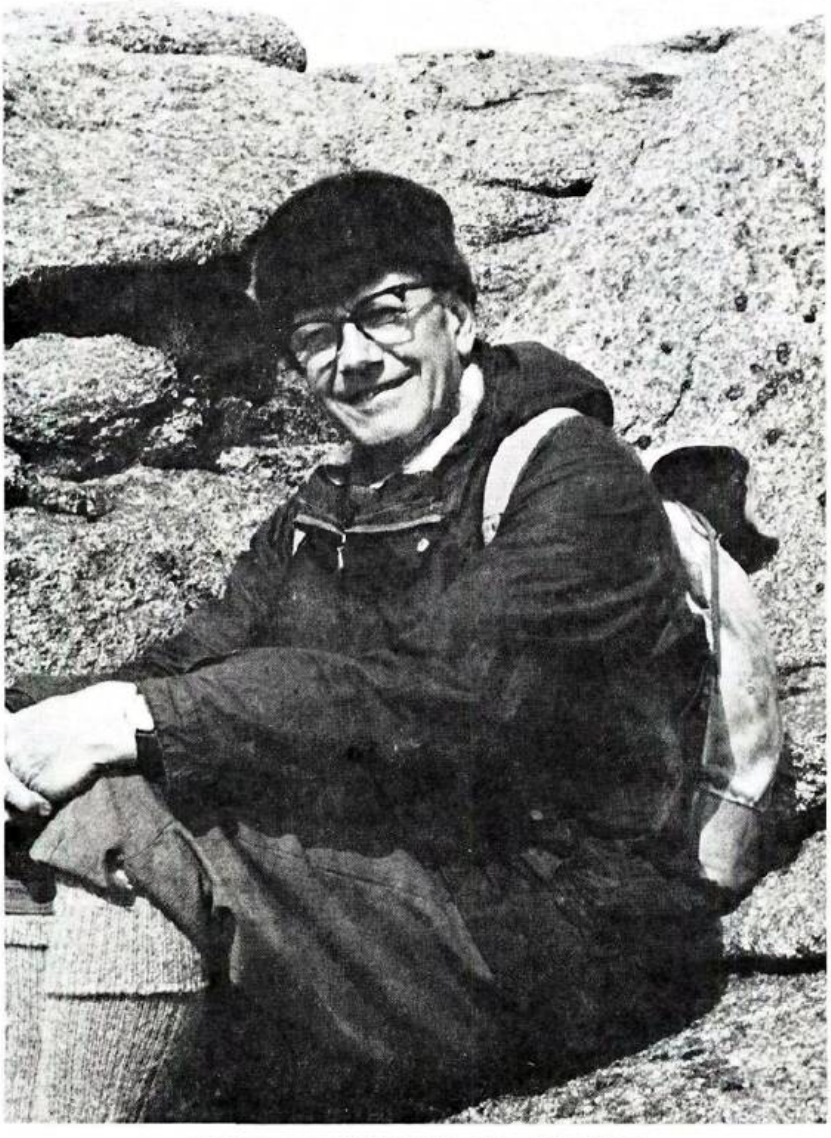

DONALD MURRAY (President 1964-1966)

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SUN, SNOW AND SILENCE

—A Journey Across Central Greenland on Ski

Roger Tufft

Last summer Roger Tufft, William Wallace, Dr. Hugh Simpson and Mrs. Simpson crossed from the east to the west coast of Greenland—the first unaided crossing of the ice-cap since that of Nansen in 1888. The main purpose of the crossing was to make a study of adrenal response to prolonged physical stress. This is an account of their 400-mile journey.

In the summer of 1888, the young Norwegian, Fridtjof Nansen, confounded his critics and astonished his contemporaries by making the first crossing of the Greenland ice-cap. Against all advice he crossed from the uninhabited and virtually unknown east coast to the friendly, inhabited west. However, delays in the pack ice had resulted in Nansen abandoning his original plan of a crossing from Angmagssalik to Christianshaab and taking instead a shorter and more southerly route.

Since Nansen's time there have been numerous crossings of the ice-cap with a variety of expeditions aided by dogs, ponies and Weasels. No-one had repeated Nansen's achievement of crossing using man-power only. However, techniques in manhauling have improved almost as much as climbing since 1888 and it seemed by no means unreasonable therefore to plan an unaided crossing along Nansen's original route. Fortunately, Dr. Simpson who had done previous physiological research in the Antarctic and Arctic, was able to obtain a grant to study the effect of prolonged stress such as that provided by a 400-mile manhauling journey. However, the Danish government refused to give permission for us to attempt the journey and certain authorities at home demurred at backing a trip of such length, maintaining that it would be impossible to carry sufficient food and fuel for the complete crossing. Accordingly, we agreed to shorten our crossing by descending from the ice-cap in the region of Sondre Strom fiord whence we would complete the journey to Christianshaab by canoe. (In fact, whilst not obstructing us, the Danes never did give permission to make the crossing.)

On 12th June 1965 we left Glasgow for Reykjavik and the next day flew by Dakota to Angmagssalik. Whilst still some

50 miles offshore we broke through the pall of summer cloud into the unbroken sunshine which was to characterise the weather during the following three months. Our first view was of the East coast pack ice—ice which had delayed Nansen for so many frustrating weeks but which we crossed in about twenty minutes.

We spent most of the following week at Angmagssalik receiving much help from the friendly Danes and seeing to the thousand and one items which every expedition leaves until the last minute. However, on Sunday, 20th June, we finally set sail in a small boat generously provided by the Greenland Trading Company. We hoped to reach the plateau by the route pioneered by Gino Watkins and used by a number of English expeditions in the nineteen thirties. But some miles from our proposed landing point we met with loose pack ice across the fiord, and there was every indication that the ice was thicker further to the south. We had to decide whether to attempt to reach our proposed landing site (with all the resultant delay that a failure would entail) or be landed on the fiord ice and climb inland by means of a route which the Greenlanders assured us was quite feasible and used by their sledging parties in winter. We decided to risk this latter route although as far as we knew it had never been used by any previous expedition. We unloaded onto the fiord ice helped by the willing Eskimo crew who were much amused by the idea that anyone should want to move a sledge without the aid of dogs. After farewell tea and biscuits, the four of us set forth pulling our two sledges. Despite the hot sun and the soft snow the sledges ran easily with their 400 lb. loads. But we soon met melt pools which frequently bogged down the sledges and forced us to double up on our pulling. That night we camped on a small ice foot having covered four miles.

The next day was once more cloudless and we continued up the fiord and into one of its southern arms at the head of which lay our hoped-for route. However, as the sun rose the surface worsened. Fresh water melt pools became more and more frequent and we were often wading up to our knees. On occasions the sledges were completely bogged down and had to be unloaded. We finally left one sledge in mid-fiord and continued with the other. By 2 p.m. we were approaching the shore line. Melt streams were running from the cliffs and we began to wonder whether the ice (which normally melts first along the shore) would extend sufficiently close to the land to

enable us to get ashore without difficulty. However, after some search, we found a way for our sledge and were soon camped on the mainland. Two hours later we returned with the second sledge—our first difficulty had been negotiated.

Determined to avoid the heat of the previous day, we rose at midnight and set off with a light load to reconnoitre a route which we hoped would take us onto a glacier which from sea level seemed to give an easy road to the ice-cap. We had timed our arrival well—there was still sufficient snow at sea level to start sledging immediately instead of having to back-pack our loads for the first thousand feet as we had feared. We were further cheered by finding a pipe and some chewing gum wrappers—sure signs that we were on a sledge route. That day, aided by a frozen lake, we relayed our load to a moraine at 500 feet—the last hour in sweltering heat from which we were all glad to escape. Nevertheless, we were now camped beside the glacier and there seemed no obstacle to prevent us reaching the ice-cap proper. During the next two nights we moved all equipment to a rock outcrop at 3,000 feet. This was to be our jumping off camp for the ice-cap crossing. One sledge was abandoned and all surplus packing discarded. From here we would start with 45 days' food and a sledge loaded to 700 lb.

We started our crossing on 25th June. From the first the going was heavy and we continually broke through the surface crust. One of us would push from the rear of the sledge whilst the other three pulled on skis. We had not brought skins but improvised by lying strands of climbing rope around the ski. Pulling thus was a slow business and we were struggling to average 5 miles a day instead of the ten we had planned. These were dull, depressing days and we were forced to march many hours each day in an effort to achieve a reasonable distance. On 3rd July we were forced to lie up by continuous rain which lasted some 36 hours. Depressing though this was, we were heartened by the fact that the rain compacted the surface and left an ideal sledging crust. Discarding our rope 'skins', we set off and were soon averaging 3 m.p.h. During the next 10 days, we slowly ate into the distance until we had covered over 200 miles.

These days followed a regular and monotonous pattern. We set off about 8 p.m. and sledged throughout the night. There was no perceptible uphill gradient and for hour after hour we moved over a smooth, level surface. The sun dipped

below the horizon for a short while around midnight but there was no real darkness. The changing patterns of the clouds and the procession of the sun and moon were the only movements in the dead landscape. Every three hours we stopped for a meteorological observation—temperature, wind, height, surface conditions and cloud cover were recorded. We all looked forward to these brief halts as a break from the otherwise uneventful routine. The worst hours were between midnight and 3 a.m. when the air was cold and often damp with fog. At midnight we usually halted, pitched tent, and had a brew of soup and cocoa. By 6 a.m. we could feel once more the heat of the sun and this was the time for the stripping of anoraks and the last hour's fast run in order to round off the night's mileage. The slight surface thaw improved the sledge running, but by 9 a.m. the snow had become 'sandy' once more and as soon as we stepped out of our skis to pitch camp, we sank past our ankles and often to our calves. So intense was the sun's radiation during the day, that we normally slept on our sleeping bags and sometimes outside the tent.

At noon a sun shot gave us our latitude and the day's run was fixed on our plotting chart. A bearing to the sun was taken with our prismatic compass and the magnetic variation worked out. Since this varies from 40° to 50°W. on the Greenland ice-cap, and has not been accurately plotted, it was essential to know the daily variation.

On the 9th July we achieved our greatest height—8,100 feet and two days later crossed the Arctic circle. All talk now was of the U.S. radar station DYE 2, and when it would appear. We had been given its latitude and longitude and although off our direct course, we decided to call at it in order to report our position. Shortly after starting on 11th July, we spotted a small black dot on the horizon, slightly off course to our left. Hour after hour we skied towards it. It seemed to get no nearer but lay, a shimmering football mirage, on the white expanse of ice-cap. (In fact it was 23 miles away when first spotted.) However, we finally stood in its shadow—an enormous black ball balanced on slender steel legs which were jacked up to protect it from the drift-snow of winter. The kindly Americans made us welcome with showers, clean beds and hot meals. We departed that evening with a welcome gift of chocolate and oranges. Ten miles from the station we camped, consumed their gift of 24 bars of chocolate and slept a long overdue sleep.

We were now at a height of 7,000 feet and about 25 miles to the south of a direct course from Angmagssalik to Sondre Strom fiord. Just over half of the crossing had been accomplished: some 250 miles out of a calculated distance of 400. Our plan was to steer north-west until we reached the latitude of Sondre Strom fiord and then turn due west for the final descent from the ice. The reason for this was twofold—first it made easier the problem of navigation in the final 50 miles and secondly it meant that we should travel as short a distance as possible in the region of summer thaw.

Now for the first time we were able to use our sail and with its help we increased our daily distance by some 5 miles. The cold air from the ice plateau drains downwards, increasing its speed as it nears sea level. Nansen was the first to encounter these winds, finding them bitterly cold during his ascent in August 1888 and of gale strength during his west coast descent. Fortunately we encountered no head winds during our ascent and it was only after some days of descent that a perceptible following wind was noticed. However, we were to benefit from its persistence during the next four days.

We were still dropping slowly, moving north-west. Just before midnight on 15th July we passed our first lake. Shortly afterwards we altered course to due west. The following days were to be the most difficult of the whole journey. As the summer progresses, the thaw, which starts at sea level, moves upwards and into the ice-cap. At the point of our descent, the ice-cap gradient was scarcely perceptible—approximately 2,000 feet in 40 miles. As a result, melt lakes are formed and streams meander endlessly between them. It is impossible to see any recognizable drainage pattern; one can only grope forward, moving upstream when a river is not immediately fordable. Some expeditions have found melt streams 80 miles from the ice edge and have encountered torrents 40 to 50 feet wide. Fortunately, the season was not well advanced at the time of our descent. Nevertheless, for the next 20 miles the snow was criss-crossed with a network of small streams and rivers. Despite their shallow gradient, most were extremely fast as they flowed over an unimpeded and almost frictionless ice-bed. Even when they were narrow, fording these streams was a laborious process as the approach to the banks consisted of rotten snow which would envelop skis and sledge runners alike.

We were made only too well aware of this when approaching

our first large lake. Whilst still 200 yards from its edge, our skis broke through and we were left floundering up to our knees in a mixture of snow and water. It took us over an hour to extricate ourselves and reverse the sledge. Frustrated and completely worn out we were forced to camp on a quagmire of snow which gave place to water a few inches below the surface. The next day we retreated and swung out of this 'valley' passing as we did an ancient depot abandoned by the French in the winter of 1958. This at least provided confirmation that we were on a route, wherever this particular route had led, but the empty wooden boxes yielded none of the dreamed-of luxuries.

These were slow and frustrating days. Dry feet were soon soaked, often minutes after setting out. The smaller streams we simply waded through. At the larger, we had to unpack, rope and crampon-up, and carry much of the load. We then towed the sledge as quickly as possible through the stream with everything packed inside the plastic tent bag or tightly sealed in the waterproof ground sheet. This procedure was rarely accomplished in under two hours and often we found our way once more barred by a stream a few hundred yards after completing a crossing. However, we slowly moved westward, periodically cheered by the sight of the twice weekly S.A.S. jet flying effortlessly towards Sondre Strom—a solitary silver arrow in the unbroken blue of the sky and a sure indication of the fact that we were still on course.

After four days in this Slough of Despond, we were relieved to see the odd crevasse—relieved since crevasses meant swallow holes and the disappearance of the interminable swift-flowing water. That day we covered 16 miles. Spirits once again rose—especially as we spotted some more oil drums, further relics of the French. The surface improved and we even talked blithely of completing the remaining twenty odd miles that day. Land, so often imagined, was now clearly visible on the horizon. We were clear of the melt area; the snow had completely disappeared from the surface and we were walking on bare ice as sharp and as clear as glass. As surface temperatures were now unimportant, we returned to day travel and discarded our skis, by now badly worn by the abrasive snow. On this new surface the sledge (now a mere 200 lb.) ran easily, and we were able to move quickly once more. Although crevasses were numerous all were visible and easily avoided. Our main source of delay was now pressure

ridges which increased in height and frequency as the downward-flowing ice was held back by the retaining wall of land. These ridges were often as high as 30 feet and wrought fearful damage to the sledge each time it crashed downwards.

At this point on the west coast there are no obvious landmarks and our sextant was only accurate to within two miles. We could pick up the radio signals from the United States air base at Sondre Strom fiord but these were at the extreme range of our receiver and again only accurate to within a few miles. We had hoped to strike land at the point marked on the French maps as Point 660 metres and for some days we had been making for an object visible above the ice-cap which we assumed to be Point 660. However, when some five miles from land, we decided that it was impossible for the rocks, towards which we were heading, to be Point 660. Our aerial photographs showed Point 660 to be a sharp arrow head of rock pointing east-west into the ice-cap. We were looking at a long bluff running north-south. We had, in fact, arrived some five miles too far north, and these extra five miles were to cost us another two days on the ice.

The next day whilst two of us back-packed loads across the remaining miles to Point 660, the other two re-lashed the badly battered sledge and replaced a damaged front bridge. In the late afternoon, whilst moving once more, we noticed some odd debris which at first we mistook for moraine. Suddenly, we were in the middle of a fantastic depot of some 5,000 beer cans scattered for about 400 yards on the ice. Many were burst but thousands were intact and the iced beer tasted wonderful in the heat and glare of the sun. (We speculated and argued as to their origin, and only later discovered that they had been part of a condemned stock from the American air base at Sondre Strom. The Americans had disposed of them by dumping them from an aircraft whilst flying over the ice-cap.)

Our last day on the ice-cap was the hottest. In a temperature of 45°C and under a blazing hot sun, we manoeuvred the sledge through the last few miles of contorted pressure ridges. Suddenly Point 660 was upon us—a mere 400 yards away—rather an anticlimax after the days of toil and speculation, for the ridge simply phased into the ice-cap and did not stand out as the bold finger of rock we had expected. Yet it was land—the first since the east coast—and it was like stepping ashore as we pitched camp that night on the soft

tundra. Flowers were in bloom everywhere and there were hare and caribou in plenty.

For the next three days we walked on a hot, dry carpet of tundra, so different from the soft snow and unyielding ice to which we had become accustomed. The sledge was dismantled and from now on we were forced to back-pack. Our load was divided into eight bundles and we relayed our way slowly downstream to the air terminal at Sondre Strom. The heavy loads and long bundles bent our backs and made walking difficult. But these were carefree days for the journey was really over. Thirty-nine days after leaving the boat on the east coast, we walked into the S.A.S. lounge at Sondre Strom fiord. Soon we were eating a magnificent Danish meal provided by the manager, Mr. Malmquist. Our journey was over.

* * *

We finished the ice-cap crossing with twelve days' food left after a journey of almost exactly 400 miles. In fact owing to the detour made by calling at DYE 2 we had covered precisely the distance which Nansen had calculated on travelling in his planned route from Angmagssalik to Christianshaab. From Sondre Strom air base to Christianshaab by sea is approximately 200 miles and this last part of our journey we accomplished in canoes.

ZERO GULLY

Geoff Oliver

The main gullies of Ben Nevis have a most mundane and unromantic set of names. Numbers Five, Four, Three and Two Gullies, for instance, do little to inspire the climber studying the guide-book before his first visit. I hasten to add that few are disappointed when they come to climb them.

Zero Gully is probably the biggest misnomer of them all, for this is no nonentity but a major ice climb of almost alpine proportions. It has often been said that winter climbing in Scotland provides an effective preparation for alpine mountaineering. It might also be said that a few seasons in the Alps make useful groundwork for the more serious Scottish climbs as the speed which one develops by alpine climbing is absolutely essential when dealing with long steep gullies on short winter days.

My interest in Zero Gully was aroused in 1962 upon reading an account of its first ascent. As this had not taken place until the nineteen-fifties one supposed that this must be an exceptional climb. Discovering that Eric Rayson shared my interest we arranged to book the Charles Inglis Clark hut for a week in early March. During February, we listened with glee to reports of snowfalls and ice in the north, while others cursed their effect on daily routine. By the night of our departure we were confident that we should find conditions on our mountain all that could be desired. Unfortunately, good ice conditions almost proved our undoing as they also prevailed at road level and we were lucky to arrive at Fort William at all.

The 2,000-foot climb from Glen Nevis next morning, with several days' supply of food on our backs, was almost as hazardous, and it was only after resorting to crampons that we were able to reach the hut. The C.I.C. hut may have a spartan exterior, but once inside its three-foot walls and double doors, with the pot-bellied stove boosting the temperature to over 90°F, to the weary climber it is a positive haven from the elements.

The situation of the hut, about five minutes' walk from the foot of the classic Tower Ridge, and with the other ridges ranging in a half circle, makes it ideal as a centre. In the next four days we climbed several of the less difficult routes; and then, as the mountain appeared a little less overwhelming, we decided to take a look at Zero.

In spite of the usual vows to make a dawn start it was 9 a.m. when we left the hut, wearing crampons as the snow was too hard to take the impression of a boot. Rounding Observatory Ridge, the upper part of which follows Zero, we tacked our way up the steepening snow to the foot of the first true pitches of our climb. There was a striking difference between this and the easier gullies which are concave, starting at an easy angle and steepening near the top. This was distinctly convex, rising in a snout of extremely steep blue ice, not easing for some three hundred feet. It was this feature no doubt which had repelled early attempts.

At the base of the snout we took an axe belay while trying out a line of weakness; but it was a case of Hobson's Choice, so while Eric protected me, I cut steps diagonally right on ice at an angle of fully 80° to reach a gangway at the far side of the gully. At this angle it is scarcely possible to stand in balance even in steps and it is necessary to cut handholds. There was no problem here, as is often the case in Lakeland, where at the first blow the axe shatters the shell of ice leaving rock exposed, for at this point the ice must have been fully 10 feet thick. It showed no tendency to splinter so that I could chop incut holds giving a good grip to woollen gloves.

The gangway was eventually reached and by its side was a convenient rock spike to which I belayed. Rock belays on an ice climb are a luxury, and knowing that the second is absolutely secure, rather than depending on the doubtful qualities of an ice piton, does a lot to dispel that 'gripped' feeling in a leader. The route continued at an angle of about 70° with occasional bulges. When a more difficult move presented itself, I inserted an ice screw (the latest modern aid to ice climbing), which enabled me to cut steps with my weight supported by the rope.

All this chopping of steps consumed time and the weather had now decided to take a part in the game. Snow began to fall, and powder, collecting in the upper gully, was funnelled onto us, filling the steps as I cut them. Above and to the right there appeared to be a small ledge with a suitable crack for a piton and upon reaching it I was pleasantly surprised to find one *in situ*. Looking up I could see that there was only one more difficult pitch ahead, but the weather was now turning nasty. As Eric came up to me, the powder snow which was increasing in volume built up on his knees and chest, making it difficult to locate the steps. By the time he joined me we

agreed unanimously that there was no longer any pleasure in the escapade and it was time to make a strategic withdrawal. This took the form of two abseils and a speedy descent to the hut, followed by copious brews of tea.

I returned for another attempt three years later, this time with Jack Hesmondhalgh. We had only a day or two at our disposal, the plan being to arrive at Glen Nevis in the early hours of Saturday morning and start up the hill by 8 a.m. At the hut we were to meet a friend who had been there for several days getting fit, and he was to form the spearhead of our attempt. We learned later that our impetuous friend, becoming impatient, had launched an attack on Point Five Gully the previous day with a chance acquaintance of unknown ability. While leading the second pitch his companion fell, and motivated by the instinct of self-preservation rather than any thoughts of malice, broke his fall by planting a cramponed boot on the head of his second. The result of this was that our friend temporarily lost his love of the high hills and headed south to warmer climes.

But, for the present, we woke to a perfect day of blue skies and sub-zero temperatures. While our bacon and eggs cooked we stamped about to thaw frozen boots then, having eaten, set off up to the hut with the unaccustomed but pleasant feeling of light sacks on our backs. Coming in sight of Zero Gully we saw, with mixed feelings, that two climbers were already ahead of us. Assuming that they were successful our task would be easier, though climbing in steps chopped by others gives rather a hollow victory. We toyed with Point Five for a moment but soon rejected the idea as the time was nearing 11 a.m. and this gully is more formidable than Zero.

Conditions for an ascent on this occasion were ideal. Due to a larger than usual build-up of hard snow, the near vertical ice at its foot could be bypassed on the left up a groove which though steep readily yielded steps. One rope-length up this brought us to the foot of a band of rock where upward progress was halted. Jack belayed here to a somewhat psychological rock peg to secure me as I traversed across the ice wall to where it joined the right bounding wall of the gully. From here I was able to climb straight up steep ice on bucket holds. The party ahead had no difficulty in maintaining their lead, as it transpired that they were merely cleaning out steps which had been cut a week earlier.

Continued on p.237

ROCK-CLIMBING GUIDES TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

—A REVIEW

Donald Murray

The decision to publish a further series of rock-climbing guides to the Lake District provides an opportunity to review the history of the guide-books and outline future policy.

From the early days of the Club it has always been the policy to print in the *Journal* details of new climbs. This was quite adequate while climbers were comparatively few and mainly Club members, and the climbs were largely confined to gullies and buttresses.

In the early twenties, it was felt that some form of detailed guide for use on the crags would be of help to members and the Committee decided to publish in guide-book form the information which had already appeared in the *Journal*. R. S. T. Chorley, later Lord Chorley, who was then Editor of the *Journal*, undertook the task of editing this series of five guide-books—the Red Guides. Those who used them will recollect that when they got wet all the red dye ran, staining both them and their clothing.

The first, to Dow Crag, was written by George Bower and appeared in 1922. His semi-humorous style was so individual that it could hardly be copied. It was the second guide, to Pillar, written by Harry Kelly in a concise and factual style, giving clear descriptions and directions, that set the pattern followed in all our subsequent guides. Indeed this guide to Pillar Rock set the style which has been adopted, with minor variations, for British rock-climbing guides generally.

In the early thirties it was decided to publish a further series of guide-books and Harry Kelly undertook to edit them. Between 1935 and 1938 four were produced covering the whole district. These were in a handy pocket size with stiff cloth backs, and were described as the First Series.

Immediately after the second world war, a Second Series of guides was embarked upon. Harry Kelly again undertook the editorship and eight were produced between 1948 and 1959.

F. & R.C.C. ROCK CLIMBING GUIDES

DOVE CRAG—a drawing for the new Eastern Crags Supplement by W. Heaton Cooper

The interest in rock climbing by the general public, the large number of new routes and the fact that the Second Series was largely out of print, has influenced the Committee in 1965 to proceed with the publication of a Third Series of guides. Joe Griffin and John Wilkinson have kindly undertaken to edit these. It is hoped that the first guide in the Third Series (Langdale) will be produced before Easter 1967. The climbing work has all been completed and the guide is already in the printer's hands.

To meet the demand for a climbing guide to Borrowdale before the next guide can be published, a reprint of Bentley Beetham's 1953 edition has been produced.

The Club still has a number of copies of the last guide produced in the Second Series (Eastern Crags) unbound. These contain a supplement of climbs in other areas. When they are bound, the supplement will be omitted and this guide will be brought up to date by the addition of the new climbs done over the last few years in this district. It is anticipated that this up-to-date edition should be available by the spring of 1967.

In order to keep the guide-books to approximately the same size, Borrowdale will probably be divided into two volumes the first of which should appear during 1967. The Scafell guide should follow in the autumn of 1967 to be followed by Dow, Buttermere and Pillar, and in due course Gable and finally a completely new guide to the Eastern Crags. With the greatly increased number of people who are climbing today, the demand for up-to-date guide-books is likely to be much greater than in the past. Future policy will be, therefore, to print rather fewer copies of each edition, so that more frequent revision will be possible—and to make every effort to avoid the present situation when so many guides are out of print.

The grading of climbs will follow basically the system used in previous guides but in view of the advice given by members with wide experience of mountain rescue, the term Easy as applied to any rock climb will be omitted, as it can be misleading for a beginner. The two classes of Easy and Moderate, the difference between which was marginal anyway, are combined. After much discussion it has been decided to make two further changes. An Extremely Severe category will be introduced and there will be no graded list setting out the climbs in their supposed order of difficulty. Instead the

Difficult, Very Difficult, Severe and Very Severe grades will be qualified as follows:—

A. Moderate
B. Difficult
   Difficult (*hard*)
C. Very Difficult (*mild*)
   Very Difficult
   Very Difficult (*hard*)
D. Severe (*mild*)
   Severe
   Severe (*hard*)
E. Very Severe (*mild*)
   Very Severe
   Very Severe (*hard*)
F. Extremely Severe

The illustrations for the First and Second Series, which have been such a feature of the Club's guides, were done by W. Heaton Cooper. Some of these will be reproduced in the new series and he has kindly undertaken to provide the new drawings that are required. The cover will be plastic in an endeavour to give it some protection against wet conditions and the size will be approximately the same as in the First and Second Series—handy for the pocket.

The Club has always financed and published these guides and it has been decided to pursue this policy in the Third Series. The policy of publishing new climbs in the *Journal* will continue. In addition, a small pocket guide giving new climbs in the Lake District will be published from time to time. The first of these, *75 New Climbs in the Lake District* 1964–1965 appeared in April of this year and it is hoped to produce in March 1967 a further issue which will include some of the outcrop climbing in the immediate vicinity of the Lake District.

Initially the Club produced guide-books for the convenience of its members. Subsequently it has assumed responsibility for providing up-to-date information on Lake District climbs for the general climbing public. It is essential that the Club should fulfil this obligation, on which depends the safety and enjoyment of an ever-increasing section of the community.

GUIDE-BOOKS PRODUCED TO DATE

RED GUIDES Edited by R. S. T. Chorley

Title	*Written by*	*Assisted by*
I. Doe Crags (1922)	George S. Bower	H. S. Gross
II. Pillar Rock (1923)	H. M. Kelly	Blanche Eden-Smith J. H. Doughty, H. Coates and R. E. W. Pritchard
III. Scawfell Group (1924)	C. F. Holland	G. R. Speaker Appendix of new climbs by H. M. Kelly List of 1st Ascents by H. P. Cain
IV. Great Gable and Borrowdale (1925)	*Gt. Gable* H. S. Gross	M. Hewson List of 1st Acsents by H. P. Cain Boat How Section by G. Basterfield New climbs—notes supplied by F. Graham Photographs—W. Taylor (of Gritstone Club)
	Borrowdale A. R. Thomson	List of 1st Ascents by H. P. Cain
V. Gt. Langdale and Buttermere (1926)	*Gt. Langdale* George Basterfield	Photographs—J. P. Taylor and C. Wood, G. S. Bower, J. R. Tyson, J. Wray List of 1st Ascents by H. S. Gross
	Buttermere A. R. Thomson	C. G. B. Brown, R. W. Hall, A. S. Pigott

NEW SERIES (Pocket Size) Edited by H. M. Kelly with illustrations by W. Heaton Cooper
4 volumes

1. Pillar Rock and Neighbourhood (1935)	H. M. Kelly	H. Coates, J. H. Doughty, R. E. W. Pritchard, Morley Wood and Blanche Eden-Smith
2. Scafell Group (1936)	A. T. Hargreaves	G. Barker, W. Clegg, A. B. Hargreaves, M. Linnel, Ruth E. Hargreaves
3. Great Gable, Borrowdale, Buttermere (1937)		
Gt. Gable (1936)	C. J. Astley Cooper	Mabel Barker, A. Wood-Johnson, F. G. Balcombe, and E. Wood-Johnson
Borrowdale (1936)	E. Wood-Johnson	C. J. Astley-Cooper, Mabel Barker and A. Wood-Johnson
Buttermere (1936)	L. H. Pollitt	J. Carswell and F. H. F. Simpson
4. Dow Crag, Gt. Langdale, Outlying Crags (1938)		
Dow Crag (1938)	S. H. Cross and A. T. Hargreaves	Alice M. Nelson (Mrs. S. Cross), Ruth E. Hargreaves
Gt. Langdale (1938)	William Clegg	F. G. Heap, G. Barker, A. T. Hargreaves and Ruth E. Hargreaves
Outlying Crags	C. J. Astley Cooper E. Wood-Johnson	

SECOND SERIES (Pocket Size) Edited by H. M. Kelly with illustrations by W. Heaton Cooper
8 volumes

Title	*Written by*	*Assisted by*
1. Gt. Gable, Green Gable, Kirkfell, Yewbarrow, Buckbarrow (1948)		
Gt. Gable	C. J. Astley Cooper	
Yewbarrow	A. P. Rossiter	
Supplementary Climbs	W. Peascod	A. R. Dolphin
2. Buttermere and Newlands Area (1949)		
Buttermere	W. Peascod	G. Rushworth, S. B. Beck
Newlands Area	G. Rushworth	
3. Great Langdale (1950)	William Clegg A. R. Dolphin J. W. Cook	D. C. Birch, J. Bloor
4. Pillar Rock and Neighbourhood (1952)	H. M. Kelly W. Peascod	
5. Borrowdale (1953)	Bentley Beetham	
6. Scafell Group (1956)	A. T. Hargreaves A. R. Dolphin R. Miller	
7. Dow Crag & Other Climbs (1957)	A. T. Hargreaves S. H. Cross William Clegg C. J. Astley Cooper	
8. Eastern Crags (1959)	Harold Drasdo	A. H. Griffin, G. D. Roberts, A. J. Maxfield, R. P. Harris, K. Sutcliffe, T. Parker, N. J. Soper, M. A. James, G. A. Leaver
Supplement to Eastern Crags 1967	N. J. Soper	N. Allinson, J. A. Austin, D. Miller and I. Roper

75 New Climbs in the Lake District, 1964-1965
Collected and produced by D. Miller, N. J. Soper and Elspeth Ackerley.

GUIDE-BOOKS IN PREPARATION

THIRD SERIES Edited by L. J. Griffin and J. Wilkinson with illustrations by W. Heaton Cooper

Langdale	J. A. Austin
Scafell	L. J. Griffin and G. Oliver
Borrowdale I & II	P. J. Nunn and O. Woolcock
Dow Crag	D. Miller
Buttermere	N. J. Soper
Pillar	G. Cram

New Climbs in the Lake District, 1966
Collected and produced by J. A. Austin and D. Miller

A PRIDE OF ROBINSONS

George Bott

There's Jack, of course. Everybody knows him—he's the 'before you can say . . .' chap. But common as the adage is, its origin is doubtful. 'Who was Jack Robinson?' asked Southey in *The Doctor*; 'the one whose name is in everybody's mouth because it is so easily and so soon said'.

Jack Robinson, an Appleby man, was M.P. for Westmorland from 1763 to 1774 and later for Harwich. He was Secretary to the Treasury and, according to the gossip of the day, he had much to do with bribery and patronage.

'I know the charm by Robinson employed
How to the Treasury Jack his rats decoyed'

wrote Rose in his *Political Eclogues*.

He was frequently attacked and on one occasion when Sheridan was flinging accusations the House shouted for 'Name, Name'. Looking pointedly at the Secretary to the Treasury, he said, 'Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson.'

Then the complications start. In 1860 Burke, the original editor of Burke's *Peerage* and Burke's *Landed Gentry*, devoted a chapter in his *Vicissitudes of Families* to the Robinsons; in it he challenges the accepted explanation of the remark, insisting that it is to be found in books written before Jack Robinson of Appleby was born . . . back to square one.

Then there's Robinson 2417: not a colleague of James Bond but the familiar fell topping the eastern edge of Buttermere. It hasn't inspired the poets, though one modern writer applauds the summit as 'the best vantage-point for cloud-watching' and many walkers miss one of its greatest charms—the valley of Little Dale with its fine succession of waterfalls.

This unromantic-sounding fell was part of the land bought at the dissolution of the monasteries by Richard Robinson. Denton, Nicolson and Burn, and Whellan all testify to the story of the clerk who, about the time of Henry VIII and Edward VI, bought estates in the Buttermere area—'all the land called Birknesfeld or Gatescath with the appurtenances . . . lying and being in Buttermere'.

Richard's heir, John, sold the property to Thomas Stanley in the 1550s but Robinson's fell kept its name. If we are sometimes tempted to deplore its homely name alongside euphonious Glaramara or Blencathra, we should perhaps be

grateful that the original buyer was not called Cholmondely-Farquharson.

The curious researcher has an abundance of local Robinsons to investigate. The benevolence of William, a London grocer born in Penrith, established in his native town in 1661 one of the first Schools of Industry 'for the educating and bringing up of poore Gerles (in a Free Schoole) to Read and Seamstry worke, or such other Learning fitt for that sex being the poor sort whose parents are not able to pay for their Learning'.

Henry Robinson, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, was a native of Carlisle and became bishop of the city and its diocese in 1598; the late Canon Bouch assessed him as 'among the greater bishops of Carlisle'. A similar tribute cannot, however, be paid to Bernard Robinson, vicar of Torpenhow, who was on the episcopal carpet in June, 1673, for misdemeanours: '. . . he had at several times behaved himselfe inordinately being given to drunkness and scandalous intemperance . . . and especially his riotous and unlawfull gaming at Penrith'.

Thomas Robinson wrote an *Essay towards a Natural History of Westmorland and Cumberland* in 1709, with an appendix nonchalantly but rather frighteningly headed *Vindication of the Philosophical and Theological Paraphrases of the Mosaick System of the Creation*. His earlier sixpenny pamphlet *The Anatomy of the Earth* (1694) is reprinted in Volume 5 (1905) of the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archeological Society. Dedicated to 'The Gentlemen Miners', probably the Company of Mines Royal who were at work in Newlands in Elizabeth's time, it is a curiosity distinguished by acute observation and highly ingenious (and ingenuous) theorising.

Thomas was Rector of Ousby from 1672 to 1719. He encouraged village sports, especially football, and after Sunday service presided over a gathering at the inn where individual expenditure was limited to one penny.

Anthony Robinson, born at Kirkland near Wigton in 1762, was a friend of Priestley, Lamb and Hazlitt. George, a Dalston man, earned himself the title of 'the king of booksellers'—in London, not Carlisle. John, as vicar of Clifton and Cliburn, lived not far from his native Temple Sowerby and wrote a *Guide to the Lakes* in 1819.

There was a Mary (Perdita) Robinson who spent some years in Keswick. She was a Bristol actress who, at seventeen,

played Cordelia to Garrick's Lear; she was the mistress of the Prince of Wales and a minor poetess of the late 1700s.

Ironically, a much more famous Mary Robinson was the modest Beauty of Buttermere. When Budworth visited the Fish Inn in 1792 and wrote an account of Sally, as he calls her, he not only attracted the villain of the story, James Hatfield, alias the Hon. Alexander Augustus Hope, but he also inspired a small library on the subject—letters; novels; articles; a broadcast play by our late member, Graham Sutton; and as recently as 1958 a romantic novel by Philip Lindsay called *Love Rides to Buttermere.*

Budworth describes Mary in glowing terms: '. . . her face was fine oval, with full eyes, and lips as red as vermillion . . . she looked an angel; and I doubt not but she is the reigning Lily of the Valley'. De Quincey, although he acknowledges her good looks, is more realistic, more brutal: '. . . she was rather large in every way; tallish, and proportionately broad . . . *Beautiful*, in any emphatic sense, she was not'. Wordsworth, on the other hand, recalling a meeting he and Coleridge had had with Mary, was filled

'With admiration of her modest mien
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace'.

Norman Nicholson sees in the tale a kind of allegory: the victims of the Industrial Revolution, subconsciously perhaps, idealised Mary as a representation of natural innocence, an Eve in her Buttermere Eden tempted and despoiled, a symbol of a golden age corrupted by the new society.

Hatfield married Mary in Lorton church on 2nd October 1802, an event which conveniently brings me to my last Robinson—John Wilson, born at Whinfell Hall, Lorton, and probably of greatest interest to members of the Club.

The opening pages of the Club's first *Journal* are devoted to an 'In Memoriam' notice of John Wilson Robinson by George Seatree. The first Senior Vice-President died at Ellerbank, Brigham, near Cockermouth, on 20th August 1907; Seatree had known him for many years and Robinson's graduation from fell walking to rock climbing was probably the fruit of their close friendship.

This obituary notice is the prelude to a number of articles in our *Journal* about Robinson and his contribution to the early history of climbing. In addition to Seatree's warm appraisal of a man of 'kindly disposition, sunny temperament and lovable comradery', the *Journal* Vol. 1, No. 1, includes an

article by J.W.R. titled 'A Novice in the Snow'; this is prefaced by a letter to the editor in which Robinson calls his article 'a description of bad mountaineering' and adds 'but it may warn someone not to do likewise. It was many years ago, and we had to find things out for ourselves in those days'.

Vol. 1, No. 2 (1908) has details of the building of the Robinson Cairn and the fixing of the memorial tablet. The day was so stormy that 'it was reluctantly decided to curtail the proceedings. The work of fixing the tablet had to be left for another day'. Cecil Slingsby gave a brief and apposite speech and 'the company then beat a hurried retreat'.

In October 1893, Robinson and G. B. Gibbs of Sunderland did the round of the fells—a marathon hike of over 50 miles—in under 24 hours: a considerable achievement on a day of gales and snow. In the *Journal* Vol. 3, No. 3 (1915) A. W. Rumney gives the transcript of two letters from J.W.R. and a few notes on them discussing the walk.

A series of letters from Robinson to Fred W. Jackson about a holiday with George Seatree is found in Vol. 4, No. 2 (1917–18) under the heading 'Camping amongst the Crags in 1885'. A photograph of Robinson and Seatree outside their tent bears a striking resemblance to 'The Boyhood of Raleigh', although the climbers were some 2,200 feet above sea level near the foot of Walker's Gully.

The sight of two bell tents near the top of Red Pike elicited from Robinson an uncharacteristic remark (or was he joking?): 'I hope it'll be windy for their impudence for getting higher than we are'. The tents, apparently, were the temporary homes of men who were putting a wire fence round Ennerdale.

Inevitably Robinson and Seatree climbed on Pillar; they spent an uncomfortable night and moved their camp to the foot of Lingmell. While exploring in Piers Ghyll they 'rebuilt W.P.H.S.'s cairn that was thrown down into the Ghyll by Plummer'; they had a scare from falling stones on Scafell ('Those were awful moments: Seatree says he hopes never to go through such again'); Bowring joined them and completed his hundredth climb; and at 1.30 in the morning the campers were disturbed by 'the biggest and ugliest brute of a fox-hound' which nipped off with their tinned beef.

Richard W. Hall's 'Paper on J. W. Robinson for the Members of the F.R.C.C.' (Vol. 5, No. 1, 1919) is based on personal recollections and contains a number of anecdotes about J.W.R. To the *Journal* of the following year (Vol. 5,

No. 2, 1920) W. P. Haskett-Smith added some 'More Memories of J.W.R.', a delightful complement to Richard Hall's article and to his own 'Doe Crag and John Robinson' (Vol. 1, No. 3, 1909).

'Memories of John Wilson Robinson' by A Founder Member (Vol. 14, No. 3, 1946) is tantalisingly brief, recalling a few climbs and Robinson's personal attractions: 'John smiled through life . . . Never was there such a friendly man. Never was there so companionable a man'.

Apart from such specific articles as these, there are frequent references to Robinson in the *Journal*, in many books about the Lake District and in books about climbing. Ronald W. Clark and Edward C. Pyatt's *Mountaineering in Britain* (Phoenix House, 1957), for example, pays due tribute to Robinson's key contribution to the early history of British climbing; Molly Lefebure's *The English Lake District* (Batsford, 1964) emphasises once again the strong link between J.W.R. and Pillar; and for a short, general account I know nothing better than Harry Griffin's 'Knight of the Rock' in *Inside the Real Lakeland* (Guardian Press, 1961).

My own interest in Robinson was a sheer case of serendipity. A brief Editor's Note in the 1932 *Journal* and a chance find in the Club's library catalogue set me off; in exchange for a signature given to a careful guardian, I've had the pleasure of browsing for several months through a quartet of Robinsoniana, the gift to the Club of the late Richard W. Hall.

A heavy, leather-bound album of photographs yielded some amusement but not much information. Built with the permanence of a vintage Bentley, this tome is decorated with colourful paintings of Victorian maids and flowers and appropriate quotations. Sir Wilfred Lawson looks sternly at a bashful young lady in spite of his epigraph—'A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day'. There are many gaps but the photographs, most of them well preserved, include F. H. Bowring, C. A. O. Baumgartner, Alice Corder, several of J.W.R.'s brothers, George Seatree and Ernest Peile ('O that those lips had language').

A large press-cuttings book (15 in. × 11 in.) is the work of J.W.R., a gallimaufry of clippings, mainly about mountaineering accidents in Lakeland, Wales, the Himalaya and on the Continent during the 1890s and early 1900s.

Among the more interesting cuttings are interviews with O. G. Jones, youngest member of the Alpine Club, and

Martin Conway; an article by Whymper called 'The Alps Revisited'; a number of articles on climbing in Lakeland, including one by Jones on his ascent of Walker's Gully; and a letter from G. Hastings to Robinson.

In April 1897 J.W.R. himself had an accident. He and a friend were coming off Gable on the Ennerdale side; Robinson glissaded with stick or ice-axe and landed with a bump on scree, dislocating his ankle.

Robinsoniana No. 3 is a smaller press-cuttings book which reveals the same concern for mountain accidents, this time in the 1880s. It has several pages of letters from the *Whitehaven News* about Pillar and the text of Tom Westmorland's 'A Summer Ramble'; papers on climbing and climbers; an exchange of ideas on the word 'thwaite'; articles on Lakeland from *The Graphic*; and two accounts of Sty Head and Black Sail in the dark.

But turning over the pages, one is continually faced with such headlines as 'The Shocking Accident on Great Gable', 'The Terrible Death on the Cumberland Hills', 'The Alpine Death-Roll' and 'Fearful Fall on the Ennerdale Fells'.

The most interesting book of the four is a pocket notebook, a copy of Robinson's diary. While he was in hospital in Birmingham in 1918, probably as a member of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, Richard Hall copied the original 'word for word without comment and in exact order'.

Perhaps 'diary' is a misnomer. The book opens with some notes on natural history but is almost wholly devoted to details of Robinson's climbs—ascents of Pillar Rock and Pillar mountain, Scafell Pillar (he calls it 'Deep Ghyll Pillar' but it is easily recognised as Scafell Pinnacle), Great Gable, Great End, the Scafells, Skiddaw, Helvellyn and Crag Fell in Ennerdale.

The details are mainly routes and times and the names of Robinson's climbing companions—a formidable list of early tigers such as Seatree, Baumgartner, Slingsby, Haskett-Smith, Collie, Jones, Peile, Wilberforce . . .

At the end of the diary are some notes taken from letters from Parson Jackson of Sandwith, the self-styled 'Pedestrian Patriarch of the Pillarites', to George Seatree; a short extract from the latter's pamphlet of 1874 on 'Mickledore'; and an 'Ode to Dame Tyson'.

In the *Journal* Vol. 11, No. 30/31 (1936-37) W. P. Haskett-Smith wrote: 'One could go on talking about J.W.R.

for hours.' One could indeed . . . I could indeed . . . but editors have deadlines and journals have limited space.

On the inside cover of his transcript of Robinson's diary, Richard Hall wrote: 'The original lent to W. P. Haskett-Smith, M.A., by Mrs. J. W. Robinson. W.P.H.S. is writing a life of J.W.R. . . .' Was this life ever written? Does it perhaps exist in manuscript? I should be most grateful for any information about it or about anything else to do with John Wilson Robinson. He merits much fuller treatment than I have been able to give him here—and surely out of our pride of Robinsons he is the one we ought to lionise.

* * *

The author is anxious to contact anyone with material, information or ideas concerning J. W. Robinson. His address is 16 Penrith Road, Keswick.

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Continued from p.225

ZERO GULLY

The angle eased to 50° for a short stretch where I cut a stance and belayed to a cluster of ice pitons, which at least looked impressive. Jack led through and climbed quickly for 30 feet or so to where the ice again became vertical. This steep section was quite short so with all the holds cut Jack scaled it after the fashion of a boulder problem. It was quite impressive to see him mantelshelf over the lip in crampons. He was now on easy ground and could choose a belay at will.

The main difficulties were behind us but the thought of descending in a few short seconds what had taken three hours to climb made us move cautiously. Everything continued to go like clockwork and by 4 p.m. we were eating oranges on the summit of the Ben.

NEW WINE FROM OLD BOTTLES

Paul Nunn

One spring Saturday evening he sat in the corner pen listening to the amber reflecting glasses chinking, hedged in by the intensity of his companions' stares and shrinking ever deeper into his shell before salvoes of their questions. His words became fewer and fewer. The more acute the probes, the more vehement the interrogation, the less was the response. At last his assailants spluttered into silence. The beer won in a few moments, a new topic was broached and the main issue forgotten.

Later he disappeared into the night without any hint on the prize topic. His interrogators reconsidered it all while driving down the valley. 'He must be imagining it. Where in the Lakes is there so high a piece of unclimbed stone? Getting on for 300 feet? It's absurd. Now 200 feet can be found with ease, but that marginal amount for a *big* route, it isn't there'. Thus quoth the sages.

A few people in the know awaited the outcome. There were hints that *it* had taken all winter. The following day a wife was sent on a hunch to spy and she was sitting at the foot when the big team arrived. Obliged to finish by an unwanted female observer the Silent One ate the final pitches. By evening it was all over. Somewhere amid the dark vegetated walls there had emerged a great climb.

By the following week it was on paper, though the Whit week-end bedrollers submerged the counter of Paul Ross's Keswick café behind which lurked the description. It had even been repeated, a Friday climber had followed a lean Brown footprint. He had even decided that, in the gardened maturity the climb was rapidly reaching, an odd piton could be omitted; that a neat nut might do just as well. It was all written down.

Five of us staggered from a caterpillar and tourist-eaten Borrowdale towards the vegetated slabs of Goat Crag and behold, round a little camouflaging corner was one of the highest cliffs in the valley. It looked as fierce as the winter-old legends.

John led off bravely up the first groove and contrived a pretty nut beyond a hard leanaway move. Then he muttered

awhile, decided it was none too pleasant and came down for a breather. Woolcock was pushed off his royal cushion of removed heather into the lead. It was drizzling. By some most peculiar and definitely non-union tactics he reached a narrow niche and threaded a chockstone which deluded him into feeling a little less mortal. His pride resulted in downpour and, abandoning our worst acquisition from the War Department to keep a sling together, we fled.

Monday was fine and we returned to undiscovered Borrowdale. Wool had the initiative and was soon perched in his ill-favoured niche. By a succession of Woolcock sidling movements our leader reached a belay, hurling down occasional landslides of earth on our ungrateful heads from a steep scoop. We assembled on the shifting belay shelf at 70 feet agreeing in gentlemanly fashion that it was about as hard as the first pitch of Dovedale Groove, after being gripped to the eyebrows. There we roosted in a few unlovely trees. Our girl friends abandoned us to our silly pastimes and wandered off through the trees towards late lunch in Grange.

While the idle meister in the rear unimaginatively removed runners and any remaining vegetation below, a party meeting had decided that it was propitious for him to explore our future above. Allowed no respite on the ledge, he was catapulted onto the voids above. So, out onto the edge of the abyss stepped a minor spirit of the new age, appropriately black from head to feet with earth. A traverse on good little flakes deposited one in a steep smoothish groove where there was ample opportunity of becoming blacker or of skating into space with a series of detached ledges. Eventually a neat stance appeared, which required our first piton as a belay. Wool didn't love the pitch either.

Now the Silent One had crossed a steep wall back to the buttress centre, directly above the tree stance upon which John was still marooned, peering out wistfully through the leaves. The second ascent had managed to avoid the use of a piton here which had been quite necessary on the first for cleaning the vital holds used by subsequent ascents. It was very interesting! There was a second piton belay on a foothold stance. Our rearguard had to be left even further behind as our feeling of slight elation had again given the rain an excuse. Wool followed immaculately, though the last party had fiendishly scattered earth on every projection. The last pitch was reputed to be overlong one way or another.

A smooth roof terminated the groove in which we were standing, or hanging, but the marks where small sods and moss had been pulled away led out onto the walls on the right like a paper trail, unfortunately not with ease. There was an unexpected thread runner before some strange gymnastics. Among all these slabs and grooves a technical horizontal jam could be found. Below, John's head emerged, trying as he was to gauge the length of his imprisonment. At last the bald rough slabs eased back and one padded up moss to a swing on tatty heather to finish. The team was extended over 200 feet or more but it was too steep to see down very far.

The rain began in earnest but now there was an anchor man. John was extricated and reached the stance a rope length below after a slippery time. The buzzard who had circled all afternoon decided that it had all been in vain, and retired. A blackened face appeared over the bottom lip of the slabs. The rain was heavy by the time John could follow, and Wool plunged up the vertiginous heather slopes above.

Cast
The Silent One: Les Brown.
John: J. Smith.
Wool: O.W.
The Idle Meister: P.N.
The Climb: Praying Mantis, Goat Crag, Borrowdale. See 'New Climbs and Notes'.

TWENTY YEARS OF SCOTTISH MEETS

George H. Webb

In 1945 someone in the F.R.C.C. had a brilliant idea. The origin of the Scottish Meet is shrouded in mystery but it is considered that Dr. Theo Burnett, surely in his time the embodiment of all that is best in the Club, was the instigator. The F.R.C.C. Alpine Meet had a short career, but the Scottish Meet is still very much with us.

In 1946, 24 members assembled at Corrie, Arran. Under the leadership of the President, Graham Wilson, the meet was an immediate success. As Roland Abbatt put it, the relief from tension at the end of the war and the joy of being free in the Highlands which had been a closed area for several years made the meet a memorable one. The weather was cloudless, the gorse and broom particularly brilliant, the Paps of Jura and the Cumbraes always stood out clearly, and the last of our great battleships, *Vanguard*, could be seen making her trials from the Clyde. Sea bathing was much indulged in, if this could be considered the correct term for swimming in those icy waters in May; maybe the shock was so great that it was rarely repeated in later years.

Although many of the members were unknown to one another, Theo Burnett had a flair, equalled in later years only by that of Raymond Shaw, for making strangers feel at home, and Graham Wilson, always full of anecdotes and reminiscences, was a popular figure. Sitting discreetly together at a table were two comparatively unknown and diffident members both of whom were destined to make their mark on the Club. Geoffrey Stevens was to become one of our best and most modest *Journal* Editors while Dick Wilson, who had lost an arm in the First War, was never again observed to show a trace of diffidence. We did not then appreciate that a human dynamo had been introduced into the Club.

The meet at Glen Brittle in 1947 was easily the most abstemious, for the necessary alcohol could be obtained only by a hazardous journey over what were in those days terrible roads to Sligachan, and we had very limited transport indeed. Lawson Cook, who for some years dominated the Scottish Meet whoever was nominally the leader, made his first appearance. The best goer on the hills for his age I have ever known, and an excellent route finder, he bestrode the hills like a

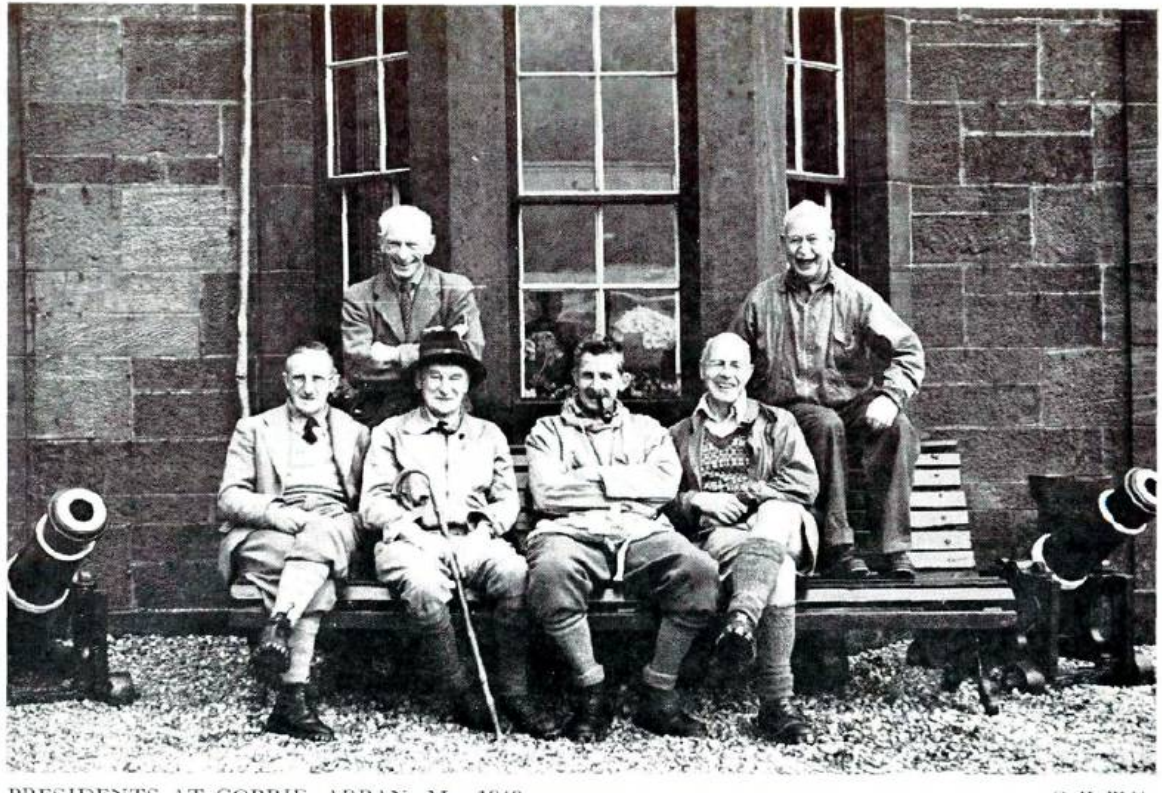
Colossus. He was invariably the freshest member of the party at the end of his lengthy 'Cook's Tours' which were a mixture of pleasure and anguish to the faithful non-climbers who followed him day after day.

In 1948 nine members enjoyed the intimacy of a small meet at the strategically placed Grand Hotel, Fort William. Petrol was still rationed so bus services were important, but it was possible to rush out of the hotel in slippers and put on boots in the bus which started 10 yards away. Lawson Cook, having arrived early, characteristically decided to climb Ben Nevis between a late lunch and an early dinner, walking all the way from the hotel. He was very fit, having just spent 10 days in the Lakes. His out-of-condition companion (myself) trailed after him and arrived back late for dinner to see Lawson enjoying the sweet. The Ben Nevis north face was in really good condition and there was more rock climbing, in proportion to the number of members present, than at any other meet. There was even a suggestion, which did not materialise, that a climb might be done by lantern and moonlight.

Arran in 1949 was but a pale shadow of 1946 and gone was the brilliant weather. We were in Glencoe in 1950, but this was before the creature comforts of the Ballachulish Hotel had been discovered and the meet was notable for a shortage of hot water and the expedient of second-hand baths.

It may be that the mediaeval kings found venison a succulent dish but, at Invershiel in 1951, the members decided it was an over-rated form of nourishment. Due to meat rationing at the time, the venison appeared in astonishingly varied disguises at far too many meals. There was a partial compensation when it was discovered that the largest sherries ever known were served at the Kyle of Lochalsh Hotel some miles away. This was a temporary phase as a scouting party, some years later, discovered that the barman had changed. The restless and intrepid Graham MacPhee, who was completing his collection of Munros, led a mildly astonished small party over an enormous number of peaks usually in mist or blizzard. Graham always did ignore weather, possibly to his great misfortune in Teneriffe in 1963.

For two years Dick Wilson had been quietly taking over the leadership. At Kinlochewe in 1952 we realised that the dictator had arrived. Amazing things started to happen. Presidents were put firmly in their place while hotel managements and staff were alternately bullied or cajoled into



PRESIDENTS AT CORRIE, ARRAN, May 1949 *G. H. Webb.*
Left to right: W. G. Milligan, C. F. Hadfield, J. C. Appleyard, F. L. Cook
Behind: L. W. Somervell, T. R. Burnett

providing superior food at no extra cost. Overnight, official three-course meals were apt to become five courses and luncheon sandwiches became more luxurious (or less awful). 'Leave it to Dick' became the watchword.

Inchnadamph in 1953 was our farthest north; but the 1954 Skye meet, this time at Sligachan, was the biggest so far. Some members had perforce to be at Portree; Dick Wilson, with his one arm clutching the steering wheel and with delighted face, chased at terrific speed over the narrow roads in an orgy of organisation. All that could usually be seen of Dick's passenger was the hair (if any) and two terrified eyes as he prepared to slide under the dash at the first sign of impending disaster.

The 1955 meet, a glorious and stimulating one, was easily the most alpine. At one time there were two inches of snow in the streets of Fort William and there was no need to go to Switzerland that year.

One of Scotland's tantalising mountains, very awkwardly placed to climb in one day, is Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, pronounced Kiernan by the Scots and Chrysanthemum by the F.R.C.C. Maybe we had subconsciously been drawn to inland Glen Affric in 1956 in order to climb Kiernan which had become a sort of miniature Scottish Everest to us (although it had been climbed before from Invershiel by MacPhee and Arnison in a mammoth undertaking). The deed was done in a car-boat-foot expedition by a small party but Kiernan was found, on close inspection, not to have deserved the importance we had attached to it. Fishing has always been a part-time occupation on the meets and Loch Affric produced an enormous catch never remotely equalled before or since.

Distances between individual mountains in Scotland can be great and, after the early days, we began to take the cars for granted. 1957 brought us down to earth with a bump. Due to petrol rationing after Suez it seemed unlikely that the Ullapool meet would start at all, but the ever resourceful Dick Wilson produced a large motor-coach with a very enterprising driver who took the party north. Under the stimulus of Dick he then took the coach over Highland roads which had never seen such a monster before. Surprisingly, except for a slightly broken bridge, the condition of the scenery of the district appeared approximately the same at the end of the meet. This was Dick's final triumph before he departed to

Australia, presumably to reorganise the finances and general business arrangements of that country.

In 1958 we were back in Kinlochewe; and in 1959 we once again enejoyed good weather in Skye. One of the pleasant features of our meets is the Volcano tea-making ritual. Started by Theo Burnett, carried on by Bentley Beetham and, from 1959, by Gladys Cook, it has often been a source of comfort to the weary climber (if he arrived down soon enough). We have much reason to thank these unselfish people.

At Glencoe in 1960 we were compensated for our usual bad weather by the excellence of the Ballachulish Hotel, a happy discovery.

The ideal number for our meets seems to be 30 or thereabouts. The 55 who attended the Invershiel meet of 1961 had to be accommodated in an hotel, a guest house, a bungalow, caravans and tents; the meet proved utterly unwieldy and the pleasant intimacy was lost. However we were back to normal numbers in 1962 at Fort William. The weather was cool with remarkable visibility. Graham MacPhee reported 12 feet of snow on the summit of Ben Nevis. This was to be his last meet and in just over two years we lost our three Grahams—Ackerley, MacPhee and Wilson—all good company and sound climbers.

Mist, wind and rain were our fate at Killin in 1963 and here, at almost literally the centre of Scotland, we realised how much we missed the sea.

We were back in Glencoe in 1964. The enlarged queues of cars at Ballachulish were a pointer to the way things are going in Scotland. This was even more apparent at Aultguish in 1965. Rough one-way roads had been turned into double-track highways and small country inns swallowed up or reduced to appendages of the large modern hotels built beside them. Do we approve or not? Let us feel fortunate that for 20 years we saw the Highlands at their best; we may regret the opening up of our many secret recesses but it is consoling that, since most of the members of the Scottish Meet are not now so young, we can often make wheels do more and legs do less.

For the record:

Arran	1946, 49	Glencoe	1950, 60, 64	Kinlochewe	1952, 58
Aultguish	1965	Inchnadamph	1953	Skye	1947, 54, 59
Fort William	1948, 55, 62	Invershiel	1951, 61	Ullapool	1957
Glen Affric	1956	Killin	1963		

EIGHE?

Do you ever feel as I do, when up north you go to climb,
Where the mountains are fantastic and the outlook is sublimb?
Do you worry on Sgurr Dearg? Do you fret upon Beinn Bheithir?
Of your Gaelic shortcomings are you constantly aweithir?
Why, for example, should 'Fhearchair'
Rhyme, if you please, with Amfhearchair?
And as for Beinn Laoigh—
Phaoigh!

Have you visited the Islands? Have you climbed each rocky height?
Its delightful, yes, I know, but—well now, tell me, is it reight
That such a pleasant mountain as the humble Cioch-na-h'Oighe
Should be so foully labelled just on purpose to annoighe?
Consider Sgurr a'Mhadaidh;
(Nearly drives me scadaidh)
And how say we 'Ghrunnda',
I wunnda?

They'd simplify these savage nouns, or so one would have thought.
But no, sir, not these Scotsmen. They'll do nothing of the sought.
With malice vile aforethought they'll invent names like 'Mam Sodhail'
To make the struggling Sass'nach feel a faint, frustrated fodhail.
"We'll call this 'Bruach na Frithe',"
They all chortle with glithe.
"And no doubt 'Thuilm'
Will fuilm!"

As you wander in the Highlands, through the glens and o'er the moor,
Know that somewhere soon and somehow you will 'boob' again, for shoor.
Perchance you're on Beinn Eighe, seighe, crossing rough Sgurr an Fhir Duibhe.
Identify it? Certainly! Pronounce it? Not a cluibhe!
Why, even 'Coire nam Beith'
Isn't easy to seith.
And then there's Beinn Fhada . . .
But, dash it—does it really mhada?

F. Alcock

SUMMARY OF MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT†—1961-65

Accidents dealt with by the Lake District rescue teams, compiled by the Lake District Mountain Accidents Association Advisory Panel.

	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965
Total incidents	**29+**	**67**	**90**	**54+**	**88**
Climbing on rock—deaths	1	5	1	4	4
Climbing on rock—injuries	10	14	25	15	15
Climbing on snow and ice—deaths ..	0	2	0	0	1
Climbing on snow and ice—injuries ..	2	1	2	0	1
Fell walking on snow or ice—deaths ..	0	1	0	0	2
Fell walking on snow or ice—injuries	0	1	5	0	10
Fell walking—deaths	3	3	3	2	5
Fell walking—injuries	13	35	53	26	35
Fell walking—lost but uninjured ..	0*	0*	0*	12	37
Incidents other than mountain accidents dealt with by the rescue teams	0	8	4	4	6

† Including a number of incidents in the north Pennines in which Lake District rescue teams were involved.

* Incomplete information.

LAKE DISTRICT MOUNTAIN ACCIDENTS, 1965

James Ogilvie

In 1965, in the Lake District, search and rescue teams were called out on 88 occasions to deal with a wide variety of incidents. These included 13 deaths. These are the two simplest but most important facts which emerge from the annual report of the Lake District Mountain Accidents Association, produced by Brian Stilling and commented on by the chairman of the Search Panel, Col. Westmorland.

The Association, which correlates the work of the teams and appoints a panel to control major operations, regards prevention as a major part of its work, and it prosecutes a vigorous propaganda campaign to encourage safety on the fells. The report draws attention to some of the more common preventable causes of the accidents—failure to carry axes on snow and ice; failure to obtain satisfactory belays for abseiling; unsuitable footwear; fell walking when not physically fit; lack of elementary knowledge and proper equipment.

The construction of the report, with its analysis of each incident, and a statistical summary comparing figures back to 1961, reveals the expected increasing accident rate and seems to be beyond criticism. The reviewer therefore hopes that the Editor will allow, instead of more statistics, a few comments based on personal experience of some of the incidents.

Accidents are not confined to one class of climber. The casualty list includes experts and novices. An old lady on a bus tour fractured her fibula mounting the slippery rocks by Aira Force, while an almost identical injury was suffered by the well equipped and practised climber who had the misfortune to be pulled off his belay by a falling leader. It is obvious that anyone who sets foot upon a mountain does so at his peril, and it is only by the greatest care in the choice of equipment and the acquisition of skill that the ill-luck factor can be minimised.

Injuries received in a fall are by no means proportional to the extent of the involuntary descent. A competent walker, slipping on snow on Boardale Hause, fell a few feet into a grassy gully and died instantaneously from a broken neck. Less than a mile away, and within a few weeks, a member of one of the local rescue teams fell 400 feet from the top to the bottom of Heck Crag, bouncing from terrace to terrace and

sliding down the intervening snow slopes until brought up short at the Bannerdale wall. He collected only a few bruises and was able to make his own way home to avoid the ignominy of appearing on the official list.

It is necessary to realize the limitations of the deductions one is tempted to make from statistics of the kind provided in the report. The increase in the number of incidents recorded over the past five years may or may not be real. It certainly cannot be as great as the figures would seem to indicate. The increased availability of teams, increased public awareness of their existence, and the more efficient recording of their work all tend to make the recorded accident rate more nearly approximate to the actual rate. The rise of the former does not necessarily indicate a commensurate rise of the latter.

Some recorded calls do not even involve the teams in proceeding far on the fells or even in leaving the collecting point. A very common case is that of the lone walker, surprised by the shortness of the winter's day, failing to return to his lodging by his announced time. A decision as to whether to search or not, and if so, when, involves worrying discussion between police, relatives and team leaders. Radio-communication has made an enormous difference to this problem, and the decision to send a team out onto the fells can now be taken much more readily in the knowledge that they can be quickly recalled if, as so often happens, the missing person turns up shortly after search zero hour.

Such cases swell the statistics, but conversely many climbers, worthy of the help of rescue teams, extricate themselves often with considerable personal inconvenience and danger. Could it be that fear of unwanted press and radio publicity sometimes acts as an unfortunate deterrent to a call for aid? One example of the self-rescued is the climber who was so impressed with the head injuries of a casualty he helped to carry down in North Wales, that he bought himself a crash helmet on his way to Westmorland. Leading up Curving Gully, Hutable Crag, he was struck on his head by a boulder 'the size of a football' sent down by the party above. He reversed the climb, carrying with him the boulder to prevent it falling on his second, and the pair then made their way, over three miles, back to civilisation where examination revealed a considerable splitting open of scalp as well as practically complete destruction of helmet. It is to be hoped that, as well as buying a new helmet, he will in future refrain from

following other parties up gullies containing loose stones. A second example is furnished by the school-master leading a party of boys up a snow-filled gully. He carried an axe but the others were provided only with walking sticks and the alleged instruction to 'thrust them into the snow' if they slipped. Near the top of the gully a count showed that one boy was missing. Search lower down revealed him lying with most of his lower garments torn off and a large excoriation of his legs and buttock. Again, he failed to appear on the casualty list by virtue of the success of himself and his colleagues in completing his journey to medical aid. If one includes such cases as these, and the host of minor sprains, abrasions and burns that trek down to the doctors' surgeries, a formidable total of unrecorded accidents on the fells can be surmised.

How seriously then should one regard the figures? Does the mortality and morbidity rate warrant a re-appraisal of mountaineering as a sport? There is obviously a real problem but it is necessary to maintain a true perspective.

Rock climbing as a sport depends on its risk factor. Without the necessity of controlling and developing physical and mental abilities, and the exhilaration of pushing standards to higher and higher limits, much of the interest would be lost. A certain type of individual, denied the opportunity of sublimating his combative instincts by climbing, would no doubt find some other equally dangerous outlet for his energies, and as this would probably involve his propulsion on road or lake to the accompaniment of great noise and of inconvenience to others, we should be grateful that he comes for his escape to the hills.

The contemporary public image of mountain rescue is distorted by the glamour element. Head-on motorway collisions with multiple casualties are so commonplace as to warrant only one-edition press reports, whereas a prolonged search or rescue on the mountains is second only to a caving calamity for its extended news value. And to us, personally, with our innate and unreasonable love of the hills, a tragedy on the fells will evoke a kindred sympathy that would never be aroused by the loss of life elsewhere.

Propaganda for safety measures is already being pushed to the limit. Can anything more be done to reduce the toll?

Lone walking, solo climbing, and the discovery of new excessively severe routes, all involve calculated risks. This is,

in my opinion, justifiable provided the risk is confined chiefly to the participants. It is sad however that the calculation of the risk level is sometimes placed so high that the ultimate end becomes inevitable. An extract from an obituary notice in a recent climbing journal, paraphrased here to secure anonymity, points its own moral. 'Since he joined the club a year ago he had risen from a complete novice to a V.S. climber. He was killed while climbing this summer.'

There seem to be two periods in a climber's development when he is most likely to be involved in an accident: during his novitiate, before he has mastered elementary rope management and protection techniques, gained some degree of 'rock-sense' and fully realised the objective dangers; and during a period of over-confidence that may arise after he has ascended some of the harder climbs. Very few experienced climbers who habitually do the harder routes seem to hurt themselves.

At the other extreme, an almost criminal state of negligence is reached far too frequently when parties of children are taken onto the fells, inadequately led, inadequately trained and inadequately equipped. The rapidly increasing use of the National Parks for the open-air training of the young is to be commended. Valuable training is being carried out by Outward Bound Schools, the more enlightened Education Committees, and other similar organisations. It is too frequent an occurrence however to see other 'leaders' expose parties to incredibly stupid dangers. The passage of Striding Edge by 90 young children in the care of only three teachers is well authenticated. I have myself seen 30 twelve-year-old girls above the cloud line with only two inexperienced teachers to guide them. Any Youth Hostel warden will be able to report even more hair-raising escapades. Luckily authorities are pressing ahead with leadership training and the issue of certificates. The standards for qualification must be kept at the highest reasonable level. The greatest danger exists in an imperfectedly trained leader who is not aware of his own imperfections. The question of the ratio of the number of leaders to children is probably a matter that does not lend itself to legislation. The answer here lies with the individual Education Committees. It is to be hoped that they all reach enlightenment before public opinion has to be stimulated by the castigations of some coroner.

One of the greatest tragedies of the year was the fatality on Dove Crag. The fact that two undergraduates, both

novices, one of whom had never climbed before, should tackle this crag requires a serious search for causative factors.

As regards the general problem of climbers undertaking expeditions beyond their skill, I venture to propound two related causes.

The first is difficult to define. It could be called the 'Big Talk' factor. In pubs and clubs where climbers meet, talk invariably seems to gravitate towards the successful accomplishment of Severes, Very Severes, and Extremes. The beginners, who surely deserve the greatest encouragement, must hesitate at the thought of having to work through a reasonable number of Difficults and Very Difficults before they become qualified to join in the conversations. Climbing writers, in books and the journals, have become boringly repetitive in their frightening accounts of routes where the largest measures of skill, and luck, were utilised in the extrication of the author and his companions from highly dramatic situations which should never have been allowed to arise. Is it too much to hope that our Club, with its tradition of encouraging and sharing the love of mountains rather than the technical advancement of technical climbing, will continue to produce climbers with sufficient literary skill to compose writings that will interest and enlighten without recourse to the glorification of unjustifiable inefficiencies? Let us congratulate and speak kindly to the young man who has just led his first Difficult, and assure him that the descriptive classifying word means what it says. He must be made to realise that even with peak fitness, expert tuition and flair, it takes time to acquire sufficient skill and experience to enjoy the most difficult climbs. It is as unreasonable to assume that all are capable of reaching top climbing rank, as it would be to think that by becoming physically fit and spending two years learning ball control one could be certain of being chosen to play for a First Division soccer team.

The second factor is the lack of ready availability of suitable guide-books. Our own Club has not been blameless here though our omissions are, I believe, in the process of being rectified. To arrive in Keswick and not be able to buy a climbing guide to Borrowdale, or to fail to find a Ben Nevis guide in Fort William, have been sources of potential danger for too long.* The excellent *75 New Climbs* must be welcome

* Bentley Beetham's guide to Borrowdale has recently been reprinted to meet this demand until the new guides of the Third Series are ready.—ED.

to the expert, but it contains 70 Very Severes, and only one Difficult. I shudder to think of this being bought by the beginner who fails to find a copy of the 'ordinary' guide. It might be difficult to find new good moderate routes in our well-explored Lake District, and it would require courage to ask for their publication in the New Climbs section of the *Journal*, but what a rewarding and useful exercise it would be. Would it not be possible to collect the classic easier climbs from the existing guides, add some new ones, and publish it in one volume—'Rock Climbs in the English Lake District'. It would be a best-seller, and it might encourage visiting climbers to reach a certain standard before proceeding to the more specialised climbs and guides. It would also afford an opportunity of upgrading the classification of some of those earlier climbs whose original holds have been well-nigh polished off by the feet of several generations of pilgrims.

The report includes a reminder that rescuers themselves occasionally suffer injury while out on a call. This risk must be stressed and one must realise the increasingly heavy expense of the insurance of men, and of the purchase, maintenance and insurance of rescue equipment, vehicles and radios. At the same time one must be wary of the attempts of reporters of the less scrupulous press to trap tired and dispirited rescuers into diatribes against the follies of the rescued and into suggesting that some penalty should be exacted. I have yet to hear a genuine grumble from a team member. What the schoolmaster said to the doctor, regrettably in the presence of the parson, as the search-line stepped into a High Street bog on a dark and dismal winter's night was not so much the expression of an opinion as the explosion of an ill-suppressed personal discomfort. Whatever the reason the teams turn out—and the cynics may put glamour, excuse to leave work, and charity, in that order of importance—they respond to a call with an enthusiasm that amounts at times almost to competitive rivalry. They are grand people to work with.

GREAT GABLE

3 August 1965

Gentle day
Mellow grey
Cliff above,
Below. Move
Smooth, smooth.
Toes lock
Sun-warmed rock
Hold grips
Finger tips.
Balance poises
Firmly, neatly
Viewpoint rises
Surely, sweetly.
Voice sings
Spirit rings
Joy of things
Unique: these things.

G. G. WATKINS

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE ABRAHAM

H. Westmorland

It was a natural and pleasant incident in passing through Keswick on the way to Seathwaite and Gable to call and have a few minutes with one or both of the famous and friendly Keswick brothers. Living in Penrith and being a young rock climber, I had frequent opportunities to get to know George and Ashley Abraham better, especially during the years 1908 to 1910 inclusive. Towards the latter part of this period I was invited to join them sometimes and did so with great pleasure and benefit: I was with them on Dow Crag, the Pillar, in North Wales and, in 1910, in the Engadine and the Dolomites.

These were the early years of this Club and through George and Ashley I was made a member. On the way to a Club meet in Coniston George drove me over Dunmail Raise on a bitterly cold day. It was my first drive in a motor car, and the car had no windshield. No wonder the memory is vivid.

George's personality and his skill as a rock climber and all-round mountaineer gave invaluable prestige to the young Fell and Rock Club. Ashley remarked to me once 'nobody looks less like a rock climber than George, but when he is climbing he seems to *fit on*!' One of my most vivid mental pictures of him is as he led us up the verglas-covered steep rock of a gully in the upper part of Dow Crag. Half a gale of wind was driving dry snow particles into our faces, our situation neither comfortable nor particularly secure. When George found a stance and faced downwards to bring up his second, it was a tonic to see his cheerful unperturbed face, with wind-whipped cheeks like bright red apples, as he took in the rope. His temperament was very equable and good-natured, yet he could show strength and determination. I can recall a small instance of these qualities. In those days the hardest to climb of the Drei Zinnen (now the Tre Cime di Lavaredo) was the Kleine (or Cima Piccola). We were climbing the Zsigmondy Kamin route and taking photographs. As we stood on the ledge below the Kamin thunderheads were gathering and threatening; Sigismundo Menardi, the guide, said we could not go on up this most difficult part of the climb in such threatening weather. George could make himself understood in German and succeeded in making it clear to Sigismundo that '*no* Zsigmondy Kamin, *no* pay'. We went on.

The drill was that Menardi led me on one rope and that George and Ashley followed on a second rope, George leading and Ashley laden with the heavy camera, plates and tripod. At good view points for the better pitches they would stop to take photographs. I remember so well seeing George and the camera tied to a belay with footing for only two of the tripod legs, the other in mid air. George was in much the same fix, but with only two legs to work with, his head under the black cloth focusing the lens on the great vertical wall of dolomite. Generally when George or Ashley took off the lens cap, Menardi and I had to hold 'action' positions for at least 40 seconds, sometimes more. It all took time, but what a wonderful record of your holiday when the completed pictures came to you. The brothers were truly the real pioneers of photographs showing action on the crags, even though they were 'stills'. The photographs are world famous.

Of all his British rock climbs I am sure that George prized most those with Owen Glynne Jones and he regarded the struggle to make the first ascent of Walker's Gully as their finest achievement. Jones was George's beau idéal of a rock climber. He told me that one evening in the hotel at Wasdale he and Ashley stood on two chairs with an ice-axe from the shoulder of one to the other, forming a short horizontal bar. O. G. Jones took hold of the shaft with one hand and muscled up with that one arm, then took a normal sized man by his collar and lifted him off his feet, still held by the one biceps.

O. G. Jones and George made a redoubtable partnership. George told me of the final tussle to climb the top pitch of Walker's Gully where Jones had to take off his boots, even in the icy and wet conditions, and climbing up managed to pass a loop of the rope through a thread belay. All this took time and the third man, A. E. Field, was sitting cold and perhaps rather miserable, waiting. After a brief rest Jones led the pitch by using the loop to pull on, and George followed. I can remember George's laugh as he said 'when I told Field to come on, he was asleep.'

It is 56 years since I was in the Dolomites with George on my first Alpine mountains, and 65 since I first met him in the shop at the top of Lake Road. I liked him very much. We had a lifetime's friendship.

George Abraham's life spanned the years during which British rock climbing developed from little more than Alpine training for a handful of professional men to today's sport of mass appeal. In this profound change his writing and photography played no small part. With his passing it seems fitting therefore to publish again some of his classic pictures. In the case of the crag photographs I have added a drawing showing the network of climbs, new and old, to serve as a link between modern rock climbing and the days when these pictures were taken.

It has been stated that all the Abraham's negatives were destroyed by fire. This is not so; these plates were made from new prints and thanks are due to G. P. Abraham Ltd. for permission to reproduce them. Unfortunately some of the negatives did suffer damage at the time of the fire; I apologise for the poor quality of the 'spotting'.—ED.

* * *

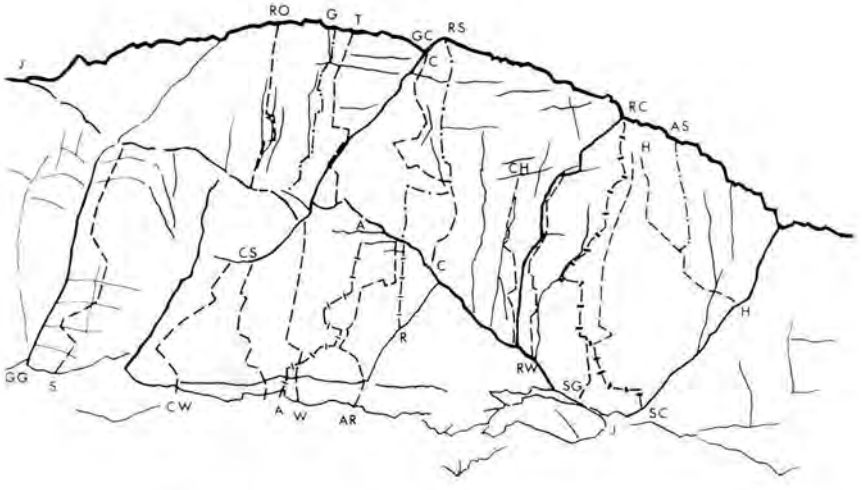
Opposite: New West Climb, Pillar Rock, 1898. The leader is Ashley Abraham.

Centre Pages

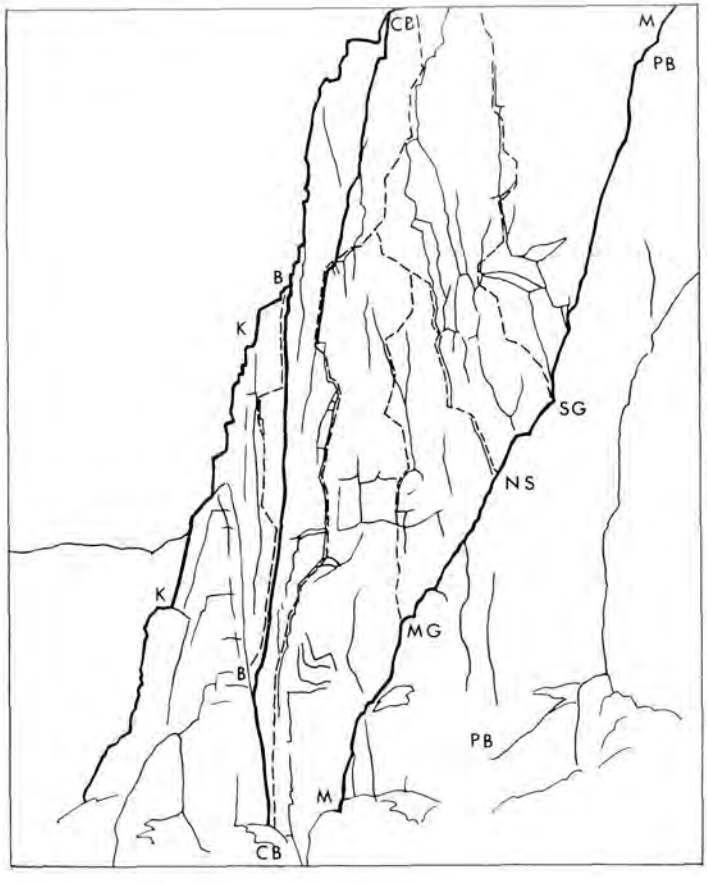
Left: Doctor's Chimney, Gable Crag, 1902.

Right: Scafell Pinnacle Arête, 1896. Gaspard and George Abraham.

PAVEY ARK

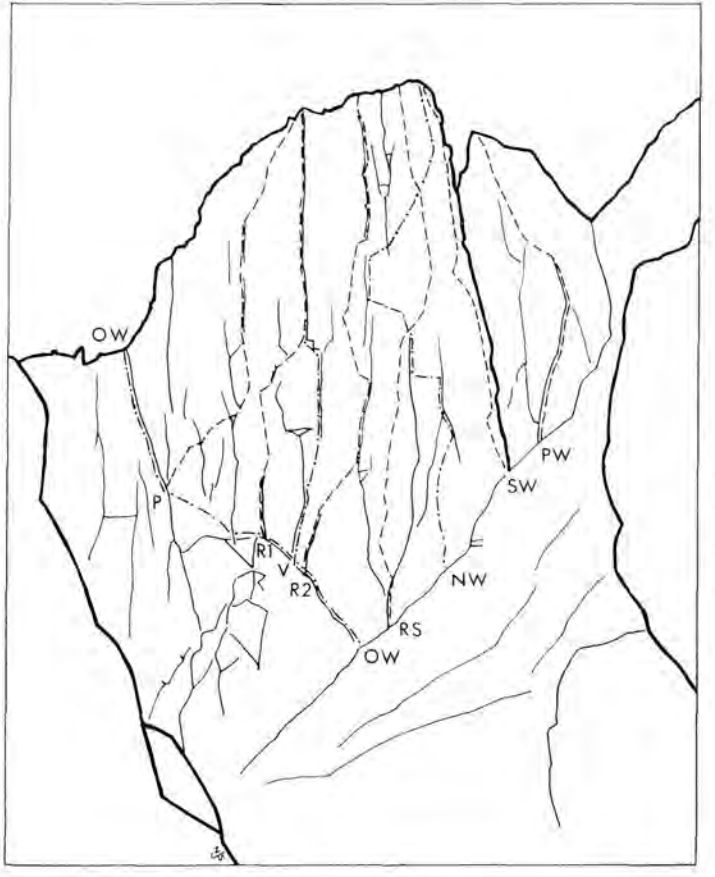


J	JACK'S RAKE	1870's
GG	GREAT GULLY	1882
S	STONY BUTTRESS	1920
CW	CRESCENT WALL	1924
CS	CRESCENT SLABS	1920
A	ALPH	1948
W	WAILING WALL	1939
AR	ARCTURUS	1962
R	RAINMAKER	1965
RO	ROUNDABOUT	1958
G	GOLDEN SLIPPER	1958
T	TROLL'S CORNER	1959
GC	GWYNNE'S CHIMNEY	1892
C	COOK'S TOUR	1943
RS	RECTANGULAR SLAB	1960
CH	CHEQUER BUTTRESS	1952
RC	RAKE END CHIMNEY	1898
RW	RAKE END WALL	1945
SG	STICKLE GROOVES	1956
SC	STOATS' CRACK	1933
H	HOBSON'S CHOICE	1947
AS	ASTRA	1960



SCAFELL CRAG

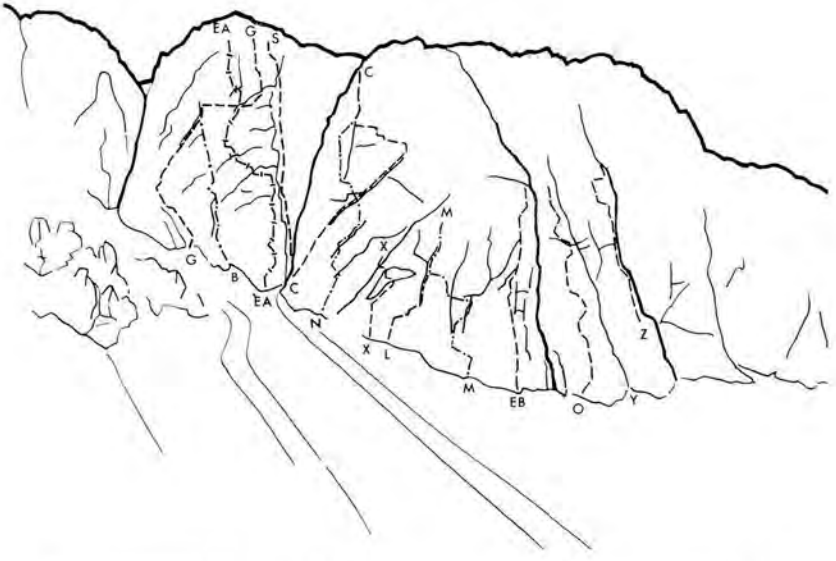
K	KESWICK BROTHERS' CLIMB	1897
B	BOTTERILL'S SLAB	1903
CB	CENTRAL BUTTRESS	1914
M	MOSS GHYLL	1892
MG	MOSS GHYLL GROOVES	1926
NS	NARROW SLAB	1946
SG	SLAB AND GROOVE	1948
PB	PISGAH BUTTRESS DIRECT	1911



PILLAR ROCK—WEST FACE

OW	OLD WEST CLIMB	1826
P	PULPIT ROUTE	1934
R1	ROUTE II	1919
V	VANDAL	1960
R2	ROUTE I	1919
RS	RIB AND SLAB	1919
NW	NEW WEST CLIMB	1906
SW	SOUTH WEST	1911
PW	PISGAH WEST RIDGE	1969

DOW CRAG



G	GORDON AND CRAIG'S ROUTE	1909
B	BALROG	1966
EA	ELIMINATE A	1923
S	SIDEWALK	1962
C	GIANT'S CRAWL	1909
N	NIMROD	1963
X	GIANT'S CORNER	1920
L	LEOPARD'S CRAWL	1947
M	MURRAY'S ROUTE	1918
EB	ELIMINATE B	1922
O	*C BUTTRESS ORDINARY*	1904
Y	INTERMEDIATE GULLY	1895
Z	GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE	1919

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. A. P. ABRAHAM	
G. D. ABRAHAM	1907 – 1965
E. BETTS	1947 – 1966
T. GRAHAM BROWN	1924 – 1965
P. CLEAVE	1951 – 1966
J. R. COTTRILL	1936 – 1966
C. F. HADFIELD	1914 – 1965
J. L. IRVIN	1936 – 1965
Mrs. C. P. LEPAGE	1935 – 1963
Miss J. S. NEWBY	1956 – 1964
W. PHAROAH	1957 – 1966
E. O. RANSOME	1924 – 1962
S. ROWBOTHAM	1924 – 1966
J. F. SEAMAN	1915 – 1965
Miss N. WELLS	1923 – 1965
A. WOOD-JOHNSON	1929 – 1966

Mrs. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM b. 1877 – d. 1964

Lucy B. Abraham, Ashley Abraham's wife, was the daughter of the Rev. George Kennedy of Cockermouth and was one of the earliest lady members of the Club. She was first introduced to rock climbing on her honeymoon in North Wales and later on was an enthusiastic fell walker with her husband and their four children.

At the fourth Annual Dinner (Coniston, 1910) Mrs. Abraham made a graceful speech in reply to the toast of 'The Ladies,' possibly the first time a woman had made a speech at a climbing club gathering. Her photograph can be seen in the large group of members taken on that occasion. At the fifth Annual Dinner in 1911 she was again asked to respond to the toast and gave a neat reply in original verse. Early numbers of the *Journal* contain several of her odes to the mountains and she composed a poem on the Cuillins as a foreword to her husband's book *Rock-Climbing in Skye*. Her wide knowledge enabled her to compile an anthology, *Poems of Lakeland* which is still read by mountain-lovers.

Mrs. Abraham was a very gifted musician, a pianist of outstanding ability, and performed frequently as soloist or as accompanist at local concerts. She was a kind and untiring hostess to very many climbers who found the Abrahams' home (appropriately called 'The Screes'), a welcome haven after a hard day on the fells. The names of guests read like a list of the Founders of the Club: Seatree, Haskett Smith, Woodhouse, Wakefield, G. D. Abraham, Collier, Binns, Harland, Rawnsley and many more. The grand talk about climbing was encouraged by A.P.A. while L.B.A. contributed warm hospitality and Beethoven sonatas!

In more recent years Mrs. Abraham enjoyed visits from Odell, Shipton and Smythe, and at 76 years of age she was thrilled to hear of the ascent of Everest, a topic which had been discussed by the experts at her fireside forty years earlier.

Ashley and Lucy Abraham are survived by a daughter and three sons, one of whom is the owner of the photographic firm of G. P. Abraham Ltd., founded one hundred years ago by the father of the Keswick Brothers.

MARY ABRAHAM

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM 1907 – 1965

George Dixon Abraham of Keswick, the last remaining link with the splendid early days of British rock climbing and our distinguished honorary member since 1907, died in the spring of 1965 in his 94th year. It is unfortunate that a completely undistinguished mountaineer should be the one to write of a famous member forty years

his senior, and I do so only at the editorial command. G. D. Abraham was a boyhood hero of mine in the late nineteen-twenties and the photographs outside his Keswick studio my early inspiration. I never climbed with him but I knew him fairly well and our last meeting in his home that looked out on to one of the finest views in England took place only a few months before his death. For a couple of hours the old man, perhaps the oldest living mountaineer but still quite sprightly and clear minded, looked back over his memories of sixty, seventy and nearly eighty years before, and slowly the old photographs came to life.

For thirty years from 1890 to 1920 George, often accompanied by his younger brother Ashley (our first President), pioneered new climbs in Lakeland, Wales and Scotland and, with his photographs and writings, did more than anybody else to popularise the sport. He was not only the very last of the deerstalker and Norfolk jacket pioneers, but the first man to take photographs of rock climbers in action and the climber who drew many of us to the crags for the first time. Thousands must have been brought up on his *British Mountain Climbs* and *The Complete Mountaineer* and generations of mountaineers first attracted to the sport by his thrilling photographs still displayed in the windows of the family business at Keswick.

Abraham climbed with nearly all the legendary figures—W. P. Haskett Smith, Owen Glynne Jones, Geoffrey Hastings, W. C. Slingsby, J. W. Robinson and many more—out-lasted them all, and was still climbing in his seventies. Even in his eighties he was flying to Switzerland to visit old friends and do modest walks, but his last memory of the Alps was of an ascent by mountain railway at the age of 87.

G. D. Abraham was born in Keswick in 1872, one of the four sons of George Perry Abraham, the founder of the family firm who took early photographs of Lakeland scenery and snapshots of the tourists walking down to the lake. George went to Manchester Grammar School and studied at the art school in the city, for his early ambition was to paint Lakeland scenery rather than photograph it. In his study at Keswick hung a splendid oil painting of Skiddaw as seen from Ashness Bridge, done by George when he was only 14, and in another room a magnificent photograph of the Matterhorn, coloured by himself. But both George and Ashley eventually went into the family business.

Their first day's 'real' climbing after scrambling at Castle Head near Keswick took place about 80 years ago, and George told me all about it as we sat in his study one November day in 1964. They took their mother's clothes line and went off to climb Pillar Rock. 'There were some Alpine Club men on the Rock that day' he said, 'but instead of frightening us away or laughing at us they offered to lend us a proper rope and gave us all the help they could. I remember

thinking at the time "What wonderful men!" and I made up my mind to become a climber.'

The very first new climb discovered in Lakeland by the Keswick Brothers, as they came to be called, was *Sandbed Gill* in St. John's in the Vale which they climbed in 1890 when George was 19 and Ashley only 14. George remembered the day very well and how they had a drink from a waterfall about half way up and when they got up the pitch found a dead sheep lying in the water. He couldn't remember what they called the climb except that it wasn't *Sandbed Gill*. 'People often altered the names and even put our names on some new climbs—including those two buttresses on Dow Crag—but we never did that' he told me. He clearly remembered, too, their first ascent of *Walla Crag Gully* in Borrowdale in 1892 and once asked me, nearly 60 years later, whether the withered root of an old holly tree they had used as a foothold was still there. When I told him that it was, although now worn thin by hundreds of climbers' boots and creaking ominously, he was delighted.

His companion on many first ascents was Owen Glynne Jones and one of the most important of these climbs was *Walker's Gully* on Pillar Rock—'the last big unclimbed gully in Lakeland.' They left Wasdale Head one January morning and walked to Pillar through a storm of rain and sleet, the late A. E. Field being the third member of the party. The climb was iced with a waterfall splashing down between the icicles and the party was wet through and frozen before they reached the limit of previous exploration. Jones led with Abraham as his second and to climb the crux took off his boots and his Norfolk jacket and used a rope loop to help him up the worst corner. Perhaps this ended the gully era in Lakeland and opened the way for a start on the great face climbs. The combination of Jones and Abraham was one of the most formidable in British mountaineering at that time and between them they privately laid plans for an attempt on Kangchenjunga. But before these could be finalised Jones fell to his death on the Dent Blanche and the development of British climbing was probably held back for years as a result. George Abraham told me that Jones was the finest climber he had ever known—extremely strong in the arms but immensely neat in his footwork.

Abraham's favourite climb remained the *New West* on Pillar, discovered by him and his brother in 1901 and the last climb the two brothers did together—in 1936. He was involved in about fifty first ascents in this country, being the leader on about thirty occasions, and he also climbed a great deal in the Alps, although mostly with guides, as was the fashion in those days. His hardest climbs were in the Dolomites and he once told me there was an aiguille above Chamonix that still bore his name, although I have never been able to identify this.

The crags looked quite different in Abraham's day. 'There

wasn't a scratch or a mark on them' he once told me, 'and you could climb almost anywhere and be on rock where nobody had ever been before. But there was a lot more grass and lichen about and we had to do a lot of gardening to find the holds.' In his seventieth year George took his second wife, who still survives him, up the *Crowberry Ridge* on Buchaille Etive—one of his most famous first ascents.

'When we were half way up' she told me two or three years ago 'he said he knew of a good place where we could have our sandwiches, but it turned out to be a ledge about nine inches wide overlooking a vertical drop.' This was one of his last climbs in Britain.

Abraham had held office in many of the big climbing clubs but he was chiefly proud of his honorary membership of the Alpine Club, conferred in 1954. He was also the founder president of the little Keswick Mountaineering Club and walked up to the club hut high above Honister for the opening ceremony when he was over 80. The old man was proud, too, of a signed photograph of the late Prince Consort of the Netherlands. Many years ago he was asked to take the Prince for a walk over Scafell Pike—he and his wife, the former Queen Wilhelmina, were holidaymaking in the Lake District at the time. They went up from Seathwaite and came down to Langdale, and as they came down Rossett Gill they found the Queen sitting sketching, Abraham remembered, 'in a tatty old woollen dress,' not far from the sheepfold in Mickleden.

His photographs fall into three categories: exciting pictures of climbers balanced on tiny holds above tremendous drops or jammed in dark gullies or straddling knife edges of rock; studies of the giants of the Alps; and quieter, restful pictures of the Lakeland fells at all seasons of the year. His most successful picture from a commercial point of view and one of his own favourites is a photograph of Crummock Water taken on a quiet November day 60 years ago. There is a rowing boat in the foreground and the title is 'Solitude.' Copies have gone all over the world. To take their early pictures on the crags the Abraham brothers had to manhandle heavy equipment up the rocks and sometimes had to do their own developing and printing in the open in shaded tents close to running water. Some pictures show the only photographs in existence of pioneers like O. G. Jones and J. W. Robinson.

George Abraham and his brother lived to survive early criticism that they made money out of their climbing and became accepted throughout the climbing world as distinguished pioneers and men of high professional integrity. They remained, perhaps, a little old fashioned in their attitude to the sport and in their writings, but to the end were devoted to the hills. George was a kindly man, always ready with help or encouragement for the young mountaineer, and quietly modest about his contribution to the sport. He and his

brother will always be remembered by *Keswick Brothers'* climb on Scafell, the two climbs on Dow Crag that bear their name, many fine routes in Lakeland, Wales and Scotland, their writings and, most of all, their photography. George leaves his widow, one daughter, four grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

A. H. GRIFFIN

ERIC BETTS 1947 – 1966

Eric Betts joined the Club in 1947, being proposed by the late Bryan Greaves. These two friends together with the late Bernard Newton made a trio and were known as 'The Three Musketeers.'

Eric was rather quiet and reserved, but once the ice was broken he became an interesting talker, particularly on the woollen trade. As a climber he was sound and climbed up to severe standard but in addition was also a grand walker. He and Charles Richardson did the first tour of the 'Four Huts' one August day in 1952. I met them trotting down Scarth Gap about 10.30 in the morning and Eric told me later that they had got back to Raw Head in time for tea.

He was interested in the huts and it was through his good services that Salving House and Birkness were equipped with some excellent blankets. When S. R. Jackson had to resign from the wardenship of Birkness, Eric volunteered for the job. He spent much time there accompanied occasionally by his wife and daughter, and proved a first class warden. All went well until 1958 when illness overtook him and he became subject to blackouts. This meant that he could no longer drive safely and had to give up his wardenship. The illness was a great blow to him as it cut him off not only from the fells and his beloved Buttermere but eventually led to his having to give up work.

During the last few years of his life he spent much time attending hospitals, yet his letters were always cheerful and showed an undiminished interest in the Club and all its doings. He was delighted with the *Chronicle* and particularly interested in the alterations at Birkness which had been made possible by the generosity of his old friend Bryan Greaves. He even mentioned coming over sometime to see what had been done, although he knew in his heart that this was impossible. His great regret was that he could do nothing to help.

Eric will always be remembered by those who knew him for his kind and gentle disposition.

R. G. PLINT

I first met Eric Betts on a Sunday in March, 1946, at Widdop, a gritstone outcrop by a reservoir high on the moors of the Yorkshire-Lancashire border, where climbers from the towns in both counties

congregate at week-ends. Eric used to come over from his home in Huddersfield by motor-bike or push-bike and he, together with Bryan Greaves and a large and unfailing group of regulars, formed for years one's week-end company.

Eric was quiet and impurturbable. He was as unshakeable as the rocks themselves. If his bike, or anyone else's, broke down in pouring rain on the moorland road to Widdop, he was quite prepared to spend unspecified amounts of time and concentrated energy in taking the offending part to pieces and putting it back again. This preoccupation with machines became, in fact, a nightmare later when he acquired a splendid ex-German army B.M.W., a bike which occasioned so much interest wherever it went that one came heartily to hope that no one would notice it parked, say, below the Rocky Gateway on Walna Scar; otherwise their inevitable curiosity could hold up half our climbing day while Eric answered questions.

He was interested in buildings, too. He acquired a hundred-year-old house on a windy hilltop between Halifax and Huddersfield and proceeded to make complicated adjustments to it over many years. It was this interest which gave him such delight as warden of Birkness from 1955 to 1958; he was very happy in a world of Baxi stoves and gutters.

Music, too, absorbed him and in Huddersfield there is no lack of it; Eric enjoyed in particular Beethoven, Sibelius and Schubert, whose great Ninth Symphony he would hum on the hills.

He was my seconder as an applicant for membership of the Club; we had happy days all over the place from Glencoe to Wales, from Kinder Scout to Grizedale Pike. Under his rather dour exterior Eric had an enormous sense of humour, great staying power and the sort of quiet strength which the hills have. It is as if one of them had gone.

G. WHITELEY

T. GRAHAM BROWN 1924 – 1965

Although never very closely identified with the affairs of the Club Graham Brown was a member of very long standing, and owed to the Lakeland crags part, at any rate of the apprenticeship, which qualified him to be one of the outstanding mountaineers of the interwar years.

Graham Brown was born in Edinburgh in 1882 where he was educated at the Edinburgh Academy and afterwards at the University. He was a gifted scientist and became one of the most distinguished physiologists of his time, being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1927 and becoming Professor of Physiology at the Welsh National School of Medicine in 1920 where he showed

organising ability and leadership, building up his department to be 'one of the largest and most up-to-date in Great Britain.'

Graham Brown was over forty when he began his great career in the Alps. Apparently he did not even begin to graduate in the home mountains till he was over thirty and then of course the first world war intervened. At that time he was a lecturer at the University of Manchester and it may be that it was on Derbyshire gritstone that he first experimented in rock climbing: he was a member of the Rucksack Club. Certainly very shortly after the end of the war he was climbing in the Lake District, as I first met him on the Pillar Rock on a New Year's Day early in the 1920's—he was with the late George Bower.

Perhaps it was through Bower that he got to know George Basterfield with whom I saw him at Wasdale Head from time to time at about this period and whom he assisted in opening up the Boat Howe series of climbs on Kirkfell in the Spring of 1925. He took part in the first ascents of *Starboard Chimney*, the *Hatchway and Rigging Climb*, *Breakwater Slabs* and *Lighthouse*.

From about this time he became committed to Alpine mountaineering and by 1926 he had commenced to climb in the Mt. Blanc area, where in succeeding years he became famous for the series of fine expeditions which he carried out on the great ridges on the south side of the mountain. I do not think he came much to the Lake District after this: if he did I do not remember meeting him.

The great Alpine ascents which commenced in 1927 with the Red Sentinel in company with the late Frank Smythe are part of general mountaineering history, and hardly call for mention here. After his partnership with Smythe had broken up he climbed chiefly with Alexander Graven of Zermatt, one of the best guides of the time, with whom he made a number of fine ascents, not confining his activities to the Mt. Blanc. He climbed too in the Himalaya when he was a member of the Anglo-American party which made the first ascent of Nanda Devi (1936) though he was not himself in the summit party, and of the Karakoram expedition of 1938: here I think it was that he sustained severe frostbite which he bore and shook off in his characteristic dour way. In Alaska in 1934 he took part in the first ascent of Mt. Foraker. During his seventieth year he made an ascent of the Matterhorn which was I believe his last big climb.

His main contribution to Alpine literature was probably his editorship of the *Alpine Journal* (1949-54) which was marked by fine scholarship and discrimination. But his book *Brenva* (1944), though marred by some unpleasant personalities, is one of the most exciting records of mountaineering adventure that we have, as well as being written in terse vigorous English and splendidly illustrated —he was a first rate photographer. It claims its place as a classic.

Like so many great climbers Graham Brown was a short strongly

built man whose energy seemed quite inexhaustible. He brought the trained intelligence of the scientist as well as the passionate enthusiasm of the committed mountaineer to the organisation and execution of his expeditions which are worthy of close study from that point of view. I never saw him on a difficult climb, but I have the impression rather of high competence than of executant brilliance.

Though an able lecturer he was of a rather silent disposition, except among his friends to whom he would open himself with a delightful humour and raciness of expression. And on these occasions he did not spare his enemies of whom he had quite a few, though one sometimes felt the enmity was principally on his part! But for anyone to whom he took a liking he would go to almost infinite lengths to help them, and his kindly smile must have been an encouragement both to many a student in the laboratory and to many a young climber trying to find his feet upon the mountains.

CHORLEY

PHILIP CLEAVE 1951 – 1966

Philip Cleave died on 8th July, 1966, at the age of 61, and his many friends in the Club, and the wide circle of those without it, learned of his passing with great regret. During the 18 years that he had been Secretary of the Friends of the Lake District he had worked unremittingly in forwarding the main object of the society—'to protect the landscape and natural beauty of the Lake District.' His membership of the National Park Planning Board, over a long period, was also of great value in promoting the aims to which he was devoted.

Philip Cleave was not only fully equipped, in heart and mind, to deal with the great issues that have arisen in connection with water extraction, electricity supply, road policy and the like, he was also always ready to give time and thought to lesser matters—the siting of a house or telephone line, the threatened felling of a fine tree, the repair of an old bridge, or the obstruction of a footpath; things collectively of great importance in the struggle to protect the amenities. In both great and small issues his intimate knowledge of, and love for, the fells and dales were of great value.

Inevitably, those who are concerned with preservation have met with disappointments, and will do so in future, but this must not lessen their gratitude to those who, like Philip Cleave, have striven so hard, often against great odds, and have ensured that much has been saved for the enjoyment of posterity.

W. G. STEVENS

CHARLES FREDERICK HADFIELD 1914 – 1965

Dr. C. F. Hadfield died peacefully in his sleep on June 15th just two days before his 90th birthday.

He was educated at Leys School and Trinity College Cambridge, where he graduated with a double first in the Natural Science Tripos, and he qualified at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After some years of educational and scientific work at Cambridge and with the Marine Biological Station at Naples he devoted himself entirely to medical work and went into general practice in Malvern and in London. Later he decided to specialise in anaesthetics and became a leading authority in this branch of medicine. He was appointed Consultant Anaesthetist to Barts Hospital and the Prince of Wales Hospital and in the 1914-18 War was attached to the City of London Military Hospital and then to the Emergency Medical Service and was awarded the M.B.E.

In 1906 he married Miss Wine-Field MacDougall of Dunolly-by-Oban, Argyl.

I first met Hadfield at Wasdale Head at the beginning of this century where he was with a reading party of Cambridge men. So began an enduring friendship. For many years a party of intimates met in spring and autumn for a few days climbing in the British hills. Dr. Hadfield's favourite ground was Lakeland and the formation of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club appealed to him greatly. His genial nature and first-class intellect made him universally popular. He was elected Vice-President in 1925 and was President from 1931 to 1933; he was made an Honorary Member in 1956. It was largely due to his enthusiasm that the London Section of the Club was started and he presided over the Section's activities for many years and seldom missed a lunch or dinner or a Sunday walk.

As a climber he was a good all-rounder, competent and safe on steep rock and snow and of fine endurance. His great joy was to tramp the fells and ridges and he struck a novel note by climbing Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon in a single day, assisted by two members of the Club who dealt with the road transport. After the first war he visited the Alps extensively. In 1923 the Graians yielded Aig. de Polset, Pointe de l'Echelle, Dent Parrachée, Grande Casse and Tsanteleina amongst others. The Dauphiné was visited in 1925, a season of doubtful weather; climbs included Grande Ruine, Pic de Neige Cordier, the fine rock peak of Aig. d'Arves Meridionale, Pic de la Grave, Pic Coolidge, Tersiva and Grivola. The summer of 1926 was fine and much ground was covered. In the Dolomites, Monte Cristallo, Gross Zinne, M. Antelao and M. Pelmo were climbed followed by Marmolata and Funffingerspitze. Moving to Sulden he traversed Ortler by the Hinteregrat. Then came the twelve peak walk. From Rifugio Casati above Sulden,

Monte Cevedale may be easily climbed. From this point a great semicircle of peaks extends round the Forno glacier, individually named and each between 11,500 and 12,400 feet in height. The skyline was followed throughout, via Monte Vioz, Punta San Matteo and others to Pizzo di Tresero whence a descent was made to the inn at Santa Canterina, a superb ridge walk of some twenty hours and one entirely after Hadfield's heart.

During the following years he repeatedly visited the Alps, climbing the Grande Fourche, Blumisalphorn, Rinderhorn, Gross Grunhorn, Finsteraarhorn and others. He was elected to the Alpine Club in 1926 and served on committee in 1940.

He never lost his love of the Lakeland hills and once confided to me that he looked on his presidency of the Fell and Rock as one of the most valued experiences of a long life. He will be missed by many devoted friends.

J. OSBORNE WALKER

WILSON PHARAOH 1957 – 1966

By the sudden death of Wilson Pharaoh in January this year, the Club has lost a most popular host from its traditional home.

More than most members of the Club, Wilson has left a permanent mark on the Lakeland scene. As part of the family business, houses and other buildings built in the Gosforth and Nether Wasdale district are a natural part of the landscape. The need for restrictions in Lakeland would be less pressing if all buildings were of this quality.

Though a strong walker and follower of the hounds, Wilson's main sporting achievements were in wrestling, his name being known and respected throughout the county. Few members will ever have such an intimate knowledge of the region in which they climb.

When he became proprietor of the Wastwater Hotel it was typical of him that he should wish to become a part of the climbing community in which he found himself and he was very proud of his association with the Club. The renowned hospitality of Wasdale Head has been maintained by him and his assistance to all in trouble on the fells has left many in his debt.

It will be a long time before we visit Wasdale without being aware of his absence.

ROBERT LEWIS

E. O. RANSOME 1924 – 1962

It was as a fellow member of the Midland Association of Mountaineers that I met Edwin Ransome and in those days his climbing was chiefly confined to that 'other place' after moving to Birmingham for business reasons in 1926.

Before moving to Birmingham he lived at Garstang and at that time he was a very active member of the club. The *Journal* for 1925,

under 'Climbs Old and New,' has three entries of his name including his lead of the second ascent of *Herdwick Buttress* with Fergus Graham. Edwin was a member of the Alpine Club for a number of years and one of his early holidays in the Alps was to the Oberland and Zermatt with Raymond Shaw and Marco Pallis in 1928.

A growing family and his many commitments in his adopted city caused him to resign from the Alpine Club and the M.A.M. at the end of the war, but he remained a loyal member of the Fell and Rock and in 1957 he attended the Scottish Meet at Ullapool, Dick Wilson's famous bus trip. This was at the instigation of his old companion, Raymond Shaw, and I renewed my acquaintance with Edwin when I travelled up by train with him to Carlisle where we joined the bus party. He was with us again in Skye two years later and during this period he came to at least two dinner meets. This comeback encouraged his many friends to hope that he would be a regular attender at Scottish Meets, but failing health ruled otherwise.

Ransome was appointed a magistrate of the City of Birmingham in 1943 and became interested in social work. An original member of the Margery Fry Memorial Fund and first chairman of the Birmingham branch, appointments followed as chairman of the City Probation Committee for eleven years and chairman of the Committee of the Royal School for Deaf Children for fifteen years. He died during the summer of 1962 and our sympathy goes to his widow and three children.

H. H. VAUGHAN

JUNE S. NEWBY 1956 – 1964

June Newby died at her home in Ulverston on Sunday, 11th October, 1964, aged 29 years.

After graduating from Somerville College, Oxford, she taught at a grammar school in my home town of Bolton but it was through the Club that I was privileged to know her.

It was as my Assistant Warden at Raw Head from 1960 until her death that I got to know her well and to appreciate her exceptional personality. Courage and selflessness were undoubtedly her most outstanding qualities and these qualities showed to the end and they were an inspiration to all of us. As befitted the grand-daughter of a founder member of the Club and its first secretary E. H. P. Scantlebury, she had, from the moment she joined the Club, been a most keen and enthusiastic member and with her great gifts for loyalty and cheerfulness, had made many friends.

She loved mountains—the Lake District in particular. She liked to climb them and to roam amongst them alone or with her friends. From her schooldays she had been a keen rock climber and this interest she had pursued with ever growing enthusiasm.

It was her ambition to teach in New Zealand for a few years and there to climb the New Zealand Alps. It was with this end in view that in January, 1963, she took a post as temporary head of the German Department at Christ's Hospital Girls' High School, Lincoln, hoping that in about two years' time she would be fully recovered from the illness which had already started but which it was hoped had been arrested.

This however was not to be. She continued to come over to Raw Head on her free weekends and although her spirit, her quick smile and her sense of humour never failed her, it was obvious to me that her vitality was ebbing and I begged her not to tax herself with the tasks she so liked to carry out for the benefit of all who used Raw Head.

In her last letter to me, less than three weeks before her death, she wrote, 'I really will have to give up Raw Head, it grieves me terribly to say this but I am afraid it has to be.' She knew the end was near but her spirit did not grow weak as her body grew weak, her thoughts then, as always, were for others and especially for her mother.

In her will she expressed the wish that she be cremated and that her ashes be scattered on Great Gable. It was a very sad party of five, led by the President, Dick Cook, who set out on the 25th October, 1964, to comply with her wish. We scattered her ashes in a quiet spot near Westmorland's cairn where she will rest amongst the eternal mountains.

I and many more have been privileged and our lives enriched to have known June as a friend, we shall remember her always with love and gratitude.

HORACE BAXTER

NANCY WELLS 1923 – 1965

Long before I first met 'Biddy' Wells and her sister 'Trilby' in 1936 they were well-known mountaineers. It seems natural to say 'they' as that is how I always knew of them and met them, and I am sure it must be so to many in our Club and also to members of the Pinnacle Club.

In 1928, along with Miss Lilian Bray, they made the first all-women traverse of the Cuillin Ridge from Glen Brittle back to Glen Brittle. This was only one example of that enthusiasm and resolution which she had for climbing. She was a founder member and one time secretary of the Pinnacle Club and energetically encouraged her amazons to climb and lead. She no doubt used these same qualities in her day-to-day work as a teacher at the Margaret MacMillan School in Bradford for children requiring special attention.

Another pioneer passes on but leaves her enthusiasm for others to carry forward.

CHARLES P. PICKLES

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

David Miller

There is a larger crop of New Climbs than usual but this is largely because they are the product of two seasons — 1964 and 1965. A number of shorter routes and variations have not been included, together with some artificial climbs or climbs with artificial pitches. The justification for this omission is a controversial point but purely from the practical aspect, few climbers wish to carry etriers and pegs on a route for the ascent of just one pitch, or part of a pitch, by artificial means. These pitches usually tend to spoil the character of a climb.

A more serious viewpoint is that the routes that are pegged to-day could be the big free climbs of tomorrow. But for the responsible attitude of earlier generations of climbers, such fine free climbs as *Deer Bield Buttress, Hell's Groove* and many others could well have been first climbed with artificial sections.

The bulk of the new routes are in Borrowdale where possibly guide-book activity has stimulated development. Paul Nunn himself has put up a number of climbs and Paul Ross has also been very active. The most interesting developments in Borrowdale are on Goat Crag. Long regarded as not worth climbing on, it has provided six new Very Severe routes heralded by Les Brown's *Praying Mantis*, which is probably the best of them. The crag is heavily vegetated but *Praying Mantis* is being rapidly cleaned with the relatively heavy traffic of ascents; an account of the third ascent is to be found elsewhere in this Journal. Surprisingly, Eagle Crag had a spate of routes which are said to be good and of a high standard of difficulty. It would appear from the descriptions however that they are more likely to be enjoyed by enthusiasts of peg and sling dangling.

Two new climbs have appeared on Eagle Crag, Buttermere. *Carnival* is long, with delicate climbing similar to *Eagle Front*, but harder, and certainly the major climb of the crag. *The Gurner* takes an impressive line on the steep right wall of the crag but is apparently not too difficult. On Dow Crag the big groove to the left of *Eliminate A* has been climbed by Les Brown. This is the line up which his unnamed climb commences before avoiding the overhanging crack by a pitch on the right. After lying virtually dormant for a number of years, Pillar Rock has provided a number of long hard climbs in the modern style. Allan Austin and Jack Soper have removed the poor reputation attributed to Cam Spout Crag with two new routes. They are quite long and provide good climbing which would offer a counter attraction to Esk Buttress.

Surprisingly, three more climbs have been squeezed out of Castle Rock of Triermain. They all attain a high standard of difficulty and both *The Ghost* and *The Last Laugh* rapidly acquired a reputation. The big hanging groove on the immediate left of the main overhangs

on Raven Crag, Thirlmere, has been climbed. Called *The Medlar*, it uses three pitons for aid but is one of the most impressive routes in the district and must also be among the hardest; it has had few ascents. On the same crag is *Totalitarian*. This takes a direct line to the foot of the crux pitch of *Communist Convert*, which it ascends and then continues up to the right of the overhangs above. Although individual pitches are avoidable, they are difficult and when embarked upon leave no alternatives.

The only development on Scafell is *The Holy Ghost*. It starts about half way up *Trinity* and traverses out right before ascending to the top of the crag. This does not seem particularly inspiring, but from accounts of the hair raising first ascent it will certainly be difficult. The name has attracted some criticism and it may be that *Christian's Way* would be more suitable.

The difficulty of finding appropriate names for new climbs is becoming increasingly apparent; such appellations as *The Final Giggle* and *The Blaspheming Butterfly* scarcely inspire one to repeat the climbs.

BORROWDALE

GOAT CRAG

The Praying Mantis 260 feet. Very Severe. Lies on the big dome-shaped buttress about half way up the right hand side of the crag. Start at the foot of a steep corner crack directly below main overhang.

(1) 75 feet. Climb the crack into a shallow groove. A chockstone runner can be used to rest on when the groove becomes hard. Climb the groove to a nut runner. Step up to the left onto a slab. Climb the slab directly to the tree.

(2) 50 feet. Go up a grass rake to the left, then cross the smooth left hand wall with aid of a good spike into a groove. Climb the groove until a step right can be made onto face of buttress to a comfortable stance. Peg belay.

(3) 25 feet. Traverse horizontally right to a small stance and peg belay.

(4) 110 feet. Step right from the stance to a good foothold. Above this is a good thread runner. Climb the steep wall directly above the runner via another small thread runner. When the difficulties ease off step left onto a mossy slab. Climb the slab to a heather terrace and tree belay.

L. Brown, J. S. Bradshaw, 30. 5. 65.

D.D.T. 220 feet. Very Severe. The obvious big corner about 50 feet left of Praying Mantis.

(1) 120 feet. The corner is climbed free for about 25 feet then 3 pegs are used for aid on right wall until a step left can be made onto the slab above bulge. Climb a good crack to the large recess. Pull out of this facing left and belay just over top.

(2) 100 feet. Move up right with difficulty to reach ledge below a groove directly above the corner. (This is the natural continuation of the corner, but is part of pitch (2) Praying Mantis). Continue up the groove (peg for aid—since done free). Leave the groove with difficulty to a slab on the left. Continue left until easier climbing is reached then move back and up to right for best belays.

J. Lee, A. Jackman, P.R., 17. 10. 65.

The Blaspheming Butterfly 300 feet. Very Severe. Starts about 100 feet left of Praying Mantis, up a thin crack which runs up the face for about 120 feet.

(1) 120 feet. Move up to a ledge below the crack and climb it using small holds until at about 15 feet a bulge is surmounted by layback and good holds are reached. Ascend to a ledge on the left and continue up the broken crack to a peg runner. Move slightly left at peg then up to yew tree belay.

(2) 100 feet. Move up to right of ledge to a small steep corner (junction with Girdle). Up this then step left onto a line of slabs. Ascend the slabs with awkward move at about 40 feet and up to tree belays.

(3) 80 feet. Go left into an obvious corner. Up the crack to pinnacle and after a few feet pull out right. (Last pitch, Cursing Caterpillar).

P.R., M. Thompson, B. Henderson, 10. 9. 65.

The Cursing Caterpillar 370 feet. Very Severe. Starts about 175 feet left of Praying Mantis and 100 feet right of Deadly Nightshade.

(1) 70 feet. Up some flakes below a slab then rightwards on the slab to a small holly bush. Climb the groove behind the bush for a few feet, then step right and up to good oak tree belay.

(2) 100 feet. Move out left round a bulge into a grooved recess. Continue traversing until small overhang is reached (peg up to right for aid). Pull out left over the overhang then climb steeply up to left to small resting-place (peg runner). Traverse delicately left to reach small ash tree. Move up for about 30 feet under the overlap to good thread belays.

(3) 40 feet. Continue right under the overlap until a step down at the end has to be made to reach an awkward slab which is traversed to large tree belay.

(4) 100 feet. Move up the groove in the slab behind belay until heather ledges are reached. Continue up these to right then back left to large yew tree.

(5) 60 feet. Strenuous climbing up a jamming crack behind the tree until a pointed pinnacle is reached. Move up a few feet and swing right.

B. Henderson, P.R., (varied leads), 14. 8. 65.

Deadly Nightshade 345 feet. Very Severe. Starts at a pedestal beside a large yew tree some 100 yards left of Praying Mantis.

(1) 100 feet. Climb a short wall to a small ledge below a flake crack. Follow this to the right to a rib. Up the rib to a small tree. Climb the groove ahead to a ledge and spike belay.

(2) 125 feet. Diagonally left to the foot of a corner groove and up this to a heather ledge. Climb the corner and exit right. Up the groove

(peg runner) to a shallow scoop. Climb this to a good ledge on the left. Peg belay.

(3) 60 feet. Move right to a diagonal ramp. Follow this past trees to the foot of a V-corner which is climbed to a ledge below a steep corner. Peg belay.

(4) 60 feet. Up the corner then diagonally left across mossy slabs and up to a tree.

O.W., P.N., (alternate leads), 14. 8. 65.

The Girdle of Goat Crag 565 feet. Very Severe.

(1) 100 feet. First pitch of Deadly Nightshade.

(2) 70 feet. Move out right until a bottomless groove is reached (peg runner). A sling on a small spike on the right is used for a foothold. Continue up right to small trees (junction with Cursing Caterpillar) under the overlap to thread belay.

(3) 40 feet. Pitch (3) Cursing Caterpillar.

(4) 100 feet. Move easily along ledges to right then up a corner to an oak tree and follow the groove above to tree belay,

(5) 40 feet. Move up the slab above for a few feet then traverse delicately right to small ledge. Move down to right, cross the groove and pull up to stance below the overhangs (top of pitch (2) Praying Mantis).

Follow pitches (3) and (4) of Praying Mantis to the top.
B. Henderson, P.R., (alternate leads), 8. 9 65.

QUAYFOOT BUTTRESS

Mandrake 175 feet. Very Severe. Starts on a grass ledge 15 feet left of Irony.

(1) 40 feet. Step onto the rib, move left for 5 feet then climb the wall to ledge and belay.

(2) 110 feet. Climb the obvious mossy crack for 20 feet. Traverse right under the overlap and up right to a small ledge. Climb the wall above to an overhang; surmount the overhang and move up the wall to some cracked blocks (peg). Step right and finish as for Irony.

A.L., M.B., July 1964.

Aberration 115 feet. Very Severe. Start 15 feet left of Irony at the same point as Mandrake.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the groove and chimney continuation to ledge and belay.

(2) 70 feet. Step left above the groove and continue diagonally left to the foot of a bottomless groove. Climb this past trees to the top.

O.W., P.N., (alternate leads), 2. 5. 65.

The Creep 115 feet. Very Severe. Goes up the right of the crag, parallel to the retaining gully on the right. Start up the gully for a few feet to a clean-cut overhung corner.

(1) 35 feet. Climb the corner crack with the aid of nuts. At the top pull across the slab to the right and onto the ledge.

(2) 40 feet. Climb the mossy wall to the top of pitch (2) of Irony.

(3) 40 feet. Climb the steep crack to the right of the big roof, then traverse left under the roof and pull around the overhang.

C. J. S. Bonington, R. Lawson, Irene Lawson, June 1965.

EAGLE CRAG

Icarus 180 feet. Very Severe. Starts round the corner to the right of The Cleft up a very obvious slanting crack.

(1) 50 feet. Go up easy rock to the foot of the crack and continue into a constricted niche. Climb the crack above to belay on the platform of the Cleft. Slings on two chockstones used for aid leaving the niche.

(2) 75 feet. From the right hand extremity of the ledge, mantleshelf onto the face. Move across right using a piton (in place) and sling on a small spike. Continue rightwards to a corner left of Green Wall. Climb into a niche avoiding a large loose block, pull over the overhang on good holds, move leftwards to belay at the end of pitch (2) The Cleft.

(3) 55 feet. A scoop is ascended from right to left to a grass ledge. Go up steep rock above on good holds to the top.

P.N., P.R., (shared leads), 10. 6. 65.

The Inquest 220 feet. Very Severe. Takes a line up the grooved arête to right of Post Mortem.

(1) 50 feet. As for Post Mortem.

(2) 110 feet. Steep flakes are climbed rightwards to their end. Continue right across slabby rock to a ledge. Climb the steep corner above and traverse right on good holds (as for Girdle) to an overhang of forbidding aspect. Ascend it (small spike and sling, 1 piton for direct aid) into a steep exposed groove on the right. This groove is climbed to a tall spike of dubious stability. Move up into the corner (peg runner, not in place) and attain the ledge above with difficulty (tension from nut useful).

(3) 60 feet. From the right hand end of the ledge go straight up then leftwards to a wide crack. Go up this and to the top via easier ledges.

P.R., P.N., (alternate leads), 10. 6. 65.

Daedalus 160 feet. Very Severe. Start as for The Cleft.

(1) 115 feet. Climb onto a grass ledge below an overhanging chimney. Ascend the chimney (two nuts and sling on spike for aid) and the continuation ramp to a tree. The bulge above is climbed into a steep groove (peg for aid). Climb the groove (peg for aid) and swing out left onto a wall which leads onto easier ledges. (Junction with the Girdle). Make the awkward mantleshelf of the Girdle to a ledge and belay.

(2) 45 feet. Traverse left to the arête and climb it to the top (Falconers Crack).

P.N., B. L. Griffiths, P.R., 28. 5. 65.

Squawk 180 feet Very Severe. Start 30 feet left of Falconers Crack at a steep grooved wall.

(1) 50 feet. Starting to the right of some loose flakes, ascend to a jamming crack. Traverse left at the top of crack to another crack (protection peg) which leads to a corner and a grass ledge (peg and sling to surmount overhang). Peg belay.

(2) 55 feet. Start in corner and after a few feet move round arête to ledge on left. From grass ledge six feet higher move right, round a doubtful block to junction with Falconers Crack which is followed to belay ledge.

(3) 75 feet. Move left round corner and up via doubtful blocks to foot of steep groove. Climb the groove to right of Sprogg, using peg and slings to gain last lay-back moves. Belay on tree up to right.

B. Henderson, K. Mosley (alternate leads), 10. 6. 65.

The Sprogg 260 feet. Very Severe. Start at same point as Great Stair, to the left of this route.

(1) 100 feet. Climb up left to tree. Up the steep crack to left of tree and continue up to large ledge (no belay). A line of grooves or gangway leads up from left of ledge; climb this until step can be made right at the top. Up short wall to good ledge. Good thread belay on arête.

(2) 50 feet. Move round the corner to left and climb a line of grooves (the last groove is awkward, sling on thread useful), until a jamming crack is reached. Up this and out right to ledge (chockstone belay).

(3) 45 feet. Mantleshelf on right wall to reach a small groove which is climbed with difficulty (loose block lurks here), then up groove on left to ledge below impressive open groove (peg belay).

(4) 65 feet. Straight up groove until a crack on left is reached. Swing back to left of crack then up to jamming crack. Up this to summit.

P.R., P.N., (shared leads), 9. 6. 65.

WALLA CRAG

Dionysius 150 feet. Very Severe. Follows a groove to the right of the overhangs of the right hand buttress. Start at a black slab on the right hand side of buttress.

(1) 70 feet. Climb the slab into the little corner. Step left onto the rib and continue over grass and up rib and groove above to tree belay.

(2) 80 feet. Climb into large shallow groove above the initial 20 foot wall. Move left into narrow groove and continue up to bulge. Peg runner used. Move left onto edge of arête and so to top. Belay 30 feet back.

A. G. Cram, W. Young, R. Schipper, 18. 7. 65.

Snowstorm 150 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Southern Rib.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the rib for about 20 feet then traverse horizontally left into a steep groove. Move round the rib on the left and climb up strenuously to a small ledge and peg belay.

(2) 60 feet. Move left onto a small ledge. Climb the steep wall above for 20 feet then traverse diagonally right into an obvious groove. Climb the groove to horizontal crack on the left. Move left to a tree belay.

(3) 50 feet. Climb the rib on the right and scramble to the top.

M. A. Toole, D. Bryne, 20. 3. 65.

UPPER FALCON CRAG

Falcon Buttress Route II 200 feet. Very Severe. Start as for the Original Route.

(1) 60 feet. Above the tree go up the groove to broken loose ledges and peg belay.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the rib on the wall above. Traverse right and go up the groove to the big flake. Pull out right onto the wall and go up this to a large stance (peg belay).
(3) 20 feet. Climb the easy slab to the pinnacle.
(4) 60 feet. Climb the crack. Swing left (peg), onto ledge and easy rock.

J.J.S.A., J. Hadlum, A.L., 11. 7. 63.

Upper Falcon Crag Girdle 280 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the left hand side of the crag at a grassy alcove.

(1) 110 feet. Climb the overhanging rock to the gangway. Up the gangway to the big block below the diamond-shaped wall on Falcon Buttress.
(2) 50 feet. Traverse right to peg belay at top of pitch (2) Falcon Buttress.
(3) 60 feet. Move up 15 feet to rib. Swing right and continue the traverse on loose rock to an overhanging groove. Climb the groove with difficulty to piton belay.
(4) 60 feet. Traverse right on easier rock and up to the top of the crag.

R. McHaffie, A.L., 1963.

LONG BAND CRAG

The Craftsman 180 feet. Very Severe. Start at the foot of the clean V-groove below the left edge of the overhang.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the groove, first bridging, then on the right wall, until a step left is possible at the top. (Peg belay).
(2) 70 feet. Continue up the groove to level of overhangs, then up the corner for 50 feet surmounting a large block awkwardly and on to a grass ledge with block belay.
(3) 50 feet. Move 15 feet down the grass ledge to the rib, pull up and swing right, then move up to small ledges. Slant right and follow the shallow groove to the top.

I. Singleton, M. Salkeld, 12. 6. 65.

BLACK CRAG

The Lastest 250 feet. Very Severe. Takes a line to right of Vertigo. Starts up the water-streaked slabs about 30 feet right of Vertigo.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the fault in the slab, pull over a bulge and move left and up to yew tree belay.
(2) 80 feet. Move with difficulty to the right until sloping footholds are reached. Ascend steep rock on small holds to a loose block. Traverse delicately left, step up and traverse along the slab under the overhangs to belay on oak tree in gully. (Protection piton used on this pitch).
(3) 70 feet. Step left onto tree then straight up the rib to a hanging block at about 35 feet. Move left on the face until a step up on spike can be made. Climb up with difficulty for a few feet until holds

diminish (peg for aid). Continue up to ledge with tree belay.
(4) 60 feet. Move out from left end of ledge. Easier climbing leads to top.

P.R., T. Savage, 18. 7. 65.

SHEPHERD'S CRAG

Spirocheate 115 feet. Severe. Starts on a sloping hold above the large block, a few feet to the right of the Direct Route on Brown Slabs.

(1) 70 feet. Climb up the mossy slab a few feet, traverse left a little, then up and right to a crack running to the base of a scoop. Up the left side of the scoop and a small bulge to a nice belay.
(2) 45 feet. From the belay climb up about 25 feet then slightly left and straight up to finish just left of the highest point of the ridge. Belay.

Dr. and Mrs. Seville, December 1955.

Finale 130 feet. Very Severe. Starts in a groove between Slings and Desperation.

(1) 80 feet. Climb steep corner for about 20 feet. Step right, then climb bulge to crack. (Nut and sling to surmount bulge and into crack). Climb crack to tree belay on ledge.
(2) 50 feet. Final pitch of Slings.

T. Savage, P.R., 16. 7. 65.

GILLERCOMBE

Eyrie 185 feet. Very Severe. Situated on upper right hand wall of crag near Raven's Groove. Start at a prominent flake crack toward the right hand end of the wall.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the crack. Chock belay.
(2) 125 feet. Continue in the corner for 15 feet to below the large overhang. Traverse left for 35 feet to a groove. Climb this, (peg runner in place), to a ledge on the right. Move right and continue up the groove above to the top.

P.N., O.W., (alternate leads), 1. 5. 65.

LOWER FALCON CRAG

Lamplighter 135 feet. Very Severe. Starts below a groove which leads up to the overhang of Illusion.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the blunt arête to the right of this groove for about 15 feet then using two pitons cross the wall on the right to reach a stance below an obvious smooth groove.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the left hand wall of the groove to a small ledge at 25 feet. Climb the groove with a smooth slab on the left and join the last few feet of pitch (2) Illusion. Swing round the arête on the right and up to a ledge.
(3) 30 feet. Easy climbing leads to the top.

Variation start:

(1a) Starting 35 feet right of Illusion, climb through trees until a wall, right of a groove, and a belay is reached. Climb the wall for a few feet then traverse left into the groove. Stance and peg belay.

L. Hewitt, S. Glass (alternate leads), May 1964.

Plagiarism 150 feet. Very Severe.

(1) 20 feet. Pitch (1) Illusion.
(2) 100 feet. Move left and climb a leftward-slanting groove to a point where it fades out. Traverse left (peg) to below an overhang. Climb up to the overhang and surmount it using a sling and peg below the roof to a small stance.
(3) 30 feet. Climb the groove above.

P.N., O.W., (varied leads) 1965.

Interloper 145 feet. Very Severe. Start a few feet right of Dedication.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the wall, first moving left, then straight up to a ledge and peg belay.
(2) 35 feet. From the left hand end of the ledge climb the groove using a sling and three pegs to a small stance and peg belay.
(3) 70 feet. Climb the wall straight above.

R. McHaffie and party, 1964.

Stretch 210 feet. Very Severe. Takes the obvious corner to the left of the flake of Funeral Way.

(1) 70 feet. As for the direct start of Funeral Way, then left to a flake belay below the corner.
(2) 60 feet. Ascend the corner to a bulge. Traverse right below a small niche (jammed nut sling for resting). Climb directly up to a ledge, step left and bridge up the groove to a junction with Selection Traverse. Traverse left across a slab to a small stance below a large detached block. Small spike belays
(3) 80 feet. Climb the broken crack in the overhang above the stance and continue up a slab to the top.

M. A. Toole, J. Cooke (varied leads), 19. 9. 65.

BUTTERMERE AND NEWLANDS

EAGLE CRAG

Carnival 490 feet. Very Severe. A direct line up the front of the main buttress. Start 30 feet left of start of Eagle Front.

(1) 100 feet. Easy climbing to large grass recess on Fifth Avenue. Small spike and good nut belay.
(2) 45 feet. Climb the steep crack at back of recess. Block belay on an exposed ledge.
(3) 70 feet. Traverse right delicately to gain a crack. Up this using flakes with care to ledge below a V-groove. Up this to join Eagle Front at end of grass terrace.
(4) 40 feet. Move up left, round a rib and down to ledge overlooking Central Chimney.
(5) 35 feet. Up leftwards to uncomfortable stance in the narrow part of the chimney (chock).

(6) 55 feet. Move right to small ledge below and left of a wall. Move up and traverse right to square groove (crux). Up this and step right at top to stance on the Girdle. Chock 10 feet up.
(7) 95 feet. Ascend cracked rib on left then easier rock to ledge.
(8) 50 feet. A grassy trench.

I.R., J.A.A., N.J.S., (varied leads), 17. 7. 65.

The Gurner 200 feet. Very Severe. Situated on the steep gully wall at the right end of the crag.

(1) 120 feet. Step left at the undercut slab. Follow this left into a groove which is climbed until it overhangs. Step left and up to a grassy bay. Spike belay.
(2) 80 feet. Move right to a groove in the arête. Climb this to easy ground and scramble to the top.

P.N., O.W., (alternate leads), 14. 8. 65.

SHEEPBONE BUTTRESS

The Scoop 195 feet. Mild Very Severe.

(1) 45 feet. As for Largo.
(2) 70 feet. Traverse right into a large steepening scoop. Climb its right bounding rib in exposed position and continue up the crack to a ledge and large flake belay.
(3) 50 feet. Move easily up to the right, pull onto rib on left and climb the slabs to a rock ledge. Walk up the easy slab to a stance below a crack on the left and chockstone belay.
(4) 30 feet. Climb the crack, squeeze under a boulder onto a rock ledge and make a mantelshelf move to finish.

N.J.S., D.F., J.A.A., I.R., July 1965.

Angst 160 feet. Very Severe. Start behind a large block a few yards right of Largo.

(1) 70 feet. Three shallow grooves slant up to the right. Start up the centre groove, then climb the right bounding rib of the groove on the right. At the top move right for a few feet on grass. Belay on a chockstone at the foot of the leftward slanting groove which splits the buttress above.
(2) 90 feet. Climb the groove for a few feet until a step right can be made onto a steep gangway, which is followed to a recess. Move left onto the rib and then make an exposed step back right across the recess. Continue on excellent rock to the top of the crag.

J.A.A., I.R., D.F., N.J.S., July 1965.

HIGH CRAG

Psycho 160 feet. Very Severe. A route up the east face of High Crag Buttress going left from the High Crag Buttress Route.

(1) 30 feet. First pitch of High Crag Buttress.
(2) 60 feet. Move left from the belay in the cave and climb a short awkward groove to a thread runner. Move up a few feet and left on poor holds to a piton. Climb up into the prominent overhanging

V-groove. Peg belay. (This pitch has since been climbed without the piton).

(3) 35 feet. Traverse left from the belay to the rib and then climb the easy slab to block belays.

(4) 40 feet. Climb the easy slab on the right of the blocks.

L. Brown, J. S. Bradshaw, 12. 9. 64.

Artefact 210 feet. Mild Very Severe. Takes a rather contrived line crossing Nameless Route, but gives better climbing. Start on the Rock Table Ledge.

(1) 75 feet. Climb the interesting corner-groove until an exit can be made to the right by a grass mantleshelf. Continue to the large grass ledge below the crack of Resurrection Route.

(2) 25 feet. Easy slabs lead leftward to poor chipped belays below a steep wall. Pitch (4) of Nameless Route is the crack on the right.

(3) 60 feet. Move up left into an open groove capped by an overhang. Turn this on the right and climb an easier groove to a sloping rock ledge. Move down to the right to a large block belay.

(4) 50 feet. Return to the point of arrival and climb a short undercut crack. Easier rocks lead to bilberry ledges and block belays.

N.J.S., J.A.A., S. MacLean, B. L. Griffiths, 19. 6. 65.

High Crag Buttress is deservedly becoming a popular route. The crux on the third pitch is now climbed without the use of a peg but a thread runner nearby gives good protection. A direct finish, easier than the original, and a direct start, have been added by J. A. A.

BUCKSTONE HOW

Cleft Rib 145 feet. Mild Very Severe. The arête between Groove I and Groove II.

(1) 70 feet. Scramble 20 feet to a prominent recess on the left side of the arête. Move right, pull up onto the arête and follow it to a crevasse formed by large detached flakes. Squeeze through and belay in the upper part of the crevasse.

(2) 75 feet. Step across from the flakes to regain the arête. Move up delicately and follow the arête with decreasing difficulty to the top.

N.J.S., B. L. Griffiths (alternate leads), 6. 6. 65.

DALE HEAD CRAG, NEWLANDS

Deflection 125 feet. Very Severe. 50 yards left of the right edge of the crag there is a concave slab topped by a grooved wall.

(1) 90 feet. Start just left of the centre of the slab and climb up to a scoop at 20 feet. Traverse left to the corner, ascend a few feet and move left onto a series of slabby steps. Climb these to a vertical wall then traverse narrow slabs to the right until directly below a black groove. Climb up to a scoop immediately beneath the groove. Piton belay.

(2) 35 feet. Climb the overhanging, mossy groove and continue up the slab above. Belay 25 feet higher.

W. Clarke, J. K. Jacobson, 10. 7. 65.

W. Heaton Cooper.

RAVEN CRAG, Thirlmere

ENNERDALE FACE OF HIGH STILE

Vortex 130 feet. Severe. Starts at the extreme right edge of the flat buttress containing Butterfly Crack.

(1) 30 feet. Diagonally left past doubtful blocks to a flake belay and poor stance below the chimney of Butterfly Crack.
(2) 60 feet. Traverse delicately left to a spike on the skyline, then continue round the ridge at the same level and step across to an awkwardly sloping gangway. This is climbed to a ledge at its top. Thread belay below the impending right wall of the buttress.
(3) 40 feet. Traverse out right for five feet on the wall, then pull up on a doubtful spike into a groove. Leave this on the right and follow steep open slabs to the top.

D.N.G., C. J. Crowther (alternate leads), 1. 5. 65.

Cahg 100 feet. Very Difficult. Starts at an obvious curving crack, round the right corner of the Butterfly Crack buttress and 10 feet above the start of Vortex.

(1) 35 feet. The crack, which is strenuous, is left with difficulty on the right where a short traverse leads into a corner below a steep, well-marked groove, small stance and thread belay.
(2) 40 feet. A short wall and pinnacle precede entry into the groove, which has good holds. Belay in the groove where it widens into a chimney.
(3) 35 feet. Bear slightly left up less steep rock to a terrace. Alternatively the continuation of the chimney can be climbed.

D.N.G., C. J. Crowther, 1. 5. 65.

GREY CRAG, NEWLANDS

Brandywine 205 feet. Very Severe. Takes an obvious gangway, slanting up the left hand side of the bulging nose on the front. Start as for Grey Slab.

(1) 30 feet. An easy ridge, as for Grey Slab.
(2) 70 feet. Climb directly above the belay for a few feet then traverse delicately left round a huge block to gain a short gangway. Follow it, then step left to a small ledge at the foot of a second small gangway. Climb it for a few feet, then step left again. Traverse left for 10 feet along a ledge to a belay.
(3) 105 feet. The little smooth wall above on the right is climbed diagonally from left to right to gain a small ledge on the skyline. The last few moves are difficult. Follow a narrow slab trending up rightwards to the top.

J.A.A., D.G.R., 25. 7. 64.

Direct Route 170 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Grey Slab.

(1) 30 feet. As for Grey Slab: the arête to a flake belay.
(2) 80 feet. Climb the groove above the belay to a niche below the bulges. Bridge out to the right and make a difficult move up to gain a doubtful flake. Ascend this and the wall above. When the angle eases move left round a rib to a stance in a scoop. Spike belay.
(3) 60 feet. Easier grooves on the right.

J.A.A., A.H.G., N.J.S., D.W.E., 18. 6. 65.

CONISTON

RAVEN CRAG, YEWDALE

Josie's Jog 180 feet. Very Severe. Starts at base of crag by prominent holly tree, 50 feet left of red paint markings on lower face.

(1) 50 feet. Directly up from holly tree on small, sound holds to narrow ledge beneath a holdless, clean wall. Small belay high on right for line.

(2) 50 feet. Traverse across ledge to the left onto overhanging corner, where a series of fast, delicate moves are needed to gain sentry-box with steep sloping floor. It is impossible to see foot-movements owing to off-balance position. Once sentry-box is gained the route is non-reversible, and the way through is up a thin, overhanging crack to line belay on right, ten feet above sentry-box. Angle eases to the vertical. An awkward step left onto a movable block gives access to minute sloping holds and line belay on right. Traversing off-balance to the left gives onto sloping grass ledge. Belay is small spike low on back wall or 12 feet higher on right around hollow sounding block.

(3) 40 feet. Move across to right of the ledge and up corner to the block. Traverse off-balance around corner using top of block for foothold. A wide step with the right foot is made onto vertical wall with good holds and up to wide grass ledge. Belay around base of dead tree.

(4) 40 feet. On the right end of ledge is an arête which is climbed on lichenous incut holds to terrace. Belay around prominent quartzite boss.

M. Stanton, J. Connell, July 1964. (Unabridged description).

DUNNERDALE

WALLOWBARROW CRAG (WEST BUTTRESS)

Perseverance 180 feet. Very Severe. Starts 15 feet left of Thomas at the foot of a rib.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the rib for 30 feet, then move left to a small oak tree. Climb vegetation to grass ledge with trees.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the wall behind the trees and move left at a break to a block belay.

(3) 70 feet. Move diagonally right over an overlap onto the slab above and up to the foot of a steep corner. (Thread runner below overhang on right). Climb the corner and the left-hand overhanging wall to easier climbing and the top.

WALLOWBARROW CRAG (EAST BUTTRESS)

Digitation Direct 210 feet. Very Severe. Starts in a corner capped by an overhang in the centre of Oak Tree Slabs.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the corner until the overhang can be turned on the right to ledges and belay.

(2) 90 feet. Move left and up a shallow groove to a quartz-speckled block. (Runner under overlap). Surmount the overlap and ascend easier rocks to large oak tree.

(3) 25 feet. Above the tree an obvious weakness leads obliquely left to a pointed block on the left skyline. Climb onto the overhanging wall above the start of this, using a line sling on a minute square-topped spike high on the right. Round the corner a peg enables a mantelshelf move to be made onto a small ledge which leads to a big ledge with peg belay.

(4) 50 feet. Climb onto the sloping ledge above and continue up the square-cut groove which becomes easier and leads to the top.

The third pitch has been climbed without aid and if combined with pitch (4) would obviate the need for any pegs.

EASTERN FELLS

EAGLE CRAG, GRISEDALE (SOUTH CRAG)

Burdock 145 feet. Very Severe. Start on an easy gangway some 60 feet right of Sobrenada.

(1) 55 feet. Easily up the gangway to the right hand side of a pedestal. Up a short, overhanging chimney to top of pedestal.

(2) 50 feet. Up the wall on small holds, then right to a ledge. Move up and then left to excellent flake. Continue leftwards to end of ledge.

(3) Ascend the slab above, and then into a crack. Finish by ash tree some 40 feet below Dandelion Grooves.

N. Ross, G. A. Leaver (alternate leads), 10. 8. 61.

Ghoul 110 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 feet right of Burdock at open, mossy corner.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the corner, move right after the exit and up the easy slab to good grass ledge. Belay.

(2) 65 feet. Move up into the overhanging groove above, step right below the poised block, right again into the next groove, and finally exit left. Move right and up mossy slab to good ledge. Finish up Doctor's Groove. (The unnecessary piton used on this pitch has now been removed.)

R.D.B., D. J. Lovatt (alternate leads), 8. 11. 64.

Upper Traverse 160 feet. Very Severe. Start at foot of last pitch of Kestrel Wall.

(1) 55 feet. Up the wall for ten feet and then right, to the corner. Move round the corner and down to a small pinnacle. Cross the wall to a small stance and belay.

(2) 45 feet. Traverse rightwards for a few feet (above the crux of Sobrenada) and then follow an obvious, slightly descending traverse line to the nose. Move up and then right to a stance and belay.

(3) 60 feet. At the same level move to the arête and then make an awkward step and mantelshelf onto a good ledge. This joins Dandelion Groove, which is followed to the finish.

The line traverses just above a series of overhangs. Care should be taken with protection for the second man.

C. D. Curtis, J. M. Rodgers (alternate leads), 30. 8. 64.

Pericles 170 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Kestrel Wall.

(1) 110 feet. Follow Kestrel Wall for 20 feet to a ledge. Above is a thin crack. Climb this to the level of a short slab. Traverse this to the right for a few feet to below a large spike. Continue directly up to a terrace (known as The Pasture).

(2) 60 feet. The steep rocks above are broken by a niche. Climb a short slab and surmount an overlap to gain the niche. Climb the niche via a quartz jug to the final slab of Sobrenada which leads easily to the top of the crag.

O.W., M. S. Wild, September 1960.

FALCON CRAG, GRISEDALE

Merlin 210 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 feet right of Dollywaggon Great chimney.

(1) 60 feet. Climb a shallow groove for a few feet and then traverse left for 30 feet. Step up leftwards, and climb the short wall to a stance and belay on right of overhang.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the groove immediately above the stance until forced leftwards by the overhang. The groove is then re-entered with the aid of two pitons and followed direct to a good ledge and spike belay.

(3) 70 feet. The groove above is climbed to a ledge and tree on the right. The scoop behind is then followed to a pinnacle and grass finish. No belay. The last section is on poor rock.

(4) 30 feet. Continue up (scrambling) to top of crag.

C. D. Curtis, J. M. Rodgers (alternate leads), 21. 9. 63.

TARN CRAG, GRISEDALE

High Noon 245 feet. Difficult. The climb is situated on the extreme left-hand arête of Tarn Crag, facing Fairfield, and with a southerly aspect, a quarter of a mile from Grisedale Tarn. The climb starts on a small buttress which meets the scree about 250 feet above the Grisedale path. The start is immediately to the right of a small rowan.

(1) 50 feet. Climb vertically 20 feet and move right over small slab to avoid overhang. Belay. There is a certain amount of loose rock. Scramble 30 feet to foot of next small buttress, and belay below shallow, overhanging groove.

(2) 50 feet. Climb overhanging groove on good holds and continue up small wall. Belay on large grass ledge.

(3) 25 feet. Ascend broken rocks to belay below vertical right-angled corner.

(4) 70 feet. Climb corner for a few feet, traverse right on exposed holds and ascend to small rock ledge. Climb broken rocks to large grass ledge above and slightly to left. Use block belay beneath vertical wall.

(5) 20 feet. 6 feet right of the belay, climb to vegetated ledge and traverse left to finish up groove on top of vertical wall. Belay.

D. Melling, A. Coy, 18. 7. 65.

BLACK BUTTRESS, DEEPDALE

Tippett 300 feet. Mild Very Severe. The left wall of Black Buttress overlooking Black Tippet in Sleet Cove. It is steep with flat holds starting easily and getting progressively harder. Start on grass terrace above and to the left of start of Portcullis Ridge.

(1) 50 feet. Climb diagonally left to short blank looking groove and up this to foot of shallow white chimney. Move up left to grass ledge below square overhangs. Belay on projecting block 10 feet up.

(2) 80 feet. Climb the chimney and exit left into grassy trench. Follow this for 20 feet and move right to spike belay.

(3) 50 feet. Scramble up grassy corner until it steepens into rock. Flake on right wall.

(4) 80 feet. Climb the corner then traverse left below a large overhang. Move round the corner to a ledge and continue to large triangular ledge below an overhanging corner. Chock in slot on right of corner.

(5) 40 feet. Climb the corner, and the narrow chimney above to the top of the buttress.

N.J.S., Rosemary Soper, 4. 7. 64.

SCRUBBY CRAG, DEEPDALE

Bar Sinister 120 feet. Very Severe. Situated on the first wall on left when descnding from col. Bounded on the left by a green mossy groove. Starts below a thin crack in the large ledge on the right. Cairn.

(1) 35 feet. Move up the crack, step left to the top of a corner then back up right to small ledge and good belay.

(2) 25 feet. Step onto belay, move up and traverse left to the top of a gangway; poor belay low down.

(3) 60 feet. From the left of the belay climb up to the level of loose flake, traverse left to the arête and finish up this, moving into a groove on the left for last moves.

O.W., M. S. Wild, September 1960.

RAVEN CRAG, THRESHWAITE COVE

Echo 310 feet. Very Severe. Follows obvious traversing line across the main (lower) crag from right to left.

(1) From a stout tree belay follow the wide terrace at first, then an awkward move into a corner for a belay.

(2) Ascend the wall on the left and move awkwardly round the edge to a peg belay on the ledge below a steep wall.

(3) Climb the wall using dubious flakes (20 feet) onto a grass covered ledge, continue leftwards and round a wet difficult corner and cross the gully to belay behind a tree.

The climbing becomes easier. About 150 feet lead off to the end of the traverse.

A. Wright, R.D.B., September 1964.

Flush 120 feet. Severe. On the upper tier an obvious groove with a holly tree.

(1) 70 feet. Up a crack below the holly tree, then up the split overhang above (loose). Step right and up a short wall to a ledge. Belay far back directly across a big ledge.
(2) 50 feet. Up a short steep cracked wall on large loose flakes, then easy rock to the top.

M. S. Wild, M. J. White, July 1961.

BUCKBARROW CRAG, LONGSLEDDALE

Minotaur 140 feet. Very Severe. Start just left of the chimney start of Eagles Nest. An exposed pitch on good rock, with poor protection.

(1) 40 feet. Up the rib and move right to a ledge of blocks.
(2) 100 feet. Climb the crack over a bulge to gain the arête at a flake. Step right and go directly up the rib to the prominent overhang. Turn this on the left and move right to the edge, then straight to the top.

I.R., D. Hall, June 1964.

Dandle Direct from Cleft Ghyll 90 feet. Very Severe. This is the big obvious chimney-groove at the left hand end of the Wall of The Dandle overlooking Cleft Ghyll.

(1) 90 feet. Climb the groove awkwardly to a recess below a roof. Go up the green slab on the left and step out onto the steep wall. Climb this until a traverse line leads back into the groove which is followed to the top.

D. Hall, I.R., June 1964.

Sleep Walk 240 feet. Very Severe. Goes up the steep left edge of the front of the Dandle. Start at a shallow groove about 50 feet left of Dandle Face Direct.

(1) 80 feet. Climb the groove to a bulge and swing out left to a small ledge. Climb diagonally right (sling for aid) to a scoop. Continue direct to a grassy ledge.
(2) 40 feet. Crux. Climb a steep groove to a peg in the right wall. Go up a little slab below the triangular overhang to join a grass caterpillar. A few feet higher are flake belays.
(3) 60 feet. Climb the slab on the left to a bulge. Pull over this and move left onto Dandle Buttress at Spike Minor.
(4) 20 feet. Continue up the ridge to a belay.
(5) 60 feet. Traverse right below a formidable looking chimney-groove to a ledge, step left and up a shallow groove to the top.

I.R., D. Hall (shared leads), October 1962

Variation Start to Dandle Buttress 90 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the left hand end of the ledge at the top of Pitch (1) Sleep Walk (gained from Cleft Ghyll by scrambling).

(1) 40 feet. Climb the overhanging groove to a slab using a peg and sling to exit. Belays.
(2) 50 feet. The corner above leads to Dandle Buttress route.

F. Booth, J. Duff (alternate leads), October 1962.

ENNERDALE

PILLAR ROCK

Scylla 430 feet. Very Severe. Follows a natural line which includes the crack up the centre of the large wall on the North face of Low Man. Starts between North North West and Hadrian's Wall at left side of a large grassy bay.

(1) 20 feet. Scramble into corner of small groove.

(2) 70 feet. Up the groove moving right then up grassy ledges and over a large chockstone to the foot of a very wide chimney directly below the centre of the large wall.

(3) 90 feet. Up chimney to stance and belay below wall.

(4) 100 feet. The wall is climbed by the crack in its centre which becomes a chimney-groove at about 40 feet. Avoid a large loose block on the left and continue up the easier groove to stance and belay on highest grass ledge. (Junction with Girdle Traverse).

(5) 90 feet. From left hand end of ledge pull up an overhanging wall. Traverse left to the foot of a narrow crack. Climb this to the top of a pinnacle when a swing right leads to easier ground. Scramble right to stance, etc.

(6) 60 feet. Climb the arête on the right of wide, dirty gully to the summit of Low Man.

A. G. Cram, W. Young, 9. 6. 63.

West Cove Eliminate 180 feet. Very Severe. Takes the line of the groove rising from the junction of Wide and Branch gullies — well seen from the Rock. Start is reached by scrambling up Wide Gully.

(1) 25 feet. Climb a short groove and wall to grass ledge at foot of main groove. Jammed nut belay.

(2) 55 feet. The groove is difficult to start. Go straight up over a small bulge to the larger one (usually greasy). Peg runner used. Layback bulge and climb up to good ledge and belay.

(3) 100 feet. Climb out right up slabs keeping near the right edge. Continue up easier slabs to the top.

A. G. Cram, T. Martin, 12. 9. 64.

Charybdis 435 feet. Very Severe. Follows a line of overhanging grooves up the N.W. face of Low Man between North West Climb and Goth.

(1) 50 feet. Pitch (1) of N.W. Climb then go up the 30-foot chimney to stance and belay.

(2) 100 feet. Continue up the same chimney then up a wall split by cracks to the large grassy platform of N.W.

(3) 70 feet. Follow pitch (5) of N.W. up glacis and up the corner. Belay below obvious deep overhanging groove.

(4) 50 feet. Climb into the groove, chockstone. Climb down a few feet and climb up the left wall by laybacking up big flake. Return along awkward gangway to top of groove over a loose block to a sloping stance and thread belay.

(5) 40 feet. Climb the green groove above. At top move left to ledge and belay.

(6) 50 feet. Up the groove on right to large block belay. Junction with Goth.

(7) 75 feet. Climb the shallow groove above. (This is 20 feet right of Oppenheimer's Chimney). Move right over the bulge, then back left following a slanting crack up the wall to the top (cairn).

A. G. Cram, W. Young, 30. 9. 64.

Sheol 340 feet. Very Severe. Ascends the very impressive crack in the right-bounding wall of the start of Grooved Wall.

(1) 50 feet. Scramble up ledges to foot of crack.

(2) 75 feet. Climb crack using the rib on the left to the detached block — a rest may be taken here in a sling. Step right and continue up the crack by jamming, finishing with a short layback. Chock belay.

(3) 75 feet. Up and to the right, across the N.E. climb, are two grooves. Go up and climb the very steep right-hand groove by traversing in from the left and bridging up. Ledge and belay.

(4) 50 feet. Climb the deep groove on the left moving right at the top to ledge and belay.

(5) 90 feet. Climb straight up, finishing up the last pitch of Savage Gully. Belay on Nose.

A. G. Cram, T. Martin, 2. 4. 65.

Shamrock Eliminate 600 feet. Starts at the foot of the lower tier of Shamrock Buttress about 10 feet to the left of Odin which goes directly up behind the dead tree.

(1) 80 feet. Scramble up left over a mossy mass for about 40 feet then move back right to a corner ledge, with thread belay.

(2) 130 feet. From the belay move out right around the rib (arrowed) for a few feet then straight up, and enter a groove just on the left side. Climb straight up this, then pull out of a small corner on right to ledge and belay (Odin comes up from the right to this belay).

(3) 50 feet. Move out right then up small cracks to the broad terrace, cross up this to good block belay.

(4) 70 feet. Go to right up easy grass ledges to a big flake.

(5) 70 feet. Move left and enter an obvious hanging groove, difficult to start. Straight up this to a block belay just over the top on the right.

(6) 80 feet. From the bottom of the block belay step right onto the steep buttress. Move up a few feet to the right, then straight up excellent rock to a big belay.

(7) 120 feet. Go left across the ledge and gain an obvious groove just right of a prominent little buttress. Another groove is reached by a steep wall on small holds (arrowed) and is smooth and difficult to start. After 25 feet escape right and up the wall on sloping holds to the obvious groove. Straight up this to the top.

P.R., C. J. S. Bonington (alternate leads), 23. 10. 65.

BOAT HOWE CRAG

Anchor Chain 110 feet. Severe. Starts a little farther left of Hatchway and Rigging.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the right wall of the chimney, just right of the big chockstone until an awkward step can be made onto the top of the chockstone. Thread belay.

(2) 25 feet. Reverse the awkward move and traverse right on the same level to a grass ledge on the corner of the buttress. Flake belay on Larboard Arête.

(3) 30 feet. Step back left across a groove to a wall which is climbed direct to a belay just left of a well-scratched groove above some slabs.

(4) 25 feet. Climb down from the belay for 6 feet and traverse left to below a large spike (The Anchor). Climb up to this and traverse farther left to a stance and small spike belay in the top of the chimney. Finish up the last two pitches of Hatchway and Rigging or walk off to the left.

S. Colvin, J. Pearce, P. Dinnen (alternate leads), 15. 5. 65.

ESKDALE

HERON CRAG

Iargo 190 feet. Very Severe. Takes a direct line up the crag some 20 feet to the right of Gormenghast.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the obvious groove between the direct starts of Gormenghast and Bellerophon. Using the crack near the top of groove a large hold above the left wall is obtained with some difficulty. Move up and left to easier angle, then up to grass ledge.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the overhanging wall to a metal wedge (in situ). Using this for direct aid a further peg above is required to gain jugs to move onto a ledge. Follow the obvious crack first right then left up to top of 'needle'. Belay on top.

(3) 70 feet. Using undercuts climb short vertical wall on left side to meet Gormenghast traverse. Continue straight up by Direct Finish of Gormenghast to top.

I. Singleton, A. Jackson, 4. 7. 65.

GATE CRAG

This is a fine little crag, opposite Boot, overlooking the Eskdale church. The crag is formed by a series of short but steep walls and buttresses. The best climbing is on the highest of these, a crag cut by two conspicuous grooves.

Left Hand Groove 140 feet. Very Severe.

(1) 110 feet. Climb the left hand groove to a good tree-covered ledge on the left.

(2) 30 feet. Step right and up the damp corner to the top.

Right Hand Groove 145 feet. Very Severe. Probably first climbed by Don Whillans. A good deal harder than the Left Groove.

(1) 145 feet. Climb the groove for 40 feet until it opens out. Then either step left and straight up to the top, or, more difficult but on better rock, cross the steep wall to the right to a spike on the edge of the arête and up a shallow groove into a niche below the overhang. Step left under the overhangs into a narrow chimney and straight up to the top.

Right Hand Wall 160 feet. Very Severe.

(1) 50 feet. Start up the right hand groove and at 15 feet step right round a nose onto the slabby wall. Go diagonally across this to a ledge and tree.

(2) 110 feet. Climb the shallow groove above the ledge for 20 feet until it is possible to step left across the steep wall into the next groove; up this to the overhang. Pull across to the left round the overhang onto the wall above and so to the top.

C. J. S. Bonington, M. Thompson (alternate leads), 1964.

CAM SPOUT CRAG, UPPER ESKDALE

Cam Spout Grooves 295 feet. Mild Very Severe. Takes a line of square-cut grooves just to the right of the very prominent overhanging rib of rock about a hundred feet up; easily visible from the path to Esk Buttress.

Start about 20 yds left of Peregrine Gully at the first small clump of junipers.

(1) 40 feet. Easy angled rock leads up to the left to a stance below a short steep wall running up to the right. Belay 10 ft. higher.

(2) 80 feet. Follow the crack against the overlap for 15 feet or so to a heathery ledge. Climb steeply upwards on good holds for a few feet, then step left onto slabs above the overlap. Up to a large sloping triangular ledge. Chock belay at the back under the overhang.

(3) 35 feet. Pull up round to the left and climb up to the big ledge below the steep corners.

(4) 60 feet. The corner crack to the top of a large flake on the left at 20 feet. Then back into the corner and up to another large triangular ledge. Spike belay in the corner.

(5) 75 feet. Go down the grass ledge to the left hand edge and step round into the big corner on the left. This is climbed first to a small ledge and runner on the left, and then on the left wall and rib turning the overhang at the top by a move left round the corner. A short wall leads to the top.
It is best to climb upwards for a couple of hundred feet to meet a large rake that slants down leftwards to the foot of the crag.

J.A.A., N.J.S., (alternate leads), 15. 9. 63.

Cam Spout Buttress 260 feet. Very Severe. Considerably harder than The Grooves. Start just left of the foot of Peregrine Gully where an easy-looking ridge leads up to a short steep red wall.

(1) 45 feet. The ridge to a ledge. Block belay at the left hand end.

(2) 60 feet. From the block make a hard pull up, then go left up a rake to a grass ledge below a wall with two thin cracks. Climb these to the foot of a thin overhanging crack. Traverse left to a belay at the foot of another overhanging crack.

(3) 40 feet. Climb overhanging the crack (care with a doutful block). Step left at the top and go up to a juniper belay at the back of the ledge below a smooth slab.

(4) 55 feet. Climb the slab up its left hand side.

(5) 60 feet. Pull over the overhang about 8 feet right of the overhanging crack, then step back left into the crack and climb it to the top. 150 feet of easy climbing leads to the slanting rake.

J.A.A., N.J.S., (varied leads), Whit 1964.

THIRLMERE

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

The Ghost 180 feet. Very Severe.

(1) 50 feet. As for Rigor Mortis.

(2) 35 feet. Climb into groove on right of white cone (nut runner). Swing right into overhanging groove and mantelshelf up to a flake. Stance on flake and peg belay.

(3) 50 feet. Climb slanting groove on left to a resting place below overhanging groove. Up this to end of gangway-traverse of Rigor Mortis. Swing round rib and up to belay.

(4) 45 feet. Up chimney to top.

A. G. Cram and party, 1964.

The Last Laugh 240 feet. Very Severe. Starts a few feet to the right of the Gossard's groove and to the left of Agony and goes up the shallow groove or corner.

(1) 100 feet. (Poor protection). The wall below the actual groove is very strenuous for 25 - 30 feet until the groove proper is reached. (The use of a tree at one's back for a runner is advised). Continue up the groove, until below the last few feet of the groove. Here a peg (thin and short) was used as a handhold to reach to the right edge. Swing out and after strenuous moves a rest can be taken on the gangway gained (part of Zig Zag). Do not follow this but go straight up the steep wall above to some trees. Belay.

(2) 70 feet. The overhanging wall behind the ledge is climbed until the obvious smooth overhanging groove is reached. (This groove is part of an alternative pitch to Eliminate Girdle). The groove is climbed with the aid of two pegs and one jammed nut, until a move left at the top on steep rock leads up to stance of North Crag Eliminate.

(3) 70 feet. Climb the variation finish to North Crag Eliminate (up, then diagonally right from the gangway).

C. J. S. Bonington, P.R., B. Henderson, K. Mosley, 17. 6. 65.

The Final Giggle 160 feet. Very Severe. Takes a line between Angels' Highway and Drag. Starts as for variation start to Angels' Highway.

(1) 100 feet. Move up variation start to Angels' Highway for about 10 feet, then move right to bottom of brown fault (peg used for one move here). Climb up for about 20 feet to resting place into V-groove slanting left. Follow this until a move right can be made over a bulge onto the steep slab above. Ascend straight up to a tree belay.

(2) 60 feet. Move slightly right from the tree and ascend straight up to the top.

M. A. Toole, P.R., (alternate leads), 12. 7. 65.

RAVEN CRAG, THIRLMERE

The Medlar 250 feet. Very Severe. Takes a direct line up the steep groove on the immediate left of the big overhangs in the centre of the face.

(1) 25 feet. Pitch (1) Necropolis.

(2) 40 feet. Pitch (2) Delphinus.

(3) 45 feet. Climb the grey-green wall immediately left of the tree to a good foothold immediately below the overhangs. Step down and left to a thread runner (in place) and pull up to the left on good holds, then right to a small stance and belay at the foot of the groove.

(4) 50 feet. Climb the groove to a peg (in place). Use it to reach a second peg a few feet higher, then swing out left onto good holds. Traverse left, descending slightly at first, to a good ledge and belay.

(5) 60 feet. Pitch (7) Necropolis.

M. Boysen, C. J. S. Bonington, M. Thompson, Autumn 1964.

Totalitarian 295 feet. Very Severe. Starts immediately below the right hand retaining wall of the Cave.

(1) 80 feet. Scramble up past a rowan tree to a large block at the foot of the steep bottom wall. Step left from the block and climb a shallow groove until it is possible to pull up onto a small ledge. Step left across the overhanging wall and pull into a niche, then back right for a couple of moves and on up grass to a grass ledge and spike belay, below the spur leading up to the right of the cave.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the open groove a few feet to the right, to the bulge and gain a slab on the right. Climb the steep wall above to a stance and pinnacle belay at the end of Pitch (1) Communist Convert.

(3) 60 feet. Move diagonally right into an open groove. Mantelshelf onto a small ledge and continue right to a small stance below a groove leading to the big roof (Pitch (2) Communist Convert).

(4) 25 feet. Climb the groove to a good stance and peg belays immediately below the overhang.

(5) 60 feet. Traverse right immediately below the roof to the smooth slab leading up to its edge. Climb this with the aid of a peg, step round the corner at its top, and up the impending crack to a big ledge.

C. J. S. Bonington, M. Thompson, 2. 9. 64.

YEW CRAG

Myth 140 feet. Mild Very Severe. Start 40 feet left of Castlerigg Bastion.

(1) 40 feet. Climb up grooves to a large yew tree below a vertical wall.

(2) 100 feet. Move up ledge from yew tree for a few feet to a broken groove. Climb this for about 15 feet until one can swing out right onto the steep clean wall. Traverse right to a very small oak tree (balance move) then straight up the arête to the summit.

P.R., J. Lee, 25. 4. 65.

WASDALE

THE NAPES

Scrimshanker 100 feet. Mild Very Severe. An obvious corner with a leaning crack starting about 100 yards to the left of top of the second pitch of Lucifer Crack.

(1) 70 feet. Climb the V-groove at the foot of the buttress for 20 feet to a crack. Climb the crack which leans awkwardly to right to a chockstone belay.

(2) 30 feet. Climb the crack until an exit left can be made onto easy ground.

L. Brown, J. S. Bradshaw, August 1965.

KERN KNOTTS

Buttonhook Variation 30 feet. Very Severe. Ascends the groove above the first belay on Buttonhook. Climb the groove, using nut runner for aid. Pull out to the right on good holds and climb the cracked wall above to the block belay on Buttonhook.

G. Tough, J. Harding, 29. 9. 65.

LOW ADAM CRAG

Dexodrine 110 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the left hand side of a fern-covered ledge 15 feet left of Pituitrin.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the leftward-slanting gangway until it ends. Cross the wall into a groove and climb it (one protecting peg) to a small black overhang. Move left round the corner to block belay.

(2) 25 feet. Climb the rib on the right to a heather ledge. Junction with Pituitrin. Peg belay.

(3) 35 feet. Climb the groove above. Scrambling leads to the top.

W. Young, I. Singleton, J. Williams, July 1964.

SCAFELL, EAST BUTTRESS

The Holy Ghost 270 feet. Very Severe. Start at the foot of Gremlin Groove.

(1) 100 feet. Climb Gremlin Groove for 40 feet until it is possible to traverse across a series of sloping ledges. A pull up a steep wall leads to the left hand end of the ledge at the top of pitch (2) (the long pitch) on Trinity.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the corner behind the belay for 10 feet, then traverse right and slightly downwards on a line of holds leading round the corner to a small roof on the nose; under this, using undercuts, then pull up to the right and continue the traverse on rounded hand and foot holds for a further 10 feet, until it is possible to climb straight up a steep slab. One can continue the traverse a few feet to get a nut runner (in place, abandoned by second). Climb the slab and trend left to a conspicuous spike (peg belay).

(3) 50 feet. Traverse right and up the groove to a ledge.

(4) 70 feet. Climb the steep crack to the right to the top of a huge flake. From its top pull straight up the overhanging crack and so to the top.

C. J. S. Bonington, M. Thompson, 1964.
R. Moseley did a similar but higher line in 1957.

Key to initials

J. J. S. Allison	D. Farley	D. G. Roberts
J. A. Austin	A. H. Greenbank	I. Roper
R. D. Brown	D. N. Greenop	P. Ross
M. Burbage	A. Liddell	N. J. Soper
D. W. English	P. Nunn	O. Woolcock

Note The first ascent of *Hiraeth* (F.R.C.C.J. No. 57) should read B. Ingle, P. Crew (alternate leads).

Note on gradings Although the climbs recorded above are of widely varying difficulty, the majority are classified Very Severe, using the traditional Lake District method of classification. In the new series of guides a revised system will be used, as described elsewhere in this Journal, and it is intended in the future to employ this system when recording new climbs in the *Journal*. We hope that contributors will familiarise themselves with the system and use it when describing new routes. How the new sub-grades relate to existing standards will be clear when the new guide to Langdale appears, but as a rough indication of the upper end of the scale:

The Severe (*hard*) — Very Severe (*mild*) boundary will approximate to that between S and V.S in the Eastern Crags Guide of 1959. A typical V.S (*mild*) could be *White Ghyll Wall*, a normal V.S. *Bilberry Buttress* and a V.S (*hard*) *Kipling Groove*. The lower limit of Extremely Severe will be about the *Deer Bield Buttress — North Crag Eliminate* level. — ED.

CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

The Alps, 1965 and 1966

The weather was poor in the 1965 season and if anything worse in 1966. In both years there were spells of good weather but these were usually short and interspersed with heavy snowfall in the high Alps. Most of the climbs done at high altitudes were thus on snow, where conditions were occasionally good. The following details are by no means a complete record of Members' activities.

In 1965

R. D. Brown and J. Hartley visited the Dauphiné and climbed the south face of the Aiguille Dibona by the Madier Crack, a good climb on sound rock, and the south face of the Meije by the Allain route, a big mixed climb. At Vercours they did the S.E. face of Mont Aiguille and the North-East Pillar, both T.D. rock climbs on limestone.

O. Woolcock and P. Nunn went first to the Wetterstein in Austria and did several routes from the Oberreintal Hut: the S.W. arête of the Oberreintalturm; the N.W. arête of the Untererberggeistturm, a climb rather like the Yellow Edge, but better; the north face of the Unterer Schusselkarturm, a sustained grade six rock climb of about 1,200 feet; and the Peters route on the Schusselkarspitz, a very good 'six' of almost 2,000 feet and a long day from the German side. In the Dolomites they did the East Face Direct of the Rosengartenspitz. At Chamonix they climbed the north face of the Aiguille du Midi. In a party of six they made the third ascent of the Central Spur.

G. Oliver and J. Hesmondhalgh made a short visit to Chamonix and traversed the Charmoz-Grépon.

In 1966

J. Cheesmond, K. Miller, K. Meldrum and J. Cole climbed Chiafron by the north face, possibly the first British ascent. Various members of this party climbed the north face of the Gran Paradiso, and in the Mont Blanc area the north face of the Tour Ronde and the S.E. face of the Aiguille Crouz.

G. Oliver, J. Hesmondhalgh, P. Fearnehough and C. Griffiths visited the Bernese Oberland, making a bold effort on the north face of Ebnefluh and retreating in bad weather from near the summit.

O. Woolcock in a brief visit to the Kaisergebirge climbed the Christaturm by the S.E. arête with P. Mason.

From Chamonix P. Nunn with S. Clarke did the Contamine route on the Moine and a devious route on the west face of the Peigne in bad conditions.

J. Cross and E. N. Cross went to Chamonix and climbed the Aiguille de l'M and the Aiguille du Tour. They also climbed on Mont Aiguille and in the Salève near Geneva.

J. Wilkinson reports that his season began in Cortina d'Ampezzo in June. After walking in the Tre Cima, Langkofel and Catinaccio he met Dennis English in Salzburg. In the Wilde Kaiser they climbed the S.E. arête of the Christaturm, and the Dulfer route on the Fleischbank accompanied by ropes from the Austrian army. Their visit coincided with that of A. Liddell and M. Burbage, all staying at the Stripsenjoch Hut. After bad weather they left for Jugoslavia and in the Julian Alps climbed Triglav by the 4,000-foot Skala-Oberkrainer route on the north face. 'From the Aljazadom Hut started about 5.00 a.m. An hour and a half to the foot of the climb. Finished the climb about 4.00 p.m. The hardest pitch was near the top, the route finding difficult and the rock loose limestone, rotten dolomite . . .' A visit to the Adriatic bore no fruit and after a crash they visited the Gran Paradiso, climbing it by the ordinary route which was 'just like Helvellyn with a bit of Striding Edge on top . . . probably the best view in the Alps—Monte Viso, the Dauphiné, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa.' Finally they did the Couzy route on the Aiguille de l'M in bad weather before returning home.

A. Liddell and M. Burbage climbed in the Alps both years, sometimes accompanied by S. Clarke and B. Thompson. In the Kaisergebirge they did four climbs on the Tottenkirchl, including the Dulfer route on the east face, four climbs on the Fleischbank including the Wastl, Rossi and Dulfer routes, climbed the Vordere Karlspitz by the East Face Direct and also the Christaturm and Bauern Predigstuhl. They did a considerable number of 'sixes' in the Dolomites including the Comici on the Cima Grande, the Cassin on the Piccolissima, the South Face Direct of the Winkler Tower in the Vajolet Towers, the Squirrels' and Franceschi routes on the Cinque Torre, the south face of the Pilastro di Rozes and two big climbs in the Rosengarten area. They also climbed the Cassin route on the Piz Badile and visited the Calanques limestone and sunbathing area.

PAUL NUNN

British East Greenland Geological Expedition 1966

During the summer of 1966 Charles Curtis and I were fortunate to be members of an expedition making geological investigations on the east coast of Greenland in the general region of Kangerdlugsuak, a fiord approximately midway between the settlements of Scoresby Sound to the north and Angmagssalik to the south (see map facing page 215). This uninhabited and inhospitable part of the coast contains some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in Greenland. The Watkins Mountains, which were climbed in 1935 by a party including Wager and Courtauld, rise to over 13,000 feet to the north-west of the fiord, which is surrounded by numerous ranges of smaller but spectacular aiguilles and large glaciers which lead up to the ice-cap.

The region is inaccessible without charter of a suitable vessel, in our case the 150-ton wooden sealing ship *Polaric* from Alesund in Norway. Fortunately 1966 was a good ice year and in mid-July we were able to approach the coast through the pack without difficulty, although this was apparently impossible the previous year. Once established on shore we found that owing to severe melting and most impressive glacier retreat, the difficulties of making our geologically-oriented traverses across country were much greater than when I was last in the area in 1953. Glaciers which had given relatively easy passage to man-hauled sledge or to the skier were found to be either bare ice or severely crevassed.

Although such climbing as was done in 1966 was merely in the course of other investigations, a necessity in view of the expense and the short season, the mountaineering possibilities on all sides were quite tantalising and must one day receive the attention which they deserve.

P. E. BROWN

The Dent Blanche Centenary

Our Honorary Member Dorothy Pilley Richards writes:

The first days of September 1966 were for me, quite unexpectedly, one of the gayest and most delightful experiences that ever came to a retired mountaineer. My husband, I.A.R. and I had gone up the Val d'Hérens to visit the grave of Joseph Georges, *Le Skieur*, at Evolène and to exchange greetings with the Dent Blanche whose north ridge had been the scene of his greatest triumph.* When a delegation headed by M. Lucien Gaudin of the *Société des Guides du Val d'Hérens* called on us, we had heard nothing of what was in the wind: a celebration through three festive days of the centenary of the first ascent of the mountain made by Thomas Stuart Kennedy and William Wigram with Jean-Baptiste Croz and Johann Kronig on 18th July, 1866. Would we join them as official guests of the *Société* in the programme to fly up to the Cabane Rossier with the 200-lb. wrought iron cross they were taking to the summit, feast there with the representatives of the A.C., S.A.C., C.S.F.A. and the Guides of the adjoining valleys, be present at the Mass and the Blessing of the Cross and the Guides' Banner, come down on foot for a splendid *raclette* at Les Haudères on the Sunday, attend an open air Mass in the square and listen to the fanfare '*Echo de la Dent Blanche*' played by the local band to be followed by speeches, lunch and a *lotto* (bingo, we would call it) lasting into the night?

In spite of very treacherous weather, this programme was carried out in the highest spirits. Only the simultaneous ascent of the four ridges by four parties who were to meet on the summit for the

*Joseph Georges, Dorothy Pilley Richards and I. A. Richards made the first ascent of the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche on 20th July, 1928.

installation and blessing of the cross had to be abandoned. The flight was horrifically by helicopter, the ceremony took place in a blizzard and the descent was through new snow. But how nice they all were to us, how heart-warming the accord, the Guides' regard for Joseph and his brother Antoine, the enthusiasm and local spontaneity—a glowing memory uniting the past with the present.

Outcrop Climbing in the U.S.A.

The following is an extract from a letter to Allan Austin written by Tony Greenbank during his visit to the United States in 1964.

The boat landed me in New York on 2nd June. Then by bus for two days to the mile-high city of Denver. Here I'm staying with a C.C. bloke called Nigel Peacock until tomorrow when I go for the Outward Bound 250 miles away, and 8,000 feet up, situated in the ghost town of Marble. It's all very West here, and tremendously impressive for its vastness. Anyway the climbing is really gripping as you shall see, and in Chicago a barman nearly didn't serve me because he swore I was under age (21).

So, the climbing. First day in New York I reached 1,200 feet on the Empire State building—a sterling effort which makes your ears go queer during the elevator ride and with 80-mile views. The day I arrived by bus, bleary and tired, we went straight out to Red Rocks Theatre, a colossal natural stadium of sandstone, bulging like Almscliff and Curbar in one and with steps hewn up the middle for the crowds (the Beatles play here in August). We did several and I managed some new routes straight off. Honestly, you've no idea of the plethora of lines here—it's a climbing paradise. There are more cliffs and new big lines than I've had hot dinners. Anyway there were these two cracks and I actually jammed them real good (as the Yanks say).

And next day saw us among a sea of overhangs on Castle Rock up Boulder Canyon (near where Scott Carpenter, astronaut, lives). It was Jackson's Wall, our route, a 5 Easy. It was a gripper because I wasn't acclimatised to the height and couldn't understand the guidebook properly. We'd just been in the Frank Davies's of Boulder and had been aghast at the gear they use for climbs—leapers, boing-boings (because they go boing-boing when you hammer them in), cowbells (the same), webbing tapes, rurps, special alloy gadgets which you wouldn't credit. And how were these climbs graded—for the gear, or free? Anyway we get on to this exposed stance and Nigel starts looking pale and getting non-cooperative. Anyway it was too much and I backed down with my feelings smarting from this set-back. That night there was a party and I was too much on the ale, and you can guess how I felt this morning. Anyway we got off early for Castle Rock again (400 feet high) and tore up to the stance again on Jackson's, minus

Mrs. Peacock (they're really a terrific couple). So we're on this stance and I start feeling sick from the 90° heat, the beer, an empty stomach, a bad back and an anxious second—yes you've guessed—I let you down by hammering in a peg. I was persuaded of course ('If you don't put one in I'll never get up'), but really it was a big V. Diff. pitch set in V.S. (Pegasus-type) situations. I was chastened indeed by this peg business. I know the Yanks always use one there, but I could have done it without. The rock though is just like the Eskdale tombstones: rough, highly compact and gritstoney in technique. Well . . . it was my first offence.

The second was soon to follow. I got talking to the local lads and there was this one called Cub Schaffer ('Am the tenth best climber in the town'), and he had done some good stuff but not climbed for a year so I pointed out a terrific line and we got stuck in. Everyone's reaction to this was fantastic. 'Hey man, you've got a real wild climb there.' 'Boy, that's a real mean route.' The first pitch went up jamming cracks of a sort, a bit like Deer Bield Crack. This was good and I felt better and gave it some stick up to a peg. Cub then failed to lead the next pitch—a beauty with a huge dièdre running up to a Darkness-type overhang and crack running through the periphery. So I asked why and he said he hadn't got his rurps and leapers and boings and that you would definitely need an 'angle' up in that roof and that he couldn't climb without gear. So I went on to a peg and had a runner, and then got a nut in and so it went on right up to that roof and then I realised I didn't have an angle or anything else for the Peacocks had taken my slings—instead I have five pegs, and a red sling with a Matey crab, and I was really being pushed out by Eskdale granite in Darkness style over a horrifying void above the circus below who were very quiet. Then came the second dirty deed. I placed an ace of spades in the lip of overhang, but even then it was very hard as I swung over on not very much save the comfort of the peg. Anyway I didn't know if Cub could hold me—the Yanks have a belay so dynamic it just isn't possible. He came up well and said it was a 'great fun climb,' and that he was sure I would have used more pins (pegs) for there weren't any pockets (jugs), and I just agreed and thought of that voice below a balaclava saying 'Bounder!'

Turkey 1966

South-east Turkey has been very little explored, lying as it does in its remoteness more than 1,000 miles from Istanbul. Yet in that far corner, within a few miles of the frontiers of Iraq and Iran, lie two magnificent groups of 4,000-metre peaks, described by Tom Weir after his 1957 expedition as offering some of the best climbing outside the Himalayas.

This was our incentive. The area was a prohibited one until 1965, on account of the Kurdish rebels from across the Iraq frontier,

although special permission was granted to Tom Weir and an Austrian expedition, who produced the only available sketch map. Last year an expedition was carried out by Robin Fedden, mainly in one of the mountain groups, the Cilo Dag.

Our objective was to explore the unvisited part of the other group, the Sat Dag. Headed by Sidney Nowill, a member of the Alpine Club who lives in Turkey, our expedition was fortunate in having his knowledge of the country and the language, and the plan finally agreed was that the 'English' party should join Sidney out there at the end of June after he had set up camp in the Sat Dag.

One can fly right through to the ancient city of Van, and after a 5-hour hair-raising 'taxi' drive, one arrives at the foot of the mountains in less than 48 hours from London. Thereafter it is definitely on foot, with horses carrying the baggage. But that was not lacking in drama, for we were ambushed by armed Kurdish bandits and robbed of money, cameras and watches. A major blow, which could but be borne with that 'sang-froid habituel.'

Our arrival at Sidney's camp site the next day was a revelation. Situated at about 10,000 feet on the edge of a half frozen lake, Bay Göl, it was in an amphitheatre of snow-clad pinnacles that could hardly be rivalled in the Alps. From our tents we could gaze on glaciers leading up towards colourful peaks with rock strata in brown, red and blue.

Sunrise was at 3 a.m. and not so long after we were on our way to a first ascent—a long pull up a glacier and steep snow slopes to the base of a rock peak, Uyanek Tepe, which offered some 200 feet of Grade 4 climbing up very sharp and loose rock. The summit at 3,470 metres brought a view into the heat haze of Iraq, whence we could see a great herd of sheep and goats being driven down from a snow col for grazing.

Another first ascent was to tackle the main peak, Hendevade, 3,810 metres, from the north face. This involved another glacier approach, followed by a steep snow curtain for over 400 feet onto the summit ridge. The snow curtain was partly 55° ice and took an hour and a half with crampons and ice axes, mercifully in the shade, but it is as good as the Breithorn.

We explored many other peaks, most of which involved longish climbs on craggy but loose rock—one ending through a large window on a ridge. We also looked enviously at many near vertical walls. We had our lazy days too and met many friendly Kurds. The climbing is demanding, on account of the 'baked-mud' consistency of the rock and its looseness, no doubt accentuated by the alternation of great heat and long snowy winters. But it is an area of great beauty and is carpeted with many rare flowers. We also actually saw some bears. There were no other climbers, the weather was perfect and there is a great deal still to climb. What more could one wish for?

P. LEDEBOER

VISIT OF POLISH MOUNTAINEERS

During September 1966 a group of Polish Mountaineers visited Great Britain, the visit being arranged by John Hunt. The Club was asked to act as host for part of the visit. This we agreed to do and to provide our visitors with accommodation at Raw Head for the weekend. We hoped to show the Poles something of the Lake District in general, to give them an opportunity to sample English rock climbing and to meet as many members as possible, although arrangements were complicated by the distance between Langdale (where the Poles were accommodated) and Wasdale (where the Club had congregated for its September meet and committee meeting).

The Poles came to the Lakes from Scotland where they had been entertained by the Scottish Mountaineering Club. They were met at Kendal, conveyed to Raw Head and entertained to dinner at the O.D.G. (only the best is good enough for our guests). After the dinner the President, in a speech of welcome, showed the extent of his knowledge of the Polish language. The leader of the Polish party replied in fluent English. Club badges were exchanged and we were presented with a pennant, which will hang in Raw Head, and a book on the Tatra which will find a place in the Club library. In turn, the visitors were presented with prints of some of Heaton Cooper's pictures. These were received with even greater interest when it was realised that the artist was present at the dinner. Some members drove round to Wasdale late on Friday evening but the President and his wife, anxious to see that our guests were given a breakfast suitable for the rigours of the climate, remained at Raw Head and, with others, brought the party round to Wasdale on Saturday morning. The day was mild, misty and marred by continuous heavy drizzle so that views were restricted to wet grass, wet bracken and wet boulders. With true Lake District hospitality rock climbing, including an ascent of the Needle, was offered to the guests but they, having listened to fearsome tales of the perils of damp crags, politely declined, all except Andre who had remained in Langdale to be editorially introduced to the White Ghyll climbs.

The whole Wasdale party, Poles and British, turned the day into a social event and, in a conversational manner, walked over Scafell Pike to Esk Hause where we parted, the meet returning to Wasdale and the Poles to Langdale, there to be met by the Climbers' Club and taken to Wales. Although little climbing was accomplished and views of the Lake District had to be taken on trust, the meteorological dullness of the weekend was more than counterbalanced by the charm and gay friendliness of our guests. We were happy to have spent a little time with them on our fells and regretted that the visit was so brief.

J. ROBERT FILES

1965 ANNUAL DINNER WEEKEND

To the outside world the Fell and Rock is chiefly remarkable for its huts and its guide-books and it seemed very appropriate that the 1965 Annual Dinner weekend should centre around these two achievements. The dinner itself, in inauguration of a Third Series of rock-climbing guides to the Lake District, honoured guide-book editors and writers past and present with H. M. Kelly as chief guest, while on the Sunday we had the opening of Beetham Cottage—in affectionate memory of our beloved Bentley.

The weekend opened, as always, with the Annual General Meeting which needs no recording since members are nowadays sent the minutes, although, perversely, this was the only one of the main events upon which your scribe is really qualified to dilate. Having eaten his dinner in the Royal Oak fairly regularly for more than 30 years he was excluded from this facility by the ballot on this occasion and had to rely on the amplification equipment for the reception of the speeches in an outer room. And although some of the speakers may be excellent orators not all of them have mastered microphone technique, so that much of their wisdom and humour passed unheard and unrecorded. While, on the following day, although he reached the shores of Brotherswater by the appointed time, several hundred other members seemed to have arrived there some time earlier, so that this time the speeches had to be appraised from an outer passage, only just inside from the rain, acoustically unsatisfactorily and without the doubtful assistance of public address apparatus. What follows, therefore, is not so much a report as a digest of what he has been able to pick up, guess at or invent.

The President, Donald Murray, re-elected with acclamation at the A.G.M. is understood to have started off his toast to the guide-book editors and writers by proclaiming his own near illiteracy and his consequent surprise that he should find himself presiding over a function rather like a Foyle's literary luncheon. Getting down to facts he then referred to the Club's 17 guides produced since 1922, Lord Chorley's editorship of the old Red Guides, the happy flavour of George Bower's first guide to Dow Crag and the fortunate selection of Harry Kelly to write the first guide to Pillar. Kelly's style and pattern had been followed, not only in subsequent Fell and Rock guides but also, to greater or lesser extent, by the guide-book writers of other clubs.

Kelly, said the President, had been one of the supreme cragsmen of his era before slings, karabiners and helmets had been invented. Although he (Kelly) appeared quite respectable nowadays he had been a fierce looking brigand with turned-up moustaches and a red handkerchief on his head as a young man, and had begun his climbing with a route over buildings in Manchester which included the police station. His devotion to Pillar while writing the guide had been such that his boots, if not locked up at night, would have

set off by themselves for the Rock in the morning. It was also on record that after completing his first girdle traverse of Scafell Crag by Bad Corner he had insisted on going on to the summit as he had never previously been there.

Present with Kelly that evening, said the President, was a galaxy of talented guide-book writers who had helped all climbers to get full enjoyment from the crags, and the climbing world was indebted to them all. Joe Griffin had taken on the task of editing the next series, and they wished him well. It was, he said, appropriate that Mr. J. Chorlton of the Cloister Press who had been closely associated with the club publications for years, should also be with them that evening.

The President concluded that during Kelly's editorship the club had produced more than 42,000 of the guides, of which 30,000 had been sold to the general public, 'so that Harry Kelly has done as much to popularise the sport of rock climbing as anyone since Haskett Smith.'

In a modest reply Kelly looked back to the days when rock climbing was a less complicated business than it is today, and 60 feet of rope was sufficient for three. When Haskett Smith had started climbing in 1884 no ropes 'or other illegitimate means' had been used, whereas today an intricate armoury seemed to be required. He referred nostalgically to the advent of the rubber shoe and mentioned some of his friends of earlier days, including Basterfield, A. T. Hargreaves, Astley Cooper, Beetham and Gross.

'Anything I may have done for the Club' he said 'has been more than amply rewarded. By being allowed to serve the Club I have enriched my whole life.'

Replying for the guide-book writers S. H. Cross was in his most sparkling form. He had first seen Kelly sitting on a wall in a white sweater and wearing a waxed moustache and had not dared to speak to him—Kelly's fame being so widespread. Since then his affection and respect for the 'manager' had grown tremendously, and he felt greatly honoured for being allowed to take part in what was undoubtedly 'Kelly's night'.

Some of Syd's best jokes were fashioned around desperate climbing adventures—one especially about a crash helmet—but the electronics were unable to bring out their full flavour to those remote from the dining room, although the gusts of laughter bid fair at times to wreck the equipment. It must have been a good speech.

Lord Chorley, proposing the toast to the guests, being a public figure and well knowing the vagaries of microphones, must have eschewed their use altogether since his words of wisdom never penetrated to the outer fastness, but by crowding in a distant doorway one was able to pick up the occasional word. He is understood to have traced the history of the Club's *Journal* and its guides from

the earliest days and to have dwelt interestingly on the various editors and their associates. He even went back to the very formation of the Club—by groups from Barrow and Kendal—and recalled men like Scantlebury, W. T. Palmer, Darwin Leighton, Basterfield and many more. He himself had been pressed into the job of Editor by Leighton, and, not knowing anything about editing, he had started the printing of the guides separately from the *Journal* and this had led to the first Red Guides which were all right until it rained when the dye ran. Mr. Chorlton of the Cloister Press replied to the toast, speaking of his happy association with a long line of editors of the *Journal* and with Kelly, and his honour at being invited to the dinner.

The next day was miserable and wet, but inside Beetham Cottage we enjoyed—once we got in—a most happy and memorable occasion. No doubt there will never be so many inside the cottage again, nor so many teas served in so short a time. The cottage, so handy for the eastern fells, and especially the crags of Dovedale and Deepdale, is already proving a wonderful acquisition. Its purchase and a large part of the alterations had been financed by the legacy from Bentley Beetham, and the cottage will remain a fitting memorial to a remarkable personality.

The official opening was carried out by Mr. John Beetham, Bentley's brother, and, in introduction, the President said he was sure Bentley would have approved of the venture, although he might have thought that the modern climber was getting a bit soft with electric light, calor gas and foam mattresses. Those who had visited him in his old tin hut in Borrowdale would know what a spartan life he could lead and enjoy. Bentley, he said, had discovered and dug out more climbs that had given pleasure to the moderate climber, than anybody else, and had first led solo a fantastic number of routes. His development of Shepherd's Crag had been quite extraordinary, and he could only believe that it had remained undiscovered for so long because no one else had been prepared to do the necessary gardening. He (the President) remembered being taken up *Chamonix* by Beetham soon after its discovery and had been tied half way while the leader went on with saw and pick axe, showering his second with trees and rocks. Beetham must have cleared literally tons of rubbish from the crags.

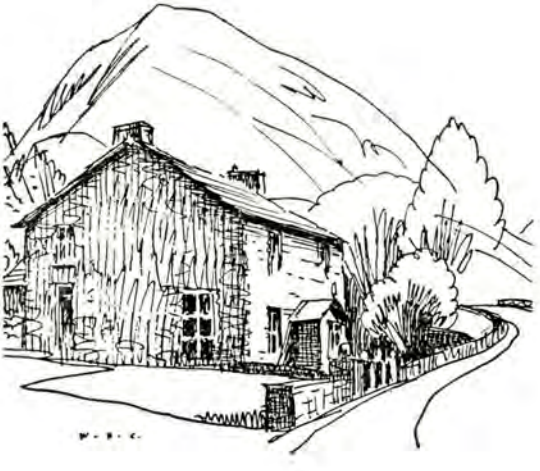
The President thanked those who had been so active in commissioning the hut, including Jim Topping, the architect, who had been responsible for the very clever conversion, the Lowther Estates Ltd. who had carried out the contract in good time during a wet summer, and the warden, Neville Morton and his assistants Betty Morton and George Watkins, who had done a tremendous amount of work in equipping the building. Many other helpers had also done good work, while the photograph of Bentley Beetham by Alf Gregory which now adorns the hut, and the hut booking card, designed by Heaton Cooper, fully maintained the Club's high

artistic standard.

Howard Somervell also spoke of Bentley Beetham's companionship on Everest and his great patience—he might take half an hour over one photograph. He recalled Bentley's falls, the patience with which he bore his later incapacity and his industry and perseverance in unearthing new climbs, especially in Borrowdale.

The President then handed the key to Mr. John Beetham who thanked the company for the honour they had done him in asking him to open the hut, and for the tributes paid to his brother. He knew that Bentley would have approved of the new hut and he hoped that those present and many future generations would enjoy themselves in the cottage and its surroundings. He then declared the hut open and a large company had tea and inspected the well appointed premises that place within easy reach a part of the Lake District that has tended to be somewhat neglected by some members of the Club in the past. And so was concluded a particularly important weekend in the life of the Club, with the lauching of another hut and another series of guide-books, and an opportunity to express our gratitude to those who have served us so well in many fields over many years.

A. H. GRIFFIN



SCOTTISH MEETS

1964 AULTGUISH

The early morning picture was always the same; the faint mist over the distant moors so soon to be followed by brilliant sunshine; far down the valley was the great whale-back of Ben Wyvis, from which it is sometimes possible to see both the easterly and westerly seas. Quite close, looming white in stately hugeness, was the great dam barrier of the Glasgarnoch Reservoir, while in the little field across the road were the Chinese geese, looking with deep distrust at the big seagull who stood near them apparently deep in thought but always with an eye on the tiny goslings.

It was strange that the view from the Aultguish Inn, by Garve, Wester Ross, that building in the middle of apparent desolation, could be so completely satisfying, but so it was. That the magnificent weather of the 1964 Meet had something to do with it I do suspect, but also the high standard of service and helpfulness in the hotel itself made one more appreciative of other things.

For many years we had seen from afar the great mass of Ben Dearg, the most northerly 3,500-foot mountain in Scotland, but nothing had been done about it till now. The choice of route was either a long direct approach from a lower altitude or a complicated up and down one from a higher altitude. The choice of the latter, uncomfortable and devious, was the cause of many imprecations but at least it was scenically impressive and a depleted party reached the summit.

The finely situated Loch a' Braoin, between Braemore Lodge and Dundonell is, sadly, scheduled for future development as a reservoir, but many of us will remember a pleasant sojourn on the short grass near the old boathouse there. A section ascended two of the Fannichs but, in spite of much talk, never got down to climbing the remainder later in the meet. The Fannichs, magnificent though they are in winter, are not the best of mountains in summer.

The Inverewe Gardens, not too far away, seemed to be looked on as a sort of convalescent home and, after an arduous day on the hills, odd missing members could, the following day, often be traced there 'to see that they were in as good order as had previously been reported'.

One of our pleasantest excursions was to Loch Lurgain from where a large party ascended Stac Polly, the usual adders not being seen on this occasion. A smaller party went up Cul Beag, a surprisingly fine mountain when its hidden recesses are seen, looking down from the summit. A visit by some was also made to Ben More Coigach, partly to search for the demi-semi-precious stones so prevalent there.

On most Scottish Meets there has been a small body of unselfish and golden-hearted men (and sometimes women) who have so far been little appreciated. These self-sacrificing people, on occasion,

forego their chosen pastime of climbing and trudge off into damp, often inhospitable, wastes for the express purpose of providing delicacies for their fellow-members. As they stumble back to the hotel, exhausted but always uncomplaining, and only just in time to take most of the hot bath water before the climbers return, they feel they have done a noble duty.

Thus it was that on the first day one of our foremost exponents, of the fine type mentioned above, sallied forth to the great Glasgarnoch reservoir and caught one fish (small) duly consumed by the President as was meet and proper. With this encouragement and spurred on by the hotel manager who said he would be pleased if we would clear the reservoir of innumerable large, and presumably cannibal trout, four men and two women decided to oblige. The boggy banks were rendered thrice boggy by the heavy tread of rubber boots and the waters were flogged in a fury of hope and varying skill. The fish were unimpressed.

Word went round that night that the monster fish were in the middle of the loch, so two men pooled their frugal savings and hired a boat and ghillie for one day . . . no fish! Self-sacrifice was finally abandoned, and the fishermen went back to climbing.

An Teallach had already been visited earlier in the meet but, on the final Friday, it was decided to climb it again in more detail and in three separate parties. That afternoon Cook and Webb were sunning themselves on the summit when, with faint curiosity, they noticed tiny figures moving at a very unusual speed on the not-at-all easy ridge of the distant Pinnacles. Relapsing into a semi-coma they were jerked into full consciousness some time later by a cry for help from the twin summit of Fiona. It was Barker who hastened down the dip between the summits with the news: a member of one of the other parties had fallen over 100 feet and was hurt; and so was started a sequence of events which did not finish for 17 hours.

Cook got down to Dundonell in three quarters of an hour (surely a record) and raised the alarm. Fortunately the weather was ideal, our strongest party, whose figures we had seen hastening to the rescue, were climbing near the accident, and a nurse Catherine Egan was with them.

In the valley itself were a party of Royal Marine Cadets and even a climbing doctor was available there. With the help of police and villagers the casualty was taken down in the night to Loch Sheallag where a boat was available. The landowner's Land-Rover took over on very rough ground at the far end of the loch and the waiting ambulance, at Gruinard, took the injured man to Inverness where he arrived at 10 a.m. Fortunately the injuries were confined to ribs, hand, lacerations and bruises, but those who saw the fall were amazed that the results were no worse.

So happened the first accident on a Scottish Meet for nineteen years.

GEORGE H. WEBB

1965 BALLACHULISH

Although the Ballachulish Hotel had been visited as recently as 1960, it again proved a popular choice, about 40 members attending the meet. The joint leaders were Ernest Wood-Johnson and Geoff Barker, who spared no trouble in making arrangements for all to take part in expeditions suited to their powers, and in ensuring discipline and punctual starts.

Everyone was pleased that the President and his wife were able to spend some days at the meet, and there was the usual galaxy of Past-Presidents, which must have been observed with interest by Fred Hoyle when he arrived. Harold Gerrard received a warm welcome, after his serious illness, as also did Harry Spilsbury, in good form, despite his accident of the previous year. As usual several members brought caravans, including J. B. Meldrum, who was, however, on this occasion domiciled in the hotel. Two dogs 'Ricky' (Vaughan) and 'Tinker' (Pape) enlivened the proceedings on occasion. Gladys Cook had gone on a cruise to the Outer Hebrides, and was much missed, but the Wood-Johnson 'tea-wagon' was usually at hand when most needed.

Space only allows reference to some of the highlights of the meet. Weather during the first few days was very bad at high levels, with poor visibility. A party which included one of the leaders, and the President, traversed Buchaille Etive Beag from north to south in the clouds, making for cars which were awaiting them in Glen Etive . . . and finally arrived at their starting point in Glencoe! Next day other parties, with carefully organised car arrangements in the Glen Creran area, went very much astray, and broke up into small groups, but ultimately reached the 'tea-wagon' where harmony was restored. Another day of wind and rain followed, but a large party traversed the Aonach Eagach ridge, where they encountered an electric storm (which disrupted electricity supply and telephones in the district), and got 'wetter than we had been for years'. The Murrays also did the ridge on this day, and with them were Dick Cook and Fred Hoyle, who were starting their assault on the Munros. This continued for several days more, fortunately in better weather, Peter Gerrard taking part in two of the forays, which included peaks at the head of Glen Creran, and a good day in Mamore Forest, where Binnein Mor and three other Munros were achieved.

Meanwhile there was much activity by other parties; the traverse of Beinn a' Bheithir (almost at the hotel back-door), and of the Bidean-nam-Bian group. Ardgour was also visited by a large contingent, most of whom spent a day—not without its 'alarms and excursions'—on and around Garbh Beinn. A smaller group of 'pioneers' went up Beinn Bheag and another top to the north. On the previous day George Webb tried to fulfil a long held ambition to climb Ben Resipol, and took a small party to Resipol House.

But a late start on a wet morning, mist, rain and boggy ground, and the apparent disappearance of two 'marker' lochans, forced a retreat before the summit was reached, in order to catch the last ferry. Towards the end, Clach Leathad (3,602 feet), near the head of Glen Etive, which had been in mind for several years, was climbed by a party of six, after considerable exertion. Finally, on the warmest and sunniest day of the meet, four members climbed Buchaille Etive Mor by Collie's Route, and Rannoch Wall was also climbed.

One more incident deserves mention; when Pip Skinner went off to climb Ben Nevis alone, he encountered half-a-dozen disconsolate maidens half way up, repenting their ambition to get to the top in pursuit of the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards. While their Instructor went down with one, Pip gallantly took charge of the rest and escorted them to the summit.

On 'off' days (and 'on' days for a few), there were many enjoyable expeditions by car extending from Loch Morar to Loch Awe, and from Ardnamurchan Point to the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. A few days before the end of the meet Fred Hoyle roared up the glen on his night run to Cambridge, and thence to California, and on the Saturday there was a considerable exodus. The Appleyards and Ruth Hargreaves went north with their caravans, and others went south for home. By that evening only about 20 members remained, and some organised a sing-song, with our host Mr. Watts as pianist, which continued into the small hours. Next day it was decided to have a short joint outing, but Geoff Barker was given leave of absence, as some of his family were camping in the vicinity, and Harry Spilsbury was excused, as he had 'homework' to do in connection with the Glen Brittle Memorial Hut, to the opening of which he and Ruth were going. The rest took cars, including the 'tea-wagon', to the foot of Glen Salachan, about 8 miles along the Oban road, where a pleasant day was spent in and about the glen. The evening concluded with a show of Geoff Barker's colour slides of the Alps and Dolomites and another sing-song. Next morning, in bright sunshine, everyone left with regret, but with a splendid meet to look back on.

W. G. STEVENS

LONDON SECTION 1964-65

This period covers two changes of Officers. Ned Hamilton assumed for these two years the mantle of Chairman—an appointment that gave us much pleasure after all the years that he put in as Walks Secretary—and from the beginning of 1965 Ruth Gelber agreed to apply her talents as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

We have continued to have many fine walks—Surrey hills, South Downs, Berkshire Downs and elsewhere. Whether we can justifiably say that the sun shines on the righteous is doubtful, but we have been blessed with more sun than rain—although on one memorable occasion in 1964 a thunderstorm produced a car crash and a power cut, when Laurie Pepper's primus really came into its own. We have also been graced with a fleeting visit by Mabel Burton on leave from Addis Ababa.

Our annual weekend meet at Glan Dena in June remains popular, and it may be revealed that an attempt on the three-thousanders has only been saved by rain. We have also had two successive annual weekend meets in the Brecon Beacons, which although short of climbs offer one of the finest ridge walks in the country, especially when backed up by salmon from the Wye at the local inn. We have sampled the Dorset cliffs, and we intend to venture into other areas for weekend meets.

In 1965 we entered into an arrangement with the London Sections of the Rucksack Club and the M.A.M. for monthly winter lectures with slides. It is logical that we should join forces, and there have been some excellent lectures. Members of the Main Club are cordially invited if they are in London.

Our Annual Dinners at the Connaught Rooms have been graced on both occasions by the presence of Donald and Nancy Murray. The first one was followed on the next day by a walk in the Box Hill area, and although we don't think we put up any new routes, the President seemed prepared to grant that they were tougher than he remembered. We have now changed the Annual Dinner to the spring, to avoid the crush, and instituted an informal Buffet Supper in November. This appears to be a successful innovation.

Last but not least, 1965 also saw the inauguration of a 'new look' in the London Section. We have reduced the size of the Committee to six, two of whom retire annually, and instituted a class of Associate Membership for those of our friends who are interested in joining in our activities but who are not members of the Main Club. We hope that with a suitable combination of outdoor and social activities we may be able to provide a different basis for increasing membership.

With the advent of Alastair Gebbie taking over as Chairman in 1966 we wish him every success and look forward to the progressive reduction of distance from the Main Club.

RUTH GELBER
PETER LEDEBOER

EDITOR'S NOTES

This number of the *Journal*, the last of Vol. XX, is theoretically for 1966 and thus covers events in two years, 1964 and 1965. As a result the 'second half', comprising reports, reviews, new climbs and other items, is almost twice its usual length. To compensate for this excess of verbiage I have increased the number of illustrations and it has seemed fitting, with the passing of George Abraham, to publish again some of the Abrahams' classic photographs. At the time of writing it remains to be seen whether the experiment of fold-out plates will be successful and I await the result with some trepidation.

Other changes include the dropping of 'The Year with the Club', partly because nobody was keen to write it and partly because Club Meets are now reported fully in the *Chronicle*; changing of the title of the new climbs section because 'Climbs Old and New' no longer reflects the content of this section; and detail changes in typography and layout which have been kept to a minimum in this, the last part of a volume.

The Committee has agreed that the *Journal*, in the immediate future at least, should be produced biennially. The next number, dealing with years 1966 and 1967 should appear in the autumn of 1968. Many members, myself not the least, regret the necessity for this. The reasons are twofold: cost and time. If the decision is made to revert to annual publication after 1968, members must choose between a reduction in size and quality or a considerable increase in expenditure. The second factor—the difficulty of finding anybody willing to devote much of their leisure time each year to producing a *Journal*—is symptomatic of a larger problem which the Club must face. Officers of the Club find that they are obliged to devote an ever-increasing proportion of their time and often their own or their employer's secretarial and office facilities to Club business. When the volume of work reaches proportions where professional or business commitments suffer, then action of some sort must be taken. The President has set up a sub-committee to consider the problem. One predictable side effect is that periods of tenure of important positions may well be shorter than in the past, and although some degree of continuity may be lost, more members will be brought into the running of the Club. This can only be a good thing, particularly if younger members (who probably have no idea of the amount of work involved) are encouraged to take a hand.

The Editor's intermittent task is by no means as time-consuming as those of, for example, the Treasurer and Secretary. Nonetheless, with an eye to the future, it has seemed worthwhile to try to create an Editorial Team, in which a number of people take over responsibility for particular features of the *Journal*. This has already been announced in *Chronicle* No. 5 and it is hoped that members with

information or enquiries will in future approach the appropriate person:

Advertising and Distribution. Wallace Greenhalgh who deals with advertising, has offered to look after the distribution of the *current* number of the *Journal*, and is keen to sell more copies outside the Club, to help defray rising production costs.

Reviews and Library. Muriel Files, now Hon. Librarian, has agreed to deal with reviews, and also looks after the distribution of *back numbers* of the *Journal*, which are available from her by post.

New Climbs. David Miller is continuing the job of collecting details of new climbs in the Lake District, which are now published annually in a booklet, and also, of course, recorded in the 'New Climbs' section of the *Journal.*

Climbs and Expeditions. Paul Nunn has collected the information on members' activities in the Alps in 1965 and 1966 for the 'Climbs and Expeditions' section. It is hoped to make this more comprehensive in the future. Would members who go abroad therefore provide him with brief details of their experiences, both for the record and for the information of others.

Obituaries. While it is clearly impossible to publish obituary notices for all deceased members, it is felt that greater efforts could be made in this direction and Elspeth Smith (née Ackerley) has taken on the difficult task of obtaining obituary notices in as many cases as possible.

Addresses will be found on the last page.

Too much has happened within the Club since the last issue of the *Journal* to allow adequate comment. There have been many changes of Officers. If two retirements are to be singled out they are those of Harry Kelly from the position of Guide-Books Editor, after making an outstanding contribution in this field, and Charles Tilly from the exacting post of Secretary; happily his advice and guidance will continue to be available to the Committee. Donald Murray will be remembered as A President Who Got Things Done, particularly behind-the-scenes improvements which will bear fruit in the future.

Important developments regarding Club Huts were anticipated in the last 'Editor's Notes'. The opening of a new hut, Beetham Cottage, is reported elsewhere in this issue, and considerable improvements have been made to Birkness, made possible by Bryan Greaves' generous legacy.

New publications include a consolidated Handbook containing information previously divided between several publications; the *Chronicle*, which immediately proved its worth and has now reached its fifth number, and an annual New Climbs publication, initiated in 1966.

The reconstituted Guide-Books sub-committee has hammered

out a new policy, a report of which is included in this Journal, and the first book of the Third Series is now printing.

The election of W. Heaton Cooper to Honorary Membership met with unanimous approval of the Club. Not only have his paintings and drawings given much pleasure to all lovers of the Lake District, but the time and effort he devotes to producing drawings for the guide-books can only be appreciated by those who have worked with him—itself a most rewarding experience.

A full programme of meets has been held and they have generally been well attended, aided by the policy of holding Committee meetings at meets wherever possible. Innovations have included a Whitsun camping meet in the Cairngorms which was blessed by perfect weather, and an Irish Meet organised for 1966 but unfortunately torpedoed by the seamen's strike.

Perhaps the most important action of the Club in this period has been its support of those bodies (principally the National Trust and the C.P.R.E.) who strenuously opposed Manchester Corporation's water bill. The outcome was not wholly satisfactory and although the Minister has imposed strict limitations on the abstraction of water from Ullswater, these are not necessarily binding on future governments and we may well be faced with further demands by Manchester before long. The Club must continue to support all those who are attempting to find a long term solution which will not irreparably damage the Lake District. Equally we must oppose certain attempts at commercial exploitation which are described as 'improvement' or 'development' but are in fact destruction of natural amenity. Currently there are serious suggestions for a ski hotel on Great Mell Fell and a chairlift up Helvellyn. It is unfortunate that the appeal of natural beauty seems to vary inversely with the number of people enjoying it. But at least the holiday hordes go home; we must guard against permanent damage wrought by concrete and steel.

Finally I must thank all who have contributed and otherwise helped to produce this Journal under rather difficult circumstances, not the least those who have accepted editorial amendments without too much protest, and particularly Muriel Files without whose practical help and advice this issue would have been even further delayed.

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