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THE FAR STONE

Anonymous

When we read of death on the mountains, rarely are we affected by deep emotions; only when those involved are close to us do we feel the impact of such tragedies, and even then the manner of death modifies our reactions to it. The writer of this article, who wishes to remain anonymous, has experienced the loss of friends in other mountain situations, but obviously the experiences related here were of such a disturbing nature that the impact of shock and horror has left a deep imprint. The writer and his friend John were staying in a remote mountain region; the other names mentioned were of people staying in the hut at that time, but all the names have been changed in order not to disclose the identity of the incident.

G.D.

Hutbound days must be the same the world over: games of cards; nostalgic lineshooting about past experiences; long periods of gazing at the bunk above; gloom; glimpses of cloud-shrouded peaks and swirling snow; quick exits to privies with 200-foot drops. We spent two days in a little hut perched on the edge of a ridge high above a huge glacier in just such a life. The only novelty: a very close thunderstorm with lightning all round the hut, just how close and dangerous we did not realise at that time.

At about 2 a.m. on Monday I awoke momentarily to hear a rattle of stones on the corrugated iron of the back of the hut—and slipped back into sleep again. The next thing I knew was a terrible crashing of rocks tearing through the iron of the hut. The whole top shelf of bunks against the back wall was hurled forward and the whole back wall torn open. Wooden beams collapsed above me and I found myself shoved against the side wall but protected by a tangle of fallen beams and in a ripped sleeping bag. There was a gasp, perhaps a cry, from my friend John beside me. I think there was, but though the memory lives with me still, it is a memory of confusion. A huge boulder had hurtled through the back and was now lying above twisted corrugated iron where my friend had been, I could feel where his hand still was as I crawled from the wreckage despairingly searching for some sign of life. I should have known then that he must have been killed instantly, but shock numbs the mind and for hours afterwards I was stumbling round the chaos tearing at wood and rock fragments praying to find some sign of life. It was like being in a bombed house. Gradually we came round out of sleep and shock to

realise that the hut had been hit by a large rock avalanche from higher up the ridge, loosened perhaps by the lightning of the previous day. A girl had a broken arm, a man a broken ankle. Three of us were unhurt. One man, Peter, lay trapped with a boulder across his thigh, alive but clearly grievously hurt. For half an hour I walked through the broken glass in bare feet before it occurred to me to get shoes on. But if the disaster numbed and slowed my mind, it sharpened another's. Bob was quickly at work with iron bars and some timber-lifting implements which Providence had left in the hut to raise the boulder from Peter. Why it took us eight hours to get the boulder away I cannot say now, I simply cannot remember. I only remember Bob working steadily, the rock shifting inch by inch, Peter in great pain, knowing as a Red Cross worker the dangers of internal bleeding and the importance of speed, injecting himself with morphia. Gradually the dark and drizzle lightened and daylight came. I remember a loss of sense of values: I was going to abandon my camera; but I also took a film which I knew quite well did not belong to me. At last we had Peter free and those of us who were unhurt would set off for help. Bob seemed suddenly exhausted just as my own wits seemed to be returning. As we left to get help, leaving the injured with Bob, I asked him to do all he could for John. God knows what I thought he could do.

It wasn't even over at the foot of the glacier. We reached it at 8 p.m.—just before nightfall. The way off to the right, even if we could find it, obviously meant running a murderous gauntlet of ricocheting stones loosened by rain from a cliff above. To the left the choice was the river or thick bush. I have often in day-dreams wanted to play the hero but there are situations where heroism is not enough. I was desperate enough to want to try the roaring glacial stream but common sense made it clear that one would not last two minutes in the water. I don't think we realised at the time how valuable every minute was to Peter's life ebbing away up at the hut. We simply reckoned that another life lost would help no-one and started through the thick bush at first light the following morning. We had no food apart from glucose and nuts but it didn't seem to matter. At nine the next day, 30 hours after the accident, we reached a hotel and a rescue operation started. If anyone was a hero, it was the ski-plane pilot who took off in cloudy weather to fly up to the glacier and bring Peter down. Peter was in hospital for 11 months, for a part of the time in

a critical condition, but he eventually recovered as, of course, did the minor injured.

A week after the accident Norman came to call on me while I was sorting John's things. It had at first been reported to me that John had been properly and decently buried at the site of the hut. Now it appeared that this was not so: would I like to go back, help to destroy the old hut, prospect the site of a new one, and bury John decently? I do not know how I can adequately thank Norman, and Willy and Geoff who came with us, putting their heads into danger (for the ridge was still rotten and liable to avalanche) when there was, for them, no need. My mind was bound up with one thing, the necessity to know that John had died instantly and I remember little of our return to the hut save a small incident at the airfield. Some tourists had wanted a flight; they took exception to our being preferred to them and went on complaining about their spoilt holiday, even when the need for our flight was explained to them, so that I nearly burst with vexation.

We reached John by splitting the damned rock which had killed him with a sledge hammer. The others seemed to think I would not want to look at his body. But I did. If there had been a chance of saving John which we had neglected, the knowledge of it would have been a constant reproach. But one look at his head was enough to show that he must have died instantly. In his sleep, without knowing.

We wrapped up his body and carried it down to the glacier. Tunnelling into a crevasse at the side we found a little cavern curiously like the tomb of Christ as I have sometimes seen it depicted, with a shelf of ice along one side. We laid John on the ice-shelf and Norman took his axe which I had been using and asked me to leave it there. All my weakness had returned. I had found it ridiculously difficult even to climb down to the cavern. Now I am ashamed to say that I hesitated about leaving John's axe. How was I to get off the glacier as the plane could not come back for us? Thank God the others convinced me. It may seem a pagan gesture but it seems so right now that John should be buried in the ice in this perfect little cave with his own axe. That axe is a symbol of a trust in life, of a kind of immortality.

A couple of months later I read these words of Hari Dang of the Indian Everest expedition on the death of Sherpa Ang Tserings: 'Death in mountaineering is an occupational

hazard; in its continual threat and shadow is the richest experience, in its avoidance is the satisfaction of the art of climbing; but death through some objective hazard is never so easy to explain. A fault of technique, an imperfection of hand or eye or foot, yes, it is the fruit of the sport, but how to understand the impartiality of falling stones and hurtling ice? Why does death choose one and not the other, not four feet away? One continues, nevertheless, thankful for having been spared, sorry for the departed, the one buried in the snow of the cwm. And there is consolation in the thought that it is not wisdom, in any case, to come to the mountains; "the wise seek pleasure in the sea, the virtuous in the mountains", where the borders of death sift in their dangers the meaning of life, distilling the virtue that alone makes possible wisdom. Of such sophistry is comfort made!

An article like this must be anonymous. It was very difficult to write and you might ask if it ought to be written at all. But just because 'Death in mountaineering is an occupational hazard' we have to face up to it, evaluate the human loss to close friend, to wife-to-be, to mother, to brother. Someone wrote to me: 'I am sure that the impact is still a nightmare to you and I am not surprised that the mountains no longer mean anything but horror to you. Perhaps your feelings will in time resettle into greater serenity for what you have been through. For certainly it was mountains that first opened the lens of your life and imagination, and even the savage blow they have now inflicted on you cannot take that away.' Years later, as I read of other people's accidents, I am not sure.

WALK-IN IN THE CAIRNGORMS OR THE MICE, THE CAT AND THE TRAP

David Roberts

Brian telephoned from Bath on long distance, he fancied a week-end in Scotland, 'I've tried Bruce but he can't make it, how about you?' Flattering, I thought, but after all it's a long way to 'phone, so we fixed a date a long way in advance and forgot all about it until one Thursday night in June when Brian arrived in person and we sallied forth to the local pub to make plans.

Climbing customs have altered radically in the last five years. Previously only one climber in three had any sort of transport, usually some decrepit old van into which everyone packed themselves, the driver being pleased to accept everyone's contribution to the running costs. Now family saloons, marquee type tents and masses of gear are the thing and much time and mental effort are expended in the conniving and manoeuvring which precedes the selection of a vehicle for a climbing week-end.

The week-end in question was no exception, but Brian had made a critical blunder four weeks previously on the telephone, carelessly mumbling something about 'sharing the driving', and he knew it. 'I suppose you'll want to go in my car,' he said graciously.

'Yes, I think so, you see mine's only insured for me,' I replied, relieved at such a brief and satisfactory conclusion of negotiations. Brian counter-ployed half heartedly with mention of loose steering and noisy exhaust to no avail; it was settled, we were bound for Creag an Dubh Loch at 900 feet, the highest continuous cliff in the Cairngorms.

We were to approach from Glen Clova and we planned to make our base at the Sandy Hillocks huts which I had noticed the previous year, high on the shoulder of Broad Cairn and about a mile from the crag itself.

I like to plan all expeditions down to the last detail, a cause of extreme irritation to all my companions and distinctly unfashionable in the modern climbing world, where in

contemporary accounts the hero arrives at the bottom of some v.s. groove at 3.30 in the afternoon without P.A.'s and slings, exhausted by the walk up and proceeds to effect an ascent in Wellington boots in 20 minutes. Some call it style, but I believe it's a handicap.

We decided that Brian was to be in charge of provisions for the week-end. They would be light, dehydrated and preferably edible. An early start in the late afternoon was envisaged, I would ring Brian at Bruce's, where he was staying, the minute I was ready for off and we would be away.

'I'm almost ready, if you'd like to come round perhaps you could be loading some of the gear,' I began. A short pregnant pause followed before Brian spoke. 'There is a slight complication, Dave, you see Mary and Rita have worked it out that if we go in my car they won't have a car because Bruce is taking his to the Lakes on Sunday, so how do you feel about taking yours?' I had not calculated for the powerful posse of wives behind the scenes and this latest last minute manoeuvre left me nonplussed for a second or two. Drastic measures were called for and I found it necessary to speak frankly.

'Quite honestly, Brian, I don't feel like doing all that driving myself.' A further pause, had I overplayed my hand and have to take my car after all?

'I'll ring you back,' said Brian, curtly.

'If they want to go anywhere Cynthia can always take them,' I volunteered, scenting victory.

In ten minutes there was a ring on the door-bell. 'A solution has been agreed,' he announced. It had been a close thing, I rang Cynthia my wife, to inform her of the chauffeuring duties for which I had just nominated her and then we were away, over the A68 Carter Bar and swooping down to Jedburgh over the hump to Lauder and into Edinburgh, where we would eat. We tried a fish and chip café but the waitress gave short shrift to foreigners and we walked out and round the corner to dine in intimate surroundings in an Italian restaurant, served by Italians speaking English with a Scots accent. Over the meal I confided that I had forgotten to pack the tent pegs, so we would have to walk in to the hut that night. Brian later confessed that in his darker moments during the week-end he suspected me of a deliberate lapse of memory.

Away again, with curry and paprika inside us and over the Forth Bridge, which is always impressive even at half a crown

a time. At Kinross the sun came out and at Perth we refuelled. Past Coupar Angus a sign pointed along a 'B' road to Kirriemuir, famed in verse and ballad for its ball. We followed the sign along a leafy lane, straight for several miles, up Glen Clova and arrived at Braedownie, the stipulated roadhead at 9.30 p.m., two hours behind schedule. I estimated we had two and a half hours walking ahead of us to the 'hut'. We parked a little further on the track than we had planned initially and finally halted by a royal proclamation on a notice board, forbidding dogs, fires, tents and sundry activities.

A squat ghillie type dwelling lay across our path as we set off in the gathering gloom. Had our surreptitious car parking been observed we wondered? To avoid disturbing any huge hounds which might have been lurking in the outbuildings, we trod warily on the grass at the side of the track. An eerie glow from inside the house assured us the occupants were firmly glued to the 'telly'. Navigating a maze of sheep pens we fled into the night.

By midnight we had arrived at our destination. The wooden huts stand bleakly at a track intersection on the shoulder of 'Broad Cairn'; their original purpose is unknown but their present function appears to be a bivouac spot for itinerant climbers. The first and smallest hut, though possessing four walls and a roof, and even a door, we rejected in favour of the larger erection which had a whole wall ripped away possibly for use as fire wood. It had an open prospect of the moor to the south-west but we considered that as long as the weather remained dry its standards of hygiene were superior to those of the hovel next door.

The primus was lit and for five minutes we vied with each other in anticipation of the pleasure forthcoming from the brew. I fumbled in my sack for the tea. 'You are sure it's not in your sack Brian,' I said, a faint note of strain creeping into my voice.

'All the food went into your sack,' countered Brian in a belligerent tone.

Five minutes of feverish casting round convinced us that wherever else the tea was it was certainly not with us. Fortunately for the expedition it proved impossible to apportion blame until the exact whereabouts of the missing package had been ascertained.

Man is nothing if not adaptable and soon we had convinced ourselves that we really preferred hot powdered milk to tea

and were in fact too excited to sleep with the prospect of crushed oranges in hot water for breakfast.

During the night the mist descended and capped the hills and our refuge and on awaking I was sufficiently discouraged to turn over and bury deeper into the sleeping bag. By 8 a.m. I was becoming conscious of a scuffling very close to my rope-pillow. I opened my eyes and caught sight of a rodent, identifiable by its great size as *Rattus Norvegicus*, regarding itself in the polish of my boots. By the time I had struggled from the bag the thing had disappeared down a hole in the floor.

I lost no time in telling Brian about it but he was disinterested by the news. *The Observer's Book of British Wild Animals* describes the rat as 'The most powerful natural enemy that civilised man has to contend with'. Clearly we were up against it even excluding the mountain. During breakfast Brian became querulous about my intentions for the day; what route were we to do and why? 'There're loads to do, we will just decide when we get there,' I said untruthfully, and changed the subject by pointing out that bacon butties are not normally eaten with butter on the bread because the things are too fatty and anyway we had not brought much butter. This stricture was not well received as Brian was used to high living. Further distraction was provided by the *Rattus* which appeared to have a circular tour of both huts mapped out. On its return from inspecting the smaller shack a missing plank in one wall afforded us a view as it flashed past and bounded round the side of the hut.

By 9 a.m. the sun began to break through so we hung our food high, in a sack with a leather base, and loaded the climbing gear into the other sack and departed.

Our feet felt like lead for the next half hour as we trudged up the steepening rough track towards the top of Broad Cairn (3,268 feet).

Whilst the Scottish Mountaineering Club and other bodies have raised opposition about the army track to Loch Coruisk, and rightly so, I have never heard of any voices raised against the bulldozing of many miles of unsightly roads through some of Scotland's most remote scenery in the Broad Cairn—Lochnagar area. Such is the power of the royal prerogative even today.

We struck off across the shoulder as instructed by the guide-book and became entangled in a morass. By the time

we had rejoined the route the sun had broken through and we could see the outline of our destination falling sheer towards the water of the Dubh Loch at the head of which it was just possible to see a small tent. We headed across the moor, skirting the cliffs and identifying the climbs as we went past, until we came to Central Gully, a large boulder-filled rake between the cliffs.

Pausing on the top of the largest boulder I suggested that we should climb The Mousetrap, a 650-foot climb, first ascended by J. R. Marshall and party in 1959. The climb takes a line up over-lapping granite walls and slabs, and is described as being unique amongst Cairngorm face climbs for sustained difficulty and exposure. A cairn at the bottom marked the start and as I had been elected to lead I started off up an ill-defined groove. I had just made a hard move on to a belayless ledge and was searching for somewhere to place a peg when a roar filled the glen. 'It's been done'. Turning round I could see that a figure had emerged from the tent by the loch and was hurrying up the scree to the bottom of our climb.

'If you think that's a new route you are on, it's been done,' said our visitor.

'Yes, we can see that because of the peg marks on the pitch.' My reply seemed adequate, nevertheless, I volunteered the information that we considered that we were on Mousetrap. However, we were informed that Mousetrap was to our left and that if we traversed at that level we would arrive below the overhanging crack—the crux. We learned later that the party in the tent had climbed the line, on which we had mistakenly embarked, the previous day and had thought that we were a rival party.

I traversed to an old rusty peg where I took a belay with a stance on a sloping rib. I wedged an additional nut in some debris in the recess of the crack as an extra precaution and called Brian to come.

Brian joined me and after some delay we climbed the crack, arriving in a recess in the face and the situation appeared to be easing. This was not so, however, and the climb went on past a loose-sounding pinnacle, a steep section and finally an overhanging V-notch; it was then that I realised that I was in The Mousetrap. After a further hundred feet of climbing, a strenuous pull-up brought me to a stance with a fairly new peg. It was on the next part of the climb that I ran out of rope and whilst Brian adjusted his belay in order to

give me more, the small turf on which I was standing started to slide down the crack. My hands were on a sloping ledge and, whilst I was contemplating a mantelshelf move, the turf broke away completely. I was left hanging for a brief moment but somehow I managed to install myself on the ledge above. After this the angle eased although the holds were fewer, and we soon reached a large terrace. After an odd stepped slab to finish we unroped for 200 feet of scrambling to the top.

We descended, reluctantly, down a chimney formed between a snow bed and the side of the central gully. We knew we had to climb back up on the way to the hut and we now wished that the sacks had been left on the top. Half an hour later, however, I stopped and looked back to admire the view. The sun was low at the head of the glen and Brian was silhouetted in the distance against the sky. I sat down and waited for him to arrive; as he did so I could see that his breeches were covered in mud—he had obviously slipped down. I pointed out a dotterel running around on the stones but Brian seemed uninterested, his mind was on the steak waiting for us at the hut. On arrival we were pleased to see that our anti-rat precautions had been adequate. Brian went out to bury the rubbish while I cooked the steak. All was quiet, but a movement caught my eye. It was King Rat sniffing the air as he advanced towards the frying pan. I got up and it took cover behind the stove. I had read of rats attacking people's throats when cornered and so I seized a large stone, kicked the tins and as the rat darted out I hurled the stone at it. I missed but the rat got the message and darted down its hole. We ate the steak and then went to bed.

It was fine in the morning and while the rat leapt about outside the hut I was able to make an impressive show of *acceding under great duress to Brian's request that we return to the valley below where we did two 100-foot severes on Red Craig before returning home.*

Now we just say 'The Mousetrap's all right but wait till you see the rat in the hut.'

1968 PLATERIYAYOC EXPEDITION

Owen Davis

The nine weeks we spent in Peru loom so large now that it takes a positive effort to recall the administrative rigmarole we went through over the two years preceding our departure from Manchester Ringway in July, 1968.

In the first place we were a College Expedition, and what is more we were training to be teachers. A venture such as the one we planned was rather against the run of things and so we received very little encouragement from our college hierarchy until our successful return. We depended a great deal on the generosity of other people, however, more so perhaps because we had only our grants from which to save for personal contributions. We spared no effort in the business of convincing people of our authenticity, and when we eventually received substantial support from the M.E.F. we were able to reap the benefits of our thorough groundwork. From many quarters we gratefully received aid both financial and material. I myself am indebted to the F.R.C.C. for generous help from the Exploration Fund. Retrospectively it is fair to say that we were well prepared and the smooth manner in which the expedition was executed, justifies this.

We filled the aircraft we chartered to New York, with people from all over Great Britain and this really reduced our costs. From New York we travelled by Greyhound bus to Miami, whence we flew south over the Equator to Lima, Peru's capital.

The Andean area of South America has a compelling fascination which drives one to read up its stark history and present politics to enable one to understand the extreme contrasts in standards of living, the spheres of population and geographical peculiarities.

Surprisingly Lima, though only 12 degrees south, lies under a permanent blanket of cloud throughout the winter. The cold Humboldt current that runs parallel to the South American Pacific coast clashes with the heat of the equatorial sun and the resulting condensation causes a cloud several thousand miles in length. Under this Lima awaits the summer heat, and

remains cool and dry. At the same time it lies on the arid Atacama Desert, with its one-tenth inch of annual rainfall, the most arid desert in the world.

The first thing that strikes one about Lima and indeed about every town of significance in Peru, is the veneration in which the fantastic, though cruel and greedy conquistador, Don Francisco Pizarro is held. It is no secret that his invasion of Peru 400 years ago, was motivated simply by a desire to build up his personal stock of gold. In so doing he destroyed a superb, if heretical culture, in a manner that can only be called irresponsible. It is only when one realises that the relationship existing today between ex-colonialists and Indians is very much the same as it was between conqueror and Inca, that one can explain the regard in which Pizarro stands. One only has to compare the luxury of the colonial-style splendour of the houses on the south bank of the River Rimac, with that of the abject poverty and squalor of the Indian slums on the north bank. The extremes are complete. The 30 families of Spanish extraction who rule Peru today, see to it that the Quechua Indians remain at a level where so much of their energy is required to ensure survival that little remains for protest. No wonder Che Guevarra thought the area was ripe for revolution, when he engaged in his exploits over the border in Bolivia.

We had to spend a week in Lima, waiting for the Peruvian Customs to slowly grind their ponderous wheels and release our crates of food and equipment. Then having hired a lorry to transport us and the gear, we set off on the five-day journey eastwards, over the Andean watershed down to the small Urubamba river, which trickles down towards the jungle where it joins the Amazon.

The route lay first of all down the coastal desert, and we had to travel battened down under a smelly tarpaulin so as to remain unseen at the many police checkpoints along the route. At last we left the metalled Pan American highway and took to the dusty, choking, dirt road that winds up and up to the great flat plateau of the 'puna' at 15,000 feet. Many of us suffered badly from precipitated altitude effects, and it was with relief that we finally descended into the jungle of the deep valleys of the Eastern Cordillera. One evening we stopped to pick up a Quechua hitch-hiker, and during the night, as we travelled jerkily on, this Indian lad brought out his self-made flute and his bag of 'coca' leaves (the Indians

chew this leaf which anaesthetises their nervous systems, thus reducing the effects of cold and hunger). Carefully he packed his cheek with a wad of coca, then he took up his flute and played hauntingly while the Expedition members dozed off.

No matter by what means one travels in Peru, one is bound to be impressed by the particular customs of that region. By road one passes through the 'adobe' brick villages and fields where 70 per cent. of the population scratch out their existence, cropping potatoes and maize. By rail, one halts occasionally at platformless stations and finds characteristically hatted women, superintending tables and benches, at which they hope to seat passengers in need of food. They each offer their own peculiar cuisine, and who cares if stomach ache ensues from the 10 minutes during which one shares the bowl of rice and meat with six or seven Indians? One seldom can be on a level with these subdued people.

Our rear base, some 50 miles from our range, was a mission farm run by an Irishman, Bill Speed. From here we eventually set off, first by cattle truck, the current means of transportation used by the Indians, over a 14,000-foot pass, and down towards the jungle and gorges of the Madre de Dios. Eventually we left the truck and wound upwards for three days on foot, our gear carried by mule. Two of our number, myself included, went on ahead to mark a route to our mountains, never before visited by climbers.

As Glyn and I walked up through the last villages, we felt very much out on our own, with the sparse Indian population staring in bewilderment, and the word 'gringo' whispered here and there. We found the people more afraid of us than hostile; the morning after our first day away from the main party, I heard a shuffling outside the tent and poked my head out to see what it was. An incredibly small and dirty child was there dressed in a piece of loose sacking and with bare feet standing on the frosty ground. In his hand he held a pot of steaming potatoes. I tried him in Spanish, but he only spoke Quechua. Finally I gave him a little money in return for the potatoes, and waved our thanks to the parents standing on the far bank of the stream.

After two days base camp was chosen and the main party caught up. Now the peaks we were interested in were on the skyline all around us. Over the next nine days we made attempts on seven peaks, succeeding on four. Glaciers gave way to the main ridge, along which all the peaks lay. From the

ridge, the climbing was on rock with pitches of III and IV. Nowhere were the difficulties technically excessive, but the altitude and the exploratory nature of the approach compensated. Our highest peak was Nevada Kquinte, or Humming Bird Peak, at 16,151 feet, but perhaps the most exciting Peak was the one we named Nevada Plateriyayoc (No. 3), 15,953 feet. Three hours of climbing over the heavily crevassed glacier brought us to a sharp crested col. This gave way to 1,000 feet of mixed rock and ice climbing, the whole ascent taking 12 hours.

Unfortunately our late arrival in Peru, necessitated by college vacation dates, coincided with a very early onset of the rainy season, and the result was that our peaks were clouded over from 10.30 a.m. onwards. This, primarily, was the cause of our failure to climb the three remaining peaks. Rather than risk the possibility of being caught in bad weather, we retreated in the face of cloud. This also limited the extent of survey which I carried out with the help of Dennis Kemp, of the Kodak lecture service, whose photographic success has since enabled us to put together a popular lecture of our trip.

The attempts on the three large peaks, Punta Lansadera, No. 4 and 5,300 were particularly disappointing since we came so near in each case. On Peak 4, a three-hour climb up the main glacier, then up a steep couloir, left us 400 feet beneath the summit, with difficult rock remaining before the cloud drove us back down to base camp.

Looking back, however, we did a great deal during our nine days in base camp. Apart from the climbing of four virgin peaks, I was able to obtain sufficient figures and readings to construct a fairly accurate sketch map and to estimate the heights of the peaks we had climbed.

Eventually we had to leave the peaceful area of the Plateriyayoc with its colony of gigantic condors and begin the trek home, this time with temperamental llamas to carry our equipment.

Before leaving Peru, we were able to visit Machu Picchu, the famous lost city of the Incas; some climbed the 19,200-foot volcano El Misti; Alan Hunt, who led our party, and Glyn Thomas spent a week-end in the Cordillera Blanca, and Dave Williams, Martyn Williams and myself went inland to the famous market town of Huancayo. Finally the day came when we had to fly out of Lima, so conscious that we had only seen a very little part of the vast continent of South America.

THREE MEN ON A MUNRO

Frank Alcock

The 30th of December of which I speak was a stinker indeed.

Peering out of my Highland bedroom window that morning, I surveyed the gale-driven sleet with a lack-lustre eye before crawling into the adjacent room to acquaint my companions Toothwright and Chorister with the gruesome outlook.

Toothwright—probably something to do with his sadistic trade—was viewing the dismal world outside with indecent relish, pausing now and then as he eagerly leapt into sundry disreputable items of mountain-wear, to rub his hands in anticipatory glee. Chorister, in funereal mood much more in keeping, was also reaching tentatively for the climbing garments.

Disillusioned, I returned to my own room grieving, as I, too, groped unwillingly for winter woollies.

Over breakfast we discussed plans. The soulless Toothwright, with the most damnable gusto, blithely suggested a far-flung Munro or two, quoting from the Southern Highlands Guide with a fluency born of deep study and looking to us for whole-hearted co-operation and up-and-at-em enthusiasm. All pretty soul-searing—and Chorister wasn't showing a great deal of verve either.

But Chorister was at school with Toothwright and this constitutes a bond not easily broken. Shuffling a bit in his climbing boots he gave me a shifty, apologetic look which spoke volumes. 'Dammit', it said, embarrassed but dogged, 'I was at school with the chap.' Something had to be done to avert the impending doom and clearly the man of action had to be me. Have you ever been faced, in a situation so fearfully fraught, by the light of burning devotion to mad mountaineering blazing from the fanatical eye of a dedicated Toothwright? No? Then, brother you just don't know the half. Naturally I faced up to the task. You know me—a man of iron when it comes to sheer self-preservation. Bracing myself for the ordeal, secure in the knowledge that Chorister was with me in spirit, I studiously avoided the eye of the zealot and with ill-assumed nonchalance suggested something in the way of the Ardlui Hotel Direct. I heard Chorister hum a snatch or

two from one of the meatier hymns concerning the smiting of the heathen and, encouraged, enlarged on my theme. I extolled the virtues of various well-loved bars within easy reach in Toothwright's ear. What, I urged, could be pleasanter for a trio of climbers grounded by the elements than a spot of browsing from flesh-pot to flesh-pot? Chorister's heart-felt sevenfold amen fell upon my ears in benediction. That pint at Crianlarich seemed wonderfully near. Then Toothwright had his say.

The erstwhile hellish weather had subsided to a mere blizzard as Chorister and I, still bleating ineffectually, shambled across the moor in the wake of the demon dentist. Chorister endeavoured to boost the morale of the party with a breathless rendering of 'In the Toothwright's Steps he Trod'. My morale objected to being thus boosted. What I wanted was a rest and a smoke, preferably in warm sunshine or a country pub. You don't find warm sunshine or country pubs on god-forsaken Highland moors in December—only acres and acres of slushy snow craftily superimposed upon even slushier bog. Attempt a furtive sit-down on an ice axe stuck in the stuff and what happens? Down it goes, and down you go in sympathy with a sloshy kind of squelch, causing Toothwright ahead to turn round and enquire waspishly how the blue blazes you ever got into the Fell and Rock anyway.

Not a bad bloke, Chorister. Hidebound concerning the loyalties of the old school tie, but a veritable tower of strength when de-bogging fallen comrades, upping ice axes and collecting damp matches and tobacco from the half frozen wastes.

I pressed on rewardless, a sadder and a wetter man, several lengths behind Chorister with the tireless Toothwright now well ahead. After his callous behaviour earlier I would have lost Toothwright with the greatest of pleasure, but the snag is obvious. If I lost Toothwright it would be safe to assume that he would also lose me. So let's get the set-up quite clear: regarding lunacy in going out in deplorable conditions; concerning boorish behaviour toward fellow mountaineers; in the matter of selfish pursuance of his own desires, the job Toothwright stands alone. Yet this same perisher, when it comes to finding his way through impenetrable gloom on cloud-wracked, snow-bound Munros, still stands alone. While such as I twiddle a perplexed compass and hopefully await the rescue party, he casually calls to mind the immortal

words of the Southern Highlands Guide and proceeds on his way rejoicing, at high speed—imperative, therefore, not to lose Toothwright.

With a heart as leaden as the sullen surroundings I urged on the ageing frame to greater efforts, encouraged a little by the steady flow of invective borne on the breezes from the faintly discernable Chorister ahead. The local deer sneered at us patronisingly as we ploughed past, but I had weightier matters on my mind. Apart from emitting a coarse noise expressing my general antipathy toward all living creatures on the hills except me, I ignored them and applied myself diligently to the superhuman task of Toothwright tracking. My sit-down strike had caused insidious snow to percolate through to the innermost me. I was past caring.

But the wettest of hells have their silver lining. *Mirabile dictu*, Toothwright stopped. Not from any consideration for friends *in extremis*, but rather because the thought had probably crossed his mind that, were he to jettison us, he would have to scrounge his beer from other, less accommodating characters when the day's work was done. Be that as it may, Chorister and I grunted our way alongside and sank thankfully into cushions of wet snow with no breath to spare to curse Toothwright or the mist and whirling snow around us.

'Not far now' bellowed the enthusiast, just making himself heard above the clamour of the storm and pointing vaguely into the murky maelstrom as he heaved himself energetically to his feet. Much less energetically we followed suit, and it was at about this point that Chorister's snow goggles came adrift and were whisked away into the void by a wayward gust. The only bit of a giggle I had had all day. We struggled upwards. An hour later, after grovelling desperately on our faces to avoid the worst of the buffeting, and cowering for long spells behind the odd friendly boulder, Toothwright again gave tongue, hollering triumphantly that the elusive summit cairn was now in sight.

The fellow was right as always. He danced a jig, the fat-head, waving his axe on high like a bally banner. Chorister also contrived a kind of half frozen smirk of satisfaction. What there was to be so dashed pleased about I entirely failed to see. Seeking only for the common good, merely attempting to put the situation in its true perspective, I endeavoured to get across to my slower witted companions the fact that we still had to get down again and that what little daylight we had

seen so far was fast giving up the struggle. With unseemly levity Toothwright thereupon suggested that I rolled myself into a ball, jumped and let gravity do the rest. An odd bod, Toothwright—he guffawed heartily. Don't ask me why.

The way up had been a dullish grey misery tinged with whirling white. The way down rapidly changed to very nearly black. I say 'very nearly' advisedly, because the snow, through which we found ourselves slithering erratically, soon became chest high in places, enabling us to detect its whiteness at close quarters. Both my companions took thrilling nose-dives into unsuspected drifts. Bringing up the rear I profited from their stupidity, and after due pause for mirth-control (giggles two and three) very decently hauled them from their underground igloos, expressing concern at their inexplicable failure to appreciate two of the funniest exhibitions of the contortionists' art ever perpetrated on a Munro. With torches working overtime we skidded, plodded, sloshed and cussed our downward way, eventually reaching tracks of sorts and being able dimly to discern amid the encircling gloom the lights of traffic on the road below. Hereabouts one of our torches died—mine. It would be palpably slanderous to suggest that blind panic filled the breast, and yet, you know, Toothwright, and even Chorister made remarks, hasty little innuendoes calculated to wound, with all due modesty I would simply point out that the speed with which I covered the unknown ground 'twixt me and the nearer torch light (Chorister's of course) reflected great credit on my superb physical condition. We had other alarms and excursions before we tottered triumphant on to the road which we had viewed for so long. Chorister's torch flickered and passed away, and Toothwright, silly ass, lost his way during the final mile on a track a couple of yards wide. Chorister and I in the kindest possible manner, pointed out to him the rather asinine way he was going about getting us off the mountain. One would have thought that our spirit of friendly, constructive co-operation, so essential between men at grips with their Munro, would have been appreciated. Not a bit of it. With a display of puerile peevishness, the cause of which we could only attribute to the rigours of the day, he handed his (the only) torch to each of us in turn. 'You gerrusoff then' he snarled at the benign Chorister. A lesser genius would have been in a spot here, but I raised my snow-capped balaclava in relieved admiration to my musical mate as, with admirable

aplomb, he sportingly refused to deprive Toothwright of the lead he had taken so competently all day. Profoundly grateful for such quick thinking I also buttered up the fulminating torch bearer and the frightful moment passed. Toothwright, chuntering still, carried on. We were back that night. We were soaked through. We were weary, worn and storm-tossed. Not to put too fine a point on it we were—well, you know—the army has a word for it.

When we had cleaned ourselves up and been sumptuously fed by the ministering angels of our Highland home, we repaired to the lounge, only to find it cluttered up with some climbing club or other—not Fell and Rock—some obscure Scottish lot. Very decent chaps they were—keen to hear of our day's exploits and hanging on to our every word. In turn we were pleased to pass on to these good types, the benefits of our own skill and experience, and graciously to accept their generous offerings of the national beverage. (Thus obviating the necessity of purchasing beer for Toothwright.) We listened good-naturedly to tales of their elementary efforts on the hills. One diffidently told of his struggles on the Old Man of Something-or-Other, apparently a Scottish hill of some kind rising a mere four or five hundred feet. We exchanged knowing smiles. We recalled our own early efforts on Wansfell. It did us good to see the huge grin of unalloyed gratitude spread across his face when we invited him to visit us in Lakeland to climb a much higher Old Man. They told us with humble pride of one of their members who had written some allegedly good stuff about mountaineering in Scotland. Naturally we'd never heard of it but didn't dream of hurting their feelings by saying so. After all, we also had experienced the ecstasy of having an article accepted for a Club Journal. We retired in the early hours. I was ascending the stairs with my arm chummily round the shoulders of one of these extraordinarily decent chaps when I belatedly thought to ask him the name of his Club. Pausing impressively in mid-stair he drew himself up with great dignity, said something that sounded like 'Eshem She' and, having an insecure stance and poor belay, came off, taking me with him. We were adroitly fielded by Chorister and Toothwright, who happened to be coming up from Camp I at the time, and that Club's name will for ever, I fear, be shrouded in mystery.

Pondering over that day's doings, you know, I feel profoundly thankful that the spirit of the Fell and Rock, so strong

within me, enabled me to overcome the squeamish attitude of my weaker brethren and persuade them to accompany me onto the wintry hills undaunted by the fury of the elements. Had I not done so, who knows? These same brethren may never have become the pillars of the Club they are now. And I may have planted in the hearts of some members of a little known climbing club the seeds of an abiding love for the hills that could burgeon into climbing greatness. I am truly overwhelmed by a sense of deepest gratification.

As I said earlier, the 30th of December of which I speak was a miracle indeed.

THE SAD ROAD

Gordon Dyke

Over twenty years had elapsed since I first visited Cloggy, I reflected, as I walked up the track to the Half Way House. On the first occasion the cuckoo was calling from a distant ash and over the ridge a large, black bird, which gave out a strange cry, circled slowly overhead: Peter Harding told me that it was a chough.

On the present occasion it was hot and the full melancholy that seems to fill the air around Cloggy made its presence felt with ever increasing weight as we snailed our way forward under the pressure of our climbing gear. Slowly the images of two decades came back: faces and voices that have long since changed; some who have left the climbing scene for ever; some who have emigrated to distant lands; some, the most difficult to picture, have died or have been killed—mostly in climbing accidents, and as I reflected I could not but compare them with the present climbers. They were different indeed from the hardware men, their leads were bold and often without runners at all. They were wild, but honest, often lacking in the pioneer spirit of today, but the war had left a hiatus and the men of the past were less competitive (I cannot imagine Crew saying to Soper 'You climb, Sir'; both would more likely push each other out of the way). However, the men of my reflections were all great characters; hard men in a sense peculiar only to the post-war era. Perhaps it was the last time of which we could talk of the 'spirit of the hills'.

Many of the ghosts who walked this steep track, this sad road to Cloggy, formed a group called The Quivering Brethren, who on Christmas Day would gather at the foot of the Grimmett on Craig-yr-Ysfa in order to ascend this climb in one long stream. All were allowed to be drunk except the leader and each had to wear a paper hat and carry an inflated balloon. For an ascent to be deemed accomplished one had to reach the top of the climb still wearing a paper hat and without bursting the balloon; further, one had to pull a Christmas cracker with another, both climbers to be between stances. Such meetings often had a following of sightseers and on the big occasion of 1948 the amphitheatre brim was crowded with over a hundred hostellers and climbers, all intent on being

entertained freely: they were not disappointed for below was the most motley, disreputable group of climbers that had ever been funnelled into one amphitheatre. Each year a different leader was chosen and in 1948 it was the year of the Carsten, the Arnold Carsten, the Ackit Attackit Carsten (you see we all had Turkish names). The Quivering Brethren present, besides the leader, were Peter Harding (Pushit Rushit), Dr. Richard Meyer, John Disley, Peter Hodgkinson, my two brothers and myself, Graham Robinson (called Gobe because he played a Gob-Stick), John Lawton, D. Thomas, and at least four others from Derby and Chesterfield and a South African. A. J. J. Moulam (Ammit Jam Jam) was not present. He had slipped under a lorry and mangled his legs whilst hitch-hiking along the A5, and had chosen to spend Christmas in hospital in Oswestry (Harding and myself had visited him on the way to Wales and he had kindly presented us with a tin of Ackit-Attackit for Christmas); Moulam was represented on the rope by a Christmas hat.

Carsten led the first pitch with ease, closely followed by Harding, and then proceeded up to the overhang at the top of the groove of the second pitch, whilst the rest of us jockeyed for position and partook of copious draughts of rum to ward off the bitter cold of this biting, frosty day. However, the crux of the climb is reached at this point and Carsten stopped here for about an hour, during which time he made several attempts to move round the rib to his left. There he squatted like a monkey, licking his frozen fingers and completely ignoring the antics of the drunks below. On occasions in the past he had been noted for his early starts, and 'breakfast on the crag' was his byword. One such time he presented Meyer and myself with a piece of cheese whereupon Meyer exclaimed 'Vas this it?' in his deep German accent to which Carsten replied, 'I think I have a prune in my pocket'. So much for breakfast on the crag—still, a great character.

Meantime the first stance was becoming crowded and we decided to send someone to join Carsten, more to relieve the congestion than to assist him, but the only volunteer was Moulam in the shape of a paper hat, which came adrift from the rope as Carsten pulled it past the first overhang of the second pitch. There was a cry of 'There goes Moulam' and we had two minutes silence during which time we removed our paper hats and no one moved or drank. The crowd too remained silent and then Hodgkinson yelled out, 'The score

now is: The Quivering Brethren six and a half man-pitches; The Grimmett one paper hat, two balloons and Moulam'.

Hodgkinson was a wild gangling Welshman, with those beady eyes set in hatchet features that epitomise the North Welsh. He had acquired a Luger automatic, and besides waking us all up at 2 a.m., so that we might witness his shooting a one-shot-salute into the night, had, on Christmas Eve, set himself the task of shooting the top off the pinnacle on Pinnacle Wall, whilst we were ascending it. This he determined to do before we reached the top, but with bullets ricocheting all round us we reached it before he could succeed. He and Disley were characters apart. One week-end they had spent two days pegging and using pulleys in an abortive attempt on what is now known as the Direct Start to Brant. Harding and myself came along and after some chaffing, suggested that the pitch looked climbable; as a result we were invited to 'have a go'. Harding led and I followed; we used one runner in a peg near the top of this overhanging groove. Meantime, it had started to rain and so we brought up Hodgkinson and Disley quickly, and as we had all climbed the rest of the Brant before, prepared to abseil from the climb. I passed my rope over a holly tree and Disley, having done the same with his, offered it to Harding so that we might rope off together. We had virtually stolen their route, but they were going to be gentlemanly about it. We set off together, where-upon Disley and Hodgkinson, exposing themselves, proceeded to urinate on us when we were half-way down—both great characters.

After much hilarity at the first stance during which time Disley had been asked for a 'pull-up' by Hodgkinson, and Disley had handed down a Christmas cracker for him to pull on, things began to move more quickly. In a sudden spurt Carsten had made the hard move and had quickly reached the next stance. Harding prepared to move and then set the pace for the rest to follow.

I had first met Harding on gritstone during the war. He had a pair of climbing boots and I hadn't, but I had a rope and he hadn't. Owing to transport difficulties and petrol shortage, most of our activities were confined to grit. We became bored with the same old climbs and resorted to various tricks. Harding climbed Queen's Parlour Slab at Black Rocks blindfold; we would pass each other on Black Crack—he handjamming and I laybacking—and he would ask as we

passed, 'Is this the right way to Cromford mate?' to which I would reply 'No, it's that way'. We would then both change direction and reverse what we had done. These tricks came to an end when we decided to have a three-legged race across Sand Buttress at Black Rocks. All went well until we both wanted to use the same foothold for our right foot. A terrible row ensued, we untied and Harding completed the climb on his own and I descended. Perhaps our biggest quarrel was when doing the Green Necklace on Cynr Las. He had run out a lot of rope, moved out of hearing and sight, and the rope had not gone in tight (it had jammed). After a long time had elapsed, I set off on this traverse across Main Wall, with the rope falling in a big loop into the void below when, on reaching the edge of the rib, a hand appeared from round the corner—it was Harding on his way back to see where I had got to. We both refused to return to our respective stances, and stood arguing as we clung to the rock, when Harding's handhold, a large lump of rock, came away. I looked at the one hundred and twenty-foot loop of rope below us, and saw that on the grass at the foot of the crag a C.H.A. party had stopped for lunch. Harding stood in balance not daring to release the block, whilst I tentatively reversed the traverse and then Harding followed balancing the rock in one hand until he reached my ledge. We didn't speak for the next few pitches—a great character Harding. One day I'll reveal the truth about the West Buttress Girdle.

Slowly, one by one the Quivering Brethren reached the top of the Grimmett, some with paper hats, some with balloons, but only a few with both, Dr. Richard Meyer having acquired two of each during the ascent.

I first climbed with Dick Meyer in 1948, the year I first climbed on Cloggy—we did Great Slab together. He led the first pitch and warned me that if I came off on the traverse I would swing beneath the overhangs, in which case it would be impossible for him to pull me up and that he would have to cut me loose and get himself rescued. Sometimes Dick and I would travel with Harding in Harding's M.G., Dick as passenger and I riding 'shotgun'. On one such occasion, Harding shot off the road at the Bryn Tyrch and circled the stage coach, whilst we shot it up, and carried on up the Pass. Once when we had been travelling overnight and were all asleep. I could hear 'Peter, there vas a foork', Harding and I thought Meyer meant a piece of cutlery until we realised

that a wall was approaching us at a rate of knots; Harding locked hard over and we did a 360 degree turn on a bridge which forked to the left. The voice, of course, was Meyer trying to warn us. Probably my greatest epic with Meyer was one Easter week-end when we did what was probably the first winter ascent of The Chasm on Buchaille Etive. After a second long day, on Crowberry Gully, we climbed Tower Ridge on Nevis, the outing taking twenty-eight hours from Lagangarbh to Lagangarbh. We had to cut steps all the way up the ridge and joined George Band and three others at The Tower. A blizzard was raging and owing to Meyer's route finding we finished up at the top of Glen Nevis instead of in Fort William. On returning to Fort William at 6.30 a.m., we could not start the car (owned by Dr. John Mills, the third member of our team) and so a distillery wagon gave us a tow. Suddenly there was an almighty crash and apparently we had fallen asleep while the wagon had been towing us round Fort William—it had, of course, stopped. Meyer did all this with a broken arm in plaster, which he protected by wearing a rubber glove—a great character Dick Meyer.

Meantime, on the Grimmett, John Lawton, who always yelled 'Get off my crag' if he saw us on Cloggy (and who had made the quickest descent on record of Spectre) unroped, ascended another route, and then came back and joined the tail-end of the Grimmett team. John, in spite of his many difficulties since his fall, has persevered with great strength and courage.

The Quivering Brethren eventually broke up and most disappeared from the climbing scene for one reason or another, but it was not only their faces and voices which returned, but on the Cloggy track there were the images of many, not all of whom I met on Cloggy. Arthur Dolphin, killed on a descent from the Dent du Géant; John Hammond, missing on Mount Cook; 'Goff' Francis, killed on Pillar; Mike Harris, killed in the Himalaya; and Tom Bourdillon and Dick Viney, killed in the Alps. Even on that very day I was to lose yet another friend—he fell from the East Buttress.

These were all men whose characters did our dull lives impress. You might hear their voices or feel their presence on the Sad Road to Cloggy; but only if there is some integration between you and the mountain. If you are not sensitive to all aspects of nature; if no interaction has taken place between you and the natural environment, then the road to

Cloggy is just another dusty track, for within your breast
'these silent raptures find no place'.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

THE DEMESNES OF ROKKOMBORRE

Don Greenop

Lying roughly parallel to each other some 130 miles north of the Polar Circle are the great Arctic lakes Torneträsk and Altavatn. Their elongated trenches are separated by an unmarked frontier and 500 square miles of wilderness: terrain where river, swamp and undergrowth combine in a bewildering hotch potch to deter explorers.

Above these great wastes looms Rökkomborre, monarch of the area by virtue of its 5,476 feet, its distinctive site, and not least by its capricious control of local weather.

According to the only maps available, later found to be inaccurate, the massif appears as an enlarged version of Saddleback, complicated merely by an extended approach over plateau, forested slopes, and various watery obstacles . . .

On 19th August, five women and six men—total strangers to each other gravitated towards Liverpool Street station from many points between Glasgow and London; their common destination and base, Abisko-Turiststation on the shores of Torneträsk. Three days and nights later, the team turned their backs on civilisation, left the crisp air and bright sunshine of Abisko, and entered the dappled light and dank recesses of the Arctic forests.

After rounding the head of the lake, the trampers found themselves in a lush wilderness where they breathed the exhalations from myriads of wet birch leaves; sweated in a Turkish-bath atmosphere under the tree crowns, and stumbled through sodden tangled foliage on a crackling carpet of dwarf shrubs and berries.

Here were swamps whose viscous depths supported attractive moss coverings, firm in appearance, brilliant in relief-map colours, but instantly yielding to the unwary foot.

Inhibiting progress further were innumerable lakes and river networks, the ramifications of which proved an eternal embarrassment to the route finder. It was impossible to keep dry and one soon lived quite happily with squelching boots and dripping trousers.

Nor were the valley sides any easier to traverse. Their gradients, clogged by berry-bearing shrubs, were protected by

ankle-wrenching scrub, reeking scarring junipers, and the inevitable salix. Add to these a netting of gnarled ancient birches that teetered perilously on the steep insecure slopes, and the criminals of many a precipitate descent are listed. The rivers scoring these hillsides tended to be youthfully exuberant and awkward to ford. The water, a dirty yellowish-white and turbid, was icy cold, laced with yard-long waves and foaming cataracts. Even the ubiquitous birch checked progress. Alternately, exasperating and pleasing with its fecundity and beauty, the tree used its frail tracery of white branches and prematurely burnished leaves for purposes of frictional retardation.

Above the tree line marching became much easier. These open naked uplands brought the Ice Age nearer. Great gravel terraces and lonely lakes did little to relieve the barbaric monotony of the landscape. Crumbling mountains, immense in their horizontal rather than their vertical proportions, looked down on sterile seas of stone. Bare wastes hardly softened by sporadic mosses and stark grasses—stretched as far as the eyes could see; it was unproductive land, useless to all except the reindeer that toiled daily over great tracts for sustenance. The pallid bones and antlers were everywhere, ghoulis reminders that life here is a precarious affair. Most baffling to the route finder was the way that physical features tended to take on a uniformity that changed little even after four or five miles walking; and yet one could suddenly be confronted with a complex reticular valley system which demanded the finest relationship between map and bearing.

Two days' journey over the uplands brought us at long last within reach of our objective. From a camp on the tree line by the Jordbruelva we gazed at the great hulk before us.

Rokkomborre was suffocated by clouds. Even so, we caught glimpses of soaring convexities, huge corrie-bites and massive truncated spurs; we appreciated wedge-shaped ravines, the base wreath of jungle and the insular siting. The mountain is practically an island. Its entire northern face looks down on the Altavatn while the southern slopes debouch into the Jordbruelva swamp lands and the Gievdne Jarvi lake system. Although half-concealed, Rokkomborre impressed one with its character and individuality. At our feet stretched a richly forested valley which terminated abruptly at a shimmering sliver of water—the Altavatn.

At noon the following day the mists came lower and fine rain started to fall. Now two days behind schedule, we could afford to wait no longer. A compass bearing was set for the mountain's western shoulder and we plunged once more into a streaming, steamy jungle.

For a while the general rankness cleared somewhat and the woods became park-like. There was more space and a ghostly ethereal look about the trees. A feeling slowly pervaded one that a retrograde step in time was being taken. Our chatter subsided as an eerie emanation of great age—decrepit and lost—rose from our surroundings. Crippled, creaking old birch skeletons and grotesque withered stumps contrasted oddly with the bright white robust growth that sprang out of the old decaying matter. One could sense the clammy hand of primeval times settling over everything.

This clamminess became a much more tangible thing when the party negotiated the reeds, rivers and marshes of the valley bottom. These moist sentinels preceded a 600-foot barrier of especially steep vegetation, which guarded and girdled the southern slopes of Rokkomborre. The ascent of this belt tended to be a drenching, atavistic nightmare.

Coarse grass, still steep, followed, and then we were in a woolly ceiling of greyest grey. The compass took over leadership. Keeping a large craggy combe on our right, we plodded on over endless boulder slopes, outcrops, and icy snow patches; two men steering the party which adopted a single file sighting method.

The drizzle became heavier and colder. Churlish threatening cliffs nosed now and then through the veils of mist—soon to disappear in the gloom. Underfoot, slippery brown and black boulders shone dully in the wetness; and still the angle was up—up into that unpromising greyness.

Then at last the summit ridge—and falling snow. The ridge is Rokkomborre's chief glory. Well over a mile long, it is strongly reminiscent of the Scottish An Teallach with the often knife-edged crest occasionally overhanging a prodigious abyss on the left. Like all rock structures in these parts the ridge is quite unsound; its greasy, metamorphosed slabs shattered and laminated. It was sad indeed that the bad weather had ruined superb views that should undoubtedly have been ours. We had to be content with brief glances into the mist-shrouded voids on either side.

Nearer to the small summit plateau there was a fleeting picture of the mountain's magnificent N.E. face. Gaunt brown cliffs swooped down hundreds of feet to dirty snowfields and crevasses. In the fast-gathering murk, little else was discernible. On the summit nothing could be seen; but once again there arose that sense of a senile presence, a pollution, which seemed to haunt the vicinity of Rokkomborre. Even at this height the boulders and stones retained their dirty veneer, their unpleasant orange and black discolouration, and their aura of decline in times immemorial. Sobering too was an antlered reindeer skull discovered by one of the party.

An increased snow and wind intensity brought us back with a shiver to our cairn formalities. A small British flag was left in a plastic container, while handshakes all round restored a little circulation.

Deteriorating conditions, however, suggested a speedy descent, and one or two of the less sentimental climbers had already moved off through the swirling snow down to the ridge.

We rushed away in ignominious retreat from our mountain's cloudy chills and storms. It was noticeable that no detours were made for rivers and marshes on the way back to camp—after nine hours on the march in Lapland one is invariably too wet to care. A great bonfire defied the rain that night and revived the sodden spirits of the wanderers.

Faced by a strenuous overland trek because of the pressure of time, we were delighted to receive the help of a Norwegian fisherman, who took us on a long, cold voyage up the Altavatn to the valley of Bardu.

The following day found us fleeing to the inhospitable hills again, refreshed and succoured by the generous people of Innset, but unsettled by the all too obvious evidences of water regulation in the district.

It was in Innset that the proud tooth of the Dittitind, 4,969 feet, caught the fancy. We sweated up the Dittiskardet and established a camp. On the same day and in warm clear weather the rocky eastern ridge of the peak was tackled—after the usual never ending approach over stones, bog and cotton grass. Colossal unstable boulders provided a route past the mountain's cankered S.E. face which overhung the green-jewelled and ice-rimmed Dittivatn. Nearer the ridge proper, the moulded blocks gradually integrated and gave way to wide

sheets of boiler-plate slabs, these furnishing a wholly admirable—if steep—metalled road to the top, a superb and isolated viewpoint. This was to be our last summit hereabouts. Ominous clouds compelled the expedition to press on south through the high places of desolate Salvasskardet. Yet again came a prolonged and perspiring battle with the Tornetråsk jungles; yet again the water, the mud, and the undergrowth, but finally came Abisko. Eleven filthy objects, ragged and hungry, became the local curios. Now was the time for a 'Frukost', a sauna bath, and rehabilitation to the apparent good things in life. Now was the time to look back, to reconsider some of our observations.

For one thing, very little wild life had been observed; indeed, apart from the very common reindeer, a tiny mountain vole was the only other mammal seen. Adventurous grouse and Lapland buntings seemed to thrive in the company of predators like the osprey and buzzard, but these occasional birds turned out to be our only companions—that is if one discounts the insects of the first four days. And what a conglomeration of mosquitoes, gadflies and gnats there was; thick gauze curtains of them that descended promptly on any exposed areas of flesh. Towards the end of August though, the midge and mosquito season is just about over and the cold nights and mountain days are trouble-free.

The weather had been favourable on all but two days—the Rokkborre period. Contrasting temperatures were a marked feature. In the broiling forests, daytime readings climbed well over the fifties, yet a ground temperature at night could almost touch the zero point.

Camp life taught many lessons. Subsistence was reduced to its simplest formula; eating, working and sleeping.

Oddly pleasurable it was, too, without the innumerable perplexities brought by civilisation. No play was wanted; there was always work to do, solid purposeful work that reaped quick rewards.

As to the constitution of the party, any doubts there might have been were dispelled by the first day's march. Equal to the men in stamina, resourcefulness, initiative and cheerfulness, the women were of the first order as comrades and expedition members. Their fortitude was exemplary.

Indeed, the experiment of a mixed group was a surprising success. But mountaineers, both men and women, are strange beings. Successes and achievements—some won only after

much hardship—never lead to satisfaction and full peace of mind.

From the Dittitind we gazed north over an ocean of fantastic jagged peaks, largely unexplored and irresistibly alluring. With no hint of complacency in our souls, we turned away from our newly conquered, but so infinitesimal, eminence.

CLIMBERS' LEGAL AGREEMENT

John Hartley

THIS AGREEMENT is made the 31st day of February 1966 BETWEEN Austin Berghurer (hereinafter called 'the leader') of the one part and Archibald Hutter (hereinafter called 'the second') of the other part.

WHEREBY IT IS AGREED as follows:

1. The leader shall
 - (a) Being of doubtful responsibility but strong of arm, lead the rock climb specified in the Schedule hereto.
 - (b) Place running belays at regular intervals provided always that these shall be in the form of natural flakes, natural spikes, jammed nuts or wedges. The use of pitons is to be referred to an Independent Arbitrator under the Arbitration Act 1066.
 - (c) The whole of the said rock climb shall be led to satisfaction of the second and shall be completed not later than 10 hours after the commencement thereof. Provided always that in case any of the said climbing shall be interrupted by unseasonable weather or other inclement conditions the time for completion shall be extended accordingly. (Penalty clause for benightment).
2. The second shall
 - (a) Being of sound mind and wearing thick gloves belay the leader in a manner to be determined between the parties hereto.
 - (b) In the event of the leader falling off (in breach of this agreement) prevent the leader from plunging all the residue of the fall of 999 feet to the bottom of the crag.
 - (c) Follow the leader (if he can) and remove all said slings, crabs, nuts, spuds from the climb. (Penalty clause for failure to do so.)
3. Save as aforesaid the leader shall pay to the second an amount of ale or porter being not less than 4 and not more than 8 pints should he be in breach of clause 2 (b) hereof,

provided always that the parties hereto are licensed to drink out of groups A, E and G, as defined by the Beer Drinking Acts 1903-1966.*

THE SCHEDULE

ALL THAT route or rock climb, known as Sue Not situate on Plethora Crag in Borrowdale in the County of Slumberland (grid reference NY260200) being 560 feet in length (be it a little more or less) and running up between the 13 sets of overhangs to finish over the final 25-foot roof (be that a little more or less), and is for the purpose of identification only and not of delineation shown on a plan or diagram annexed to a guide to English crags Volume III produced by the Fell from Rock Dining Club of the English Rain District and thereon marked with a dotted line.

TOGETHER WITH the stances belays and hereditaments appurtenances thereto belonging

SIGNED by the leader and }
 second in the presence of: }

Footnote 1. All climbs described in pirate guide books shall be deemed non-climbs for the purpose of this agreement.

* Groups of Containers.

- (a) Heavy glasses, light tankards, jam jars, but not including groups E, F and G.
- (e) A pint tankard not equipped with means of pouring and having no visible means of support.
- (g) Empty beer barrels if hand propelled.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

I. Roper

The new climbs section is this year rather smaller than usual, despite the high output of new routes over the past year, mainly because the Eastern Crags, Gable, Pillar and Dow Crag guides have all recently been published, hence the crop of new routes for 1968 is already well documented. Also it has not been felt necessary to include all the new routes in Buttermere except those which have previously escaped documentation, owing to the imminent appearance of the new guide to the area.

The major developments have occurred on Scafell, where five new routes have been done on the East Buttress, not all of which are particularly hard, nor do they, with one exception, require much aid. The two best routes are Cram's unnamed line by the Yellow Slab* and Minotaur, climbed under the inspiration of Geoff Oliver. On Scafell Crag, Long Stand is the most notable of the recent routes. Although artificial in its line it provides excellent climbing in superb positions.

In Langdale the outstanding new route is Gillette on Neckband Crag. Although the route is short, it is a line of great character and difficulty, and a worthy sister to the routes on its left and right. The other new routes in the valley have much less to recommend in them, although Carpetbagger on Gimmer is said to provide pleasant climbing and Andromeda on Pavey has been compared to Arcturus.

Several good climbs have been made on Gable, of which the Slant (in the guide book) is the only one yet to have been repeated. The big crack on Tophet Wall has at last been ascended by Alan McHardy and named the Viking. It is probably one of the most strenuous routes in the area. Boat Howe has provided a few surprises which have raised the status of this rather remote and previously under-developed crag.

In Buttermere the doings of the guide writing team have been veiled in considerable secrecy. Green Crag, off the secret list for two years now, is still without descriptions. Jack Soper has done an Eliminate girdle of Eagle Crag, finishing up an impressive chimney on the left of Central Chimney. Apart from this little that is new and worthwhile has been done.

Lastly, Joe Brown paid a flying visit from Wales and climbed the big crack on Rainsborrow Crag, Kentmere and named it, somewhat pointedly, 'Groan'.

* Now named "Gold Rush".

BORROWDALE

GOAT CRAG

Athamor 235 feet. Extremely Severe. Takes the grooves immediately right of Praying Mantis.

- (1) 35 feet. Climb the right-hand groove for a few feet, step left and climb the left-hand groove for about 15 feet. Traverse right to the arête and swing round to a stance and belay.
- (2) 55 feet. Climb the groove above the stance to a short overhanging crack. Up this to a peg (in place) at the top and use this for aid. Traverse left using two more pegs for aid (one in place). Step up and use a peg under a small overlap to continue the traverse to the tree belay of Praying Mantis.
- (3) 45 feet. Step up from behind the tree and climb up to the right using a thin crack to enter a prominent V-groove. Climb this, using a peg for aid (in place). Move left from beneath the overhang, to join the last few feet of Mantis Direct and follow this to a stance.
- (4) 100 feet. Take the groove behind the stance. Climb directly up for a few feet then pull up right to a sloping foothold. Continue up the groove to an overhang. Pass this using a peg on the right wall (in place). Pull up to the right and climb a slab to the top of the crag.

J. Adams, C. Read (alternate leads), 14. 9. 68.

LINING CRAG

The Weaver 220 feet. Very Severe. Starts 15 feet left of Gorgoroth.

- (1) 120 feet. Climb the wall to a small overhang, move right with difficulty, then left above the overhang and continue up the wall above until a traverse left across a pleasant up can be made. Move slightly right at the top to a ledge and belay.
- (2) 100 feet. Traverse right into a deep chimney-groove. Up this and the rock above, bearing right, to the top.

R. McHaffie, D. Phillips, June 1968.

WODEN'S FACE

Tantalus 75 feet. Very Severe. Round to the right of Woden's Face is an obvious groove. The route follows this groove.

K. Jones, W. Baddet, 10. 5. 69.

BUTTERMERE

SHEEPBONE BUTTRESS

Angst Direct Finish 90 feet. Very Severe. Instead of stepping right on to the gangway, continue up the groove all the way to the top.

I.R., J.A.A. July 1965.

GREEN CRAG

Matador 280 feet. Very Severe. Ascends the left hand of two green grooves. Start just left of a clump of trees below the corner.

- (1) 110 feet. Up the easy slab for 60 feet then move right and pull over a white overhanging corner. Continue to a large ledge and block belay.
 - (2) 140 feet. Up the corner direct for 70 feet to a triangular overhang. Move up and pull out right on to the arête. Up the corner on the right to a ledge and peg belay.
 - (3) 30 feet. Easy rock to the top.
- A.G.C., W. Young, 14. 4. 69.

HAYSTACKS

Y Gully Buttress This has been ascended, but no details are yet available.
J.J. S.A., R. J. Mansfield, 18. 5. 68.

CONISTON

DOW CRAG

Great Central Route Variation Pitch 3 can be done by climbing a crack on the right to the overhang when a thin diagonal crack is followed to the left to the junction with the original route. (A variation taken by others—G.D.)
H. Sugden, J. Long, 28. 6. 69.

DOVEDALE

DOVE CRAG

Eilethgia 170 feet. Very Severe (Mild). Half way up south gully is an area of overhangs on the left of which there is a V-shaped groove. Start 40 feet left of this groove.

- (1) 110 feet. Traverse right along a ledge and climb a large block to gain the groove which is followed to a belay above some large chock-stones.
 - (2) 60 feet. Traverse left until a groove is reached and then up this to the top.
- A. J. Maxfield, D. Overton, 10. 11. 68.

North Buttress 190 feet. Extremely Severe. No details available except that the first pitch is 120 feet (A.2) and the second pitch 70 feet, mainly free with one peg and two slings for aid (X.s.).
C. Woodhall, S. Clarke, April 1969.

DUNNERDALE

The Heel 135 feet. Very Severe. Lies on the same crag as Cornflake, etc., and takes the crack on the right of the pinnacle on the right of the top pitch of Cornflake.

- (1) 75 feet. Climb the crack (loose block at 50 feet) and belay on top of the pinnacle.
- (2) 60 feet. Climb the short crack on the right to a grassy bay, traverse left across easy slabs and up a ridge to the top.

R.V., J.A.A. (alternate leads), 4. 5. 69.

ENNERDALE

BOAT HOWE CRAGS

Numenor 175 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts 20 feet right of the 'Prow of the Boat' and follows the line of a thin ragged crack.

- (1) 85 feet. Climb the shallow, leaning corner to a peg (in place) below a bulge. Move right with another peg to the foot of the crack and go up this over a bulge (sling) to the third bulge. Move left for 10 feet and go up, steeply, to a small stance and peg belay.
- (2) 90 feet. Climb the corner past an overhang, then move diagonally left to a small ledge below a bulge. Climb the bulge and slab above, moving leftwards to the arête which leads easily to the top.

I.R., N.A.J.R. (alternate leads), 1. 6. 69.

Fangorn 220 feet. Extremely Severe. Takes the 'Prow of the Boat' directly. Start at the toe of the arête.

- (1) 100 feet. Climb the thin corner to a thin square overhang and pass this with a peg for aid (in place), continue up the arête with difficulty to a peg and using this and a poor sling for aid make a precarious move to gain a small resting place. Move slightly right to a shallow corner and follow this to a stance and belay.
- (2) 120 feet. Straight up the groove above to a good ledge then move diagonally left to a long shallow corner which leads on good holds to the top.

I.R., N.A.J.R. (alternate leads), 14. 6. 69.

Landlubber 240 feet. Very Severe (Hard). On the West Buttress (which contains Horizon climb) is a large sweep of slabs. On the left-hand side of the slabs is a shallow groove which is the line of the route. Start 30 feet below and to the right of the point where the crag meets the large scree gully.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb a short ramp to the foot of the groove, and follow this and a short flake-crack to a stance and peg belay.
- (2) 60 feet. Follow the diagonal line up to the right to a grass ledge then up a crack (loose block) to a large stance and belays.
- (3) 100 feet. Climb diagonally right to the foot of a prominent corner, then diagonally left to a narrow mantelshelf. Move left below a bulge to a large sloping ledge in a corner. Climb the left wall of the corner to the top.

I.R., N.A.J.R. (alternate leads), 14. 6. 69.

BLACK SAIL BUTTRESS

This is the crag about a quarter of a mile east of the summit of Black Sail Pass, on the north face of Kirkfell.

Three Blind Mice 240 feet. Very Severe (mild). Start at the foot of the right-hand arête of the crag.

- (1) 80 feet. Straight up the arête to a stance and peg belay.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb the wall just right of the arête into a recess slanting left go up this and over a bulge to the terrace.
- (3) 80 feet. On the left is a smooth slab with a large block at its foot. Step off the block and traverse left across the slab to the arête. Climb the shallow groove to a ledge, move left round the bulge and up the arête to the top.

N.A.J.R., C. H. Taylor, I.R. (alternate leads), 24. 5. 69.

PILLAR

The Greater Traverse First complete crossing by R. Schipper and W. Young in April 1969 in five and a half hours. Variation pitch 2.

- (2a) 110 feet. Walk along the grass ledge and stride across Steamrock Chimneys. Step down round the arête and make an ascending traverse, delicate in places, passing a mossy streak to the junction with Electron. Continue up Electron.

BOWNESS KNOTT

Tyrozet 190 feet. Severe. Start 15 feet right of Black Crack Route.

- (1) 55 feet. Climb the short wall and mossy rock to a tree belay.
- (2) 25 feet. The broken crack leads to a gnarled holly.
- (3) 35 feet. Descend to the left and make for a prominent block. Climb over the block and bear rightwards to the Hyacinth Chimney of Black Crack Route.
- (4) 35 feet. Climb the wall immediately behind the tree and go rightwards to a belay above the chimney.
- (5) 40 feet. Step down to the left. Then back right to a sloping ledge. Climb the overhanging wall and slabs above to the top.

D.N.G., A. McGregor, D. Bonney. 29. 5. 68.

BOWNESS KNOTT—LONG CRAG

The Marriage 160 feet. Very Severe. Starts some 15 feet up the gully from the initial block of Hailstorm. Short, because of its direct line, the route has, nevertheless, much character.

- (1) 40 feet. The prominent impending groove soon widens into a scoop. Move slightly left and follow an indefinite rib to a wide ledge below an overhanging black wall. Choice of belays from two blocks on the ledge and two thread belays on the wall. (Hailstorm pinnacle is now about 20 feet below and to the left.)
- (2) 40 feet. The Black Wall. Difficult and strenuous climbing to the obvious break. (Peg for protection only.) The ensuing scoop is much easier and soon leads to vegetation and a belay on the tree at the foot of Hyacinth Chimney (Black Crack Route).

- (3) 80 feet. A fine pitch. The steep wall immediately behind the tree (use it!) is climbed on small holds for 20 feet, then an awkward step is made left round a vertical rib to an attractive slab, which is ascended diagonally left. The route now veers right up a corner, then continues up a stepped nose on the right to a rock platform. Take the short wall direct and, keeping right, finish up pleasant slabs.

D. N. G., G. Jennings, 28. 5. 69.

MIRKLIN COVE

The western face of Steeple, overlooking Mirklin Cove, has a sprawling cliff; the following route takes a line of continuous rock running up the centre. A pleasant climb on superb rock.

Contravallation Ridge Mild Severe. 240 feet. Starts 20 yards up and right from the lowest point of the crag.

- (1) 45 feet. The rough slabs. After 20 feet move right to an awkward scoop, which soon offers an exit to the left. Move left to a ledge with high belays.
- (2) 60 feet. The chunky slab line ahead to a grassy corner. Line belay.
- (3) 30 feet. Climb the left side of the big nose ahead and traverse right to a perch on the ridge. Block belays. The same point can be gained via a gangway and groove on the right-hand side of the nose.
- (4) 35 feet. Slabs to a narrow ledge below a sharp steep ridge. Small belays.
- (5) 30 feet. The slabby rock just left of the crest is climbed on small holds to a grassy corner. Belays.
- (6) 40 feet. A short wall is followed by scrambling to a block belay.

D.N.G., first ascent 5. 4. 69.

Moving Finger Grooves 220 feet. Very Severe. The climb follows a discontinuous line of grooves and ribs up the right-hand edge of the crag. Starts some 40 feet up and right from

Contravallation Ridge in a mossy bay below an unpleasant-looking vegetated groove, usually wet.

- (1) 40 feet. Avoid the vertical wet groove by climbing vegetated, though more agreeable rocks to the left. A poor belay can be arranged on the second of two narrow ledges supporting juniper scrub.
- (2) 45 feet. Traverse right past an inviting corner crack and step delicately under overhanging rock to a poor landing in the groove on the edge of the crag. Climb on, steeply, to a ledge with belays.
- (3) 20 feet. Traverse left to gain the front of the nose (exposed), then ascend directly to a wide ledge. Belays.
- (4) 30 feet. Easy rocks and ledges. Bear right to the foot of a vertical rib on the right edge. Small belays.
- (5) 60 feet. The awkward greenish scoop just left of the rib. Gain the crest, then climb up and right over steep, though rather easier ground to a narrow ledge. Traverse right along this to a block belay below twin V-grooves.
- (6) 25 feet. Either groove. Both of about the same difficulty. Block belays.

D.N.G., G. Jennings (varied leads), 3. 5. 69.

The Dolorous Stroke 250 feet. Extremely Severe. The right (westerly) wall of Haskett Gully is cut along its entire length by a magnificent crack line, bristling with overhangs. The climb, a superb route of great character, follows this feature, and starts immediately to the right of Haskett Gully at its lowest point.

- (1) 35 feet. An indefinite rib to ledges below a corner. Thread and low spike belay.
- (2) 60 feet. Bubbly rock steps to a wall. Climb a vertical groove on the right, stepping right at the top to a bilberry terrace. Belays.
- (3) 35 feet. The sharp rib on the left, overlooking the gully, has a slabby right face. Climb this to a niche below a crack with a pronounced overhang. Thread belay in the crack, poor block belay lower down.
- (4) 40 feet. A serious and strenuous pitch of sustained difficulty. The fissure impends in two directions and two wedges constitute the only protection available to the leader. Surmount the first overhang and continue up the crack using jamming and layaway techniques to a poor resting place below the final bulge. Here, the crack widens, but does not relent in severity until a comfortable bilberry ledge is reached. Thread belay, but a piton is advised too.
- (5) 40 feet. Considerably easier now, the wide crack is followed to another ledge and thread belay.
- (6) 40 feet. Traverse 10 feet left and gain a higher small grass ledge. The fine open, and impending corner above provides a worthy and delicate finish to the climb, which ends at the top of the crag.

First ascent 12. 6. 69. G. Jennings, D.N.G., R. Briggs.

ESKDALE

ESK BUTTRESS

Boot Hill 250 feet. Very Severe. Follow a crack line 30 feet right of Gargoyle Direct.

- (1) 120 feet. As for Gargoyle Direct.
 - (2) 100 feet. Climb the pinnacle and groove above. Continue up the steep groove then on big holds to a small ledge and belay.
 - (3) 30 feet. Climb the crack to an awkward finish.
- W. Young, A.G.C. (alternate leads), 17. 5. 69.

GREAT LANGDALE

PAVEY ARK

East Buttress Girdle 565 feet. Very Severe (hard). An improvement on the old girdle, but still not very worthwhile. Start as for Rake End Chimney.

- (1) 50 feet. Pull on to the right-hand rib and move across to join Rake End Wall, which is followed to a stance at the top of the rib.
- (2) 70 feet. Move up right to a good spike and abseil-cum-tension traverse to gain a traverse line which is followed, past an ancient peg, to the arête, when a short descent can be made on to Stoat's Crack. Go up this for a few feet to a stance and belay.

- (3) 70 feet. Follow Stoat's Crack for 25 feet then traverse right into a scoop which is climbed to a stance and peg belay.
- (4) 130 feet. Move right, round the corner, and follow a line of ribs and grooves slanting right to a large shattered niche. Climb the bulge and traverse right, along awkward grassy ledges to the edge of the Red Wall.
- (5) 55 feet. Descend 5 feet and traverse right, passing a fierce holly, to safety on a large ledge at the far side of the wall.
- (6) 40 feet. From the right-hand end of the ledge, traverse right to join Cascade at the top of pitch 1.
- (7 & 8) 150 feet. Finish up Cascade.
- C. H. Taylor, I.R. (alternate leads), 20. 4. 69.

Andromeda— Independent Finish

- (1) First pitch done without aid.
- (2) 90 feet. Instead of traversing left go right up to a juniper and spike belays below the overhanging chimney of Stickle Grooves.
- (3) 80 feet. Traverse right for 10 feet and climb a rib then a groove to a short chimney. Climb the buttress to join Stoat's Crack below the last pitch.
- (4) 80 feet. As for Stoat's Crack.
- P. Ellis, D. Hannon, 24. 8. 68.

Crescent Direct

- 90 feet. Very Severe. Start from a large flake belay at the right-hand end of the traverse of Crescent climb.
- (1) 60 feet. A shallow groove above the belay is awkward to start and is followed for 40 feet when it is possible to traverse left to a stance on the front of the buttress.
- (2) 30 feet. The steep slabs above are climbed, commencing on the left.
- J.A.A., D.G.R., 18. 5. 69.

Anromeda

300 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The steep mossy wall immediately right of Stoats' Crack, joining Stickle Grooves where the latter goes wandering rightwards. Surprisingly varied climbing, of about Arcturus standard.

- (1) 90 feet. Climb Stickle Grooves for about 20 feet, to an obvious jug on the right. Move right at this point into an uncomfortable position and use a sling (small nut) to move on to the right wall. Gain a niche above with difficulty. Ascend rightwards to an overlap, pull round its right hand end on to a steep wall. Climb this to a holly below an overhang. Stomach traverse left, stand up and pull up on to the grass ledge above pitch 2 of Stickle Grooves.
- (2) 70 feet. Traverse left and step up as for Stickle Grooves. Where the latter goes left, move up to gain the corner above and climb it until a short traverse left leads to the peg stance of Stickle Grooves.
- (3) 50 feet. The slab and overhanging chimney of Stickle Grooves.
- (4) 90 feet. Easy climbing to the top.
- N.J.S., N.A. 2. 8. 68.

GIMMER CRAG

The Carpetbagger 220 feet. Very Severe. A very pleasant climb between Godiva Groove and Hiatus, of similar situation and quality to the latter, but a bit harder.

- (1) 90 feet. Climb Godiva Groove to the first overhang on the right wall of the groove. Swing right below it into the next groove and move up and out on to the right rib. Climb this to a juniper ledge. Move up to a traverse line which leads right, below a doubtful flake, to the grass stance and chockstone below an overhang on Hiatus, below the traverse pitch.
- (2) 70 feet A good pitch. Move out left and make a long ascending traverse below the overhangs (Hiatus makes a similar traverse above them). Just below the rib overlooking Godiva Groove, pull up on to a short slab and climb the awkward groove above direct to the stance and belay on Hiatus.
- (3) 55 feet. From a standing position on the belay make a short semi-hand traverse to the right, pull up and continue to the top of the crag.

N.A., N.J.S. (alternate leads), 9. 6. 68.

NECKBAND CRAG

Gillette 120 feet. Extremely Severe. Start as for Razor Crack, and follow a long thin slab slanting left to a small ledge. Gain a narrow ledge 6 feet higher and traverse right to the rib. Here a crack slanting right can be gained and followed to the top.
K.W., J.A.A., July 1968.

RAVEN CRAG, Langdale

The Gamekeeper 125 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Mendes Direct.

- (1) 100 feet. Follow Mendes Direct until the traverse is reached. Climb straight up on good holds until level with a shallow groove 10 feet to the left. Step awkwardly right and climb the grassy groove to a belay in the grey groove at the right hand end of Mendes ledge.
- (2) 25 feet. Climb the grey groove.

D. Harding, E. Grindley, 22. 7. 67.

DEER BIELD CRAG, (Easedale).

Peccadillo 185 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts as for Deer Bield Buttress and takes the groove in the centre of the lower half of the buttress.

- (1) 70 feet. Climb the scoop and step round to the right on to a narrow slab on the face. Climb up and tension left from a peg (in place) to gain the base of the groove. Reach up to a peg and sling (in place) and use this and a nut above for aid. Continue up the groove to a good spike runner on the arête. Traverse left across the slab to the stance on pitch 2 of the Buttress.
- (2) 35 feet. Pitch 3 of the Buttress.
- (3) 80 feet. Climb the wall on the left of 25 feet, then up a shallow groove until moves leftwards can be made on to the arête. Up this to the top.

C. Read, J. Adams, 7. 7. 68. A prussik was made to place the peg and sling.

KENTMERE

RAINSBORROW CRAG

Groan 250 feet. Extremely Severe. Takes a rather disconnected line, finishing up the big crack on the left-hand side of the Prow. To the right of Silmaril is a bay with stepped overhangs on the left and a long corner on the right. The climb commences up this corner.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb the corner, moving out left at the top, to the Terrace.
- (2) 40 feet. Traverse right along the terrace to the foot of an obvious curving groove.
- (3) 80 feet. Climb the groove on good holds to where the groove steepens, then move left round the corner and up a steep shallow groove to the grassy break below the Prow. Move left below the Prow and belay below the crack.

(4) 50 feet. The crack. A peg was used at the top of the niche.

J. Brown, K.I.M., 30. 4. 69.

Pitch 4 led without the peg by W. S. Lounds, June 1969.

THIRLMERE

CASTLE ROCK

Ghost Variation Several parties, on reaching the traverse of Rigor Mortis, have moved slightly left and climbed the wall above. Harder than the original way.

May Day Cracks (Additional finish) It is possible to climb a pitch on the main line above the terrace, giving climbing more in keeping with the rest of the route.

WASDALE

GREAT GABLE, etc.

THE NAPES

Tophet Grooves Direct Start 80 feet. Very Severe (hard). Takes the innocuous-looking groove leading up to the foot of pitch 4 Tophet Grooves.

- (1) 80 feet. From the upper ledge pull up to the right then move back left into a crack. Climb this by jamming and traverse right to the top of Pitch 3 of the original route.

First ascent A.G.C., W. Young, 25. 8. 68.

The Viking 195 feet. Extremely Severe. Takes the overhanging crack on Tophet Wall, just right of Tophet Grooves. Start directly below the crack at the foot of a smaller crack. (Arrow scratched on the rock.)

- (1) 45 feet. Climb the crack until it steepens then step right into another crack which is followed to the junction with Tophet Grooves. Move left to a stance and belay.
- (2) 90 feet. Move back right and climb the short wall into the overhanging crack. Follow this strenuously to a stance and belay on the left.
- (3) 60 feet. Straight up the groove above, passing an ancient peg, to the top.

A. R. McHardy, P. Braithwaite, 15. 6. 69.

EAST BUTTRESS, SCAFELL

Gold Rush 400 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts about 40 feet left of Great Eastern Route up the terrace below a wet corner.

- (1) 130 feet. Pull over the steep walls on the right then traverse left to the corner. Climb through the water to the overhang (rest on sling). Pull over this on improving holds to continue up the slab and two short walls of Great Eastern to the stance and pinnacle belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Follow easy ledges horizontally left then climb the black wall and cross a short slab to poor stance and peg belay below a long corner.
- (3) 50 feet. Climb the excellent corner and crack direct to the top of the yellow slab. Stance and chockstone belays.
- (4) 100 feet. Continue up the crack to the big overhang (rest on sling). Move out left with difficulty then continue up the wall and slab above to a large ledge and peg belay.
- (5) 80 feet. Easy work.

A.G.C., W. Young, 14. 6. 69.

Chimera 255 feet. Very Severe (hard). Starts about 40 feet left of Morning Wall at an obvious break.

- (1) 50 feet. The groove above the overhanging wall was gained with the aid of three pegs (blades difficult to place) and two slings. From the groove move out right and up on good holds to belay in a corner of Pegasus.
- (2) 55 feet. Gain the gangway on the left and follow it to the peg on Pegasus. Climb the groove directly above the peg to a stance and belay.
- (3) 50 feet. Climb the corner above the stance and follow the continuation crack steeply to a large ledge and chockstone belay (Junction with Morning Wall).
- (4) 100 feet. The fine crack in the wall above is followed to the top of the crag.

A.G.C., W. Young (who led first pitch), 7. 6. 69.

Fulcrum 180 feet. Very Severe. Starts 15 feet to the right of Leverage at an overhanging chimney.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the chimney and groove above to the junction with Mickledore grooves halfway up pitch 2. Belay 10 feet higher.
- (2) 50 feet. Step down slightly on to the wall on the left and ascend diagonally left to the foot of a groove which leads to a stance and peg belay common with Leverage.
- (3) 70 feet. Climb the corner passing a small square roof on the left. Pull out right at the top, ascend diagonally left to the arête and finish up this.

K. Jackson, J. Adams (alternate leads), 16. 6. 68.

SCAFELL CRAG

Long Stand 300 feet. Very Severe. Start as for the direct start to Moss Ghyll Grooves.

- (1) 100 feet. Move left over a bulge to gain the next groove right of Moss Ghyll Grooves. Climb this towards a prominent overhang. Cross the slab below the overhang with difficulty to its left edge and go up to the overhang. Turn this on the left and move up to the stance of Moss Ghyll Grooves.

- (2) 80 feet. Up Moss Ghyll Grooves for a few feet then move right on to a thin slab. Climb this until an exposed hand traverse can be made round the rib on the right into the next groove. Climb the crack in the slab to a recess and thread belay.
- (3) 55 feet. Up the steep wall and scramble to a block belay.
- (4) 65 feet. Move rightwards and climb a thin slabby groove slanting left to the top of Central Buttress.

E.N.C., N.J.S., G.D., G. Valentine (alternate leads), 11. 8. 68.

DEEP GHYLL BUTTRESS

Gobsite 255 feet. Very Severe. Takes the overhanging crack 40 feet left of Xerxes.

- (1) 40 feet. Up the rib to a block belay below the crack.
- (2) 30 feet. Move left into a groove and up this to a large pinnacle.
- (3) 50 feet. Traverse right below the overhang and swing into the crack. Climb this and easier rock to a chock belay.
- (4) 35 feet. Climb the groove finishing up a short crack.
- (5) 100 feet. The short overhanging crack and easier rock lead to the top.

T. Martin, J. Wilson (alternate leads), 1. 6. 68.

PIKES CRAG

Isis 180 feet. Very Severe (mild). Takes the left-hand arête of Mares Nest Buttress. Start at the foot of the arête.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the arête to a ledge and belay.
- (2) 100 feet. Step left and climb a steep crack in a scoop to the foot of a ramp. Climb this using the left arête as necessary to a ledge with a large pedestal chock belay.
- (3) 40 feet. From the pedestal, pull on to the wall above, move right round the corner and up a crack to join Pikes Crag Ridge. Finish up or down Pikes Crag Ridge.

First ascent I.R., J.W., 21. 8. 68.

Osisis 210 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the same point as Isis.

- (1) 40 feet. As for Isis.
- (2) 130 feet. Climb a short crack on the right then traverse diagonally right below the overhangs to the foot of a short corner which splits them. Climb the corner for 25 feet to a good flake. Then traverse left into a leftward slanting groove. Climb this to a ledge and belay.
- (3) 40 feet. The wide crack on the right and easy rock lead to the top.

First ascent I.R., J.W., 21. 8. 68.

BLACK CRAG

Saxifrage Ridge 200 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Shelob. Takes a direct line up the crag finishing on the left of a prominent corner.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the nose on the left of Shelob and continue left over a series of overlaps to a belay in a grassy corner.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb the thin crack on the right for 25 feet to a ledge. Move left into a corner and up this to a peg belay.
- (3) 80 feet. Step left below the overhangs on to a ridge and up this till it meets a steep wall. Keep left of the corner to the top.

K.I.M., J. R. Lees (alternate leads), 16. 6. 68.

The Mousetrap 190 feet. Very Severe (hard). Start 20 feet left of Hole and Corner Gulley (Cairn) below a rowan.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb up to the rowan and go diagonally left to a grass ledge on the arête below the obvious corner.
- (2) 130 feet. Climb the corner and slab on its left until it is possible to climb the right wall and follow a diagonal line across grooved rock over a hollow block at the foot of a corner. Continue the traverse to a rib. Climb the rib and vegetated grooves to the left of the overhangs. Step right and continue directly to the top.

K.I.M., J. R. Lees (alternate leads), 16. 6. 68.

KEY TO INITIALS

N. Allinson	D. N. Greenop	I. Roper
J. J. S. Allison	K. I. Meldrum	N. J. Soper
J. A. Austin	D. Miller	R. Valentine
A. G. Cram	G. Oliver	J. Wilkinson
E. N. Cross	D. G. Roberts	K. Wood
G. Dyke	N. A. J. Rogers	

IN MEMORIAM

W. ALLSUP	1911 - 1969
Dr. G. BARLOW, Original Member ..	1906 - 1969
Mrs. J. F. BUCHANAN	1926 - 1968
Mrs. G. H. COOK	1953 - 1969
D. N. CUNLIFFE	1947 - 1967
Sir HERBERT GRIFFIN, C.B.E. ..	1935 - 1969
Miss M. HICKS	1953 - 1968
R. E. NORMAN	1911 - 1969
S. C. O'GRADY, M.C., A.F.C., B.A., B.A.I.	1940 - 1968
J. T. POLLARD	1924 - 1968
Rev. C. H. G. RIDLEY, M.B.E., T.D.	1919 - 1968
Mrs. C. TAYLOR-JONES	1928 - 1968
B. R. TYLER	1964 - 1969
J. O. WALKER	1919 - 1968

STANDISH CONN O'GRADY 1940 - 1968

I believe I first met Conn O'Grady confounded on Collie's step in Moss Ghyll. I was some twenty years younger than he and was able to demonstrate how it was done.

He was the son of Standish O'Grady, a well known figure in the Irish Literary revival, and Conn could tell amusing stories of W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory whom he remembered as a child in Dublin.

His upbringing had been partly in south-west Ireland and he had a passionate love for the hills, the sea and wild country. The romantic boy's stories written by his father Standish, *The Chain of Gold* and others, reflect the kind of life he was brought up to love and to a large extent the life he lived. His boyish joy in life was combined with a great knowledge of history and literature and a lively interest in everything under the sun.

By profession he was an hydraulics engineer, and his early life was spent surveying Canada with the help of Indians, sledges and husky dogs in winter and canoes in summer.

He came to England during World War I and joined the Flying Corps as a fighter pilot which was to generate a lifelong interest in flying, and particularly in gliding, in which he was a pioneer and responsible for introducing the sport to the north of England.

After a short period in his own engineering business in Scotland after the war, he joined the University in Newcastle as a lecturer in hydraulic engineering. It was here, as a student, that I came to know him and his wife, Mabel, well. Besides climbing we had a common interest in fencing. He was a Scottish International and I fenced regularly with him for the next 30 years, excepting the war years which he spent as a pilot in South Africa at an R.A.F. training base.

We had many climbing and camping holidays together before and after the war in the Alps, Spain and in our own hills. He was never a good rock climber and I remember nerve-racking occasions when Conn seconded me. He was not reassuring in that capacity. He was quite the most untidy man I have ever met and 'rope management' was beyond him. I can still recollect very clearly gazing down upon him poised on the Napes *Eagle's Nest* surrounded by a cocoon of alpine line, muttering curses in his soft Irish brogue.

Our expeditions were sometimes enriched by the company of his dog Michael, a character who could compete in charm with his master, but didn't like climbing. An ascent of Cust's Gully sticks in my mind. I cut steps, Conn followed with Michael on a rope, and a trail of blood followed Michael from his lacerated toes.

He loved to go off by himself with a tent and his love of lonely scrambling led to an accident in Skye where he fell on the Thearlaich-Dubh gap in Skye and broke both ankles badly. He was found by J. E. B. Wright, at one time a professional guide from Keswick, who conducted the rescue party. Conn used to quote his recollections of the incident, 'This bloody Irishman's heavy'. This accident left him partly lame for the rest of his life, but in no way diminished his activities.

He was the most charming person and a delightful companion, always cheerful and interesting company, and having the kind of vagueness that traditionally attaches to an academic. One never quite knew whether it would be his climbing boots or his trousers which he had forgotten and on one occasion his entire rucksack. We spent one afternoon at Crianlarich fitting out the best way we could.

Sartorial elegance never bothered him much. I can see him now collecting clothes for a weekend holiday. The bottom of his wardrobe was filled with an amorphous heap of clothing from which he would pull a selection of tattered garments, throwing them behind him to the floor before stuffing them into a rucksack.

He used to tell a story of how he helped a woman by carrying her suitcase off the boat at Dublin. When they arrived at the quay she pressed half a crown upon him, and when he politely refused the tip she said 'Take it, you look as if you need it, my good man'.

He had to give up gliding after reaching the age of 75, but still continued to ride his motor bicycle, and in fact his death I believe was in part due to the fact that after falling ill in Ireland he felt compelled to ride home to Newcastle and collapsed there with a serious heart condition from which he never recovered.

He had some pleasant Irish expressions. When he opened the door of his house to me he would say 'Ah Charles, come amongst us'. Alas, he will not come amongst us any more. He died in his 80th year.

C. C. Spence

WILLIAM ALLSUP 1911 - 1969

I never met Bill Allsup until after he had had his fall down Hopkinson's Crack on Dow Crag, and recovered from it. I remember climbing with him on Scaffell and Dow and Gable, and I led him up Hopkinson's when as far as I can remember he climbed with ease and with no hint of slipping. He was at the armaments factory at Cossipore Calcutta, and was a Founder member of the Mountain Club of India, which later merged with the Himalayan Club of which he became a Vice President in 1943-4. In 1928 he asked me to come with him to try to climb Kabru, and we set off from Darjeeling with 10 Sherpas and had a glorious walk to Jongri, the Guichala, and the Pangla. Then he unfortunately got dysentery and we had no adequate medicine for it—while he stayed in camp I managed to climb two or three minor and easy peaks of 18,000 feet or so, but he was not fit enough to come along.

However, after a few days' rest he recovered sufficiently to continue our trek along the Sikkim-Nepal frontier to Chiabanjan in pouring rain, and on to Phalut and Sandakphu and so back to Darjeeling. He was as cheery a companion as his condition would allow, and we both hoped to join up again and try Kabru. But being so far apart as 1,400 miles in our Indian jobs we never got going, and though he doubtless did many climbs between 1928 and 1950, I next saw him at a Fell and Rock dinner in 1950 or so, and paid several visits to his house in Hartsop between then and now. I have vainly tried to contact those who knew him in Calcutta. He was never really fit after about 1955, and bore his disabilities with patience and good humour. Many of us will recall him with affection, and join in expressing our sympathy to his wife.

Howard Somervell

SIR HERBERT GRIFFIN C.B.E. 1935 - 1969

Sir Herbert Griffin, who died at the age of 79 in the Spring of 1969 after a long illness, joined our club partly in recognition of the support which he had received from us in his work for the preservation of the English countryside and partly because of his love of Lakeland and his desire to identify himself with Lakeland organisations. He was never able to take an active part in our activities, though he liked to get on to the fells, and was a keen fisherman, especially fond of working his way up the becks to the high tarns out of which they so frequently flow.

His great work, for which he received national, and indeed international, recognition, was as the builder up of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, in the formation of which in 1926 he played a vital part. He helped our member Kenneth Spence to found the Friends of the Lake District, and also played a leading

part in the formation of the strong Lancashire branch of the C.P.R.E. He developed a quite remarkable knowledge of the technical aspects of all those modern industrial dangers to the countryside which enabled him, to a large extent single-handed, to negotiate from a position of intellectual strength with captains of industry, local authority officers, and with high up civil servants and even Ministers of the Crown. The English countryside indeed is indebted to him to an extent of which the average Englishman has no inkling. He often worked the clock round, and returned played out to his country house at Grasmere (Killbarrow) for the recreation and rest which he knew that he could find there, and to renew himself with his Lakeland friends.

Herbert Griffin was a man of engaging personality: bluff, shrewd, genial with a captivating smile—he maintained his cheerfulness against a painful war wound of the 1914-18 war and well into his last long illness.

Chorley

MARGARET HICKS 1953 – 1968

Twenty or perhaps twenty-one years ago John and Phyllis Lyth and myself who had been climbing on Shepherd's Crag walked down to the Borrowdale Hotel for tea. During tea a pleasant woman, in her middle sixties, entered into our conversation. She had been watching us climb the last pitch on Chamonix and seemed fascinated by her first sight of rock climbing. She was Margaret Hicks.

The upshot was that we took her climbing and she loved it. In spite of her list of ailments Margaret was quite tough; she also had a great sense of direction, this coupled with exceptionally good eyesight and memory made her a competent route finder on the fells. She enjoyed rock climbing immensely and for her age and lack of previous climbing experience was pretty good. A little tension helped now and then! Margaret asked us to visit her in Ednaston Hall, a few miles from Derby. The garden was lovely and we pictured lazy afternoons in the sunshine there. Instead Margaret had packed lunches and a fresh objective of some gritstone or limestone outcrop to visit every day. There was no pleasant idleness on the green lawns. When Margaret was sixty-nine years of age and had been climbing two or three years Dick Cook, Phyllis and I took her up the Napes Needle. I led but Dick climbed solo close behind Margaret to make sure that she found the footholds. Sometimes she would lift her foot off the hold to step up, Dick would pat his hand on the vacated hold to follow, then Margaret would think better of it, and step back onto Dick's hand. We reached the top and Margaret Hicks had achieved an ambition.

The F.R.C.C. gave her great enjoyment, especially the Annual Dinner, but more even than the dinner she loved the Scottish Meet,

and attended it every Spring for years. Dick and Gladys Cook in particular led, guided and drove her and generally looked after her. I know that Margaret had a special affection for the regular attenders of the meets in Scotland.

I am very glad that the Club gave her so much pleasure and happiness in the last eighteen or twenty years of her life—Margaret was quite a character, and we miss her.

H. Westmorland

I met Margaret for the first time some 15 years ago, being introduced by Phyllis and Rusty Westmorland.

Although she joined the Club late in life she was very keen to do some rock climbing, although well in her seventies. She lived and farmed at her lovely home Ednaston Hall, breeding dogs, cattle and horses. She was a remarkable person with an extensive knowledge of the Alps although I don't think she had ever climbed there. She also walked in the Peak District, Snowdonia and mid-Wales.

In May 1954 I went with her to Coombe Ghyll and climbed Corvus, then a week later she, with Louise Pryor, joined the Fell and Rock meet in Skye, and climbed Bruach na Frithe. Later she told me that she had a long standing ambition to climb the Chioch, which we did together, along with other members. She climbed slowly and well, chuckling away most of the time and not finding any difficulty, and was thrilled to reach the top and attain one of her ambitions.

In August 1956 we did the Snowdon Horseshoe and at the Fell and Rock meet at Ullapool in 1957, she again trotted out a 'lifetime ambition' to climb Stac Polly. Again she reached the top and sat spellbound at the wonderful view of the hundreds of lochans, hills and mountains to the north and east with the sea and the Summer Isles in the west. Margaret certainly deserved her summits. I never heard her complain of all the things she had missed, or get excited at what she had done. She loved the mountains just for themselves and reaching the tops gave her great pleasure. Yes, Margaret was truly a wonderful woman whom it was a privilege to have known and to have been with on the mountains.

Dick Cook

J. T. POLLARD 1924 – 1968

John Pollard had been a member of the club for over forty years. He was a very keen fell walker, and even on his last visit to Lakeland in October last year he ascended Sergeant Man, a very good effort for a man of over eighty years. Along with fell walking, cricket was his great love and he was a regular attender at Old Trafford.

S. H. Cross

I first met John at the Old Dungeon Ghyll seven or eight years ago and formed a firm friendship, our last meeting being when he was at the Old Dungeon Ghyll for his usual October fortnight. For many, many years he had stayed there each May and October as well as staying at other places in the district at other times. He always invited me to visit him up there at the weekends and he was always very interested in what I was doing. He knew the Lakeland hills intimately and, in a way, since age had made it impossible for him to get on the tops, he continued walking on my legs. Sid Cross knew him well, I think he was one of his oldest customers, not in age but visits. He was a very shy man and little known in the Club although he joined in 1924.

Francis Falkingham

BERNARD RONALD TYLER 1964 – 1969

It seems only yesterday that first I met Ron, and yet incredibly it is fourteen years since that cold grey day on Simon's Seat. We were both novices then, on our first club meet, the annual winter meet of the Yorkshire Mountaineering Club on that bleak and windswept crag high above the Wharfe at Barden. The 'aces' appeared to be climbing impossibles and the 'mugs', Ron and myself, were thrown together willy-nilly to fight it out on the Diffs. I was fortunate that day. I found a life-long friend.

Spring came, the weather improved and we tried our hands at V.S.'s. I held Ron on his first fall from Krypton Eliminate at Widdop. Ropes were thin in those days, very thin, and the next weekend saw Ron using a chest harness and myself climbing in gloves. But he learnt his lesson. I never again saw him get into a situation he couldn't get out of. Like many of us he cut his teeth on gritstone, and he worked hard at it. Every weekend, regardless of weather he was out. We all worked Saturday mornings then, and Ron would run up the road, eating his Saturday dinner, usually a meat pie, to a waiting pot of tea at the warehouse. They were great days. The world was full of new crags, exciting new places to go, climbs we'd only heard of spoken in whispers. And Ron climbed his fill.

He was born in Brighouse, and like the rest of us started off in textiles. He was just old enough in the war to serve for a few months with the Parachute Regiment. After his 'demob' he got married and tried his hand at several things, textiles again, engineering, but finally settled down making television sets. His interests were wide, ballroom dancing, skating, skiing, chess. I remember Ron telling me about a particularly hard fought game with a chap he met in a bus. They made one move a day on the way to work. The game was already in its sixth month! But mountains were his first love.

He never gave up his regular weekends and as his experience and skill built up he became capable of leading very hard climbs indeed. He climbed to enjoy himself and generally chose the classics. Kipling Groove, C.B., and North Crag Eliminate were climbs he particularly savoured. North Crag Eliminate and Carnival he led in the year before his death, climbing with his wife: remarkable leads for a man in his forties. His interest in snow and ice climbing was nil. Winter was regarded as a time for skis. He approached this with characteristic zest and enthusiasm. I remember going up to see Ron at his home to be told he was skiing down the lane outside. It was an unnerving experience standing there in a flickering circle of light shed by a solitary gas lamp waiting for Ron to whistle in out of the darkness and be in view for a second or so before disappearing into the gloom on the other side, and all done at what seemed incredible speed.

And yet when I think of Ron it is not Ron the sheet anchor in an icy Cloggy epic that I remember, nor that wonderful display of courage in a situation on the Cima Ovest that could so easily have ended in disaster. It is that look of child-like wonder on his face as he described a particularly sensational move on some recently completed climb. The warmth in his voice as he welcomed me back in that wonderful accent of his to a pot of tea and a joke. I remember his appalling memory—to the end of his days I answered to 'Brian' in his company. And now he is gone. I shall never know a truer friend.

He leaves a wife, Hilda. They were particularly close, indeed it was difficult to think of one without the other. We extend to her our deepest sympathies.

Allan Austin

JOHN OSBORNE WALKER 1919 – 1967

Osborne Walker who was a life member of the club and a mountaineer of standing, being a prominent member of the Alpine Club, died in July 1967.

Osborne Walker was pre-eminently an Alpine mountaineer beginning his climbing career in Switzerland in the later nineteenth century, and from that time he seldom missed his yearly visit to the Alps until 1955 when he reached the age of 75; indeed his list of climbs runs down to 1960 when in September he was in the Cairngorms. He had a wide and thorough knowledge of the high alps, and there were very few of the important ranges with which he was not familiar and few of the great peaks which he had not climbed. He had also climbed in Norway and in such distant lands as Ceylon and South Africa to which his business interests took him from time to time. I must not forget that he was one of the pioneers of ski mountaineering, climbing the Titlis on ski as early as 1912.

Like many mountaineers of his generation he made a practice of spending a short Easter holiday in the Lake District or Snowdonia from early in his career, though he did not join the Club until 1919: he also visited the Highlands from time to time, and spent at least one holiday in the Cuillin. In the 1920's he struck up a friendship with J. A. Hadfield one of our loved Presidents, and for many years Chairman of the London Section which he helped to found. Walker took a keen interest in the section, and when, as by a strange coincidence often happened, the London Dinner Walk finished up at Berkhamstead he and his wife, not to mention Nancy his daughter who soon joined the Club (Mrs. N. S. Richardson), invariably entertained us to a sumptuous tea; during the visit he would show us his magnificent collection of orchids which were his great interest in retirement.

In the inter war years he visited the Lake District with Hadfield and D. Pilkington who were often his companions to the Alps, particularly for Dinner meets. They mostly preferred fell walking to rock climbing: indeed Walker's name will not be associated with severes, though he was a competent cragsman. In the Alps he preferred the big snow peaks though he was quite at home on the rock ridges which are so often met with in these expeditions, and there are several rock mountains, such as the Matterhorn, on his list: indeed he spent at least one holiday in the Dolomites where he scaled several well-known rock peaks. In his younger days he appears to have done many of the classical Lake District routes, and even in his late sixties (1947) was climbing with Rusty Westmorland at Wasdale. Incidentally he was an excellent photographer and could show many beautiful shots both of Alpine and homeland mountains.

Walker was very much an out-of-doors man—a keen fisherman and a scratch golfer—the mountains nevertheless took first place in his affections. A genial, warmhearted man he was popular and welcome in mountaineering circles.

Chorley

Dr. GUY BARLOW 1906 – 1969

Guy Barlow died in May in his ninety-second year. He was a Gravesend man and read Physics at London University under Owen Glynne Jones, who introduced 'G.B.' (as Barlow liked his friends to call him) to rock climbing. Later G.B. lived at Bangor for a time and was able to get to Ogwen for weekends. He was awarded a scholarship which he spent in Germany where he researched on heat. His thesis was accepted for his doctorate and he joined the staff of Birmingham University where he remained until he retired after the Second World War.

I first met him in the Ogwen Valley at Easter 1905 when H. B. Buckle introduced me to the rocks and the three of us did the Milestone Buttress which had then been recently worked out. Possibly G.B. had something to do with this but I do not know definitely; but he had a hand in working out the Gashed Crag and Grooved Arête climbs on Tryfan, a mountain for which he had a special affection (like many other climbers, I imagine). After 1905 I was with G.B. most Easters, Whitsuntides and annual holidays, in the Ogwen and Llanberis valleys or Buttermere. Commencing in 1908 we made eight visits to Skye, staying in Glen Brittle. In 1910 we were given permission to camp in Coire a' Ghrunnda and in 1912 in Corrie Lagan and we spent the night in Coire an Lochain in 1919. Without permission I am afraid. E. W. Steeple joined us in 1910 when Buckle got married.

G.B. was in Skye most years until 1914 when war was threatening and I joined him in camp Cwm Tryfan in August. We heard of the halting of the German armies in camp.

Then the world changed and I lost touch with G.B. for four years while I was in the army and a prisoner of war. He was engaged in research into the under water detection of submarines.

After the war G.B. was in Skye with Steeple and myself in 1919, '20 and '21. In 1922 domestic responsibilities caused me to give up climbing and I lost touch with my friend for many years. I have learned, however, that G.B. and Steeple went to the Lofoten Islands on the north coast of Norway in 1922 and G.B. continued to visit them annually, some forty times in all, and also married a Norwegian lady.

In due course he retired and the Barlows went to live at Port Dinorwic on the Menai Strait. He could see Snowdon from his back door for some time, but a year or two ago he told me rather sadly that a row of council houses now cut off the view.

And so my friend died there on 14th May, close to the Welsh hills for which he had a lifelong affection.

A. H. Doughty

A colleague from University life writes:

Guy Barlow was shy of exhibiting his mountaineer's knowledge to folk who could only gape ignorantly at such skill. His reputation in research began with his measurement of the Radiation Constant in the Birmingham laboratory; later, with H. B. Keene, he had spent much of the 1914-18 war in research on sound-ranging on the Bittel reservoirs. But among physicists he kept quiet about mountains; it was after his retirement that his monograph on the Island of Skye was published.

Once the geology students persuaded him to give them a lantern lecture on the Cuillin of Skye, with his own incomparable set of photographs of those fantastic peaks; when he found the geologists'

lecture room crowded with the students and staff from the Department of Physics, he showed the rough edge of his tongue at one intrusion: but what a marvellous lecture it was.

PHILIP N. CUNLIFFE 1947 – 1967

Philip Noel Cunliffe was educated at Christ's Hospital. He then began an apprenticeship with a chemical firm in his home town of Accrington, but left to serve as an observer officer in the Fleet Air Arm. After the war he graduated at Durham University, when he obtained a post with an Ellesmere Port chemical organisation. Due to his keenness and industry he quickly advanced, and at the time of his death was Works Manager and Joint Managing Director.

He was always fond of the hills, particularly the Lake District, which he visited several times with me, his elder sister, in the wartime years. Due to pressure of work, and family commitments, he had not attended meets for many years, but was introducing his two young daughters to fell walking.

It was a great shock to his family and friends to learn from his wife that he had collapsed while they were watching their two girls competing in a gymkhana. He enjoyed to the full his busy happy life, and his death has left a sad gap.

Barbara D. King

FISHER JOPSON, THORNEYTHWAITE,
BORROWDALE, 1876-1969

The passing of Fisher Jopson at the age of 94 this Easter must not be allowed to go without a tribute being paid to him in the *Journal*.

Jopson's farm, Thorneythwaite was the Club's Borrowdale headquarters almost from its inception. An oak bookcase containing climbing books was placed there for the use of members as early as 1909 and the farm continued as Club headquarters in Borrowdale until the Jopsons left in 1947.

The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jopson and their family will be remembered by many older members of the Club and the Whitsun Meet at Thorneythwaite in those days was one of the highlights of the year. The fields were dotted with members' tents, and caravans of all descriptions even including one horse-drawn. The number of dinners served in the farmhouse and the people accommodated seemed unlimited, so that this meet was one of high spirits and fun. The bathing before breakfast in Nickeldub was almost compulsory and very rough, while the sing-song with the piano (played by Mrs. Wakefield) in the farmyard ensured a noisy and enjoyable evening. Over all this Fisher Jopson in his quiet, unobtrusive way, extended a benign influence.

He managed to get people to keep off his hay fields and pitch their tents in places where they would do little damage, in a friendly, pleasant way and at the same time made them feel welcome.

The Jopsons supported the *Journal* from the early days, and it is interesting to see that their advertisement claimed the farm as being connected with a coach road to Keswick and by well known passes to Langdale and Wasdale Head. Guests could be met at Keswick in a horse and trap. Fisher used to tell of taking people's luggage across the Stye by pony when he was a boy.

The Jopson family has been connected with Borrowdale for many generations—Fisher himself was born at Thorneythwaite where his father, Robert Jopson, had been a tenant for many years. Then in 1911 he married a Scottish girl from Nairn, who was working at the Vicarage, and went to live in the cottage adjoining the farm until his father's death in 1922. Extensive alterations were then made to make cottage and farm one dwelling providing more accommodation for his family of four, and the growing Club.

Fisher, as a young man, when he could be spared from shepherding occasionally worked in the old Mill in Coombe Ghyll when it was a sawmill, cutting sleepers and shoring timbers for the Honister Quarries, but his real life was spent as a sheep farmer and it was a joy to see him, with his quiet way and his two dogs (he always said a shepherd who tried to work more was no good) handling sheep on the fell.

The farmhouse at Thorneythwaite has thick walls and very small

windows and in those days of candles and wick oil lamps the kitchen always appeared dark, but he loved to sit in his corner by the fire in the half light as guests came in and out after dinner for a chat and to hear some of his tales.

In his final years at Thorneythwaite he became very lame with rheumatism and it was a great relief to many of his friends that his rheumatism improved considerably when he moved to Threlkeld to live with his eldest daughter Margaret where he enjoyed many years of retirement.

The Club and the district are the poorer for the breaking of this link with one of the great Valley characters of the old days.

DINNER-WEEKEND, 1968

The weather was mild, the hills covered in mist and the autumn colours magnificent. Unfortunately for those of us who are photographers the sun was absent, and another chance to record the russet scenery in Borrowdale was missed.

The path to Greenup Edge was deserted on Saturday save for a pair of ravens whose great inquisitiveness lured them within a few yards of the boulder, beside and partly beneath which I had sheltered to eat my lunch. The harsh 'kronk' was in strange contrast to the higher pitched 'krackering' at the dinner in Keswick that night.

The A.G.M. was well attended, and as it progressed so more and more members arrived at the door to listen, participate or merely to attend but voice no opinion. Surely the Congregational Hall is too small and too noisy—that is from the traffic outside.

The officers reported quickly, in the case of the Editor his report was the *Journal*, to which he sat down, maybe quickly but not hurriedly. Mention should be made of W. B. Hargreaves who carried on his duties as Treasurer despite a serious argument with a slate wagon outside his own front door earlier in the year.

A motion from J. P. O'F. Lynom at present in Canada caused considerable knitting and profound pauses coupled with Hmm's and Ahh's. Eventually the meeting expressed the wish that the Committee should consider the amendment to rule 9 'that overseas members subscriptions should be £1 11s. 6d.' and report with recommendations at next year's A.G.M. Our new President J. A. Kenyon claimed that we live in an age of the 'common man' and that we had elected a very common man to serve us for the next two years. We shall see how the vice-Presidents, Messrs. J. Carswell and J. Wilkinson, continuing and newly elected, profit from our 'common man' from Middlesborough. Mention should also be made that J. Wilkinson is largely responsible for the latest series of guides due to be published after a nine year lapse. W. E. Kendrick moved a vote of thanks to J. R. Files for his dedicated service these last two years as President, claiming that J. R. Files had retired from school-mastering to take up the Presidency and perhaps now after two years he would start to enjoy his retirement. The meeting agreed whole-heartedly on this point. The A.G.M. over in such a short time, members were invited to 'liquidate' themselves by our retiring President. This was very apparent as friend met friend in the lounge of the Royal Oak and the hubbub gained in volume.

The Dinner was duly served and one often wonders why we suffer the heat and noise of such a cheerful gathering. Perhaps mountaineers are really just ordinary people, who though they seek the solitude of crag and fell allow themselves to wallow in human contact once a year to show that they are mortal after all. The toast to Absent Friends at 9.0 p.m. came and went, when the old remember and the young consider it is almost stupid to look back, and that the elders should revise their procedures. We must bear in mind that

we too shall one day remember—happy crag days, warm sun, friends and companionship on the hills, and be thankful for that simple toast.

Our guest Dr. Tom Patey proposed the health of the Club. In a light-hearted speech he thanked us for not tape recording his voice to be stored in the archives, for future use of young budding speakers. He congratulated us as a mixed club and wondered if our longevity of life was due to this reason. Maybe!

Indirectly the F.R.C.C. meet at Dundonnell a few years back had been responsible for the founding of a Rescue Team based on Ullapool. They relied on various aids in the event of accident and impending search, including a spiritualist who was to be asked for a map reference next time!

Tom Patey's profound point was the increased press and television publicity given to Mountaineering and the effects that this was having on our pastime.

J. R. Files replied on behalf of the club and thanked Dr. Patey for his kind and entertaining way of proposing the health of the club. Our President gave us a resumé of the Club's activities. Meets had been well attended and huts well used. The *Journal* was out on time and our new guides would soon be on the market. Though this was a short speech all members must have realised that the Club's events had been guided successfully for yet another year.

H. S. Thompson proposed the health of our guests in his usual lively fashion. Gentle leg-pulling with references to some aspects of guests' private climbing lives was taken in the spirit with which it was given.

J. H. Emlyn-Jones replied on behalf of the guests and pointed out how he had been commanded and yet asked by our Dinner Secretary to fulfil the present task. Light entertaining stories from the legal profession were accompanied by further episodes of the Welsh farmer whose brother had been in the U.S.A. A neat, well-formed speech of just the right length and calibre rounded off the evening's official events and allowed the 'real' business of the night to proceed.

Sunday was a poor day from the weather point of view and many members took to cars and by-roads. Dr. Patey's slide show was a kaleidoscope of climbing personalities and events of recent years rounded off by the fantastic part he played in the climbing of the Old Man of Hoy.

In conclusion I wonder what thoughts were taken home that Sunday evening? For my part, a happy active club which has not changed and yet the membership changes slowly, whereas climbing techniques have developed rapidly. Tom Patey's thoughts on the commercialisation of our sport stuck deeply in my mind, for there is much more to climbing than mere physical activity. Will we one day have to recognise this change and pay for our thoughts?

B. G. Plint

LONDON SECTION 1968

Dorothy Lee and Ned Hamilton

The year 1968 under the leadership of our new Chairman, Peter Ledebøer, was one of continuing enthusiasm and activity, and we were pleased to note that the necessity to increase the subscription at the beginning of the year caused no falling off in membership.

Seven walks were held in the 'home' countryside and three weekend meets. In addition there was an innovation in the special picnic meet for the children of members, which was held in Richmond Park and proved a distinct success.

It was feared that the 'foot and mouth' restrictions might hinder the January walk, but fears proved groundless and our Chairman was able to start his year with a fine round from Wendover, which, of course, included Combe Hill with its wide-flung panorama over the plain of Aylesbury. In February David Ferguson gave us quite a marathon over the downs from Merstham to Reigate on a bright cold day. Views, chalk and mud were promised and this tempted no fewer than 18 members out. We had fine views and plenty of chalk, but the hard weather happily made the mud of no account. March was a busy month; the Annual Dinner was held on 2nd March, again at the Quo Vadis, but minus the A.G.M., which as had been agreed, was to be held in November. But very much on the plus side we were again delighted to have with us the President of the Club, Bobby Files and Muriel Files. It had been agreed that one of our staunch 'Associate' members should propose the toast of the Guests and most charmingly did Grizel Paterson fulfil her task. In his reply the President gave us an interesting conspectus of the activities and his hopes for the future of the parent Club, stressing his desire that the London Section should come more and more into the picture. We all feel how fortunate we are to have our Chairman serving on the Main Club Committee; this has not happened for some considerable time.

Next day, as is customary, it was the Chairman's walk and this year the heights above Haslemere, Hindhead and Hankley Common gave ample opportunity of walking off the effects of the previous evening's revels. We much appreciated Bobby and Muriel Files staying on for the walk; there was further opportunity of discussing matters of interest to us all and the freshness of spring on these breezy uplands was a delight to the eye. March, as is now long established, is the month in which we join the London Section of the Rucksack Club for *their* Dinner Walk, and this is always a very pleasant occasion. On paper this appeared to be another real marathon walk, billed to start from Horsley, lunch at Brook and have tea at Leatherhead. Only those who know this area will appreciate

the mileage this meant. But on arrival at Horsley it turned out that we were to be aided by a fleet of cars and that the stretch Horsley to Leatherhead would not be done on foot. Such are the mitigations and softness of modern life. What would those early stalwarts, Haskett Smith and the rest, who on the first L.S. official walk on 6th March, 1921, walked from Clandon by Abinger and Friday Street to Dorking, have thought of us?

Throughout these spring months the joint lectures at the Ski Club had provided some very pleasant and interesting evenings; the new screen bought jointly by the three participating Clubs (Rucksack, M.A.M., and F.R.C.C. (L.S.)) improved the quality of the slide shows and was much admired. We must mention that among the best of the evenings was Anthony Huxley's talk on alpine flowers with a super collection of slides of almost every alpine species. His book, *Mountain Flowers in Colour*, is well known and we are most grateful to Lesbia Boyd for persuading him to give us such a notable evening.

May saw us back on the Brecon Beacons; this year we had good weather and would thank Muriel Venning for her help and for providing tea at her delightful cottage.

The successful meet at the Salving House in June has already been reported in the *Chronicle* with a record number of L.S. members attending. But where were the hoards of fell walkers and climbers? Never have we seen the fells so deserted at Whitsun. Perhaps the time has now come when the real Lakeland lover will not go to the fells when the peace and beauty is marred by the holiday trippers and by the horrors and squalor of the roads given over to the car-borne who won't or dare not stray far from the roadside. On the way back some of us from Borrowdale were delighted to be able to visit Winifred Goy (ex London member) at her cottage so finely situated on the Kirkstone road at Ambleside. Her splendid tea fortified us for the rigours of the motorway home, but we still miss her tours of historic Greenwich which she planned for us on so many occasions. We wish her every happiness in her new life among the fells.

The end of June saw us again on the North Downs when Ruth Gelber and Pam Waterworth led us in the 'Churchill' and 'Wolfe' country around Westerham and Ide Hill. Then in July on a hot and sultry day came the new 'Children's Meet' in Richmond Park. This venture can be voted a success and we realised how many families can be counted to the London Section. In addition to some desultry walking and ball games, there was tree (stump) climbing and the paddling pool, which for some became a bathing pool as well. Ices and cooling drinks concluded a happy day for both parents and children.

August saw a return to sterner things. John Dempster led our first Beetham Cottage meet at which we looked up Bill Allsup, who with Dorothy (Pille) Richards and Lord Chorley are the sole

surviving members of the first London Section Committee.

Our September walk was a return to the South Downs, a real marathon this time, starting from Beachy Head and over the Seven Sisters to Firle Beacon, a splendid round led by Mrs. P. M. Roberts.

The evening lectures commenced again in October with holiday slides from members of all three Clubs and in December Robert Tyssen-Gee told us about his remarkable trip to the Galapagos Islands. It was a most interesting evening and his slides were of the very highest quality.

The year ended with the A.G.M. and buffet supper at the Ski Club on 22nd November. The meeting approved the recommendation from the L.S. Committee that two Associates should be eligible for election to the Committee, but without voting rights on either policy or matters affecting the Main Club. Grizel Paterson was elected the first representative. Further changes for 1969 were the creation of a new post of Social Secretary (Ruth Gelber) while Ned Hamilton was to take over as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. David Hill's resignation owing to pressure of work was accepted with regret; Margaret Darvall, who also retired in rotation, was co-opted to the Committee for special help with the projected 50th Birthday Celebrations in 1970. There was some discussion about this important event, which will be much in our minds throughout 1969. The last walk of the year kept up our luck with the weather and the Meets Secretary led us from Berkhamsted to Tring by Cholesbury and through the beauties of Tring Park in soft winter sunshine all day.

EDITOR'S NOTES

These notes will perforce be brief: first, as editor of only two months' standing I virtually have no notes to record; secondly, I was handed the task of tying up the many pieces of the journal at a time when I scarce had time to fasten my shoes let alone edit a journal.

There have been several changes among the officers and elective members of the committee and these are recorded at the back of the journal. Mention must be made of the work that Jack Soper has done in the past few years on the journal; he has now had to hand over this work owing to pressure of his work at University. For his past efforts I am sure we are all most grateful.

With reference to the present journal I have decided to go ahead even though it may be a thinner volume. Further, as has been mentioned in the past, the problem arises whether to produce a journal annually or biennially. Personally I favour an annual journal even if it is a little thinner. Many of the photographs in this volume are not directly connected with the articles; however, they do reflect the mountain activities of members and it would be nice to see drawings, paintings or unusual photographs, connected with members' mountain excursions, presented for publication.

During the year the B.M.C. have been pressing for more central control over mountain activities in this country. It is unfortunate that when an activity becomes popular the freedom of its participants becomes less and less. We Fell and Rock members enjoy a greater freedom in our huts, coupled with a high standard of cleanliness and comfort without too much luxury, than do most clubs. I recall the chaos and squalor in Brackenclough when certain university clubs were the sole occupants and I dread to think to what level our huts would sink if taken out of our control. It is of course up to us all to give support to the B.M.C., but in so doing making sure not to reduce our freedom any more than absolutely necessary.

Young climbers have again been very active on the crags and queuing up for routes is not uncommon. When we consider that many of these young tigers will walk to such places as Scafell from Borrowdale and then make two or three hard ascents on the East Buttress there is reason to believe that the club will still in be good hands in the distant future. It would be nice, however, to press more and more for the bringing back of litter from the hills. There are now too many of us for burying to be a satisfactory method of litter disposal.

I am sure there are many things that I should have mentioned but have failed to do so. There are several late members whose names are listed under In Memoriam but for whom no obituary has yet been written; in the meantime our respects go out to their next of kin, and we record their passing with deep regret.

Finally I should like to thank all those who have helped to make this issue possible. Dave Roberts, Ian Roper and Guy Plint have

worked well and efficiently; Bobby and Muriel Files, apart from their work, have been most helpful with their advice; and our president, Jack Kenyon, has been always ready to encourage and assist; I thank them all.

JANUARY 1970

GORDON DYKE

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1968 – 1969

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Vice-Presidents

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F. G. FALKINGHAM

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P. J. NUNN

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J. D. OGILVIE

D. WAGSTAFF

MEETS, 1968-69

<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
M March 2-3	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
C March 30-31	D. N. Greenop	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
April 12-15 (Easter)	D. Wagstaff	Birkness
April 27-28	D. Miller	Raw Head
M May 4-5	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
May 17-27	J. A. Kenyon and R. G. Plint	Ballachulish Hotel
June 1-3 (Whit)	J. P. Ledeboer Mr. and Mrs. R. Brotherton	The Salving House Ingledene Private Hotel and Camping, Glen Sannox, Arran
June 15-16	T. Meredith	Raw Head
June 22-23	D. G. Roberts	Brackenclose
C July 6-7	A. H. Griffin	Sun Hotel, Coniston
C Sept. 14-15	J. Carswell and C. S. Tilly	Wastwater Hotel
M Oct. 5-6	H. H. B. Berrie	The Salving House
Oct. 26-27	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner, The Royal Oak, Keswick
M Nov. 9-10	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
C Nov. 23-24	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wormald	The Salving House
Dec. 31-Jan. 1	J. A. Kenyon	Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, Langdale
C Jan. 25-26	J. D. Ogilvie	Beetham Cottage
Feb. 8-9	P. F. Williams	Glan Dena, Ogwen
M March 1-2	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
C March 22-23	B. G. Plint	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
April 4-6 (Easter)	L. Sharratt	Brackenclose
April 19-20	D. Kirby	Raw Head
M April 26-27	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
May 9-19	J. A. Kenyon and E. O. Harland	Inchnadamph Hotel
May 24-26 (Whit)	Mr. and Mrs. R. Bishop	The Salving House
May 24-26 (Whit)	J. Carswell	Coire an Iubhair, Ardgour (Camping)
M June 7-8	T. Meredith	Raw Head
June 14-15	J. A. Hartley	Beetham Cottage
C July 5-6	R. Cook	Sun Hotel, Coniston
Aug. 30	P. D. Miller	Gaping Gill, Clapham
Sept. 1 (Bank Holiday)		(Camping Joint Meet, Craven Pothole Club)
C Sept. 13-14	The Vice-Presidents	Wastwater Hotel
M Oct. 4-5	H. H. B. Berrie	The Salving House
Oct. 25-26	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner
M Nov. 8-9	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
C Nov. 29-30	Mrs. G. Mather	Birkness
Dec. 31-Jan. 1	The President	Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel