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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Memorabilia	<i>H. M. Kelly</i> 211
The Rock Is	<i>Joe R. Fitschen</i> 218
Walking	<i>George M. Trevelyan</i> 219
The Alps 1974	<i>Rodney Valentine</i> 234
To Find out Why:	<i>Angela Faller</i> 237
A Cairngorm Venture	<i>Ian Angell</i> 241
Remembering	<i>Anonymous</i> 244
Bernat's Horse	<i>Harold Drasdo</i> 247
Mountains	<i>W. H. Auden</i> 253
Pillar Rock, 1976	<i>Geoff Cram</i> 255
Reflections	<i>Terry Sullivan</i> 256
Annual Dinner Meet, 1974	<i>Audrey Flint</i> 263
Annual Dinner Meet, 1975	<i>Bill Comstive</i> 264
Editorial	266
Scene from London	270
New Climbs and Notes	271
In Memoriam... ..	281
The Library	299
Reviews	303
The Journals	329
Officers of the Club	334
Meets	336

Editor

T. SULLIVAN
15 BURLEIGH ROAD
WEST BRIDGFORD
NOTTINGHAM

Library and Reviews

MRS. MURIEL FILES
FIR TREE COTTAGE
21 PROSPECT DRIVE
HEST BANK
LANCASTER

New Climbs

I. R. ROPER
116 LING RISE
HERON HILL
KENDAL
CUMBRIA

Obituary Notices

S. M. JONES
NESS BANK COTTAGE
16 PARK ROAD
CULTS
ABERDEEN

Exchange Journals

Please send these to the Librarian, Mrs. M. Files.

F.R.C.C. Journals

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MEMORABILIA

H. M. Kelly

A TALE OF A PAIR OF "RUBBERS"

It was on 4th August, 1919, that C. F. Holland and I stood on the west side of Pillar Rock contemplating a further onslaught on this part of High Man, an appetite sharpened by our conquest of the Rib and Slab Climb a few days earlier. We had arrived there via Savage Gully and the Old West Route and soon marked out our first line of attack. This provided our day's first successful attack on the cliff and was eventually christened and known for years as Route 1. Following this we descended the Rib and Slab Climb and then turned our attention to that part of the face to the left of our new climb (Route 1) and were attracted by a long splayed-out chimney, above an overhang, which rose to the top of the crag. To go direct to the overhang did not appear to present any great difficulty but how to escape from its roof, once there, seemed from our view point, impossible. Without making any endeavour to test the feasibility of overcoming the overhang we cast about for an alternative and noticed a rib of rock on the left which, starting about twenty or thirty feet up the Old West Route, ultimately solved our dilemma, and thereby enabled us to by-pass the overhang. Having now decided on the course of our venture we found ourselves faced with a new problem for Holland's rubbers were in a sorry state of disrepair – half the sole of each one had come away from its upper. It never entered our minds that this might be a stumbling block to our endeavour and cause us to abandon our project. The sensible alternative, boots, wasn't even considered. Moreover they were a long way away, at the other side of the Rock. Maybe the dictum "Out of sight, out of mind" had some influence. So, willy-nilly, rubbers it was to be. Naturally this caused us much concern but Holland, optimistic as ever, thought bare or stockinged feet would overcome the difficulty but after a few tentative efforts in this manner decided to go back to rubbers gleefully remarking he thought he had found a solution – this was that, when stepping up to a foothold he would jerk his knee upwards, causing the dangling flap of the shoe to do likewise and then quickly slap his foot down onto the hold. So, in an *Excelsior* frame of mind we embarked upwards. All went well for some time and I could hear Holland happily flip-flapping his way behind me as we ascended, pitch by pitch, for a couple of hundred feet when we arrived at what is now known as the Sentry Box – in the chimney above the overhang. Our proposed route, the greasy, grassy crack at the back

of the chimney looked anything but feasible in our footgear and though mine were in good condition I could not imagine how Holland's "modus operandi" with his rubbers would work here. However, I continued upwards for some distance until I realised circumstances and Holland's rubbers and the revolting crack were against our proceeding further in this direction. Not only had I greasy rock to contend with but also lack of rope. I had already run out a good fifty feet and still could not see any adequate stance and belay to which I could bring my partner. The only apparent security seemed to be no nearer than the top of the chimney requiring another fifty feet of rope which I did not have. So, forsaking the chimney I made an upward traverse for some feet over a slab on the right and found sanctuary on a rib which provided a stance of sorts and a reasonable belay. Holland was now out of my sight and after assuring him that I was reasonably comfortable and ready for him to join me he started to do so but after ascending a few feet of the chimney the flip-flap footholds apparently petered out and with a cry of "I'm off" I found him, after a swing of several feet, added to by those of the shoulder-belay gradually bringing his fall to a halt, grinning, but breathlessly peering up at me some distance below. It was from then on that calamity, not without its comic side, overtook us. I should mention here that it was customary for Holland to smoke a pipe whilst climbing and this day was no exception to his rule. What happened next was that as I was swinging the rope over a bulge, in order to have more direct contact with my partner, I knocked the pipe out of his mouth, distinctly and mournfully, it tinkled its way down the crag until it reached the screes. Furthermore, after joining me and when I was bringing him up the remaining thirty feet or so to the top of the crag and our climb, I mis-manipulated the rope again and in doing so disturbed a small stone which after impact drew blood from Holland's forehead and nose. Who would not explode under such circumstances? What with falling off; loss of pipe; and giving him what he described as "a bloody coxcomb" I was well and truly put on the mat. Told: I was the most careless and incompetent climber he had ever met; and, as regards rope management: "Well, we had just had two prime examples of my inability regarding that. Moreover, not only did I go about splitting open climbers' skulls, but, more heinous still, I had just committed, what was to him, the unpardonable sin of using a split infinitive in my apologies for my remissness."

Chastened by this recital of my inadequacies as a climber, as

well as contemplating, in morbid contrast, what might have been, I promptly agreed with my companion when he said "Let's get out of this?" So, having coiled up the rope we got on our feet and, in silence, climbed down the Slab and Notch; wended our way across the Traverse; collected our boots and rucksacks at the foot of the Rock; then with hastening feet past Robinson's Cairn, without pausing to give our habitual glance of homage before losing sight of the cliff for the day; along the High Level Route; down into Mosedale and finally, Wasdale. Naturally, with such an episodic day behind us – two new first class climbs, snatched from the jaws of death, one might say – our respective muted thoughts as we made our way home must have been both varied and illuminating as our minds reacted to the day's proceedings. Mine on the whole were elated by what I considered a successful day even though it was somewhat marred by the castigation at the hands of my companion, but then I had escaped the mortification which had befallen him. His, apparently, were of a more sombre and sardonic nature. Had he, on our way home, been brooding over our omission at Robinson's Cairn to pay our customary lingering tribute to the Rock and by some quirk of mind linked that and the day's adventure with that historical warning in biblical times when to look back was fatal? Though disaster had been avoided was this a day that ought to be thrust aside and forgotten? Something of the sort must have been in his mind for as we neared Burnthwaite Farm, our headquarters, he shattered the silence by exclaiming, "Kelly, if you want names for those climbs we've done today, I've got a couple!" Relieved at this relaxation of the tension between us I gladly responded by asking what they were and got the significant reply – "SODOM AND GOMORRAH!"*

A PANTHEISTIC INTERLUDE

It is well understood that mountaineering attracts a greater assortment of human beings than any other form of activity, and on this occasion our party came well up to standard. We were on our way to the Napes and loitering on the scree of Great Hell Gate when one member, in a carefree happy mood that sometimes comes over the young, started to pick up stones and shy them at larger ones in a kind of Aunt Sally frame of mind. This went on

* Convention prevented these names from being used and until the 1968 edition of the Pillar Guide they were known as Route 1 and Route 2.

for some time until another member of the party, known to his friends as The Sage, could stand it no longer and rebuked the stonethrower by pointing out that, "What to others might be considered merely due to a piece of juvenile exuberance was, to *him*, a profanation of all that *he* held sacred in life. That all nature was one 'animate and inanimate' and, *ipso facto*, God was as much in the stones being hurled about as in man himself". This homily had a most chastening effect on the party in general and me in particular. I recalled, to myself, the number of times I had, without much compunction, disturbed earth and dislodged impeding rock when route-finding on crags and for a time that day I was contrite in heart about such past misdeeds. Then I recalled the Great Debate in the Rucksack Club Hut years ago on the subject of Boulder-trundling and how the defender of that sport quoted various authorities in its favour; in his searches, he found no less a person than Leslie Stephen, that arch-priest of mountaineering supporting his contention; finally, clinching his argument by turning to the Bible, reminding his hearers that Moses was the greatest boulder-trundler of all time when he threw the Table of Commandments down from Mount Horeb. Of course, on that night, under the spell of a brilliant performance, the advocate of boulder-trundling won the day. But, on this day, and on these screes, under the gentler persuasion of The Sage, the subject seemed to have been lifted onto a loftier plane of thought. Consequently I began to ask myself questions. "What, in the future, should I do if a loose block of stone barred my way on a climb? Should I or the block go to perdition?" That is, unless our fates were linked together. It was not until some years later that I was confronted with the problem and put to the test. This happened when I was leading a party on a survey of the climbs on Pillar Rock for the Club Guides. We had reached the *mauvais pas* on Sodom when, a block, which formerly had provided a 'thank-god hold' and a 'running belay' moved at the touch of my hand making further progress rather risky. With this in mind and a very strong desire to behave according to the new ethic and leave the block *in situ* I made a request to a member of an adjoining climbing party that he should go to the top of the crag and secure me with a rope from above which would enable me to proceed with extra care and give my poised friend some assurance that he would not be disturbed. However, things did not go according to plan. Whether it was because our *saviour* was an inordinate time in fulfilling my request, or the fact that I had, periodically, been exchanging my feet on the only available

foothold, as well as steadying the block with a free hand for nearly an hour, or the tension set up thereby, such pricking of the conscience as I had on the subject weakened. Moreover, The Sage with his frowning eye was not at hand to consider any possibility of backsliding on my part. So, cowardice prevailed and the block, mutely accepting the situation, was regretfully, but gently sacrificially pushed to its doom.

NUNG DIMITTIS

He was sitting with his back to a rock as big as a house, a bubbling spring at hand, in a hollow which might have been a hanging glacier ages ago. To reach it, an ascent of about fifteen hundred feet had been, for him at his age, an arduous effort, but now that he had reached his goal a great satisfaction suffused his being as he contemplated the enclosing world of cliffs around him evoking memories of the past, full of incident and enjoyment. The time was midsummer and the day warm and sunny lending itself to musing and semi-somnolent dreaming.

It was more than fifty years ago since he had been caught up with this sport of rock climbing and now, as he meditated on those years he rejoiced at his good fortune that his becoming involved in this activity had provided him with such a satisfactory and wholesome adjunct to life – a clean pursuit demanding physical and mental well-being and providing adventure second to none. In addition there was the friendship of people, varied in their social and educational life, who accepted anyone like-minded regarding hills and crags and enriched one's life by their varied qualities and characteristics. In regard to mountaineering this diversity of mind now and again erupted and he recalled occasions when the scornful remarks of fell-walkers who looked upon cragsmen as having no soul were equally met just as strongly with a special reference to unctiousness. But like all discussions where each party held strong and perhaps biased views these trailed off into an inconclusive result. His own view was that while the fell walker was not insensible to the grandeur and beauty of any crags he encountered on his wayfaring, the cragsman might look at a cliff face, such as the one before him now with a difference. For example, likening it to a cathedral structure with walls, buttresses, towers, niches and great chapel-like recesses which, once he had crossed the portals, provided a veritable sanctuary against the demanding materialistic world of his everyday life. Perhaps this was giving the sport a spirituality

which was only there to a receptive mind in revolt at the urbanity of modern life – whereas a believer in the latter thinking on a more mundane level, would consider this urge to climb mere atavism – a reversion to an ancestral way of life when man left the trees for terra firma. Then he smiled quietly to himself and thought “who is being unctious now?” This idea of a cathedral gave a religious trend to his thinking and led him to the thought that there was a certain fervour in his climbing which had an aspect of religion about it. He was certainly zealous in his advocacy of the sport and was ever ready to lead others that way. There was the case of D. who in his initiate days, doubting his progress in the art, desperately called on him for help and in consequence of that given afterwards told others that the experience was “like that of a brand being plucked from the burning”.

Recalling the earliest days he considered himself fortunate in that he started climbing when the development of the sport was taking the climber away from gullies and chimneys onto the open faces of crags where the tiny holds and mere rugosities demanded another type of footgear which ultimately was found in the rubber soled gym shoe. The introduction of these was largely frowned upon. They were considered to lower the standard of climbing – a fallacy in this case as their use ultimately raised it. What the objections were could hardly have been that of a climber of a later generation who mordantly stated that their use “didn’t give the rocks a chance.” As for himself, when using them he felt he was shod with the winged-sandals of Mercury. How the clinker-nailed boot came to be set up as standard wear for climbing and who dictated it always puzzled him. This new development of climbing had been heralded by the introduction of the girdle traverse and in his practice thereof he envisaged a time when climbing a crag would be a solitary endeavour and the climber, discarding the rope, thereby disposing for the nonce the idea that man was a gregarious animal, would wander over a crag face at will, caressing the hand and footholds with the light touch of Mercury creating a pattern rather of colour than delineation as hitherto. Time, however, has apparently made nonsense of his prophecy for the pendulum swung in the opposite direction – muscle instead of brains again took control. *A new look* at crags took place and route-finding began to concentrate on the hitherto forbidding overhangs where greater precautions and security were necessary. Under the influence of continental practice and usage, a paraphernalia of equipment was now introduced, so instead of the free climbing he had contemplated,

the climber became more and more tied to his rock and thus offends the purists.

To be or not to be — that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and karabiners of this outrageous climbing,
Or to take arms against the multitudinous pioneers,
And by opposing end them? OR?

Well! On a day like this supported by the maturity of years controversial questions could be put aside though his mind still tended toward the idea that some modern Hercules would arise and release Prometheus from his shackled mentality. So his thoughts veered away from contention and turned to the serene recollection of the past when he was blessed with successful assaults on various crags with choice companions. His favourite cliff in the district was a spiring rock in majestic isolation carved and fashioned out of a fellside ages ago for our present delectation. To reach it from the famous climbing centre required some fell-walking. First a dale of some solitude, then a climb alongside a tumbling beck, a ridge-crossing into another dale followed by a most delectable long traverse until the hidden crag comes into view with spell-bound suddenness.

Thus the day dreamed on until twilight began to fall on the hills, the westering sun was now beginning to cast a creeping shadow over the face of the cliff recalling a similar evening years ago when his party was climbing up the wall of the great Ghyll. A race seemed to be on! Would they reach the top of the Pinnacle before the creeping shadow overtook them? At the climax one seemed to be transported into another world. The leading figure, just escaping the shadow emerged in a golden light reminding him of the soaring figure of Epstein's Rima, sculptured on the memorial to the naturalist W. H. Hudson. With a renewal of that vision, which seemed to give a benedictory blessing to this, his last day in the hills, he began to descend to *that* dale to which he had lost his heart when he saw it for the first time from the top of Sty Head Pass some sixty years ago. Here lay the core of his mountaineering life. If there was such a thing as a place being engraved on one's heart, then, for him, the hamlet below was it.

THE ROCK IS

Joe R. Fitschen

The rock is
smooth and cool
to the touch, it
is just there
and will not
change though I
step up and
pull on it, jam
my hands and
feet into its
cracks, rest on
small ledges, say
I have conquered
it or at least
come to terms.

I feel my
body move in
unlikely ways over
improbable places,
hang and stretch
on the edge of
balance, but I
do not even
conquer myself or
come to terms with
my fear. Is it
the act or
the intention, the
climbing or
the conception, that
moves up steep
walls on small
holds?

WALKING

G. M. Trevelyan*

"The thing that I regret most amongst the details of my life is that I never kept a diary of my travels. Never did I think so much, live so much, experience so much, know myself so much, if I dare so speak, than when I was alone and on foot." ROUSSEAU, *Confessions*, I, iv.†

"When you have made an early start, followed the coastguard track on the slopes above the cliffs, struggled through the gold and purple carpeting of gorse and heather on the moors, dipped down into quaint little coves with a primitive fishing village, followed the blinding whiteness of the sands round a lonely bay, and at last emerged upon a headland where you can settle into a nook of the rocks, look down upon the glorious blue of the Atlantic waves breaking into foam on the granite, and see the distant sea-levels glimmering away till they blend imperceptibly into cloudland; then you can consume your modest sandwiches, light your pipe, and feel more virtuous and thoroughly at peace with the universe than it is easy even to conceive yourself elsewhere. I have fancied myself on such occasions a felicitous blend of poet and saint – which is an agreeable sensation. What I wish to point out, however, is that the sensation is confined to the walker."—LESLIE STEPIEN, *In Praise of Walking*.

I have two doctors, my left leg and my right. When body and mind are out of gear (and those twin parts of me live at such close quarters that the one always catches melancholy from the other) I know that I have only to call in my doctors and I shall be well again.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a religious tract called *The Human Machine*. Philosophers and clergymen are always discussing why we should be good – as if any one doubted that he ought to be. But Mr. Bennett has tackled the real problem of ethics and religion – how we can make ourselves be good. We all of us know that we ought to be cheerful to ourselves and kind to others, but cheerfulness is often and kindness sometimes as unattainable as sleep in a white night. That combination of mind and body which I call my soul is often so choked up with bad thoughts or useless worries, that

"Books and my food, and summer rain
Knock on my sullen heart in vain."

It is then that I call in my two doctors to carry me off for the day.

Mr. Bennett's recipe for the blue devils is different. He proposes a course of mental "Swedish exercises", to develop by force

* Trevelyan was one of the most famous social historians of this century and a member of the F.R.C.S. It is over sixty years since this essay was written and it is reproduced here, by permission, from *Clio - A Muse*, Longmans Green, 1913.

† In the original article this was in French. The editor apologises to Rousseau and French persons everywhere.

of will the habit of "concentrating thought" away from useless angers and obsessions and directing it into clearer channels. This is good, and I hope that every one will read and practise Mr. Bennett's precepts. It is good, but it is not all. For there are times when my thoughts, having been duly concentrated on the right spot, refuse to fire, and will think nothing except general misery; and such times, I suppose, are known to all of us.

On these occasions my recipe is to go for a long walk. My thoughts start out with me like blood-stained mutineers debauching themselves on board the ship they have captured, but I bring them home at nightfall, larking and tumbling over each other like happy little boy-scouts at play, yet obedient to every order to "concentrate" for any purpose Mr. Bennett or I may wish.

"A Sunday well spent
Means a week of content."

That is, of course, a Sunday spent with both legs swinging all day over ground where grass or heather grows. I have often known the righteous forsaken and his seed begging their bread, but I never knew a man go for an honest day's walk, for whatever distance, great or small, his pair of compasses could measure out in the time, and not have his reward in the repossession of his own soul.

In this medicinal use of Walking, as the Sabbath-day refection of the tired town worker, companionship is good, and the more friends who join us on the tramp the merrier. For there is not time, as there is on the longer holiday or walking tour, for body and mind to attain that point of training when the higher ecstasies of Walking are felt through the whole being, those joys that crave silence and solitude. And indeed, on these humbler occasions, the first half of the day's walk, before the Human Machine has recovered its tone, may be dreary enough without the laughter of good company, ringing round the interchange of genial and irresponsible verdicts on the topics of the day. For this reason informal Walking societies should be formed among friends in towns, for week-end or Sabbath walks in the neighbouring country. I never get better talk than in these moving Parliaments, and good talk is itself something.

But here I am reminded of a shrewd criticism directed against such talking patrols by a good walker who has written a book on Walking.¹ "In such a case", writes Mr. Sidgwick, "In such a case walking goes by the board; the company either loiters" [it

¹ Sidgwick, *Walking Essays*, pp. 10-11.

depends who is leading] "and trails in clenched controversy" [then the trailers must be left behind without pity] "or, what is worse sacrilege, strides blindly across country like a herd of animals, recking little of whence they come or whither they are going, desecrating the face of nature with sophism and inference and authority, and regurgitated Blue Book." [A palpable hit!] "At the end of such a day what have they profited? Their gross and perishable physical frames may have been refreshed: their less gross but equally perishable minds may have been exercised: but what of their immortal being? It has been starved between the blind swing of the legs below and the fruitless flickering of the mind above, instead of receiving, through the agency of quiet mind and a co-ordinated body, the gentle nutriment which is its due."

Now this passage shows that the author thoroughly understands the high, ultimate end of Walking, which is indeed something other than to promote talk. But he does not make due allowance for times, seasons, and circumstances. You cannot do much with your "immortal soul" in a day's walk in Surrey between one fortnight's work in London and the next; if "body" can be "refreshed" and "mind exercised", it is as much as can be hoped for. The perfection of Walking, such as Mr. Sidgwick describes in the last sentence quoted, requires longer time, more perfect training, and, for some of us at least, a different kind of scenery. Meanwhile let us have good talk as we tramp the lanes.

Nursery lore tells us that "Charles I walked and talked: half-an-hour after his head was cut off". Mr. Sidgwick evidently thinks that it was a case not merely of *post hoc* but *propter hoc*, an example of condign but just punishment. Yet, if I read Cromwell aright, he no less than his royal victim would have talked as he walked. And Cromwell reminds me of Carlyle, who carried the art of "walking and talking" to perfection as one of the highest of human functions. Who does not remember his description of "the sunny summer afternoon" when he and Irving "walked and talked a good sixteen miles?" Those who have gone walks with Carlyle tell us that then most of all the fire kindled. And because he talked well when he walked with others, he felt and thought all the more when he walked alone, "given up to his bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills". He was alone when he walked his fifty-four miles in the day, from Muirkirk to Dumfries, "the longest walk I ever made", he tells us. Carlyle is in every sense a patron saint of Walking, and his vote is emphatically given *not* for the "gospel of silence"!

Though I demand silent walking less, I desire solitary walking more than Mr. Sidgwick. Silence is not enough, I must have solitude for the perfect walk, which is very different from the Sunday tramp. When you are really *walking*¹ the presence of a companion, involving such irksome considerations as whether the pace suits him, whether he wishes to go up by the rocks or down by the burn, still more the haunting fear that he may begin to talk, disturbs the harmony of body, mind, and soul when they stride along no longer conscious of their separate, jarring entities, made one together in mystic union with the earth, with the hills that still beckon, with the sunset that still shows the tufted moor under foot, with old darkness and its stars that take you to their breast with rapture when the hard ringing of heels proclaims that you have struck the final road.

Yet even in such high hours a companion may be good, if you like him well, if you know that he likes you and the pace, and that he shares your ecstasy of body and mind. Even as I write, memories are whispering at my ear how disloyal I am thus to proclaim only solitary walks as perfect. There comes back to me an evening at the end of a stubborn day, when, full of miles and wine, we two were striding towards San Marino over the crest of a high limestone moor – trodden of old by better men in more desperate mood – one of us stripped to the waist, the warm rain falling on our heads and shoulders, our minds become mere instruments to register the goodness and harmony of things, our bodies an animated part of the earth we trod.

And again, from out of the depth of days and nights gone by and forgotten, I have a vision not forgettable of making the steep ascent to Volterra, for the first time, under the circlings of the stars; the smell of unseen almond blossom in the air; the lights of Italy far below us; ancient Tuscany just above us, where we were to sup and sleep guarded by the giant walls. Few went to Volterra then, but years have passed, and now I am glad to think that many go, *faute de mieux*, in motor cars; yet so they cannot hear the silence we heard, or smell the almond blossom we smelt, and if they did they could not feel them as the walker can feel. On that night was companionship dear to my heart, as also on the evening when together we lifted the view of distant Trasimene, being full of the wine of Papal Pienza and striding on to a supper washed down by Monte Pulciano itself drawn straight from its native cellars.

¹ Is there the same sort of difference between *tramping* and *walking* as between *padding* and *rowing*, *scrambling* and *climbing*?

Be not shocked, temperate reader! In Italy wine is not a luxury of doubtful omen, but a necessary part of that good country's food. And if you have walked twenty-five miles and are going on again afterwards, you can imbibe Falstaffian potions and still be as lithe and ready for the field as Prince Hal at Shrewsbury. Remember also that in the Latin village tea is in default. And how could you walk the last ten miles without tea? By a providential ordering, wine in Italy is like tea in England, recuperative and innocent of later reaction. Then, too, there are wines in remote Tuscan villages that a cardinal might envy, wines which travel not, but century after century pour forth their nectar for a little clan of peasants, and for any wise English youth who knows that Italy is to be found scarcely in her picture galleries and not at all in her cosmopolite hotels.

Central Italy is a paradise for the walker. I mean the district between Rome and Bologna, Pisa and Ancona, with Perugia for its headquarters, the place where so many of the walking tours of Umbria, Tuscany, and the Marches can be ended or begun. The "olive-sandalled Apennine" is a land always of great views, and at frequent intervals of enchanting detail. It is a land of hills and mountains, unenclosed, open in all directions to the wanderer at will, unlike some British mountain game preserves. And, even in the plains, the peasant, unlike some south-English farmers, never orders you off his ground, not even out of his olive grove or vineyard. Only the vineyards in the suburbs of large towns are concealed, reasonably enough, between high white walls. The peasants are kind and generous to the wayfarer. I walked alone in those parts with great success before I knew more than twenty words of Italian. The pleasure of losing your way on those hills leads to a push over broken ground to a glimmer of light that proves to come from some lonely farmstead, with the family gathered round the burning brands, in honest, cheerful poverty. They will, without bargain or demur, gladly show you the way across the brushwood moor, till the lights of Gubbio are seen beckoning down in the valley beneath. And Italian towns when you enter them, though it be at midnight, are still half awake, and every one volunteers in the search to find you bed and board.

April and May are the best walking months for Italy. Carry water in a flask, for it is sometimes ten miles from one well to the next that you may chance to find. A siesta in the shade for three or four hours in the mid-day heat, to the tune of cicada and nightingale, is not the least pleasant part of all; and that means

early starting and night walking at the end, both very good things. The stars out there rule the sky more than in England, big and lustrous with the honour of having shone upon the ancients and been named by them. On Italian mountain tops we stand on naked, pagan earth, under the heaven of Lucretius:

“Luna, dies, et nox, et noctis signa severa.”

The chorus-ending from Aristophanes, raised every night from every ditch that drains into the Mediterranean, hoarse and primaeval as the raven's croak, is one of the grandest tunes to walk by. Or on a night in May, one can walk through the too rare Italian forests for an hour on end and never be out of hearing of the nightingale's song.

Once in every man's youth there comes the hour when he must learn, what no one ever yet believed save on the authority of his own experience, that the world was not created to make him happy. In such cases, as in that of Teufelsdröckh, grim Walking's the rule. Every man must once at least in life have the great vision of Earth as Hell. Then, while his soul within him is molten lava that will take some lifelong shape of good or bad when it cools, let him set out and walk, whatever the weather, wherever he is, be it in the depths of London, and let him walk grimly, well if it is by night, to avoid the vulgar sights and faces of men, appearing to him, in his then daemonic mood, as base beyond all endurance. Let him walk until his flesh curse his spirit for driving it on, and his spirit spend its rage on his flesh in forcing it still pitilessly to sway the legs. Then the fire within him will not turn to soot and choke him, as it chokes those who linger at home with their grief, motionless, between four mean, lifeless walls. The stricken one who has, more wisely, taken to road and field, as he plies his solitary pilgrimage day after day, finds that he has with him a companion with whom he is not ashamed to share his grief, even the Earth he treads, his mother who bore him. At the close of a well-trodden day grief can have strange visions and find mysterious comforts. Hastening at droop of dusk through some remote byway never to be found again, a man has known a row of ancient trees nodding over a high stone wall above a bank of wet earth, bending down their sighing branches to him as he hastened past for ever, to whisper that the place knew it all centuries ago and had always been waiting for him to come by, even thus, for one minute in the night.

Be grief or joy the companion, in youth and in middle age, it is only at the end of a long and solitary day's walk that I have had

strange casual moments of mere sight and feeling more vivid and less forgotten than the human events of life, moments like those that Wordsworth has described as his common companions in boyhood, like that night when he was rowing on Esthwaite, and that day when he was nutting in the woods. These come to me only after five-and-twenty miles. To Wordsworth they came more easily, together with the power of expressing them in words! Yet even his vision and power were closely connected with his long daily walks. De Quincey tells us: "I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have traversed a distance of 175,000 or 180,000 English miles, a mode of exertion which to him stood in the stead of alcohol, and all stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which indeed he was indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings".

There are many schools of Walking and none of them orthodox. One school is that of the roadwalkers, the Puritans of the religion. A strain of fine ascetic rigour is in these men, yet they number among them at least two poets.¹ Stevenson is *par excellence* their bard:

"Boldly he sings, to the merry tune he marches."

It is strange that Edward Bowen, who wrote the Harrow songs, left no walking songs, though he himself was the king of the roads. Bowen kept at home what he used to call his "road-map", an index outline of the ordnance survey of our island, ten miles to

¹ Of the innumerable poets who were walkers we know too little to judge how many of them were *road* walkers. Shakespeare, one gathers, preferred the footpath way with stiles to either the high road or the moor.

Wordsworth preferred the lower fell tracks, above the high roads and below the tops of hills. Shelley we can only conceive of as bursting over or through all obstacles cross-country; we know he used to roam at large over Shotover and in the Pisan forest. Coleridge is known to have walked alone over Scafell, but he also seems to have experienced after his own fashion the sensations of night-walking on road:

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

There is a "personal note" in that! Keats, Matthew Arnold, and Meredith, there is evidence, were "mixed" walkers - on and off the road.

the inch, on which he marked his walks in red ink. It was the chief pride of his life to cover every part of the map with those red spider webs. With this end in view he sought new ground every holiday, and walked not merely in chosen hill and coast districts but over Britain's dullest plains. He generally kept to the roads, partly in order to cover more ground, partly, I suppose, from preference for the free and steady sway of leg over level surface which attracts Stevenson and all devotees of the road. He told me that twenty-five miles was the least possible distance even for a slack day. He was certainly one of the Ironsides.

To my thinking, the road-walkers have grasped one part of the truth. The road is invaluable for pace and swing, and the ideal walk permits or even requires a smooth surface for some considerable portion of the way. On other terms it is hard to cover a respectable distance, and the change of tactile values under foot is agreeable.

But more than that I will not concede: twenty-five or thirty miles of moor and mountain, of wood and field-path, is better in every way than five-and-thirty or even forty hammered out on the road. Early in life, no doubt, a man will test himself at pace walking and then of course the road must be kept.

But it is a great mistake to apply the rules of such test Walking on roads to the case of ordinary Walking. The secret beauties of Nature are unveiled only to the cross-country walker. Pan would not have appeared to Pheidippides on a road. On the road we never meet the "moving accidents by flood and field": the sudden glory of a woodland glade; the open back-door of the old farmhouse sequestered deep in rural solitude; the cow routed up from meditation behind the stone wall as we scale it suddenly; the deep, slow, south-country stream that we must jump, or wander along to find the bridge; the northern torrent of molten peat-bag that we must ford up to the waist, to scramble, glowing warm-cold, up the farther foxglove bank; the autumnal dew on the bracken and the blue straight smoke of the cottage in the still glen at dawn; the rush down the mountain side, hair flying, stones and grouse rising at our feet; and at the bottom the plunge in the pool below the waterfall, in a place so fair that kings should come from far to bathe therein – yet is it left, year in year out, unvisited save by us and "troops of stars". These, and a thousand other blessed chances of the day, are the heart of Walking, and these are not of the road.

Yet the hard road plays a part in every good walk, generally at the beginning and at the end. Nor must we forget the "soft"

road, mediating as it were between his hard artificial brother and wild surrounding nature. The broad grass lanes of the low country, relics of mediaeval wayfaring; the green, unfenced moorland road; the derelict road already half gone back to pasture; the common farm track – these and all their kin are a blessing to the walker, to be diligently sought out by help of map¹ and used as long as may be. For they unite the speed and smooth surface of the harder road with much at least of the softness to the foot, the romance and the beauty of cross-country routes.

It is well to seek as much variety as is possible in twelve hours. Road and track, field and wood, mountain, hill, and plain should follow each other in shifting vision. The finest poem on the effect of variation in the day's walk is George Meredith's *The Orchard and the Heath*. Some kinds of country are in themselves a combination of different delights, as for example the sub-Lake District, which walkers often see in Pisgah-view from Bowfell or the Old Man, but too seldom traverse. It is a land, sounding with streams from the higher mountains, itself composed of little hills and tiny plains covered half by hazel woods and heather moors, half by pasture and cornfields; and in the middle of the fields rise lesser islands of rocks and patches of the northern jungle still uncleared. The districts along the foot of mountain ranges are often the most varied in feature and therefore the best for Walking.

Variety, too, can be obtained by losing the way – a half-conscious process, which in a sense can no more be done of deliberate purpose than falling in love. And yet a man can sometimes very wisely let himself drift, either into love, or into the wrong path out walking. There is a joyous mystery in roaming on, reckless where you are, into what valley, road or farm chance and the hour is guiding you. If the place is lonely and beautiful, and if you have lost all count of it upon the map, it may seem a fairy glen, a lost piece of old England that no surveyor would find though he searched for it a year. I scarcely know whether most to value this quality of aloofness, and magic in country I have never seen before and may never see again, or the familiar joys of Walking-grounds where every tree and rock are rooted in the memories that make up my life.

Places where the fairies might still dwell lie for the most part west of Avon. Except the industrial plain of Lancashire the whole

¹ Compass and coloured half-inch Bartholomew is the walker's *vademecum* in the North; the one-inch ordnance is more desirable for the more enclosed and less hilly south of England.

West from Cornwall to Carlisle is, when compared to the East of our island, more hilly, more variegated, and more thickly strewn with old houses and scenes unchanged since Tudor times. The Welsh border, on both sides of it, is good ground. If you would walk away for a while out of modern England, back and away for twice two hundred years, arrange so that a long day's tramp may drop you at nightfall off the Black Mountain onto the inn that nestles in the ruined tower of old Llanthony. Then go on through

"Clunton and Clunbury, Clungunford and Clun,
The quietest places under the sun,"

still sleeping their Saxon sleep, with one drowsy eye open for the "wild Welsh" on the "barren mountains" above. Follow more or less the line of Offa's Dyke, which passes, a disregarded bank, through the remotest loveliness of gorse-covered down and thick trailing vegetation of the valley bottoms. Or if you are more leisurely, stay a week at Wigmore till you know the country round by heart. You will carry away much, among other things considerably scepticism as to the famous sentence at the beginning of the third chapter of Macaulay's *History*: "Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred, or one building in ten thousand". It is doubtful even now, and I suspect that it was a manifest exaggeration when it was written two generations ago. But Macaulay was not much of a walker across country.¹

One time with another, I have walked twice at least round the coast of Devon and Cornwall, following for the most part the white stones that mark the coastguard track along the cliff. The joys of this method of proceeding have been celebrated by Leslie Stephen in the paragraph quoted at the head of this essay. But I note that he used to walk there in the summer, when the heather was "purple". I prefer Easter for that region, because when spring comes to conquer our island he lands first in the Southwest. That is when the gorse first smells warm on the cliff-top. Then, too, is the season of daffodils and primroses, which are as native to the creeks of Devon and Cornwall as the scalded cream itself. When the heather is "purple" I will look for it elsewhere.

If the walker seeks variety of bodily motion, other than the run down hill, let him scramble. Scrambling is an integral part of

¹ Like Shelley, he used to *read* as he walked. I do not think Mr. Sidgwick would permit that.

Walking, when the high ground is kept all day in a mountain region. To know and love the texture of rocks we should cling to them; and when mountain ash or holly, or even the gnarled heather root, has helped us at a pinch, we are thenceforth on terms of affection with all their kind. No one knows how sun and water can make a steep bank of moss smell all ambrosia till he has dug foot, fingers, and face into it in earnest. And you must learn to haul yourself up a rock before you can visit those fernclad inmost secret places where the Spirit of the Gully dwells.

It may be argued that scrambling and its elder brother climbing are the essence of Walking made perfect. I am not a climber and cannot judge. But I acknowledge in the climber the one person who, upon the whole, has not good reason to envy the walker. On the other hand, those stalwart Britons who, for their country's good, shut themselves up in one flat field all day and play there, surrounded by ropes and a crowd, may keep themselves well and happy, but they are divorced from nature. Shooting does well when it draws out into the heart of nature those who could not otherwise be induced to go there. But shooters may be asked to remember that the moors give as much health and pleasure to others who do not carry guns. They may, by the effort of a very little imagination, perceive that it is not well to instruct their gamekeepers to turn every one off the most beautiful grounds in Britain on those 350 days in the year when they themselves are not shooting. Their actual sport should not be disturbed, but there is no sufficient reason for this dog-in-the-manger policy when they are not using the moors. The closing of moors is a bad habit that is spreading in some places, though I hope it is disappearing in others. It is extraordinary that a man not otherwise selfish should prohibit the pleasures of those who delight in the moors for their own sakes, on the offchance that he and his guests may kill another stag, or a dozen more grouse in the year. And in most cases an occasional party on the moor makes no difference to the grouse at all. The Highlands have very largely ceased to belong to Britain on account of the deer, and we are in danger of losing the grouse moors as well. If the Alps were British, they would long ago have been closed on account of the chamois.

The energetic walker can of course in many cases despise notice-boards and avoid gamekeepers on the moors, but I put in this plea on behalf of the majority of holiday-makers, including women and children. One would have thought that mountains as well as seas were a common pleasure-ground. But let us

register our thanks to the many who do not close their moors.

And the walker, on his side, has his social duties. He must be careful not to leave gates open, not to break fences, not to walk through hay or crops, and not to be rude to farmers. In the interview, always try to turn away wrath, and in most cases you will succeed.

A second duty is to burn or bury the fragments that remain from lunch. To find the neighbourhood of a stream-head, on some well-known walking route like Scafell, littered with soaked paper and the relics of the feast is disgusting to the next party. And this brief act of reverence should never be neglected, even in the most retired nooks of the world. For all nature is sacred, and in England there is none too much of it.

Thirdly, though we should trespass we should trespass only so as to temper law with equity. Private gardens and the immediate neighbourhood of inhabited houses must be avoided or only crossed when there is no fear of being seen. All rules may be thus summed up: "Give no man, woman, or child just reason to complain of your passage".

If I have praised wine in Italy, by how much more shall I praise tea in England! – the charmed cup that prolongs the pleasure of the work and often its actual distance by the last, best spell of miles. Before modern times there was Walking, but not the perfection of Walking, because there was no tea. They of old time said: "The traveller hasteth towards evening", but it was then from fear of robbers and the dark, not from the joy of glad living as with us who swing down the darkling road refreshed by tea. When they reached the Forest of Arden, Rosalind's spirits and Touchstone's legs were weary – but if only Corin could have produced a pot of tea, they would have walked on singing till they found the Duke at dinner. In that scene Shakespeare put his unerring finger fine on the want of his age – tea for walkers at evening.

Tea is not a native product, but it has become our native drink, procured by our English energy at seafaring and trading, to cheer us with the sober courage that fits us best. No, let the swart Italian crush his grape! But grant to me, ye Muses, for heart's ease, at four o'clock or five, wasp-waisted with hunger and faint with long four miles an hour, to enter the open door of a lane-side inn, and ask the jolly hostess if she can give me three boiled eggs with my tea – and let her answer "yes". Then for an hour's perfect rest and recovery, while I draw from my pocket some

small, well-thumbed volume, discoloured by many rains and rivers, so that some familiar, immortal spirit may sit beside me at the board. There is true luxury of mind and body! Then on again into the night if it be winter, or into the dusk falling or still but threatened – joyful, a man remade.

Then is the best yet to come, when the walk is carried on into the night, or into the long, silent, twilight hours which in the northern summer stand in night's place. Whether I am alone or with one fit companion, then most is the quiet soul awake; for then the body, drugged with sheer health, is felt only as a part of the physical nature that surrounds it and to which it is indeed akin; while the mind's sole function is to be conscious of calm delight. Such hours are described in Meredith's *Night Walk*:

"A pride of legs in motion kept
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,
And what was deepest dreaming slept;
The posts that named the swallowed mile;
Beside the straight canal the hut
Abandoned; near the river's source
Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;
The roadway missed were our discourse;
At times dear poets, whom some view
Transcendent or subdued evoked . . .
But most the silences were sweet!"

Indeed the only reason, other than weakness of the flesh, for not always walking until late at night, is the joy of making a leisurely occupation of the handlet that chance or whim has selected for the night's rest. There is much merit in the stroll after supper, hanging contemplative at sunset over the little bridge, feeling at one equally with the geese there on the common and with the high gods at rest on Olympus. After a day's walk everything has twice its usual value. Food and drink become subjects for epic celebration, worthy of the treatment Homer gave them. Greed is sanctified by hunger and health. And as with food, so with books. Never start on a walking tour without an author whom you love. It is criminal folly to waste your too rare hours of perfect receptiveness on the magazines that you may find cumbering the inn. No one, indeed, wants to read long after a long walk, but for a few minutes, at supper or after it, you may be in the seventh heaven with a scene of *Henry IV*, a chapter of Carlyle, a dozen "Nay, Sirs" of Dr. Johnson, or your own chosen novelist. Their wit and poetry acquire all the richness of your then

condition, and that evening they surpass even their own gracious selves. Then, putting the volume in your pocket, go out, and godlike watch the geese.

On the same principle it is good to take a whole day off in the middle of a walking tour. It is easy to get stale, yet it is a pity to shorten a good walk for fear of being tired next day. One day off in a well-chosen hamlet, in the middle of a week's "hard", is often both necessary to the pleasure of the next three days, and good in itself in the same kind of excellence as that of the evening just described. All day long, as we lie *perdu* in wood or field, we have perfect laziness and perfect health. The body is asleep like a healthy infant – or, if it must be doing for one hour of the blessed day, let it scramble a little; while the powers of mind and soul are at their topmost strength and yet are not put forth, save intermittently and casually, like a careless giant's hand. Our modern life requires such days of "anti-worry", and they are only to be obtained in perfection when the body has been walked to a standstill.

George Meredith once said to me that we should "love all changes of weather". That is a true word for walkers. Change in weather should be made as welcome as change in scenery. "Thrice blessed is our sunshine after rain". I love the stillness of dawn, and of noon, and of evening, but I love no less the "winds austere and pure". The fight against fiercer wind and snowstorm is among the higher joys of Walking, and produces in shortest time the state of ecstasy. Meredith himself has described once for all in the *Egoist* the delight of Walking soaked through by rain. Still more in mist upon the mountains, to keep the way, or to lose and find it, is one of the great primæval games, though now we play it with map and compass. But do not, in mountain mist, "lose the way" on purpose, as I have recommended to vary the monotony of less exciting walks. I once had eight days' walking alone in the Pyrenees, and on only one half-day saw heaven or earth. Yet I enjoyed that week in the mist, for I was kept hard at work finding the unseen way through pine forest and gurgling Alp, every bit of instinct and hill-knowledge on the stretch. And that one half-day of sunlight, how I treasured it! When we see the mists sweeping up to play with us as we walk the mountain crests, we should "rejoice", as it was the custom of Cromwell's soldiers to do when they saw the enemy. Listen while you can to the roar of waters from behind the great grey curtain, and look at the torrent at your feet tumbling the rocks down gully and glen, for there will be no such sights and sounds when the mists are

withdrawn into their lairs, and the mountain, no longer a giant half seen through clefts of scudding cloud, stands there, from scree-foot to cairn, dwarfed and betrayed by the sun. So let us "love all changes of weather".

I have now set down my own experiences and likings. Let no one be alarmed or angry because his ideas of Walking are different. There is no orthodoxy in Walking. It is a land of many paths and no-paths, where every one goes his own way and is right.

THE ALPS 1974

Rodney Valentine

"Very interesting", remarked Scruff as I rushed past him at 32 feet per sec.². We were falling from the Frendo Spur on the North Face of the Aiguille du Midi. It was to have been my second route of the holidays, the first having been the Gervasutti on Mont Blanc du Tacul.

Scruff and Mike had driven out to Courmayeur a week ahead of the rest of the team, and they had already had some excitement. After setting off to do the North Face of the Tour Ronde in the afternoon, they eventually were benighted on the descent and had consequently spent a cold bivouac in the Vallée Blanche. Their second route had been the South Ridge of the Noire, which went smoothly. Mind you, there was the matter of a short tumble taken by Scruff when a block came away while he was seconding one of the early pitches.

Lynn, myself and Diana McIlreavy had arrived during the first week in August just a few days after Bob and Marjorie Allen who had been accompanied by Jane Mortimer. Bob and Marjorie managed to climb the North Face of the Tour Ronde, without bivouac, a point upon which they reminded Mike and Scruff.

The weather was good and Mike and Scruff with a couple of good routes behind them were planning sterner stuff; the Gervasutti Pillar on Mont Blanc du Tacul. Although I had not yet done a training route, the idea of this climb attracted me, so we decided to make up two ropes. I would climb with Scruff, and Mike with Marjorie.

We set off for the Torino Hut on Tuesday afternoon with the intention of doing the route the following day, but the weather had now become rather unsettled, so we waited in the hut for a further day. We eventually got under way on Thursday morning, and arrived at the foot of the Pillar at about 7.30 a.m.

I led off across the bergschrund and up a steep ice runnel beyond; this brought us onto the Pillar proper. The first pitch was V, and felt a bit strenuous due to a heavy sack and lack of acclimatisation. However, I soon got into the swing of things as Scruff and I took alternate leads, with Mike and Marjorie always close behind.

The main difficulties are in the first 1,500 feet, with numerous pitches of V and some of V sup., and a couple of A1. The climbing was superb, the sun shone, and the rock was sound. What more can a man ask for?

However, I have found that when everything is going so

smoothly, something often goes wrong. When we had overcome the main difficulties we stopped for a bite of lunch. I took off my rucksack and hung it up by the hauling loop onto the karabiner to which I was belayed. No sooner had I done this than the hauling strap broke and my sack went bouncing down to the glacier 2,000 feet below. What a predicament! Half-way up the Gervasutti Pillar, in the middle of the afternoon wearing shirt sleeves and the possibility of a bivouac as we had still about 1,500 feet to climb to the summit. Then, to top it all, the mist began to swirl about us.

Clearly it was a matter of some urgency that we should reach the Aiguille du Midi tonight! The first obstacle was right in front of us – an ice slope. I had no axe or crampons, or any other gear for that matter. Scruff led this as he had the appropriate equipment, and fortunately the rest of the climb did not involve any further ice pitches. In the course of events, we had fallen behind schedule, and arrived on the summit just as night was falling. What were we to do?

“We’ll bivouac here”, remarked Scruff as we were standing on the highest projection on the Tacul.

“No we will not!” (or words to that effect) retorted Mike.

These were my sentiments exactly as I was still in shirt sleeves.

It was eventually decided that we would carry out the descent in the darkness, as the cloud had now cleared and we could see a little way in the moonlight. The descent to the Aiguille du Midi is down a long snow slope. This proved a little tricky without crampons, but eventually we reached the Cosmiques Hut on the Midi at about 1 a.m.

No sooner had the guardian allowed us in, than he wanted to throw us out again because we hadn’t enough money to pay his extortionate fees. This alarmed us a bit, because we were all a little tired to say the least, and I would have been in a right state if I had had to spend the rest of the night out in the open. However, after a little bit of smooth talk he allowed us to sleep under the kitchen table and actually gave us a brew. This left us with insufficient money to pay for the téléphérique back to the Torino, and none of us fancied walking back across the Vallée Blanche. Luckily, Scruff managed to wangle some tickets at reduced rates, and we were on our way back to Courmayeur, which we reached at lunchtime on Friday.

After a day’s rest, which was spent borrowing a fresh complement of gear, the four of us set out once more. The weather was bad again as we boarded the Grand Montets téléphérique bound

for the North Face of the Dru. A gale blew all night, and in the morning it was still clagged in, so we went back to bed. However, about lunchtime it turned out to be a magnificent day, but after the previous night's weather, we decided that the Dru must be out of condition, and that we would go for a Brenva Face route instead.

We piled onto the téléphérique, and down to the valley. In Argentière we met Bob and Trevor on their way up to the North Face of the Dru. After ten minutes chat they changed their minds and a new sports plan was conceived. As we had a limited amount of ice gear, Mike and Marjorie would go for the North Ridge of the Peigne, and Bob, Trevor, Scruff and myself would climb the Frendo Spur on the Midi.

We caught the last téléphérique up to the Plan de l'Aiguille and bivouacked just below the Pèlerins Glacier. The weather was perfect and we set off at about 4 a.m. in the wake of several other teams.

The Frendo Spur is a route comprising three sections: a rock buttress, a magnificent ice arête, and a final rognon which can be climbed direct, or by-passed on the right in favour of a very steep ice slope. However, the first 500 feet or so of the first section is diabolically loose and no security can be found in the way of belays or runners. We had nearly overcome this section of the climb, but the constant jockeying for position with the other teams which had by now grown to about twenty, caused us to stray off the best line. I couldn't find an adequate belay, so I had to be satisfied with a moac and a nut placed behind a loose flake. After Scruff had climbed up to me, he proceeded to traverse down to the right to get back on to the easiest climb, but encountered a smooth 10 foot rock step on the way. He started to climb down this facing outwards; he fell off; the belays just fell out and I was plucked off the stance.

So there we were, with no runners between us and both falling together. Scruff slid down his 10 foot step and grabbed hold of a large block, whilst I continued for a further 50 feet, and landed on a ledge, feet first, just as the rope jammed behind some large blocks above me. He was unscathed, but my arm was badly grazed, I lost a big toe nail and bruised the bone at the base of my heel.

We retreated down to Chamonix, and after I had taken my boot off to inspect the damage I was unable to get it on again for the next two months. Bob and Trevor continued their ascent and reported it to be a magnificent route. The rest of my holiday was spent festering down by Lake Annecy.

TO FIND OUT WHY:

An apprentice in East Greenland

Angela Faller

Kap Dalton is a bleak headland of basalt on the coast of East Greenland in latitude 70°. It flanks a land of jagged ridges rising to the inland ice, great fjords and glaciers which plunge into the sea. No one lives within a hundred miles of Kap Dalton and even the polar bears get there by accident, for there is little they can eat. Only seabirds and storms disturb the Arctic peace. All year Jack had been scheming how to get to Kap Dalton and sample some sediments mapped by Wager in 1932. From earlier work he had done just south of the area, Jack had a hunch that these sediments would contain microfossils of identifiable age. This would indicate the minimum age of the basalts beneath them and be an important clue to solving the problem of when Greenland split from the European continent, with a great burst of volcanic activity. Good thinking – but few places in the world are less accessible than Kap Dalton.

Quite unexpectedly, the invitation arrived. The Geological Survey for Greenland (G.G.U.), based in Denmark, wanted Jack and an assistant to map the basalts south of Scoresby Sund. Permission for access was, of course, automatic, all travel arrangements would be made and, given good ice conditions, the farthest point south would be – Kap Dalton. So it was that in summer 1975 we achieved our objective and also climbed virgin summits in Greenland, not because they were there, but to find out why they were there.

In July we sailed from Denmark on the ice ship *Nella Dan*, making a supply voyage to the settlement on the north shore of Scoresby Sund. With us were Stuart Watt and his Danish wife Margrethe. Jack was amazed at the luxury of *Nella* compared with the *Signalhorn* of earlier expeditions, though on *Nella* he couldn't go on the bridge and steer. *Nella* was delayed for several days in thick pack ice. Sometimes there would be open water with fantastic ice sculptures bobbing along; often there would be solid pack with pressure ridges that not even an ice ship could break through. One midnight (when the most junior officer was on watch) I climbed the crow's nest to see the midnight sun and full moon at opposite sides of the sky. First, off Greenland we saw mirages, then inverted icebergs and overhanging islands, and finally real peaks, snow fields and glaciers.

At last *Nella* reached the settlement and in due course our equipment was unloaded. Most important were the two inflatable dinghies with outboard motors. We called ours *Lille* (little) *Dan*, hoping it would be a good ice boat. Scoresby Sund is not a good place to start an expedition, even a Danish-sponsored one. With some difficulty we arranged for a local vessel to take us across the Sund and down the coast, placing fuel dumps for our return in the little boats. Luckily there was not much ice and Camp I was established only a few kilometres north of Kap Dalton.

Behind the camp, mountains rose to 1,000 metres in rugged ridges that disappeared under the ice cap. They had banded, stepped faces formed by consecutive flows of basaltic lava. The basalts had cooled into hexagonal columns and were often intruded by dykes making staircases, as on Skye. But ascending these hills was mountaineering at its most challenging. 'Climbing' started on the first field day. To map the basalts properly we had to measure sections; this meant getting up a sequence and recording the thickness of the flows, the mineral composition, and other details which show whether the lavas were erupted onto land or under water. It is often possible to correlate sections many miles apart.

We needed all our climbing experience. Arctic weathering of basalt makes for desperately loose terrain; innocent gradients were often impossible. Snow lay in and below the gullies and bergschrunds hindered our approach to the lower rocks. At best, it was three steps forward and two steps back. Sometimes we had to turn great tottering gendarmes and still keep continuity of our field records. On the screes we would start interminable avalanches – we could get down quickly at risk of being buried alive. Ropes would have been useless but we could have done with helmets. All the maps of this area have been produced from aerial photographs; without a doubt the summits we reached were all virgin but none was unique enough to deserve a name. The work made the effort worthwhile – no-one would climb these hills for fun.

Usually the weather improved as we gained height; we would emerge from cold sea mist into warm sunshine. On our first visit to Kap Dalton, Jack and I sailed through the mist on a compass bearing as best we could, using leads to get through the pack ice. Soon we were beaching *Lille Dan* near Amdrup's Hus, an ancient wooden hut scratched by bears' claws. We worked all day, mapping, sampling, taking photographs, scarcely conscious of our extreme isolation. Due to the sea mist, we never noticed the

ice swirling in on the tide. By evening the bay was solid with ice. Wearily, we came to grips with the boat. If we removed the engine and carried it separately, we were just strong enough to drag the boat across the ice. Two hours later we reached the headland half a mile away; there was clear water beyond and *Lille Dan* sailed home. But we never went out without survival kit again.

Usually we worked as two independent pairs, in order to see more, but Kap Dalton was so interesting that all four of us went back to it and beyond. Jack and I were studying the dykes round the far headland next time the ice came in, and by the time we found the others it was again too late. This time we escaped by dismantling a boat and carrying the sections overland, across a boggy isthmus behind the headland. This looked ridiculous, but after several strenuous journeys we had all we needed on the side nearer the camp. Late evening found us struggling to reassemble the boat before the tide went out. Again we slept in camp and collected *Lille Dan* on the ebb tide next day.

We made four more camps on the journey north. Moving inevitably brought problems with ice-fast headlands, poor visibility and heavily laden boats. No longer could we plane along; our speed was cut by half. Sometimes a gap in the ice would open just long enough for one boat to pass but not the other. Jack had a useful flair for avoiding dead ends. We used to jump onto the ice and push the floes apart with poles, one pusher from each boat.

We discovered hot springs, too warm for the hands, ruined Eskimo dwellings of uncertain age, and cunning bear traps where the animal shoots itself with a rifle. (Greenlanders hunt along the coast in spring, travelling by dog sledge over the frozen sea). There was little other evidence of life, just fox prints and an occasional seal's head in the water. We wasted ammunition shooting icebergs and fuel drums. The days passed quickly. In mid-August late reading in bed was no longer possible and by morning fresh ice had formed on the sea. One camp was in an idyllic place by a little freshwater lake behind a storm beach. Dwarf willow and yellow Iceland poppies grew on its banks. Inland, a broad glacier offered access to the ice-cap and the mountains had flat tops like Ingleborough. But our talent for glaciers was not required on this expedition – we had no skis or sledges, nor any time to spare.

The last camp shift was our epic. We had to make fifty miles along an unfriendly coast with offshore rocks, sheer cliffs and

cornices overhanging the sea. Until we rounded Kap Brewster, the turbulent southern limit of Scoresby Sund, not even *Lille Dan* could put ashore. As soon as we were committed to this journey the weather began to deteriorate. The wind strengthened from behind and built up a big following sea. We couldn't put about or go back with the limited power of our engines so we had to let the elements take us and concentrate on staying afloat. *Lille Dan* was low in the water and the sea kept breaking over. I baled frantically with a bucket while Jack slid the boat down the waves. Communication with the other boat was out of the question. We were frozen. If the boat had swamped we would have been in real trouble. But the peril on the sea lasted only three hours; the wind blew us round Kap Brewster in clouds of spray with gallons of fuel to spare.

Camp 5 was at a deserted settlement, filthy with blubber and entrails of seal inside the houses and out. Eventually we cleaned out a room to live in while we waited for the helicopter. We cleaned the dinghies and packed them away. Then we tried to excavate a geological boundary under the scree, but only came to permafrost. Storm clouds glowered over Scoresby Sund and kept the helicopter at base. It was two days overdue, a short delay by Arctic standards, when it swooped down for us. And the expedition went all the way home by air, over the Staunings Alps at sunrise and over the icecap to a civilised airport at Sondre Stromfjord in West Greenland. We bathed and changed and went stalking reindeer in our only clean clothes.

Scientific expeditions are just as tantalising as climbing ones for ending with thoughts of what else might have been done, given more time. Happily, our Kap Dalton sediments yielded microfossils with ages close to what we anticipated. We now have a much better idea of why there are basalt mountains on East Greenland and when they first appeared. But the break-up of continents poses many more questions. And to answer them we need to go and get much more field evidence from Greenland.

A CAIRNGORM VENTURE

Ian Angell

Some years back while walking over the Cairngorm plateau towards the top of Loch Avon we were confronted by the Shelter Stone Crag and thought it the most impressive piece of rock we had ever seen in Britain. It easily surpassed Creag an Dubh Loch, Cairn Dearg on the Ben or minor excrescences such as Scafell and Cloggy. Our respect was increased as we climbed *Citadel*, a 1958 route, grassy lower down but the upper pitches giving one the full benefit of the exposure on the central face. The following day we attempted the main climb of the crag, Robin Smith's *The Needle*, but faint hearts caused us to retreat before we became fully committed. Following this the reputation of the route was increased by hearing from Les Brown that he thought *The Needles* the finest climb he had ever done and he thought the standard was Hard VS/Mild XS for much of the way.

At last, in July 1974, Peter Moffat and I walked over from Coire Cas to do battle during a weekend visit. At half past ten we were first at the crag and looked up the great concave face to where a chimney crack indicated the final pitch and we supposed we could see a chink of light indicating the way through the chock-stones which made up the eye of the needle.

The first pitch is delightful, granite slabs, reminiscent of Etive, a step or swing onto a nose and further slabs to a stance in a grassy corner. The next part was steeper and Peter led off up an awkward wall and then disappeared over the top onto delicate slabs for a long 140 feet pitch. This gave out onto a grassy terrace along which *Postern* traverses. From here the face reared up and the line could be traced to the final crack. First an easier pitch led up to a stance and peg belay on a block at the bottom of a steep crack. The next pitch looked hard and a tape sling dangled ominously from a peg beside a bulging crack away to the left. However, the rock remained immaculate granite so off I went laybacking up a flake crack hopefully to a resting place. This was an illusion and the ledge for traversing along was much narrower than had appeared; the wall above was holdless; the exposure was now very apparent. As the chances of staying on became smaller the need to move increased so, spreadeagled, I inched along until the ledge widened slightly and some form of rest could be taken. Ten feet away the sling dangled tantalisingly. Again out over the void with the ledge narrowing further until at last the tatty tape was reached. A runner was rapidly fixed and the situation eased. The crack itself was obviously going to need a quick push as it

was steep but it looked easier above. So as once again it was not the place to stop up I went. Hands and fingers found side pulls, feet something or nothing; the peg would have been used if it had been of benefit but it wasn't; then still on the fingers I was at the top with my whole body suspended over the drop; the exit holds I had confidently expected did not materialise and the situation became worrying. A couple of attempts to get out upwards failed so I made a desperate lurch over to a parallel crack a few feet left, this was followed by a quick mantelshelf and I found myself in the scoop above. A few more awkward moves and the biggest belay in the world appeared. There was no jocular call down this time, but Peter soon arrived and we really began to feel that nothing could stop us.

An easier pitch went right along a shelf to the foot of a steep thin crack cluttered with pegs. A few layback moves and then a swing round the corner and up over blocks and we realised we had rapidly gained height. The next pitch went easily enough, up past the foot of the superb corner which forms the culminating pitch of *Steeple* to the bottom of the final chimney that we had seen from the ground far below. This looked easy but proved surprisingly difficult being too wide to jam or layback and too narrow to get inside. Instead fairly difficult bridging proved the best method of climbing but there was virtually no protection available as the crack was so deep. This pitch continued for a full 110 feet and ended on a pile of boulders beneath the plateau. After moving carefully over these we suddenly appeared out of a hole and onto the flat summit.

The difficulty was not excessive, mainly good sustained VS, but the bulging crack proved to be definitely the crux. Escapes are possible along the various ledge systems on the right. There is some danger of knocking loose rocks off onto parties below.

When we arrived back at the bottom there was a question of what to do next as the weekend's main objective had been accomplished in 3½ hours. Some Scots lads urged us to do *Steeple*, the companion route to *The Needle*. We preferred contrast so a walk was taken up to Ben Macdhui. After walking through the thick mist that had crept in we emerged into the sunshine on a windless summit. Such conditions must be rare. We sunbathed for an hour before returning to our tent beside Loch Avon. After eating we went over to the Scots lads now bivouacking under the Shelter Stone and found they had failed on both *Steeple* and *The Needle*. Our superior feelings were confirmed in the subsequent bouldering!

Next morning the sky was dull and overcast but we decided to try and find Creagan a'choire Etchachan, home of the intriguingly named *Djibangi*. After an hour's stumbling over scree in the mist a momentary lifting showed the Hutchison Memorial Hut down below. With this as guide the bottom of the route was eventually found and up we went. The two main pitches were good, steepish bridging up the corner and a swing up onto the arête. (These pitches are shown on the front of the new Cairngorms Guide, Vol. II). The top pitches were poor but apparently the direct finish is much better. Following this we ran back to the base of the crag and the start of another recommended route, *The Talisman*, Hard Severe. This would be a classic anywhere. It had varied pitches, sound rock, good positions and was interesting all the way to the top. An overhanging corner gave food for thought although as it was directly above a good stance it was not serious. That seemed to be the difference between Shelter Stone and this much more gentle crag.

This finished the climbing, so back we trogged, ate, packed, walked over to rejoin the multitudes in Corrie Cas and back home.

REMEMBERING

Anonymous

It was a day to remember; a typical early spring day on Scottish hills after an unusually heavy winter snow. They had waited for this for two days during which the hill mist lay low and snow showers fell. But now they were picking their way up the glen to the broad basin before the corrie.

He was on his own but not alone. About 300 yards ahead were the cluster of 'Hard Men', pausing to remove their smart red duvets. He smiled to himself and remembered how 30 years ago he himself had been one of the 'tigers'. He knew only too well that the first two hours of the day was the time for burning off both one's rivals and last night's ale. Behind him plodded the Club's elders – no red duvets for them. In fact one identified them without looking, for across the frozen silence of the glen came the sound of carefully articulated words spoken in warm but well modulated Northern accents. He wondered what the discussion was about today; yesterday it had been the trade unions and the whole meet had joined in the discussion, which at least had taken their minds off the knee deep snow. For the past half hour he had been enjoying his own company for the mist was clearing and they were in for a fine day. They would have a breather at the watershed and he hoped the party could be talked into going straight for the South Top with a view to doing the complete Traverse. It would make a long day; but they had torches and the younger lads would enjoy the gully above the second bealach.

The snow was firmer after the clear frosty night and the sun was catching the little broken piles of snow kicked up by the party ahead – diamonds thrown at random across frozen heather. He saw the track made by the dog fox they had disturbed in the conifer forest 1,000 feet below them. He remembered the wave of contentment that had warmed him at that moment. For those few brief minutes he was part of the natural order of things, another dog fox escaping from the need to provide for himself. The computer issue seemed very trivial and he would have gladly given way if the smartly dressed consultant had suddenly emerged enunciating his plastic entombed words of wisdom. He did not really understand the complex case for the new installation or the need to set up a new organisational structure. He remembered asking himself why he simply did not ask to retire on a reduced pension and spend more time finishing off his

'Munros'. He supposed it was pride and he was probably right.

The party had gathered on the watershed as expected. Cameras were in evidence and as he sat down he saw the reason in the shape of monolithic buttresses rising black and menacing from the snow covered apron of scree. He joined in the identification parade, spotted the West Gully by the obvious block near the right hand exit and he had thrown snow over the grinning youthful face of his tormentor who had asked him if he had used his Whymper ice-axe 'pole' on that long past occasion. He had reminded him that in those days one could not afford to indulge in technological gimmicks. He remembered this and how he had immediately regretted it because it had been a totally gratuitous observation. The young man had dug into his sack and tossed an apple across to him.

The two elders had wandered off down the other glen and the main party then shuffled to their feet, pulled goggles down and set off towards the steep ridge, no longer broken into knots of particular friends, but one team with himself at the front. They had ribbed him and suggested that his 'pole' would make it easier for him so he could kick the steps, it would be especially easy for a mountaineer of his standing and experience! In his heart he knew they were putting him there so that he could set the pace as they did not wish to see him spoil his chance of doing the Traverse. He remembered how one easily forgot the effect of that extra 1,000 feet which was on Scottish hills. The ascent to the first summit had been a grunt and crampons had been necessary towards the top. He remembered the sound of points squealing into hard packed snow, the curses of his friends, the chatter of scurrying ptarmigan and the relief of seeing the ice-encrusted cairn.

A red duvet was thrown around his shoulders as the wind sighed across the snow plateau in front of them. He muttered his thanks as he extracted gloves and flask from his sack. They were alone, a group of friends fused by a genuine love of the mountains, merely specks on a white, elevated and frozen desert. Conversation began and just as comfortably faded out. Before them lay the Traverse and already the sun was at its height. They knew it was going to be a 13 hour day but the party was strong and they had plenty of food and gear.

He remembered getting to his feet and explaining that as the geriatric member of the party he would walk on slowly. He did not remember, because he did not hear, the appreciative comments from his friends as they saw him descend, reach the saddle

and begin the easy three mile ascent to the North Top. It was his world and he wanted no other. The going was easy and his carefully measured strides were eating up the distance. He reached the next summit, glanced behind, saw the party well on its way and turned to face the main obstacle of the day – a descent to the bealach and then a steep pull out for 1,500 feet to the next top. After that a swing right, the full length of the ridge, with 3 more summits to cross and then eleven miles back to the glen. He remembered the pull up and how he had used his ploy that the best way of resting in winter was to go slowly for a while. He had no leg muscle strain and had climbed the 1,500 feet in good time considering it was the end of the day. He was a little hungry but he could refuel his energy from his flask and a packet of glucose tablets.

He was now alone in the hills he loved. The sun was setting and casting a roseate hue over the summits before him. The sky was already purple overhead, paling to lemon and gold on the skyline. Behind him the bealach was black and somewhere it held his friends. He looked around and could see for 50 miles of snow covered Scottish hills which he had climbed with so many staunch friends for so many years. He pulled out a spare jersey and laced up his hood for the evening's walk, checked his torch but knew that the stars would provide ample light for the rest of the trip.

Whilst contouring round to the next col he was distracted by a lolling shape which paused, peered back at him, moved forward again and then turned round to stare fixedly at him. Did the mountain hare recognise him as man or beast? Did it matter? They were two solitaries at peace at the end of a day – at the end of a life.

He remembered it all, and while remembering, he died.

BERNAT'S HORSE

Harold Drasdo

Montserrat! The serrated mountain rises from the plains forty miles north-west of Barcelona. It is less than 5,000 feet high and three or four miles long. The rock is a very firm conglomerate. Seen from the south the mountain is a maze of pinnacles, many of them some hundreds of feet in height; to the north it presents sheer walls of up to fifteen hundred feet, almost without weaknesses. All this rock rises from a shrub-forest, everywhere as dense as a privet hedge. The mountain is famous for its monastery, fitted impressively into a cirque of pinnacles. The monks are nothing if not enterprising. They have provided excellent restaurants, cafeterias, food shops, wine shops, bookshops, gift shops, hairdressers' salons and toilets. The monastery has published a handsome rock climbers' guide book. Vending machines dispense cooled beer and chocolate at all hours of day and night.

We arrived in the early afternoon. In the huge tourist car park an attendant stopped us. On our first visit his predecessor had been helpful.

"Could we camp somewhere near here?" we had said.

"There is a free camp site, courtesy of the monastery", he said.

"We have come to climb", we said.

"The climbing is superb, enquire at the monastery", he said.

This time it was late in the year and the attendant barred the way.

"The camp site is closed for the winter", he said.

We pointed to a small tent, just visible through the trees.

"The camp site is closed for the winter", he said.

This exchange repeated itself interminably until an emergency called him aside and we were able to continue to the camp. It was indeed closed and the gate locked but two climbers had persuaded the administration to grant them access. It was a special privilege, not to be extended to anyone else, because they were there only to climb the mountain, they explained.

"So are we", we said, pitching our tent.

Of these two climbers, one was a Swede, working in Czechoslovakia. The other was a Spaniard, working in Switzerland. They conversed in German. The Spaniard recognised me immediately but did not say so because we had met on our earlier visit when Jean Nicol caught him transferring armloads of food, climbing gear and motor oil from our tents to his own. I recog-

nised the Spaniard immediately but did not say so because it seemed useful to win friends. Retribution still lay some months into the future when Dave Nicol was to find himself a day and a half above the Spaniard on the Nose of El Cap. "Pedro", the men in front would shout as they drank their coca-colas. And the Ave Marias drifted up as the coke cans tinkled down. Pedro finally roped off.

At night the place changes character. The day trippers disappear and the illuminations and the moonlight emphasise the huge clean façades of the buildings. Beautiful to wander around the deserted plazas, arcades and flights of stairs at those hours. The monks are nowhere to be seen. Sometimes we wondered what they did with themselves. But often we would hear heavy rock music pounding out from tiny lighted windows five or six floors up, and, on two occasions at least, girls screaming. However, as if to remind the visitor of their essentially solemn purposes the monks bang gongs from time to time and they keep this up for most of the night backed up at intervals by regular strokes and chimes from an assortment of powerful clocks and bells.

A memorable incident occurred in the camp that night. The site, perched on terraces above a precipitous slope, looks straight across at the buildings, a quarter of a mile away. Looking at the view from the pitch-dark camp site, the note of a trumpet right at my side suddenly shattered the silence. My first sensation was of devastating shock. Then I discerned the Swede, sitting in a camp chair on the terrace. My next reaction was a rush of anxiety as the full cool message poured across towards the monastery. Surely the authorities wouldn't stand for this maniacal attack on their privacy. They'd be up within minutes to turn us all off; then, bewilderment. From the monastery itself, a cool clear voice came back. It was the most impeccably timed, most perfect echo I have ever heard. The squares remained empty and it began to appear that there was to be no immediate hostile response. I relaxed into listening to this extraordinary duet. With impressive certainty and authority the Swede played a long and plaintive number and to each phrase, after a dignified pause, the melancholy answer responded, filling the cirque. It seemed to me the most beautiful melody I had ever heard and one that would haunt me for the rest of my life. But with the first notes of the next piece it slid off my memory for ever.

The guide-book to Montserrat is written in Catalan. This is good because Catalan appears to be a sort of Latin attempt at

pidgin English, or, perhaps, the climber's Esperanto. I quote the description of the first climb I did, on my previous visit, L'Esquelet by the Xemencia Torras-Nubiola:

Ruta (Route) actualment utilitzada (actually utilised) com a via Normal (as the ordinary route). Aquesta Xemencia que solca totalment el monolit (This chimney which completely splits the monolith) es una típica escalada de tecnica de "ramonage" o xemencia (is a typical chimneying-up a chimney type of chimney-climb!).

Now try a bit yourself.

Molt convenient per a l'escalador montserratí per a completar la seva formació de roquista. Escalada catalogada en 4.^t. Al final (sortida) pas de 4.^tsup. Escalada molt segura. Una mica atlètica. 1 hora. Descens en rappel per darrera (via Normal). Not knowing a word of the language I may have got bits of it wrong but the rock fitted my reading.

I had been thinking about the Cavall Bernat, Montserrat's most famous pinnacle, climbed as long ago as 1935. Constant attempts had preceded this victory. Temptatives constants havien precedit aquesta conquesta (I think!). The successful party consisted of Costa, Boix and Balaguer and an iron plaque placed at the start of the climb twenty-five years later remembers them. Compared with English climbing of the period it seemed a notable achievement and one cannot help wondering why we have heard so little of the Montserratí climbers. But, of course, only a year later the Civil War began and for three years Barcelona became the focus of one side's hopes. Until General Yaguë marched in on 26th January, 1939. Costa, Boix and Balaguer, where are you now? Then World War II confined the Barcelona climbers to their own mountain. But perhaps they wanted nothing else? They kept on doing what they'd already learned to do, but harder and longer. Their rock gives very few crack lines and its horizontally-bedded pebble surface can only be used up to steep slab angle. So one by one the great pinnacles and walls were bolted. The bolt was an ordinary Barcelona coach-bolt, sawn-off; the hanger was simply a length of very strong wire, twisted into a loop. On these precarious ladders the Montserratí climbers pushed bravely upwards. And by the end of the fifties they had forced El Paret de L'Aeri, the Wall of the Téléférique. "It's as impressive as Half Dome", Dave Nicol had exclaimed.

Maureen and I walked up to the Cavall Bernat, in an hour. It was a warm sunny afternoon. We scrambled up the easy pitch onto the shoulder and arranged the ropes. The big

pitch starts with a thirty-foot traverse graded at V sup. It went easily to an ancient peg in a pocket. Then a couple of very thin moves on pebbles, the wall just easing from vertical. Someone had pecked tiny scars on the surface of the key pebble. There was no way to step across on it and I persuaded myself to do so and moved into the scoop at the foot of the big chimney-groove. It was more difficult to stand there than I'd guessed and a few awkward moments passed before I was able to fix protection. Then, slowly up the groove assisted by a dozen pegs, bolts and rotting wedges already in place. At a hundred feet, something novel and disconcerting occurred. To this point, although we couldn't see each other we were in perfect contact. Then, in the upper bulges, I shouted down. A long wailing echo from the Paret dels Diables, straight opposite, drowned my words. I tried shouting one word at a time. No way. I tried clipping the syllables. No way. Each one extended into an idiotic howl, ringing like a bell. I continued up the corner hearing at one point the sound of a hammer, no echo, close by. Stretching the 150 foot ropes I reached the small ledge. Two ancient bolts and a peg. I tied on, feeling committed and a bit worried. How would Maureen cope with the traverse? I had protected it with one rope but there'd be enough stretch to let her into space. I remembered that she had never prussiked.

I took in, holding the ropes very tight, and inch by inch she came up. Curiously, a mist had veiled the sun and a cool little breeze began to blow and rapidly grew stronger. At last she came into sight. She looked anxious. "Don't worry", I said, "at least we've got company for the descent". I heard a hammer. I said, "Pedro must be on the Via Puigmal, the big route on the back". She said, "Pegging, no, no, it's that sodding monk!" She hung back on a sling and pointed. On the very edge of the mind-blowing wall of the Paret dels Diables a hooded figure was crouched. The mist swirled around him. He was squaring off blocks for a shrine or meditation cell on the brink of as fearsome a precipice as I have ever seen!

Maureen joined me and we pulled ourselves together. I arranged myself hastily for the top pitch which consisted of a short wall, easing into a slab, easing into the perfectly rounded dome of the summit. The first steep bit was easy but I came to a halt in the middle of the slab. Reasonable holds but not one of them uncut: no protection, great exposure, and suddenly the wind was blowing in powerful cold gusts. Wasn't it oddly dull, too? No, it wasn't dull, it was getting dark, and just this frustrating

barrier before easy ground and the summit. There was a little flake and I tapped a tiny peg in. I tested it. It moved. I tapped it again. The crack widened. I adjusted a sling to suspend my foot upon a small pebble and as the wind abated a moment I made three swift moves up to easy ground, and scrambled up in a final scariscurry. I was half-turned round, shouting to Maureen to cast off quickly, when I became aware somehow of a terrifying figure close behind me. I gasped aloud as the corner of my eye picked up this silver apparition. Relax, I told myself, it is the Madonna again. I had never expected to meet her on this off-beat perch. I tied the ropes around her waist while she gazed serenely into the deepening gloom. Maureen came up swiftly. First British, we said, congratulating ourselves on getting up. It may have been a poor thing but it was our own. What about getting down? I remembered that Maureen had never abseiled. We forced ourselves to rest for three or four precious minutes.

It was the perfect teaching set-up for a first abseil: a pitch that graded evenly from horizontal to vertical; a figure-eight descender; myself holding the safety rope; the Madonna holding the abseil rope; the imminence of darkness. I outlined the idea and Maureen went smoothly down, no problem. I followed, retrieved the peg, dropped the hammer which stopped providentially on the edge of the stance, retrieved the hammer, retrieved the abseil rope. Now for the big one. It seemed to take ages to set it up, but at last she set off, straight for the shoulder. I composed myself with difficulty until indistinct shouts signalled that she might be down. I had arranged to protect my own descent, having six hundred feet of rope with us and not liking the corroded bolts. I also wanted a peg I had left in the groove. I set off for it but in a moment of carelessness I lost my purchase against the slanting groove and floated out across the wall. I had to forget it. I dropped onto the shoulder. The Cavall leaned over us like the prow of a gigantic liner in obscurity, mist swirled around her. To my delight and pride the ropes came cleanly down. Then down the easy shoulder and in five minutes we were on the ground and stuffing the ropes, which became suddenly and inextricably tangled, into the sacks. A wild exultation was starting to well up in us. But we hadn't quite finished yet.

Deep inside the monastery buildings there is an extraordinary cafeteria. It is the only place open after six and then from eight until nine only. Each evening, from the interstices of the monastery, a strange assortment of night people emerges to assemble there. The counters are laden with delicacies and offer every sort

of drink. It presented itself to our thoughts now as the essential conclusion to this expedition.

We had no watch and no torch. Our senses led us along the ridge and into the narrow corridor through the forest. Eventually the faint whitish stones of the path disappeared and we had to admit that we had lost the line, probably five hundred feet higher. The concrete pilgrims' stairway to S. Jeromi could be only a few hundred feet down through the thicket. Our impulses were to crash on down and our bodies agreed. But experience recalled the sheer smooth walls terracing the forest at random. We went wearily back up and staggered around, casting about for the path. Eventually we found it and felt our way from branch to branch, the trees so dense now that we were unable to fall out of the tunnel. A half-hour in this lovely enchanted wood and we stepped abruptly onto the concrete trackway. Then down and down, counting the features we recognised until a pale glow slowly transformed into the effulgence the illuminations cast onto the rocks overhanging the monastery. On and on until the lights and buildings came into view and our way was clearly lit. In five minutes we would be down. A bell crashed out.

The cafeteria opens at eight and closes at nine. We froze and counted. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. An agonising pause. The silence lengthened and became rich and profound. We stared at each other weakly and broke into hysterical laughter. Then, in a collapsed and aching walk, we stumbled down for beer and cinzano, a little food maybe, and a brief but full taste of that rich contentment, ecstasy even, that visits us so infrequently, consequent sometimes on such a day as this.

MOUNTAINS

W. H. Auden

FOR HEDWIG PETZOLD

I know a retired dentist who only paints mountains,
But the Masters seldom care
That much, who sketch them in beyond a holy face
Or a highly dangerous chair;
While a normal eye perceives them as a wall
Between worse and better, like a child, scolded in France,
Who wishes he were crying on the Italian side of the Alps:
Caesar does not rejoice when high ground
Makes a darker map,
Nor does Madam. Why should they? A serious being
Cries out for a gap.

And it is curious how often in steep places
You meet someone short who frowns,
A type you catch beheading daisies with a stick:
Small crooks flourish in big towns,
But perfect monsters – remember Dracula –
Are bred on crags in castles; those unsmiling parties,
Clumping off at dawn in the gear of their mystery
For points up, are a bit alarming;
They have the balance, nerve,
And habit of the Spiritual, but what God
Does their Order serve?

A civil man is a citizen. Am I
To see in the Lake District, then,
Another bourgeois invention like the piano?
Well, I won't. How can I, when
I wish I stood now on a platform at Penrith,
Zurich, or any junction at which you leave the express
For a local that swerves off soon into a cutting? Soon
Tunnels begin, red farms disappear,
Hedges turn to walls,
Cows become sheep, you smell peat or pinewood, you hear
Your first waterfalls.

And what looked like a wall turns out to be a world
With measurements of its own
And a style of gossip. To manage the Flesh,
When angles of ice and stone
Stand over her day and night who make it so plain
They detest any kind of growth, does not encourage
Euphemisms for the effort: here wayside crucifixes
Bear witness to a physical outrage,
And serenades too
Stick to bare fact: 'O my girl has a goitre,
I've a hole in my shoe!'

Dour. Still, a fine refuge. That boy behind his goats
Has the round skull of a clan
That fled with bronze before a tougher metal.
And that quiet old gentleman
With a cheap room at the Black Eagle used to own
Three papers but is not received in Society now;
These farms can always see a panting government coming:
I'm nordic myself, but even so
I'd much rather stay
Where the nearest person who could have me hung is
Some ridges away.

To be sitting in privacy, like a cat
On the warm roof of a loft,
Where the high-spirited son of some gloomy tarn
Comes sprinting down through a green croft,
Bright with flowers laid out in exquisite splodges
Like a Chinese poem, while, near enough, a real darling
Is cooking a delicious lunch, would keep me happy for
What? Five minutes? For an uncatlike
Creature who has gone wrong,
Five minutes on even the nicest mountain
Is awfully long.

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PILLAR ROCK 1976

Geoff Cram

On the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the first ascent of the Rock, it was climbed by enthusiastic parties on Friday, 9th July and also on the Saturday and Sunday of the weekend following. After three weeks of 90° heat-wave Friday was hot and cloudy making the walk from Wasdale Head just bearable. Fourteen people ascended the Old West Route and drank much beer (but no wine!) on the summit of High Man. After an exhausting interlude for photography, several parties set off for routes on the West face. An hour later the torrential warm rain which ended the heat-wave soaked every climber on the Rock. The descent of the *Slab and Notch* was desperately slippery and the Rock certainly had the last laugh.

Saturday was sunny again and a very much busier day with some 50 people climbing on the Rock. Many of the harder climbs were done and there were traditional rope-lengths of about fourteen persons on both the *New West* and *Charybdis* (!). The climbers in PAs and shorts were passed by a team of ladies in bonnets and long skirts who ascended the *Slab and Notch* and descended the *Old West*. Other people on the summit included A. B. Hargreaves, although no-one could be found who had attended the centennial. The day was rounded off with suitable festivities at the Wasdale Head Hotel led by the President Jack Carswell. On Sunday most of the hard climbs on *Shamrock* were climbed by various teams of Cumbrians, resulting in an approximate total for the weekend of 100 ascents – including Andrew Fox (9), who may make the bicentennial!

The climbing on Pillar rock has not changed much over the last few years although there are a few new climbs. The quality of the climbing remains as high as ever and at the same time the Rock manages to remain just as pleasant, quiet, remote and aloof as ever.

The drastic changes which have taken place have all occurred in the Ennerdale Valley. First the only hotel in the valley, the Anglers Inn on the west edge of the Lake with superb views, was demolished to allow the level of the Lake to be raised – a plan which now seems to have been abandoned. Second, the Forestry Commission has created scenic forest walks in the Ennerdale Forest which has resulted in all traffic being halted at Bowness Knott car park. Might I suggest that until someone sets up a hire system at Bowness Knott, one solution is to take along your bike in the van and cycle (once again!) up the Ennerdale road.

Fortunately the Rock stands aloof; no-one has suggested or carried out any modifications to it and it continues to be one of the finest climbing grounds anywhere.

REFLECTIONS ON SOME CLIMBING LITERATURE: A Review Article

Terry Sullivan

The Mont Blanc Massif: the Hundred Finest Routes. By Gaston Rébuffat. Translated by Jane and Colin Taylor. 239 pp. Illustrated. Kaye and Ward. £5.95.

Hard Rock. Compiled by Ken Wilson. 220 pp. Illustrated. Hart-Davis, MacGibbon. £6.95.

My Life as a Mountaineer. By Anderl Heckmair. Translated by Geoffrey Sutton. 224 pp. Illustrated. Gollancz. £4.50.

The Seventh Grade. By Reinhold Messner. 160 pp. Illustrated. Kaye and Ward. £2.50.

It seems possible to distinguish four dimensions to climbing literature and these dimensions are present in whole or in part, in practically all mountaineering writings. First, with varying degrees of detail one can describe the *background* to climbs and the climbers who made them. An example of this is the history of an area to which a guide-book has been produced. Or again, articles and books can tell us of the previous attempts on various routes, or the background of those who made such attempts. Secondly, with varying degrees of accuracy we can have a factual description of the locations and lines followed by routes. The obvious example is the guide-book. Thirdly, we can have a *description* of the ascent of a route or routes by some party. Almost all articles – and climbing books are usually compendiums of articles – have this dimension as their main part. The usual approach is to describe the ascent factually in terms of such things as up-down-right-left-snow-ice-rock-sun-storm-equipment and events. The events sometimes are expressed dramatically, or amusingly or both. Bonington usually tries to be dramatic, while Patey and Smith tried to be amusing. On balance humour is perhaps more successful – in terms of approval by climbers – than is drama. On the other hand it is probably harder to be humorous than it is to be dramatic and that is why the bulk of articles are more dramatic and descriptive than funny. Fourthly, in some writings we find a discussion of *personality*. This tells us something about the individual who is the centre of that piece of literature. When we say that having read such and such a book we felt that we ‘knew’ the persons involved it is because the content has told

us something about them as people and not just as persons scaling some climb. Personality can be about both *attributes* and *feelings*. For instance it might be that to be a 'climber' requires the holding of three attributes. One must have physical strength, technical ability – both at balancing the body and using equipment – and psychological control of fear. In different circumstances one might find that some of these attributes are stressed more than others. And, of course, 'good' climbers may individually possess high levels of these attributes and hold them in varying degrees. For example, technical ability can make up for lack of physical strength, or control of fear – boldness – may make up for lack of equipment or skill in using such equipment. The second aspect of personality is *feelings*, and this is to do with the relationship between the persons on the rope and between the persons writing and the mountain. Thus feelings covers companionship, confidence, fear, aggression, happiness, competitiveness and how one experiences the climb. In short, feelings is about the whole psychological and philosophical experience involved in climbing. Such an insight may be absent from an article because such things are hard to express, whereas one may more often find attributes discussed because they are more obvious and easier to describe. So with these four dimensions of climbing literature in mind – background, location, description and personality – let us appraise the four titles listed above. We are not suggesting that climbing literature must have *all* these dimensions. The framework is intended simply to enable us to compare and contrast the content of different types of climbing publications.

Rébuffat's book is a superb armchair guide-book. While it is true that *background* information on the climb is minimal the part on *location and line* is of the highest standard. This is made up of colour and black and white photographs, drawings of the photographs showing the line of ascent and details which clearly set out the starting points, time required, location, outline of the ascent and the technical equipment needed on the climb. This factual part is marred mainly by the fact that descents are described on only about a third of the routes. There are no *descriptions* of parties making any of the ascents except the odd references in the introductory pages so the book is more akin to a guide than a set of climbing articles. The presentation is beautiful and it is impossible to fault the translation from French to English.

With regard to *personality* we get a very good insight into what

must be the man. Rébuffat believes that our three *attributes* – physical strength, technical ability and psychological control should always be in balance. None of these are given prominence. This of course may reflect the fact that as a guide Rébuffat has probably always been supremely fit. But in addition to these elements he singles out judgement of conditions and weather which are extra attributes required of the alpinist.

When it comes to expressing feelings Rébuffat is a man who has had a lifelong love affair with mountains. No hint here of boredom, restrained fear, competitiveness or aggression, there is only happiness and joy at companionship and the experience of climbing. He says that the structure of the book was arranged around the notion of not just increasing (or great?) difficulty but of getting to know Mont Blanc and of gradually extending one's abilities and experience on rock, snow and ice. Always he urges care and judgement. One wonders if he felt the same conservatism in his youth. If he had, and others felt it now, then the frontiers of climbing would advance very slowly indeed, if at all. Rébuffat's philosophy could be summed up as 'Mountains are peace and love'. An interesting contrast to this is the exhortative philosophy upon which Gervasutti ends his book 'Dare all, and you will be kin to the gods'. At £5.95 *The Mont Blanc Massif* represents tremendous value.

The book edited by Ken Wilson is, like the previous title, an armchair guide-book. However, the pictures are all black and white and this causes one to think that the photography may not be as good as that in the French book. This may well be due to differences of weather. Further, *Hard Rock* includes fifty-seven items as opposed to Mont Blanc's one hundred; it has about 10% fewer pages; and more importantly it is 20% more expensive. The selection of routes – unlike Rébuffat's – does not appear to have any overall purpose other than to present a selection of 'great' climbs chosen by a number of climbers who are known personally to the editor. In addition there is an introduction which purports to 'explain' the rising standards of British rock climbing as being the result of an influx of 'working class' climbers. This is not the place to comment on that hypothesis; such a proposition is highly debatable.

When we apply our categorisation to this book the first thing we notice is that the contributions are uneven in that not all of them provide a *background* for the climbs. However, while the bulk of the essays do this, they are varied in quality and quantity on this aspect. One appalling error that leaped out of page 53

was '... *Herford was in fact fated never to see the Alps*'. In fact in 1912 he climbed in the Dolomites with Sansom and was doing relatively difficult routes; and in 1914 he had a season in the Oberland with Winthrop Young. They were on the first ascent of the NW Ridge of the Gspaltenhorn; a climb that is still graded TD. Another far less obvious error is that the picture on page 128 is *not* the start of the second pitch of The Grooves. This may be the only error of this type, but it is sufficient to raise doubts!

The part that deals with *line and location* is fairly good. Location is excellent, with map references, roads and accommodation listed. One odd quirk here is that in the Lake District section Fell and Rock huts are listed as 'accommodation', but Climbers' Club huts are never mentioned in the Welsh section! Line is not so well set out. Sometimes it is difficult to match up photograph and sketch of the route. Some of the photographs give little or no idea of where the route might go. This is particularly true of the Scottish section. In general, perhaps it would have been better to draw the lines of the climbs on the photographs.

When it comes to the *descriptions* of the climbs themselves we see a very strong predominance of straight factual presentation. There are a few attempts at drama and a few authors – Austin, Robbins and Birtles – write in a humorous vein. It might be thought that if one has done the routes the many flat factual descriptions would have more meaning. But having climbed a fair proportion of their routes I found they did not always sound like the same climbs that I thought I had done. It shows, perhaps, what a personal thing climbing experience is.

If this is the case then it is a pity *personality* is so absent from the essays. True, there is an emphasis on the *attributes* needed to climb, but except for the Welsh section the main attribute mentioned is physical strength. The authors of the Welsh essays seem to put more emphasis on the psychological elements of 'grip' and control of 'fear'. *Feelings* – why the authors climb and what they experience – is totally absent with the exception of the nice essay by Allinson. On the whole this book was a disappointment to me and it compares unfavourably in most respects with the Rébuffat book. In sum it does not have as good a form, content or structure and it is more expensive.

The books by Heckmair and Messner are different from those of Rébuffat and Wilson. Now we have compendiums of articles. Heckmair manages to give interesting insights into the *background* of the climbs and climbers who attempted and ascended the

routes he describes. He pays much less attention to *line and location* than a guide-book would, which is natural with this kind of material. The climbing *descriptions* have been translated from the German in a manner that retains the feel, atmosphere, and nuances of climbing stories. Naturally, high drama is a central part of these descriptions. However, it is with regard to *personality* that I find the book most interesting. This is not so much on *attributes*, where the emphasis is on physical strength rather than technical or psychological elements but is rather to do with *feelings*.

If Rébuffat came across as one who has had a lifelong happy marriage with mountains, Heckmair could be described as having had a rakish series of love affairs with mountains and life in general. He appears to be a whimsical man of action who has been guided not so much by caution and thoughtfully planned progression – like Rébuffat – but by a zestful spontaneity in everything he has done.

In his book Heckmair tries to cast off the shadow of Nazism which hung over him for many years after the 1930's. He presents a picture of an apolitical-working-class-gardener-turned-guide-made-national-socialist-hero who by chance happened to be close to Hitler and to some of Hitler's more famous female colleagues as well as a few of his own finding. He argues that National Socialism made capital out of him and his climbing partners and not the reverse. Here is a man who in his 60's still had enthusiasms for life, hard climbing and new friends. This is a good book which spans the most important and interesting era of Alpine climbing; the tale is well told by a man who was at the centre of those events and who in heart has never moved far away from them.

Messner's book is, on balance, weaker than Heckmair's on *background* information, although Messner does have a deep appreciation of the efforts of such characters as Emil Solleder and Gino Soldà. The advantage that Heckmair has probably comes from the fact that he was part of the very history he is describing. However, like Heckmair, and in contrast to the books by Rébuffat and Wilson, *The Seventh Grade* does not devote much space to *line and location*. Indeed, that would be out of place in such a book.

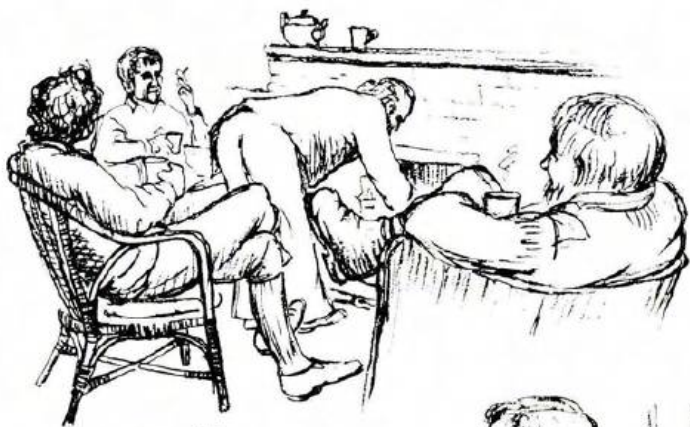
The description of the ascents leans towards the factual and the dramatic. The account of the solo ascent of the Philipp-Flamm is a good example of such drama. In view of the fact that no credits are given I suppose the translation was done pro-

professionally. The effect of this is to catch only poorly the 'atmosphere' of the story. The writing is uneven in that sometimes a very nice flow is broken by use of wrong expressions. For example who has heard of 'snapping a rope with a hammer'. Another example is the confusion over just which route is being climbed in the chapter on the first solo ascent of the south side of the Burèl. Was it the South or the South-West Face? Yet another example is that on page 49 we are told that after an Andean trip Messner 'began his sequence of successful Alpine ascents'; yet on page 51 'I did not devote this summer to undertaking big ascents'. The Andes then, neither prepared him for a particular season nor were they a turning point in his climbing feats. This book is either badly written or poorly translated – or both!

As with Heckmair, the most interesting part of the book is that part dealing with *personality*. Messner defines the 'seventh grade' as not hard solo climbing or climbing that requires a very high level of *attributes* – strength, technique and psychological control – but as these attributes constantly developed and maintained to very high levels – particularly physical strength – and used within a very rigid ethical code. Artificial climbing and expansion bolts are taboo; the climb must be done with no more aids than used by those who have managed with the least; always we must strive to make aids less necessary on all climbs. This philosophy seems to sit oddly with Messner's descriptions which frequently mention the inserting of pitons. This is squared by the fact that climbing is 'non-competitive' in terms of the struggle for new routes. Instead the struggle is with oneself; always we should train and train and train to improve physical strength which is used as a counterbalance to the 'natural' fear of falling off. And, if an ascent cannot be made without adding extra aids then one should retreat. Solo climbing is simply something he likes to do.

With regard to *feelings* we see that Messner is a modest man who says he shuns publicity; climbing for him is a personal thing that he just happens to like – as he might like a glass of wine. Messner also points out that not only do we have 'feelings' about mountains but that in turn climbing influences and helps to form our personalities. If Rébuffat and Heckmair, each in his own way, have had a 'loving' relationship with mountains then Messner could be said to exude a physical and aggressive feeling about his climbs. They are overcome by sheer physical and mental effort. Both of these attributes must be kept constantly at the highest possible levels. After his solo ascent of the N. Face of Les Droites,

and within sight of the hut, Messner tells us that he broke down and cried. Whether this was due to happiness or pent up fear there is no way of knowing. As a personal philosophical – even puritanical – statement on why this man climbs, this book has great interest.



Langdale Meet
April '76

— J.M. Henderson —

ANNUAL DINNER MEET, 1974

Audrey Plint

The original decision to hold the Annual Dinner on the last weekend of October was made by those who knew their Lakeland well, and once again the autumnal colours of the woodland and the bronze glow of the bracken were a visual delight, though the north westerly wind whirled the leaves around our feet in the valleys and made the going hard on the tops.

The ingathering, on a blustery showery Saturday, was the occasion for short walks and much talk.

Our President took us quickly and carefully through the agenda at a well attended Annual General Meeting, in the Battersby Hall, so that long before 8 p.m. all had foregathered at The Royal Oak. We enjoyed a leisurely meal, and finally when the President rose to propose the Loyal Toast followed by that of Absent Friends the hum of conversation was stilled. Dorothy Pilley Richards sent greetings, not a transatlantic telegram this year, from Cambridge, England.

In proposing a toast to the Club and Our Guests, a warm welcome was extended by the President to Professor N. E. Odell and Dr. T. H. Somervell. The President reminded us that 1974 was the 60th anniversary of Herford's and Sansom's climb on Central Buttress, Scafell, the former was killed in the First World War, and recently G. S. Sansom was made an Honorary member of the Club. He further reminded us that the Club had always enjoyed the membership of some of the finest Rock climbers and mountaineers in the country, but there was no room for complacency in safeguarding our future, it would be our fault if we failed to attract young climbers. In a lighter vein we were reminded that the Club enjoyed itself, though Beta may be earned for performance, we gained Alpha for enthusiasm.

In welcoming our Chief Guest the President created much amusement by his account of his approach to Mr. FitzGerald. However, we were sorry to learn of his recent accident and that Mrs. FitzGerald was unable to join us.

In his witty and entertaining response, Mr. FitzGerald extended his warmest thanks to the Club on behalf of the guests, alluding to the presence of the President of the Alpine Club "as the greatest prize the mountaineering world has to offer has fallen into your lap". He spoke of aspects of his climbing in many parts of the world, from an ascent of a route near Athens which outwitted the defenders of a military zone, to the traverse of a

mere forty-seven feet of path from the road to a summit in Virginia. He never read climbing books! The companionship of the mountains was the prize, being in the right place, at the right time, and in the right company was all important.

On Sunday, parties splintered in all directions, and, buffeted by the high wind, enjoyed, amongst other things, ascents of the Skiddaw Horseshoe, Lobstone Band and Rigg Head, Souther Fell, Thornthwaite Column and High Street by Pasture Beck, Brandreth, and the gentler aspects of Buttermere, Latrigg, Watendlath and ancient sites.

In the late afternoon Eric Arnison took us to Ethiopia, showing slides taken by George Spenceley, of the holiday they and Dr. John Medley had spent there. The luxury of room 123 in Addis Ababa gave way to a Dakota flight north and finally to the use of hired mules for the trek. Among the pleasures of the National Park was the opportunity to see the Goliath Heron, the troops of baboons and other rare birds. The incredibly steep Takkaze gorge led into the Semien range, and the ultimate goal of Ras Dashan, 15,158 feet, the final ascent of which was compared to Harter Fell. This illustrated talk of a little known area gave much pleasure.

ANNUAL DINNER MEET, 1975

Bill Comstive

To write of the Annual Dinner Meet recalls for me the memories of that happy band of members and guests who meet in the Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick, each year to celebrate the end of one and the beginning of another year with the club. This year the weather was not particularly outstanding. Saturday was a typical autumnal day with little wind and a blanket of low cloud over all but the lower fells. Members were nevertheless active on fell and crag. Promptly at five o'clock a good number gathered in the Battersby Hall for the Annual General Meeting. The minutes were approved, report of the Officers received and the Accounts passed with no dissenting voices audible. Even the alterations to Rules were accepted with very little comment. The Officers and Committee were duly elected and we passed smoothly into any other business. Now the gates were open wide for anyone to air their grievances but few stirred, so, to liven the

proceedings the question of a club tie was raised yet again and was immediately squashed by a militant female member on the grounds that the ladies would have nothing comparable to wear. A vote of thanks to the President and Officers was proposed by one of our more venerable members and we duly retired to the Royal Oak for aperitifs, to meet our guests, renew acquaintances or to see and be seen with the gregarious gathering.

For one reason or another the number who sat down to dinner this year was slightly reduced but most of us agreed that the meal was an improvement by comparison with recent years and this perhaps led to a somewhat mellow audience when Jack Carswell rose to make his Presidential Address. It was grand to hear a Cumbrian accent echoing round the room. One felt that here was the representative of a truly Lakeland climbing club. The speech was short but did not lack wit nor humour delivered in a typical Carswellian manner and was well received by all present. By contrast, Alan Blackshaw's reply on behalf of the guests was really something of a resume of the policy and work of the BMC. There was however, a quiet vein of humour to be detected in his constant references to the peculiarities of our Club as observed by an outsider. Thus ended the more formal proceedings and we retired to continue the more serious business until the small hours.

Sunday was if anything a worse day with slight intermittent drizzle and a lower cloud ceiling. Nevertheless the hardy few who had withstood the preceding evening a little better than most were out on fell and crag. The splendour of the autumn tints, which if anything were a little better than the previous year, lacked the necessary gleam of sunlight to reveal their subtle hues. Thus came to an end another memorable dinner meet with some first class slides shown by Alan Blackshaw in the lounge of the Royal Oak Hotel at teatime.

THE GUIDE BOOK QUESTION

Editorial

The first guide-books were usually books which described the climbing adventures of the authors, and sometimes the line and location of climbs were included in these writings. Examples of this are the books by Abraham brothers and O. G. Jones. Occasionally, private individuals would publish the line and location of climbs in a particular area; for example, the books by Laycock and Fergus Graham on gritstone climbing. However, these individual and private publications suffered from the deficiency that they could not keep pace with the increasing number of routes and quickly became out of date.

It would seem that to provide a continuously and reasonably up-to-date stock of climbing knowledge on lines and locations of climbs requires the resources of a permanent organisation. Thus it fell to the 'senior' climbing clubs to provide guide-books. In the main this seemed to be an outgrowth of the practice of using the various club journals to accumulate information on routes. Further, the bulk of pioneers tended to be members of these 'senior' clubs.

In the main it would seem that there was a fair consensus of opinion that lines and locations should be provided although at first the detail in which routes should be described was open to debate. For example, W. T. Palmer, FRCC *Journal* Editor 1910-17, refused to publish a guide-book type article to Scafell written by George Sansom because the climbs were given what are now the usual gradings, Scafell Pinnacle routes were 'dangerous' and the rope used was too long!

However, all this passed into history and from the end of the 1918 War the FRCC began to provide the financial, technical and physical resources to publish regularly, guide-books to Lakeland crags. Contemporaneously, similar things were done by the other 'senior' clubs and in the case of gritstone, individuals and local clubs supplied the necessary resources. There was never any intention to gain financially by this exercise; altruism seems the only motive. The result is that now for all the main climbing areas there exists a set of guide-books which together provide an enormous stock of information which no individual or organisation owns but which appears to be the property of 'climbing society'.

It is true that over the years the altruistic drive of the clubs has waxed and waned. For example, in the late 1950s and early 1960s Lakeland guide-books were out of print and very much

out of date. This shortcoming was remedied by the series presently edited by John Wilkinson. However, a climbing magazine editor has criticised Lakeland guide-books on a number of counts. First, they are too numerous; smaller type and merging is called for. Second, some of the groupings are said to be insufficiently compact at both the level of the individual crags and general areas (however, the only example of the former is the inclusion of Heron Crag, Eskdale, in the Gable Area Guide); the remedy is said to be a merging and reallocation, for example, Buttermere and Borrowdale and Gable and Pillar should be merged. Thirdly, some of the descriptions are said to be in old fashioned style and not in line with contemporary climbing practice (the example quoted was Central Buttress, which is only true perhaps of 'old fashioned style'); the remedy is to rewrite many descriptions with the aim of seeking greater brevity. Historically, costs did not allow this, as an important part of the policy of minimising price resulted from printers storing the type for re-use when the next publication was to be made. Any alterations raised costs and – as the venture was non-profit making but self-financing – eventually prices. In any case it might be argued that some of the old descriptions have a charm that many would be sad to see lost. A fourth and final criticism is that many routes are not worth including in a guide-book, the remedy is for severe pruning and deletion. An example is said to be the Borrowdale guide-book. The point is that we as a Club continue to commit financial and physical resources on a considerable scale to the production of a comprehensive set of guide-books which provide a very full stock of knowledge on the line and location of climbs. We keep price to a minimum by following the non-profit-self-financing rule. Thus the welfare of our members and climbing society stems from our altruism in this matter. This price-minimising policy would seem to far outweigh the criticisms listed above. It is true that with more time and effort – at our own expense – we may be able to provide even better value for money. Such an act may benefit our members, but it would benefit all climbing society even more. How far should altruism go?

This question needs considering because we may now be reaching a climacteric in the production of full sets of guide-books. The reason for this is the increasing number of 'Composite Guide-books'. In the interests of trying for some degree of objectivity I will eschew the word 'pirate'. The technique is that you take the standard guide-books to an area, select a representative cross section of routes, add some new photographs, and with

scissors and glue produce your own cut price information on rock climbing in the selected area. This technique has been employed previously in Wales, Lake District and Scotland. The issue is not the accuracy of descriptions with regard to location and line of route; quality of selections; range of climbing standards chosen, extent to which the contents are representative of the area; how the book fits into a pocket; how sturdy is the binding; the quality of the printing; or the price. In all these respects these guides are usually perfectly adequate, although some might quibble about the selections.

The issue involved in 'Composite Guide-books' is both ethical and financial. Ethically, is it right for individuals to take information that has been *collectively* owned and accumulated by the climbing society since the late 19th century and turn that information into a publication which brings personal gain to the 'author(s)'? The financial aspect of this is that these guides may well damage the sales of the non-profit making 'general' guides. So the personal gain may be at the expense of those organisations who have financed the full set of guides in past years. There is more. The practicalities of publishing a full range of guides is that those that provide a profit subsidise those that make a loss. Thus 'Composites' may damage sales to the extent that the complete stock of knowledge of all climbs may get less. In short, a *complete* record will be lost. Money is being transferred from a non-profit making venture aimed at the general good to private individuals who may or may not have the general good in mind.

There is also the possibility that for three reasons the constant updating of climbing information will suffer. First, the centralising function of the Clubs as recipients of new information will become lost or will have to be paid for in some way. Secondly, if individuals are to extract private gain, then as they get past the point where their skill and enthusiasm allows them to keep editions of the book up-to-date they will be reluctant to pass on their task and the rewards that accompany it. Thirdly, keeping the stock of knowledge up-to-date will depend *totally* on commercial viability and not 'self-financing' coupled with the number of new climbs. Thus quality and quantity of information may fall.

It is also possible that the value represented currently by such guides will fall. If the non-profit-self-financing guide-books vanish the monopolistic position of the publishers of 'Composites' will allow a sharp increase in price. And as payment to authors tends to be a proportion of retail price who is there to protest about such 'exploitation'? One cannot help feeling that the

present 'Composites' may be selling at an 'entry price' and once a substantial part of the market is held then the price will rise sharply. Alternatively, it may well be that it is the price minimising policy of the Clubs which is dictating the present price of the 'Composites'.

On the other hand, it can be said that these 'Composites' are really 'photographic' guides and are thus serving an *extra* purpose to the normal guides; the climbing society does not wish to spend the money to acquire *all* the climbing descriptions and a summary of this type provides climbers with the best value for money. Technically, perhaps, no copyright has been breached because the descriptions have been somewhat re-written. In some cases the authors have put in a tremendous amount of time and effort themselves and have outstanding records as initiators, and therefore authors, of many new climbs in the areas covered. This, briefly, could be a part answer on the question of ownership. But try answering this question; could these 'Composites' have been produced without the ability to plagiarise from, and draw freely on, the existing, published stock of knowledge?

What is to be done? Can we sue for infringement of copyright? Advice is being taken but the whole exercise would be costly, protracted and of uncertain outcome. Should we pull out of guide-book production if we see our resources being lost? Should we seek sponsorship from private enterprise or the state (BMC/Sports Council)? This would enable us to raise the value-for-money of our guides. Should we publish our own 'Composite' which reproduces the same routes as in those already published and so enter competition directly? Finally, it is not sufficient to say, complacently, that the climbing world will get the guide-books it deserves. *Individuals* acting in their own self-interest do not necessarily produce an outcome in line with the *collective* good. Indeed, that is why all societies need some kind of taxation. What may be needed is collective action to prevent self-interest diminishing the welfare of the whole climbing society. We really do need a policy on 'Composite Guide-books'. And perhaps it should be in conjunction with other bodies who face this question.

But a word of caution is in order. We do not know if 'Composites' will influence our sales and we may be being alarmist. However, the evidence from the Peak District is that the 'Composite' for that area seems to be affecting the sale of the BMC Guides to that area. At the very least we should set up procedures to monitor our sales much more closely and in the interim prepare a number of alternative strategies.

SCENE FROM LONDON

For the *Journal* the backward looks of the London Section at its activities have lately tended to be a recapitulation of the *Chronicle* accounts of walks and meets or a moan that the Lake District was so far away and so expensive to reach.

Not so the journals of wartime where the delights of people as well as places are more fully conveyed, and one senses a surprised pleasure that the peacetime walks up to September 1939 were not then brusquely halted: a momentary catch of the breath in case the tenour of the Club's life in London was to be broken, but this soon was followed by walks once a month (as now) instead of eighteen a year, then customary.

The pleasure of looking at this record lies in its contrast with current blessings that may be counted; now the section would be sad indeed were there no annual meet in one of the huts, which some stalwarts manage to visit more often, but then a day's walking in the Cotswolds, which Tom Hardwick seems to have made his own, was the highlight of the year's events. Presumably enthusiasts went by train and were undeterred by blackout and the threat of bombs at the end of the day. The hospitality of the section was more open then than now, and one is tempted to ask why: for economic reasons would not look like being the sole cause. The section reports were more outgoing and showed an appreciation of spiritual values which most of us now would be embarrassed to state publicly, however elegant our prose writing.

Against this background we now have to put, thanks to motorways, two meets a year which, with carloads at maximum, enable us to know the delights of the North, or Wales, or points between: and to this contributor one of the most charming appraisals of the London Section was recently made – "When are you coming up again?", a decently dubious response met the forthright remark, "We like the London Section, they're so enthusiastic even in bad weather" (which it was on that day, at that time). So much plodding over Glaramara, Green Gable, Great Gable had not been done with such good fellowship and physical gusto for a while, one felt. And that the main club members should sustain its long tradition of wholehearted welcome is something that the section should treasure and enjoy whenever possible. It is a continuation of that spirit which the *Journal* reports showed in the London section nearly forty years ago. Long may the persistent among us forsake the softer airs of the Home Counties to find their true home in Cumbria.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

J. Wilkinson

I. Roper

BUTTERMERE AREA

EAGLE CRAG

Pierrot. 180 feet. Very severe.

This is a direct route up the buttress, the second pitch of which climbs the groove on the tower between Birkness Chimney and Easter Buttress. Belay on a spike at the left end of a rock ledge immediately to the right of the start of Birkness Chimney.

- 1 70 feet. Traverse right along the ledge to the leftward slanting groove. Climb this to its top and then make a mantelshelf move up to a ledge on the right. From a block on the ledge make a long stride left onto the wall and after a few steep moves easier climbing leads to the grass stance and belay beneath the steep open groove.
- 2 50 feet. The groove is climbed more or less direct; protection is good throughout. Belay on the ledge above beneath the continuation groove.
- 3 60 feet. Climb the groove above using the thin crack, then continue to the top of the crag.

First Ascent: J. W. Earl, R. G. Hutchinson, 14.7.74.

Warlock. 380 feet. Extremely severe.

Starts 30 feet up the scree from Piggot's Climb at a groove leading to the grass terrace at 25 feet and takes the steep line of cracks running vertically up the wall above.

- 1 110 feet. Climb the groove to the grass ledge and step up right onto the wall. Climb up for ten feet then swing left into a position below a niche. Pull up into the niche and leave it on the right for the cracks which lead to a small grass ledge beneath a groove. Climb the groove past a good spike then move rightwards over grass ledges to a comfortable overhung ledge.
- 2 55 feet. Move up left from the belay and gain an overhung shelf, then move over the overhang with difficulty (suspect block on the right), to gain a large slabby shelf. Traverse right for ten feet and make a long reach for a good hold. Pull up and move back left to a grassy stance and belays beneath a corner.
- 3 45 feet. Climb the corner moving right at the top and climb the slab to a stance on Piggot's Climb.
- 4 70 feet. Climb the pleasant groove above the left end of the stance until a block belay is reached. A further 200 feet of scrambling leads to the top of the crag.

First Ascent: R. G. Hutchinson, R. Mitcheson (alternate leads). 9.9.73. The first pitch was climbed previously by the same party on 1.7.73.

Birkness Eliminate. 400 feet. Very severe (hard).

Climbs the north west arête starting between Birkness Front and Piggot's Climb.

- 1 100 feet. Climb the blunt arête to the grass rake. Alternatively the first two pitches of Birkness Front may be taken.
- 2 100 feet. From the bottom of the grass rake make a very long step to a foothold and then move up to a ledge on the arête. The steep groove above on the left of the arête is climbed until a sloping ledge is reached. A move to the right around the arête is made to reach two small ledges from which good holds lead up the wall to a hollow flake and then to the terrace.
- 3 40 feet. Scrambling up the terrace leads to good nut belays in a crack on the right between the wall and the slab.

- 4 60 feet. The steep groove on the left is linked to a large flake. The steep wall above is climbed using one nut for aid to reach good holds.
- 5 60 feet. The short crack on the left is climbed and then scrambling leads to a corner beneath the final tower.
- 6 40 feet. The groove on the left is climbed to the overhang which has a crack running up it. This leads with difficulty to the top of the crag.

First Ascent: J. W. Earl, H. I. Banner (alternate leads), I.W.C. 23.6.73.

Girdle of the Lower Tier. 665 feet. Very severe (hard).

Start as for Double Cross Route.

- 1 30 feet. The easy ridge is climbed to a stance and poor belay.
- 2 75 feet. Make a semi hand traverse and continue left to a grass ledge and belays.
- 3 60 feet. More left and descend for about 20 feet to a line of ledges which lead to the arête (junction with Birkness Eliminate). Make a long stride over to a belay on a grass rake on Piggot's Route.
- 4 40 feet. Traverse easily round the arête to the belay at the end of pitch 2 on Eagle Front.
- 5 80 feet. Move left and make a descending traverse across the mossy slabs to a grass ledge at the base of a large overhanging groove.
- 6 50 feet. Climb the rib on the left of the belay and continue steeply to the base of the crack on Carnival. Reverse the traverse of this climb to the stance above pitch 2.
- 7 120 feet. Above and to the left of the stance is a steep leftward trending groove. Climb this to a ledge at 15 feet. Move easily leftwards crossing the 4th pitch of Fifth Avenue and then climb the slabs and the rib overlooking Central Chimney. Cross Central Chimney and belay on the terrace immediately to its left.
- 8 80 feet. Scramble up leftwards to a grass bay at the foot of a steep corner beneath the wall containing Hanging Chimney (Belays 10 feet up).
- 9 50 feet. Climb the corner to the overhang. Traverse left on large holds across the steep wall to the arête and move up to join Easter Buttress. Belay at the top of pitch 4.
- 10 50 feet. Traverse left for 10 feet and then move up and continue traversing until Birkness Chimney halts further progress. Move up to a ledge and belay.
- 11 50 feet. Pleasant climbing leads to the top of the crag.

First Ascent: R. G. Hutchinson, J. W. Earl (alternate leads) 7.6.75.

GREY CRAG

Compendium. 100 feet. Very severe (hard).

This climb takes the thin crack on the right projecting wall of the buttress.

- 1 100 feet. Up the wall to a heather ledge. Move right to the crack and climb this to an overhang. Step right and up a second crack to the top.

First Ascent: A. Parkin and party. 11.10.75.

HIGH CRAG

The Philistine. 175 feet. Grade not supplied.

This climb takes the main arête of the crag.

- 1 125 feet. Traverse right under the roof to gain a crack. Climb the crack, step left for a few feet then up the arête.
- 2 50 feet. Up easy slabs.

First Ascent: E. Cleasby, T. Birkett. 22.6.75.

BUCKSTONE HOWE

Brutus. 35 feet. Extremely severe.

The groove immediately left of pitch 2 of Caesar.

First Ascent: P. W., A. Loughran. 19.2.75.

DALE HEAD, NEWLANDS

Caradac. 300 feet. Extremely severe.

- 1 120 feet. Climb the obvious rib right of the groove of Mithril. At the top make a descending traverse left to a groove. Climb this and exit right. Belay 20 feet up to the left.
- 2 100 feet. Traverse right on easy ground until a loose ramp leads back right. Follow the ramp until the big corner is reached. Peg belay.
- 3 100 feet. Climb the corner and pull on to the left arête. Pull over an overlap to reach an overhanging groove. Climb the groove to a junction with Mithril and then climb the groove above to the top.

First Ascent: R. M. H., S. Blake. May 1974.

RED CRAG, NEWLANDS

Bolshoi Corner. 215 feet. Very severe (hard).

This climb appears to take the prominent steep corner mentioned in the guide-book description to Bolshoi Buttress.

- 1 50 feet. As for Bolshoi Buttress.
- 2 50 feet. Up the corner.
- 3 115 feet. Finish up the arête.

First Ascent: C. Read, J. Adams. 10.6.73.

WATERFALL BUTTRESS, NEWLANDS

Sideline. 410 feet. Very severe.

Start up the slab at the left end of the crag.

- 1 140 feet. Climb up brown streaks on the left of the slab to a ledge. Continue up the slab and move right into a corner. Up the corner and move left to a ledge and thread belay.
- 2 40 feet. Move left into another corner and peg belay below a crack.
- 3 80 feet. Ascend the crack and scramble up to the foot of a groove. Peg belay.
- 4 150 feet. Climb the groove past a rowan tree and move left across the slab on to a corner slab. Up this to the top.

First Ascent: W. Freeland, R. M. H. (alternate leads). 7.7.70.

YEW CRAG NOTTS

Mark of Zorro. 100 feet. Extremely severe.

This climb lies on the crag above and right of Yew Crag. It takes the line of a crack leading to an overhang.

- 1 100 feet. Up the crack to a bulge. Follow the crack round on to the left-hand face and up the overhanging crack to the top.

First Ascent: Names and date not supplied.

DOW CRAG AREA

DOW CRAG

Rough and Tumble. 310 feet. Extremely severe.

- 1 160 feet. Start as for Murray's Direct but climb straight up the wall to a little overlap. Make a hard move to gain a sidehold on the left wall than harder moves up to a flake. Climb up into a scoop on the left. Up this to undercuts and then pull over onto the brown slab of Leopards Crawl. Up this to gain the steep corner above (Pink Panther arrives and leaves on the left here). Climb the corner to the glacia above. Up the groove on the right of the overhang, then up the slab above to a grass ledge and right to a ledge and belay.
- 2 50 feet. Scramble left, then across the easy gully and climb a wide crack to a grass ledge. Belay below a small corner in the centre of the wall above.

- 3 100 feet. Climb up leftwards, then rightwards (peg runner) to gain the corner. Climb the corner (peg runner) to gain a short crack above. From the crack climb up left to avoid the overhang, then rightwards up the slab above to the roofs of Catacomb. Step onto a rib on the right where the overhangs are smallest. Pull over onto the slabs above. Up right to an overhang and exit left onto Giants Crawl. Belay a few feet higher.

First Ascent: P. Livesey, J. Lawrence. 14-15.6.75.

EASTERN CRAGS

DEEPDALE, SCRUBBY CRAG

The Pillar. 270 feet. Very severe (hard).

A good route with impressive situations which climbs the face of the prominent pillar between Grendel and Hrothgar. The start which is reached by scrambling is at an overhanging groove 10 feet round to the right of the start of Hrothgar.

- 1 55 feet. Climb the groove which is awkward at 15 feet, then follow it more easily to the grass stance on Hrothgar.
- 2 135 feet. Climb the steep groove immediately behind the belay to the base of the pillar. Move right and up into the groove of Hrothgar until a resting place in the corner is reached after a few feet. A line of footholds leads leftwards to a small groove, continue past this to reach a spike (runner) and small sloping ledge on the arête. From here traverse the overhanging face of the pillar to a thread runner and resting place. Step left into a groove, make a difficult move up this then trend rightwards on improving holds to finish up the edge of the pillar overlooking Hrothgar. Belay on Long Ledge at the foot of the small chimney.
- 3 80 feet. Climb the steep crack directly above the belay and continue to the top, crossing Grendel at the pedestal.

First Ascent: R. G. Hutchinson, J. W. Earl (alternate leads), S. Porteus. 4.5.75.

Heoret. 270 feet. Very severe (hard).

This route follows the groove at the left end of the lower wall of the crag, then finishes up the big corner above. Start in a rock bay low down to the right of the start of Ringway directly below the big mossy streak which marks the course of the groove of pitch 2.

- 1 40 feet. Climb the back of the recess and the easy rocks above to a large spike belay and overhung stance at the base of the lower wall of the crag.
- 2 130 feet. Climb steeply up from the left end of the stance to an indefinite flake. Move up into the groove and follow it direct to the top where a step left can be made onto a rib. Continue up the easy section of the corner above and move right at its top to a grass ledge and belay.
- 3 100 feet. An excellent pitch. Return to the big corner on the left and climb it direct to the top. The first section is the most difficult but the climbing remains steep and interesting throughout.

First Ascent: J. W. Earl, R. G. Hutchinson (alternate leads). 1.5.74.

GOUTHER CRAG, SWINDALE - N.E. BUTTRESS

Argos. 210 feet. Very severe (hard).

Start in a scoop just left of the start of Bambi.

- 1 70 feet. Climb the left side of the scoop onto the slabs which are followed direct to a grass ledge above their centre. Small nut belays.
- 2 50 feet. Climb up the wall behind the stance trending slightly right until a move up left can be made to gain a crack (suspect block). This is followed to a ledge and belay beneath a break in the overhang.
- 3 30 feet. Climb up to the overhang and use one nut for aid to gain holds above. A steep move then leads to a slab and spike belay.

- 4** 60 feet. Move right across a slab to a grass ledge beneath groove. Climb a short wall to enter the groove and follow it by bridging and jamming to its top where an exit can be made on the left to the top of the crag.
First Ascent: R. G. Hutchinson, J. W. Earl, R. Mitcheson (shared leads). 6.4.74.

Flash Harry. 180 feet. Severe (hard).

A fairly direct route up the buttress to the left of Goucher Crag Gully, consisting of a series of varying pitches which maintain interest to the top.

- 1** 50 feet. Climb the obvious vee chimney on the left of the buttress. Belay on large blocks.
- 2** 70 feet. Climb the steep wall above to a cleaned ledge to the left of a tree. Move up rightwards to a grass ledge overlooking the gully.
- 3** 80 feet. There is a wide crack above with a large flake jammed in it about 20 feet up. Ascend this and the arête above to the top.

First Ascent: R.J.K. 9.8.75.

Kes. 220 feet. Very severe (mild).

Takes an impressive line crossing the top pitch of Bamad after climbing between that route and Garm at a surprisingly easy standard. Start at the left-hand side of the lower slabs about 20 feet left of Garm.

- 1** 100 feet. Start at the bottom left of the big gardened slab. Move up right above the bottom band of overhangs and climb straight up cleaned rock to join Garm, following a corner and up to the big grass ledge below the upper wall.
- 2** 60 feet. In the middle of the face is the obvious crack line of Merak. Start just right of this and climb a wall to gain a sloping ledge. Move up the ramp on the right to join Bamad, just above the overhang, and spike belay.
- 3** 60 feet. Climb the wall to the right of the top part of Bamad and follow a direct line and excellent holds to a tree at the top of the crag. Block belay well back.

First Ascent: P. Rigby, R.J.K. (alternate leads). 14.6.75.

Merak. 200 feet. Very severe (mild).

Takes the obvious crack just right of Garm's top pitch.

- 1** 100 feet. First pitch of Kes.
- 2** 100 feet. Climb the crack on good holds to gain a ledge below a short corner. Climb the wall to the left of this corner on small holds to join Garm which is followed to the top. Tree belay well back.

First Ascent: R.J.K., P. Rigby. 14.6.75.

SWINDALE TRUSS BUTTRESS

Scabby Horse. 100 feet. Very severe (mild).

On the right-hand side of the buttress is an imposing wall with a detached flake at the bottom. There is a ramp on the right of the face with a tree at the bottom. Climb the ramp to a ledge below a short groove, then up this - rather intimidating - to easier rock and so to the top of Truss Buttress.

First Ascent: R.J.K., A. Greenhow. 27.8.73.

The Bone. 70 feet. Severe (mild).

This is a variation on Truss Buttress, starting up left at the same point as the slab start to that route. Climb up leftwards to a cleaned ledge, then ascend directly, joining Truss Buttress near the top.

First Ascent: R.J.K. 13.6.74.

Zhivago Sassanach. 130 feet. Very severe (mild).

This route ascends the slab on the left of Truss Buttress starting about 10 feet up from The Bone.

Climb a crack to the cleaned ledge, then move up leftwards to a break in the vegetation. Ascend the crack above the belay to a small thread on Truss Buttress.

First Ascent: R.J.K., S. Wilson. 13.6.74.

LONGSLEDDALE GOAT SCAR

A little to the left of Black Cleft is a steep buttress of good rock with obvious lines which show signs of extensive gardening. The routes are described from right to left. The best descent from the Crag is on the east flank.

Greensleeves. 190 feet. Very severe.

The rib bounding Black Cleft on the left.

- 1 130 feet. Climb the right face of the rib via a shallow corner. Swing left onto the rib at the top of the corner and follow it direct to a landing on vegetation. Scramble 30 feet to a large flake below the terminal wall.
- 2 60 feet. Enter the big green tinted groove and follow it direct to a landing on a sloping ledge with a thread belay. A sling was used for aid on the final crack.

First Ascent: L.K., M. Lister, M. Wilman. 23.8.73.

Yellow Peril. 130 feet. Severe (hard).

The right bounding edge of the buttress.

- 1 45 feet. A deep corner crack to nut belays below a wall.
- 2 35 feet. The wall, after attaining a standing position on the horizontal fault above, step right and move up on flat holds to a narrow ledge with nut belays.
- 3 50 feet. A deep groove leads to the edge of the buttress which is climbed on the left to belays in a crevasse.

First Ascent: L.K., M. Lister. 17.8.74.

Leo. 140 feet. Severe.

The big crack line. Steep and well protected.

- 1 50 feet. A deeply cut groove leads direct to a rowan tree belay below a cave.
- 2 50 feet. Bridge the corner above the cave to gain a shallow chimney. Exit on the left to a balcony with thread belay.
- 3 40 feet. The arête on the right.

First Ascent: L.K., M. Wilman. 14.8.73.

Grads' Groove. 140 feet. Very severe (mild).

Start below the big green stained corner in the centre of the buttress.

- 1 70 feet. A shallow groove with a smooth centre section runs up slabby rock to turf ledges and a block belay below the corner.
- 2 60 feet. Pleasant and well protected climbing up the corner to an abrupt finish on a balcony.
- 3 10 feet. Move left onto steep grass. Belay 30 feet up and right.

First Ascent: L.K., M. Lister. 13.4.74.

Labyrinth. 190 feet. Very severe.

Moves from bottom right to top left. The climb is about severe with one move which is much harder.

- 1 45 feet. As for Yellow Peril.
- 2 45 feet. Move up into a niche on the edge of the wall and traverse bulging rock into a big corner. Descend 10 feet to a narrow ledge which leads across to the block on Grads' Groove.
- 3 30 feet. The deeply cut crack on the left, undercut at the base, leads to a platform on the edge of the buttress. Belay on the floor to the rear.

- 4 70 feet. Step left off the platform onto a little ledge at the base of a big obtuse angled groove. The jug on the left edge of the groove is reached after some thin moves. Then easier climbing leads to a ravens' nest in a niche. Escape right up a short gangway. A good pitch.

First Ascent: L.K., T. Dorrington. 6.6.75.

GOWBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER

Diagonal Route. 130 feet. Severe.

Starts about halfway up the steps below the top crag, taking a diagonal line up to the tree on the Buttress route. Then follow that route by traversing right and up the crack, to break up to the right to finish up Susan.

First Ascent: R.J.K. 15.4.72.

Gowbarrow Bastion. 120 feet. Very severe.

- 1 60 feet. Start just left of the Buttress Route and climb the short wall to join the Diagonal Route, up a short buttress to tree then walk right to tree belay.

- 2 60 feet. Gain the slab above (Girdle) and climb the wall on the left to ledge. Ascend the groove above to the right then up to the top.

First Ascent: P. Rigby, R.J.K. (alternate leads). 20.5.72.

Wheelbarrow Race. 140 feet. Severe (hard).

- 1 140 feet. This route takes the obvious corner to the left of Gowbarrow Bastion. Start below the corner, half way up the steps, climb short slab to a muddy, grassy ledge and up the vee groove and corner above to the right finishing by the left-hand crack to the ledge below Gowbarrow Corner. Finish up the Corner.

First Ascent: R.J.K., A. Wilson. 8.10.72.

Mike's Dilemma. 120 feet. Severe (mild).

- 1 120 feet. This climbs the wall to the left of Wheelbarrow Race. Start as for Diagonal Route - at a cleaned slab about half way up the steps. Climb direct up past a tree to the ledge below Gowbarrow Corner. Climb the wall to the left of the corner by way of a prominent crack, past a tree to the top of the crag.

First Ascent: R.J.K. 17.10.73.

N.B. - It is probable that all or some of these routes on Gowbarrow have been climbed before.

PILLAR GROUP AREA

HASKETT BUTTRESS

Steeple Crack. 120 feet. Very severe.

This short but interesting route climbs the prominent crack line in the right (west) wall of Western Gully.

- 1 75 feet. Climb the wide crack past the initial steepening to belay in the chimney.

- 2 45 feet. The crack and groove above is followed to the top.

First Ascent: R. G. Hutchinson, J. W. Earl (alternate leads). 22.7.75.

SCAFELL AREA

EAST BUTTRESS

Zeus. 160 feet. Extremely severe.

Start from the stance at the top of pitch 1 of Morning Wall.

- 1 70 feet. Climb the square-cut groove to the stance of Phoenix.

- 2 80 feet. As for Phoenix direct finish but where that climb goes to the right continue straight up.

First Ascent: J.L., P. Bottrill(?), June 1974.

SHAMROCK

Silk Cut Slab. 270 feet. Very severe (mild).

Shamrock is bounded on the right by a broad grassy gully which breaks back diagonally left at about half height. The climb is on a buttress on the right side of the upper part of the gully and can be distinguished by a prominent light coloured slab easily visible from Hollow Stones. The climb starts at the foot of the buttress, directly below the light coloured slab at an undercut, narrow, rightward slanting slab. A pleasant climb in good rock.

- 1 90 feet. Gain the slab which is climbed for about 50 feet when it is possible to climb a short steep groove to reach the large light-coloured slab. Climb the slab to a grassy niche below a damp groove. Nut belays.
- 2 100 feet. Traverse left across the slab; then climb it for about 30 feet. Step right, across the groove to gain another groove in the right wall. Climb the steep groove to a grassy rake which slants up to the left. Block belay below a large rock pinnacle. Walk about 20 feet left up the rake to the foot of the upper tier where there is a narrow slab with a groove on its left.
- 3 80 feet. Climb the slab and groove to the top, finishing level with the top of Tower Buttress.

First Ascent: E.S., J.W. 25.7.75.

Sowker. 190 feet. Severe (hard).

Starts 20 feet right of Silk Cut Slab.

- 1 70 feet. Climb the left side of the slab to a small heathery ledge. Move up bearing right to a small slab split by a crack. Climb the crack to a ledge. Move left and climb the wall on small holds to a corner belay.
- 2 70 feet. Climb the obvious grooved crack.
- 3 50 feet. From the terrace easier rocks lead to the top.

First Ascent: J.R., E.S. (alternate leads), 23.6.74.

PIKE'S CRAG, PULPIT ROCK

The Nave. 450 feet. Very severe.

This pleasant climb which runs up the sweep of slabs between Grooved Arête and Urchin's Groove, starts at the lowest point of the crag and finishes on the summit.

- 1 120 feet. Climb the steep rib, and a crack, which leads to a stance and belay (top of pitch 2 of Grooved Arête).
- 2 130 feet. An excellent pitch. Go diagonally left, on to the slabs for about 40 feet; then work back right and straight up.
- 3 100 feet. The slabs directly above lead more easily to a stance.
- 4 100 feet. Climb the slabs and cracks above, making for a conspicuous notch in the skyline and finish on the summit of the crag.

First Ascent: W.Y., J.W. 22.6.74.

ESK BUTTRESS

Gargoyle Girdle. 475 feet. Very severe (hard).

A girdle of the left wing of the crag and though a good route in its own right it may also be combined with the main girdle of the cliff making possible over 800 feet of climbing. Start as for Gargoyle Groove.

- 1 65 feet. As for pitch 1 of Gargoyle Groove.
- 2 60 feet. As for pitch 2 of Gargoyle Groove.
- 3 40 feet. From the pinnacle move down and right onto the arête then continue delicately rightwards across the wall to reach a large spike. Continue the traverse and then move up to the sloping ledge. Small nut belays. A peg is advisable.
- 4 90 feet. Follow the sloping ledge rightwards then cross the wall onto the crack of Grand Slam. Follow this to where it peters out, then climb up to the large overhang. Move right to large holds on 'Boot Hill' and climb up for 20 feet to a juniper ledge (belay).

- 5 50 feet. Move right to the end of the ledge and traverse the steep wall on excellent holds to gain a chimney (Gargoyle Stairs). Continue at the same level to reach a pinnacle on the arête. Go round the corner and move down and across to a spacious bilberry ledge and belays.
- 6 130 feet. Move up right and cross the rib into the grassy recess. Up on the left is a fine corner, climb this direct to the top of the crag (part of this corner may be climbed by Satisfaction).
- Alternatively*
- 6a 50 feet. Scramble down to the right to belay on a small rock ledge before the Red Wall section of the Main Girdle.
Continue as for the main girdle.

First Ascent: J. W. Earl, R. G. Hutchinson (alternate leads), 6.6.75.

BORROWDALE AREA

LINING CRAG

The Limit. 240 feet. Very severe (hard).

Start a few feet right of the gully in the centre of the crag.

- 1 100 feet. Straight up the wall to a ledge at 50 feet. Trend left up a gangway to a small overhang. Over this and up to a clean ledge. Traverse right to a small tree belay.
- 2 60 feet. Move left along the ledge and on to a wall. Continue left and up to the groove of Bosgroth. Continue up for a few feet until it is possible to move left up a ledge and peg belay.
- 3 80 feet. Straight up the wall to the top.

First Ascent: R. McHaffie, W. Freeland.

The Ring. 400 feet. Very severe.

Start at the left-hand end of the crag.

- 1 50 feet. Up a rib to loose blocks and step right to a belay.
- 2 130 feet. Traverse horizontally right across slabs to join the first pitch of Bosgroth.
- 3 40 feet. Up to a belay on large flakes.
- 4 60 feet. Climb under an overhang and descend across a wall on to a large clean ledge. Move across this to a tree belay.
- 5 70 feet. Continue along the ledge, descend slightly and move right again to a ridge and belay.
- 6 50 feet. Finish up the ridge.

First Ascent: R. McHaffie, W. Freeland.

EAGLE CRAG

Where Eagles Dare. 175 feet. Extremely severe.

- 1 50 feet. As for Squawk. Climb the crack and groove to a ledge and belay.
- 2 45 feet. Gain the ledge above. Start up an obvious scoop then move left to a thin crack. Pull up and move left around a rib to gain a ledge. Move left to thread belays.

First Ascent: P. Whillance, S.G.C. 4.8.75.

The Cleft Direct. 150 feet. Extremely severe.

- 1 40 feet. Climb the corner in the main line of The Cleft.
- 2 50 feet. Ascend the corner until it is possible to move left to a sloping ledge. Move up and right on to a large ledge.
- 3 60 feet. As for the last pitch of Daedalus.

First Ascent: J.L., P.W. (?), 17.5.75.

GILLERCOMBÉ BUTTRESS

Patient Tigers. 195 feet. Extremely severe.

This climb roughly follows the line of the now defunct Tiercel Wall.

- 1 30 feet. The variation starts to Raven's Groove.

- 2 75 feet. From the block pull on to the wall and right into a groove. Up this passing a small overhang on the left and continue to good holds. Hand traverse left into Raven's Groove and step down to a belay.
- 3 90 feet. Traverse back right, move up and traverse right below a hanging flake. Pull into a groove on Eyrie and finish directly up this.
- First Ascent: S.C., J.L., M. Hetherington, P. Whillance. June 1975.

GREAT LANGDALE AREA

GIMMER CRAG

Equus. 130 feet. Extremely severe.

Start as for Kipling Groove.

- 1 130 feet. Follow the traverse of Kipling Groove until about mid-way. Now pull through the overhangs to enter a shallow groove. Up this to a junction with Kipling Groove. Climb the bulges left of the crux of that climb and finish up the wall above.

First Ascent: E. Cleasby. 21.4.76.

SPOUT CRAG

Dinsdale. 120 feet. Very severe (hard).

This climb takes the crack and prominent roof which are the main features of the crag.

- 1 30 feet. To a holly tree belay.

- 2 90 feet. Up the crack to a chockstone in the roof (a sling was used for resting). Pull over the roof and continue directly to the top.

First Ascent: T. Birkett, M. Myers. 22.9.71.

Anouschka. 150 feet. Extremely severe.

This climb takes the line of the old peg route which was called Spring Norman.

First Ascent: E. Cleasby. September 1975.

Key to Initials

The information on new climbs did not always give the names of those involved. Consequently initials do not always mean that the climber is a FRCC member.

S. G. Clegg

J. Ratcliffe

L. Kendall

E. Spoffort

R. J. Kenyon

J. Wilkinson

J. Lamb

W. Young

IN MEMORIAM

J. E. BLACKSHAW	1938 – 1974
D. C. BULL	1947 – 1974
F. L. COOK	1923 – 1974
H. C. DISS	1912 – 1975
E. O. HARLAND	1919 – 1976
G. W. LACEY	1935 – 1975
K. O. G. LEONARD	1928 – 1974
G. L. MANSON	1949 – 1976
M. MINOR	1925 – 1975
Professor F. J. MONKHOUSE	1932 – 1975
L. PRYOR	1918 – 1974
T. H. SOMERVELL	1915 – 1975
G. STARKEY	1932 – 1974
W. E. TAYLOR	1928 – 1974
H. H. VAUGHAN	1946 – 1974
M. D. Y. WAKEFIELD	1922 – 1975

JOHN EDGAR BLACKSHAW, 1938 – 1974

Jack Blackshaw was aged 90 when he died. After such longevity I have not found a member who knew him when he was young. We all recall him as our senior, a rotund figure, with a jolly smiling face, twinkling eyes, a white fringe of hair, and a deaf aid. He said he turned off the deaf aid when he was not interested, but he missed little, and had an uncanny knack of turning his aid on at the right moment for him, if not for you.

Jack had an ironmonger's business in Barrow from which he did not retire until he was 70. After the death of his first wife, and after his retirement, he moved first to Preston and later to Morecambe. Morecambe was chosen so as to be near the town's West End Pier where he went frequently for old time dancing. It was dancing that brought him and his second wife Molly together nine years ago. To her we express our condolences on her bereavement. On retirement he also took up roller skating and ski-ing. He approached several skiers in the Club to seek their help in his decision to learn to ski, but none of them felt able to encourage such an enterprise at his late age. Undeterred, Jack went to learn in Norway, and there damaged an ankle. Still determined to enjoy winter sports he then tried Austria the next year, and thereafter went ski-ing in the Alps and once in the Pyrenees, every winter until he was 88. He became quite well known in Galtur.

He was introduced to rock climbing by Lyna Pickering, Isabel

Robinson, and the late Jack Diamond. Jack Blackshaw provided the transport to the hills, and the other three provided the climbing and the food. He was affectionately known as 'Tweedles' to them. Given a lead it was surprising how this Tweedledum figure could follow, even on steep rock. He went on the last of the Club's Alpine Meets in 1947 to Arolla.

He took a great interest in the huts. He helped in the conversion of Raw Head and Birkness from farm buildings to huts, and generously provided a lot of the first equipment for them. In those early post war years cutlery, kitchen utensils, and similar articles were difficult to obtain, but searches in the recesses of Jack's warehouse in Barrow produced them and much else. In later years he did a great deal of work at Brackenlose. He saw jobs to do and just did them.

Our older members will remember a kindly 'character', a generous man, with a lasting love for the mountains. They will wish that they too in old age, could have the vitality that he had. The younger members who did not know him may learn that some of the present benefits in the huts came from members such as him, who gave help quietly and never sought recognition for it.

W. E. Kendrick

DEREK COLLINS BULL, 1947 – 1974

Derek Bull was not particularly well-known in our Club, although he frequently visited and climbed in the Lake District over a long period. But he was very well-known in the Climbers Club and the Alpine Club in both of which he held office as a committee member and did a lot of good and successful work in organising meets and dinners. He was a fine rock climber; performing mostly in Wales, where, in his prime he did many of the hardest climbs then extant. He was also a very experienced mountaineer having had many seasons in the Alps and one in the Pyrenees. He was a member of the carefully selected teams of climbers that John Hunt led in expeditions to the Caucasus and Pamirs. It is indicative of his competence and capacity that he was able to do the Bezingi Wall of Shkara – an ascent taking four days.

He was very keenly interested in the proper induction of young people into climbing and he played an important part in two organisations concerned with helping teenagers with difficult social problems, the Finnart House Community Home and the Outdoor Pursuits Centre for young offenders at Hafod Meurig in Wales, run by the Rainer Foundation. He was

modestly quiet about this social work but very deeply concerned in it and did much real good for many young people. This has been recognised by his friends in the Climbers Club and Alpine Club who are in the course of raising a Memorial Fund to endow from its income one or more annual awards to needy youngsters for training in mountaineering on Plas-y-Brenin Courses.

Derek came into our Club through his uncle, our late President, W. G. Milligan, with whom he had a strong affinity because of their common interest in climbing and climbers. He died on the 30th April, 1974 in a tragically unlucky railway accident at the early age of 47, leaving a widow and two young daughters.

If any members of the Fell and Rock who knew Derek Bull would like to learn more about the Memorial Award Fund they might care to write to Alex H. Jones, 42 Corringway, Ealing, London W5, who is organising the appeal, for particulars.

A. B. Hargreaves

FRANCIS LAWSON COOK, 1923 – 1974

In the passing of Lawson Cook, only four days before his 93rd birthday, our Club lost one of its most loyal and helpful members. He had been in failing health for some years, gradually losing his sight and sense of hearing. Whenever any of our members called to see him the conversation very soon turned to the affairs of our Club which meant so much to him.

Educated at the Birkenhead School from 1889-1900 he was Head of School from 1898 and a member of the school Rugby XV. In 1900 he won an open scholarship in mathematics to Exeter College, Oxford, gaining his BA with honours in 1904 and MA in 1907. After leaving Oxford in 1904 he studied law at the University of Liverpool gaining his LLB with honours in 1907 and LLM in 1908, when he qualified as a solicitor. He was a partner in the firm of Dodds, Ashcroft and Cook from 1914 to 1950 and held a practising certificate for 65 years. The combination of mathematics and law fitted him perfectly.

His marriage in 1909 to Miss Winifred Morris lasted fifty-six years during which time she supported him loyally in his many activities. Winifred died in 1965 and they are survived by a son Tom who is also a member of our Club. Both Lawson and Winifred were very fond of the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan and sang many of the duets. These were always appreciated at the Whitsuntide sing-songs at Thornythwaite. For many years he was keenly interested in stamp collecting and only gave it up when his sight was failing.

Before World War I, Lawson was more interested in cycling than in walking and he and his wife rode a tandem. However, with the coming of peace his interests changed and he became very keen on mountain walking and the easier rock climbs. In 1923 he became a member of our Club, as did his wife in 1924. He joined the Wayfarers' Club in 1924 and the Rucksack Club in 1925. In joining these clubs he found a new fulfilment and inspiration; later when huts became important to club life he was able to give substantial help in establishing them, not only by his professional knowledge but by giving a hand in fitting them up. He used to say that if a club was to be successful each member should try to put more into it than he took out and Lawson certainly did this throughout his fifty-one years of membership of our Club.

He was President of the Club from 1939-1944; the normal period of two years was especially extended as had been done for W. P. Haskett-Smith in World War I. He was a Trustee of the Club Funds from 1928 and an Honorary Member from 1956. In 1938 he was a member of a small committee entrusted with the revision of the Club Rules and he was very critical of any further changes in later years.

From his early days of membership he was very helpful in taking onto the hills young and inexperienced members and they were certainly in safe hands for he was particularly good at map reading and his route finding, even in mist, was always reliable. He was not particularly interested in trees or flowers or even in birds, but much more so in geology. He was a strong walker and, as he did in his cycling days, liked to choose an acceptable route and cover the distance in good time. He arranged and was leader of the Club's first all-night walk. Later the Scottish Meets gave him great pleasure and over the years he attended no fewer than twelve of these meets of which he was leader of two; but whoever was the official leader Lawson was the acknowledged expert and planner of excursions which became known as Cook's Tours.

The death of Lawson Cook has left many of us with treasured memories of happy days spent with him on the hills.

Raymond Shaw

H. C. DISS, 1912 – 1975

H. C. Diss, who died in 1975 at the age of 88, was one of our oldest members, having joined the Club in 1912. He was an active member until the late twenties, being a regular at the

parties of ten or twenty or more who stayed with Mrs. Harris at Parkgate. Lord Chorley remembers him more as a fell walker than as a rock climber, and says that 'his ambition to turn the *Journal* into a sort of Lake District news-sheet almost caused a rift in the ranks of the membership' at the time when W. T. Palmer, with whom he was very friendly, was Editor. Though he did not come to meet much after his marriage, his son tells me he took a great interest in Club matters right up to the time of his death.

Diss was head of a well-known firm of jewellers in Barrow, and had a great knowledge of precious stones, a subject in which he was much in demand as a lecturer. He was chairman of Barrow magistrates until his retirement in 1963, and concerned in many other activities in the town, of which he was made a freeman in 1967.

He is survived by his widow, son, and daughter, to whom we extend our sympathy.

J. C. Appleyard

EDWARD OWBRIDGE HARLAND, 1919 – 1976

'Bones', as he was affectionately known to his climbing friends, died on 28th February 1976 at his home Woodland Hall, Broughton-in-Furness. He was aged 75 years. He joined the Club in 1919, the year in which the club played a decisive role in defeating the project for a road over Styhead. He was the son of Henry Harland, one of our original members who led many first ascents with the Abraham brothers and other prominent climbers in the early years of the century.

'Bones' started climbing with his father, and climbed with many of the early pioneers. He was a safe and careful climber and like his father, who according to Ashley P. Abraham's 'In Memoriam' never had an accident nor was ever concerned in one. Although brought up in the Gully Era he was happier leading on ridges and faces and in those days of hemp rope and clinkers he always climbed delicately and was a joy to watch.

He married Winifred MacKenzie who came from Skye, by whom he had two children – Alastair and Janet.

He joined the Humber Yawl Club in 1925 and was an enthusiastic sailor, being a member for over thirty years, and at one time holding Flag rank. He loved 'messaging about in boats' and had considerable ability as a 'handyman'. He was a keen and skilful fisherman and enjoyed the country into which this took him.

He was a Freeman of the City of Hull and his business life was spent in the successful management of the two family firms – M. Harland & Son, Printers and W. T. Owbridge, makers of the famous Owbridges Lung Tonic.

After the death of his first wife he was a regular attender at the Scottish Meets and it was at one of these that he first met a fellow member, Ruth Vandy, whom he subsequently married and together they had ten very happy years. His quiet wit and love of companionship will be remembered by all his friends.

J. C. Appleyard

GERALD WILLIAM LACEY, CBE, 1935 – 1975

It must be about 40 years ago when I first met Gerald, who at that time was editor of a scientific journal. It soon became clear that we had much in common; for we were both chemists, keen photographers and loved the hills and classical music. He had for many years been interested in the development of obscure alloys and during the Second World War was Controller of Light Metals at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, for which service he was awarded the CBE. After the war he became a Director of the British Aluminium Company and his work took him all over the world, with several visits to India and North America. Meanwhile he was a member of the Council of Industrial Design for 13 years and was intimately concerned with the setting up of the Design Centre. He retired ten years ago and went to live at the How, in Rosthwaite, which enabled him to develop his interest in photography. But his artistic work had already come to the notice of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1937 when he contributed 16 of the outstanding Lakeland photographs in that issue of our *Journal*. He gave many lectures, contributed to photographic and mountaineering journals, edited Blackwell's *Mountain Britain Calendar*, exhibited his colour work at the Arts Club and Kodak House, in London, and conducted a class in colour photography at the nearby Cumbria Centre each winter. He visited the Dolomites and spent several holidays in the Alps, where, in Zermatt, he photographed much of the Alpine flora, and in a terrific storm secured a shot of the Matterhorn which is the finest and most dramatic study I have seen. On numerous occasions we climbed together in the Lakes, Snowdonia, Scotland and Skye, but his greatest interest was in Borrowdale itself, whose beauty he captured in a collection of colour slides portraying the charms of the valley throughout the four seasons. He was a kind and generous man who set himself

high standards in anything he undertook. He passed away peacefully following an operation in Carlisle Infirmary. He leaves a widow, Peggy, and two sons, one of whom won the Rome Scholarship. Goodbye Gerald, all your friends will remember you with great affection.

W. A. Poucher

KATHLEEN O. G. LEONARD, 1928 - 1974

Kathleen Leonard, who died in February 1974, was the daughter of the late P. D. Boothroyd of Southport. She was a great lover of the Lake District, and spent most of her spare time in the area. She was especially interested in the lesser-known valleys and ghylls, and wrote a delightful article on them for the *Journal*.

She married another member, Dick Leonard. Until his retirement they lived in York; they then purchased a house in Hawkshead. For many years owing to ill health she was able to do little walking, and latterly none at all. Those who knew her will remember the fortitude and cheerfulness with which she faced life under very trying conditions.

Her husband survived her by only two years, and the sympathy of members will go out to their son and daughters in their double loss.

J. C. Appleyard

GEORGE LEASK MANSON, 1949 - 1976

George Manson was well known probably to some half dozen members only of the Club, and perhaps to two or three climbers in kindred clubs. Although he stayed in huts both in the Lake District and North Wales, he very rarely came to meets and he preferred to climb, walk and ski with his particular friends. This trait may have arisen from diffidence and partly from a considerable degree of deafness from which he suffered from an early age, and which made it difficult for him to hear and to converse with strangers. But there was no reserve with his friends both within and outside mountaineering, or with his medical colleagues, for all of whom his death in January 1976, meant the loss of the faithful, warm-hearted and inimitable 'George'. It was not from familiarity that he was called by his christian name by everyone at Whiston Hospital where he worked as a medical consultant; it was from respect and affection. So highly was he esteemed there that a memorial fund has been set up to enable his work on diabetic problems to be continued.

George Manson was born in 1913 in Liverpool where his father was a H.M.I. of school buildings. Apart from his school years at Trent College he spent all his life in Liverpool. He graduated MB.Ch.B in 1938 at Liverpool University and in the same year obtained his conjoint qualification. After two appointments at other hospitals he went to Whiston in 1942 as Medical Registrar. His main interest was in Internal Medicine and especially in the treatment of diabetes. A period of ill-health in the early 1940s took him to the Old Dungeon Ghyll for a long recuperation under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bulman. There he made a lasting friendship with them and acquired an unalterable love for the mountains.

He made the acquaintance of Jimmy Thomas and it was with Jimmy, then living in Barrow that George climbed extensively in North Wales. It was at a time when the publication of new guide-books introduced them to fresh climbing grounds on Craig Yr Ysfa, Cwm Silyn and the Three Cliffs, whose steep and ferocious climbs were greatly to George's taste. Though brought up, as were all of our generation, to climb in nails, George soon adapted to the new techniques and gear coming forward, and took delight in various hard climbs at Tremadoc which became accessible to him on Jimmy's removal to Portmadoc in 1956. Though as a climber he did not have the temperament of a leader he was a very accomplished climber and would second splendidly climbs of every degree of technical difficulty. On the afternoon of the Fell and Rock Dinner of 1951 he seconded in nailed boots the ascent of Gimmer Crack carrying for the greater part of the climb a rucksack and the nailed boots of his leader who had early in the climb exchanged them for rubbers, but even with this load he climbed with his usual style and elegance. This elegance appeared also in his ski-ing for which he had a great affection and which he shared later in life with his wife.

He skied in the Alps for many winters, but these winter visits and other interests precluded much summer climbing there. Even so he had three summer holidays abroad with Bobbie and Muriel Files at Chamonix, at Saas Grund and in the Dolomites. George Watkins joined them in the last named district. Amongst his ascents were the Chardonnet by the Forbes Arête, Fletschhorn-Laquinhorn Traverse, and Cima Margherita.

He had many qualities; wit, an equable temper, even in cold winter conditions when he suffered from poor circulation in his hands, great loyalty, and a well-stocked mind. He was a *bon viveur* in the best sense, who played that role with his tongue

firmly in his cheek. That is, he treated good living with the seriousness it deserves, but tempered this attitude with irony which preserved it from excess. He would startle hut users with the lavishness of the meals he would prepare and consume, not least in the quantity and variety of the wine provided. In the period of post-war rationing George would turn a tin of Irish Stew, with the addition of other ingredients he had contrived to unearth in obscure stores in darkest Liverpool, into a delectable goulash. In the context of the sometimes meagre kitchen resources of some of the huts these complicatedly prepared meals seemed an elaborate spoof played out in public, and so they were, but the whole undertaking was at the same time deadly serious, and was thus enjoyed in a double sense; at once a meal and a joke.

His last climbing holiday was in Skye in 1972, which had also been the venue of one of his earliest in 1949. On a day of atrocious weather he and his friends set out from Coruisk to 'do the Dubhs', but necessarily had to abandon the project, and toil back to Glen Brittle by way of the Garbh Choire. During that interminable ascent he received the first intimations of the heart trouble which was to strike him down soon afterwards. Ironically, in 1949 in similar weather he had followed this same route to Glen Brittle.

He survived his first coronary because of his resilience and will, and returned to his work giving as long hours and as much devotion to it as he had always given. A year later he survived another coronary, and again returned to work. Only his closest friends drew from him what he himself knew – that he was living on borrowed time. To his wife and two sons we give our deep sympathy.

W. E. Kendrick, J. G. Thomas

MARJORIE MINOR, 1925 – 1975

Marjorie Minor was the younger daughter of P. S. Minor (President, 1917-1919). She was born at Wilmslow, Cheshire, in 1902. At the age of three she was badly disabled by meningitis, but in spite of this she climbed with her father all the peaks in the Lake District which are over 2,500 feet.

After the death of her parents she lived for a time in Gloucestershire and Somerset, finally settling in the Abbeyfield Home, Tunbridge Wells.

She was an active member of her church, and joined many of the societies and clubs in the town. She kept fit by swimming

regularly and took part in sponsored swims, recently winning the Tadpole Cup.

Geoffrey Haines

PROFESSOR F. J. MONKHOUSE, M.A., D.SC., 1932 – 1975

Although we were both West Cumbrians, I did not meet Frank until 1965, when he retired from Southampton University and returned to the county once more to set up home in Ennerdale. Here he continued his writing of geographical text books, an occupation carried on in what he considered to be the ideal environment. By some strange chance, we never met in pre-war days, but being contemporaries with a common interest in climbing, we quickly established a friendship which led to many memorable days on the hills. We shared leads on climbs, as we did the experiences of sun-baked fell or ice-covered ledges, and these days were frequently relived memories of youth. One outing which became an annual event was the ascent of Pillar Rock early on New Year's Day, by the most suitable route determined by the weather. On rock climbs he favoured the strength moves, and appreciated the long classic routes and their links with the past, but derived equal pleasure from many modern routes, and simply walking the fells.

Of course in his work as a geographer he travelled widely in his search for first hand knowledge to impart to others by his writing and lectures, and attained a world wide reputation in this field. One thing was obvious, whether Frank had just returned from The Napes or Nairobi, he enjoyed to the full the world in which he lived, and though he clearly loved to travel, he was always happy to return to his beloved fells.

He was just about the most friendly fellow to meet, and he had the enviable ability to see the best side of any coin. Certainly being among the hills was a bonus to him, and it was no surprise that because of his equitable nature he found many ways of redressing the balance, one of these being his work with the Wasdale Mountain Rescue Team. To Frank's wide circle of friends, the many facets of his life will each evoke a particular memory but, I think, to all he will be remembered as the friendly professor.

J. S. Williams

LOUISE PRYOR, 1918 – 1974

We shall remember Louise Pryor chiefly for her activities at the Scottish Meets. Like her friend Margaret Hicks she was a very

determined person and seldom failed to accomplish whatever she planned to do. Amongst the many peaks in Scotland which she climbed were Bruach na Frithe, Buchaille Etive Mòr and Schiehallion, with Dick Cook, in a snowstorm; but her exceptional achievement was in 1962 when at the age of 78 she climbed Ben Nevis with Howard and Peg Somervell under difficult conditions.

She was a school teacher in Manchester until her retirement and whenever possible, on a Sunday, she would take an early train to Glossop or Edale and go for long walks on Bleaklow or Kinder Scout. She showed astonishing speed and agility when crossing peat bogs and gullies. She did a lot of lone tramping over the years, occasionally sleeping out in the open. She walked alone from Deeside over the Lairig Ghru to Aviemore in the day. Another walk was from Glenfinnan to Glen Dessary and Loch Hourn, finishing at Glen Shiel. She spent a holiday walking from the Scottish Border along the Pennines to Edale, much of which was then trespass ground. En route she was cross-questioned by a gamekeeper who eventually asked if she was married; when she said that she was not he replied, 'You would make a grand wife for a keeper'.

Louise, whose maiden name was Dutton, married Edgar H. Pryor of the Rucksack Club and of the Wayfarers' Club shortly after he lost a leg following a climbing accident at Laddow Rocks in Cheshire. He never really recovered from the accident and their married life only lasted a few years.

Louise was very interested in insect life, especially spiders, and she always carried a glass tube in which the insects were deposited for later identification.

Only a few days before she died at the age of 89 she was walking on the slopes of Kinder Scout, Edale. She remembered our Club in her will* for which kind thought we are very grateful.

**We gratefully acknowledge this bequest. — Ed.*

R. Shaw

THEODORE HOWARD SOMERVELL, 1915 – 1975

At the Annual Dinner of the Club on 26th October last at Keswick, I had the good fortune and privilege to find myself sitting between my old friends Howard and Peg Somervell. In spite of his recent illness Howard was in remarkably good form, and despite some deafness was able to converse on a number of topics of mutual interest. On my way to Scotland earlier that month I had stayed at 'Sykefold', and he had showed me round

his delightful studio, with many pictures of his in process of painting, some of which we were to see later in London at his Alpine Club exhibition. And what an outstanding exhibition that was! It comprised 97 of his paintings in water-colours, oils and pastels from mountain ranges in many countries, including of course the Lake District, and a variety of subjects otherwise. That Somervell had undertaken this in his 85th year, and with the help of his devoted wife, was indeed a marvel, the more so following the incidence of his stroke the previous year. Another marvel in respect of his painting, though of quite a different kind, was his sketch 50 years earlier executed in pastels at 26,000 feet on Everest.

But what of all Howard's other accomplishments? So many members of the Club will have followed over the years the achievements of this remarkable one of their number, from his early days in his Kendal home, to his Presidency of the Club (1954-1956) after his retirement from India. Incidentally, his brother Leslie had been President from 1946-1948, and his two sons, Jim and David, in addition to his wife Margaret (Peg), have swelled the membership of the Club, which is most likely to be further increased, as Howard himself hoped, by several grandchildren!

Of Somervell's several books, 'After Everest: the Experiences of a Mountaineer and Medical Missionary' (1936) provides the widest spectrum of those achievements up to that time. His early fell-wandering and rock-climbing in the Lakes; his first-class mountaineering in the Alps, and later his outstanding work on Everest in 1922 and 1924, are all briefly recorded. But in that same first book Somervell has also described much of his earlier hospital and missionary work done in southern India at Neyyoor, in Travencore (now Kerala). His three later books: 'Knife and Life in India' (1940 and 1955); 'India Calling' (1947), and 'The Surgery of the Stomach and Duodenum' (1948), the latter an outstanding and authoritative work on his surgical speciality. But so many and wide were the calls made on his skills as a medical man, apart from missionary, that in the course of his work in southern India he became a physician of unusual ability and experience. Moreover, he had wonderful help from his wife Margaret, whom he married in 1925 and brought out to India, to play at once an important part in hospital work. Believing strongly in regular holidays away in the mountains for real creative purposes, the two of them went off from southern India to such delightful Himalayan districts as Garhwal and Kumaon,

where with friends (Hugh Rutledge and Roger Wilson) they reconnoitred the neighbourhood of the dominating peak, Nanda Devi. Howard before his marriage had also spent his furloughs in Kashmir and in the Kangchenjunga neighbourhood. In his schooldays at Rugby and ever afterwards he believed in vigorous exercise, and gave it as his convinced opinion (with which this writer heartily agrees) that there is no finer game than Rugby football, as an opportunity of going hard and even getting hurt! And quite apart from rugger, few parties in the Alps ever went as hard as Somervell and Beetham did in 1923, when they polished off 32 peaks in six weeks! Although in subsequent years his long service in India prevented his climbing much in the Alps themselves, the Alpine Club recognised Somervell's pre-eminence by electing him President in 1962. He was also a Vice-President of the Himalayan Club from 1942 to 1943.

His great achievements on Everest are so well known that it would seem scarcely necessary to expand on them here. Briefly, they were (1) attaining about 27,000 feet with Mallory, Norton and Morshead in 1922; and (2) with Norton about 28,000 feet in 1924. On this latter climb, undertaken without oxygen apparatus, he was much troubled with the condition of his throat, and during the descent he had the greatest difficulty in overcoming suffocation until, with a great effort, he was able to choke up the frozen lining of his larynx! It would seem to be a unique case of survival by violent self-effort!; (3) only a few days prior to this episode, by a supreme display of coolness and skill, he had managed to rescue several porters in difficulties of threatened avalanche on the slopes of the North Col.

In addition to his skills in mountaineering, medical science and painting, Somervell had yet another one, namely music. At Cambridge he had played the violin in the orchestra of Caius College; and such was his enthusiasm that on two occasions, when he was on a holiday with his people at Rye in Sussex, he had cycled twice the 150 miles and back to hear Beethoven in the Promenade concerts in London. But he later admitted that he would not do it again unless it were for Brahms! Howard's very musical mother had inspired him from infancy in what he declared was the highest of the arts. His appreciation and grasp of music was such that on his return from Everest and Tibet in 1922, he wrote all the music for the Expedition's film-show, and suitably arranged for Western instruments the characteristic folk-tunes which he had collected in the Himalaya and Tibet.

Howard Somervell was a unique person and a quite unusual

missionary, as all the records of his work in India show, whether during his 22 years and more at Neyyoor, or later in charge of surgery at the important Christian Medical College at Vellore. He had no use for narrow-mindedness, whether in religious or other matters. In correspondence I had with him last year about a letter which I had received from a friend in Shetland, claiming to have received a psychic message from Andrew Irvine that he and Mallory had reached the summit of Everest in 1924, Howard was quite prepared to accept the likelihood of the truth of many of the details in that message. Although a confessed Christian, he did not despise many of the aspects of Indian religious thought and philosophy. In spite of his great gifts and accomplishments he never received the proper recognition from the Indian Government which he deserved. Howard was a singularly humble-minded and self-effacing man, one who would return salute and obeisance even to 'outcast' Indians in like kind. No wonder he was loved and adored by thousands of them, when with his friendliness and unstinting kindness went such supreme skill in his hospitals, and the curing of so many apparently hopeless cases.

At the memorial service at Zion Congregational Church in Kendal on 6th February 1975, addresses by the minister, the Rev. Andrew Hodgson, and by Dr. Norman Goodall, Howard Somervell's outstanding qualities and achievements were eloquently recounted in the presence of a large congregation, and there are many who will not forget the glowing tributes which were so properly paid to him.

Finally, it may be added how delighted would Howard have been at the current news of the success of Bonington's party on the difficult SW face of Everest.

N. E. Odell

GEORGE STARKEY, 1932 - 1974

There may be many members of the Club who never knew George Starkey, although he was a member for 42 years and a keen and active fell walker and rock climber for some 50 years. He was primarily an alpinist and, throughout his climbing life, his chief attachment was to the A.B.M.S.A.C. For several years he was one of the two Honorary Secretaries of that Club, President from 1957 to 1959 and Honorary Member since 1970. He was a tower of strength in the organisation of the A.B.M.S.A.C. and in the running of its meets in the Alps, Lake District, Wales and Scotland. He also served as treasurer to the B.M.C.

George has an impressive list of alpine ascents to his credit in the Oberland, Valais, Savoy, Dauphiné and Austria. His routes included the Mer-de-Glace Face of the Grépon, the traverse of the Drus and one of the earlier ascents of the Mayer-Dibona route on the Requin. On these climbs he was accompanied, as in so much of his mountaineering activities, by his wife Mary who has been a member of our Club since 1932. He was elected to the A.C. in 1933 while Mary, President of the L.A.C. from 1967 to 1969, has recently become a member of the A.C. through the amalgamation of the two clubs.

Many mountaineers have reason to be grateful to George for his kindly but firm leadership on mountain and crag or because he introduced them to the joys of climbing. He was always a safe but never a timid leader.

George died in Patterdale in October 1974 after an enjoyable day walking on the fells with Mary. His name and his work for the A.B.M.S.A.C. are now perpetuated in the valley in the George Starkey Climbing Hut. Our sympathy and thoughts go to Mary at the end of a long mountaineering partnership.

J. Robert Files

WILFRID E. TAYLOR, 1928 – 1974

Wilfrid Taylor had almost reached his seventy-fourth birthday when he died of a heart attack in November 1974. Born in Nottingham in 1900, he spent some of his early years in York but moved to the Manchester-Liverpool area at the age of 17, where he remained for the rest of his life. As a youth he explored the Yorkshire dales, walking, cycling and camping there, and after his move to Liverpool he fell under the spell of the Lakeland hills and became a devoted climber. He became a member of the Club in 1928 and climbed with many whose names are well known and remembered in the Club – Mrs. Eden Smith, George Basterfield and G. R. Speaker among others. Although Wilfrid was less widely known, those who climbed with him were always appreciative of his great qualities of character and sense of fun. He took ‘in tow’ many of the novices G. R. Speaker used to bring along and his patience and understanding helped many to achieve a much enhanced enjoyment from their days in the hills. As one of them has written, ‘his climbing was the most superb I ever saw and so also was his attitude to the rest of us “lower orders” who clambered up behind him (and swung off at awkward moments)’. Certainly my own joy in the hills was deepened

and widened by Wilf. What a lot of happy times he gave us'. In his first year of membership Wilfrid wrote in the *Journal* of 'An Innocent at Windermere', describing his attendance at a dinner meet as the guest of an absentee member. Apparently his boots were strongly condemned on that occasion and this may explain why Wilfrid thereafter often climbed in bare feet!

My first meeting with Wilfrid was in later years when he was nearly 50 and content for his climbs to be led by a 'youngster' of less than 35, such as myself. A holiday in Wasdale brought a group of us fortuitously together, but led to a succession of summer climbing holidays in Wasdale and Langdale. Though short of reach, Wilfrid had a fine sense of balance making difficult climbing look relatively easy. His humour, his piquant remarks and his sense of fun made him a delightful companion, whilst his imperturbable and totally reliable nature made him a tower of strength in any situation.

As another of his former climbing companions has written, 'a kinder man one couldn't meet anywhere – one of those rare human beings who by his constant kindness and good nature really did restore one's faith in human nature'. His later years were difficult ones and forced a retirement from active climbing, but he bore his misfortunes bravely, as would be expected by all who knew him well. 'You could rely on Wilfrid, in spite of all his own difficulties, to have a kind word and a happy smile for us all. The world is a poorer place for his departure'.

Frank Moon

HOWARD H. VAUGHAN, 1946 – 1974

On Christmas Day, 1974, the Club, and in particular the members of the Scottish Meet, suffered a blow in the loss of Howard.

Howard was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he was a prominent member of the rugby team and subsequently became an enthusiastic supporter of the Old Edwardians' Club, where his advice and encouragement were greatly valued by the younger members.

Though ideally suited and hoping for a career in banking, he had to leave the Overseas Department of Lloyds on the retirement of his father to join the family business, which he left to serve in the R.A.F. in the Second World War.

After the war, he eventually was appointed secretary to a firm of timber merchants in which capacity he served until his retirement. Always a great lover of the hills, as was his wife Claire,

his natural instinct led him to build a house at Holbeck Ghyll, Troutbeck, which they named Overbeck, aptly termed as it is built over a stream.

Howard's climbing career was very much bound up with the M.A.M., as he then lived in that Club's area, Sutton Coldfield; he joined the F.R.C.C. in 1946. Although he never claimed to be in the first class, he was a good and careful rock climber and was considerate to his companions. He seemed to be able to remember every detail of almost all the climbs he had ever done.

In the mid-fifties he started to attend the Scottish Meets where he soon became a popular and keen member. Later he was joined by Claire and they were usually accompanied by one of two successive wirehaired fox terriers who were accomplished mountaineers in their own right. The earlier one in particular had his own ideas of routes, scorning those of his human companions, disappearing for long periods and ultimately appearing well ahead of the party.

Howard had an encyclopaedic memory for many things; in railway matters he was a veritable Bradshaw and his feats of memory were probably one reason for his brilliance at bridge in which he reached County standard.

Whilst an abstemious man, he was a connoisseur of hock and he was extremely generous in producing supplies of uncommon names, but of the very first class, for his chosen friends, much to their comfort and benefit.

Howard was lifting a heavy stone flag covering his private beck when he collapsed and died immediately, leaving Claire who fortunately still lives in the district at Overbeck, and a son who lives in Birmingham.

Thus went a kindly man and loyal companion, an irreparable loss to his close friends, leaving a great gap in the rapidly diminishing band of senior members of the Scottish Meets.

George H. Webb

MARJORIE D. Y. WAKEFIELD, 1922 – 1975

Marjorie Wakefield (Madge to her friends in the Club), had been a member of the Fell and Rock since 1922 when her husband, Dr. Arthur Wakefield took part in an attempt on Everest, and very speedily became a welcome visitor to Thorneythwaite Farm where the Whitsuntide meet was held for many years. The younger members usually camped, the older ones staying at the farm or at Mountain View Cottages. After dinner

at night Madge would be in her element accompanying the singing of those delightful songs from the little red books (not Maoist philosophy), but charming ditties composed by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, Haskett Smith, Darwin Leighton, George Basterfield and others, and sung to popular tunes from the Scottish Students Song Book, and other collections of tuneful melodies.

One remembers with nostalgia the hearty rendering of some of the refrains:

'Haul, haul, haul, my feet are slipping
My hand holds are all loose and wet
O keep me very tight, for my balance isn't right
I've eternity below me don't forget . . .'

or The Shepherd's Lullaby, with its haunting refrain:

'Hi! hi! git away, cum or al bray tha lad
Hi! hi! cum 'ere git away back, way back
Hi! hi! git away cum or al bray tha lad
'arder round, 'arder round, git away back'

which brings vivid memories of the Nobsons whose welcome was something we shall ne'er see the like again.

After the Doctor's death Madge Wakefield continued for many years in a variety of activities calculated to help others to fuller enjoyment of life, whether by helping to get more Youth Hostels established in the Lake District, or by encouraging more Women's Institutes in the area, or by organizing flag days for Dr. Barnardo's homes.

After the untimely death of her younger son, Roger, Madge began to fail. Her daughter, Ann, came to join her and, just before the end, her elder son flew from Montreal where he had been living for many years. The end came very peacefully a few days before her 89th birthday. She was laid to rest at the foot of Skiddaw in whose shadow she and her family had lived for many years. She has gone to join that gallant band who . . .

'climb along those hills of cloud where cairns are stars of light'.

G. M. Kitchener

THE LIBRARY

Information about the use of the Library is given on page 36 of the current handbook. Requests to have books sent by post and all enquiries should be addressed to the Librarian.

Gifts. All donors are thanked for their generosity to the Library. Several members have given journals. Jack Soper has presented the report of the Joint Services' Expedition to North Peary Land (of which he was a member) and that of the University of Sheffield Earth Sciences Expedition to Iceland. Geoffrey Ellison has made a notable addition to the Lake District collection by his gift of the following rare items: *Companion to the Lakes* by E. Baines (1829); *The Beauties of England and Wales: Westmorland* by J. Britton (1814); *Mines and Mining in the Lake District* by J. Postlethwaite (3rd ed. 1913); and *A Guide to the Lakes* by J. Robinson (1819). As the *Journal* is going to press we have heard with regret of the death of B. L. Martin who a few months ago made a valuable gift to the Library. Part of this has been added to the book stock and the remainder has been retained as a reserve.

Club Records. A bound presentation copy of the first volume of the *Journal*, given on its completion to the Editor, Edward Scantlebury, has been presented to the Club by his daughter, Mrs. Remnant, June Newby's mother. It contains signatures of many distinguished members of the Club.

Bequest. A generous bequest was received under the will of C. W. F. Dec. A considerable number of his books have filled gaps in the Library and others have been placed in reserve. Although the Library is insured, the replacement of lost or damaged books would prove difficult as well as costly and it is fortunate that a reserve of valuable books can be built up from gifts and bequests.

Since the issue of the last *Journal*, 110 items have been added to the Library. The following is a select list of accessions of the more notable books, excluding those mentioned above:

BEDFORD, B. L. Challenge underground	1975
BONATTI, W. The great days	1974
BONINGTON, C. <i>and others.</i> Changabang	1975
BRAHAM, T. Himalayan odyssey	1974
CLARKE, R. The early Alpine guides	1949
COUNTRYSIDE COMMISSION. Lake District National Park guide. 2nd ed.	1975
COPELAND, F. Beautiful mountains: in the Yugoslav Alps	1930
DEPARTMENT OF THE ENVIRONMENT. Report of the National Park Policies Review Committee (Sandford report)	1974
GREENE, R. Moments of being (autobiography)	1975
GRIFFIN, A. H. A Lakeland notebook	1975
GRIFFIN, A. H. Long days in the hills	1974

HANKINSON, A. Camera on the crags	1975
HARRER, H. I come from the Stone Age (New Guinea)	1964
HASTON, D. The Eiger	1974
HECKMAIR, A. My life as a mountaineer	1975
HILLARY, E. Nothing venture nothing win	1975
HILLARY, E. and DOIG, D. High in the thin cold air ...	1962
JONES, O. G. Rock-climbing in the English Lake District (Reprint)... ..	1973
KURZ, M. Le Mont Olympe	1923
LUCKHOFF, C. A. Table Mountain	1951
MACINNES, H. International mountain rescue handbook	1973
MARINER, W. Mountain rescue techniques	1963
MARSH, B. Improvised techniques in mountain rescue ...	1973
MAZEAUD, P. Naked before the mountain (autobiography)	1973
MESSNER, R. The seventh grade	1974
MUMMERY, A. F. My climbs in the Alps and Caucasus (Reprint)... ..	1974
NETHERSOLE-THOMPSON, D. and WATSON, A. The Cairngorms	1974
PAULCKE, W. and DUMLER, H. Hazards in mountaineering	1973
PEARSALL, W. H. and PENNINGTON, W. The Lake District	1973
RÉBUFFAT, G. Mont Blanc: the 100 finest climbs ...	1975
ROGERSON, F. History of notable fell walks 1864-72 ...	1973
ROLLINSON, W. Life and tradition in the Lake District ...	1974
ROSS, H. E. Behaviour and perception in strange environments	1974
SAYRE, W. Four against Everest	1964
SCOTT, D. Big wall climbing	1974
SHERMAN, P. Cloud walkers: six climbs on major Canadian peaks	1966
SYNGE, P. M. Mountains of the Moon	1938
TEMPLE, P. Nawok: New Zealand expedition to New Guinea	1962
TRANTER, P. No tigers in the Hindu Kush	1968
WILSON, K. Hard rock	1975
YOUNGHUSBAND, F. Epic of Mount Everest (Reprint) ...	1974

GUIDES

England

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL. Rock Climbs in the Peak	
7. The Kinder area, ed. by P. J. Nunn	1974
8. The Staffordshire gritstone area, comp. by D. Salt	1974
BRYSON, COURTNEY. Rock climbs round London ...	1936
GRAM, G., EILBECK, J. C. and ROPER, I. Rock climbing in the Lake District	1975
NUNN, P. J. Rock climbing in the Peak District	1975

- ROYAL NAVY AND ROYAL MARINES MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
 Lundy rock climbs. 2nd ed. by R. D. Moulton ... 1974
- YORKSHIRE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
 Yorkshire gritstone. 2nd ed. by M. Bebbington ... 1974
 Yorkshire limestone. 2nd ed. by F. Wilkinson ... 1974

Wales

- CLIMBERS' CLUB GUIDES. Climbing guides to the Snowdon district
 3. Glyder Fach, by C. F. Kirkus 1945
- CLIMBERS' CLUB GUIDES TO WALES
 1. Carneddau. 3rd ed. by Les Holliwell 1975
 2. Cwm Idwal. 3rd ed. [*sic*] by K. Wilson and Z. Leppert 1974
 3. The Three Cliffs, 3rd ed. by P. Hatton 1974
- JAMES, R. Rock climbing in Wales. 2nd ed. 1975

Scotland

- SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB. Climbers' Guide Books
 Cairngorms area, 1. By B. W. March 1973
 Cairngorms area, 2. By G. S. Strange 1973
 Northern Highlands area, 2. By D. G. and R. W. L. Turnbull 1973
- SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB. District Guide Books
 The Cairngorms. 5th ed. By A. Watson 1975
 The Northern Highlands, n.s. 2nd ed. By T. Strang ... 1975
 The Southern Highlands, n.s. By D. Bennet 1972
 The Western Highlands, n.s. By G. Scott Johnstone ... 1973

Alps

- GUIDE VALLOT. La chaîne du Mont Blanc. Vol. 3. 4th ed. By L. Davies and P. Henry 1975

Pyrenees

- FÉDÉRATION FRANÇAISE DE LA MONTAGÉE; GROUPE PYRÉNÉISTE DE HAUTE MONTAGNE. Pyrénées Centrales. Vol. 3. By A. Armengaud and others ... 1969

JOURNALS

A few of the following, all of which are acknowledged with thanks, were received too late for review in this issue of the *Journal*:

ALPINE JOURNAL, 1974, 1975; AMERICAN ALPINE JOURNAL, 1974, 1975; APPALACHIA, June and December 1975, June 1975; CAMBRIDGE U.M.C. JOURNAL, 1975; CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL, 1974, 1975; CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL, 1973-74; DEUTSCHER ALPENVEREIN JAHRBUCH, 1974, 1975; LADIES' ALPINE CLUB JOURNAL, 1975; LANCASHIRE CAVING

AND CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL, 1974; LAKE DISTRICT PLANNING BOARD REPORT, 1974-75; MIDLAND ASSOCIATION OF MOUNTAINEERS' JOURNAL, 1973-74; MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA JOURNAL, 1973; NEW ZEALAND ALPINE JOURNAL, 1974; RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL, 1973; SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL, 1974, 1975; YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL, 1973.

Muriel Files

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MEETS, 1975

<i>Dates</i>	<i>Venue</i>
C January 4	Salving House
February 8	Beetham Cottage
March 1	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis (2nd-9th)
March 8	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe (9th-16th)
March 15	Woolpack Hotel, Eskdale
March 28 (Easter)	Salving House, Glen Sannox (Arran)
April 12	R. O. Downes Hut, Derbyshire
M April 26	Beetham Cottage
C May 3..	Raw Head
May 10	Scottish Meet, Glen Spean Lodge Hotel (9th-19th)
May 17	Beetham Cottage
May 24 (Spring Bank Holiday)	Birkness, Glen Finnan
M June 7..	Brackenclose
M June 14	Raw Head
June 21	Brackenclose
C July 5	Sun Hotel, Comiston
July 19	Birkness
August 2	Raw Head
August 23 (Bank Holiday)	Wales
C September 13	Wastwater Hotel
M October 4	Salving House
October 25	Annual Meeting and Dinner, Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick
M November 8	Birkness
C November 22	Birkness
December 6	Wales, Glan Denä
December 13	Salving House
December 31	New Year Meet, New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel

C—Denotes Meeting of the Committee during weekend

M—Denotes Maintenance Meet

MEETS, 1976

<i>Dates</i>	<i>Venue</i>
January 17-18	Brackenclose
January 31-February 1	Raw Head
C February 21-22	Salving House
March 6-7	Beetham Cottage
March 12-18	Ben Nevis (C.I.C. Hut)
March 27-28	Birkness
April 3-4	Woolpack Hotel, Eskdale
April 16-19 (Easter)	Brackenclose
C May 1-2	Raw Head
M May 8-9	Beetham
May 14-24	Dundonell Hotel and Camping
May 15-16	Brackenclose
May 15-16	Brecon Beacons
M May 22-23	Raw Head
May 29-31 (Spring Bank Holiday)	Ardgour (Camping)
May 29-31 (Spring Bank Holiday)	Salving House
M June 5-6	Brackenclose
June 19-20	Beetham Cottage
C July 3-4	Sun Hotel, Coniston
July 17-18	Birkness
July 31-August 1	Raw Head
August 14-15	Salving House
August 28-29 (Bank Holiday)	North Wales
C September 11-12	Wastwater Hotel
September 25-26	Birkness
M October 9-10	Salving House
October 16-17	Raw Head
October 30-31	Annual Dinner
M November 6-7	Birkness
November 20-21	Glan Dena (Joint meet with M.A.M.)
C December 4-5	Salving House
December 31-January 1	New Year Meet

C—Denotes Meeting of the Committee during weekend

M—Denotes Maintenance Meet