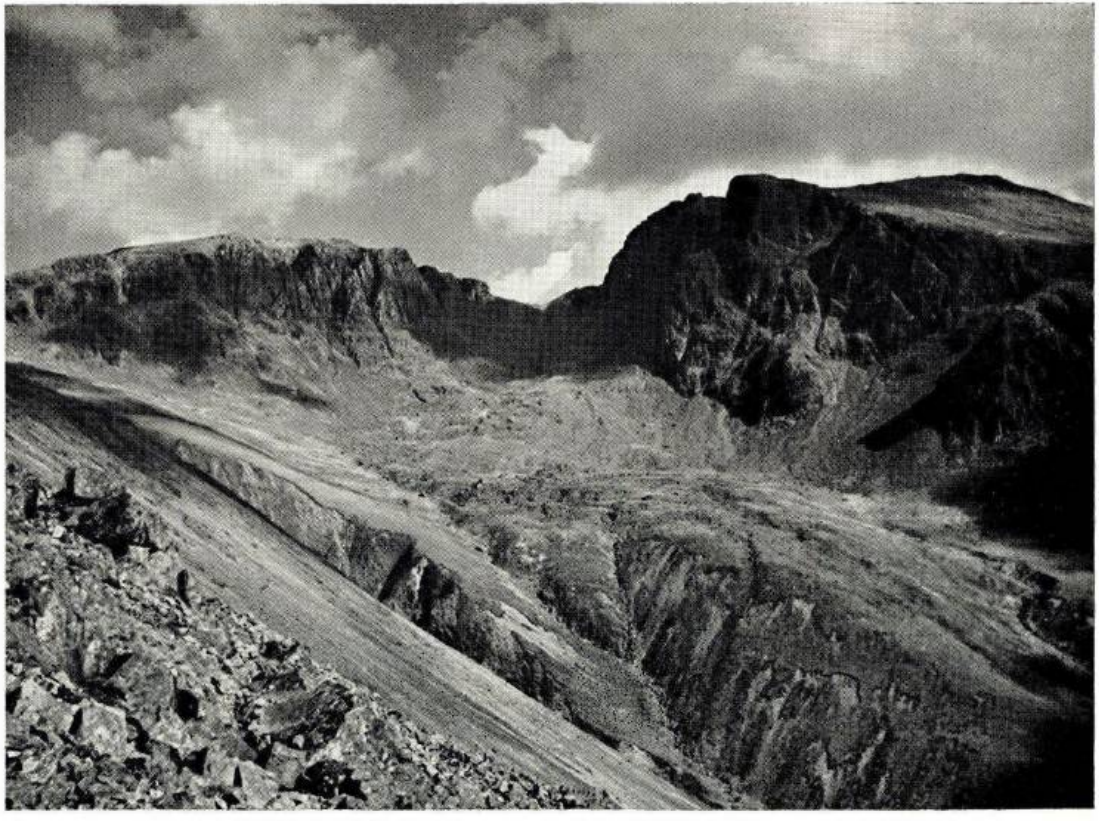
Flake—they have to clamber up one another's backs and stand on their heads—I mean each other's heads—and make rope-cradles and things; what we call Combined Antics. I suppose it's as tough a climb as anywhere in the world. That's why I thought: No, dammit . . . !

Well, this chap did the first four pitches; and he made the whole business look as easy as not falling off a log. It was glorious; it was criminal! Sheer crazy brag, because I'd called his bluff and let him see that my leg wasn't pullable: but lord, what a performance! He seemed to skim up the first hundred-and-fifty feet before I'd gathered my wits; and I didn't dare shout at him. And then he tackled the fifth pitch—that's the flake where you need those frightful Antics—and climbed that too; and by the time I got my breath he'd surmounted the bulge, still moving easily, and passed on out of my sight.

There's a lot more of Central Buttress after that. But I'd stopped worrying. I knew, if he could climb the Flake he could climb anything; he'd make the top all right. And as there wasn't any press-report that week of an accident, I don't doubt that he did.

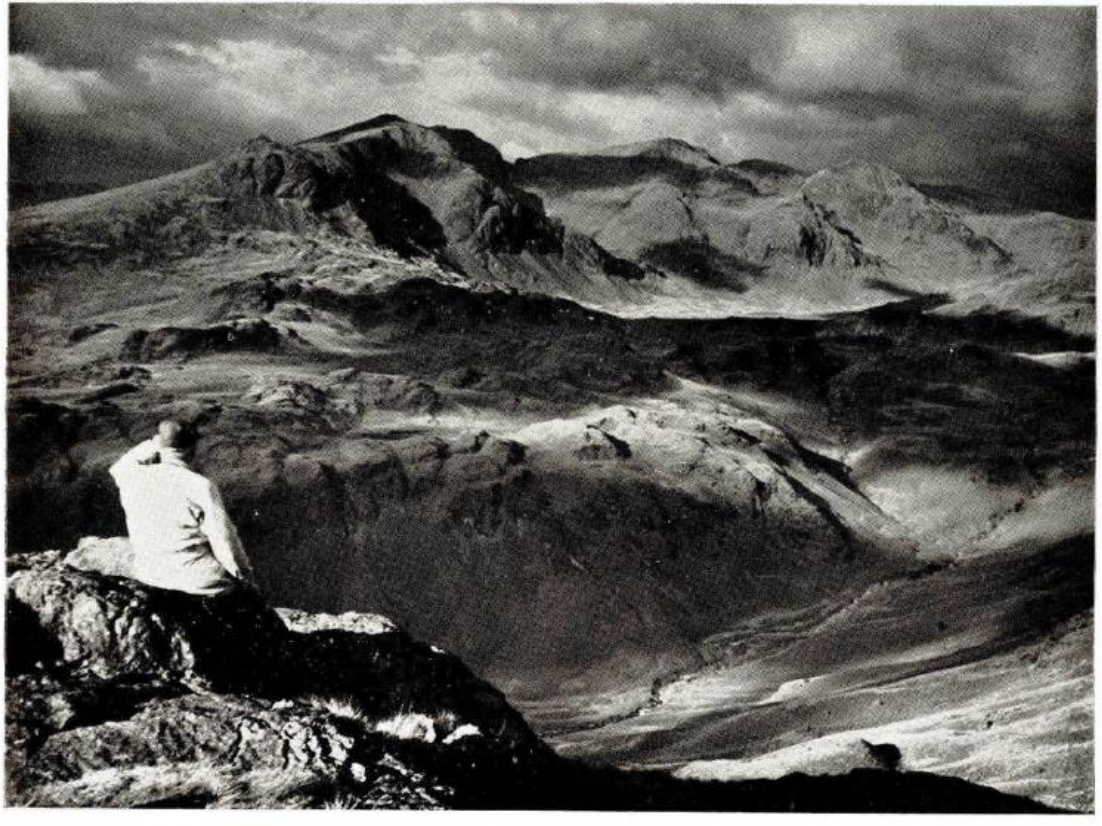
The odd thing is, when I got home next day and rang my friends and taxed them with it, they disclaimed the plot altogether. They pretended that I was trying to pull *their* leg: brazened it out, in fact. But I wish I knew who on earth their accomplice was. For I tell you, I never saw anything like that climb of his. Talk about flowing — that chap fairly *floated* up it!

It was really uncanny . . . if you know what I mean?



W. A. Poucher

PIKE'S CRAG AND SCAFELL



W. A. Poucher

SCAFELL PIKE FROM BORDER END

BILLIARD FIVES

Bentley Beetham

In the last number of the *Journal* 'The First Fifty Years' contained an inaccurate and misleading footnote on the game of billiard fives, and at the author's and the Editor's request I have prepared these notes from personal experience. The game, played on the old dilapidated billiard table at the Wasdale Head Hotel, was for either two or four players, singles or doubles, the former being probably the better and certainly the more strenuous; doubles were played to twenty-one up and singles to seven up. A toss of the coin decided who should be 'in,' and he, the server, then stood at the bottom of the table and slung the ball against the top cushion: as soon as it had thereafter struck the top left-hand cushion it was in play. The receiver stood on the left side below the middle pocket. In a foursome the server's partner took position above the receiver whose second was opposite on the right-hand side of the table. The ball used was an ordinary billiard ball and it had to be struck with the flat of the palm of the hand: it was an offence to grip the ball with the fingers except in service. This was a frequent infringement, particularly by players on the left who had a great temptation to carry the ball outwards from the cushion and so get a better angle for the shot at the top pocket. If the ball was struck properly with the flat hand this could not be done. In doubles either partner could take any of the returns from the opponents except the service, which had to be taken by the man on the left.

The server was allowed two services; if the second one was a fault the opponents were 'in.' The object was to put the ball into the top left pocket: if it went into any other pocket it counted against the man who last touched it. A point could also be scored by the ball rebounding from the top cushion and reaching the bottom one, either direct or via a side cushion, without the opponent reaching it. Another way to score, though seldom practised, was to send the ball up to the top cushion so gently that it stopped rolling after it had touched the cushion but before it was reached by the other side. Whether or not it *had* actually ceased to roll before being reached was often a source of fierce dispute. A player had to be 'in' before he could score a point; if he was 'out' and won a stroke it only

put him 'in.' The server remained 'in' until he lost a stroke. If the ball was put off the table it counted against the sender. A rare exception to this rule was made if a strong return to the top cushion was delivered and the ball returned and touching the bottom cushion jumped over it. The logic in this was that the moment the ball touched the bottom cushion the striker had won the point and the ball was dead: what it did subsequently was of no account.

This outline of the rules gives no idea of the excitement and strenuosity of the game, which was really terrific. There was no form of heating in the Billiard Room and the air was chill. Often clouds of steam rose from the bodies of the players as they crouched round the table.

In fiercely fought games the ball was often sent with all the might of the sender to the top cushion. If it cleared this it hurtled against the panelling or door at the end of the room. All windows in the room were defended with wire netting. Many amusing incidents resulted when visitors strolled in to see what was happening and were met by a cannon ball.

Games were played under 'barging' or 'no barging' conventions. In the former one could obstruct an opponent's access to the ball by placing the body in between and hanging on to the table while he tried to brush one aside. It was rugger scrum work where bulk and weight were at a premium but could to some extent be countered by agility. I remember having a titanic battle with Ashley Abraham. It had reached match point and I was 'in.' He put the ball slowly up the left side and anchored his huge body in an almost recumbent position near the bottom of the same side. I knew I couldn't dislodge him by charging, so pretending to charge I ran over his neck and shoulders, dropped on the far side and by good fortune knocked the ball into the top pocket.

Sometime between 1929 and 1930 the table was removed, the wire screens taken down and the room converted into a lounge. The game is now a memory, but the evidence still remains in the presence of a large number of shallow indentations on the back of the lounge door, made by the billiard ball when it was swept off the table in many a wild shot for the pocket.

JUBILEE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

H. Ironfield

A modest start was made to the year at Buttermere; some ten members gathered on a rather wet and windy Saturday at Birkness and fell-walking over High Crag, High Stile and Red Pike was the general order. Sunday was fairer and one party climbed in Birkness Combe, but most people walked the Dale Head—Hindscarth—Robinson round or took the Drumhead track and descended into Warnscale Bottom.

The arrival of Jubilee Year was celebrated in Langdale with all the customary good fellowship and conviviality for which this meet is renowned. The turn-up of members must have created a new record. The Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel was full, so were the two huts at Raw Head, and an overflow spread to R. L. H. Saturday was fairly cold but with clear views and some sun. Members gathered at the Hotel at 10 a.m. and dispersed in all directions from Pike o' Blisco to Bowfell and the Pikes. One or two strings were seen in the sun on Tarn Crag Buttress and a party from Bowfell Buttress were said to have found it chilly.

In the evening about eighty-five people were lucky to get into dinner at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. The inmates put on their usual excellent fare; Dick Plint took the chair; there were no speeches, but we toasted the health of the President and of our members in the Antarctic. A rousing sing-song followed after a short interval, W. G. Pape singing a few of the older songs, and Harry Spilsbury some of John Hirst's. Graham Sutton told a few carefully edited stories but undoubtedly the tour-de-farce was Lawson Cook's conducting of 'Ilkla Moor' in which the whole assembly perforce sang. However, as George Bower wrote in the old Red Guide to Dow Crag, the time for 'a paean of praise from the instruments of brass' was not yet, for at a few minutes to twelve Sid Cross beat a slow dirge on the Hotel gong. The door by the telephone booth opened and in came Lawson Cook dressed in climbing rags and a yard of beard, bent double under an outsize rucksack which evidently contained everything including the kitchen stove, a cleverly made cardboard model; on the back of this was a notice which read '1955 Model, obsolete.' He progressed through the room thumbing a lift and was heard to say, 'All I want is a lift to the end of the year.' On his exit, amid great acclamation, the New Year entered in the shape of one of our pretty young members,

wearing a cloak concealing a brief summer walking outfit. She was carried shoulder high and cloakless into the room. Her sash proclaimed '1956, Jubilee Model.' Hot punch and cake were kindly provided for the company by our host.

Sunday morning brought overcast skies with a strong wind and cold heavy showers. There were a number of absentees from the meet at Raw Head. The main body beat the eastern boundary of the property and went straight up the fell to Stickle Tarn; thence by Jack's Rake to Harrison Stickle and home by Mill Gill to Raw Head, where many willing helpers had the customary communal tea laid ready.

Dinner at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel that night was a merry meal. A show of slides followed; first a collection, mostly from the Club archives, showing groups of founder members and stalwarts of the past. John Appleyard was able to name most of them and T. R. Burnett gave an amusing and interesting commentary. Then came colour slides taken by several members; a beautiful collection introduced by the photographers.

That was really the end of the Meet. The few who were left on Monday enjoyed a superb day of clear views and warm sun; a small party walked the Crinkles and a smaller one climbed Middle Fell Buttress and Oliverson's.

The next meet was at the Salving House the last week-end in January. On Saturday, a former Vice-President having staked his reputation on there being snow, some people went off hopefully to ski on Whiteside and found a firm run quite three hundred yards long. Others, less hopeful, climbed on Shepherd's Crag and Great End. The hut was crowded that night; some slept on the floor in the Common Room, while two hardy souls spent the night in their shooting brake. Heavy rain on Saturday filled the becks and washed much snow away; undeterred by such conditions the enthusiasts returned to Whiteside and Raise with some success, but spent the day in mist. The less adventurous who walked or climbed on the lower fells had an appreciable amount of sun and some interesting views of slowly moving pockets of cloud hanging here and there on the hills.

No vestige of snow remained when the Eskdale meet foregathered in the snug quarters of the Burnmoor Inn in March. On Saturday two cars were used in transporting the fortunate advance guard to Overbeck and they made the most of a spring-like day on Bell Rib, Stirrup Crag and Red Pike; a geologist in

R. Cook

LOOKING STEAD

J. R. Files

PILLAR

the party created interest searching for garnet stones, but none were found. After dinner John Lagoe and Vince Veevers gave a most interesting ciné film of the activities of the Eskdale Outward Bound School.

Sunday was rather cooler than the previous day. Two very keen members went out before breakfast and climbed Harter Fell, but more ordinary mortals were content to spend the whole of the day in that gentle exercise, and lunch in the sun was a much prolonged feast. Another party visited Scafell Pike, ascended the West Wall Traverse on Scafell and returned from the summit by Slight Side.

The Easter meets at the huts were moderately well attended. Greg and his party of tigers resident at Birkness indulged in the usual fell race to the crags; a party from Wasdale, upholding that valley's tradition, made a ' triple day ' of Scafell Pinnacle, Napes Needle and Pillar, a queue for the Needle excluding any hope of establishing a new record. Later in April another meet at Birkness was thoroughly enjoyed by a fair number of members and guests.

It was decided not to hold full scale maintenance meets in the Jubilee Year but there was a good support for the cleaning meet which was held at each hut.

Whitsuntide is traditionally the occasion for a joyous meet in Borrowdale; this year it was particularly so, being marked by the return of our President from India. At a tea-party of welcome at the Salving House on Sunday P. D. Boothroyd voiced our happiness at having him once more among us. Ed. Wormell, the Hon. Club Confectioner, produced the cake we have come to expect of him on these informal but notable occasions. It is at such small intimate gatherings no less than at the crowded Dinner that the spirit of the Club is manifest. Days were sunny, fells were lovely, crags were dry; and if nothing outstanding was achieved the meet was a most happy one.

It was thought fitting that in the Jubilee Year the remaining meets should be led by Fell and Rock men renowned in mountaineering at home and abroad or prominent in the Club's development, and we were delighted to have T. R. Burnett and Bob Files organising a full house at Raw Head in June. Meteorologically the rot now set in, and although some of the subsequent meets were less unfortunate, this one was nearly washed out.

On Saturday evening T. R. Burnett indulged his zest for educating the masses. He had arranged for the President, R. W. Eldridge and Sid Cross to give instruction in the use of the contents of the first aid rucksack and the Thomas stretcher. Bentley Beetham obliged as a willing and amusing casualty. On Sunday, despite the rain, some fell walking was done, and Dick Cook led a party of younger members up Great Gully on Pavey.

The Meet at Coniston in July arranged by Jim Cameron was memorable for a most interesting evening at the Sun Hotel on Saturday, when the Leader, T. C. Ormiston-Chant, shared with us his memories of fifty years ago. He enriched our knowledge of the beginnings of the Club with many intimate sidelights on the personalities to whom we owe so much. It is indeed touching to reflect that he spent his last fell day in the midst of the Club he had helped to foster; he surely must have been gratified. There was a splendid attendance, and Mrs. Robinson at the Sun provided excellent fare. Saturday was a fine day and many of the classic routes on Dow, among them, C., D., Blizzard, Woodhouse's, Murray's, Gordon and Craig were climbed. On Sunday the weather reverted to type, and parties walked over the Coniston group, some starting at Wetherlam, others at the Old Man, thus avoiding a traffic jam. The President, T. C. Ormiston-Chant and a few others wandered up to Dow in the afternoon. Altogether a very enjoyable meet.

Once more those who went to Wales were indebted to the M.A.M. for the use of Glan Dena at August Bank Holiday. The meet was blessed by good weather, despite the fact that an extremely bad storm on the previous Thursday had marooned and almost swept away the hut. The Leaders, A. B. Hargreaves and J. L. Longland, arrived in good form, and, as might be expected, saw to it that everyone climbed. Many of the standard routes on Tryfan and Lliwedd were done. On Sunday a veritable caravan stormed the Nantlle Y Garn Ridge and survived the severe thunderstorm which unfortunately was responsible for a death on Snowdon. Two members had a very strenuous day when, after completing Route 2 on Lliwedd, they traversed the Horseshoe, refreshed themselves at Pen-y-Pass and continued over the Glyders and Tryfan to Glan Dena.

Home again from foreign parts, the Club next met in Wasdale. There can have been few occasions since the early Easter meets when so many members assembled there. Brackenclose and the

Hotel were full; the overflow found accommodation at Middle Row and elsewhere; a few camped. Sunday was beautiful and Alf Gregory and John Jackson succeeded in getting the 'Hut' to move off en masse to the 'Hotel.' From there the entire party went to the Napes via Gavel Neese. With some groaning and much recourse to 'rhythm' the procession, for such it became, eventually arrived in the Dress Circle. The photographers then got busy. After lunch several climbed E.N.D; the majority favoured Arrowhead, while the President's rope ascended the West Chimney. Many finished on the summit of Gable, and then there was a leisurely return to the 'Head for tea and a reluctant leavetaking of Wasdale.

The Mardale meet was attended by forty odd, most of whom stayed at the Haweswater Hotel. Pessimists had secured leave in advance to inspect the dam, an indoor enterprise; and although they were meteorologically snubbed by a cloudless Saturday evening they were rewarded beyond their deserts by the kindness of the superintendent, Mr. Wear, who enthralled them not only with the wonders he had in stock, but with his answers to the flood of questions they loosed on him, a rare experience, enjoyed prodigiously by the whole dam party. Towards dinner-time, latecomers assembled mostly by car, the President, characteristically on foot, from Kirkstone via Nan Bield. The following morning in grand weather, Eric Arnison with a pride of climbers disappeared over Gatescarth to disport themselves in Long Sleddale; the remainder dispersed making for tops or ridges: Kidsty, Rough Crag, Harter and High Street where twenty-three enjoyed a snow fight. Stags were encountered on Selside and Ardle Crag. Finally back to Mardale; teatime, a big crowd and considerable argument on the definition of 'tea,' as an afternoon tea at 4 p.m. and a high tea at 5 p.m. were pre-arranged — the latter for those who had to leave before dinner. Most confusion was occasioned by appetites desirous of consuming not only both teas, but dinner also. The Hotel's cheerful competence in coping with this situation was not the least of their kindnesses.

So ended Jubilee Year with the Club. More than usual thanks are owed to the Leaders and all others who helped to make this series of meets so successful and memorable.

THE SCOTTISH MEET — 1956

T. Howard Somervell

The Scottish Meet of 1956 was the largest ever—34. And I should guess that our average age was higher than ever before—an unknown figure, for it was considered indiscreet to ask the ladies whether they were over 25!

The Glen Affric Hotel housed most of us and was extremely comfortable. Mr. Nichols and his staff fed us very well indeed, and all the arrangements they made for us — thanks also to Dick Wilson, who was as efficient, considerate, and obliging as ever—ensured a successful and varied meet.

Nine of us slept in the annexe, a house with large rooms half a mile away, in the grounds of which were the Appleyard and Meldrum caravans. At Tomich, four miles to the west, Hadfield, Oulton and Walker stayed at the unlicensed hotel there, and the fewness of the visits they paid to the licensed hostelry was an example to us all of the abstemiousness of mature age, or else of the foresight they had shown in providing themselves with excisable beverages—we were never quite sure which.

The great thing about Glen Affric Hotel, which determined those of us who explored it from Fort William in 1955 to recommend it for 1956, is that it is a centre for excursions in three different valleys, all long, all provided with lochs, and all of course surrounded by mountains of which a good number appealed to the Munro-minded and of which the queen of all was the fine and complicated mass of Mam Soul. There seem to be no rock climbs, however.

Distances being rather large the hotel provided us with breakfast from 8 o'clock onwards, and on the whole moderately early starts (for the Fell & Rock) were made. The tendency was to divide into several parties, the energetic (with a sub-division of super-tigers — Dick Cook and Douglas Side); the strollers, whom age, disability, or sloth discouraged from more strenuous days; and the fishers. The obvious exception was Bentley Beetham, who has a disability that would keep most of us in the lounge, but as somebody put it ' Bentley will be seen driving the hearse at his own funeral,' and he sometimes joined the energetic party, nobly keeping up with them in spite of pain at every step.

The energetics did Mam Soul the first day (Saturday, 25th May), supers adding Carn Eige, 3,877 feet, the highest point north of the Great Glen, and coming down over Lapaich (3,401 feet). The Ackerleys did a still longer round.

Next day, Sunday, most of us explored the valley immediately to the north of Affric—Glen Cannich. An easy motor-ride leads to the dam and the end of the road, whence walkers can turn at once to the north and climb Craig Feusag, a rocky peak. Tigers did a round including the other Sgurr na Lapaich (3,773 feet) and the merely energetic did the same round of Carn na Gobhar (3,251 feet) and four other summits, but without the extra energy for Lapaich. Another party went further up the valley. All enjoyed themselves, for it was a lovely sunny day with magnificent views, including Ben Nevis and the Cairngorms and many of the peaks of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire.

The following day saw us in Strath Farrar, the valley still further north and parallel to the other two. This glen has no dam, and a very long and extremely bad road for twenty miles or so to the Lodge at its head, whence most people walked along the shores of the desolate and charming loch. It was a cold and sunless day and the non-energetics who went in two cars to Ullapool and Lochinver had a disappointing time so far as scenery was concerned. That evening Graham Wilson arrived, having driven from Maidstone.

On 29th May the energetics gained their tiger badge by a colossal walk up Glen Affric to Ceathreamhnan (3,771 feet), which we mere Sassennachs preferred to call Chrysanthemum. The fishers fished and we had trout for dinner — whether caught by our party or not we can only guess—but Dick Plint's word is surely reliable, and on his evidence we credited him, John Appleyard and Harland with our food. The 'ones that got away' must have been prize specimens.

30th May saw us divided. Several cars went to Cluanie Bridge and their occupants walked over the range of Munros headed by Sgurr nan Conbhairean to Glen Affric, coming down at the head of the loch. The more elderly (such as myself) took the easier route over the Bealach a' Chait and met some at least of the other half of the party who had motor-boated up the Loch and who were to drive our cars back from Glen Cluanie. Several different routes were taken in both directions, but the cars and the people and the two motor-boats all got back eventually to

their destinations. The following day various expeditions took place, and I was privileged to be in the most unusual. A car-load of us, bound for Kintail and Ben Attow, had a head-on collision only two miles short of our objective, but had to content ourselves with walking and sketching and watching salmon-fishers, while a lorry was fetched to transport the disradiated car back to Inverness. The ride down Glen Cluanie sitting in a car which was precariously balanced on top of a rather high lorry was a novel experience. At Drumnadrochit we were met by Milligan in his Daimler, summoned for the purpose by telephone from Kintail. And so home to a good dinner and a show of slides.

On 2nd June a strong party did a round in Glen Cannich and the two surviving tigers went up Strath Farrar and polished off most of the summits on its northern side. Meanwhile two car-loads went to Ullapool to prospect for the next year's meet and visited some of the delights of the Lochinver district in rain, returning from Inchnadamph on a lovely evening. Although F. & R. stood in this case for Fleshpots and Road, useful observations were made which we hope will lead to a grand meet in this year of grace and restricted petrol.

The last day of the meet was fine though cold and everyone enjoyed themselves — all three valleys were visited and good walks were made over the hills with fine views, quite a good last day.

As for those of us who live in the Lakes or who went through Westmorland next day in their cars, we looked up at our own fells and said: 'Why did we go to the Highlands?' But while we were in the Highlands we had never said 'Why did we come here?' All mountain country is perfect in its own way. 'All mountains are equal, but the Lakeland ones are the most equal of all.'

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW

Peter Moffat

A number of climbs on Wallowbarrow Crag which would normally have been recorded below are included in the new Dow Guide; other climbs omitted include some of the less important ones on Shepherd's Crag, Kettle Crag and Langdale Raven Crag.

BORROWDALE

BLACK CRAG

TROUTDALE GULLY 280 feet. Very difficult. First ascent June, 1955. C.R.W., B. E. Furmston. When descending the easy path from Troutdale Pinnacle, after crossing the top of the crag, one descends and crosses a wall. To the left of this wall is the gully.

(1) 30 feet. Traverse over the deep pool and climb the left wall for 10 feet, then traverse to the bed of the gully. Block belay.
(2) 40 feet. Climb the steep bed of the gully. Hook belay in left corner.
(3) 15 feet. The crack on the right. Tree belay and 30 foot walk up the bed of the gully.
(4) 45 feet. Climb the left wall of the gully and traverse to the bed of the gully, which is climbed to a ledge and belay.
(5) 70 feet. Climb the bed of the gully.
(6) 80 feet. Scrambling to the top.

BOWDERSTONE CRAGS

AFTERTHOUGHT 110 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 13th October, 1956. C.R.W., N. E. E. Smith, J. Pattison. Starts 50 yards to the right of the top of Balder's Buttress across scree to a cairn a quarter of the way up the obvious arête.

(1) 25 feet. The wall to a ledge on the right and thread belay.
(2) 25 feet. Continue up the broken ridge to a large spike belay.
(3) 30 feet. Move up and right round the corner. Ascend to, and up the ridge to a tree belay.
(4) 30 feet. Continue up the ridge.

EAGLE CRAG

POST MORTEM 170 feet. Very severe. First ascent 19th May, 1956. P. Ross, P. Lochey (alternate leads). Starts directly below a large cleft (which forms the final pitch) in the centre of the crag. Scrambling up steep grassy ledges leads to the foot of the climb.

(1) 50 feet. Surmount some ledges traversing up to the right until some doubtful blocks are reached. Traverse back left across a small slab and over grass to a ledge with block belay on the right.
(2) 60 feet. Move right from the ledge and climb a small corner until a line of flake holds leads up to the right. Traverse a few feet left, then move across right into a crack which is followed to a good ledge and tree belay.

(3) 60 feet. The crack. The first 20 feet are climbed until two chockstones are reached (here one can rest on a sling). Piton on the right for the next move. A running belay is reached after about 25 feet of strenuous climbing. Two difficult moves are then made to the top of the crack.

FALCON CRAG

FUNERAL WAY 170 feet. Very severe. First ascent 29th May, 1956. P. Ross, P. Greenwood (alternate leads). Starts to the left of the crag about 40 feet right of the ivy mass.

(1) 20 feet. Scramble up to an ash tree.

(2) 80 feet. A short gangway on the left, the bottom of which is broken away, is climbed. After about 15 feet traverse left until a few feet past the trees on the ledge above. Climb straight up to the ledge.

(3) 70 feet. The groove above is reached after 20 feet of climbing and followed to a sloping grass ledge. A gangway on the left leads to the top.

GRAVITER 200 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th June, 1956. P. Lochey, P. Ross (alternate leads). Starts on a small ridge to the left of the ivy mass and 80 feet left of Funeral Way, taking a diagonal line across the left corner of the crag.

(1) 35 feet. Climb the small ridge to a large block belay.

(2) 100 feet. The overhanging block on the left, with a sloping ledge at the foot, is traversed to a large sloping ledge. Move left and up a small slab to a grass ledge, then after a few feet up a small ledge on the right of a shattered bulge. Piton belay.

(3) 65 feet. Climb on to the bulge, then move right into a small groove which runs up left. This is followed to a vertical wall which is climbed to the top.

ILLUSION 170 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th June, 1956. P. Ross, P. Lochey (alternate leads). Starts below a large overhang at the right-hand end of the crag behind the last large tree.

(1) 35 feet. Climb up for 30 feet, then move right to stance on large block. Piton belay.

(2) 100 feet. Climb the groove above and step left on to the small slab, and pull into another groove above which is climbed until some good flakes are reached. Mantelshelf on to the flakes and traverse right and up to a groove. Pass a loose flake in the groove, cross this to good flake holds on the edge and swing round the corner. Climb up to a grass ledge.

(3) 35 feet. A small overhang is ascended. Move left, then easier rock leads to the top.

DERUPTUS 170 feet. Very severe. First ascent 1st September, 1956. P. Ross, D. Sewell. Start as for Funeral Way.

(1) 20 feet. Scramble up to an ash tree.
(2) 50 feet. Move along the ledge, then up the wall. Move left, then up to a small grass ledge with a tree. Piton belay.
(3) 100 feet. Climb directly up behind the belay for 20 feet, then make a long step right and continue the traverse to two small ledges. Move on to the end of the second ledge and ascend until a slightly overhanging wall is reached. Pull over this, then easier rock leads to the top.

KNITTING HOW (NITTING HAWS on Ordnance Map)

HOGMANAY CLIMB 130 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 2nd January, 1956. D. N. Greenop. Starts where two massive boulders lean against the main crag overlooking Borrowdale just south of Grange.

(1) 20 feet. The first boulder to a belay on the right below the upper boulder.
(2) 15 feet. The corner above; then continue up the rock crest to a large block belay and platform.
(3) 15 feet. The wet wall ahead to a ledge and belay at the foot of a groove slanting up to the left.
(4) 45 feet. The groove to easier rock, then follow the small ledge to a tree belay.
(5) 35 feet. Climb the stepped wall behind the tree.

AMENABLE SLABS 130 feet. Moderate. First ascent 2nd January, 1956. D. N. Greenop. Starts 30 yards to the left of Hogmanay Climb.

(1) 30 feet. The slabs to a small holly tree.
(2) 20 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet, then up the slabs to a fir bush.
(3) 45 feet. Slabby rocks on the left lead to a tree belay.
(4) 35 feet. Pitch 5 of Hogmanay Climb.

ATAVISTIC CHIMNEY 125 feet. Difficult. First ascent 2nd January, 1956. D. N. Greenop. Starts 5 yards to the left of the slabs at a small rib.

(1) 15 feet. Easy climbing to a small belay.
(2) 40 feet. The crack on the left to heather and the foot of the chimney.
(3) 30 feet. The overhanging back of the chimney is climbed to and through a stout old juniper, followed by easier climbing to a broad ledge and belay.
(4) 40 feet. Easy broken rocks to a large block and tree.

RAVEN CRAG

CORVUS Variation to last pitch. First ascent 19th May, 1956. D.J.C., K. Leech.

Climb the wall about 4 feet left of the small pinnacle.

BUTTERMERE

STRIDDLE CRAG (WARNSCALE BOTTOM)

THE GREAT SLAB — 220 feet. Difficult. First ascent 4th November, 1956. D. N. Greenop, J. Greenop, G. Benn. Starts at the base of a large slab after a 50 foot traverse from the foot of Fleetwith Gully.

(1) 50 feet. An easy slab to a ledge at the foot of the Great Slab.
(2) 170 feet. Climb up and slightly left to a slight bulge. Traverse underneath this and take a direct line up the centre of the slab.

GRADUS WALL — 225 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 4th November, 1956. G. Benn, D. N. Greenop.

(1—3) 75 feet. First three pitches of Striddle Crag Buttress.
(4) 20 feet. Descend a little from the block belay. On the left is a small ledge. Pull up and stand on this, then traverse left to a holly tree.
(5) 30 feet. Up the broken scoop on the right to a steep open finish on small holds. Small ledge and belay.
(6) 40 feet. The crack in the corner, then straight up to a ledge and belay.
(7) 30 feet. The wide easy crack ahead.
(8) 30 feet. The steep rough wall to the left of the Buttress Route.

ESKDALE

ESK BUTTRESS

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE — Variation to pitches 7 and 8. 70 feet. Very severe. First ascent 22nd September, 1956. H. Smith, R. Hardley, D. Burgess, C. T. Jones. From the belay traverse on to the rib and ascend this to some loose flakes. Running belay. Mantelshelf to the right on the edge of the rib and traverse round the corner to some large flakes. Continue the traverse to the ledge below pitch 10.

HERON CRAG

From Cowcove Beck bridge beyond Taw House take the Throstle Garth track. Just before this descends to the river, take a narrower track on the left which leads to the crag with impressive views of it. The first buttress reached has some broken climbing on it and is separated from the very steep main crag by a wide dirty gully which gives an easy but unpleasant climb. So far only two routes have been made on the crag.

HERON CORNER — 110 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 15th June, 1955. J.C.L., W. F. Dowlen. Starts 30 feet down from the corner of the wide bounding gully and runs up the less steep left edge of the crag. Small cairn at foot.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the wall, which overhangs slightly, and then up easy ledges into the grassy corner. Spike belay out on the right, rather awkward to reach.

(2) 25 feet. Up the slab on good small holds to a good ledge. Belay suitable for line only.

(3) 55 feet. Continue up the slab. Where it ends climb a short groove on the right then traverse right on a good (exposed) ledge round the corner to an easy groove leading to an excellent stance and block belays.

VARIATION. Severe (original route). From the top of the short groove climb straight up the slight overhang. After a few more feet of rock the way off lies to the right up steep grass and heather.

BABYLON 160 feet. Hard severe. First ascent 18th September, 1955. R. E. Kendell, J. W. B. Barnes (alternate leads). The climb follows the steep tree-studded groove which bounds the main nose of the crag on its left. Starts directly below the groove.

(1) 25 feet. Climb up to a birch tree and past this into a small cave with a grassy terrace.

(2) 35 feet. Climb 10 feet up the left wall to a ledge then re-enter the groove (awkward). Up past two holly bushes and an oak tree to chockstone belay.

(3) 45 feet. Continue up the groove past a holly bush to a heathery ledge (piton belay low down in V-shaped depression).

(4) 55 feet. The angle eases slightly but even so this is perhaps the hardest pitch. Climb the groove to an oak, and beyond this to another. Thread belay.

THROSTLEHOW CRAG

The crag lies at 1,200 feet, an hour's walk from Brotherilkeld, and faces south. It is the only crag of any size on the left bank of the Esk between the bridge below Throstle Garth and the river bend at ·1112. It is not shown on the 1" O.S. map but is both marked and named on the 2½" map. Parts of it are thickly vegetated (trees) but the right-hand section is relatively clean.

SIMON'S RIB 150 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 25th May, 1957. J.C.L., J. L. Lagoe. Starts at a crack which splits the obvious detached buttress at the right of the main crag.

(1) 30 feet. The steep wall on the right of the crack, with a good pull-out on to a ledge at 15 feet. Continue up the right of the crack, to a ledge with huge belay.

(2) 35 feet. Up to the left of the bulge above; cross a heather gully to a narrow rib; climb this to stance and small belay at its top.

(3) 30 feet. The wall above, on good holds, to good stance and belay at the foot of a steep rib. This rib forms the right edge of a large pinkish slab, which is a prominent feature of the crag.

(4) 55 feet. Delightful climbing up the steep rib, coming left on to the slab for the last few feet to the top.

THROSTLE BUTTRESS 200 feet. Mild Severe. First ascent 25th May, 1957. J.C.L., J. L. Lagoe (alternate leads). Starts a few feet above an obvious detached boulder roughly in the centre of the foot of the crag.

(1) 50 feet. A little rib rises to the right to a sloping ledge. From the ledge climb up and left to a heather bay with a shaky flake at the back. A short slab on the right leads to a small stance on a sort of pinnacle, with good belay.
(2) 15 feet. From the belay, an exposed step up to the right, then straight up for a few feet to belay on left.
(3) 30 feet. Straight up as far as possible, then a short slab and mantelshelf on the right. From the mantelshelf ledge, good handholds permit a pull up and to the right into a grassy nook with belay on right.
(4) 15 feet. A short upward traverse to the right, then up a rib, the top of which is a good belay.
(5) 50 feet. Climb on to the slab above, traverse upwards to the left above a small oak, then straight up to a ledge overhung at its left end. Traverse right a few feet, then straight up the steep final wall which has good finishing holds.
(5) 40 feet. The last 20 feet of the groove, landing on a terrace. A confronting rib gives a further 20 feet of climbing.

DEMMING CRAG, HARTER FELL

This crag, a broad sweep of slabs, is named on the 2½" map, and lies between the summits of Hard Knott Pass and Harter Fell at about 1,500 feet. There are many climbing possibilities here (as elsewhere on Harter) but the following makes a good continuous route.

DEMMING SLAB — 195 feet. Difficult. First known ascent, 1950. V.V., J.W.T. Starts at the toe of the crag.

(1) 60 feet. Straight up the easy-angled slab to a grassy stance in a small groove below and to the right of a bulge. Moderate belay suitable for line only.
(2) 35 feet. Straight up above the belay then left along a grass ledge to two small belays at its left end.
(3) 40 feet. Up the groove above (awkward in wet weather) then grassy ledges slightly right to the foot of a prominent rib. Belay.
(4) 35 feet. The very pleasant rib, ending on a large grassy terrace. Walk up and to the left to a cairn at the foot of a wall.
(5) 25 feet. Climb the wall using twin cracks and a superb letterbox handhold.

FAR EASEDALE

DEER BIELD CRAG

EDEN GROOVE — 180 feet. Severe. First ascent 27th May, 1956. R. B. Evans, J. A. Austin (alternate leads).

(1) 50 feet. First pitch of Monkey Puzzle.
(2) 40 feet. Avoid the overhang by the slab on the left and enter a bluebell groove which is climbed to an ash tree belay.
(3) 35 feet. The left branch of the groove is climbed on the left wall until a short traverse leads to a huge flake and small stance on the right wall of the groove.
(4) 35 feet. Traverse back across the groove and climb the slab to the left of the overhang to a V-shaped foothold. Step left and continue up the rib to a tree in the groove above.
(5) 20 feet. Climbing and scrambling to the top.

LANGDALE

GIMMER CRAG

Girdle Traverse N.W. Face 190 feet. Very severe. First ascent 20th May, 1956. C. E. Davies, B. Wright.

(1) 60 feet. First pitch of Ash-tree Slabs.
(2) 100 feet. Step left and down from the belay and climb the small slab to the top. Make a difficult swing round the corner on to the narrow slab which is climbed to the point where it narrows. Swing round left on to a steep wall; running belay on spike above which is crossed to the belay on the N.W. Arête.
(3) 30 feet. Traverse left and into the corner to finish.

PAVEY ARK

Stickle Grooves 340 feet. Very severe. First ascent 14th April, 1956. J. A. Austin, R. B. Evans (alternate leads). Starts between Stoats' Crack and Rake End Wall.

(1) 70 feet. An ascending traverse to the right to a loose flake at the top of a V-groove. Step left, then back right into a groove which is climbed to the belay at the top of pitch 4 of Stoats' Crack.
(2) 50 feet. Up to a ledge, then an ascending traverse to the right to a juniper ledge.
(3) 80 feet. Traverse left into a shallow groove which is followed, trending left, to a small grass ledge and a larger ledge under the overhang 15 feet higher. Piton belay.
(4) 50 feet. Ascend the steep slab just to the right to a ledge below an overhanging chimney which is climbed. Spike belay, or tree higher, below a chimney.
(5) 90 feet. The slabs above.

PIKE O' STICKLE

Merlin Slab 290 feet. Difficult. First ascent 17th April, 1954. J.U., G. Hope. Starts at a crack in the prominent slab across the gully from the cave.

(1) 75 feet. Climb the crack for 15 feet. Step left and ascend for 15 feet. Continue up the slab to an overhanging corner. Traverse right to a small ledge and belay.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the slab on the right-hand edge to grass ledge and belay.
(3) 25 feet. Ascend the wall by a crack to a cairn and ledge.
(4) 50 feet. Pull on to the overhanging arête, bearing left to rock ledge and belay.
(5) 80 feet. Easy slabs lead to the top.

Chip Groove 210 feet. Difficult. First ascent 18th April, 1954. J.U., G. Hope. Starts 50 yards up the gully from Merlin Slab on a small grass ledge.

(1) 35 feet. Climb the shallow groove in the wall above the cairn to a cave. Belay on cave floor.
(2) 40 feet. Climb out of the cave up a groove to a grass ledge. Spike belay high on the left.

(3) 60 feet. Ascend the chimney, then a crack to a grass ledge. Belay block low down on the left.
(4) 25 feet. Easy rocks to a large flake which is climbed on the right-hand edge. Belay on top of flake.
(5) 50 feet. Climb the broken slab to a wall and move left into a crack.

CAVE BUTTRESS 355 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 18th April, 1954. J.U., G. Hope. Starts to the left of a cave at the foot of a large buttress on the main sweep of rock near the summit of Pike o' Stickle.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the groove to the shattered blocks; then traverse 4 feet right and ascend to a rock ledge and belay.
(2) 35 feet. Easy rock leads to a grass ledge and block belay.
(3) 60 feet. Climb the crack to a heather ledge and belay.
(4) 100 feet. Pleasant slabs to a ledge and block belay.
(5) 100 feet. Easy slabs to the summit.

STICKLE SLAB 200 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 31st July, 1956. J.U., G. Hope. Starts in the central gully at its steepest section. Cairn.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the mossy slabs to a heather ledge. Belay on small spike.
(2) 15 feet. Climb the crack on the right to a heather ledge. Belay on the right.
(3) 40 feet. Climb diagonally left passing loose blocks, then straight up to a grass ledge. Spike belay 10 feet up on the wall.
(4) 45 feet. Over the belay and up the crack above to a small grass stance. Belay on the wall behind.
(5) 50 feet. Move to the right-hand end of the ledge and ascend the wall for 15 feet to a shallow depression, then traverse right to chockstones in a crack; in again for 15 feet to spike belay.
(6) 20 feet. Climb direct from spike belay to rock ledge.

ALTERNATIVE TO PITCH 5. Very severe. On reaching the chockstones climb the crack direct to the top of pitch 6.

THIRLMERE

RAVEN CRAG

GIRDLE TRAVERSE 615 feet. Very severe. First ascent 12th May, 1956. P. Greenwood, D. Whillans (alternate leads). Starts at the foot of Genesis and continues above the Great Cave.

(1—4) 160 feet. Pitches 1—4 of Genesis.
(5) 20 feet. Move along the ledge to the left and on to a stance below a tree.
(6—7) 120 feet. Pitches 2—3 of Anarchist.
(8) 65 feet. Reverse the last few feet of the crack and make a descending traverse into a corner until a swing out and then a difficult mantelshelf movement is made on to a small ledge. Move left and descend a little to stance and belay.
(9) 130 feet. Pitch 3 of Delphinus.
(10) 120 feet. Continue the traverse to the edge of the crag, or climb the last pitch of Delphinus, Necropolis or Exodus.

TILBERTHWAITE

HEN CRAG. The N.E. face of Wetherlam overlooking Tilberthwaite Beck.

HEN WALL 240 feet. Severe. First ascent 16th July, 1954. J.U., G. Hope.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the slabs to a grass ledge and belay.

(2) 35 feet. Climb the wall to a spike belay high up to the left.

(3) 35 feet. Climb the groove and step left to a spike belay.

(4) 70 feet. Up the groove (avoiding loose blocks) for 50 feet. Traverse left for 10 feet then up 10 feet to block belay.

(5) 70 feet. Climb the wall for 20 feet and scramble for 50 feet to a grass terrace.

WASDALE

KERN KNOTTS

CENTRAL CLIMB VARIATION START 40 feet. Very severe. First ascent 20th April, 1955. P. Ross, D. Oliver, R. Scott. Starts a few feet to the right of the ordinary start. Climb an obvious crack for 20 feet. Easier rock leads to the block belay.

CENTRAL CLIMB VARIATION START 70 feet. Very severe. First ascent 31st March, 1956. J. A. Austin, R. B. Evans. Starts halfway between West Buttress and Central Climb at a prominent groove. Climb the groove to a small spike on the slabs above and continue up the mossy slabs to a point about 5 feet right of the final pitch of Central Climb.

SCAFELL CRAG

CENTRAL BUTTRESS Variation to pitches 9 and 10. First ascent 9th June, 1957. R. McGregor, L. Clarke, J. P. Moody. This pitch is clean and direct and of the same standard as the rest of the climb. From Jeffcoat's Ledge, climb directly up the steep wall for 30-40 feet on quite good holds, to the nook and belay at the end of pitch 10. Start near several detached boulders, i.e., below and slightly to the left of the nook and belay.

KEY TO INITIALS

D. J. Cameron	J. W. Tucker	V. Veevers
J. C. Lagoe	J. Umpleby	C. R. Wilson

CORRECTION. Journal No. 50 (1956).

Pages 348, 349—
For 'S.R.J.' (under 'Goat Crag, Peregrine Wall' and 'Goat Crag, Direct Start to Perched Block') read 'R.K.J.'

Page 353—
For 'S. R. Jackson' (Key to Initials) read 'R. K. Jackson.'

IN MEMORIAM

THEODORE RIDLEY BURNETT, 1908-1956

Theodore Ridley Burnett was the sixth of seven brothers; his father was vicar of Scotby, near Carlisle. As a scholar Dr. Burnett had a brilliantly successful career at Carlisle Grammar School, continuing his education at University College, Liverpool, and the Federal Polytechnikum, Zürich. His working life was spent in the field of education, first as a master at Wheelwright Grammar School, Dewsbury, then at Lincoln Grammar School. In 1905 at the age of twenty-eight he was appointed Headmaster of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Kirkby Lonsdale, a position he held until 1910 when he was appointed Principal of George Green's School, London. In 1915 he joined the Artists' Rifles and became instructor in topography, musketry and Lewis gunnery, gaining a 'distinguished' certificate in these subjects at Bisley. After demobilisation in 1919 he was appointed Director of Education for Dumfriesshire, a position he held until his retirement in 1942. The above very brief résumé of his career gives some indication of his outstanding qualities. A keen athlete, he captained the Liverpool University Rugby Fifteen and also played for Cumberland.

In our Club life no one has figured more prominently. Elected Vice-President in 1921, T.R.B. has rarely been off the executive since then. He was elected President in 1927 on the death of a great friend, Herbert Cain, and was again elected to that office in 1951, the only man to have held it twice. Always a great man for new ideas, he was largely responsible for the Club badge of which he held No. 1. He was enthusiastic about the Club huts, giving much practical support as well as financial aid, and as members heard at the last Annual General Meeting, he left a legacy of £1,000 to the Hut Fund. For many years he had been agitating for a Club tie and had he lived would no doubt have realised that ambition.

T.R.B. What memories these initials bring to a great number of Club members; to the older ones, years of friendship and happiness on our Lakeland fells, in Scotland, the Alps and Norway; to younger members perhaps, memories of good fellowship and welcome at meets, when he always endeavoured to make new and shy members feel at home in a large company of strangers. Theo Burnett had a genius for dealing with young people. He had that wonderful faculty, so rare in older people, of completely forgetting his age when enjoying himself and

becoming mentally and almost physically a youngster out for the day, up to any practical joke or bit of mischief that was going on.

In contrast to this side of his character, those who have sat with or under him on Committee will remember him for his wonderful grasp of affairs, his lucid exposition of his views on any matter and his uncompromising stand for what he thought the right action for the good of the Club.

One could reminisce nearly unendingly about T.R.B. Which of us has not welcomed the wisp of smoke arising from the side of beck or lake, burn or loch, on wet or snowy days in winter and grilling ones in summer and known that the 'conflagrationalist' would have a welcome cup of tea waiting for all who turned up; or observed an elderly and otherwise reputable and responsible climber rolling large boulders down a slope, and, with the glee of a small child, watching them plunge into a beck or the sea?

T.R.B. as a mountaineer or climber was sound rather than brilliant. He preferred to be led rather than to lead on rock and, speaking personally, I always felt I climbed better when he was seconding me than at any other time. He seemed to promote a feeling of confidence in one's ability to overcome difficulties and never worried his leader with needless questions or remarks.

Since the death of Mrs. Burnett early in the war, my wife and I have been privileged by T.R.B. treating our house as a second home; and how we, our family and friends have enjoyed these frequent visits. He delighted in doing odd jobs and repairs to the house and making household gadgets (I have a wonderful cupboard light switch made from a tin box and bits of wood and brass, which goes on when the door is opened). In the evenings he would call on his collection of stories or bring out some of his famous puzzles and tricks; there was never a dull moment.

I feel this memoir would be incomplete without a reference to the love T.R.B. and his wife had for animals; they would both quite fearlessly deal with any case of cruelty they came across. They used to travel in their various caravans with a perfect menagerie of dogs plus a parrot and, before motoring days, the van horse. For some years Burnett had been Chairman of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and he never missed the monthly meeting in Edinburgh.

J. C. APPLEYARD.

E. Wood-Johnson writes:

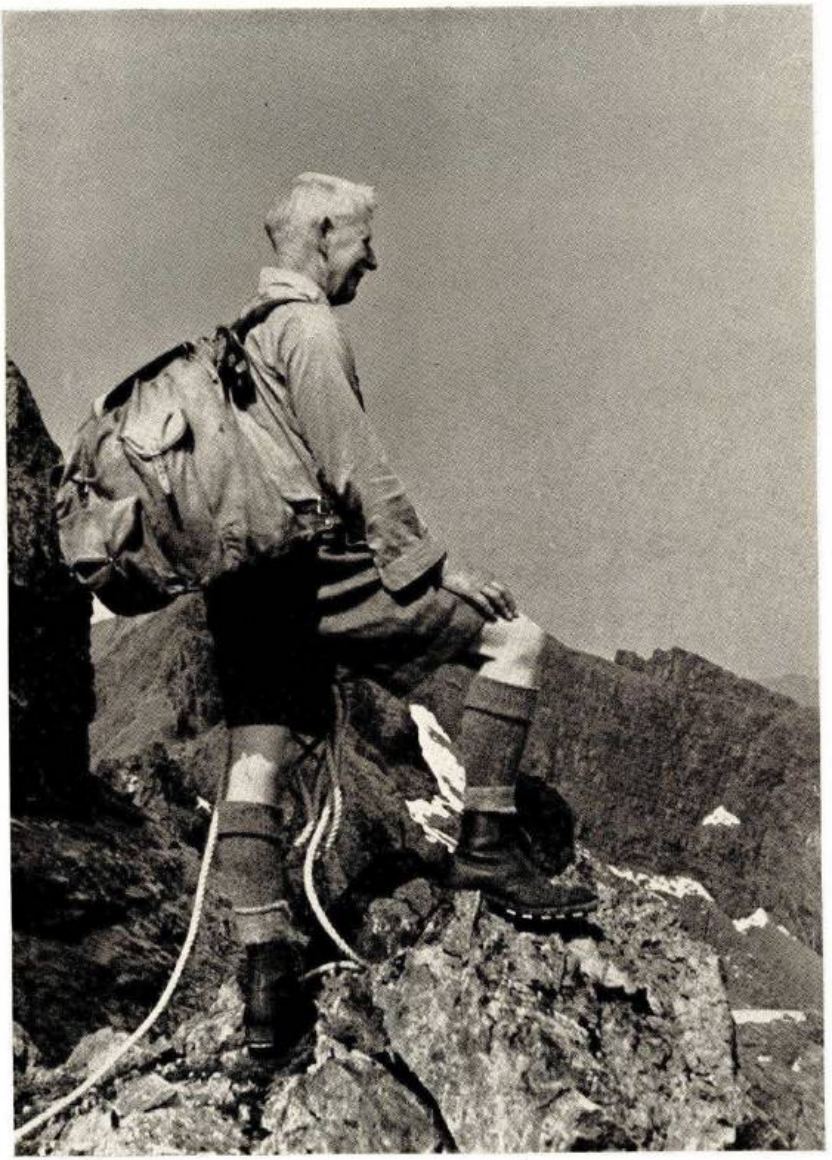
One morning in the spring of 1926, George and I met T.R. by accident at the Sun Hotel. He invited us to join his party and we climbed on Dow Crag with him, Kitty Ward, and Marjorie and Billy Cain. At Whitsuntide he proposed us for the Club and together we made a new climb on Gable. By the autumn of 1927, through T.R.'s efforts, George was working near Darjeeling and so was on the first rung of the ladder which took him to Kangchenjunga and Everest. The beginnings of our long friendship were typical of T.R.B. and many will have similar memories of their early meetings with this youthful, enthusiastic, understanding and helpful man.

He was a happy climber, and always loved the hills as they happened to be; bright and sunny, wet, windy or cold, it was all part of the game to T.R. To be there, walking or climbing was happiness. He showed it and made others feel it. He had a wonderful store of contentment with hills, whether walking near his home, climbing rocks in the Lakes or ploughing along a wet glacier far away — he was always the same. Even in the most uncomfortable or dangerous circumstances his zest for life rose above discomfort or fear.

From our first meeting we climbed a lot together. On rocks he was sure and safe, and I can still see his sturdy figure planting a nailed boot on a small hold and standing firmly upon it. He climbed with a sound knowledge of his own ability and would lead only up to his standard for the day. His rope work was a lesson to us young men over twenty years his junior. In later years he became to me the perfect second and gave that assurance and comfort that a nervous leader so often needs. He had an instinctive art of deflecting one's nervousness into clear and happy endeavour.

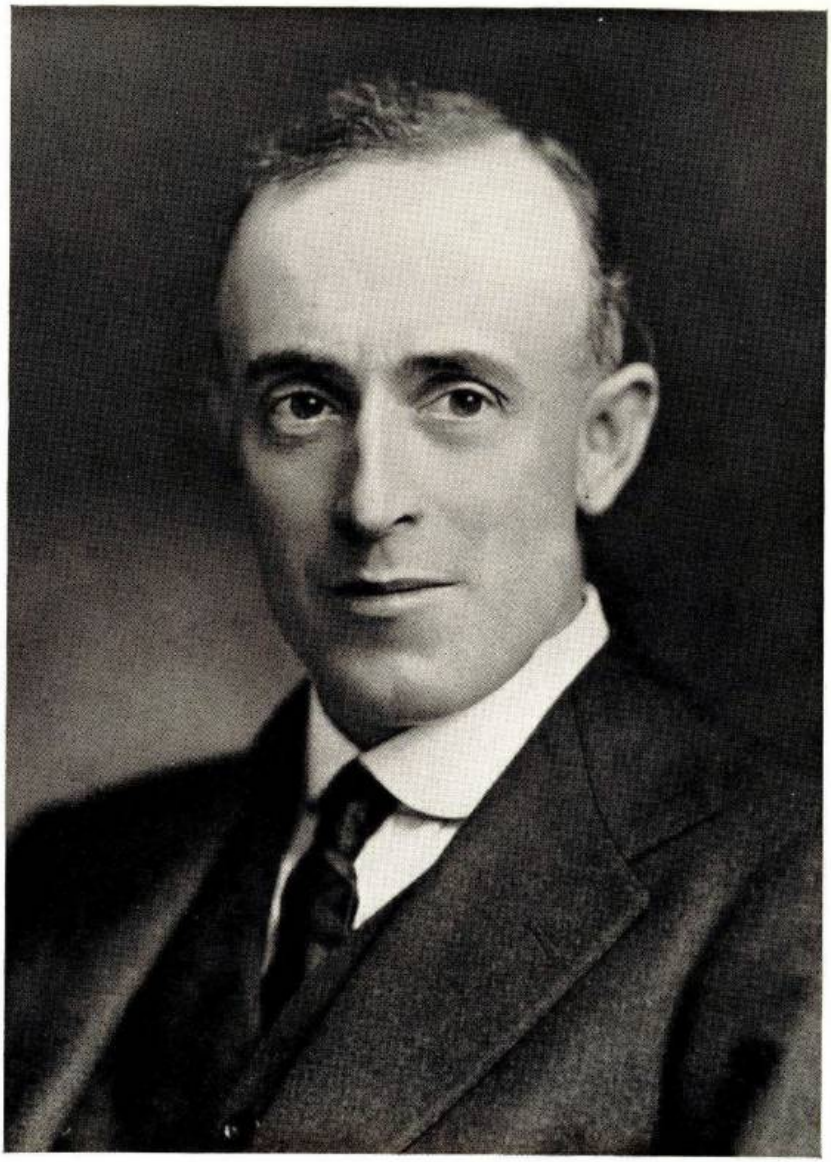
He would not rush his climbs and loved to linger on the rocks. It may well be that his bonfire game developed from this. By 1930 we often took a stove on rock climbs and made tea half way up. Such a picnic in sunshine on Tophet Bastion is a perfect memory of the Napes. We went to sleep as well. In those days he was somewhat unusual in his ability to climb down probably more easily than up. He was very good, too, at running downhill and would often race us younger men out of sheer exuberance.

T.R.B. was probably even better at larger mountaineering on ice and snow than on rock. He had a first-class knowledge



G. H. Webb

T. R. Burnett



T. C. Ormiston-Chant

of topography and was a clever route-finder in unknown country. His steadiness on steep ice was wonderful to see. I well remember, after a night out, cutting down an ice slope in Norway and being thankful that somebody else was last man. From across a horrible looking crevasse we watched T.R. descend with complete confidence, and walk across a slim snow bridge to safety. Twice, during that long day, others came off steep, snow-covered ice — but not T.R.B. He was always a boy and loved rolling stones down steep places. The previous day he tried to prise a block off the top of the Ringstind and give it a clear drop to the glacier far below. It did not work, he slipped and nearly fell over the edge, but he was soon doing it again.

Memory crowds on memory of this extraordinary man, camping gadgets, cameras, compasses, cats cradles and puzzles for the children, chess at his home in the evening, archaeology, swimming, fishing, and so on. He was always our youthful companion, counsellor and friend—on mountains, which were the keystone, and at home in other walks of life. He was a man whose wisdom and goodness of heart coloured everything he did. He put his best into life and took the best out of it. It was our privilege to know him.

T. C. ORMISTON-CHANT, 1906-1956

In T. C. Ormiston-Chant the Club has lost not only an original member but a most engaging personality.

Born in 1882 he spent his early days in London, Amsterdam, New Zealand and India before serving in the 1914-18 war. He was invalided out of the Bombay Rifles in 1915 and again out of the Irish Rifles in 1916. Following this he managed a munitions works and later held a post in the Admiralty, resigning in 1919 to start in practice in Manchester as a consulting engineer, which profession he actively carried on until his death a few weeks before the Jubilee Dinner of the Club, when he was to have responded to the toast of the Original Members.

A man of many varied interests, his energy and capabilities were the envy of his numerous friends. Intensely interested in naval matters he was a member of the White Ensign Association and took an active part in promoting the growth and welfare of the Trafalgar Unit of the Sea Cadets. A music lover, he added concert going to his other activities and had a large collection of gramophone records.

From his training in engineering arose a liking for toys that worked and gadgets of all kinds. He possessed a charming speaking voice which must have been a great asset to him when giving professional evidence as an expert witness. J. B. Wilton has remarked that Ormiston-Chant could have read aloud from a railway time-table and held his audience spellbound.

The early formative years of the Club owe much to Ormiston-Chant. He presided over the first regular General Meeting held at the Wastwater Hotel on Easter Saturday, 30th March, 1907, contributed an article on Climbs around Coniston to the fourth Journal of the Club in 1910 and proposed the toast of the Club at the fourth Annual Dinner at Coniston, speaking as a representative of the Climbers' Club. He was a Vice-President of the Club in 1920-21.

Ormiston-Chant will best be remembered by those members of the Club who attended meets with him in the years before and immediately following the 1914-18 War. A brilliant cragsman, his form never varied and he climbed as easily and gracefully on the first day of a holiday as on the last. Howard and Leslie Somervell will share with me very happy memories of climbing with him in Skye in 1920. His first ascents include Arête, Chimney and Crack on Dow. He was never happier than when he was introducing novices to the rocks or taking out climbers less experienced than himself. In fact so many people did he persuade to join him that his extremely lengthy ropes were notable features of Club meets. On one occasion when bringing up my party over the Nose on the North Climb on Pillar I found to my astonishment and near exhaustion that my original party of four had grown to thirteen by the addition of nine of Ormiston-Chant's party who had failed to get across the traverse on the North-East Climb. Most of the string had to receive strenuous assistance on the Nose and it was a great relief when the last man, weighing 18½ stone, climbed the pitch unaided. Dorothy Pilley and I will never forget Ormiston-Chant's astonishing lead of 'C' Buttress on Dow when it was a solid mass of ice, about half of the climb being made in pitch darkness owing to the time spent in lowering various members of the party who had succumbed to the cold.

Of the grievous losses which the Club has suffered during recent times none can be felt more keenly by those who were privileged to know him than the passing of Ormiston-Chant.

GRAHAM WILSON.

Dorothy Pilley Richards writes :

Clem Ormiston-Chant began tramping in the Lakes very early with my cousin Will McNaught when they were teenagers. They were at University College School together and I believe they made friends thus. Clem was standing in a narrow doorway. Will wanted to go through and asked him to move. Clem didn't move, so Will knocked him down. From then on they became fast friends. The McNaught family spent their summer holidays at Kents Bank and Clem used to visit them regularly every summer. The two boys acquired their taste for climbing on many expeditions to the Lakes from there. At the Dinner Meets in the twenties T. C. O.-C. was all over Dow Crags with his immense parties, helping all the lame ducks to understand co-operation on the rope. At Easter he would take enormous caravans of moderate climbers up and down Kern Knotts Chimney and a selection of them up and down the Crack. Everyone seemed happy even when the Chimney took a score of climbers five hours in a drizzle.

GEORGE FRASER WOODHOUSE, 1906-1957

With the death at Sedbergh on 9th March 1957 of George Fraser Woodhouse, aged eighty-two years, the Club's list of original members is reduced by one lovable person and the *Journal* has lost its first Editor. 'Bobby' Woodhouse, as he was affectionately called, was a Vice-President of the Club from 1908 to 1910, but, long retired, and in any case of a retiring and unassuming nature, he can be only a name to most Club members. It is hoped that these first paragraphs—written in very pious memory by a disciple introduced by him to the Rocks and the Club—will fill in the background for the two memoirs that follow by George D. Abraham and A. K. Rawlinson.

George Woodhouse was one of a large family devoted to each other whose united interests were many and versatile. He was the most versatile of them all, with his musical, mechanical and scientific pursuits in the service of church and school, and as a pioneer with his brothers on the rock of the Lake District, and in North Wales and Skye. He was one of the sons of the Rev. C. J. Woodhouse of Manchester and was educated at Manchester Grammar School and Caius College, Cambridge. His skill and enthusiasm as a gymnast at those places already indicated the manner of the later life; just as much earlier, in the nursery, he had constructed out of portmanteaux an 'organ' and thereby pre-

saged another lifelong interest. He was appointed Science Master at Sedbergh School in 1897, and at Sedbergh till his death he remained, for there and near there he found all that satisfied him.

His life was above all that of teacher of his many interests: a gentle but quietly determined teacher of anyone who in spirit or mind or body was similarly attracted, in the gymnasium, at rifle shooting (he was for years in charge of the School ' O.T.C. ' as it was then called), in singing and the playing of orchestral instruments (especially the flute, whimsically calling this delicate operation ' spitting down the stick '), in organ music and organ mending too, in the belfry of the parish church (where for over fifty years he rang the changes—and many famous ones—with a team he had built up, and never gave up teaching recruits), in clock making, in metal work and, as the notices that follow bear true witness, as rock climber.

A mutual friend and member of the Club whose initials C.H.E. come elsewhere into this *Journal*, one likewise initiated to the rocks by ' Bobby,' writes: ' One of my liveliest recollections of him is his whimsy: there was a certain stone on the path up from Seathwaite to Sty Head, on which one had to place one's left foot, if one wanted to be sure of getting a climb. Just above the steep part there was " Medes and Persians Rock," so called because it was imperative, a law of the M. and P., to stay awhile and smoke ⅜ of a pipe, otherwise the mist would be sure to descend, and the climb would be off. A supply of what was called " sensational literature " had always to be taken to Seathwaite for the off-day. The easy way up was always called the tripe-route: a corruption of tripper, I imagine. My father once shared a room with him at Seathwaite, and I remember him telling me that the first use which G.F.W. used to make of what was then a rather scanty supply of water, was to wash his feet with great care and attention: face and hands came somewhat perfunctorily afterwards as an afterthought. One holiday he was very dubious whether lumbago would allow him to climb. Someone had told me that a sure remedy was to carry a nutmeg in the hip pocket. So he was given one, and always kept it in his climbing bags: but whether it was the nutmeg, or the copious drenching of Sloan's which we gave him, I wouldn't like to say: but there was no more talk of lumbago.'

It remains to sum up. ' Bobby ' Woodhouse led a full life, and his unspoken answer to any suppositional questions about the Right Use of Leisure, say, or the relationship of Religion

with Science, was as sturdy as his figure and complete as his day. In his retirement one saw this: each day was as easily and fruitfully filled as before with the interests he had won, to which were added walks on Winder or the reading of mountain literature, or the perusal of photos of climbing days, or friends' letters and visits to him in his underground machine-filled sanctum. Here was a man one recognised, at friendship with his fellowmen and with nature: one whose rich memory will ever be fresh in the hearts of those he led to his own happy pursuits.

G. W. ELLISON.

George D. Abraham writes:

In the early days of climbing the Keswick brothers often encountered the Woodhouse brothers cycling up and down Langdale. One day there was a passing 'chat' which ended in George meeting us on Dow Crag and this was probably the first real rock climbing. We went down to Torver and stayed a few days at a farm. The weather turned very bad and, by the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. Ellwood, we were allowed to spend much time in the Church where George Woodhouse played the organ with much skill and I kept in form as organ blower; also joining in the impromptu hymns and sing-songs in which 'Lead kindly Light' was the favourite. George was a keen bell ringer and we had much difficulty in keeping him out of the belfry. Was it only a rumour that the villagers once heard a short peal about mid-day?

On this occasion C Buttress on Dow was climbed, also the Black Chimney in Easter Gully. Many of the now famous routes were explored and I have lasting memories of the keen and skilful way in which George joined in many expeditions further afield. He was a 'rock purist' and a master of balance, with special keenness in the use of the feet rather than clutching hand work, though endowed with great strength of arms and fingers.

As a leader he was supreme and as a sturdy, silent second he was a tower of strength with a great and happy gift for helping others. He was a great advocate of safety first and all the 'niceties' of orthodox crag work. Artificial aids were abhorred and the appearance of a piton on the top part of the Needle caused an uproar; it disappeared next day.

At Sedbergh School George Woodhouse was the 'mountain hero' and perhaps the happiest days of his life were spent in caring for his boys on the crags and coaching them in sound and

safe methods of climbing. Scores of his pupils ' made good ' on mountains all over the world and memories of his kindly spirit will last for many years to come.

A. K. Rawlinson writes:

He was a sturdy rock climber of the old school and a life-long lover of the British hills (he never climbed abroad) especially the Lake District and Skye. He was best known for his part in the opening of Dow Crag, where he and his brother made a whole series of pioneering routes in 1905 and 1906 including the ever popular climb that bears his name. For many years he did Intermediate Gully ceremonially once a year ' to test his condition,' as he put it. Borrowdale, too, was a favourite centre; he claimed to have climbed the Needle Ridge on Gable fifty-seven times. He was proud that in a lifetime of climbing he had never had any sort of accident, and he had led routes like Eagle's Nest Direct, in nails, at a time when this was still one of the hardest climbs.

I met him at Buttermere in 1940; I was a schoolboy with my parents, he already retired, solitary, silent and observing in the hotel. He walked by himself on the fells by day and in the evening busily knitted comforts for soldiers. He was pointed out as a well-known climber and I looked at his short, stocky figure, and tiny feet, with admiring respect. He was a little sad, I think, because he had recently given up climbing, and I was sad too, because I should have liked him to take me on a climb. But he explained that if he could not lead he would not climb, and his doctor had told him that no one ought to lead after reaching sixty; he had continued until sixty-five and then given up, solemnly giving away his rope.

But he did take me for a walk, and that was the beginning of a lasting friendship, for though I met him but once again, in 1947, for another walk from Honister, we corresponded regularly. ' Bobby ' Woodhouse, as he soon told me to call him, was full of encouragement and sage council for an enthusiastic boy. Whenever I went climbing I was expected to write and tell him exactly what I had done, and in reply would come a letter of kindly interest and renewed advice, often repeating his two favourite maxims ' never climb alone ' and his pet quotation from St. Paul, ' prove all things; hold fast that which is

A. K. Rawlinson's notice is reprinted from the *Climbers' Club Journal* by arrangement with the Editor.

good.' In his youth he was one of those who helped to create our sport of British rock climbing; and I am sure that there are many besides myself who owe him deep gratitude for his guidance in our own beginnings in following it.

JOHN RITSON WHITING, 1907-1956

John Ritson Whiting died on the 29th December and now lies at rest in the dale in which he was born at Burnthwaite in 1868. A great-nephew of Auld Will Ritson of the Huntsman Inn, now known as the Wastwater Hotel, he spent his early years in the grocery trade in Liverpool before returning to Wasdale in 1905 to take over the hotel in partnership with his uncle, Mr. Joseph Ritson. Two years later he became the sole proprietor and subsequently bought the hotel, Row Head Farm and the Vicarage, now known as Lingmell House, in which he died. Following the death of his wife—Mrs. Sallie Whiting—in 1937, he entered into partnership with his sister-in-law, Miss Edith Long, and in 1951 sold the hotel to Mr. Wilson Pharoah.

A man of many activities he rendered great service to West Cumberland as a member of the former Whitehaven Rural District Council and the Bootle Board of Guardians, and from 1935 to two years before his death as a member of the Ennerdale Rural District Council. He was also chairman of the Managers of the former Wasdale School and until his death was a churchwarden and clerk to the Wasdale Church Council.

A brilliant chess player, he was a past President and several times champion of the Cumberland and Westmorland Chess Association. He was also a prominent Freemason, holding high provincial honours.

An original member of our Club, he climbed most of the standard difficults within reach of Wasdale, mainly with Gaspard, a Dauphiné guide who spent several winters at the hotel.

But it was as host of a unique hostelry that he was best known to generations of climbers and to members of our Club. The first regular general meeting of the Club was held in the Wastwater Hotel, which, no doubt because it differed from other hotels in so many respects, including possession of the famous billiard fives table and a seemingly inexhaustible supply of spare clothes stored in one of the baths, holds a very warm place in the hearts of its habitués.

He was a typical dalesman, somewhat slow in thought and speech but with a most retentive memory of people, dale history

and lore, about which he could talk in a most interesting manner, extremely kind and generous in many unobtrusive ways and a staunch and true friend of those to whom he took a liking.

GRAHAM WILSON.

HENRY CREWDSON BROADRICK, 1908-1956

On 9th December, 1956, there died at his family Lakeland home, Highfield, Windermere, H. C. Broadrick, an outstanding connection with the early pioneering days of English climbing. He was aged 81. He joined the Climbers' Club in 1899 and the Fell and Rock in 1908. He and his brother, R.W., were well over six feet in height. To see them and their big friends starting off to tackle Walker's Gully made one think that the Pillar Rock would have a poor show. There was a keen contest for the first ascent of Walker's Gully. Yet for a long time it held out until at last O. G. Jones made the first lead up the terrific upper pitch.

The Broadricks were tremendous walking enthusiasts, and H.C. was one of the earliest attackers of the Lake District fells record, when he did part of the route on a bicycle. The two brothers must have done dozens of new unrecorded ways on Lakeland crags, especially around Langdale and Coniston. H.C., safe, steady, and possessed of a long reach, was a born leader. One of his finest days was the first lead up the South Crack on Easter Gully, Dow Crag, with varied finish. He also led up the C Buttress direct to discover one of the best of the long Dow Crag face routes. Rake End Chimney on Pavey Ark, Scafell, Pillar and Gable were visited by H.C., but after the Scafell disaster of 1903, when his brother was killed, he seemed gradually to lose keen interest in the crags. He did some noted walks in the Cuillin, Skye and in Scotland.

H. C. Broadrick was educated at Haileybury and Cambridge. He was a keen lover of outdoor sports and became an athlete of no mean merit. He captained his public school cricket XI for two years, and was a member of the Trinity College rowing team. He became joint headmaster of Orley Farm Preparatory School, Harrow, and retired in 1933. Latterly his interests were in the Windermere area, and to the end he was an ardent lover of Lakeland walking, motoring, skating and golfing

The notice of H. C. Broadrick is reproduced, with slight modification, from the *Climbers' Club Journal* by kind permission of the Editor.

especially. For a time he was Captain of the Windermere Golf Club, and he could 'see a ball' to the end. He played on the course within a month of his death. After he retired from Orley, he became an active member of the Royal Windermere Yacht Club, and though he raced his own yacht for many seasons, he probably loved most the peace and quiet of pleasure cruising, enjoying memories of the lovely mountains, far and near, which cluster round his own home lake.

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

J. C. COULTON, 1910-1956

Jack Coulton joined the Club in its early days when he was with Vickers at Barrow. His climbing companions in those days were Gordon, Craig and Chant, and he may have been in some first ascents on Dow Crag. He was a tremendous goer on the fells and quite untireable. Before the first World War he went for Vickers to the Italian Naval Base of Spezia. Jack Coulton had a wonderful gift for languages, and in a very short time spoke fluent Italian. In spite of long and strenuous days at the office he was the prime mover in creating out of nothing what became an important section of the Club Alpino Italiano. With his inspiring energy there was soon a cosy Club Room with about fifteen original members whose numbers rapidly increased. There had been no rock climbing in this district, which was about an hour's train journey from the Appenines, the nearest being Carrara. In the Spezia area he was the inspirer of the whole movement. He made many new ascents never before attempted by the very few local guides. After the 1914-18 War he left Vickers and lived for five years at Cockley Beck, sheep farming. As this time coincided with the post-war depression he had a very hard struggle indeed. From Cockley Beck he went to Caldecote in Cambridgeshire, where he started market gardening in a small way and finally developed it into a very successful business. He finally retired to Woodland in 1953. He was educated at Coatham School, Redcar, and Durham University. He was Vice-President of the Club from 1917 to 1919 and, about 1919, with Allsup, Huntley and others, he helped to pave the way for the forming of the London section. He was twice married, and his widow (formerly Peggy Murray) now lives at Rosthwaite, Woodland.

W. G. MILLIGAN.

RICHARD BROCKBANK GRAHAM, 1922-1957

R. B. Graham died in February of this year after a grave operation. He was sixty-three. Although he was never an assiduous attender of Club meets, he was well known to many members, for his boyhood home was in Cumberland and during thirty-five years of life as a schoolmaster, he spent part of every holiday in the Lake District, climbing and walking with his friends and his family. He was, too, deeply interested in fell-farming and owned a farm in Borrowdale to which he gave far more than the normal owner's attention and time.

After his retirement from the headmastership of Bradford Grammar School in 1954, he and his wife bought a house at Brigsteer, but with Dick Graham retirement did not mean sitting back on life, but rather the opportunity to pursue with unfettered energy the interests which he most had at heart. And here, service to the Lake District in one form or other had a high priority. He had been a member of the Hobhouse Committee, was on the board of Lake District Farm Estates, and for a time in 1955-56 was Chairman of the Friends of the Lake District. The District has lost a wise and active counsellor.

Dick Graham was a fine all-round mountaineer, at his best on the mixed routes of the Alps such as the Zmutt Ridge of the Matterhorn or the Obergabelhorn by the Arbengrat. On this type of climb he was probably the equal of anyone of his generation. Except for a short season in 1922 when he was seriously learning his craft from the incomparable Joseph Georges and another in 1923 when he and his party (R. S. T. Chorley and Michael Wilson) were being groomed by Joseph for an assault on the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche, cancelled by the weather, he always climbed guideless. He did not invariably lead the rope, but he was in effect always the leader of the party. He was chosen for the Everest Expedition of 1924, but various difficulties forced his resignation. That these left no bitterness is a measure of his generosity of heart.

I knew him first at a Pen-y-Pass Easter party in 1922. I remember that one day he took me up the Gashed Crag on Tryfan. The rocks were enamelled with ice and the holds layered with snow. We crossed to the Gribin Ridge, if I remember right, and finally we emerged on to the Glyders as the sun was setting seawards in a pale gold and green light. It was one of the best mountain days I have ever had, and it was typical of Dick. He could enjoy a skirmish with Welsh or Lakeland hills as

whole-heartedly as a full-dress expedition in the Alps because he sought from mountains so much more than the pleasures of the athlete or technician. Which brings me to 1956 when I was again with him—and his wife—on hills, this time the hills of the Val Malenko. He was no longer fit for big mountains, but he was gay and happy and seemed as satisfied as if he had been on the Disgrazia or some peak of the Engadine. The views of these engrossed him, the birds, the flowers, the peasants farming the hillsides. His love was for mountain country in its totality and he could afford to forego the particular joys of big peaks without repining. Joined with his habit of musing aloud on the reflections that were constantly springing up in his mind, all this made him a delightful and most vitalising companion.

An impression of R. B. Graham would be hopelessly superficial without reference to his Quakerism. He was a devoted and widely sympathetic Friend. With him spiritual matters had a constructive reality which gave supporting strength to all who understood this basis of his life.

KATHARINE CHORLEY.

A. P. ROSSITER, 1939-1957

Throughout its history the Club has been fortunate in attracting many members who have combined a passion for the crags and fells with the attainment of distinction in the academic and literary fields. Such a one was A. P. Rossiter, and the Club is the poorer for his death at the age of only 53.

Rossiter was an occasional contributor to this *Journal*, and his writings not only display a distinguished prose style, but exhibit on the one hand his intense love of rock climbing as an art as well as a sport, and on the other his great interest in the early history of Lake District climbing.

His climbing was done almost entirely in Cumberland, though he had earlier experience of gritstone, and the crags of Wasdale and Borrowdale were his chosen territory. He made many first ascents, mainly on Yewbarrow, and contributed the section covering these crags to the 1948 edition of the Great Gable Guide. Much of his climbing was done ' solo,' though his wife was his constant companion on his expeditions, and would often accompany him on a ' second ascent.'

Rossiter was a man of fine physique, and—to quote a friend who had frequently climbed with him in recent years—' on the

rocks he could use his strength when it was needed, but delighted in extending a subtler technique of movement and balance; he excelled on delicate face climbs, but was scornful of young climbers who could not fight an old-fashioned chimney or crack. He was a superb leader, who could climb second with equal grace.'

W. G. STEVENS.

WILLIAM STOCKDALE CAIN, 1928-1956

By the death of William Stockdale Cain at the early age of forty-six the Club has lost one who was known to the older members from childhood, when, during the holidays he often accompanied his father, the late H. P. Cain, to Club meets.

After serving through the whole of the war and attaining the rank of Major, the ties of family and business and latterly ill-health prevented him from attending many meets, though he usually managed to be present at the Annual Dinner. Billy Cain had a great affection for the Club and showed this in a practical manner when he provided the material for the curtains at Birkness and the Salving House.

The sympathy of all members will go out to his widow and daughter and other members of his family.

J. C. APPLEYARD.

CROSBY I. W. FOX, 1953-1957

The Club has recently had a tragic loss in the death by accident of C. I. W. Fox. He was leader of the Y.R.C. expedition to the Jugal Himalaya, and at the time was one of a rope with G. Spenceley and two Sherpas. The party was overtaken by an avalanche and swept into a crevasse, Fox and the two Sherpas being killed.

Crosby Fox joined the Club in 1953. He was at this time a very capable climber, though his opportunities had been necessarily restricted by his career in the Merchant Navy. He then took a partnership as a marine surveyor, and was able to pay more frequent visits to the hills, but particularly to the Lakes, climbing regularly on all the main crags. He also had several very good seasons climbing guideless in the Alps on major routes.

His manner was gentle and cheerful, but it was soon obvious that he was a natural leader in any company, by his essential

qualities of soundness and determination. He was good humoured at all times and the best of companions, quite regardless whether he was climbing or walking, but always happy to be on the hills.

J. E. CULLINGWORTH.

MRS. A. C. ACKERLEY, 1954-1957

It was a great shock to those of us who were at the New Year Meet and remember how Mrs. Ann Ackerley, full of her usual energy and good spirits, joined in all the activities—on the fells during the day and at the social gatherings in the evening — to hear in the early summer of her serious illness and soon afterwards of her death. Although she had been a member of the Club only since 1954 she was well-known to those of us who have attended the New Year Meets since it became the custom to hold them in Langdale. She was an enthusiastic fell walker and joined in the family walks whatever the weather. Exiled from the hills for most of the year not a day was to be missed. It is indeed tragic that her fell days should end in middle life. Only last year, as can be read in Howard Somervell's account of the Glen Affric Meet, Ann and Graham Ackerley out-tigered the tigers, but few know that they ended that holiday with an epic ascent of Braeriach. Winter had lingered in the Cairngorms and a hard climb was followed by a harder descent in a full gale accompanied by hail, rain and snow in turn. The sympathy of the Club goes to a family united in its love of the hills and in membership of the Fell and Rock no less than in other ways.

MURIEL FILES.

ARTHUR BURTON,	1924-1956	F. G. HEAP,	1926-1957
H. R. CARTER,	1934-1956	J. G. KEKWICK,	1936-1957
F. H. DUNCAN,	1935-1956	A. U. SARPY,	1943-1956
		MRS. W. TAYLOR,	1946-1957

But we like to think
Their spirits, passing like the summer breeze,
Still draw their fragrance from our heather slopes,
And wander on to greet the tufted grass
Within the crevices of some high rock,
Where distant views entrance.

JUBILEE DINNER, 1956

A. H. Griffin

The Jubilee Dinner, held on the last Saturday in October, was the most important social event in the 50 years' history of the club, but this was only one part of a wonderful week-end. For most of us it was an opportunity to look back with pride on our club's great past, to look forward with confidence to its future, to renew old friendships and, in a sense, to re-dedicate our lives to the hills.

The week-end started in a businesslike way with the Annual General Meeting—the biggest A.G.M. which most of us can remember—but no time was wasted with long speeches. The reports of the officers were quickly approved, the Treasurer reported an anonymous gift to the club of £200 and the Editor was congratulated on the excellence and timing of the jubilee number of the *Journal*. The new officers were then elected.

Proposing the election of Dick Plint as his successor, the President (Howard Somervell) said our new leader would also be carrying on with his job as Treasurer. He could not think of any member more suitable than Dick for the highest office in the club. In reply, Dick spoke modestly of his great affection for the club and said that the honour was one of which he had never dreamed.

Geoffrey Stevens, retiring from the *Journal* Editorship, was promoted one of the Vice-Presidents in place of the new President—the other is Bill Kendrick—and Muriel Files became the new Editor. The other officers were re-elected, particular tribute being paid to Lyna Pickering for her enthusiastic efficiency. After a ballot for the new Committee the most interesting item discussed was a proposal to increase the entrance fee from ten shillings to one guinea. After Lawson Cook had steered us through the legal complications, Geoffrey Stevens suggested that the new entrance fee should be one pound instead of one guinea, which he thought was 'an 18th century anachronism.' But after Dick Plint — speaking as the Honorary Treasurer— had given several good technical reasons why a guinea was to be preferred, Stevens withdrew his amendment, promising, however, to bring the matter up again at the Centenary Dinner! A discussion on club meets followed, some members thinking that the outlying valleys were being neglected, and this matter was left to the committee. After Nancy Murray had thanked the officers and committee for their work during the past year, and while we were waiting for the scrutineers to count the committee ballot, Leslie Somervell brought up the old question of a club tie but did not get very far with it. Five minutes later we were converging on the dining room and seeking out old friends.

So great had been the demand for dinner tickets that the dining room at the 'George' had to be used in addition to the dining room and the ballroom at the 'Royal Oak,' but everyone was present for the speeches at the 'Royal Oak' and 380 members and guests joined in the celebrations. Among them were several members from overseas, including Mary Cockerton (Mary Leighton) who had flown over from Canada to be present. Dorothy Pilley Richards had come from the United States as also had Derek and Barbara Teare. Prominently placed in the dining room was a huge birthday cake made

in the shape of a relief map of the central Lake District. The hill features had been worked out in marzipan and icing, and in the centre was the Napes Needle with two climbers at work. During the dinner the President called upon Eve Appleyard, who was elected in 1913 and is still active in the club, to cut the cake; she was photographed doing this very gracefully with an ice axe. The cover of the menu card, showing the four huts, was designed by Heaton Cooper; within were apt quotations, with the choice of which rumour associates the Honorary Secretary.

The guests of honour at the top table were four original members—George Abraham, Henry Braithwaite, Jonathan Stables and J. B. Wilton. In his toast to Absent Friends the President referred to the remaining handful of original members who had not been able to be present that night; telegrams had come from most of them as well as from many other friends of the club.

The toast of 'The Club' was proposed by R. W. Eldridge who said that he, a member of a mere 14 years standing, had been asked to do so because of the death of T. R. Burnett who had originally been chosen for the task. The early members, he said, little knew that the club would eventually draw from all walks of life, from all occupations and professions. This experience, he thought, had been to the advantage both of the individual and the club, which had been able to call on the advice of such people as architects, bankers, surveyors, joiners, plumbers, etc., to say nothing of income tax inspectors. Quite apart from the variety of members' occupations, it was also perhaps interesting to consider their different approach to mountains. Some members only climbed mountains which rose a certain height above sea level, others got their greatest kick out of walking tremendous distances and some were only concerned about how they could decently get down to the valley in time for tea. Some members liked good, clean rock while others were only happy when they were pulling down the mountain sides. Indeed, one or two of the more methodical members of the club had probably removed no less than ten thousand tons of scenery from one part of the valley to another in a place not far from where they were seated. From its very earliest days the club had admitted both sexes to membership. This, he thought, was a sign of maturity which representatives of other clubs might note. The club now had a hut in each of the four principal valleys of the Lake District and these huts had been instrumental in introducing to the mountains large numbers of people who would not otherwise have had the chance to get into the hills. He thought that perhaps the club's greatest contribution to mountaineering had been the way in which it had been able to help countless young people in their climbing and fell walking, towards, he believed, a better way of life. The club had been fortunate in its presidents and its success had been in large measure due to their ability and wisdom. Howard Somervell upheld in a splendid way the very highest traditions of all his predecessors. His qualifications as a mountaineer were known in many parts of the world, he had adorned his profession both as a doctor and as a teacher, he had permitted the arts to play a big part in his life, and, most of all, he had given his service to humanity in a very special field.

Why had they joined a mountaineering club? he asked. Most of them he thought had done so because of the friendships it gave and the oppor-

tunities for wandering the hills with one's friends. Those who were most active in a club such as theirs were those who got most out of it. Those who gave most would always get most in return. He asked the company to drink with him a toast to the club in gratitude to the small band of men of 50 years before whose sincerity and purpose had so effectively laid the foundations of the club.

The first half of the President's reply was well salted with humour and we laughed about his invention of the Half Munro (it counted if you did two of these) and his climbs with Bentley Beetham (armed with a screw-driver). Then in serious mood the President referred to the deaths of members during the year; Ormiston-Chant, one of the early members of the club and the discoverer of Arête, Chimney and Crack; George Wood-Johnson, who had shown his pluck in the Himalaya; Wilson Hey, who had done so much in the development of the mountain rescue service; T. A. Woodsend, who had taken him up his first real rock climb and T. R. Burnett, who was to have spoken to them that night. Burnett had been noted for so many things that he did not know what to pick out. He had been very old in years but his judgment in committee had been just as sound as it had been 20 years before.

The President spoke of the club's long association with Everest and said that two things remained to be done. He would like to see somebody get to the top without oxygen and he would like to see a member of the Fell and Rock reach the summit. Perhaps both feats might be performed by the same person.

Speaking of new rock climbs in Lakeland, the President said he had noticed that in the latest list of new routes only one had been made by a member of the club. This was rather sad, but perhaps it was only a temporary phase. There was a real need, he thought, for new climbs for members like himself. To find a new Difficult or Very Difficult which was also a good climb was not easy and those who found such climbs brought great credit to the club. In conclusion the President said the Fell and Rock had provided them all with companions for their climbs for many years, it had provided them with shelter and it had been a club to be loyal to. He hoped that all members would continue to hand on their experience to others so that many could benefit from the rocks and fells which had meant so much to all of them.

Proposing the toast 'Original Members and other Club Guests,' Graham Wilson said if there had been no original members they would not have been enjoying the company of the other guests that night. They were particularly pleased that not only were four original members present, but that they were also able to welcome Mrs. Elliott-Smith and Mrs. Newby, daughters of the late Edward Scantlebury who had been largely responsible for the formation of the club. It was particularly appropriate that the name of George D. Abraham should be the first to appear in the list of members, for the Keswick brothers had done more than anybody else in their generation to stimulate and encourage the sport of rock climbing. They were also glad to have among them Henry Braithwaite, an Honorary Freeman of the Borough of Kendal and brother-in-law of their beloved Darwin Leighton, Jonathan Stables, one of the pioneers of the Gimmer climbs and J. B. Wilton, a good climber in his day and

a redoubtable fell walker. What would their lives have been like, Wilson asked, if there had been no original members and no Fell and Rock Climbing Club? What staunch friends they might never have known. What glorious days of comradeship on the heights and in the valleys they might have missed.

The speaker also welcomed the other guests who included Emlyn Jones (Alpine Club), A. J. J. Moulam (Climbers' Club), R. L. B. Colledge (Midland Association of Mountaineers), Miss D. Shortall (Pinnacle Club), Ross Higgins (Scottish Mountaineering Club), G. Spencer (Wayfarers' Club), and our member, Douglas Milner, representing the Rucksack Club as its President.

The reply on behalf of the original members came from Jonathan Stables, who referred briefly in particular to those original members who had not been able to be present. 'To these old members,' he said, 'I say this, "keep right on to the end of the road, and God bless you all."'

Replying on behalf of the other club guests Emlyn Jones was in his usual good form. As a member of a foreign club he wished to express its thanks to the Fell and Rock for its guides to the Lakeland crags. These, in fact, had been the model on which the Climbers' Club guides had been based. He was also glad of the opportunity, on behalf of the Alpine Club, to pay tribute to the fine traditions of the Fell and Rock, which were known not only in their own fells but also in many other parts of the climbing world. He did not think the enjoyment of climbing came from what one climbed so much as how one climbed, and the comradeship which was won.

As usual, John Hirst and Harry Spilsbury entertained us with their songs and the dinner ended with thanks to Mr. A. Beck, manager of the Royal Oak Hotel, for his courtesy and co-operation.

On the Sunday morning a large company of members of the club attended a club jubilee thanksgiving service at St. John's Parish Church, Keswick, before going on to the fells. The service was conducted by the Vicar (Rev. V. M. Spencer Ellis) who had been one of our guests at the dinner, the lesson was read by the President and the address was given by a member, the Rev. G. W. Ellison, Vicar of Langdale. Before leaving the church, members made their thank offering for health and strength and the money will go to the Crippled Help Society, Manchester.

One feature of the jubilee celebrations was the splendid exhibition in the Keswick Moot Hall of photographs and colour slides taken by members. The exhibition, arranged by Phyllis and Edward Wormell with the help of Wallace Greenhalgh, was illustrative of the earliest days of the club as well as of more recent activities of club members in the Himalaya and Antarctica.

A wet morning on the Sunday turned into a pleasant afternoon and from the Salving House many members wandered on to the crags and fells before returning to the Royal Oak for a show of slides of early members and club meets given by John Appleyard. Thus ended, on a reminiscent note, the most important club occasion most of us can remember—an occasion which did high credit to its hard-working organizers.

THE CLUB

Our founders clearly could not know, I'm sure they didn't surmise
That through the years the Club would grow to such extravagant size.
We still have nine O.M's, that's fine! from a total of round two score.
We number now below a thou', by rule we can't be more,
So that is how we're not a thou', by rule we can't be more.

Heigh Ho! Nobody seems to know
Why some delight to scale a height, while others stay below,
But we get thrills from climbing hills, it always has been so,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago.

We've had great times on walks and climbs among the Cumberland Fells.
We've spent large sums converting slums to luxury hotels.
We've climbed the crags in filthy rags on Pillar, the Napes and Dow
And year by year we've scared the deer to bag the bleak 'Munro,'
And year by year we've scared the deer to bag the bleak 'Munro.'

Heigh Ho! In sunshine, rain and snow,
Some would race and set the pace, and some go very slow,
And some would pick the smallest nick for fingertip and toe,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago.

We've had most worthy Presidents, as every journal tells.
Not all were Lakeland residents, but all adored the Fells.
From every walk of life they came, all notables in their way,
But none can claim a wider fame than he who rules today,
But none can claim a wider fame than he who rules today.

Heigh Ho! The veterans watched it grow
From humblest of beginnings to the grandest Club we know.
Let us drink to all the Presidents who've helped to make it so,
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago.

J.H.

Sung by John Hirst at the Jubilee Dinner on the 27th October, 1956.

LONDON SECTION, 1956

The London Section had a good start to the year with a walk in Richmond Park led by Hamish and Millicent McArthur, who are regular visitors on our meets. A wet start was fortunately followed by a sunny afternoon, giving the photographers of the club plenty of scope. Deer and old oak trees are two of the principal features of this park, which extends over an area of 2,350 acres. A holiday could be spent watching the wild life, riding, walking or playing golf according to taste. Our walk was followed by an excellent tea provided by the leaders, as well as a show of slides of their expedition to Central Lahul in the Himalaya. Eighteen members of the club enjoyed this entertainment and we must congratulate the McArthurs not only on their superb colour photos but also on their initiative in carrying out this expedition, which included map making and general exploration, together with some first ascents of peaks of about 20,000 feet.

Our next meeting was on 29th April with a switchback walk over the Chilterns, starting from Chesham, with Mabel Burton leading. Stella Joy introduced the party, who numbered eight, to her new dog companion 'Spot.' All of us knew 'Jock,' who was unfortunately killed early in the year, and hope his successor will be seen equally frequently.

The annual walk with the Rucksack Club was led by Frank Solari, who volunteered to do this at short notice. A hilly walk was expected so nobody was disappointed when a dozen, including five Fell & Rock members, left Dorking in a heat wave for Ranmore Common, dropping down to Wootton Hatch before climbing Leith Hill, 965 feet above sea level, the highest point in South-East England.

A party of eight, together with 'Spot,' had a warm day for another Chiltern country walk on 27th May, led by Stella Joy and Joyce Lancaster-Jones and starting from Henley. Ned Hamilton was the only man on this occasion and enjoyed himself thoroughly. M. N. Clarke, who can always be relied upon to lead one or more good walks in the course of the year, did not disappoint us. On 3rd June he had six companions for a visit to Kent, where they saw Chiddingstone, with its charming half-timbered houses, and Penshurst Place, a grand old mansion which for about 200 years was the home of the Sidney family, some of whose portraits can be seen.

We had a second walk in June over the Surrey heights led by R. P. Mears. Haslemere, Hindhead, Thursley, Peper Harrow Park and Charterhouse were all visited by him and his fellow walkers who enjoyed a variety of scenery. Sandy heights alternated with a hammer pond and an attractive church with an epitaph to an unknown sailor, who was murdered in 1786 on the Portsmouth Road.

No outings took place in July or August, as most members seemed to be off among the mountains, and the next, on 9th September, was over the Sussex Downs led by Jim Beatson, who has been a regular visitor and is now, we are happy to say, a full member of the club. A soaking morning discouraged many people from turning up, and two who had intended to join him unfortunately missed the train. Those who braved the elements were rewarded by having an excellent afternoon, with fine views over the Seven Sisters and Newhaven (with the Channel boat bringing late holiday makers back from France).

In the autumn M. N. Clarke again made the Walks Secretary's task easier and led a walk in the Chilterns on 7th October. He and his companions, numbering fifteen, enjoyed the lovely autumn tints of the beech woods between Great Missenden and Wendover, with a superb view from Coombe Hill. The November outing was held in Surrey. Ruth Pickersgill and Phyl Jackson decided that short days did not necessitate short walks, and their party was led through some of Surrey's beauty spots, starting from and finishing at Horsley. Newlands Corner and Silent Pool were both seen free from summer crowds and the walk finished in bright moonlight.

The Annual Dinner took place as usual at the Connaught Rooms and the price unfortunately had to be raised to 20/-. The Secretaries were rather alarmed lest this figure would keep some people away and a little research into prices charged since the foundation of the section in 1919 produced on interesting but sad story of the effects of inflation. The first dinners at the New Villa Restaurant, Gerrard Street, cost only about 7/- and for six years until 1929 the venue was at the Hotel Cecil at a cost of 8/6. This was raised by 2/- in 1930 but no further increases were needed until the war; since then rises have unfortunately occurred frequently. Despite the increased charge fifty-five were present and had the usual enjoyable evening. The club guests were Una Cameron representing the Ladies' Alpine Club; F. R. Crepin from the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club; F. R. Robinson from the Midland Association of Mountaineers; Eric S. Smith from the Wayfarers' Club; J. B. Wilton, an original member of the Fell & Rock, and Mrs. Wilton; and Mary Cockerton, an old friend from the Lake District who has honoured the club by flying some 5,000 miles from her present home in Canada to attend the Jubilee Dinner at Keswick and the London Section dinner as well. It was a great pleasure to see her once more. The toast to the guests and kindred clubs was proposed by H. N. Fairfield with a witty speech and F. R. Crepin responded. The latter shows that he enjoys listening to Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon as well as climbing the Lakeland Fells and produced striking evidence to show that Shakespeare must have been an enthusiastic mountaineer with many Lakeland climbs to his credit. We hope that this original research will induce others to study Shakespeare's works with the same keenness and create some controversy comparable with that produced by Hannibal. A toast to Dr. Hadfield was proposed by R. A. Tyssen-Gee who mentioned how very pleased the London Section had been that he was one of those selected to be an honorary member of the club in this jubilee year—an honour which he well deserved.

Mabel Burton led the walk on the Sunday following the dinner; starting from Leatherhead, her party were soon up on the misty heights of Headley and Box Hill, which was looking in some ways more attractive than in the summer months when it was overcrowded with people and covered with litter. We dropped down steeply to the Mole Valley wondering if these slopes would be covered by snow in a few weeks time, to provide a happy playground for skiers. Tea and a warm room were welcome at the Burford Bridge Hotel where tentative plans were made for climbing holidays in the following year.

R. A. Tyssen-Gee.
E. W. Hamilton.

EDITOR'S NOTES

To say that the resignation of W. G. Stevens from the Editorship of the *Journal* was received with regret would be an understatement. He generously assumed that office to help the Club at a difficult time and has filled it with distinction. He has gracefully yielded to persuasion until this year, when, unfortunately, he was quite unshakeable in his determination to resign. Having, as Assistant Editor, had some connection with the *Journal* for the past three years, I can appreciate the orderly and methodical way in which the less spectacular side of the editorial work was performed. This in itself would have eased the task of a successor, but in addition I am much indebted to my predecessor for as much assistance as it would have been possible to give without actually producing the *Journal* himself. My thanks are also due to those who unobtrusively help with the 'regular features': to Molly FitzGibbon who obtains and distributes the books for review; to Peter Moffat who has the arduous task of collecting the new climbs; to Harry Griffin who, in reporting the Annual Dinner, gives the *Journal* the benefit of his professional skill; to Harry Ironfield for performing the difficult task of blending the varied styles of the Meet Leaders' reports into a coherent account of the Club year; to Bill Kendrick for gathering the news items and recording them in 'Club Notes and Comments'; to our indefatigable Honorary Secretary for organizing the distribution to members; indeed, to all who have contributed to the *Journal*, for their co-operation, particularly in the endeavour to advance the date of publication.

The Guide Editor is to be congratulated on the appearance of the Dow Guide. It had been intended to combine the Eastern Fells with Dow Crag, but as the Dow material was ready and it seemed that there might be considerable delay in completing the Eastern Fells, it was decided to go ahead with the Dow section, adding to it a supplement of new climbs of which there have been a great number since the publication of the earlier guides of this series.

It is perhaps natural that the successor to the Jubilee number of the *Journal*, which was so appropriately devoted to the Club and the District, should be largely concerned with the activities of our members in more distant places; at least one article (John Jackson's account of the Kangchenjunga expedition) would in the normal course of events have appeared last year. It is, however, encouraging to see in 'Climbs Old and New' a renewed interest among members in the exploration of the Lake District crags, inspired no doubt by our outgoing President's speech at the Jubilee Dinner.

It is very satisfactory to be able to publish an authoritative account of Billiard Fives, about which some controversy has arisen as a result of a footnote on the subject in 'The First Fifty Years,' and the thanks of the Club are due to Bentley Beetham for putting this historic game on record. It is to be hoped that he will follow up with some notes on the other purpose for which the Wasdale Head billiard table achieved fame.

Only one other point in Frank Simpson's monumental work has so far been the subject of a correction; this concerns the Jubilee ascent of the Needle in 1936. Frank Simpson reversed the rôles of the Editor and President and attributed the speech from the top to G. R. Speaker, whereas it was actually made by R. S. T. Chorley (as he then was) and the affair is accurately described by T. R. Burnett in Volume XI (Nos. 30 and 31) of the *Journal*.

The activities of individual members, as far as we know them, are recorded by W. E. Kendrick in 'Club Notes and Comments,' so that it remains here simply to offer our congratulations to those who have appeared in the Honours' List and to convey the best wishes of the Club to those who are taking part in explorations and expeditions in many parts of the world. Perhaps special mention might be made of the appointment, richly deserved, to the National Parks Commission of the Rev. H. H. Symonds, to whom we owe so much for his long stand in defence of Lake District amenities.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has approached the Club on the subject of the peregrine falcon. It seems that collectors of the eggs of this bird have sought to obtain the co-operation of climbers: the help of Fell & Rock members in reporting such approaches and in recording peregrine eyries would be welcomed. Bona fide falconers should be able to produce licences from the Home Office or the Scottish Office.

Some time ago the Club was asked to help with the scheme for the Duke of Edinburgh's award. The scheme is now beginning to take shape and recently some of our members were asked to give instruction in rock-climbing to a party of boys who were undergoing a camping test in the Lake District, but to their mutual disappointment the weather put this out of the question and they had to be content with a fell walk.

It will be sadly noted that the 'In Memoriam' section is a long one. The Club is the poorer by the deaths of no less than three of its original members:—T. C. Ormiston-Chant, J. R. Whiting and G. F. Woodhouse; in addition we have suffered a great loss in the death of T. R. Burnett, the only member to have been President twice; although elected in 1908 he never ceased to be active in Club life and was well known to younger as well as to older members. His legacy of £1,000 and his mountaineering equipment and books was the culmination of a lifetime of service to the Fell and Rock. Other benefactions during the year were the gift of £200 to the Club 'on account of its excellent work and associations' by a member who prefers to remain anonymous, and the bequest of his mountaineering library by G. F. Woodhouse. Among other gifts to the Club Library was one from Mr. R. R. Butchart, of Dundee. It is a copy of the second edition of West's Guide to the Lakes, dated 1780; on the title page is an inscription in the first Librarian's handwriting: 'Presented to the Fell and Rock Climbing Club by L. Randal, Esq., Ulverston.' It must have been one of the first Library books which has somehow escaped from the Library during the years.

It being unfortunately impossible through lack of space to include obituary notices of all members lost to the Club through death each year, the President has had the happy idea of incorporating in the 'In Memoriam' section some lines from Lawrence Pilkington's *In Memoriam W. C. S.* (Slingsby)—slightly adapted with the approval of his daughters —which it is hoped members will think a fitting memorial to all who have loved the rocks and fells.

July, 1957. MURIEL FILES.

After the *Journal* had gone to press we heard (16th August) with great regret of the death of C. H. Evans, author of the Latin verses on page 24 and of the paragraph (page 90) on G. F. Woodhouse.

CLUB NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is a pleasure to begin these notes with one of congratulation to the Alpine Club who are celebrating their centenary this year. Felicitations, also, to the Ladies' Alpine Club on their Jubilee.

Accounts of the Club's activities during the Jubilee Year appear elsewhere in the *Journal*, but it would be appropriate to record here that their success was mainly due to the hard work of the Secretary, Lyna Pickering, and of the Hut and Meets Secretary, Harry Ironfield, to whom we owe our sincere thanks. The Jubilee was noticed by the Press and the B.B.C. Harry Griffin wrote excellent articles for the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Lancashire Evening Post*. On the night of the Jubilee Dinner he spoke on Radio Newsreel and a few days later gave a fine broadcast in 'The North Countryman.'

Several members from overseas contrived to be in England at the time of the Jubilee Dinner, but there was no such good fortune for Don Atkinson, Ron Miller and John Thompson who were (the two latter still are) with the Falkland Islands Dependencies' Survey. Perhaps, however, they regard themselves as fortunate and would not have changed places with any of us. Don is now home and gives news of the other two. Though he did manage one climbing trip he says little about his own activities (the Editor hopes he will contribute something on them to the next number of the *Journal*), except that his party carried through their survey work in exceptionally adverse climatic conditions; it was too hot rather than too cold. Don met both Ron and John. Ron is base leader, British magistrate, customs officer, harbour master, etc., at a new base on the mainland coast about 80 miles north of the Antarctic Circle and gives the impression that he and his five companions are in one of the most desirable situations in Grahamland. John is base leader, British magistrate, etc., for Anvers Island which has the reputation of being a happy and active base. He has climbed Mt. Français (2nd ascent).

Alf Gregory is in the Karakoram with an Anglo-Italian party. K. I. Meldrum, who is in the Andes, is reported safe after being cut off from his party for nearly a week. George Spenceley is home after the Yorkshire Ramblers' expedition to the Jugal Himmal which ended so tragically in the death of Crosby Fox. Another of our members, Major J. O. Roberts, led the successful expedition to Macha Puchra which from accounts that have reached us is a very formidable peak. Unfortunately news of Jack Tucker's participation in the successful expedition to the Peruvian Andes last year was received too late for inclusion in the 1956 'Notes.' He is now in Malaya at the Outward Bound School.

At home, the rest of our members who cannot attain such heights or such latitudes have made the most of what there is in the Lake District. The Treasurer tells us that his accounts show that the huts have been used more than ever despite petrol rationing, and that the demand for copies of the Guides has been a record one.

Three of our members appeared in the New Year's Honours List. H. J. C. Griffin, Secretary of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, received a knighthood; Peter Lloyd a C.B.E., and H. P. Spilsbury an O.B.E. We congratulate each of them.

W.E.K.

CORRECTION. Journal No. 50 (1956).

Page 370. For Rochefort Arête read Frontier Ridge.