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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Lyskamm on Mars	<i>Alan Lawson</i> 117
Pinnacle Peak	<i>Angela M. Soper</i> 121
50 Years On	<i>Donald Murray</i> 125
New Routes — 80's Style	<i>Bob Berzins</i> 131
. . . and Now for the Bad News	<i>John Wilkinson</i> 135
Nostalgia for Nails	<i>A. Harry Griffin</i> 149
Brandon Mountain	<i>R. F. Allen</i> 159
The Library. A Survey of the first 75 years	<i>Muriel Files</i> 162
Not Much of a Picnic	<i>John Coates</i> 177
Poems	<i>Morley Dobson</i> 179
North East of Kathmandu	<i>Peter Fleming</i> 180
Across Corsica by the G.R. 20	<i>Maureen Linton & Don Lee</i> 185
The Fishing Line	<i>E. Wood-Johnson</i> 192
Rock Climbs in the North of England	<i>R. J. Kenyon</i> 196
New Climbs and Notes	<i>Martin Berzins</i> 205
Editor's Notes	<i>A. G. Cram</i> 226
The Slide Collection	<i>F. H. F. Simpson</i> 227
In Memoriam	230
The Library	<i>June Farrington</i> 242
Fell and Rock Authors of Books in the Library	<i>Muriel Files</i> 247
Reviews	248
Club Officers and Meets	268

LYSKAMM ON MARS

Alan Lawson

"It'll be easy", Allen had said. "We'll take three days' food with us, do the Dufourspitze traverse from the Monte Rosa hut, pop down the Italian side to the Gnifetti hut, and only lose 504 metres in height. A good breakfast, and an early start next morning, over Lyskamm and down to the Quintino Sella hut, then Castor and Pollux and back over the Théodule. It's a doddle."

A very attractive proposition — minimum loss of height, avoidance of the heavily crevassed Zwilling Glacier, a sampling of Italian warmth and hospitality, and an interesting variant to the normal approach from the Swiss side.

Monday morning saw the start. A tangle of ropes eventually unwound themselves into some sort of progressive order before the saddle at point 4359 was reached. Maintaining a leisurely slouch we were overtaken by an enterprising German rope of five. No axes, but each had two ski sticks; no skis but the action was there! With the wind increasing and cloud making the ridge ahead appear Himalayan, the prospect beyond the saddle seemed to daunt the five and we moved ahead of them on to the snow ridge. It got progressively colder, windier and higher, also narrower except for one section where the only rope ahead, two English, chose to take a lower line. The wind at 15,000 ft. was finding every crevice in my sweater, and I did not relish trying to don my anorak in the circumstances, so we pushed on along the crest proper, overtaking our compatriots. I received the impression that our action was not appreciated but as Surtees says 'the pace was too good to enquire', and the wind was too piercing to lag. Stiff with cold we reached the summit cross and spent the next twenty minutes out of the wind putting on all the clothes we had and endeavouring to generate some warmth, being joined by our native duo, one of them chirpily singing "Oh I do like to be beside the seaside." As we wove a sinuous way along the rocky crest to the Grenzgipfel the sun appeared, and long before we started up the slim snow arete of the Zumsteinspitze we were down to sweaters again and sweating. Leaving the little silver madonna behind we plodded a weary way over the snow field and up to the Margherita hut perched on top of the Signalkuppe and, in a fug that was edible, enjoyed soup and coffee.

"Never mind," Allen encouraged, "all downhill now," as we circled the Cwm below the Colle Gnifetti, a crucible in the afternoon sun, heading for Italy and the warm south. With two hundred places, according to the guide book, the Gnifetti hut

sounded a haven of warmth, food and rest to two rather tired F.R.C.C. members. After thirteen hours of hard going we had visions of a quick hot meal, followed by an assumption of the horizontal for several hours, a further incursion into our three days' food in the evening and a resumption of the horizontal at a respectable hour in anticipation of another early start. Alas for visions! Our Italian host needed no English to make it clear that we would be sleeping on the floor (of the room that served as bar, dining room, reception, and strada), and we soon realised that there would be no afternoon kip. Self-cooking facilities evaded our search and the continuous influx of hordes from the south meant that if we were not to have to sit on the floor as well as sleep on it we had better stay attached to the chairs we had and not join the perambulating throng whose only desire seemed to see and to be seen. From 3.00 o' clock until 9.30 p.m. we sat. Cold ham sausage, cheese, dried apricots and Mars bars were consumed without relish and with heavy-lidded eyes fighting a war of attrition against fatigue. Some time during the evening we managed to obtain a litre of acqua calda and made coffee to the accompaniment of massed singing by what seemed the two thousand now occupying the hut, emptying the contents of their food boxes over the tables, putting away vast quantities of exotic grub with Latin gusto and joining in the vocal ensemble as the mood coincided with empty mouths. As a lover of music I lent an appreciative ear to their efforts. After half an hour my dulled sensibility recorded the fact that the initial canzone had gone through perhaps half a dozen permutations. By the end of the evening there was no variation which had not been explored. Diabelli might have appreciated it — we were ready for bed. It came with surprising speed. All non-combatants were suddenly rushed out; staff and the residue cleared tables and chairs to one side with expedition; from a door at the far end of the long bar camp beds, pillows and blankets were disgorged and in minutes the place resembled the platform of a London tube station during the blitz. In all fairness it must be said that once lights were out and the inevitable sexual badinage had had its say everyone settled down very quickly to sleep, or perhaps it was that being dead-beat I was away to a flying start.

The speed which had marked the mass getting down also marked the mass getting up. My watch showed 3.30 a.m. and at first I thought we had overslept. Not so — this was the general hour of rising, guiltily late to someone accustomed to 2.30 starts, and obviously putting out of the question any possibility of a Lyskamm traverse. Amidst the general confusion of folding blankets and

beds, sorting out gear, and putting on boots the question of breakfast seemed not to occur to anyone. Out in the starry darkness we waited for a sign but none came. With one accord Allen and I began buckling on our crampons, our sole desire to leave this Roman carnival behind. No fruhstuck, no coffee, rolls, or anything appertaining even to the frugal breakfast we had become accustomed to in Swiss huts. There was only one answer — the panacea for all situations, filler of all gaps, sustenance in all times of need — the Mars bar. We each pulled one out, peeled and ate it without a word, roped up, and feeling we were leaving the cities of the plain set out up the glacier for the Lysjoch.

The slow, semi-conscious pre-dawn trudge gradually brought us up to the only rope ahead, a party of two, as morose as ourselves but the cause of a brief vocal exchange as the second man wore only one crampon — the right foot if I remember aright. In the strengthening light, from nowhere materialised a St. Bernard dog. We had noted its presence in the hut, assuming it belonged to the Warden, but now here it was in playful mood, all ten stone of it, cavorting under our crampons and skipping in the rope. Without even the saving grace of the traditional eau-de-vie, and with two dog-tired curmudgeons not in a mood to be rescued, except from the dubious delights of Italian huts as represented by the Gnistetti, we vented our spleen upon it with oaths and with the odd whack from our axes till the hound abandoned us to chase the party behind. We last saw it lying on its back on the Glacier at about 13,800 ft. waiting for some obliging alpinist to come and tickle it.

In the splendour of a cloudless dawn with the great image of Monte Rosa projected far across the dusk of the Italian valleys we breasted the Lysjoch, then rose up the first convex crest of Lyskamm, mounting higher along the snow knife-edge to the accompaniment of the crescendo of the aubade blazoning this upper world with warm joyous colours in place of night's cold monochrome. The banal had no place here. What matter if three hours before we had to forego breakfast. One strode with gods on these empyrean heights, or so I thought. "You know" the voice said, "we really ought to make the most of this weather. I reckon if we belt down to Rotenboden, catch the train to Zermatt, knock up a quick meal in the Bahnhof then nip on the lift to Schwarzee and get in at the Hörnli hut we can do the Matterhorn tomorrow — and we should get a decent breakfast before we start." And we did.

PINNACLE PEAK AND OTHER FIRST ASCENTS

Angela M. Soper

When one's husband goes to northernmost Greenland for the summer the best advice to follow is 'if you can't join 'em, beat 'em'. As Jack was doing field work in Peary Land for the second consecutive season, it was most opportune for me to join the Pinnacle Club Himalayan Expedition. I thought a climbing expedition would be simpler than a scientific one, with less equipment to take and no work to do afterwards, although the organisation would be at least as complicated.

Planning started in 1979. After consultation with Himalayan veterans like Paul Nunn we chose the Lahoul region of India, which is not normally affected by monsoon in July and August. We could go by road to Udaipur on the Chenab river, walk from there up the Miyar valley, and reach unexplored territory in a few days. Virgin peaks are very attractive but the disadvantage comes in specifying an objective on the application form to the Indian Mountaineering Federation (IMF). It is necessary to do this, but whether one's target turns out to be easy or desperate is very much the luck of the draw. We applied to climb the highest peak above the Gumba glacier (20,500 ft.); it had no name so we referred to it as IMF peak. Permission was duly granted (on payment of 3000 rupees) and from early 1980 the eight of us worked hard at arranging the details and getting ourselves fit.

Soon it was June, when Jack departed for Greenland, then July, when the Pinnacle Club expedition and all its belongings flew to Delhi. There we met Sushama, our liaison officer, an attractive girl from Bombay, who had resigned her job to come with us. A small bus, chartered in advance, took us north. We drove for hours through monsoon storms and flooded paddy fields and reached hill country during the night. In the gorge of the Beas river the road passed under precarious overhangs, which began to prepare us for objective dangers. From Manali in the Kulu valley we crossed the Rohtang Pass, 13,400 ft., free from snow in the summer, and descended via innumerable hairpins to the Chenab river. Expeditions normally have hold-ups and ours happened at this stage. We had to trek an extra thirty miles because of landslides and it was not easy to get transport for our boxes. Even at Udaipur, where porters should have been available, we had difficulty. The people of these valleys have plenty to do — farming, road building and maintenance — and their palms must be well and truly crossed before they will act as 'coolies'. However we were only six days overdue at Base Camp and the steady progress up the beautiful Miyar Nala did wonders for our acclimatisation.

Base Camp was established on July 24th near a river junction a mile up the Gumba Nala, a tributary of the Miyar. There was a clear spring as well as the torrent; grass and Alpine flowers grew, along with rhubarb, mushrooms and herbs. From that first day onward, we had visitors. At 13,000 ft., Base was near the upper limit of summer grazing and sheep, goats and yaks were never far away. The shepherds would come and sit in the middle of the group of tents, barefoot, handsome, inscrutable; and watch us with curiosity but not embarrassment. As Kipling wrote, 'the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Katmandu . . .' We must have looked even stranger to those shepherds than they did to us. At first we had some heavy rain but managed to climb peaks up to 18,000 ft. in day outings from Base Camp. For these rock scrambles the most suitable attire was training shoes, shorts or even skirts, as it felt so warm. Ascents of 5,000 ft. were tiring but no-one experienced more than minor effects of altitude.



Location of area explored. (Dashes = road, dots = walk-in).



Area explored. Triangles = peaks climbed except northernmost, IMF Peak). Numbers = high camps, H-symbols = cols we reached.



Pinnacle Peak: Denise Wilson and Angela Soper. Zaskar behind. *Jean Drummond*

We thus learned that the Gumba river drained three glacier basins. The biggest of these was un-named but we soon called it 'Yosemite Basin' from its most obvious feature, a perfect replica of the famous Half Dome (though made of inferior material). Camp 1 was high on the Gumba glacier itself, several hours from Base by moraine. It was surrounded by a cirque of magnificent mountains, with IMF peak about 2 miles to the NNE and 4,000 ft higher. This looked formidable with steep icefalls and much avalanche danger. We would climb to the col at the top of the glacier basin to look for a safe 'corridor' route. Denise Wilson and I made the first attempt. We threaded our way through the lower icefall and emerged on a crevassed snow field. Slowly we plodded up it in the full heat of the sun, keeping the rope on. We took the final snow gully in pitches as its condition was bad. At 1.00 p.m. we stood on the virgin col, 18,000 ft. on the altimeter. Beyond stretched the inaccessible Tandung valley with strange, remote peaks. The summit on the left of the col looked attainable by a snow route and there was indeed a corridor route towards our peak. We decided to put an advance camp on this col.

But it was not to be. While I returned to Base for a bivvy tent and

more food, three members climbed a 19,000 ft. peak above Camp 1 without intending to, and joined the elite who have had an unplanned bivouac at such heights. As they returned it snowed heavily, so we needed to wait for a thaw. A sideways move was the most popular alternative and Camp 2 was therefore placed just within Yosemite Basin, nearly under Half Dome.

From this staging post one party set off to reconnoitre Half Dome while the rest of us pressed further up the glacier. We hoped for a connection with IMF peak from its northernmost corner. The basin rose in alternate slopes and shelves to the steep faces of the peaks which form the true Himalayan Divide. We saw that the approach to IMF peak was a great ridge, far too long and discontinuous to traverse. So we pitched Camp 3 in a good position for alternative summits and the four of us again settled into the green tunnel tent, itself no heavier than a rope. Here we had to melt snow for water. In the morning we cramponned up steep snow to a notch. Beyond, blank on our maps, lay Zaskar, with a glacier like the Aletsch curving away. The peak to the south of this col was the ultimate knife edge; it was incredible that it could be stable. We turned the other way and after several hundred feet of mixed climbing gained another 19,000 ft. summit, which was sharp enough to merit the name we had been saving — Pinnacle Peak.

Camp 3 was vertically below. We lingered in the sunshine, taking many photographs and trying to identify the peaks, such as Phabrang and Menthosa, which are nearer to habitation and have been climbed. Back at Camp 3 there was still time to go for a walk and 'shoot' Pinnacle Peak from other viewpoints before the sun slipped behind it. Next day, in no great hurry, we moved to Camp 4 on another lobe of Yosemite Basin, where we had a cheerful reunion with the others, who had climbed Half Dome by a snow ridge not visible from below. Everyone then climbed The Castle, again by snow wherever possible.

But food and time were running out. Reluctantly, with so much exploration left to do, we returned to Base and migrated down the valley along with the shepherds and their flocks. Our final tally of peaks was 14 between 16,000 ft. and 19,300 ft., and we also reached several high cols. As well as the satisfaction of this, it was good to have learned something of India and her people. I also found out that letters posted in India arrive in Greenland but never vice versa. And I was quite wrong about climbing expeditions as opposed to scientific. What with map-making, report writing, and showing our many slides of the Himalayas, there's just as much work to do afterwards.

50 YEARS ON

Donald Murray

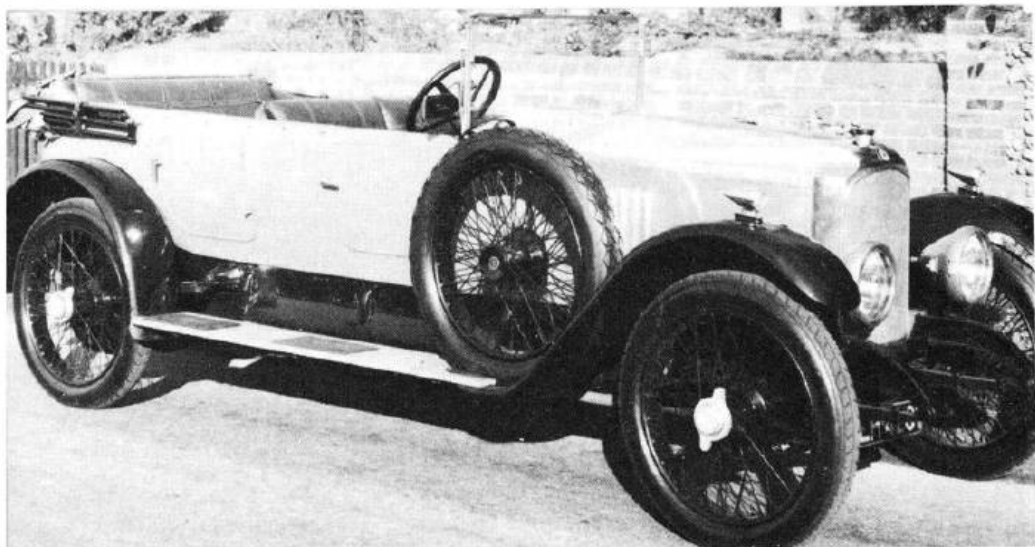
Dr. Hadfield's article 'Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike, Snowdon' in the 1926 *Journal* contained a challenge which surprisingly was not taken up until 1929. He, with W. G. Pape, was the first to stand on the three summits in 24 hours, although the original idea seems to have been that of H. P. Cain, the driver. Hadfield questioned the possibility of including the ascent of Ben Nevis and the descent of Snowdon in the 24 hours. This was an idea which set me thinking.

August Bank Holiday 1929 was the first occasion that I was able to organise a party to try out this suggestion. The first problem was to find a driver with a car fast enough to make the attempt a possibility. Cain had driven a powerful American Chrysler with a high road clearance designed to stand up to rough gravel roads.

We were fortunate in persuading a friend, Bryan Upton, a very fast and experienced driver and the owner of a 1924 30-98 Vauxhall open four-seater tourer. The car was capable of well over 100 mph (a rare car in those days). The handbrake was about 3ft long and on the outside of the body — this was not a holding and parking brake as we have today, but was by far the most powerful brake on the car and was in frequent use. The driver had to reach out with his arm over the side of the car to apply the brake.

There was a canvas hood which we only had up when the rain was very heavy as it reduced the speed, and of course there were no side screens. The petrol tank was at the rear — I forget how much petrol it held; probably about 20 gallons. The petrol feed to the engine was by an Autovac, a device common in those days which used the suction in the inlet manifold to get the petrol from the tank to the engine. Autovacs were never very satisfactory, especially when a lot of petrol was required when driving fast. To overcome this problem a secondary method was fitted. The petrol tank was pressurised by means of an air hand pump fitted to the dashboard and this cut out the Autovac altogether. As far as I can remember, we did about 13/14 mpg on the Autovac and about 9 mpg on the hand pump. I don't remember a windscreen wiper but if there was one it would have been worked by hand. The early mechanical ones worked off the manifold suction like the Autovac. My recollection is of the driver sticking his head round the edge of the screen.

The party consisted of Bryan Upton the driver, Bryan Burstall and Norman Slack, (both members in those days) Harold Slack and myself. We all met at Skipton about 7.00 p.m. on Friday evening the 2nd August. Leaving my car there, we motored up to Windermere where we stayed the night. The next day we drove up



1924 Vauxhall Tourer

to Fort William via Stirling and Glen Coe. The road over the moor and down the Glen was in a terrible state; it was shortly before the new road was built. I had come up it a few years before in a T Model Ford with my father and I remember at the steepest part (The Struggle) the family all got out and walked up the hill, stationing themselves at intervals and as the car came up all joining in a united effort to help by pushing it from behind.

On another occasion I had come down the Glen in a three-wheel Morgan towing an unbraked camping trailer with a snow chain on the only braking wheel to get some grip on the loose surface.

On arrival at Fort William we drove up Glen Nevis to prospect the road and to make sure that we and the driver, who had never been in the district before, knew where to meet after the descent.

The next morning we left Achintee at 7.30 a.m. and reached the top in 1 hour 37 minutes. It was thick mist most of the way. After a short rest on the Summit we went due South on a compass bearing over very steep rough ground till we came out of the mist to see the car below us. Off with wet clothes, a quick dip in the stream and we were away by about 10.30 a.m.

Bryan Upton was against trying to go up and across the moor at any reasonable speed; the Vauxhall did not have a very high clearance and he remembered that Cain had broken a spring on their journey up. We decided to use the much longer route by Spean Bridge, Loch Laggan and Dalwhinnie and the then nearly completed highland Inverness-Perth road (in retrospect a wise decision).

There was a short delay near Loch Laggan when smoke appeared from under the floorboards — overheated brakes — but with a

quick adjustment we were off again. I remember as we passed each distillery, and there seemed to be a lot of them, our driver always raised his hat as an acknowledgement to Scotland's finest product.

We travelled very fast and on one occasion coming over Beattock we left the road and careered over the moor — the driver explained that he was following the telephone poles as the direct route. Going through Carlisle (unknown to us at the time) a policeman took our number for excessive speed in the city and we later got a summons and a £5 fine.

We reached Seathwaite about 6.15 p.m. It was a terrible evening, windy and raining. In a passage in a barn we changed into our wet clothes — with five in the car and no boot there was no room for spare extra clothes and we had to keep one lot dry. We climbed in nailed boots, shorts and shirt — there were no light cagoules in those days — and we carried nothing but a map, compass and whistle. We were as foolish then as some of the young are today going on the hills without adequate clothing and food.

As we were nearly at the top of the Pike, trouble came in that Bryan Burstall slowed down and only with difficulty reached the top. Although it was August it had started to snow and with the slower speed we were all very cold. Coming down he went a little better for a time but then had to be helped. About Esk Hause we decided that one of us should go for help while the other two kept him moving as exposure by then was a real problem. Harold and I half dragged and half carried him down to Angle Tarn and down Rossett Ghyll.

Norman ran all the way down to the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel and arrived in a very exhausted condition. Bryan Upton the driver was waiting at the hotel where a large party of C.C. members was staying, including A. B. Hargreaves. Between them they filled Norman so full of whisky that for some time he could not tell them what had happened. They nobly turned out, with the car, and met us with the now almost unconscious Bryan Burstall shortly below the bottom of Rossett Ghyll. A. B. Hargreaves vividly describes the journey, as when not pushing he was standing on the running board hanging on with one hand, with a stable lantern in the other.

Bryan, now totally unconscious, was placed in the back of the car. I remember Bryan Upton, a man with very long gorilla-like arms, lifting him out of the back seat and walking with him straight upstairs, a feat requiring great strength.

We had given up all thought of completing the trip and were in a hot bath relaxing and recovering when Bryan Upton dashed into the bathroom with his watch in his hand and said we could still do

it. We dressed quickly and Norman and Harold tossed up as to who was to stay with Bryan Burstall. I was the only one who had been on Snowdon or knew the road South, so Harold joined me and Norman, who lost the toss, was left to look after Bryan and drown his sorrows with A. B. and the C.C. Decisions made, we were into the car and away. There were a few members of the C.C. who seriously discussed coming along with us to Snowdon, but we were off before they could organise themselves. Their kindness and help and that of the Dawsons at the hotel was beyond praise.

It was a very wet night; there was no Mersey Tunnel, no motorway and no speed limit. We dashed through the night. I have a recollection of stopping for petrol at Lancaster — 11½ old pence a gallon — and, with the car's enormous headlights, travelling always at great speed. The driver had never been on this route so I had to be on the alert all the time to keep us on the right road and also to operate the hand pump on the dashboard which had to be used continually to keep up the pressure in the petrol tank.

We arrived at Pen-y-Pass shortly after 4.00 a.m. and changed once again in the middle of the road into our wet clothes and rushed off up the Pyg track — the rain had stopped but we were soon in mist. We got back down again to Pen-y-Pass at 7.05 a.m. — just 23 hours 35 minutes after leaving Achintee.

Our reception at the P.Y.P. was so different from the O.D.G.: even breakfast was a trouble for them to serve, and baths impossible. The story should end here but we were anxious about Bryan Burstall who had been left behind at O.D.G. so after breakfast we got into the car again and drove back to Skipton where I picked up my old Morris Cowley. At the O.D.G. we found Bryan Burstall up but unable to remember much of what happened. Both his legs were a mass of bruises where we had dragged him along. We had dinner together and left him and Bryan Upton at the hotel while Norman and Harold joined me to go around to Borrowdale to Thornythwaite Farm where we had a caravan.

As we passed the Borrowdale Hotel a tyre burst — by this time we had been on the go for some 40 hours and were about all in. One got the jack, another the spare and I took off the three wheel nuts (no useless bits and pieces in those days) and without a word being spoken the tyre was changed in about 3 minutes. A guest at the hotel in a smart dinner jacket watched us from the doorway and as we drove off exclaimed "My God! do you always change tyres like that?"

50 years later my daughter Janet was staying with us on the 50th

anniversary of this trip and conceived the idea that I should repeat the trip with her support and at a slightly more leisurely pace — in spite of two artificial hips and being no longer young, I agreed to have a try.

We used a Ford Escort and drove ourselves, and my wife Nancy came in support. After a night at Fort William (what a change from 50 years ago) we left the Youth Hostel in Glen Nevis at 8.31 a.m. and took the tourist route up the Ben. I had not been up this route for 50 years and of the old halfway house nothing remains — the path is a broad highway and a much easier gradient than I remember. We reached the top at 11.25 a.m. arriving back at the Youth Hostel at 1.40 p.m. We did not get a view from the top but the sun soon came out and we had a wonderful day.

The car journey via Ballachulish with the new bridge is convenient, but the romance of the ferry is gone and the moor, as with Beattock, is being rapidly spoilt by the Forestry. We drove to Egremont where Janet lives, had dinner and a short night's rest. We made a 6.15 a.m. start from Brackenclose in wet mist and rain and reached the Scafell Pike Summit at 8.45 a.m. It was too cold and wet to linger, and were back at Brackenclose at 10.15 a.m. (what a godsend the new showers are). The run to Pen-y-Pass was uneventful (the parking fee of £1 seemed exorbitant to me). We left at 4.30 p.m. by the Pyg Track, much the same as 50 years ago. The steep end before the shoulder is easier in gradient now there is a zig-zag path at the top.

The Snowdon Summit! We arrived at 6.35 p.m. and had a brief rest. I had found the last 500 ft. up Snowdon the most tiring of the whole trip — it was misty and very windy. The summit is no advertisement for a mountain top. Coming down was very easy and quick but it was almost dark when we got down to Pen-y-Pass, just 35 hours 52 minutes from leaving Achintee, including a good, although short, night's sleep.

To quote Dr. Hadfield's words from his account 'it need hardly be said that the partners in the above expedition undertook it entirely for their own pleasure and amusement'.

The three tops trip today has become something of a competitive race with times down to the 13—15 hour range, sometimes coupled with a good deal of undesirable publicity. Times cannot be compared with so many variables operating — car, road conditions, weather and traffic. I think this change is a pity: it should be done for fun and may it long remain so.

I enjoyed both trips enormously.

NEW ROUTES — 80's STYLE

Bob Berzins

It happens to every generation of climbers; after a few "last great problems" have been climbed there follows the general feeling that the crags have been worked out. The hard men fade away and join the Fell and Rock, leaving it to the next generation, who inevitably climb numerous plum lines on those same worked-out crags.

So when does this cycle stop, and could many crags have seen their last good additions? The answer must be that they have, because of the physical impossibility of squeezing a route between two others only ten feet apart. Take a look at Tremadoc, the Cromlech or Pavey East Wall.

Where does this leave the pioneer of the eighties? Of course there still remain last great problems on well-established crags (*Masters Wall* on Cloggy for example) but most of these fall into the desperate or very serious category. Already the emphasis seems to be shifting towards short steep crags dismissed by previous generations as too short or too hard. But hasn't all this been said before? "Men in ten years time will walk long distances to climb vicious little routes on crags which we pass by" — Neil Allinson, 1969. Where attitudes have changed however is that today's hard man is only interested in sustained clean pitches on good rock, and if he is prepared to do 70 foot routes on grit or limestone, then why not do the same on mountain crags? That attitudes have changed since 1969 is borne out by the fact that most of the "futuristic" routes in the 1969 *Eastern Crags* guide book were dismissed as short, loose and vegetated, often unrepeated, and written out of the 1978 guide.

Several "newer" crags have recently become popular, notably Hodge Close, a slate quarry offering a fast-drying alternative to Langdale and Coniston. It is difficult to predict whether The Green Hole will remain popular in five years time.

Our own equally esoteric contributions in this field have been centred on Bowfell and Neckband crags. Flat Crag had hardly been touched — not surprising really as it is a good hour's walk to get there. The crag is steep but short, between about 80 and 120 feet high with easy slabs above the steepest bit. Despite its size the crag has unclimbed lines rather than spaces. We did a couple of the soft options on the left-hand side of the crag — pleasant slabby walls though one of them was suspiciously clean (in fact *Fastburn* had been climbed by Ed Cleasby a few weeks previously). Naturally our attention turned to the very steep central section of the crag — only about 80 feet high but it looked worthwhile (for worthwhile read

desperate!). We abseiled down a few of the more obvious lines, and eventually chose a vague crackline. Cleaning this turned out to be very strenuous and time-consuming — it was so overhanging we virtually had to aid-climb down to stay anywhere near the rock.

Next morning bright and early, we slogged back up the hill and set about the route. I had first go. The start was an easy-looking jam crack through a roof that we hadn't bothered to clean. After ten minutes of thrutching I finally grovelled my way up it, with some impressively mangled hands to my credit. I then set off up the thin crack above, slotting in lots of lovely runners, until I ground to a halt where the crack ran out. The moves above looked desperate — from poor pinchgrips on a fin of rock you had to launch into a lay-back position with feet frictioning on an overhanging wall. All this on top of fifty feet of strenuous climbing was too much for me — I flopped onto the top runner and was lowered down to the ground, exhausted.

Martin tied on and quickly climbed up to the high point. He swung into a layback and, hand sliding, he didn't stay there very

Bob Berzins on Solstice, Pavey Ark.



long! Then straight back onto the rock and this time he made no mistake and pulled his way up the last twenty feet of overhanging rock, and crawled up the slabs above to the top. Looking for a name we settled on *Ataxia* — a medical term meaning total loss of bodily control, which seemed quite appropriate really.

Later we repeated Ed Cleasby's *1984*. Cleasby had done the route in 1975 and had used three or four slings for aid to gain an open groove which led at about HVS standard to the top. "Certainly the shape of things to come — not major but significant" — Ed Cleasby 1976. We had spent the morning wearing ourselves down on the obvious line just right: a real boulder-problem classic with an unclimbed roof that will be exciting. Suitably exhausted, we laid siege to *1984*, and eventually free climbed it. Short, steep and hard, the route did point the way in all but one respect: the aid. One unchanging feature of exploration is the "must do it before they do it" attitude. This has largely been responsible for the continued new-route frenzy in the Lakes. It was really this attitude that forced us up the Band yet again to climb a line that we knew Pete Whillance had abseiled down.

It was a freezing cold day with gale force winds, in fact typical of the summer! Whilst I was brushing the route clean, Martin kept himself warm by trundling huge blocks round in order to construct a windbreak. We finished the cleaning, and uncoiled our two identical 50 m. ropes at the foot of the route. The climbing was very pleasant, culminating in a surprisingly exposed traverse to gain the final slabs. About to pull over onto these I could just make out a frantic bellowing above the gale:

"No rope"

"What?"

"No rope!!"

Martin pointed to the closed loop that was about to jam in his sticht plate. Slowly it dawned on me that I had tied onto the two ends of the same rope! Good job we are into seventy foot micro-classics I thought. Poised on the final slabs I untied and soloed to the top. Martin, by now frozen solid, followed whimpering about numb fingers and spectacularly flew off the exposed traverse, having his woolly hat blown off in the process. Suitably cold, we named the route *Exposure*.

It's good to see that virtually all the new routes done in the Lakes over the past few years have been aid-free. As long as this trend continues there will still be last great problems for the next generation to do, and not merely aid points to eliminate.

. . . AND NOW FOR THE BAD NEWS

John Wilkinson

"The risk of death from rock climbing for 90 seconds is one in a million".
The Windscale Inquiry Report, 1978, para 10.29

"There are three kinds of lies — lies, damned lies and statistics".
Mark Twain

"Facts speak louder than statistics".
Quotations of the week, The Observer, March 19th 1950

Introduction: The concept of individual risk

Few people who have enjoyed any form of mountain activity over a substantial period of time believe that the sport is without considerable hazard. Indeed, of those who engage wholeheartedly in any high-risk sport over many years, few get away scot-free. Many of us have had narrow escapes, or been laid-up for weeks at a time as a result of broken bones, strained ligaments and torn muscles, or suffered the loss of friends killed in mountain accidents. Climbing is a risky business, but then so is life itself, and indeed every deliberate human activity carries with it some risk, either to the individual who performed the act, or to others, or both.

Risks can be divided into three categories:

- (a) Involuntary risks, which are those normally associated with our everyday life, such as risks at work, in the home, car accidents, or even the risk of being very young or old;
- (b) Acts of God, usually of natural origin, such as risks of being struck by lightning, drowned in a flood or being caught in an earthquake;
- (c) Voluntary risks, which are those we happily select for ourselves, such as smoking, drinking alcoholic liquids, or indulging in high-risks sports such as hang-gliding, potholing, canoeing,

skiing and mountaineering. Here the risk is limited principally to the person performing the act, who clearly has the right to decide if the benefits from it are sufficient to justify the act. Some risk may be presented to others, but invariably this is accepted, otherwise a non-smoker would refuse to live in the same house as a smoker, and we should all be climbing solo instead of roped up.

With the development of modern technology, the risks to the general public have increased considerably. Recent examples include the rupture of a dam in Italy which left 1800 dead, the explosion at the chemical factory in Flixborough, the thalidomide disaster, and many others. The increasing awareness of the deleterious effects of technology has resulted in the rapid growth of risk analysis, and there are now many books and other publications available on this topic. There are many ways in which data on fatal accidents may be processed in order to arrive at some means of expressing the relative risks of death through different causes, for example the concept of "Individual Risk", which is usually expressed as the fraction of the exposed population that die from a given cause in a given period. Thus in Britain in any particular year the risk of death by being struck by lightning has been estimated¹ as 1 in 10,000,000; that of being struck by a falling object as 3.4 in 1,000,000; that of being killed in a road accident as 138 in 1,000,000 — all risks relevant to climbers. Figures of this kind may be misleading, however, and do not always tell the full story. For example that twice as many men as women die in motor accidents, or that for men aged 15 to 24, road accidents account for over 30 per cent of all deaths including natural causes. Generally, risks greater than 1 in 1,000 per year are considered to be unacceptable by most people. For non-voluntary risks of the order of 1 in 10,000, public money may be spent to try and eliminate the causes and to mitigate the effects; risks of 1 in 100,000 may merit public warnings; but risks below 1 in 1,000,000 are invariably accepted without concern.

In recent years, it has become standard practice for governments or companies proposing to embark on major works such as the building of a nuclear power reactor, or a large chemical plant, to attempt to allay public concern by estimating the risks, and presenting them (favourably) together with a wide range of risks which are familiar to the man in the street. Such a list, Table I, appeared in the *Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, 6th Report, 1976*, and in the *Windscale Inquiry Report 1978*, and included, I was surprised to note, an estimate of the risk of death whilst engaged in rock climbing!

TABLE I

Probability of death for an individual per year of exposure (order of magnitude only).

Risk	Activity
1 in 400	Smoking 10 cigarettes per day
1 in 2,000	All accidents
1 in 8,000	Traffic accidents
1 in 20,000	Leukaemia from natural causes
1 in 30,000	Work in industry
1 in 30,000	Drowning
1 in 100,000	Poisoning
1 in 500,000	Natural disasters
1 in 1,000,000	Rock climbing for 90 seconds

Whilst certain hazards can be assessed fairly accurately, for example, that of being struck by lightning, based on exact knowledge of the average number of people killed per annum and the size of the population; others, such as rock climbing, must necessarily involve a large degree of approximation. Whilst it is perfectly possible to obtain from *The Annual Reports of the Mountain Rescue Committee* the number of people killed rock climbing, it is largely a matter of guesswork to estimate the number of climbers who were on the crags in that year, and the time they actually spent climbing. Furthermore, do we take climbing to mean the time actually spent in movement on the crag, as in solo climbing, or do we include time spent on stances, abseiling or descending easy ground after a climb?

Since an attempt has been made to quantify the risks from rock climbing for comparison with other risks, I thought it worthwhile checking the accuracy of the figure published by the Royal Commission and the Windscale Inquiry to see if misleading information had been presented to the public. Furthermore, since mountaineering is a sport embracing several different branches, each with its own individual risk, I felt that this was perhaps a good opportunity to try and estimate the relative risks incurred during fell walking and rock climbing in Britain, and mountaineering and skiing abroad; to compare these voluntary risks with involuntary ones, such as risks at work; and also to see if any trends in mountaineering activities were identifiable. For these purposes I have used information obtained from F.R.C.C. records, and also from the B.M.C. and the Mountain Rescue Committee.

The Risks of Club Membership

Since the formation of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District on November 11th 1906, 39 members of the club have died in the mountains. Of these, 4 died from heart failure whilst fell walking, but since this may well have happened in other circumstances they will be excluded from any further consideration. Of the 35 accidental deaths (29 men and 6 women, which roughly reflects the balance of sexes in the club), 12 occurred in the Lakes, 4 in Scotland, 1 in Wales, 1 in the rest of England, 8 in the Alps, 4 in the Himalaya and 1 each in the Canadian Rockies, Baffin Island, Greenland, Norway and Tenerife. The membership of the club has increased from 86 in 1907 to the present figure of 906, peaking out at 1002 in 1961-62. Thus with an average membership of 700 p.a. and an accident rate resulting in the death of a member roughly every two years, the risk of death in any year would be 1 in 1400. However, this presumes that all members of the club are active and this is clearly not the case today, although in the early years of the club it may well have been. As the club has aged, the average age of the membership has increased and there are now many members whose activities on the mountains are minimal or zero.

How then should we define active membership? Whilst some members might believe that this is satisfied by attendance at club meets, most would accept that only time actually spent on the hills should count. In 1967, the University of Keele in conjunction with the British Travel Association published *The Pilot National Recreation Survey*, and as a result of investigating the activities of a large group of fell walkers and rock climbers presented estimates of the time this group had spent on the British hills: 10 per cent spent more than 52 days a year, 31 per cent at least 12 days, 36 per cent at least 4 days, and 22 per cent less than 4 days. Applying these figures to our average membership of 700 p.a. it can be shown that the club as a whole would spend a total of 7252 days a year on the hills. If we take as an average figure 40 days (say about one weekend a month plus a fortnight's annual holiday) for the time spent in the hills by an 'active' member then the total of 7252 days would have been achieved by 189 members. This figure is close to that which I obtained largely by guesswork based on 35 years of 'active' membership and regular use of the huts. I estimated that as little as a quarter of the 906 members listed in the current handbook would have satisfied the 40 day criterion at some stage during their lives, and that the number in any year would be considerably less. As a close compromise, I would suggest a figure of 200 'active' members.

With an active membership of 200 the risk of death in any year increases from 1 in 1400 to 1 in 400. Since this is comparable to the risks incurred by a 10 cigarette-a-day smoker, perhaps it is time we printed a disclaimer at the bottom of the form of application for club membership: "Fell and Rock Warning: climbing can seriously damage your health".

Before you rush off to compose a letter of resignation to the club secretary, I would invite you to compare the risks of being in the F.R.C.C. with those incurred by the members of other climbing clubs, for example the Alpine Climbing Group, which I joined as a founder member in 1953 and which is now incorporated with the Alpine Club. The ACG was, and still is, an elitist organization with a very strict entrance qualification which attracted high-calibre mountaineers who were actively engaged in climbing hard routes in the Alps and other great mountain ranges. (Retiring age 40, I'm glad to say.) By 1966, when the ACG ceased publishing a list of deceased members in the *Bulletin*, 16 climbers had lost their lives in accidents (6 in the Alps, 6 in the Himalaya, 1 in the New Zealand Alps and 3 in the Lakes). This was at a time when the club membership was below 50. Even assuming 100 per cent active membership, the risk of death was 1 in 40 p.a., a value ten times as high as the risk run by F.R.C.C. members, and one which many climbers would consider unacceptable.

Risks on the British hills

The estimated risk of 1 in 400 for F.R.C.C. members embraces the whole range of mountain activities; fell walking, rock climbing and skiing in Britain, and mountaineering, skiing and ski-mountaineering abroad. Each branch of the sport has an individual risk associated with it, which can be estimated.

For the purpose of this article I shall include in the rock climbing section all accidental deaths which occurred on the British crags for all seasons as a result of falls whilst climbing, falls whilst descending easy ground after a climb, and deaths resulting from belay failure. (There have been no deaths from falls on snow, or from abseiling). It is now necessary to estimate how many of the 'active' members in the club are actually climbers. This is not easy, particularly since it is clear from the evidence of older members that the proportion of climbers was much greater in the early years than today. In his article in the 1968 number of the *Fell and Rock Journal*, Kim Meldrum estimated that for visitors to the Lakes, 90 per cent were walkers and 10 per cent climbers, but this included all walkers who perhaps only strolled for as little as a mile. In the

F.R.C.C., allowing for the fact that most climbers do actually fell walk on occasions, and in any case have to walk to reach the high crags, I estimate that the proportion of time spent rock climbing by the 'active' members of the club is of the order of 20 per cent. Thus, of the 200 active members, 40 are climbers, and 160 fell walkers.

If we assume that the 40 rock climbers put in 5 hours a day on the crags during their 40 days a year (200 hours), since 15 members have been killed rock-climbing during the 74 years of the club's existence, the risk of death is 1 in 200 p.a. or 1 in 2,400,000 per minute spent on the crag p.a. For a risk of 1 in 1,000,000 therefore, the climber would spend 144 seconds on the crag p.a., a value comparable with that of 90 seconds quoted in the Windscale Report, particularly when the statistically small sample and the probable errors in estimating numbers of climbers and time spent on the crags are taken into account. Indeed, the more sceptical may be forgiven for thinking that such good agreement has been obtained by working backwards.

Another interesting point emerges when we consider the dates at which deaths from rock climbing occurred. It is significant to note that of the 15 F.R.C.C. climbers killed on British crags, 12 died between 1906 and 1944, (roughly the first half of the club's existence) and only 3 between 1945 and 1980. Since the average membership of the club during the earlier period was 500 compared with 900 during the later period, the estimated numbers of climbers during these periods are 29 and 51 respectively. Thus risk of death from climbing in the period 1907 to 1944 was about 1 in 90 compared with a value of 1 in 600 for the period 1945-1980. The fact that climbing appears to have been about 7 times as dangerous during the early period is no reflection on the abilities of the climbers in those days. Indeed, it would be difficult to match, even today, the skill, determination and boldness amply demonstrated by such brilliant cragsmen as Herford, Kelly, Kirkus, Linnell, Hargreaves and others. Yet during this second period, when climbing standards have increased enormously, the casualty rate has fallen dramatically. I can only attribute this to the vastly improved protection available during this later period.

During the early years of climbing, equipment was rudimentary compared with today. Hemp ropes, often only of line weight, were used, and running belays were virtually non-existent. The karabiner, which had been invented for the use of Swiss firemen in the 1930s, was virtually unknown to the pre-war British climber. In those days, the only real protection was for the leader not to fall



Cartoons by Peter Grindley.

off. When he did, he invariably hit something very hard, and it is hardly surprising that rock climbing standards did not increase markedly during this period. For example, Central Buttress on Scafell, climbed in 1914, was still regarded as one of the hardest routes thirty years later.

In 1945, however, ex-War Department karabiners began to appear in great numbers, poor quality though they were. Since that time there has been a steady and continuous improvement in equipment and safety techniques: nylon ropes and tapes, PAs, alloy karabiners, wires, nuts, wedges, cams and so on. There seems little doubt that this has resulted in the markedly lower death rate during the post-war years. Indeed, climbers are seldom killed today by falls from hard routes, although the dangers of solo climbing, abseiling and descending easy ground are still as high as ever.

Fell walking deaths on the British hills include those from falls and exposure, although those from heart failure (4) have been ignored. With 3 deaths over 74 years and 160 active participants, risks of death through fell walking would be 1 in 4,000.

It is interesting to compare the F.R.C.C. risk factors in Britain with those calculated for a larger sample based on information taken from the *Annual Reports of the Mountain Rescue Committee* and coupled with the British Mountaineering Council's estimate of the numbers of climbers and walkers frequenting the British hills.

During the period 1976-1979, 74 climbers and 79 walkers died on the British hills. The BMC estimate of the numbers involved during this period was based on the numbers of members in clubs affiliated to the BMC, youth groups, school parties, scouts and so on, an average of about half-a-million a year. Applying the Keele University "activity coefficient" used to calculate the F.R.C.C. numbers, 135,000 of these would have satisfied the 40 day criterion. The BMC assume that 10 per cent of the group are rock climbers, the rest fell walkers, that is 13,500 and 121,500 respectively. This gives the risk for climbers as 1 in 730 p.a. and for fell walkers as 1 in 6300 p.a., which are in reasonable agreement with the F.R.C.C. figures, considering the possible errors in estimating numbers of participants. The climbing risk was, however, calculated using numbers of climbers killed on snow as well as rock.

Risks of climbing and skiing abroad

Activities abroad include mountaineering, rock climbing, skiing and ski mountaineering holidays, and longer expeditions in high

mountain ranges such as the Himalaya, the Andes, Greenland and so on.

The principal risks when climbing and skiing abroad are mainly objective: avalanches, rock falls, bad weather, cold, high altitude, dangerous river crossings, and so on, and have not altered with the passage of time. Risks vary considerably, and there is no doubt that climbing in the Himalaya is considerably more dangerous than climbing in the Alps, and that ski mountaineering is more dangerous than piste skiing; but it is difficult here to quantify all the risks owing to lack of information on the numbers of participants.

If it is assumed that a quarter of the active members of the F.R.C.C. take a holiday climbing or skiing abroad (excluding the Himalaya) once a year, then as 13 members have died in accidents from falls on rock and ice, avalanches, rock falls, exposure, exhaustion, skiing accidents and drowning over a period of 64 years, (10 years are deducted for two world wars), the risk of death from climbing and skiing abroad is 1 in 250 p.a., or more strictly 1 in 250 per visit.

This value may be compared with a possibly more reliable one calculated from BMC figures. Since 1976 when the BMC introduced an insurance scheme for climbers, an average of 3800 people have taken out insurance to cover themselves for climbing abroad (with certain exclusions) every year. For those visiting the Himalaya, Andes and United States of America, a special cover has to be negotiated. Subsequently, insurance claims were made on behalf of 53 members killed in mountain accidents. If it is assumed that all those who took out insurance went abroad once a year, the risk of death is 1 in 290 per visit, a value in reasonable agreement with the F.R.C.C. value of 1 in 250, both figures excluding the Himalaya.

Unlike Alpine climbing and that in other ranges, climbing in the Himalaya has been fairly well documented in the F.R.C.C. Journal, and it is therefore possible to arrive at a realistic figure for the number of climbers who have visited the ranges of the Indian sub-continent and the number of visits they have paid. Since 1922 when F.R.C.C. members first began to climb in the Himalaya, some 53 members appear to have climbed there, (15 pre-war and 38 post war), paying perhaps a total of 106 visits over 53 years (allowing for the second world war). With 4 deaths during this period, the risk appears to be about 1 in 26 per visit, which is considerably less than the risk of 1 in 10 which is currently accepted by most climbers as representing the death rate per visit. Of the 4

F.R.C.C. casualties, 3 were killed during their first expedition and the fourth at the beginning of his second.

Unlike rock climbing in Britain, where risks during the period 1945-1980 were considerably less than in the earlier period, the risks of climbing and skiing abroad have not diminished appreciably with time: objective dangers are always present. The fact that 15 of the 17 deaths abroad occurred during the period 1945-1980 is most probably a reflection not only of the increased average membership during this period, but also of the increased ease of travel, greater opportunities for joining expeditions and, most important of all, a much more affluent climbing society.

Risks and age

The risks evaluated in the previous sections take no account of age distribution, and it is unfortunate that, using the information currently available, it is not possible to make a reliable comparison between accidental deaths in the mountains and those from all other forms of accident, which are well documented,^{1,2,3} and which show clearly the correlation between accidental death and age. Thus, for all non-transport accidental deaths, the risks for those in the age group 65-74 (1 in 3367) are roughly double those in the group 55-64 (1 in 6667), which in turn are double those in the group 20-34 (1 in 12,937): above 75, the risk increases even more dramatically (1 in 789 for the group 75-84).

Whilst the ages of many of the F.R.C.C. members who died in the mountains are known, information is not readily available on the numbers in the various age groups actively engaged in mountaineering, and it has not been possible therefore to estimate the risks with age in a quantitative manner. Active mountaineering is essentially a young person's sport, and it is seldom that we see anyone on the crags of pensionable age. There are, of course, some notable exceptions such as G. R. Speaker, who led Central Buttress on Scafell on his 60th birthday and enjoyed it so much he repeated it the day after: even six years later, he was still capable of leading Botterill's Slab. Rusty Westmorland led Eagle's Nest Direct in the drizzle at 70, another exceptional performance.

Whilst accidental deaths of F.R.C.C. members on the mountains have spanned a wide range of ages, (from that of a 17 year old boy killed whilst rock climbing solo, to that of a 70 year old man killed by a fall whilst fell walking), the bulk of the deaths were of the young, (below 35), which almost probably reflects the larger number of active members in the lower age groups. National casualty figures also show that the bulk of mountain accidents occur to the young.

Of the older F.R.C.C. group, 3 were over 65 and included two former presidents out of a total of 34 who have filled that office. Since a third former president died from a heart attack whilst fell walking in the Lakes, contenders for the presidency should note, perhaps, that the risks appear to be comparable to those run by the occupant of "the Oval Office" of assassination!

As mountaineers age, if they do not give up climbing completely, they tend to lower their standards, or take up skiing or fell walking, all of which have attendant, albeit lower risks. The risks run by the ageing mountaineer were perhaps best summed up by Bentley Beetham in his article "Why did it happen" (*F.R.C.C. Journal 1943*), written after his accident, and Speaker's death in Eagle's Nest West Chimney on the Napes: "In old age, we may, in some cases certainly do enjoy our climbing as much as we ever did in youth, but we may unconsciously be taking greater risks due to an unfelt, unappreciated lack of ability."

Summary and Conclusions

The risks of death whilst engaging in the various branches of mountain sports discussed above are summarized in Table II.

TABLE II: Risk of death from all mountain activities

Branch of Moutaineering	Estimated number of participants	Total number of deaths in a period	Risk of death ¹⁾
F.R.C.C.			
All members	700 pa	35 over 74 yrs	1 in 1400 pa
All 'active' members	200 pa	35 over 74 yrs	1 in 400 pa
Fell walkers in Britain	160 pa	3 over 74 yrs	1 in 4000 pa ²⁾
Rock climbers in Britain	40 pa	15 over 74 yrs	1 in 200 pa ²⁾
Rock climbers 1907-1944	29 pa	12 over 38 yrs	1 in 90 pa ²⁾
Rock climbers 1945-1980	51 pa	3 over 36 yrs	1 in 600 pa ²⁾
Climbing and skiing abroad	50 pa	13 over 64 yrs	1 in 250 pa ³⁾
Climbing in the Himalaya	106 visits	4 over 54 yrs	1 in 26 per visit
BMC:			
All Climbers in Britain	13,500 pa	74 over 4 yrs	1 in 730 pa ²⁾
All Fell walkers in Britain	121,500 pa	79 over 4 yrs	1 in 6300 pa ²⁾
Insured Climbers abroad (excluding Himalaya)	3,800 pa	53 over 4 yrs	1 in 290 pa ³⁾

Notes:

- 1) The numerical values for the risk of death are only approximate, and strictly should have known tolerances attached to them. However, on account of the small samples used and possible inaccuracies in estimating numbers of participants, this is difficult, and the values quoted should be taken as orders of magnitude only.
- 2) Risks are estimated on the basis of the amount of time actually spent on the mountains. Thus in Britain, the risks are estimated on the basis of 40 days a year, so if a professional climber, such as a guide or instructor, were to put in 240 days a year (the equivalent of full-time employment), the risks would increase by a factor of 6, ie 1 in 100 p.a. for rock climbing.
- 3) Risks abroad are estimated on the basis of a holiday of perhaps an average of 3 weeks duration. An extended holiday or several trips a year would result in proportionate increase in risk. Furthermore the risk is really a risk per visit, and if risks abroad are to be compared with risks in Britain, note has to be taken of the actual times spent at risk in the mountains. Whilst climbing risks in Britain are based on 200 hours (40 days) p.a., those in the Alps are based on about half that value when it is considered that out of a 3 week holiday, about a third of the days are spent climbing, the remainder either in resting or walking to huts. A climber who gets 100 hours on the mountains during an Alpine season has done rather well. Thus when comparing climbing risks in the Alps, say with those in Britain, the value quoted for climbing abroad (1 in 250 for F.R.C.C.) should be taken as 1 in 125.

With the exception of fell walking, all the other branches of mountaineering appear to exceed, some by a large factor, the risks of death of 1 in 1,000 p.a. which would constitute for many members of the general public an unacceptable risk.

Some well-defined trends can easily be identified. Thus rock climbing in Britain has clearly become much safer in recent times compared with the period up to 1945, and is currently only six or seven times as risky as fell walking. However, the risks of high mountain climbing, particularly in the Himalaya, are formidable, do not appear to have decreased appreciably with the passage of time, and, despite great advances in technique and equipment, greatly exceed the risks of climbing in Britain.

In general, when compared with non-voluntary risks, those incurred voluntarily are, in most cases, substantially higher. For example, the mean risk of accidental death at work in any year has

been estimated as 34 in a million, or about 1 in 30,000. Some occupations are considerably more risky than others, and it is interesting to note that one of the most dangerous ones, quarrying, where the risk of death is 1 in 3,000 p.a. (i.e. 10 times the national average for all occupations), has certain hazards comparable to those of rock climbing, namely risk of falls, and being hit by falling rocks. However, the risks incurred in even a high-risk occupation such as quarrying are still low compared with those incurred by climbers, particularly when the fact that climbing, for most people, is a holiday pursuit and not a full-time occupation, is taken into account.

It would be interesting to compare the risks incurred in climbing with those in other high-risk sports, but unfortunately, quantitative information is sparse. However, other voluntary risks have been assessed; that of smoking, for example, is of the same order of magnitude (1 in 400 p.a. for 10 cigarettes a day) as climbing.

It is clear, furthermore, that many risks run voluntarily would simply not be accepted by those incurring them non-voluntarily. Thus the risks run by climbers would not be tolerated in a work situation either by the employees or the employers. In fact, the possibility of even a small increase in a non-voluntary risk, real or perceived, run by any section of the populace is usually accompanied by a torrent of protest, and it is invariably followed by a public enquiry, as with Windscale, the "raison d'être" for this article.

It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of the philosophy of risk taking. However, it is abundantly clear from the earliest recorded observations that man has always been prepared to take risks voluntarily; cave paintings depict the hunting of dangerous animals, and there are records of long ocean voyages made in primitive craft, and so on.

It is probably true that most individuals do not attempt to assess the possible consequences of performing an act before they do it, and will tend to do whatever they most enjoy doing despite well known risks. There are, of course, cases where climbers with family responsibilities have been known to give up the sport, whilst others have given up visiting the Himalaya or the Alps on the grounds of unjustifiable risk. It is for the individual to decide if the benefits from the sport justify the risks, but, for most mountaineers, the risks involved in climbing are far outweighed by the satisfaction obtained; indeed, for many climbers, risk constitutes an essential part of that enjoyment.

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C. J. Astley-Cooper and L. H. Pollitt on Kern Knotts West Buttress in 1931.

E. Wood-Johnson



NOSTALGIA FOR NAILS

A. Harry Griffin

There are probably one or two remarkable members of the Club who have some recollection, if only slight, of climbing in the Lake District in those peaceful, happy days 75 years ago when the Fell and Rock was formed, and no doubt a few whose memories go back for 70 years. Many members, of course, can clearly recall climbing 60 or more years ago so that these scattered reminiscences, by an undistinguished mountaineer, of Lakeland climbing a mere half-century or so ago must be regarded as commonplace, if not almost impertinent. Indeed, my only qualifications as a climbing historian are that my memory of early days is often clearer than that of much more recent events, that I started rock climbing 53 years ago — although my Club membership only extends to a mere 48 years — and that, living in the district, I am fortunately still able to potter about fairly regularly in my own fashion.

What wonderful spacious days they were in the late 1920s and early 1930s — carefree, youthful days on uncrowded crags, so long before even the threat of war. Outside holiday times the Lake District, in those uncomplicated days, could still be regarded as a quiet, fairly secluded paradise with few motor cars, no caravan sites or litter baskets, uneroded tracks and the four-in-hands going over the passes. You could sit on top of Pillar Rock and look down the long length of Ennerdale without seeing a tree, Mardale Green was still a peaceful, old-world oasis among the fells and Millican Dalton, Professor of Adventure, was living in his cave on Borrowdale's Castle Crag. When I first took to the rocks there were no climbing huts or youth hostels in Lakeland — the Robertson Lamb hut in Langdale was opened by the Wayfarers Club in 1930 — no telephone at Wasdale Head, and no cars on the roadside below Shepherd's Crag. Indeed, apart from an early ascent of Brown Slabs Arête by Bentley Beetham and Claude Frankland this crag, and many more of our modern crags, had not even been "discovered". There were fewer than 300 classified rock-climbs in the Lake District; today, there are at least 3,000. And few people in England had even heard of Adolf Hitler.

Several of the original pioneers, the men who had practically invented the sport of rock-climbing in Lakeland, were still fairly active. Cecil Slingsby, father of our beloved Eleanor Winthrop Young, died in 1929 but names like those of Collie, Bruce and Geoffrey Hastings were still among our honorary members and, on occasions, I was privileged to encounter the Father of British Climbing, Haskett-Smith, with his curious, long coat, fierce moustache and gift of ready repartee. Godfrey Solly, with his great

white beard, the man who first led Eagle's Nest Direct in 1892, was sometimes to be seen at Club meets and George Abraham, still erect and slim, I came to know quite well. And I remember too, long before the war, watching Geoffrey Winthrop Young climbing one of the Dow Crag buttresses, led, I think, by George Bower, with a third man helping the distinguished second to raise his metal leg on to the holds.

Climbing standards had clearly risen by the late 1920s, since the early assaults on the gullies and chimneys, but clothes, equipment and techniques had not vastly changed from those that had been in use in the pioneering days, while the number of climbers and clubs can hardly have been one-tenth of today's total, and perhaps much less than this. Climbers were still regarded as unusual if not slightly eccentric people, and ropes — almost the only badge of the sport at that time — had often to be explained away or hidden in the rucksack. One quite common misconception among the general public was that you swarmed up the rope — perhaps after hurling it up to loop over a spike. The media — fortunately, perhaps — had not discovered climbing. Perhaps hang-gliders have similar difficulties today in their public relations. The hardest climb, by far, in Lakeland in the late 1920s was Central Buttress: and since its first ascent in 1914 it had only been twice repeated. Very severes were, of course, the ultimate achievement — one trained for them on boulders — and we accorded them a proper respect, only tackling them when we felt on top form and, even then, being prepared to retreat if they proved too hard. After all, you couldn't put in a nut for security, or to rest, in those days.

Strangely, one of the hardest climbs in Langdale at that time was E Route on Gimmer — years later, so quickly had standards risen, we were to use it occasionally as a convenient descent route — although I well remember the considerable breakthrough made by Hargreaves and Macphee's ascent of Deer Bield Crack in 1930, first described by them as merely severe. Only 15 climbs were listed in the Borrowdale area fifty years ago — a section originally tacked on to the end of the first Great Gable guide. "The climbs in Borrowdale" stated the introduction to this guide, "are few and far between". Today, there at least 400 of them.

When I began climbing in the late 1920s there were a few family bases or weekend cottages scattered throughout the district but, with no climbing huts available, climbers mostly stayed in hotels or farmhouses for camping was not nearly so popular as it is today. The Wastwater Hotel, under John and Sally Whiting, was the centre of Lake District climbing, while the Edmondson sisters in

Buttermere and the Jopsons at Thorneythwaite in Borrowdale provided comfortable, homely accommodation, as did many farmhouses. At Coniston the Sun Hotel was the main centre before Mrs Bryan and Miss Pirie opened their accommodation for climbers at Parkgate, while Mrs Harris's cottage was always a home from home. In Langdale, John Dawson was at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, the Fothergills at the New and the Grisedales at Middlefell Farm. Each summer, in my early years, I was fortunate enough to spend my holidays at the Wastwater Hotel with George Basterfield (President 1929-31) and, being in such distinguished company, was warmly received by the Whitings. They, with Edie Long, were always extremely kind to me, mending my socks and trousers and once, I remember, when badly sunburned, treating my back with calamine lotion. Lake District hotel prices in those days were usually about ten shillings for dinner, bed and breakfast or a guinea for the weekend from Saturday evening dinner to Monday morning breakfast. But I think the Whitings put me on a special cheap rate for my holidays, since I was a protégé of George, and even accorded me the rare distinction, reserved for really important guests, of evening coffee in the "office". The Whitings, however, could be difficult with some people — often for unaccountable reasons. I remember once being approached by H. G. Knight, Kelly's companion on Grooved Wall, Pillar and several routes on Great Gable, who explained he was camping near Ritson Force, would like to look at some Club journals in his tent, but he had been denied access by the Whitings to the Club bookcase in the hotel. Could I please smuggle something out for him? This was done although I was fearful of Sally Whiting's wrath if the subterfuge was detected.

Portraits of Will Ritson and Owen Glynne Jones, with dozens of other pictures of climbs and climbers, adorned the dining room walls, the hall was full of boots, ropes and ice-axes, and a chest on the stairs could always provide you with spare socks, shirt or trousers in emergency. I remember the conversion of the famous billiards room into a modern lounge and listening to George Basterfield picking out the melodies on the piano, with two fingers, for his *Songs of a Cragman*. In the evenings I used to sit, a raw youngster, at the feet of the great men in the tiny smoking room, listening to their tales and sometimes joining in the songs.

One of the regulars at the hotel at that time was A. E. Field, a quiet, scholarly figure, the companion of Jones and George Abraham on the epic first ascent of Walker's Gully in 1899. He was pictured on the dining room wall, wearing old-fashioned tweeds

and nailed boots, on the slightly sloping holds of Eagle's Nest Direct — an Abraham picture that had always fascinated and slightly terrified me — and it was a delight to meet the man himself. Some time later I was encouraged to lead the climb by Geo. B. who, as my second, made it all seem much easier than the photograph. One year I was fortunate enough to have a week's climbing from Wasdale with George Sansom, Herford's companion on the first ascent of Central Buttress, who took me up, among many other climbs, my first very severe, North West on Pillar, and I have provided some memories of that fine climber and kindly personality elsewhere in an obituary notice.

Another of the Wasdale company in those days was C. F. Holland, author of the first Scafell guide and climbing companion of both Herford and Kelly. Holland was deeply affected by the death of Herford during the first World War and believed that sometimes he met his spirit in the fells — on one occasion, an almost personal encounter. One very wet and cloudy day Holland, Basterfield and I, on our way to climb on Pillar Rock, were sheltering on Black Sail Pass when a man with a bicycle on his back suddenly loomed out of the mist and asked us if he was "on the right road to Whitehaven". Holland enjoyed that. The Wastwater Hotel always seemed to be full of professors and other learned men on those days. One of them was said to complete the difficult "Torquemada" crossword puzzle in *The Observer*, without reference books, on each visit.

My introduction to "proper" climbing had been provided by George Basterfield, that kindest of men who must have started off scores of novices. Before he took me in hand I had been exploring a small ironstone crag on The Hoad at Ulverston. It seemed important to get my cheap ex-army boots nailed but I had no idea how to go about it. The only local climber of whom I was aware — by name and reputation only — was George Basterfield who happened to be the Mayor of Barrow at the time. So, plucking up my courage, I went to see the great man in the Mayor's Parlour to ask his advice and George not only told me how to get my boots nailed — by George Stephens at Coniston — but actually offered to take me climbing on Dow Crag the following Sunday. Today, 53 years later, I can clearly remember every incident of that first day. On the way up to the Crag from the old quarries at Tranearth above Torver George pointed out many of the routes on the cliff and, somewhere near the quartz chain, stopped, looked at the ground and told me, with confidence, who would be climbing that day. In those days climbers used distinctive types of nailing —

sometimes with nails of their own manufacture — and George, studying the imprints of the nails on the track, knew exactly who we would meet on the crag. To a youngster, this smacked of magic.

He took me up Woodhouse's — getting me to lead the awkward top pitch on my very first climb — down Easter Gully, up Arête, Chimney and Crack and down Great Gully. On our way down Great Gully we joined up with A. T. Hargreaves and Bill Clegg — I think they'd been “looking at” Eliminate A — and, after introductions, George quietly confided to me that these two were up-and-coming “tigers” — the first time I had encountered this use of the word. Later I came to know both these fine climbers very well. The day proved even more rewarding and exciting than I anticipated. I can clearly remember, for instance, looking down between my legs at the screes while climbing the final crack on A Buttress and thinking that this was the most wonderful experience of my young life. All at once, climbing seemed the only thing that mattered. Thereafter, I was on Dow Crag almost every weekend, sometimes with George but more often alone — hanging about at the foot of the cliff, with the cheek and confidence of youth, waiting for somebody to take me up a climb. No doubt I was a nuisance but several kind people took pity on me. I particularly remember the kindness of Mrs B. Eden-Smith, Kelly's partner on Moss Ghyll Grooves and other climbs, who took me up several routes. In those earliest days I had no rope, although very soon I was given a 50 foot length — severed, by a falling stone, from a longer length and handed over to me by an unknown climber who had no further use for it. I still have my tattered copy of Bower's red *Doe Crag* guide with my list, written in ink on the last page — “climbs possible with 50 ft. rope”.

Gradually, climbing friends were made and nine of us from the Barrow and Ulverston area formed a club, which we eventually named, most inaccurately, the Coniston Tigers. Only one of us could have been called a tiger — Jim Porter, who once christened a new rope by trailing it after him in an evening solo ascent of Botterill's Slab, and who was the only one of us to lead Black Wall on Dow Crag. We had our own wooden hut, heated with a combustion stove, at Coniston Old Hall, near the lake shore, sleeping on rough camp beds we had made ourselves, and having a weekend ritual of a dip in Coniston Water or Goats Water, no matter what the weather. From this base we worked through the *Doe Crag* guide and also did most of the Langdale climbs. The Napes, Scafell and Pillar were mostly reserved for summer holidays. This climbing hut of ours was almost the first in the Lake

District. The Robertson Lamb might have been opened about the same time, and Bill Clegg and Geoff Barker had a private hut somewhere on Wetherlam quite a long time before we opened ours. For most of us these days, long before the war, made up the happiest years of our lives. Regrettably, only four of the original nine are still alive.

There must have been fewer than 100 people regularly climbing the Lake District crags fifty years ago — every weekend, I mean, not just in holidays — and we knew nearly all of them. Little groups of climbers from the Kendal, Keswick, Penrith, Barrow and Ulverston areas met frequently on the crags, and at holiday times there was an influx from the universities and elsewhere. Sid Cross was one of the regulars in the Kendal group and I remember first meeting our distinguished past president — a wild lad in those days — on Dow Crag at least 50 years ago. There was some friendly rivalry between these groups, each regarding their favourite crag as their own preserve. We felt we were almost intruders on the Napes or Scafell but reckoned we practically “owned” Dow Crag.

The only guide-books in those days were the excellent, red-backed guides published by the Fell and Rock in which Dow was written “Doe” and Scafell Crag, “Scawfell”. In these days “Carter’s celebrated climbing boots” were advertised at £4.12s.6d., including nailing. We used ordinary army boots, nailed by George Stephens for a few shillings. Years later I bought my first pair of Lawrie’s boots but had to go to Burnley to get measured for them. On the harder climbs we wore cheap plimsolls — worn a size too small for a tighter fit. The best were black, with very thin soles, costing one and sixpence. We used Beale’s “Alpine Club” manilla hemp rope, with its thin red strand down the centre, although this got rather heavy and almost unmanageable when wet. Sometimes, on climbs with long run-outs or small belays, we used line — partly to avoid the pull of a heavier rope which we must have thought more important than the safety of thickness. We had no slings or karabiners, no pegs, nuts or bits of wire. If a pitch was 80 or 100 feet long you ran out a length of rope without protection. The shoulder belay was universal — The Tarbuck knot had not been invented — and abseiling, without a sling, could be rather painful. If there was an accident you dealt with it yourself as best you could, for there were no rescue teams in those days. Everybody just rallied round. Sometimes, after an accident on Dow Crag, Bill Fury, the Coniston fireman, would bring a horse and cart as far as the shoulder below Goats Water to ease the carry down the fell.

Developments in climbing equipment seemed to come very slowly. There were a few experiments with nails — some, you screwed in — and the waisted cliner, reducing the effective width of the nail, was hailed as a great step forward. Robert Lawrie was an early pioneer of boots for climbers but the flood of footwear from abroad did not come until after the war and vibrams had not been invented. I think we climbed more often on wet rock than climbers do today, nailed boots being more suitable for these conditions, and longish walks over the fells often followed our climbs. Dare I say it, climbers were perhaps more all-round mountaineers than some of the rock gymnasts are today, for few roadside crags had been developed. Anoraks and climbing jackets did not come into general use until after the war. Mostly we used old tweed jackets, corduroy breeches and balaclavas and just got wet through if it rained. Sometimes, if we were trying something really hard, we wore white polo-neck sweaters because these showed up well on photographs. Once, when climbing with Graham Macphee on Gable Crag long before the war he showed me, with some pride, an anorak he had made out of an old mackintosh, with cunningly contrived cords to adjust its length. This seemed to me a significant development.

The outstanding climbers in the Lake District fifty or more years ago were probably H. M. Kelly and G. S. Bower although, by that time, both were drawing towards the end of their greatest achievements. Kelly, a daring pioneer on Pillar, Scafell and Great Gable, had written the first *Pillar Rock* guide and Bower, especially active on Dow Crag and in Langdale, the first *Dow Crag* guide — the first of the Club's guides to be published. I did not meet Harry Kelly until after the war but knew George Bower, so quiet-spoken and modest, from my earlier days. It was Bower who suggested the name for an early first ascent in which I took part just 50 years ago — Tiger Traverse on Dow Crag, led by Dick Mackereth of Ulverston with Bryan Tyson of Hawkshead as second — and, indirectly, the name of our little club. I was invited to join in another first ascent the following weekend — Blasphemy Crack on Dow Crag — but, forced to change into nails because of heavy rain after the first two had got up in rubbers, distinguished myself by falling off halfway up and finally abandoning the climb.

Other prominent pioneers at that time were H. S. Gross who wrote the first *Great Gable* guide — a serious gliding accident put an end to his climbing — G. Basterfield, G. G. Macphee, H. G. Knight, A. B. Reynolds (who often climbed in bare feet), Fergus Graham and the Wood-Johnson brothers. Just emerging as

outstanding leaders were A. T. Hargreaves and Maurice Linnell who together opened up the possibilities of Scaffell's East Buttress; J. A. Musgrave, who made a point of leading all the new hard climbs in nails; and F. G. Balcombe whose routes included the splendid Engineer's Slabs on Gable Crag. It was to be another ten years before R. J. Birkett began to come into his own as the outstanding leader in the district. A. B. Hargreaves, more active in North Wales at this time, was, however, with Linnell on the girdle traverse of Pillar Rock and also on Esk Buttress, while Colin Kirkus, on a rare visit from his beloved Wales, put up the bold lead of Mickledore Grooves in 1931.

Other climbers remembered from my early days were A. R. Thomson, who wrote the first Borrowdale guide and had effected the remarkable rescue of Mr. T. C. Crump from Pier's Gill in 1921 after his 18 days' ordeal, C. D. Yeomans, C. J. Astley-Cooper, A. W. Wakefield, Stanley Watson and Geoffrey Barker. Arthur Thomson, who used to bring over an Austrian guide as climbing companion, was one of the characters of the district. I once met him riding his bicycle up Dunmail Raise in great distress, standing on the pedals but refusing to dismount. Douglas Yeomans, who became an honorary member of the Club, often used to appear on Dow Crag where he would boast, jokingly, that he was "the oldest man leading severes". Astley-Cooper another kindly soul, once came to my aid when I had stupidly managed to get off route during an early lead of Abbey Buttress. Stan Watson was one of the early guides and Geoff Barker, an old friend from early Barrow days.

Winter climbing fifty years ago had not made any marked development since the early days. The Great End gullies were popular — in nailed boots, for crampons were rarely used — and sometimes we tried some of the easier Dow Crag routes in winter, including Woodhouse's which I suppose I must have climbed more often than any other route, in all conditions. It is a source of some satisfaction to old-timers like myself that dear old Woodhouse's has been up-graded since we first knew it — hard very difficult now compared with merely difficult in the clinker and manilla days. Other routes now graded as harder than when we did them in the late 1920s and early 1930s include Eagle's Nest Direct, Kern Knotts Crack and Smuggler's Chimney — all translated from severe to very severe. Napes Needle, too has gone from difficult to hard very difficult.

There were no professional guides in the Lake District when I started climbing apart from friendly old Millican Dalton, the

Borrowdale hermit, whom I often met wheeling his shopping on a lady's bicycle in Rothwaite. For a small consideration he would take novices up the Needle, make you a tent or a rucksack or cook you a meal — for free — in his cave. J. E. B. Wright began his guiding, amid some opposition, in 1930 and Jim Cameron started in 1937. There were no outdoor pursuits centres, either, in those days; you just worked your way through the lists with a companion, learning the hard way.

Looking back on it all one feels immense gratitude for a lifetime of mountaineering — the physical, mental and even spiritual exhilaration, the excitements and splendours of the changing seasons and lasting friendships. I count myself extremely fortunate to have spent most of my life in my beloved Lakeland, to have climbed in quieter, less crowded days, to have met so many of the great men in our sport, and to be still able to enjoy the fells and the rocks in modest fashion. Of course, confined nowadays to easy routes and rather bewildered by rapidly changing developments, the holds seem to have shrunk and moved farther apart, although just to scramble about on uncomplicated rock brings its rewards. But the climbing scene today, with very severes the norm and extremes beyond belief, is a world removed from our care-free adventuring of more than 50 years ago.

Blencathra.

F. H. F. Simpson



BRANDON MOUNTAIN

R. F. Allen

I didn't really intend to go that day, but for the first time for three days the cloud level had risen to about two thousand feet, it wasn't actually raining, and there were even a few watery rays of sunshine struggling through somehow. As I left Dingle and drove up the Connor Pass road I did stop to take a photograph of the overlapping hills towards Slea Head; I took it because I thought I might never get a better view. Believe me, those bog stories are not exaggerated; only in Ireland have I found bogs on the summit ridges. But as I reached the car-park at the top of the Connor Pass I realised with a little lift of excitement that it was clearer on the north side of the pass and the outline and the dark shape of Brandon Peak could be just discerned through the brightening clouds.

Within two or three minutes I had my light-weight boots on, a packet of sweets in my pocket and I was jogging away towards the nearby peak of Ballysitteragh. It was ten past midday. Too late by far to go all the way to Brandon Peak let alone the further Mountain, but the trip would be a useful reconnaissance of a mountain which I have seen described somewhere as "the finest in the British Isles".

Brandon Bay cuts deeply into the Dingle Peninsula and the rivers which drain into the Bay have their headwaters in the rim of high land which arcs right round in a sickle shape, with the Peak and the Mountain as the handle. I hoped to get some way round the blade — enough to get some idea of the most interesting approach for another day — and then to return by the same route.

An hour and a half later found me climbing steadily upwards with mist always just a hundred feet higher — enough to hide the view ahead but not enough to make me feel inclined to give up. Indeed I felt tempted to go on, that somehow it would be worth it. The mist grew thicker, and suddenly I was on a summit with a narrow ridge — quite different from the broad shoulder up which I had climbed — dropping away northwards into the whiteness, and great cliffs plunging precipitously to the west on my right hand. I realised that I must be on the summit of Brandon Peak — with Irish half-inch to the mile maps it isn't too easy to be sure exactly where you are — and the very faint path heading along the ridge was enough to persuade me to press on a little further into the mist.

On the map is marked a "Saints Road" (which I took to be the footpath used by the Saint Brendan who is reputed to have spent many days each year meditating on the summit of the Mountain)

and it looked as though the direction in which I was heading could join this path, thus enabling me to escape down the long western flank. Certainly the mist swirling up on my right disguised the detail but couldn't hide the fact that I was on the edge of huge cliffs. Brandon Mountain itself is about a mile distant from the Peak. I had no idea how far these cliffs extended towards the summit, but I decided that maybe this was my best opportunity to actually get there, that fine weather in Kerry is rare, and that I could escape down the "Saints Road" somehow. So I pressed on in the mist, which seemed to get thicker all the time, now climbing steadily uphill and with the sound of rushing water at least a thousand feet immediately below the edge of the rocks and turf up which I scrambled.

It took about half an hour, and all at once I found the holy well — it couldn't have been anything else — and knew that I actually was on top of Brandon Mountain.

I sat on a stone, ate a couple more sweets and looked at the map trying to sort out where this "Saints Road" must be. Then just as I was about to leave I was aware of a great wind, pulled my anorak hood on and realised with astonishment that the mist was rising and disappearing. Peering over the void I watched with great excitement as the mist boiled up and away, slowly revealing huge corries, and a necklace of little lochans all linked together by silver water a thousand or fifteen hundred sheer feet below. It was an absolute magical moment. I had been completely alone for about five hours, the last two in thick mist, having no real idea of the architecture of this mountain and then — just as I was about to leave it — had been granted this vision. No wonder Saint Brendan had been up so many times!

To the north another obvious summit appeared — it must have been the strange-sounding Masatiompan — but I knew that I hadn't time to go that far.

Suddenly I was afraid that the mist would close in again and I was running as fast as I dared towards the one point in this great rim of cliffs where I thought there might be a possible way down through steep rocks to reach the highest of that necklace of lochans — for I felt absolutely that I just had to descend this remarkable mountain down these great corries, along the line of those glinting waters.

I slipped and sat down with a thud — and there at my feet was the line of a faint path heading into the upper corrie just where I felt there had to be one, and I was quickly climbing down it. Fifteen minutes later, drinking thankfully from the first of the twinkling

streamlets under the sharp black crags of the East Ridge, and trying to find the best viewpoint for some photographs, I still had the feeling that the whole day had been a sort of mystical experience. Even when five hundred feet lower down the first of a series of fingerposts appeared, which were in fact Irish traffic signs, saying, in Irish, the equivalent of "Dangerous hill, engage low gear" the feeling persisted.

I mostly ran down the mountain, pausing only for a few minutes at a shrine set in the mountain-side in the way they are in the Alps, overlooking a superb view of Brandon Bay to Beenoskee and Stradbally Mountain. And as I descended so the mist seemed to descend with me. By the time I was within half a mile of the village of Cloghane all the high cliffs were hidden — and I was stuck in an impenetrable thorn thicket with my feet wet to the calves in bog-mud and cow-flop.

Rain in Borrowdale

F. H. F. Simpson



THE LIBRARY. A SURVEY OF THE FIRST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

Muriel Files

Readers of Frank Simpson's article 'The First Fifty Years', in the 1956 Jubilee *Journal*, will notice that, although all other aspects of the Club's life are covered, there is little mention of the Library. The explanation is to be found in Editor's Notes of the same *Journal* where, after congratulating Molly FitzGibbon on having completed 21 years as Librarian, Geoffrey Stevens regrets that a hoped-for article on the Library had not materialized. When Molly retired as Librarian in 1966 she had an unrivalled knowledge, after 31 years in office, of how the Library had developed, so it is unfortunate that she did not write its history then. However, the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Club has provided the incentive to do some research using the minutes, the annual reports, the Journals, the Handbooks, the Library Lists and, latterly, the Chronicles. The result of the research, supplemented by my personal knowledge of the Library, is this attempt to trace its growth from the modest start in one bookcase at the Wastwater Hotel to the present continually growing stock of more than 2000 volumes accommodated, as the Club's private collection, in the Library of the University of Lancaster.

In the inaugural letter, undated, but issued to prospective members probably towards the end of 1906, one of the attractions offered by the newly formed Club was that books and maps would be provided at different centres. This was followed in November 1907 by a Committee resolution that a bookcase with lock and key would be placed at Wasdale Head for the Club's books; and, by the end of 1908, the Wastwater Hotel; the Sun Hotel, Coniston; and Middle Fell Farm, Langdale all had oak bookcases; the last being transferred to the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel in 1910, by which time a fourth bookcase had been installed at the Borrowdale centre, Thornythwaite Farm.

1909-1919 Librarians, Charles Grayson, 1909-1914; J. P. Rogers, 1914-1919

Charles Grayson set a high standard for subsequent Librarians. Although Secretary as well until 1912, he was keenly interested in the Library on which he had something to say at nearly every committee meeting. The first list of books appeared in the 1908 *Journal*; there were 17 titles, mostly of standard works of practical value such as guide-books and manuals which included several copies of O. G. Jones's *Rock-climbing in the English Lake District*,

Haskett Smith's *Climbing in the British Isles* and George Abraham's *The Complete Mountaineer*. Charles Grayson contributed a library list to each *Journal* until 1913, and under his direction the collection grew until, when he retired, there were 92 books at the 'Centres' and 16 retained for reference by Club officers. In the Jubilee *Journal* there is a photograph of a page of the first minute book showing his beautiful handwriting which embellishes the end papers of several books in the Library. He was succeeded in 1914 by J. P. Rogers, but there is little mention of the Library in either the minutes or the *Journal* during the war years.

1919-1927 Librarian, Herbert Porritt Cain

After the war, interest in the Library revived and in 1919 H. P. Cain was appointed Librarian. In March 1920 a subcommittee was set up to consider the establishment of a central Club Library, and later that year the Librarian 'was empowered to purchase, at his discretion, suitable books for the Club Library'. He acted promptly and a 'Library Catalogue', listing about 120 volumes 'in the Librarian's hands' in addition to those at the 'Centres', was included in the 'List of Members, Rules, Meets etc.' (forerunner of the present Handbook) for 1921 and also in the 1921 *Journal*. More than half the books in the central collection concerned the Lake District and included such treasures as Budworth's *A Fortnight's Ramble*, 1795; Gilpin's *Observations*, 3rd ed., 1808; Green's *The Tourist's New Guide*, 1819; Hutchinson's *An Excursion to the Lakes*, 1774; the fifth edition of Wordsworth's *A Guide Through the District of the Lakes*, 1835; and West's *The Antiquities of Furness*, 1805. The lantern slide collection which was started as part of the Library when Herbert Cain was Librarian and remained there until 1936 is the subject of an article in this *Journal*.

Herbert Cain continued as Librarian until his untimely death on the fells in 1927, just after he had been asked to stand as President for a third year — an exceptional honour. His work for the Library was outstanding. He had a fine mountaineering collection of his own and took a pride in founding and building up the Fell and Rock central Library which was shelved in his billiard room. The Lake District collection which he established and for which he acquired so many rarities is a fitting memorial to him.

1927-1935 Librarian, Marjorie Alferoff (née Marjorie Cain)

Marjorie Cain (who became Mrs Alferoff while in office) followed her father as Librarian. The production of the 'triennial library list' was by then established and Marjorie Alferoff prepared

three. The first, in 1928, was included in the List of Members as before; the second and third were issued in 1931 and 1934 respectively as separate booklets. The collection was still predominantly a Lake District one, but books on areas outside Britain had increased from under 30 in 1921 to about 70 in 1934. Some Alpine classics, including: Conway's *The Alps from End to End*, 1895; Freshfield's *Italian Alps*, 1875; S. W. King's *The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps*, 1858 and Rey's *Peaks and Precipices*, 1914 were in the Library as early as 1921; and by 1934 they had been joined by, among others: Moore's *The Alps in 1864*, 1902; *Where There's a Will There's a Way* (an account of the first guideless ascent of Mont Blanc) by C. Hudson and E. S. Kennedy, 1856; and the second impression, 1871, of Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*. Among other important books added in this period were: Slingsby's *Norway*, 1904; Collie's *Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges*, 1902; and Fitzgerald's, Harper's and Mannering's accounts of mountaineering in New Zealand. When the Alferoffs moved from Ramsbottom to Underbarrow, Kendal in 1933 the Library accompanied them.

1935-1966 Librarian, Mary Rose FitzGibbon

When in 1935 Marjorie Alferoff retired because of family commitments after eight years as Librarian, she was succeeded by Mary Rose Fitzgibbon (always known as Molly). Many changes took place in the Library during the period 1935-66 when Molly presided over it. The first occurred because she could not accommodate the Library at her home. At various times over the years suggestions for a Club room have been considered; in fact for a short period in 1920-22 a room was rented at Barrow (as noted by Frank Simpson in 'The First Fifty Years'). The problem of accommodating the Library caused the matter to be raised again. After discussion at the 1935 Annual General Meeting, the Committee, to which the matter had been referred, decided against a Club room large enough to house the Library; and Molly reported in the 1935 *Journal* that: 'with the aid of seven generous members . . . (plus a donation from a guest at the Annual Dinner) the Library was housed in a room at the Conservative Club, Ambleside, (annual rent £8.00 including lighting and heating)'. It remained there for fifteen years, but the convenient arrangement came to an end in June 1949 and the Library began the peregrination which ended at Lancaster University in March 1967. The books had to be moved in the autumn of 1949 and were stored for six months until a room was found for part of the Library in a

guest house at Windermere. Six months later the proprietor doubled his charge for storing and despatching the books from £26.00 to £52.00 per annum and was paid three months' rent in lieu of notice. The Librarian had moved to a bigger house in Ambleside, Rydale Chase, and was able to accommodate the books there. They were found to be damp and had to be dried out, so it was fortunate that they had remained no longer at Windermere.

Another crisis arose when, in 1959, Molly gave up Rydale Chase to travel in America for a year. Tony Greenbank, who was appointed temporary Assistant Librarian to act in her absence, looked after the books at his home in Eskdale; but when Molly returned, house-hunting started again. Eventually a suitable room was found at Agriculture House, Kendal, at a rent of £50.00 a year, and the books had been moved there by May, 1961. The room was big enough to hold all the books and was convenient for members to visit on their way to the Lakes.

Expansion of the Library, 1935-1966

LIST OF BOOKS, 1938

In 1938 when Molly issued her first list there were 400 books in the main Library, an increase of 180 since 1934. The character of the collection had changed because the Lake District books, predominant in the early years, had been out-numbered by those on other mountain areas. Among the Alpine books, Eustace Anderson's *Chamouni and Mont Blanc*, 1856; Cockburn's *Swiss Scenery*, 1820; Monson's *Views in the . . . Isère*, 1840 (one of the more valuable books in the Library) and Elijah Walton's *Peaks in Pen and Pencil*, 1872 are noteworthy. The 1938 List of Books was classified (mainly geographically) for the first time; and climbing guides, club publications and maps were grouped under their appropriate headings. The collection of guides was being built up and the map section was expanding. From the early days of the Club there had been arrangements for the exchange of journals with kindred clubs and by 1938 there were several good runs of journals in the Library. Important acquisitions in 1937 were volumes 1-21 of the *Alpine Journal* given by A. J. Robertson (a non-member) and a complete set of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* given by Lawrence Pilkington, who, although not a member, was known to many members, and was a brother of one of the Club's Original Honorary Members, Charles Pilkington (of Tearlach fame).

Late in 1940 Katharine Chorley told the committee that the library of W. N. Tribe, containing many valuable mountaineering

books, was for sale. The Librarian was authorised to spend up to £10.00* and, in April 1941, announced that nearly 200* volumes had been purchased. I have found no record of them but, through studying the Library report in the 1942 *Journal*** . I have been able to identify fifteen through the distinctive bookplate. Among them are such rare books as Brockedon's *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, 1928-29; Gilbert and Churchill's *The Dolomite Mountains*, 1864; Filippi's *Ruwenzori*, 1908; Conway's *Climbing . . . in the Karakoram-Himalayas*, 1894; and Fanny Bullock Workman's *Icebound Heights of the Mustagh*, 1908. Hundreds, rather than tens of pounds would be needed today to acquire these few alone.

LIST OF BOOKS, 1947

The number of books in the Library at Ambleside had risen to almost 600 (excluding journals) by 1947 when the next List of Books was issued, the Lake District being the only section which showed no noteworthy increases. Many more Alpine classics had been added including the first edition of the first and second series of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, 1859-62; *Ascent . . . of Mont Blanc* by H. M. Atkins, 1838 (given in 1938 by G. R. Speaker when he was President) and *The Alpine Portfolio* by Eckenstein and Lorria, 1889. The Himalayan section had risen from 14 volumes in 1938 to 40 odd in 1947; and among other books acquired on the greater mountain ranges were Filippi's *The Ascent of Mount St. Elias*, 1900; *Across East African Glaciers* by Hans Meyer, 1891; and the first edition of Freshfield's *The Exploration of the Caucasus*, 1896, the last given by Godfrey Solly. A notable addition to the growing guide-book section was a set of the Conway and Coolidge *Alpine Climbers' Guides* given by Mrs Claude Wilson in 1937. It would be interesting to know more about the sources of the Library's treasures. The Club's thanks to many donors are recorded in the minutes, the annual reports and the *Journal*, but only in rare cases are the titles mentioned. Since 1964 a gift label, designed by Joan Tebbutt, has been in use.

*These figures are recorded in the minutes, but it is difficult to reconcile 200 acquisitions from the Tribe collection with other known accessions for the 1938-47 period; and, even 40 years ago £10.00 would surely have been a low figure for such a collection.

**In each *Journal* since 1938 lists of accessions have been printed. The 1942 list is a special one including all accessions since 1938 because, in wartime conditions, it had not been possible to issue the 'triennial Library List'.

LIST OF BOOKS, 1962

When Molly issued her last List of Books in 1962, there were almost 900 books in the main Library (not 965, as stated in the introduction to the 1972 Catalogue). However, judging from the lists of accessions in the 1948-62 *Journals*, no rarities such as those acquired in the 20s, 30s and early 40s had been added since 1947. Books sent for review in the *Journal* formed a considerable proportion of the accessions and some of these are now scarce; for example, *Nanga Parbat Pilgrimage* by Hermann Buhl, published at 25/- in 1956, was offered in a recent catalogue for £45.00; and *The Magic of Skye* by W. A. Poucher, published in 1949 at £1.00 (exceptional value even then), was offered for £40.00. A second edition of the latter has recently been issued by Constable and it will be interesting to see what effect, if any, this has on the price of the first edition.

Review copies of books have, since the early days, formed useful accessions to the Library as can be seen from the lists in the *Journals* from 1908-1913 where the books are classified as purchases, presentation and review copies. In 1935, the importance to the Library of review copies was recognised by the committee, which decided to include in the Library section of the List of Members a note (reproduced in all subsequent handbooks) that review copies are the property of the Club and must be returned to the Librarian.

Club 'Headquarters' or 'Centre' Libraries

The Library's history began at the 'Centres' which were often referred to as the 'Headquarters' and which, at least until 1939, were focal points of Club life. Meets and committee meetings were held there and there was a locked bookcase at each. The 'Centres' were still operational in the early 1940s, but in 1945 Mrs Jopson notified the committee that she could no longer accommodate the Borrowdale 'Headquarters' at Thornythwaite where the Whitsuntide Meet had been held for so many years. By 1948 the Buttermere Hotel, the traditional home of the New Year Meet, had closed; and thereafter the 'Headquarters' seem quietly to have lapsed*. The committee resolved on 10th July 1948 that 'the question of Headquarters and Club bookcases at Headquarters in Langdale, Coniston, Borrowdale and Buttermere be left to the Librarian to investigate and report and make appropriate

*In the 1956 booklet of Rules, issued separately from the List of Members, the Official Quarters of the Club are given as: Sun Hotel, Coniston; Wasewater Hotel; Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel; Burm Moor Inn. This is the last time the 'Centres' are listed.

arrangements'. By 1952 most of the bookcases had been removed, but the Langdale one remained at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel until Sid and Jammy Cross retired in 1970. It is now in the Fell and Rock room in Lancaster University Library where it is used to store rare books.

In the 1947 List of Books, 170 books (apart from the *Journals*) are recorded at the 'Centres'. Each bookcase contained a set of *Journals* and a copy of such classics as O. G. Jones's masterpiece; the Abraham books; Oppenheimer's *The Heart of Lakeland* and a variety of mountain literature. There are no records of what books remained in the bookcases when they were removed from the 'Centres'. I have found some in the Library and the rest were no doubt transferred to the huts whence most have 'disappeared'.

The Hut Libraries

The hut libraries came into existence simultaneously with the huts and their history can be traced in the Librarian's annual reports. In 1937-38 it was recorded that a bookcase had been presented for use at Brackenclose and about 50 books placed there; in 1943-44 that the Librarian was collecting books for Raw Head; and in 1951-52 for Birkness and the Salving House. In 1954 a bookcase provided by the London Section from the balance of the Speaker Memorial Fund had been placed in Raw Head Barn. In 1963 a valuable gift of mountaineering books from the library of D. J. Simm was made by Mrs Simm in her husband's memory. Most of them went to establish the well-stocked Beetham Cottage Library and some to the Salving House where an excellent collection was shelved in the P. D. Boothroyd memorial bookcase, made by Peter Moffat. In her last annual report, (1965-66), Molly said: 'If members have any climbing books they do not need, the Club could use them for Birkness and Brackenclose which need bringing up to date'.

My inventories of the hut libraries confirmed Molly's assessment, so I acted on her recommendation. A bequest from Margaret Hicks in 1968 included many duplicates of fairly recently published books and I allocated them to those two huts. In addition, a generous gift from W. N. Snowdon was placed, at his request, at Brackenclose. By 1970, 100 books had been added to the 240 of my original inventory. When I took stock of the hut libraries in 1971, it was clear that my enthusiasm had been misguided. 55 books were missing (though 10 were later returned). Fortunately I had already removed such treasures as Hutchinson's *An Excursion to the Lakes*, 1774 from Raw Head and West's *Guide to the Lakes*,

1789 from Beetham Cottage. I had begun to build up a Reserve of valuable books and good copies of the classics because, although the Library is insured and losses had been light since 1966, the difficulty and cost of replacing lost, worn or damaged books was continually increasing; after the 'disappearances' all good duplicates were placed in Reserve except those which the donors had generously said might be sold for the benefit of the Library.

When I wrote my last annual report as Librarian in 1978, I regarded it as the epitaph of the hut libraries. It reads: 'Since 1970 the losses at the triennial stocktakings have been as follows: 45 books in 1971; 27 books in 1974; 64 books in 1977 . . . the committee has decided that no more books of value should be placed in the huts though the *Journals* will be kept up to date' (thus giving official blessing to the action I had been taking for some years). However, the note headed 'Hut Book Collections' in the January 1981 Chronicle, with its implication that it is now worth while stocking the hut bookcases only with expendable material, really does finally dispose of Molly FitzGibbon's ideal (and mine initially) of hut libraries well stocked with mountain literature. The 'disappearances' may be dismissed as a 'sign of the times' but, if so, they are a sad reflection on our times.

Archives (Club Records)

It is fortunate that successive Librarians and, latterly, Dick Plint recognised the importance of archives, or the Club might be in the position of the Climbers' Club, whose editor laments, in their 1979-80 journal, that 'too many of the club's vital documents and log books have gone astray and possibly have been lost to posterity'. The first list of Club archives (War Memorial press cuttings, Scafell Pike Peace Night signatures and hotel visitors' books from Wasdale and Langdale) is included in the 1934 List of Books under the heading 'various'. In the 1938 List of Books the heading is 'Records' and John Wilson Robinson's Lake District papers and photographs have been added to the list. By 1962 the Records numbered 40 and, in addition to the items mentioned above, include the climbing books from the 'Centres' dating from the first year of the Club. All the original books have been preserved except the Wasdale one. Fortunately, in 1922 it was decided to have this book copied, as the original has been lost sight of. Enquiries are being made but so far without success. Other items include records of the Pillar Centenary, 1926, and the Needle Jubilee, 1936; as well as H. M. Kelly's notebook for the first Pillar guide, the Climbing Book compiled by Claude and Guy Barton

describing their Lake District climbs from 1893 to 1906 (presented by George Abraham); and a recent notable gift by Lady Chorley of the original manuscript letters to George Seatree from James Jackson ('the Patriarch of Pillarites') describing his 'wonderful mountaineering . . . exploits in Cumberland 1874-76'. (These letters were reprinted from the *Penrith Observer* in a booklet dated 1906 which is in the Library).

These and other historic and Club records, including legal documents and the original minute books, are now in safe keeping at Barclay's Bank, Kendal. Previously they were in the Library and in 1940 the Librarian was authorised to spend £2.00 on a deed box for storing valuable climbing records, minute books etc.; in fact she economically obtained one for 10s. 6d! In the mid-1950s it was realised that the original minute books were too valuable to be available for general consultation, so typed copies were made; but it was not until 1959 when the Library was temporarily moved to Eskdale that it was decided to store the Records in the Bank. After this they were in the charge of Dick Plint (who was chief accountant at what was then Martin's Bank) and he compiled the list in the 1962 List of Books. He referred to himself as the Recorder and collected and listed the archives with dedication until his death in 1980. The Club owes him a debt of gratitude for his devoted work. There are now more than 70 numbered Records, and there are many not listed or numbered which it is hoped to list in this 75th anniversary year.

Financing the Library

No consistent policy seems to have been pursued. In March 1910, a few months after he had been appointed Librarian, Charles Grayson suggested to the committee that a definite sum should be voted at the Annual General Meeting for the purchase of books and the upkeep of the Library. The proposal was approved but I have found no evidence that any action was taken. Nevertheless, the Library list in the 1913 *Journal* shows that up to that time 38 books had been purchased. Thereafter, little was spent on the Library until Herbert Cain became Librarian. In 1922 the expenditure on books was £22. 6s. 3d., and in 1923 it was £15. 1s. 6d. — substantial amounts when the annual subscription was ten shillings. During the next ten years the average annual sum devoted to books and bookbinding was £2. 8s. 0d. The Library was accommodated free of charge by the Librarians and the only big outlay was £30.00 for bookcases.

From 1935 there was renewed interest in the Library. Rent had to

be paid for the room at the Conservative Club, Ambleside but several members combined to save our Club this expense for the first three years. G. R. Speaker presented a supply of bookplates designed by Una Cameron, while the committee authorised payments (which work out at an average of about £7.00 per annum) fairly frequently for books. From 1947 the situation changed. The rent was increased annually, rising to £26 a year in 1950. No expenditure on books is recorded though bookbinding averaged about £7.00 a year. Expenses increased substantially with the move to Kendal. In 1961-62 rent and rates amounted to £72.00; and in 1963-64 the Club had to pay £141 for Library expenses which included £50.00 for 15 years' storage of the Reserve Journals.* These were big sums in those days (the annual subscription was £1. 1s. 0d.) and the Library came under scrutiny.

It was known that the Yorkshire Ramblers and the Rucksack Club had deposited their libraries with Leeds and Manchester Central Libraries respectively and this led to speculation as to the possibility of making similar arrangements for our Library. As I was working at Lancaster University Library helping with an accumulation of cataloguing, the President, Donald Murray, suggested that I might unofficially make tentative enquiries there. Molly FitzGibbon was enthusiastic, but in the summers of 1966, following a serious operation, she decided to tender her resignation to the Annual General Meeting in October. I was asked if I would accept nomination to succeed her as Librarian. Thereafter I had preliminary talks with the University Librarian who was sympathetic to the idea of accommodating our Library as one collection which would remain the Club's property, provided that members of the University would be entitled to consult it (though not to borrow books) and that I would prepare a catalogue for the use of the University Library as well as the Club.

These principles, which were outlined to the committee at the July meeting and agreed as a basis for formal negotiations with the University, were embodied in the draft agreement drawn up by Charles Tilly and circulated to committee members for consideration at the September meeting. On 19th October 1966

*In 1922 the Librarian was made responsible for keeping a Reserve of 30 copies of each issue of the *Journal*; and in 1942 was given the added duty (previously carried out by other officers) of storing and selling surplus back numbers. In May 1965 a Library subcommittee recommended that, because of the problem of storage (which was becoming increasingly costly) the Reserve *Journals* should be reduced from 30 to 20 copies of each issue. Since 1966 these have been kept in Beetham Cottage locked store. The Assistant Librarian, Peter Fleming, now keeps the for-sale *Journals* at his home.

Charles Tilly put the proposals to the Annual General Meeting which accepted them; and the President paid tribute to Molly FitzGibbon's outstanding work for the Club, concluding, according to the minutes, with the words: 'Without her we might not have had a Library'.

1966-1978 Librarian, Muriel Files

The arrangements for financing the Library had been unsatisfactory and the resolution passed by the committee on 28th January 1967 was historic. It was that the proceeds from the recent sales of *Journal* back numbers 'should be expended on books and binding' and that as no rent or rates would have to be paid in future, a sum of up to £50 per annum be available to the Librarian'. It is the first record of an annual sum being voted for the Library and is a landmark even though I did not have to draw on it, the proceeds from the sale of *Journal* back numbers and surplus books being enough, in addition to gifts, bequest and review copies, to build up the Library (more than 1000 items being added during my term of office) and to maintain it.

Early in 1967 preparations were made to transfer the books to Lancaster. The Library was closed except to postal borrowers and, during February and early March, I went to Kendal four days a week to classify the Library and to take stock, typing a shelf list on cards. The classification was not intended as a general one for books on mountaineering, but simply as a basis for arranging the Fell and Rock Library, and I called it a Scheme of Arrangement. Happily it proved flexible enough for the introduction of new classes when some revision was needed early in 1978.

As soon as the Library was installed at Lancaster in March 1967, cataloguing began in accordance with the practice in the University Library.* I greatly valued my appointment as Honorary Assistant Librarian in the University Library, and I am much indebted to the Library staff for their unfailing co-operation. I should like to record my thanks particularly to the Deputy University Librarian, Michael Argles, who ungrudgingly gave professional advice and practical help in the preparation of the Catalogue.

Gifts and Bequests, 1966-1978

Gifts and bequests have played an important part in the growth of the Library and during 1966-78 more than 600 books were received in this way, over twice as many as those sent for review

*For each entry a punched card is produced in a tape typewriter. The catalogue cards for the main University Library catalogue and the Club's catalogue; and also the printed list are run off from the punched cards. All the processing is carried out by the University Library staff.

(260) and nearly four times as many as those purchased (160). The generosity of the donors is greatly appreciated and all gifts and bequests have been acknowledged in the appropriate *Journals*, but a few, because of their special character, must be mentioned individually. In 1968 Dorothy Pilkington made an important gift from the library of her father, Lawrence Pilkington, the following books being particularly noteworthy: No. 20 of the large paper edition of 50 copies of *The Pioneers of the Alps* by Cunningham and Abney, 1887; and the first editions of Leslie Stephen's *The Playground of Europe*, 1871; Whymper's *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*, 1871 and Wills's *Wandering Among the High Alps*, 1856; also a delightful volume, *The Indian Alps and How We Crossed Them*, 1876, illustrated by the author, Mrs N. E. Mazuchelli. Included in this gift were many Alpine classics already in the Library and the donor most generously said they might be sold for its benefit. Some were, indeed, sold but many were better copies than those on the shelves (too good to send to the huts even before the 'disappearances') and they formed the nucleus of the Reserve. At that time only one of the first three Everest books, Norton's *The Fight for Everest*, 1925, presented by N. E. Odell, was in stock. Dorothy Pilkington gave *The Assault on Mount Everest*, 1922 by C. G. Bruce; and, also in 1968, Howard-Bury's *Mount Everest: the Reconnaissance*, 1921 was presented by Lancaster University Library.

In 1971 Molly FitzGibbon in her Will completed her long service to the Club, giving it the first choice of the books in her exceptionally fine mountaineering collection. More than 200 volumes were added to the Library including a number of Alpine rarities, the most important being *An Account of the Glacieres or Ice Alps in Savoy*, 1744, by William Windham. In *Mountaineering and its Literature*, 1976, Bill Neate describes it as the earliest mountaineering record in English; and, as long ago as 1898, C. E. Matthews in *The Annals of Mont Blanc* wrote: 'the book was sold for the merest trifle but is now one of the rarest in Alpine bibliography'. It describes an ascent from Chamonix to Montenvers and a descent to the Mer de Glace, then a serious expedition. The few other books it is possible to list from this bequest give a hint of its quality: the first (quarto) edition of Auldjo's *Narrative of an Ascent . . . of Mont Blanc*, 1828; the first edition of Albert Smith's *Mont Blanc*, printed for private circulation, 1852 and Willian Coxe's *Travels in Switzerland*, 2nd ed., 1791. Filippi's *Karakoram and Western Himalaya*, 1912 was most welcome as it completed for the Fell and Rock Library the

trilogy of his books on the three famous expeditions of the Duke of Abruzzi.

Two early Lake District books were received in 1974 in a gift from the Rev. G. W. Ellison: *A Companion to the Lakes by Edward Baines*, 1829; and John Robinson's *A Guide to the Lakes*, 1819; these were much appreciated replacements of books recorded in the 1921 Library List which had both 'disappeared' by 1947. Other generous bequests in the 1970's were the mountaineering libraries of C. W. F. Dee, Ned Hamilton, Brian Martin and Jos. Woods. Books from all of these were added to our Library and many fine copies of mountain classics were placed in Reserve. Special mention must be made, however, of two rare books in a gift by Eric Allsup which contained many interesting volumes from the library of his father, William Allsup. They are a fine copy, No. 17, of a limited edition of 24 copies of Mummery's *My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus*, 1895; and a signed subscriber's copy, No. 29, of a special edition of Whymper's *Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*, including the supplementary volume which was published in 1891, before the main volume in 1892. Because of these gifts and bequests, the acquisitions of the period 1966-78 have been the most memorable since the early 1940s.

As in the past, new publications were acquired mainly as books sent for review in the *Journal*, but quite a number of recently published books were obtained as secondhand or remainder copies, which, up to the mid-1970s, were reasonably priced. Guide-books published by British clubs were received in exchange for our guides; and the latest editions of definitive Alpine guides, such as the Vallot guides to the Mont Blanc range and the Swiss and Italian Alpine Club guides, were purchased, as were also the Ollivier guides to the Pyrenees. The limited resources available were concentrated on the costly definitive guides published abroad which are valuable for reference; on the principle (admittedly controversial) that cheaper commercially published English versions of Alpine (and other foreign) guides, being so vulnerable to damage on the hill, should be owned by the users. Twenty kindred club journals continued to be received in exchange for the *Fell and Rock Journal*, but some long runs were found to be incomplete, and the few numbers lacking from the *Alpine Journal*, the *Canadian Alpine Journal* and the *Himalayan Journal* were obtained by purchase or exchange. It was especially gratifying to be able to acquire in the States some early issues, now extremely rare, of the *American Alpine Journal*, and thus to complete a very valuable set.



Scaling a wall of ice on the ascent of Mont Blanc. Auldjo's *Narrative*, 1828.

The maps section of the Library has not been described for lack of space. There is a description of the collection in the introduction to: *Catalogue of the Library, Section IV, Maps*. 460 sheets are listed covering many mountain areas, but as the collection was established in the 1930s, many are of mainly historic interest, and bequests have added more historic maps. Up-to-date maps are acquired through purchases and gifts but large resources would be needed to maintain a comprehensive up-dated collection.

After the issue of the *Catalogue of the Library*, 1972, the *Additions* 1972-75 and 1975-79, and *Section IV, Maps*, 1978, my work for the Library was finished, and it was a great satisfaction that June Farrington agreed to become Librarian. She has been a member of the Club since 1947 and has worked in the University Library since 1968. Because of her full-time job the committee decided to appoint an Assistant Librarian, Peter Fleming, to take charge of the *Journal* back numbers and the hut libraries.

1978- Librarian, June Farrington

June is a glutton for work and soon added the duties of Custodian of Slides to those of Librarian. A Library subcommittee has been appointed and this has the great merit that it involves senior officers, other members of the committee and also non-committee members in the work of the Library. The committee has

been generous, allowing £200 a year for the Library, which has flourished. Since January 1979 there have been 173 acquisitions consisting, as in previous years, of purchases, review copies and gifts. There has been one outstanding gift of £1,000 by Dorothy Pilley Richards, in memory of her husband, Ivor Armstrong Richards. This, the most munificent monetary gift the Library has ever received, will enable it to acquire books of a quality which it would be impossible to purchase from the annual grant, and which will make a fitting memorial to a fine mountaineer and eminent man of letters.

The chief event of the past two years was the fascinating exhibition, 'Mountains in the Eye of Man', which June mounted in the University Library in February 1980. Most appropriately it was opened by the Deputy University Librarian, Michael Argles, who has taken so much interest in the Fell and Rock Library. A description of the exhibition is included in the Librarian's report in this *Journal*, but it would be unthinkable to end this survey without congratulating her on the choice and display of illustrated books from our Library.

Value of the Library

At times of crisis, such as those caused by problems of accommodation, doubts have been expressed as to the value of the Library. How should this be determined? Is its use, measured by the number of books borrowed, the primary criterion? Is its value as a reference library more important? Or is its cash value, which depends on the scarcity of the books in stock, the over-riding consideration?

The borrowing rate of books from the Library has varied considerably according to its location. The borrowers' register, started in 1935, shows that the Library was most used in the mid-40s when it was in the Conservative Club, Ambleside: more than 400 books were borrowed annually, a peak of 500 being reached in 1946; during the Eskdale period (1959-60) 76 books were borrowed; the average for the 5 years at Kendal was 114; at Lancaster the peak was 151 in 1975. Even in the best years at Ambleside many more books were sent by post than were collected at the Library, and there is no doubt that the steep rise in postal charges has reduced borrowing. It is probably not generally known that Molly FitzGibbon travelled by bus from Windermere to Kendal (having walked $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the bus stop) to pack the parcels. At Lancaster they are packed by the University Library staff, an amenity much appreciated by the Librarian.

There is no question of the importance for reference of the Fell and Rock Library. Its printed Catalogue, kept up to date with regular supplements, is of use to anyone who is interested in mountain literature; and bibliographers have been glad to consult both the Catalogue and the Library. There are few subjects connected with mountaineering that cannot be studied in the Fell and Rock Library. The books, many of which are not available in most libraries, cover all mountain areas and range from literary masterpieces to guide-books and manuals of technique; the journal section is especially valuable for research; and the Lake District section, though not comprehensive, contains some rare early works.

As a cash asset the Library is certainly of value to the Club. Anyone who studies booksellers' catalogues will quickly add up the large sum that would be needed to buy even the few books that have been mentioned. Mountaineering books are booming and, particularly during the last three years, their prices have risen more steeply than the inflation rate.

In this historical and bibliographical survey it has not been feasible to discuss the scope of the Library or the intrinsic merits, literary and informative, of individual books. Another article would be needed to deal adequately with these matters. But, however valuable the Library may be in other ways, the real measure of its worth is the regard in which it is held by Club members, so amply demonstrated by the generosity of their gifts.

As a past President, in office when the negotiations started with Lancaster University, I feel that the excellent history by Muriel Files understates the great part she played in her determination that the Library should remain the property of the Club. Her offer to catalogue the books (and how well she has carried out this Herculean task) was a major factor in the negotiations which safe-guarded the future of our Library, and we owe her a very grateful thank you.

Donald Murray.

NOT MUCH OF A PICNIC

John Coates

I had wanted to climb Mount Kenya since 1969 when I was thwarted very close to the summit. In February 1978 I found myself again in Nanyuki on a beautiful day, looking at the peak on the horizon. It must have been great for the old settlers. This time I was there especially to climb the mountain. Paul was on holiday from Abu Dhabi where he was helping restore the balance of payments. We had already walked round the mountain to acclimatise — well, not quite round as we didn't fancy carrying loads over Point

Lenana at 16,300 ft. Next day we were going up again to try the main peaks. Nothing too ambitious as we wanted to get up Batian this time — Shipton's normal route would do fine.

We took the walk slowly to avoid altitude sickness (the previous week two medical students treated a man for a suspected pulmonary oedema with amusing results). After thirty-six hours we were established in Top Hut at 15,730 ft. In the afternoon we explored across the Lewis Glacier and soloed the first few pitches. Next morning we left the hut at 4.00 a.m. and reached the rock at dawn. The first few pitches went well, nothing difficult but cloud down. Progress became slower as we gained height; the most difficult technical pitch went all right and then I was on unfamiliar territory. We met the American, Phil Snyder, training a group of National Park Rangers in mountain rescue. He showed us the next route section and pointed out the strategic abseil point for the return.

The weather deteriorated as we neared the summit of Nelion — 30 ft. lower, only 150 yards but possibly two hours from Batian. The sleet began as we reached Nelion's small summit bivouac and we crawled inside. We would have a rest and hope for an improvement. The next eighteen hours were spent in the shelter. The weather was worsening at each observation — we could not see down into the Gate-of-the-Mists between Nelion and Batian.

Next morning gave only one possibility: down. An inch of snow had fallen and so progress was very slow. The strategic abseil point was found and I hoped that two good lengths would take us down to the South Ridge. Paul strained his groin and arrived at the foot of the second abseil very exhausted. We crawled into an old bivouac shelter which Rusty Baillie had erected on the ridge in the 1960s. Next we took a traversing descent to the right. Conditions remained very poor and I was absolutely saturated. We abseiled where possible and climbed slowly down the remainder; about half-way down the rope snagged as it was being pulled through. Fortunately it was possible to climb a chimney and release it. When we were almost down I tried to take a direct abseil line to the bottom — the guide book said it was possible. However the end of the rope led to two pegs in the face which I pulled out by hand; there was no significant ledge. I decided to climb up again and was exhausted when I got back. We reversed the remainder of the route and crossed the Lewis Glacier back to Top Hut. We both felt shattered; the return journey had taken almost twice as long as the climb. A Ranger came in shortly afterwards and said he was looking for two people reported to be on the mountain. We stayed

overnight in the hut to recover. Next morning few people going up Point Lenana — the tourist peak — went beyond the hut. We eventually packed up and went down the valley. It was supposed to be East Africa's dry season.

RED PIKE

Friendly yet separate, that bright blue day,
Feeling each other's steps and minds, we went
Up from the lake and fields, at first content
With the warm sunshine and the scents of May
On the grass shoulder, finding less to say
As the ridge led us to the last ascent
Of scree, not thinking what the silence meant
That lapped us on the summit where we lay.

There will be other days. Perhaps in pain
And loneliness, perhaps in triumph, you
And I will still look down to Buttermere,
Remembering how in the spring sunshine here
(The world not too much with us then!) we knew
That life would never be the same again.

BELOW TRUSMADOOR

Lie still, and let the summer's gentle breath
Ruffle your hair and play on your hot cheek.
The steep green slopes shut in against the world
This secret corner where the beck
Pauses, runs on; and here time pauses too;
Don't speak — don't speak.

Lean to the rock; the orange light seen through
Closed lids, the tiny sounds of stream and air,
The earth scents, the warm pebbles, make a soft
Cushion of consciousness, where we
Rest undisturbed; this hollow of the hill
Is everywhere.

Press the dry grass in thankfulness; lie still,
But let your thought soar like the eagle, roam
The distances and ages, still contained
In this our brief eternity.
— Time starts; there runs the downward track to death.
We must go home.

Morley Dobson

NORTH EAST OF KATHMANDU

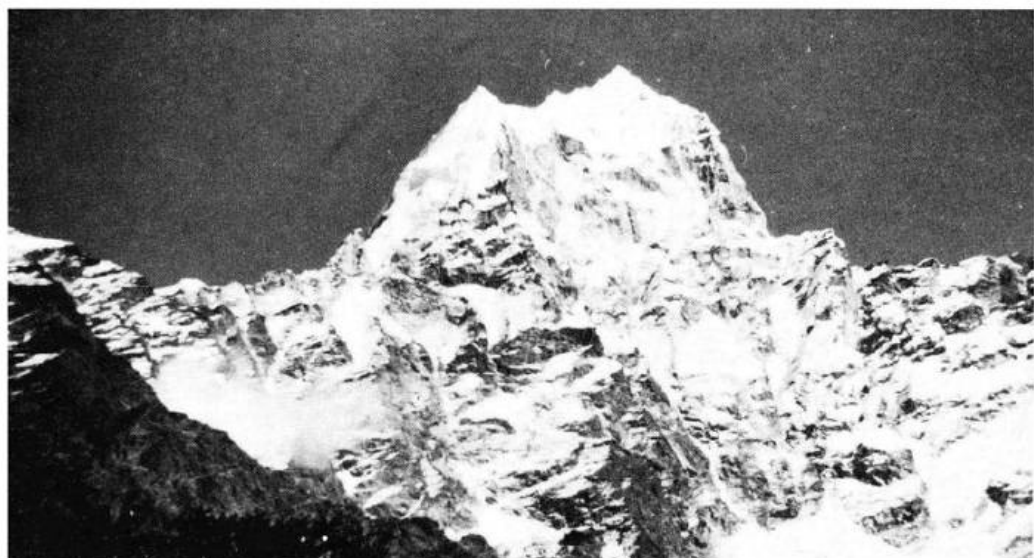
Peter Fleming

To organise a Himalayan trek, climbing trek or major expedition, it is much simpler to base your plans in that part of the Himalayas which lies within the kingdom of Nepal, for in the capital of Kathmandu are all the facilities required to get you under way in a few days. There are many trekking and mountaineering agencies in Kathmandu who will provide you with Sherpas and porters, hire out equipment, obtain the necessary permits, book internal flights and provide information, all for a very reasonable fee, and for the stay in Kathmandu there are hotels to suit all pockets from £1 a day upwards.

Our modest expedition came into being as a result of a conversation with Ian Angell after the dinner on the Vice Presidents' Meet at Wasdale Head in September, 1978. Ian's two friends, Harold Edwards and Alan Beattie, were to join us; Peter Moffat expressed interest in the trip and after careful screening by Hilary and our assurances that we would look after him the group became five. We had no medical expert, which gave rise to concern, and it was quite some time later that this gap was filled when Tony Drummond joined us. Tony is a consultant psychiatrist at West Cumberland Hospital. He has travelled extensively, is a keen climber and skier, and is probably known to many of our local members (not, I hasten to add, in his professional capacity).

Our contact in Kathmandu was Mike Cheney of Expedition Services, Sherpa Co-operative. In advance of our arrival he obtained permission from the Nepalese Mountaineering Association for us to attempt two peaks in the Hinku region, which is south of Everest. One of these, Mera Peak, 21,247 ft., we knew to be easy with no technical difficulties. Mera was to be our training peak. The other, known locally as Kusum Kangguru, 20,896 ft. (meaning Snow Peak of the Gods), was, much to our surprise, still unclimbed.

We arrived in Kathmandu on 19th October, 1979, and spent the next three days finalising expedition planning with Mike. We were introduced to our Sherpa Sirdar, Ang Pemba, who turned out to be a very efficient and trustworthy sirdar. He was 27 years old and had been a member of Bonington's 1975 S.W. Face expedition on Everest. Much time was spent buying in supplies and packing them for the flight to Lukla in the Khumbu Valley. The uncertainty of this particular internal flight due to weather conditions must cause many headaches for intending trekkers and climbers working to a tight time schedule, and ours was no exception. We were held up



West Face of Kusum Kangguru, 20,986 ft.

P. Fleming

for two days. However, the time was spent easily enough in visiting the fascinating tourist sights in the vicinity.

The flight to Lukla to the north east of Kathmandu on the 24th October afforded wonderful views of the Himalayas. The airstrip, constructed by the Sherpa people with pick and shovel under the direction of Sir Edmund Hillary, lay high on a shoulder above the Dudh Kosi (River) at an altitude of 9,300 ft. and gave a bumpy landing, with the plane coming to rest a few yards short of a rock face. It was evident from the wreckage in the vicinity that not all landings were as successful as ours.

The first task here was for Ang Pemba to hire local porters, a cook and kitchen boy. By the following day this had been done and we had seven Nepalese and Sherpa porters, including two Sherpanis. Base camp was only three days march away, but lay at 14,300 ft. in the next valley to the east, the Hinku Valley, which lies midway between our two peaks. The high ridge between us and the Hinku was going to be a problem because nowhere on this side was it possible to find space for 16 people to spend the night. Therefore, we would have to cross it virtually in one day to a known bivouac site on the other side. This meant climbing higher than Mont Blanc on our first day, upsetting our intentions of gradual acclimatisation. The main concern was for the porters, as some had bare feet and the ridge was under snow. The six of us had decided to carry about 25/30 lbs to keep in trim, because we were to carry our own loads above base camp anyway.

The day was beautiful and clear. As height was gained the view to the west revealed Gaurishankar and Menlungtse cleaving the sky

and numerous unknown peaks. After six hours of hard going up steep snow-covered rocks, we reached the crest of the ridge at a point known as Zatra Og. By this time the altitude was taking its toll and most of us felt its effects. The Nepalese porters were obviously suffering too, but not the Sherpas, and the two Sherpanis in particular were still full of energy. Whilst I for one was gasping for air, they were leaping from rock to rock, building cairns and throwing snowballs, obviously enjoying themselves. On the Tibetan Border, the massive bulk of Cho Oyu, 26,750 ft., was now visible to the north west, whilst below to the east lay the mist-filled and uninhabited Hinku Valley. We descended 1,500 ft., where we found an enormous boulder and cave, providing us with a bivvi site for that night.

Rising at six o' clock next morning we continued our descent through a rhododendron forest from where we obtained glimpses of Mera Peak and its satellites. Rising out of the mists it loomed very large. We descended further to the valley floor and reached the river, finding a clearing in the rain forest for the next camp. During the night some snow fell. Next day dawned bright and clear — as indeed every day did. We progressed up the valley and as we went the sun cleared the snow from the low lying ground. Passing above the tree line again, we crossed under the north west flank of Mera Peak, down which avalanches poured. Straight ahead a spectacular mountain came into sight. We identified this from our maps as Peak 43, an unclimbed 22,000 footer.

We reached our base at the foot of Peak 43 that afternoon. The site was a high yak pasture, called 'tangnag' and there was a stone hut built here which became our kitchen and sleeping quarters for the porters we kept on, including the two Sherpanis, Lapka Chemchi and Pemba Chiki. They were very keen and hard working and it gave them the opportunity to earn 90 pence a day — three times more than they would earn in their own village. From base we could see the steep south face of Kusum Kangguru, from which a strong Japanese team had recently retreated leaving 3,000 foot of fixed ropes in position. The final delicate snow and ice aretes to the summit had proved too unstable to set foot on. Doug Scott had also, about a month previously, reached the same high point from the north west side and been similarly stopped close to the summit.

Although Mera Peak was first to be attempted, we had a 'reccce' up the lower slopes of Kusum and left a supply dump below the permanent snow line. The plan then was for Ian, Alan and Harold to set out for the Mera La, 17,766 ft., in two easy stages, carrying a three-man tent and supplies for four or five days. On the third day,

leaving the tent on the col, they would try for the summit of Mera Peak and return to the bivvi below the col, leaving the Mera La camp intact for the arrival of Pete, Tony and myself. We were to repeat the ascent one day behind them.

The weather was very settled and the pattern predictable. The nights were clear with temperatures dropping at the base camp to -10°C . The mornings and early afternoons were beautiful with blue skies and clear views, but in the late afternoon and evenings, cloud would come in bringing snowfalls on higher ground, which was to prove troublesome later. On the 1st November, the second team set out for the bivvi site half way up the Mera La, passing on the way an impressive glacial lake held back by vast deposits of moraine, among the boulders of which grew gentians and edelweiss. We spent that night under the shelter of a very large boulder with superb views of the north face of Mera Peak and the impossible-looking unclimbed Peak 43 to the west. Much snow fell during the night and we did not rise until the sun showed itself over the ridge, making life more tolerable. Very soon we reached the remote upper Hinku Valley, the entrance of which was barred by a frozen lake. It was into this valley at a later date that an expedition partially sponsored by the British Museum came and reported disturbing a yeti, finding its footprints and droppings and hearing a high-pitched scream from the mountain above. What they heard could have been an eagle, as there were many in the area. The prints are not easily explained, but the strange droppings, after a diet of freeze dried foods, were probably ours!

To reach the Mera La we climbed steep, boulder-covered slopes to a high shoulder and from there we gained the snout of the Mera Glacier. It was obvious from our slow, laboured progress that we were not acclimatised. We had been expecting to meet the first team on their way down but there was no sign. It was now getting late and cloud was swirling around, producing whiteout conditions. We were grateful for tracks in the snow which seemed to go on and on across the glacier, and just as darkness was falling we reached the camp on the col. We were extremely tired. Tony said he could not have gone any further. It had been a very long, hard eight hours. We were surprised to find that Ian, Allan and Harold had not returned to the camp, but we were not unduly worried. We knew the mountain was easy and they were well equipped with down bags and duvets, etc. It was some time later and in darkness when they arrived back. The going had been tough, they said, with deep powder snow and strong, bitterly cold winds above 20,000 ft. They had reached the summit at 3.30 p.m. after nine hours of trail

breaking and route finding through crevassed areas on the wind-swept slopes. We were all very pleased.

The immediate problem now was that there were six of us at almost 18,000 ft. in the dark, all very tired, and only one small tent. Who was going to sleep outside? It was easily settled really, Tony, Peter Moffat and myself were already in the tent and in our sleeping bags having, after all, arrived there first, and of course we were the three senior members of the party. The night was, in fact, one of the finest we had seen in the mountains with the Milky Way a broad white sash across the sky. The wind had dropped and so had the temperature. It was at least 20°C below zero. However, no one complained, and the only casualty was my camera which refused to work next morning, and a bottle of water, which froze despite being kept between us inside the tent.

Tony decided to descend to base with the first team, as he was not feeling well. This left Peter Moffat and myself to try Mera Peak. On the 4th November, after a rest day on the col, we set off after sunrise. As we slowly gained height the deep powder snow took its toll of our energy. We were sinking up to our knees at every step. The views were magnificent, with Baruntse and Makalu now visible to the east. Nuptse, Lhotse and Everest with its snow plume lay to the north, rising above the summits of Kantaga and Tamserku, with ranges of other peaks known only by their surveyor's reference numbers. For eight hours we ploughed upwards, taking turns to break the trail, which was quickly buried behind us with the whirling spindrift. We reached almost 21,000 ft. before having to admit defeat. We had neither the strength nor the time left to reach the summit, which seemed so close. We took a few photographs and set off down, reaching camp just as the sun lit up the west face of Baruntse in a rosy alpenglow. It was disappointing that we did not quite make it to the summit. One more person to help break the trail would have made all the difference.

The next morning I remember being greeted by a leathery faced Tibetan, with plaited hair and a row of teeth to rival a piano keyboard. He had come up from the valley to the east with a party of trekkers. We spent the rest of that day getting down to base camp again. I was suffering from acute fatigue and had to rest every few yards even going downhill. This condition was to last three days and at the time it was not realised that I was suffering from one of the less common forms of high altitude sickness. In the meantime No. 1 team had been up on Kusum Kangguru again to inspect the route and found the powder snow too deep to make any

progress towards the foot of the south east Face, which was now very avalanche-prone. They decided to abandon any attempt on this mountain, and on the 9th November we arrived back at Lukla in the Khumbu Valley with five days to spare. That night the Sherpas laid on a party with an abundance of chang, ratchi and rum and a great amount of dancing and singing. We never did see the bottom of the barrel of chang. Fifteen gallons of rice beer takes some getting through. We made a good attempt though, and some of us required considerable assistance to get to bed that night.

Although we did not achieve all our aims the trip was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We all got on well together and my thanks to them for their help in organising things — there is always more to it than meets the eye. I would also on behalf of us all like to thank the F.R.C.C. for their generous donation from the Exploration Fund towards our expenses, and the many individuals who offered advice and encouragement.

ACROSS CORSICA BY THE G.R. 20

Maureen Linton & Don Lee

Opinions differ as to whether or not a return visit should be made to the scene of a particularly successful holiday, but our first visit to Corsica six years ago left us in no doubt that we would be back, and we have now spent five consecutive summer holidays there. For the first three years the holiday followed the same pattern: we climbed mountains rising to over 8,000 ft. and varying in terrain from the stony slopes of Monte Cinto, at 2,710 m. the highest on the island, to the rocky peaks and ridges of the Cuillin-like Bavella. On less strenuous days we walked through spectacular gorges and magnificent forests or along rocky coastal tracks and for real "off days" there were hill villages, harbours and citadels to explore and a clean warm sea for swimming. We camped up in the hills where gangs of wandering pigs are a hazard to food and tents alike, drove along nerve-wracking roads with deep drops on one side and blind bends ahead and enjoyed memorable hospitality from shepherds in their bergeries high in the mountains. Add to this the fragrance of the maquis which hangs over all the island and the certainty of good weather, even in August — and all on an island little over a hundred miles long.

We then heard about the Grande Randonnée 20, a high level route following the crest line of the mountains for over 100 miles from Calenzana in the north-west to Conca in the south-east and involving some 30,000 ft. of ascent and descent. The route was marked on the map, but the only other details we had were that it was shown along the way by red and white paint markings and that all food would need to be carried as the descent to a village and the return would cost the best part of a day. We felt that it was too long an undertaking to be completed with enjoyment in one holiday so decided to start midway and follow the northern half which covers the wildest country.

So on our fourth holiday, leaving the car and our possessions on a camp site near Calvi, we travelled by train to Vizzavona carrying, in addition to personal gear, a lightweight tent and food for nine days. The 75 mile journey took five hours and we arrived at Vizzavona at dusk with the problem of finding somewhere to camp. Next morning, having located the route by marks on a tree, we set out on the 50 mile journey north to Calenzana. The way led up the slopes of Monte d'Oro (2,389 m.), an enjoyable peak which we had climbed on a previous trip. On that occasion, we had been surprised to hear strains of music from amongst the rocks and had traced it to a shepherd playing a set of pipes as he led a herd of goats over a col. This time there was no music and when we reached the col the route marks had disappeared too. The map indicated that the route descended into the coire below but once we were down, the rocks which from above had appeared to be easy slabs were, in reality, house-sized boulders with tangled alder bushes in between. Looking back, it seemed more likely that the route came down a nearby ridge but we were now too far to relish climbing back and struggled on. Eventually, a distant "boulder" proved to be a refuge whose few occupants confirmed that the route did come down the ridge and should have taken about two hours. We had taken six. A fine start, so we stayed that night at the refuge.

In contrast, the next section was a splendid high level walk crossing the summit of Pinzi Corbini (2,021 m.), one of the few peaks actually on the route. A steep descent down a ridge brought us near to the refuge of Pietra Piana, a new hut in a superb position perched on a tiny grassy plateau above a deep valley and surrounded by peaks. We camped near the hut and on looking out across the valley could trace our route of the last two days, back to where Monte d'Oro dominated the skyline.

From Pietra Piana, the way led up a stony hillside to the Col de la Haute Route. The scenery before us was spectacular. From the

col wave after wave of rocky peaks stretched ahead as far as we could see. Apart from two tiny lakes far below, the world was empty of everything except rock and somehow we had to make our way across it. We were in the massif of Monte Rotondo (2,622 m.), of all the Corsican peaks perhaps our favourite, as much for its associations as for its terrain. On our first ascent of the peak three years before, we had come upon the first of the tiny hidden pastures which are a feature of these mountains. The steepness of the ground had hidden the view into the upper coire until the last moment. Instead of the scree, slabs and boulders which the rocky landscape had led us to expect, the coire was carpeted with soft green turf through which a stream meandered. So surprising was the scene, so idyllic and in such contrast to the rocks of the encircling ridges, that we called it "Paradise", later changed to "Paradise I" as we discovered more of them. We continued along the route, which was now mostly scrambling. We were approaching a ridge which looked as if it would present problems without a rope but, on emerging from a short chimney, the way was clear to a col and, after a rough descent on the far side, we came to another unexpectedly carpeted coire — Paradise II, where we camped. We had seen no other people all day. By now another dimension had crept into our lives. Miles no longer existed and both time and distance were measured in days. Up until now the view behind had always been dominated by Monte d'Oro and we had assessed our progress by its diminishing size. The awareness that we had covered the intervening terrain under our own steam and had been as self-contained as it is possible for humans to be had given a sense of satisfaction hard to describe. On the fifth day out from Vizzavona, the distinctive shape of Paglia Orba appeared in the far distance ahead and we knew that we had reached the half-way mark of our journey. Looking back, d'Oro had disappeared.

Later that day, the route descended to cross the road at Col de Vergio. The sound of a car brought back civilisation and we did not like it. It even felt strange to step on to tarmac. For the first time the terrain was hostile, there was no water, the only possible place to camp had a "no camping" sign and there were even people about. "Let's get out of this," said Don, so, late as it was, we rejoined the route. We needed water and could hear sounds of a cascade but it was after dark when we reached it. Torchlight revealed that we were by a ruined bergerie and, too tired to put up a tent, we slept out, being woken once during the night by a large dog-like animal nosing the remains of our meal. Are there still wolves in Corsica?

The next day's route brought us close under Tafonato, the mountain with the hole right through it, and under the steep cliffs of Paglia Orba, but the real highlight was to come a day later — the descent into Cirque de la Solitude from the Col Bocca Minuta. The way to the col led up some enjoyable slabs and the sky above was cloudless, yet as we neared the col we could see mists boiling up on the other side and curling back like great silent waves. From absolute clearness, the visibility on the other side was down to a few yards, with rock now sweeping away below us and a fixed rope dangling into the mist. We descended easily on rough, firm rock, although it was disconcerting not to be able to see what was below nor how far the rope extended. We saw one other person, a young man moving quickly without a pack, who overtook us on the descent. We were not aware that we had reached the bottom when the route marks started to ascend again. We seemed to be in a wide gully with steep rock walls up which were more fixed ropes. Don started up when the young man reappeared, demanded "Le sac" and, taking my pack, climbed up to the Col Perdu above. Once on top, we asked our companion if he was Corsican as he was obviously familiar with the area. "Je suis Légionnaire" he explained. "Bet that goes in your log" said Don, as they smoked two of his last four cigarettes. It is not every day that a member of the French Foreign Legion is on hand to carry the gear. Not far from the col we came to a refuge where we spent the night, our second in a hut.

There was still more scrambling ahead, for the next day's route

Bocca Minuta, 2218m.

Maureen Linton



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went over the summit of La Muvrella before descending by slabs and fixed ropes into the Spasimata gorge, another of Corsica's wonders. Further down, the route crossed to the other side of the gorge by means of a frail-looking bridge. A notice warned that two persons was the maximum load, but with its missing planks and wire supports it looked unsafe even for one. The track now descended through forest to reach the Cirque de Bonifato, there was only one day's journey ahead and we spent our last night sleeping out by a stream. From now on the route led through thick undergrowth over a succession of gradually diminishing hills towards the coast. We had lived very frugally — it is surprising how far one tea bag will go — and we still had some biscuits left. So we celebrated. "A whole one?" asked Don in utter surprise, for we had been breaking biscuits in half for the past few days..

As we approached the last col, we felt that we did not really want to reach it. We were happy to have accomplished what we had set out to do but it had been such a wonderful trip that we were now sorry that it was over. From the col we looked down on to the roofs of Calenzana and out to the coast. It was six o' clock on Sunday evening and church bells were ringing as we walked down the hillside into the village. But it was not all over, there was still the southern half to do.

A year later we returned carrying a larger supply of biscuits, plenty of "Rise and Shine", and the Topo guide to the route which, in the event, proved to be a mixed blessing. We started at Conca, at the southern end of the route, which being near the coast is little above sea level. The first two days were spent crossing wooded hills and deep valleys, gradually making height as the rocky outline of the Bavella drew nearer ahead of us.

In general, this southern half is less rugged than the north and involves more strenuous walking and less scrambling but it did have its highlights, one being the crossing of the Bavella, a group detached from the main central range and an impressive area of rock walls, pinnacles and ridges. The way led beneath the soaring Aiguilles de Bavella where the route seemed to disappear in the undergrowth, but the delay resulted in a beautiful overnight camp on a grassy plateau beneath the Aiguilles and, as we were later joined by two other parties, it was obvious that the difficulty was not just our own.

Ahead lay Monte Incudine (2,134 m.) the highest peak crossed by the route. To have climbed it from that same camp would have meant an ascent in the heat of the afternoon which gave a good excuse for a short day traversing the hillsides above the ravine

d'Asinao towards the refuge of the same name. We asked permission to camp near a bergerie some distance below the refuge. The occupant, a lady with two children, suggested that we should camp within the walls of the bergerie as a protection against the wandering pigs, then, having watched us erect the tent, invited us into the hut for coffee. The one room furnished with huge bed, table, cupboards and some stools apparently served as bedroom living room and kitchen for a family of four for the summer.

Incudine, an outlying peak, has little merit other than being a good view point but the ascent from the refuge is probably the most interesting of its routes as it leads into a coire with a pleasing ascent of some slabs. From the summit, the main range was in view, still some distance ahead but across easy country and we were able to cover a good distance in the next two days. The route made its way over progressively higher foothills culminating in the Arête des Statues, a breezy ridge along which the wind had carved the rocks into weird shapes. From then on it kept to the tops for most of the way. By now we were aware of more differences from the year before. So far on this trip we had seen more people but less water. The greeting on meeting an oncoming party was usually, "Is there water ahead?"

On the sixth evening we reached a col where the route divided, a newly marked variation keeping to the tops while the original route took a lower line. We were without water, having passed none for several hours, and a party of three arriving from along the upper route informed us that there was none ahead. So the lower route had to be taken and we lost precious height while slithering from tree to tree down the steep and forested hillside until the route joined a forestry track by a stream. A short walk along the track brought us to a tiny wayside chapel. Inside, a couple had already settled on the floor and offered the altar candles for illumination, for it was now dark. We spread our bags on the floor and fell asleep under the glazed stare of three gaudily dressed statues on the altar. Daylight revealed a notice stating that overnight visitors were welcome, a supply of candles and a brush and dustpan. We brewed up, swept the floor, gave thanks to St. Anthony for the shelter of his chapel and moved on.

The day's route continued at first through forest, rejoined the upper route to cross the road at Col de Verde and began to climb into the central mountains. By evening we had reached a high plateau which gave both a good camp site and beautiful sunset views right back to Incudine nearly three days behind us and now just a spot on the horizon. From here, according to the guide book

and "at the time of going to press", a variation was in the process of being marked which involved passing by "Les Pozzi — assez remarquable". We had not been able to find out what these were, nor why they were "remarquable" so went to find out. They proved to be three tiers of high pasture at over 5,000 ft. and surrounded by peaks. Herds of grazing sheep and goats gave the scene a Biblical appearance but something was missing — the route. Evidently, by the time the guide actually went to press the paint must have run out for there were no further marks, nor was this variation shown on the map. So we had to find our own route.

We reached the skyline above the Pozzi in time to see that the ground on the far side fell steeply away into a series of coires before the afternoon mists closed in obscuring all views and landmarks. It was utter solitude, with no marks or scratches anywhere to show that anyone had been that way before, nor was there any obvious way down. We kept as high as possible until eventually a momentary break in the mist revealed the ground immediately ahead narrowing to a ridge which swept upwards towards a rocky peak. A few moments later, the moving mists gave another glimpse of the peak and we saw a triangular framework standing clear on the summit. It was Monte Renoso (2,281 m.); we had seen this structure when climbing the mountain on a previous trip. We had located our position and headed down into the nearest coire. Despite the unusual gloom of the mist, we found ourselves in a perfect camp site. The floor of the tiny coire was of soft turf edged with clumps of alder bushes, a stream provided water from some snow patches above and encircling slabs rising into the mist gave an enclosed protected feeling. Yet it was eerily lonely. We were at over 6,000 ft., the mist hid any view beyond the lip of the coire and we had little idea of the scale of our surroundings. It was "Paradise Lost".

The morning sunlight revealed a scene less eerie but no less spectacular. We were directly below the summit of Renoso and enclosed by two ridges, while below the lip of the coire lay a ravine of rocks and undergrowth. We descended one of the ridges keeping to the rock as long as possible to avoid the dense undergrowth and eventually came to a sheep track which led to a bergerie. In the evening we emerged from the forest on to the road exactly opposite the spot where we had begun the route the year before and, after spending the night on the hard ground beside the track at Vizzavona station, we returned by train to Corte where the car parked with our belongings had been left on the camp site.

So we completed the full route. We had taken nine days on each

half. Others would do it in less, but we did it as we wanted without urgency or setting time limits, savouring each day to the full and enjoying every situation that arose. Does Corsica still hold anything more for us? There are still areas we have not explored, we have never even visited Ajaccio the capital and, of course, there is always the G.R. 20 — in the opposite direction.

Maps and Guides used

IGN Carte Touristique — Sheet 73 Corse Nord
Sheet 74 Corse Sud

Michelin — Sheet 90 Corse

Michel Fabrikant — *Guide des Montagnes Corses Vols I and II*

Topo Guide des Sentiers de Grande Randonnée — G.R. 20

THE FISHING LINE

E. Wood-Johnson

During a long heat wave in June 1932, C. J. Astley Cooper, David Lewers and I camped behind the Lodge at Glenbrittle. In the bright, early morning light the boys of the London Section disported in the burn on the hill above our tents. Their joy in being alive seemed at one with the moors, the rocks and the sky. In those days of early summer there was a touch of heaven in the calm, soft air of Glenbrittle and so it was when one morning we walked slowly up the moor towards the foot of Sron na Ciche. I was in harmony with that gentle morning and looking forward with quiet delight to attempting what might be a 300 ft. lead in one severe runout. The climb would be a new route on the most beautiful rock of my world and the peak of my rock climbing ambition. The situation was unique in my experience.

Previous experience of the harder long climbs of the Cuillins had given me confidence in my ability to stay the course. Four years earlier two of us started on Mallory's Slab and Groove late one wet afternoon. It took hours of determined effort before we were up. Towards midnight it was fine and our clothes were drying as we carefully picked our weary way down those interminable big stones to the west and the sea. I was even more content than tired. I was full of wonderment at having found in myself a quality that I had not known existed. That climb had required that conscious control

of fear which we call courage. The one I am about to describe did not require any. This bright, sunny morning was the complete opposite of that hard day. I wandered up the moor with smooth, effortless movements which were the physical aspects of my feeling of well-being.

We went up the Central Gully — which is really a wide, slanting crack — for about fifty feet to the bottom point of the big diamond-shaped slab. At this place the Gully is almost level and there is a small grassy ledge. The London boys were on Mallory's, which joins the Gully near this point. Donald Murray was starting the famous Slab with Edgar Freshman as his second. When Donald reached the difficult part, where the route goes up half right across the Slab, he was puzzled, as we all had been before him. We gave him the usual advice that climbers do when they are not leading it themselves. Recently (1978) I heard him telling people that I had said, "you can't get back now so you'll have to come up". However, he soon joined us — a very happy man. As Edgar climbed the pitch I took a series of photos of his face — from agonised despair to joyful exultation. He must have got more out of that pitch than even the cheerful and robust Donald. From this point Mallory's goes leftwards up the Gully for about sixty feet, then breaks away to the right up the long and steep Groove. We waited until they were out of sight as, for reasons which will soon be clear, we did not want spectators.

Our new climb would be up the vertical diagonal of that big, diamond-shaped slab on the right of the Central Gully. I had been looking at it since 1926 and thought that it might be a lead of about 300 ft. without a safe resting place. It was the sort of thing that was not to be thought of those days, particularly by the method we intended to use. For the leader we had bought 400 ft. of the strong, brown fishing line which was sold on a frame in seaside shops. We thought that the drag of a rope on such a long lead would make the climb impossible — and the fishing line could be used to haul up the rope for the second man.

I tied on to the line and started the climb. After a few feet the others were out of sight below a small overhang. I was on my own and it was wonderful to be there, already with that clear insight which sometimes comes at the end of a climb but rarely at the beginning. I was dressed in the lightest of clothing (shirt, flannel trousers and the thinnest of rubbers): the freedom of leading without a rope was delightful. It was not quite like solo climbing because I knew that I was tied to friends below and that was solid support. So I climbed up that magnificent, steep rock, up and ever

upwards. It was like Mallory's Slab multiplied indefinitely. Astley said later that it was steeper. I stopped when I could and looked about me: all alone in the middle of a great sweep of perfect, unbroken rock, glowing warm gold in the sunshine. I seemed to be in the midst of an infinity of space and thin air. It was fascinating to be in that lovely situation and to look about me; but as soon as I had rested the whole of my attention had to be concentrated on the next few feet. I was making for a crack in a fairly long sloping bulge at the foot of which I thought there might be a stance. It looked a long way up and I had still a long way to go. The immediate thought was "Where next?" Whenever I reached an apparent impasse I did a little sideways move, not more than a few feet from the vertical line, and never hesitated to go up. The holds came just where they should and at no time had I to step down and have a second look at an apparently difficult bit. However, at one place there did not appear to be any way, so I went straight at it — non-stop — and was past it very quickly. I was climbing above my normal standard and it continued, free and carefree. I do not remember any of those sharp or flat holds which are so welcome, only abrasive rounded footholds, nor any of those small cracks one expects in a large slab. There was a good standing place at about 100 ft. but no belay, so I climbed on. I was now really high up and the climb became more enjoyable the higher I went. I felt light and capable and free from anything that might disturb the quiet pleasure of being on that delightful route. Eventually, I reached the bottom of the overhang where I could stand on both feet in comfort. There was a small knob which I thought would just about take the rope with a downward pull. I suppose that it would strike a brave note if I said I was disappointed that I was not going to do a 300 ft. runout; but this was not so. We were not interested in records.

I made an overhand loop on the fishing line and hung it over the knob for my belay. It looked good and I was happy as I hauled in the line which was tied to the rope. I should have taken gloves for the line cut my hands and was painful. When it came tight to Astley the top end of the 120 ft. rope was about 40 ft. below me. We had plenty of rope but he decided to come up on the 120 ft. It looked a very long way down when he appeared at the side of the bottom overhang. My shoulder belay of fishing line felt safe but I was more at home with the rope on my shoulder when it reached me, and I knew that I could hold him easily. When he arrived he looked questioningly at the belay I was fixing for him but we decided that it would do. We coiled the fishing line and I tied on to the rope. I

said I was going up the crack in the overhang. He put the rope over his shoulder and gave me a smile of surprise and encouragement. The crack was nothing like a hard as it looked and a few feet above the overhang I reached a good stance and belay at about 50 ft. A rough slab with good holds led to the finish where the apex of the diamond joined the West Central Gully under the big overhangs. When Astley had seen David on to the last stance he climbed up to me very quickly, took my hand and said, "That's the nearest I've been to coming off".

Katharine Hopkinson (Lady Chorley), with the wide-eyed awareness of youth, wrote in the 1924 *Journal*:

"Aloft on a gabbro terrace,
With the slack of the rope in hand,
And the last man breasting the purple rock,
And beneath, the sunfilled land."

That is a perfect description of the end of the climb. When Katharine wrote those lines I wonder if she imagined they might be the constant companion of another climber for over 50 years. They will always glow with light and colour for me and always take me to Skye in the sunshine.

I had done the most enjoyable, the longest and perhaps the best new lead of my life. The charm of that perfect climb remains with me and I can still feel the warmth of Astley's and David's congratulations. I like to think that I had caught from Astley a little of his graceful, flowing style on difficult rock. He seemed to float up in continuous movement. His advice on how to do it was simplicity itself — just leave the hold before your foot has time to slip and so on to the next and the next. I never knew him miss. Our new route was the perfect rock climb; that is, one in which the detail is lost in the joy of being there, and the only clear climbing memory is of the poetry of movement.

From the top of the climb we traversed leftwards into Mallory's, then across to the Amphitheatre and down to the corrie, where we made tea and felt very pleased with ourselves. Then we went up the side of Dearn from where we could have a good look at our climb. That magnificent slab is by far the biggest on the whole crag and we had bisected it because of a fishing line. It was a problem no longer but a friendly, inviting place, beautiful and smooth, hemmed in by the large broken rocks of the great mass of Sron na Ciche.

We decided to do Mallory's for comparison. It was easy and great fun. We romped up that long climb like children at playtime. When we were back in the corrie the other children of the rocks had gone home and we were left to the stillness of the evening. We

rested, happy and perfectly content while our dinner cooked on the stove. It had been a grand day's climbing. Above us rose the great, ancient, brown rocks — serene in their tremendous strength, as though awaiting the morning and the happy laughter of tomorrow's children who would be:

“... Free still, amid these untrammelled
forces to perfect their own vision of what
is beautiful, interpret for themselves their
own discovery of what seems true.”

G. W. Y. on Great Gable 1924

P.S. I never again need the fishing line on a rock climb. It ended its days long ago for odd jobs on the camping gear, except for a short piece I keep in my wallet.

ROCK CLIMBS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

R. J. Kenyon

I used to collect train numbers when I was a lad, then the climbing bug got me and I changed to collecting routes — tick, tick — and guide-books. I hadn't realised what went into producing one of these books until Stewart Wilson and myself set to and started to produce a guide, *Rock Climbs in the North of England*, which covers an area between the Lakes, the East Coast, Northumberland and the Yorkshire guides.

My first thoughts about this guidebook occurred one evening in 1979 when I made my first visit to a crag near Lazonby, in the Eden Valley, with John Workman. I was intrigued by his talk of a massive sandstone buttress rearing above the River Eden. John, Alan Beatty, John Simpson and Dennis Hodgson had climbed two routes, Merry Monk and Gadzowt, the year before, but had left the crag for the “real” climbing in the Lakes. After walking across a barren moorland, with no crag in sight I thought John was having me on. Suddenly a buttress of rock, like a Transylvanian castle, appeared out of the evening gloom, guarding a bend in the river: 100 feet of vertical and overhanging rock with lines amain waiting to be climbed.

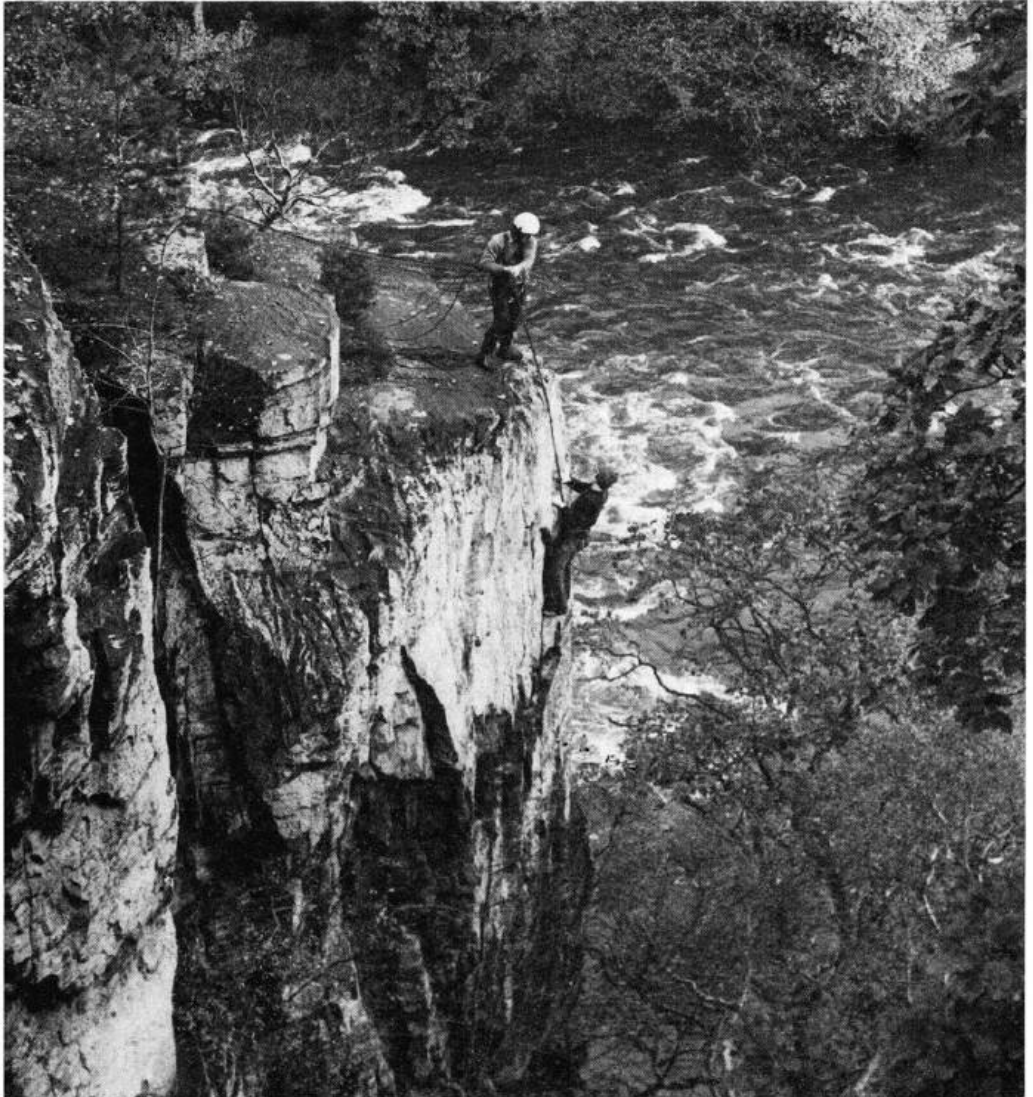
We soon roped up and ascended a large corner — Merry Monk — beautiful rock with lots of holds (but where does it go at the overhang?) After a belay with the bats, an escape was made left to a

ledge overlooking the river. The isolation was felt with the rolling Pennines in the distance, the Eden rolling on below and the odd train rolling by on the railway. The corner above was climbed to the top.

The next visit was at Christmas time with John Woolridge and

Fingers (HVS), Lazonby.

R. J. Kenyon



Barrie Dixon when we ascended a direct variation on Merry Monk. On this route we quitted the corners on the right and followed the corner above to what was a very pleasant surprise — a massive ledge. It is like a balcony on a tower block, with the ever-present Eden below. I find the final short pitch a bit of a brute — John led it the first time.

More routes soon followed — Alan Beatty and Barrie Dixon climbed a couple of plums, Silicosis and Pneumoconiosis. Silicosis starts up a steep groove with the initial moves giving most problems. The top of the groove need a lot of cleaning, however it is now reasonably solid. The final pitch is another magical mystery tour with an easy traverse right to below the final corner, above a sizeable drop. The corner gives fairly easy climbing to an awkward final move. Pneumoconiosis is something else — it is one of those routes you only lead once! The climbing is very good and fairly hard, and the situations are fine, but the rock at the crucial section is not too good. It is advisable to put on as many runners as possible, just in case, as the block with the super jug where you put the super moac just above the overhang does not seem to have much holding it in place — pull on it gently!

Downstream from the main crag another buttress was found — Isolated Buttress — now officially out of bounds. This gave its share of epics. Lines still await ascents and one such line, which Phil Rigby and myself attempted, would be Ratsalad Direct. We attempted to go straight up after the first pitch; but due to loose rock and steepness I fell, and when I came on the rope Phil was lifted into the air and bashed his head on an overhang — no injuries though. Phil got his own back that day when he led Gumbo Variations which I refused to follow. Catastrophe Corner nearly was a catastrophe. We were leading the route from the bottom (traditional types — no abseil clean-ups etc. — probably due to the fact that it was such a long walk round to the top for the abseil!). After the corner is a loose, sandy chimney. Poor Phil was belayed just below this and was being covered in dislodged sand and dust. I struggled up the chimney and onto a ledge on the right which turned out to be a block in imminent danger of falling off! With no time to rest, it was up to the right and the top. A rather dirty-looking Phil had the pleasure of the trundle.

A visit was made to some crags at Armathwaite by myself and Tim Dale — we dismissed the place with exception of the overhang wall above a sandy bay. A little later Stew Wilson and Alistair Yarrow “discovered” the crag and realised its potential. One of the first routes ascended — Flasherman — takes a beautifully solid

corner, about 80 ft. in length, and compares favourably with gritstone routes in Derbyshire and those overclimbed outdoor climbing walls in the South of London. Another beautiful climb is Monkeyhanger which takes a devious but exposed line up the main buttress. This outcrop was less serious than Lazonby but had many more lines, which were to become the winter/spring training ground for the local climbers to harden their fingers for climbing further afield.

On my first climbing visit I was bouldering about in the sandy bay, below the overhanging wall. I followed a line of holds up left, which Tim Dale had discovered, and found myself suddenly in a little groove. A rope was thrown up and I carried on up left to a massive ledge overlooking the Eden. Upward movement appeared to be impossible; however, a crackline along to the left was followed until fear struck and a top rope was requested: not a satisfactory ascent! A few days later I was back on the ledge again, and finished by ascending a short overhanging corner on the right and the groove above. It was steep, so you had to keep going, hence the name, Time and Motion Man.

An interim guide was produced which really let the secret out, and other climbers, particularly from Carlisle, visited the crags. More routes appeared, particularly at Armathwaite, which was under siege for three years. Some excellent and very hard lines appeared, which were in the main the creations of Jeff Lamb and Peter Whillance. The overhanging wall to the right of Time and Motion Man had been attempted with aid but Jeff set off to climb it free and after a number of attempts and cleaning produced the Exorcist, a very impressive course. Not quite so hard, Cally Crack gave a steep climb with some dubious blocks at the foot of the main difficulties — this was the scene of a nasty fall when Mike Hetherington hit the deck 50 ft. below — he escaped major injury because his parachute training gave him the ability to land properly.

Towards the right of the crag a series of slabby walls have given some very hard technical climbs. Paper Moon gives some unprotected climbing up an undercut flake with an awkward finish — the local teams were most astonished one evening when Karl Telfer, from Northumberland, soloed this route on sight. To its left Wafer Thin gives some very thin climbing up flaky pockets to a final smooth slab — desperate. On the right hand buttress of this section of the crag, the central corner of Barnacle Bill succumbed initially to pegs but now goes free to give an exciting HVS — there is a perennial argument about whether it is easier to move right out

of the initial corner using handholds above or below the overhang. Just around the overhang a zonking pocket enables one to sort oneself out for the final awkward move. Codpiece, just to the right, gives a good rounded crack at first but awkward moves in the middle have given leaders and soloers some worrying moments. On the left of the buttress, Sailing Shoes and Free and Easy give some strenuous and technical wall climbing; anything but easy!

To the left of the crag is the fun area with a number of bays just next to the river. It is quite an adventure, especially when the river is in spate, to traverse along the foot of the crag and into the bays. Kingfisher, just to the left of Time and Motion Man, gives a pleasant climb up a gangway with an awkward finish. One evening it was not quite so pleasant for Linda Manning, who was soloing up the route with Sally Dixon. To the horror of both lasses she suddenly lost contact with the rock and fell backward. Unlike the Sperm Whale in the Hitch Hikers Guide she did not have time to work out what was coming up to her, but luckily it was friendly albeit wet and deep, and she came away from the crag a bit shaken but in one piece. Blockbuster was the scene of a super trundle — a massive block was removed and most of the spectators got soaked!

Whilst all these water sports were going on, various other crags in the Eden Valley were being discovered and developed. Beside the River Lyvennet, at Kings Meaburn, a limestone outcrop was uncovered to give steep routes up to 50 ft. high. My first visit was one very wet evening with Alan Beatty and Tim Dale, when we ascended a number of the corners and skated up the line of Marik on a top rope. On a return visit with a larger team, Stuart and Alistair Miller ascended the Flake. At that time there was a large dead tree just next to the Flake, which was used in the climb. It was felt that this was too unsafe to leave, so a rope was tied round it and we all got together for the big heave-ho and down it came. Marik gave an exciting lead, up a crackline in the middle of the Main Wall. Steep climbing on good holds leads to a good ledge below some delicate finishing moves. There is a good branch at the top for a "snatch it gentle" move.

Ideas of another guidebook began to take shape with the discovery of not only new routes but new crags — rumours and tales came back of crags spread over the full length of the Eden Valley. The Hoff near Appleby was "discovered" on a Sunday afternoon crag hunt and now provides a useful outcrop for the roadside climber passing by. A crag on Murton Pike can be seen from anywhere around Appleby and a visit was needed. It looks impressive from the valley but as one gets closer to it, it seems to

shrink. However, it is steep and difficult enough to make up for its size.

At the end of the Eden Valley, Windmore End has been climbed on for a number of years — opinions vary about this “long climbing wall” but I have had some enjoyable hours grappling with its many varied routes.

The first person to sort the routes out was Kel Neal, from Shildon, who produced an interim guide of 105 routes. Some pruning and additions were made for the 91 described in the final guide. White Wall, Ascent of Orchid, Rubstic Direct and Tamalin should stretch your fingers a bit.

Just below Windmore is Augill Beck. In the gorge of the beck there are various interesting quarry workings and also an impressive limestone arête. We attempted to climb this but were thwarted at half height by a section of loose rock. However we top-roped it later and it gave a thrilling 100 ft. of climbing, Savage Arête.

Just below the summit of Stainmore, Argill Beck trundles down through Belah to Eden. Near the summit a limestone buttress is tucked away, which was discovered on one of Alan Stark’s crag-searching forays. One afternoon Steve Howe, Pete Harrison and myself scrambled down to the crag and set off up the central groove system. Unfortunately we needed a couple of points of aid to start, but pleasant climbing followed till we were stopped by the overhung top wall. After some committing moves on tree roots the tree at the top was grabbed — great stuff!

To the north of Brampton near Carlisle, amongst the fauna and flora of the beautifully desolate Spadeadam area, various outcrops of rock have been discovered. One of Starkie’s discoveries is the Tipalt, near Greenhead. This is an amazing piece of rock with a sloping south face and a jutting north side with a series of cracklines. Handy for the road, the crag is worth a detour from the main Carlisle to Newcastle road. Further north, on the edge of the forest area of Kielder and Kershope, Padda Crag is not quite as accessible, but a number of routes on this south-facing crag make it ideal for those waiting to get away from the crowds for a good quiet day’s climbing.

To the North of the Lakes a band of limestone outcrops around the Caldbeck and Ireby area. Headend Quarry has been climbed on for a number of years by pupils and masters from Morton School at Carlisle. With routes of up to 30 ft. of all grades and the Solway view it is worth a trip to get away from a crowded bank holiday Borrowdale.

The guidebook, like Topsy, "just grew", and it was decided to include other areas to the east of the Pennines. Stew Wilson, who hails from Hartlepool, had climbed as a lad in the Durham Denes just up the coast from the town. These Denes are amazing places, being wooded valleys, which feel isolated like Conan Doyle's Lost World, but are reasonably accessible from the North-East conurbations. The main dene is at Castle Eden, which is now a nature reserve under the control of Peterlee Corporation. This contains some hidden gems for the rock climber with dolomitic limestone crags up to 100 ft. high towering above the floor of the dene. Jacob's Ladder appears a formidable crag but is breached by a few routes. I had read about the route Archangel in the Carlisle M.C. journal about ten years ago. Stew had climbed it in the early 60's and Pete Long did the second ascent a little later. It was in 1979 that I found myself at the foot of this imposing arête ready for the third ascent — such has been the pace of development here. It is not always slimy on the initial slabby wall but EB's would not stick to the first twenty feet so I took them off. It is not so bad jumping off with EB's on but in stocking feet I felt committed not to fall off. At a ledge just above an impressive drop I put on the EB's and took account of the situation. Up above is the jutting arete, above to the left a line of steep holds (but not for me!) and above to the right a corner in the arete. After discussions with Stew and a number of attempts a series of contorted moves brought good holds to hand but also a desire for some good runners in this impressive position. The final corner groove did not look so bad but some wet rock and the 100 ft. run out made the final moves seem mildly desperate — great route. Further up the dene the Trossachs Gorge is worth a visit. On the north side a long slab gives some excellent routes in the middle grades. On the south side Original Sin gives a horrifying series of moves at 5a (?) on continuously overhanging rock. A runner can be placed but it is better to keep moving — i.e. no protection with some irreversible moves.

Nearby Hestledon and Crimdon Denes (both part of the same dene) are well worth a visit, if only for the quiet and beauty. Jack Rock is tucked away and takes some finding but this 80 foot buttress has a number of lines with only three climbed to date. Lavaredo Wall starts off with a traverse from the right of the crag when a few awkward moves are made to be followed by pleasant climbing in an impressive position. Further down the dene, in Crimdon Dene, Overhang Buttress is viciously undercut by the stream. We did Josiah, which was an amazing start with the first

hold just above the jutting overhang, about 7 feet off the ground, reached with one's feet balanced on a boulder in the stream. A pull up is made, a lock out and then a reach for the next hold and another pull up. The feet take care of themselves. The finish is fairly straightforward compared to those memorable first moves.

Around Durham is a series of sandstone outcrops. Westerton is rather like Brownstones near Bolton — up to 30 ft. high with a number of varied routes making it a good place to stretch the arms. Main Wall is a gem of a route up a little crack with an awkward start; speed is recommended as one's arms soon tire. Brancepeth moves left out of the crack of Main Wall along an excellent crack: at the end of this with arms aching the final vertical crack is a bit of a fight.

In upper Teesdale there are a number of crags which have been climbed upon for many years. Holwick Scar has been very popular with climbers in the north east and has many good routes. Of dolerite rock, it is very similar to Crag Lough. Unfortunately, at the moment there is a rather uncooperative farmer on the land around the crag who has an intense dislike of the climbing fraternity. Some very heated arguments have been had recently and this has been reported to the B.M.C. It is therefore hoped that the situation will be resolved then climbers will be able to enjoy the exciting Thrombosis and the Great Chimney.

Down the Tees near Cotherstone is a sandstone outcrop just next to the river. It has a number of buttresses and its south-westerly aspect makes it a pleasant afternoon crag with a number of routes to savour. Nearby is the isolated Pallet Crag. The single route, Kermit, gives an excellent pitch starting up a strenuous crack, then moves right, above an overhang and finishes up a slab 40 ft. of fine climbing.

Above Balderdale is the table-topped summit of Goldsborough Carr. Various buttresses surround this summit and were climbed on even in the 1930's by Bentley Beetham, whilst he was a master at Barnard Castle Grammar School — the group was in fact called the Goldsborough Club. Along the southern side of the summit is a fine line of buttresses with some nice roof pitches.

For the roadside boulderer the limestone walls at the Barton Interchange are ideal, right next to the slip road to the motorway. Numerous problems have been worked out here by the Darlington lads on summer evenings.

Swaledale has been climbed in for quite a time and has a number of good outcrops. My first visit was to Applegarth and I had a pleasant day with its routes. A similar but bigger crag is Hag Wood,

reckoned to be the best crag in the dale — I have yet to savour its routes in fine weather. Just above the main road up the valley, Marske Quarry is very handy but it is also potentially dangerous.

A much better crag, which is perhaps the best in Swaledale, is Orgate Scar. Facing south-west, this open limestone outcrop has been extensively developed and now has a varied collection of routes with some notable desperates. A visit here must include an ascent of Moomintroll Pinnacle — a mini “land stack” — shades of the Old Man of Hoy.

Above the limestone and the valley, the sandstone band appears at south-facing Crag Willas with its maze of problems. I had an enjoyable day there in shorts and teshirt whilst a friend froze on Ravenscar on the North Yorkshire Moors. A boulderers paradise — albeit quite a distance from the road — but worth a trek if one is in the area. The most southerly crag in the guide is Slipstone, near Masham, similar to but more extensive than Crag Willas, with routes up to 35 feet and some desperates. Agra is a horrifying lead and Beldin and Gollinglyth give shades of Jokers Wall at Brimham, yet there are many easier and good routes.

At long last the guide was put together and has appeared in the shops. There are no Cloggies but many good routes. We've had our adventures here and I hope this article has whetted your appetite to go out and have your own adventures at whatever grade.

Stew Wilson on 'Secret Affair', Hodge Close.

R. J. Kenyon



NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

Martin Berzins

The large number of new climbs recorded in this *Journal* suggests that the new route frenzy of recent years has continued. The general trend seems to be in favour of eliminate type routes on existing crags and the development of shorter, steeper routes on less popular crags. Nearly all of the routes described here were climbed after inspection and gardening from an abseil rope. Despite the loud opposition of some a few years ago the use of chalk has now also become widespread. Furthermore, the arrival of new protection devices, in particular 'friends', has made it easier to protect some climbs. One result of these trends seems to have been a general increase in climbing standards. However it is also true that many of the hard routes of a few years ago await third or fourth ascents; even occasionally second ascents. Perhaps the poor weather of the last two summers has been to blame.

The routes described below represent nearly all the new climbs recorded in the past two years. Most of these descriptions have not been checked and should be treated with care. A quick glance through shows that 1979 was a year when Jeff Lamb yet again made his mark on Lake District climbing. Many good and hard climbs were added by him. The four climbs added to Esk Buttress and Dove Crag by Rick Graham and Bill Birkett also represent an important achievement. All four fill large obvious spaces.

Possibly the major discovery of 1980 was the development of Hodge Close Quarry by Pete Whillance, Ray Parker, Pete Botterill, Alan Murray, Rob Matheson and Ed Cleasby. This low-lying fast-drying alternative to either Langdale or Coniston now boasts over twenty climbs on reasonable rock. Special thanks must go to Ed Cleasby for supplying the descriptions of these routes. Hodge Close will be included in the new *Scafell/Dow/Eskdale* guide. The other crags that have been re-discovered recently include the crag in Dunnerdale, Flat Crags on Bowfell, Raven Crag, Threshthwaite Cove and Walla Crag. Their respective pioneers all seem proud of their routes but time alone will tell if they are right and the routes are significant.

Finally, all the routes described here are in the two new climbs booklets that the Guide Book Committee has published; *New Climbs 1979* and *New Climbs 1980*. Copies of both of these are available from me or from other members of the Guide Book Committee, 50p each without postage.

GREAT LANGDALE AREA

GIMMER CRAG

Springbank. 150 feet. E1 5b.

An excellent eliminate taking the thin crack between Whit's End direct and D Route. Start on the terrace between these routes. Climb a groove left of D Route and move slightly left to the crack. Follow this up the slab and over the roof to the top.

M. G. Mortimer, Ed. Cleasby (varied leads), M. Allen, M. Lynch, J. Lamb 1/6/79.

Poacher Right Hand. 90 feet. E1 5b.

Yet another variant on this wall. Start as for Poacher but climb directly up the rib above the overhung corner. Prizes are awarded for not using F route.

M. G. Mortimer, M. Allen 1/6/79.

Outside Tokyo. 210 feet. E2.

A series of variations on The Crack and Dight. Start just left of pitch one of The

Crack.

- 1 60 feet. 5b. Climb the crack to a thin crack which leads left to the right hand of two grooves. This is climbed to the belay on the crack.
- 2 40 feet. 5c. Mantleshelf as for The Crack and step right to a thin cleaned crack. Climb this to a belay on Dight.
- 3 60 feet. 5a. Most of pitch one of Dight is followed to its belay.
- 4 50 feet. 5b. Step out right onto the wall and climb directly up it passing an overlap on its left.

G. Gibson, D. Beetstone August 1979.
(The groove left of pitch 1 was also climbed at 4c.)

PAVEY ARK EAST WALL

Supernova. 70 feet. E4 6a.

Two hard variations on Astra. Start below the crux of Astra and climb the short crack to pull onto the glaxis. Follow Astra to the peg runner and climb a slim scoop to the belay of Eclipse. Any finish can be taken to the top.

R. Fawcett, C. Gibb Summer 1979.

Coma. 160 feet. E3.

Start at a large embedded flake right of Brain Damage.

- 1 80 feet. 6a. Climb straight up to a thread below the O/H. Make hard moves around the overhang and continue rightwards to the girdle ledge. Belay as for B.D.
- 2 80 feet. 5c. Step back right and pull over the O/H then climb up to a good hold and runner. Traverse R into Mother Courage and climb this to the peg. Step down and L and climb into a groove, up this to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill (varied leads) June/July 1979.

PAVEY ARK

By-Pass Route.

A better first pitch has been added.

- 1 90 feet. 5a. Climb the smooth wall as for the first pitch then climb diagonally right to the belay above pitch 2 Brackenclock. Traverse left and climb directly up the wall to the stance below pitch two.

R. Graham, A. Hyslop 20/4/80.

WHITE GHYLL CRAG

Karma. 100 feet. E2 5c.

Climbs a rib between White Ghyll Wall and Naztron. Belay directly below the rib. Climb a groove on the right for a few feet and pull leftwards onto the rib. Climb the left side of the rib to below a large roof. Traverse right above a second large overhang and climb directly to the top.

E. Cleasby, I. Greenwood 10/6/79.

Not Much. 90 feet. Hard Severe.

Climb the cleaned groove right of Ethics of War.

J. Whittock, R. Rutland 27/6/79.

Dead Loss Angeles. 120 feet. E2 5b.

Climbs the wall left of the Chimney between two moss streaks which end halfway up the crag. Climb up to a break and follow a slight groove to a spike. Climb a slight bulge to a ledge on the girdle. Gain another ledge above and climb up, hard, to

ledges and a belay on Chimney Route.

G. Gibson, D. Beetlestone August 1979.

The Fine Art of Surfacing. 100 feet. E3 6a.

An unusual technical problem which may prove awkward for the short. Climb Paladin for twenty feet to the peg. Traverse right across a steep wall to reach a triangular niche in the tip of the overhang. Follow the rib above to the top.

A. Hyslop, T. W. Birkett, R. Graham 13/4/80.

Dead Loss Gary Gibson. 130 feet. E1 5a.

Climbs the wall between The Slabs, Route 1 and Dead Loss Angeles. A thin crack line starts above the right hand side of an overhang at about forty feet. Climb this to the good spike belay above pitch 3 Route 1. Step right and climb another thin crack trending right to finish at the same point as Dead Loss Angeles.

R. Graham, A. Hyslop, T. W. Birkett. April 1980.

RAVEN CRAG

Three routes have been climbed on the gully wall to the left of Middlefell Buttress.

Armalite. 100 feet. E3 5c.

Start just up from the toe of the wall on a sloping block beneath a vague crack. A good but poorly protected pitch. Climb the cracks for fifteen feet and move up and left to a small ledge. From its left end climb the wall to a pocket. Standing in this move right to a good hold at the base of a short groove. Up this and the wall above to block belays.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. 10/8/79.

Two further routes of dubious rock and quality lie higher up the gully.

Walk Tall. 70 feet. E2 5c.

Climbs a prominent rib which is identified by twin O/H's. Follow the rib in its entirety. Very serious due to poor rock and protection.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. 10/8/79.

D.G. Corner. 70 feet. H.V.S. 5b.

The obvious deep corner to the immediate left of the rib is climbed with its crux at the top.

R. Matheson, E. Cleasby. 10/8/79.

Centipede Direct has been free for years. E1 5b.

Trilogy. 100 feet. E4 6a.

An excellent pitch which completes the demise of the old aid route. Start on the terrace below the corner. Climb the corner to a resting place below the large overhang. Pull through this and continue directly to the top. Low in its grade due to the fifteen peg runners which are in situ.

J. Lamb, E. Cleasby 30/5/79.

Fine Time—now free at E3 6b. P. Botterill, J. Lamb 23/6/79.

Kalashnikov. 200 feet. E3.

Two interesting pitches. Start left of pitch 1 of Pluto.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Climb the middle of the wall left of Pluto following the line of a thin crack. Block belay below Trilogy.
 - 2 120 feet. 6a. Climb the wall above a short slab just left of the block, unprotected, to a junction with Holly Tree Direct. Move across the wall on the right and climb up to poor undercuts and a large pinchhold. Climb directly up the steep wall passing an old peg on the left. Easier climbing leads to the top.
- E. Cleasby, I. Greenwood, A. Phizacklea July 1980.

DEER BIELD CRAG

The Graduate. E3 6a.

Free ascent J. Lamb, P. Smith. 19/6/79.

Limbo. 110 feet. E3 6b.

Takes a line to the left of Stiletto. Climb an awkward bulge to gain a ramp and a peg runner. Follow the ramp leftwards and climb a short crack to the Pendulum traverse. Climb the crack above to a grass ledge and finish up a short corner.

P. Botterill, D. Armstrong. May 1980.

Dynamo. 120 feet, E4 6c.

Takes the steep buttress right of Eden Groove. Start at a glacia below overhanging thin cracks in the right side of the face. Climb the cracks with difficult moves to gain a good ledge overlooking the gully. Up the slab above trending leftwards to its top. A short steep groove leads to an easy ridge and pinnacle belay.

P. Whillance, P. Botterill. 21/7/80.

Bravado. 110 feet. E3 6a.

At the right hand end of the crag is a short buttress with a very overhanging front face. Start just right of this at a system of cleaned grooves. Pull into a niche and follow the thin groove to its top. A steep thin crack leads leftwards to a large platform. Climb the delicate thin groove above mainly on its right wall to the top.

P. Botterill, P. Whillance. 21/7/80.

NECKBAND CRAG

Flying Blind. 80 feet. E3 6a.

The arête right of Virgo is climbed directly after starting on its left. Excursions into Nectar for progress or protection are no longer needed. Well protected by 'friends'!

Re ascent—M. Berzins, R. Berzins. 19/4/80.

Close Shave. 120 feet. E4 6a.

The slab right of Razor Crack. Climb Razor Crack or the slab on its immediate right to the first overhang. Step right above it and climb rightwards then directly up the slab to the next overhang. Follow flakes up and right to a thin crack which leads to the top.

M. Berzins, B. Berzins. 26/4/80.

Tonsor. 130 feet. E3 6b.

Climbs the right hand side of the arête between Efrafa and Adams Apple. Start ten feet left of Adams Apple. Climb a thin crack in the wall trending left to below a weakness in the overhang. Climb the overhang and continue for a few feet to a break. Move left into a crack and follow this to a ledge on the arête. Continue via cracks and corners to easy ground.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 11/5/80.

Wilkinson Sword. 90 feet. E4 6a.

Start at the bottom of Cravat and climb a thin crack to move left into a groove which leads to a ledge. The thin crack above gives a hard finish (wire sling in situ).

R. Fawcett, C. Gibb 11/6/74.

BOWFELL

Mindbender. 100 feet. E2 5c.

A good climb taking the central groove between Sword of Damocles and Gnomon. Start thirty feet left of and level with Sword of Damocles below the obvious groove. Climb the groove to the top using various cracks in it.

R. Kenyon, R. Bennett. 10/6/79.

Slowburn. 120 feet. E1 5b.

Start at the foot of Flat Crags Corner. Scramble up for a few feet and climb the wall on the left. Trend rightwards then up and left to the arête at a ledge. Follow the edge of the wall up and right until easy slabs lead to the top.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins. 11/7/79.

Fastburn. 120 feet. E1 5b.

A good climb taking a direct line up the Flat Iron Wall. Start at a crack twelve feet right of B. B. Corner. Climb the crack to a grass ledge on Flat Iron Wall. Climb up the wall trending left to the obvious crack. Climb the crack moving out right at the top. Follow a line of ledges up and left to the top.

E. Cleasby, I. Greenwood. Late June 1979.

1984. 160 feet. E3.

The huge open groove right of Flat Iron Wall is finally a free climb. Start below and left of it at a grey slab leading to the overhang.

- 1 80 feet. 6a. Climb the grey slab and use an undercut to make a long reach up left for a finger jam in the overhang; old wire sling in situ. Climb the overhang and layback into the groove. Up this easily to belays twenty feet below perched blocks.
- 2 80 feet. 5a. Climb up and right to a groove; up this and the crack above to the top.

M. Berzins, B. Berzins (alts). 27/4/80.

Ataxia. 160 feet. E4.

Climbs the vague crack at the R.H. side of the crag. Not a testpiece. Start twenty feet up the access ramp below a roof crack.

- 1 80 feet. 6b. Climb the crack and move out R to a ledge. Step back left and follow the crack to a ledge. Move left into a groove and climb this and the wall above to pull out left on to a small ledge.
- 2 80 feet. 4c. The slabs above trending leftwards.

M. Berzins, B. Berzins (varied leads). 12/7/79.

Exposure. 110 feet. E3 5c.

Climbs the rightward slanting corner at the very right of the crag. Start twenty feet right of Ataxia below a green streak leading to the overhang. Climb the slab and streak to the overhang. Move right and climb the corner to the top overhang (peg runner). Traverse right and move up to pull over onto slabs. Follow these to a terrace.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins. 3/5/80.

UPPER SPOUT CRAG

Dinsdale is now E2 5b due to the disappearance of the chockstone.

Brian Stalin. 100 feet. E2 5c.

Start sixty feet right of Spiny Norman below an obvious crack/groove line. Scramble up to a ledge below a steep corner crack and climb this to a down pointing flake (care!). Move left and pull up steeply to a large shelf below a prominent vee groove. Climb this to the top.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 3/5/80.

HELM CRAG EASDALE

Two Star Red. 100 feet. E3 6a.

Takes the overhanging groove between Bentley and The Grouter and starts as for those routes. Scramble up and left to below the obvious hanging groove. Climb this into a niche then continue to below a triangular shaped overhang. Pull over this at

its widest point to gain a slabby arête which leads to the top.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 3/5/80.

Green Light. 80 feet. H.V.S. 5a.

Climb the wall ten feet left of Beacon Rib and finish up the blunt arête above.

P. Whillance. (Solo) February 1980.

HODGE CLOSE QUARRY

Approach. From Ambleside, follow the A593 for about six miles towards Coniston until a single track road leads off to the right just after High Yewdale Farm. Follow the road up the east side of Tilberthwaite Ghyll. After a couple of miles a small group of houses is reached. The quarry lies just beyond and is easily identified by the large pool in its bottom with a metal jetty extending into it. Grid ref. 316016.

Although a hole in the ground the quarry is open and quite pleasant. In general the rock is of good quality and dries quickly. At present most of the routes lie on the long west facing wall. They are described from left to right. Most of the routes described here were climbed in the spring of 1980. The first six routes are best approached from the adjacent quarry, (Parrock Quarry), via a path from its north end. The path is followed through the lefthand archway and the first route starts almost immediately.

Sideshow. 200 feet. E2.

A varied climb with some atmosphere. Pitch 1 is rarely dry.

- 1 80 feet. 5b. Well protected. Climb the striking crack to the roof and traverse right to a cleaned ledge.
- 2 120 feet. 5a. A poorly protected and exposed pitch. Climb a groove left of the stance for twenty feet and move up left to a sound metal spike. Traverse left along the lip to a small ledge. Climb the wall above slightly rightwards at first then back left near the top.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson (alts).

Scramble around the edge of the pool from the start of the last route to below a short vee groove with a little conifer at its top. This marks the start of the next three routes.

Live Theatre. 150 feet. E2 5c.

Climbs the obvious long pod on the left followed by the wall above. Climb easily up rocks left of the vee groove to a small rounded ledge beneath the pod. Climb the wall on the right via a thin crack to enter the pod. Climb the pod and pull out at the top on good holds. Move slightly right and up to a blank looking wall. Climb this on the right using a shot hole (hard for the short) then left and up to the top.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson.

Stiff Little Fingers. 150 feet. E3 6a.

A superb and sustained climb following the obvious finger crack. Climb the vee groove to the conifer and move up left to below the finger crack. Climb this for seventy feet to an overlap. Turn this on the right and move up to a small ledge. The very thin continuation crack leads to the top (crux).

P. Whillance, A. Murray, R. Parker.

Secret Affair. 150 feet. E1 5a.

Climbs a flake system up the wall right of Stiff Little Fingers. Climb the short groove right of the vee groove for fifteen feet then traverse across the wall to a small cave. Pull out of this on the left side to enter the flake system. Climb this to an easing after fifty feet and continue to the top.

A. Murray, R. Parker, P. Botterill, P. Whillance.

Blind Prophets. 170 feet. E3.

Takes the crack and groove line left of the main wall. Start just right of Secret Affair at a thin crack. The block at the start of pitch 2 has gone. This pitch has not been re-ascended and may now be harder.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Climb the thin flake to the small cave and go directly through the roof via a jam crack. Continue up the crack and move left to a belay on the left of the base of a green groove.
 - 2 90 feet. 5b. Traverse right into the base of the green groove and follow it up and rightwards to the top. An unprotected pitch with its crux at sixty feet.
- P. Whillance, R. Parker, P. Botterill.

The next five routes climb the impressive main wall. Protection appears to be sparse but does sometimes exist.

The Main Event. 250 feet. E5.

An excellent route with a high level of technical interest. Start at a faint crack line twenty five feet right of Blind Prophets.

- 1 100 feet. 6a. Climb the crack to a horizontal break below the overhangs. Traverse rightwards along this to belay below a short corner. This is at the start of Wings.
- 2 150 feet. 6a. Move back left along a narrow ledge then pull over a bulge onto the wall. Climb up left (peg runner), step left, up and then rightwards to a good ledge. Continue more easily in a direct line to a good ledge on the left with a giant bolt. Climb the wall behind for fifteen feet, move right then continue more easily to the top.

P. Whillance, R. Parker (plus a cast of thousands on pitch 2!)

The next four routes start from the ledges sixty feet above the pool. The approach to the first three is a 130 foot abseil from the top of Wings. An alternative approach is to climb an open corner from the bottom ledge system and scramble to the starts. (40 feet 5a.)

Ten Years After. 140 feet. E3 5c.

An excellent pitch. Start at a short crack just left of the prominent tapering groove of Wings. Climb the crack and step right into the groove of Wings. Traverse left then up to a peg runner. Step up and left (crux) to the first ledge on pitch 2 of The Main Event. Step right and follow the vague groove line until it peters out. Up the wall above (peg runner) to a steeper crack. Climb this and make a long reach at the top for finishing holds.

R. Matheson, E. Cleasby.

Wings. 140 feet. E3 5c.

A good pitch which follows grooves on the wall right of Ten Years After. The crux traverse is poorly protected. Easily up and slightly leftwards. Climb the short corner and continue up the tapering groove to its top. Traverse rightwards to a second open groove and follow this on better holds to the top.

P. Botterill, D. Armstrong, P. Whillance, R. Parker, A. Murray.

Sky. 150 feet. E3 6a.

Varied climbing up the wall right of Wings, initially following a flake system then making a traverse right above the rock scar. Traverse out right and climb a short rib to a small ledge. Climb the flake system above to join Wings. Traverse rightwards out of Wings for twenty feet then move up to a small ledge beneath a short groove. Pull up and move right to a finishing corner beneath a yew tree.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson.

To the right of Sky is a large open corner capped by a huge overhang. The next

route takes the prominent rib to the right of the overhang and is best approached by an abseil from the top of Sky.

Life in the Fast Lane. 150 feet. E4.

A very bold and serious route. Belay at the foot of the large open corner.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Climb the corner for a few feet and move right onto a ledge on the rib. Climb the rib for forty feet until a traverse left is possible to a poor peg runner in the corner. Move back to the rib and continue to the base of a large open groove. Poor stance and belay. It may be better to continue.
- 2 70 feet. 6a. Traverse left just above the roof (peg runner) to reach a slim groove line and follow this to the top.

Pitch 1 P. Whillance, A. Murray. 17/4/80.

Pitch 2 P. Whillance, R. Parker, A. Murray. 20/4/80.

The next six routes lie in the area of the central wall and are best approached by an abseil down the corner of Behind the Lines to the tree-decked terrace.

Amphibian. 140 feet. E2.

Climbs the central groove system between the main and the central walls. Start by traversing to the extreme left to beneath the groove. Flake and tree belay.

- 1 40 feet. 6a. Climb the flake up left for a few feet then up into a corner on the right. Pull strenuously into the open groove above. Continue up this (crux) to a ledge and nut belays.
 - 2 100 feet. 5a. Climb the groove system to the top pulling out left to finish.
- E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. (Alts).

Big Dipper. 150 feet. E1.

A good route which follows a diagonal flake system from left to right across the central wall. Start below a steep crack towards the left side of the wall.

- 1 110 feet. 5b. Climb the crack then move more easily rightwards up the ramp system to a good stance and spike belay at its top.
 - 2 40 feet. 5a. The wall on the right is followed to a finishing groove.
- P. Whillance, R. Parker.

Mirrormere. 170 feet. E2.

Start twenty-five feet right of Big Dipper.

- 1 65 feet. 5a. Follow a fairly direct line up the wall to join the ramp of Big Dipper. Belay as for that route.
 - 2 105 feet. 5c. Traverse across the wall on the left for fifteen feet and make a few moves up. Continue leftwards to a peg runner. Make a difficult step left past the peg to gain a good ledge on the rib. Up this to the top.
- E. Cleasby, R. Matheson, A. Phizacklea.

Blank Expression. 130 feet. E2 6a.

Climbs the wall just left of the prominent corner (Behind the Lines). The technical interest lies in the pod at two thirds height. Start just left of Behind the Lines. Climb the wall on the left for twenty feet then make a rising traverse rightwards until beneath the pod. Climb this delicately and the corner above to the top.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson.

Behind the Lines. 130 feet. H.V.S. 5a.

A popular route up the attractive corner/groove; well protected and interesting. Climb a short wall and step left into a short slim corner. Move back up right via a short slab and enter the main corner. Climb it to the top traversing out right to finish.

R. Parker, A. Murray, P. Whillance.

Malice in Wonderland. 135 feet. E3 5c.

A superb, elegant and poorly protected pitch up the striking undercut rib right of the last route. Belay at the start of Behind the Lines. Climb up rightwards to the rib just below a steepening (poor peg and spike runner). Pull up right on pockets and surmount the overhang. Move round to the left of the rib and climb directly up and right onto the arête (tree runner). The delicate rib above leads to the top.

P. Whillance, R. Parker, E. Cleasby.

The best approach to the next three routes is to abseil down the large slabs on the extreme right of the quarry.

Through the Looking Glass. 150 feet. E3 6a.

A varied and sustained pitch which follows cracks and grooves round to the right of Malice in Wonderland. Belay beneath a short rib under some roofs. Climb the rib and step left to a good foothold. Pull onto the wall above (peg runner) and traverse up and left with difficulty to a small ledge. Climb the crack above and enter an open groove. Up this to finish.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson.

Dan Dare. 130 feet. V.S. 4c.

The right hand side of the buttress is defined by a dirty wide crack. Start twenty feet right of the last route beneath the crack. Climb the short initial crack to a dirty ledge. Step back left into the crack and climb it for thirty feet before traversing up to the right to follow a thin crack to the top.

M. Lynch, E. Cleasby.

Sasquatch. 130 feet. H.V.S. 5a.

Takes the obvious flake up the left side of the steep slabs. Care with the rock is required and the first twenty feet is often wet. Climb the thin groove/crack to enter the main flake line; follow this to the top.

R. Matheson, E. Cleasby.

The western side of the quarry has had the following horrors added to it.

Gilbert Harding. 70 feet. E1 5b.

Loose and spooky in its central section. Climb the obvious dog-leg crack going from right to left in the wall about forty yards to the left of a ladder coming from a cave. Step right at the top of the crack to finish by the tree. Access is best made by an abseil to the foot of the route.

T. Walkington, A Trull. 1980.

Chance Encounter. 200 feet. Very Severe.

The obvious slab and corner on the other side of the pool to Sideshow. Abseil down the north west corner to a ledge twenty five feet above the pool.

- 1 60 feet. Climb the slab by a crack running diagonally from left to right. Belay at a large flake
- 2 140 feet. Scramble fifty feet right over broken ledges to the foot of a broken groove. Climb the rib on its right and continue up the corner.

R. Brookes, C. Johnston. 19/10/80.

Routes have been made up the left hand side of the impressive North Wall but they are loose and rather serious.

SCAFELL, DOW AND ESKDALE AREA

SCAFELL CRAG

Burning Bridges. 90 feet. E4 6a.

Climbs the sustained corner left of Shadowfax. Start up the left hand groove and climb it until a rest is possible on the right. Step left and follow the groove to the top.

Well protected by small wires.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill 12/7/79.

Subaudition. 130 feet. E2 5c.

An eliminate line up Shadowfax Wall. Start twenty five feet left of Shadowfax. A rising traverse rightwards leads to a ledge. Climb up and left to more ledges. Climb straight up just right of a cleaned ramp to a small ledge. Standing on this climb diagonally right to the arête. Easier climbing up and across left leads to the top.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins, J. Lamb. 14/7/79.

SCAFELL EAST BUTTRESS

Mythical Kings. 150 feet. E3 5c.

Takes the grooves just left of Ichabod. Start as for that route. Climb the crack into the niche and bridge up and swing out right to good holds at the bottom of the groove. Climb the groove to a junction with Ichabod. Move up a few feet and traverse left on a sloping ledge. Climb the front of the tower to the top.

J. Lamb, B. Berzins. 11/6/74.

Roaring Silence. 180 feet. E2.

Climbs the walls and overhang right of Ichabod. Start as for Ichabod. Excellent climbing.

1 120 feet. 5c. Follow the first pitch of Ichabod to below the stance. Traverse right to a thin crack and climb it until it steepens. Traverse right again into a good crack and climb it and the slab above to ledges.

2 60 feet. 5c. Climb up to the niche which splits the right hand side of the overhangs and follow it to the top.

B. Berzins, J. Lamb, (alts.), M. Berzins. 17/6/79.

Forbidden Colours. 220 feet. E3.

A direct line left of Gold Rush.

Start as for Overhanging Grooves Direct.

1 60 feet. 5c. Pitch one of Overhanging Grooves Direct is followed until a short traverse left leads to the belay at the foot of pitch 3 Gold Rush. Nut belay.

2 100 feet. 6a. Follow the crack for fifteen feet and swing out left to a ledge. Climb onto a higher ledge in the groove and follow the groove to a glaciis. Flake cracks in the wall above lead to a shelf and a belay on the left.

3 50 feet. 5c. Climb the vague arête above to a spike. Move right for ten feet and climb the wall on widely spaced holds trending rightwards to the top.

M. Berzins, pitches 1 and 2; B. Berzins pitch 3; J. Lamb. 17/6/79.

Fulcrum Direct. E1.

Climb the obvious crack to join Fulcrum at the easy angled groove on pitch 2.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb 12/7/79.

Midnight Express. 160 feet. E3.

An eliminate line up the centre of the great slab which finishes up a shallow groove right of Chartreuse's crack. Start at the foot of Mickledore Chimney.

1 130 feet. 5b. Climb the centre of the slab crossing Chartreuse and heading for a good triangular hold. Climb up to the overlap above and then up to a further overlap. Move up slightly leftwards to a good flake (beneath crux of Mickledore Grooves) and back right and over a bulge. Straight up the wall to a large block and move right to belay in a groove.

2 30 feet. 5c. Move back to the block and climb the shallow groove above moving left to the top of the crack on Chartreuse.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 15/7/79.

ESK BUTTRESS

Apache. 150 feet. E2 5c.

Climbs the rib just R of Black Sunday. Start at a spike belay above a tree under B.S. The difficulties are in the first 25 feet. Climb up to the left to a shallow inverted v niche in a steep wall and move left into a crack which is climbed to a ledge on the left. Climb up rightwards on good holds to a narrow foot ledge. Easily up the slabby wall for twenty feet to cross B.S. Climb a slim groove on the front and continue to a belay.

E. Cleasby, N. Bulmer. 3/6/79.

Fall Out. 340 feet. E4.

A good top pitch which traverses the wall right of the Cumbrian.

- 1 60 feet. After 100 feet of scrambling climb a series of short walls and grooves fifteen feet right of pitch 3 of Bridge's Route to belay as for that route.
- 2 80 feet. 5a. Climb the crack on the left for ten feet, Step off the pinnacle and climb the thin crack for thirty feet. Step left and up the continuation crack to belay on the girdle.
- 3 100 feet. 5a. Traverse to the edge overlooking Trespasser Groove and climb up to belay as for that of Central Pillar below its last pitch.
- 4 100 feet. 6a. Step down and traverse out (peg runner) left to a small sloping ledge. Continue moving out left and up on a series of small holds until a crack leads horizontally left to the top of Cumbrian. (2 hammered wires and peg in situ placed by abseil).

T. W. Birkett, pitch 4; R. Graham, pitches 1—3; A. Hyslop, June 1979.

Strontium Dog. 455 feet. E3.

Climbs a line left of the top pitch of the Central Pillar.

1—4 275 feet. As for Trespasser Groove.

- 5 80 feet. 6a; Follow T.G. for a few feet then climb the obvious groove on the left to gain the belay below the last pitch of Central Pillar.
- 6 100 feet. 5c. Climb the thin crack behind the belay until it is possible to traverse left for 10 feet to obvious shelving ledges and easier ground. One sling for resting on this pitch.

R. Graham, T. W. Birkett. September 1978.

DOW CRAG

National Health. 170 feet. E3.

Climbs the steep clean wall left of Broderick's Crack and starts at the bottom of that route.

- 1 110 feet. 5b. Climb the wall left of the lower groove of B.C. to a small groove and spike. Move up and right to a good hold and make a hard move up to a ledge (crux—30ft above protection). From the ledge, runner on the left, climb a slim groove to a good ledge and belay.
- 2 60 feet. 4c. Climb the crack to below an overhang. Move right and climb easy ground to the top.

T. Greenwood, A. Phizacklea. May 1980.

The Norseman. 180 feet. E3 5c.

Follows the obvious wall and arête at the top of the pillar in Easter Gully. Start as for Great Central Route.

- 1 70 feet. As for Great Central Route.
- 2 110 feet. At the right end of the Bandstand ledge is a wall leading to a crack. Climb this to below a small roof and go over it to a ledge. Climb up the wall to a flat handhold and a peg runner. Continue up and swing left around the arête and climb its left side to easier ground and the top.

1. Greenwood, P. Mcvey 17/6/79.

Pincher Martin. 120 feet. E3.

Start behind Woodhouse's Pinnacle. Step off the pinnacle onto a good flake. Up this to the overhanging wall, peg runner, and a hand traverse line which is followed leftwards for 15 feet to a resting place. Move back slightly right then climb directly up the wall to a long layaway move. Continue up and then move to easier ground. E. Cleasby, A. Hyslop (varied leads). 18/6/79.

RAVEN CRAG TILBERTHWAITE

Premature Ejaculation. 120 feet. E2 5c.

Start left of the red paint and climb the overhanging wall to the flake on Beautiful Losers. Traverse left and climb directly to the top. (Peg runner at the start of the difficulties).

D. Barr, A. Hyslop. Summer 1979.

Electrolysis. 180 feet. H.V.S.

Start directly above the holly on the grass ledge.

- 1 100 feet. Climb up mossy slabs until they steepen then traverse diagonally right to a large block on the ledge.
- 2 80 feet. Pull off the block and climb up to a short steep wall on flakes. Continue in the same line to the foot of a square cut chimney. Climb the right edge of this to the top.

A. Hyslop, J. Hyslop. Spring 1979.

WALLOWBARROW LOWER CRAG

Midge. 135 feet. V.S.

- 1 45 feet. Pitch (1) of Ifor.
- 2 50 feet. Ten feet right of the belay is a steepening gangway; follow this diagonally right to a crack. Up this rightwards, steepening, to belay as for pitch (3) Yspty.
- 3 40 feet. Ten feet left of the belay is an easy scoop (behind a dead tree) which is climbed to the top.

D. H. Hannah, P. Jackson 2/7/79.

DUDDON VALLEY

Special K. 150 feet. V.S.

A buttress on the west bank of the River Duddon, Seathwaite Buttress section of the Dow Guide. This route takes a line up the buttress to the right of the Heel, starting 40 feet right of that route behind a large oak.

- 1 60 feet. Follow the leftward trending groove behind the tree for a few feet then move directly up to belay at a large flake at the foot of a steep wall.
- 2 60 feet. Enter a corner to the left of the belay and climb it to gain a ledge and corner above and right. Follow a crack in the corner up and left to a large platform.
- 3 30 feet. Gain a crack in the wall behind and follow it moving right and up to the top.

D. H. Hannah, P. Jackson 8/7/79.

BORROWDALE

WALLA CRAG

Three routes have been exhumed from the dank depths of Walla Crag. In addition a description of Ichor is provided for Walla Crag connoisseurs.

Ichor. 210 feet. H.V.S.

Start 30 feet left of White Buttress, behind a large beech tree.

- 1 100 feet. Climb up to join Thanks and then follow a corner, peg runner, to traverse diagonally right over loose rock to belay at the end of pitch J White Buttress.
- 2 110 feet. Climb leftwards to the ledge below the loose overhanging wall. Up this with difficulty onto a ledge. Move left around the corner into a groove and climb this to the top.

R. MacHaffie, A. Liddell 1965.

Blazing Apostles. 160 feet. E2.

Start midway between the original start to Thanks and the ordinary start at a deceptively steep rightward slanting groove.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Climb the groove and the easier groove above to join Ichor at the peg runner. Continue as for Ichor to the belay.
- 2 90 feet. 5b. Climb the overhanging corner behind the belay to a ledge. Up the wall above an overlap and continue more easily to the obvious finishing groove. Abseil descent.

D. Cronshaw, D. Knighton 6/5/79.

Muscular Delinquent. 110 feet. E2.

Takes a line up the wall to the left of the gully. A good route (?) which starts just right of Southern Rib.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Climb the easy looking corner to a ledge. Continue up a thin crack in the wall to a tree belay.
- 2 40 feet. 5b. Climb up to the foot of a short overhanging wall, peg runner, and climb it swinging left to the top.

D. Knighton, D. Cronshaw May 1979.

Total Mass Retain. 120 feet. E1.

Climbs the wall right of Muscular Delinquent. Start fifteen feet right of that route behind a tree.

- 1 75 feet. 5a. Up the wall for a few feet then step left into a shallow groove which leads to a ledge. Gain the niche in the wall above from the left and make further steep moves to the tree belay.
- 2 45 feet. 4a. Take the easy angled but loose ramp to the top.

D. Knighton, D. Cronshaw 7/5/79.

UPPER FALCON CRAG

Quantas. 65 feet. E3 6a.

A pitch which climbs the headwall left of Dry Gasp. Start from the final belay of Route 2. Climb the wall for ten feet to a thin crack in the wall. Up this to a good pocket, nut runner, and move right to finish more easily.

J. Peel, G. Peel September 1979.

SHEPHERDS CRAG

Dire Straights. 110 feet. E1 5c.

Start twenty five feet right of Vesper and climb the boulder problem overhang to join Vesper. Follow the groove line above to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong Spring 1979.

Frontline. 170 feet. H.V.S.

Serious climbing in good positions. Climbs the bulging wall between Brown Crag Wall and Theseus.

- 1 40 feet. 5a. Climb up to the bulge and over it with difficulty. Move right above the bulge to a small groove which leads to a ledge.
- 2 60 feet. 5a. Climb the wall above the ledge trending right over overlaps. Continue with difficulty until a leftward rising traverse can be used to finish

at a tree belay.

3 70 feet. 4b. The mossy wall behind.

N. Robinson, R. MacHaffie and M. Gates. 1979.

Brown Crag Grooves Direct. 6a.

A problematic start left of the original using a thin crack and taking the overhang direct.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb July 1979.

Inclination. 50 feet. E3 6a.

Start below the top pitch of Shepherd's Chimney. Climb a short groove, 4 peg runners, and make an airy traverse right to gain an easy groove.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill July 1979.

Exclamation. 50 feet. E4 6b.

Follow Inclination to the pegs or traverse right across the slab to reach them (harder). Climb the gangway above by long dynamic moves. (Poor wire nut in situ—placed by abseil). Runner in the chimney, level with the wire, used to protect the last move.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins; varied leads. 22/9/79.

WATENDLATH—REECASTLE CRAG

Ador. 100 feet. V.S.

Start as for the Axe and climb a detached block. Go straight up the wall on long reaches and finish up a cleaned groove to a spike belay.

R. MacHaffie, M. Wingrove 27/4/79.

Bold Warrior. 110 feet. E1.

Start to the right of Ador at a corner groove. Climb the over hanging corner to a ledge on the left. Make layaway moves to reach a spike on the left of a corner and make hard moves to the foot of a vee chimney which leads to the top.

R. MacHaffie, M. Wingrove 27/4/79.

The Executioner. 90 feet. E3 5c.

Start fifteen feet right of Bold Warrior. Short, technical and serious. An overhanging layback flake leads to a green scoop. Finish rightwards up a wall.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong Spring 1979.

Two routes have been found on the small buttress around the corner from Reecastle crags. The buttress has a route called Scratch, severe.

Ricochet. 90 feet. E1 5b.

Start from behind a tree in the centre of the crag. Climb through the block overhangs on the left and enter a groove. Climb the groove and the steep wall above on long reaches and continue to a spike belay.

J. Lamb, R. Parker 3/3/79.

Widowmaker. 110 feet. E1 5b.

The arête above the start of Scratch is climbed directly.

D. Mullin, H. Wallamsey. 26/11/79.

BLACK CRAG

Frenzy. 210 feet. E1.

Start in the bay to the side of Troutdale Ridge.

1 80 feet. Climb the slab to the overlap. Up through this to the slab above.

Follow this to the corner. Tree belay on the left.

2 130 feet. The corner is climbed to a sling. The crack above is climbed to a slab

which leads into a groove. Tree belay.

R. MacHaffie, W. Webb (One sling for aid)

F.f.a. K. Telfer, S. Kennedy.

GREAT END CRAG

Veil of Tears. 240 feet H.V.S.

Start 20 feet left of Punk Rock at a cleaned groove behind a tree.

- 1 60 feet. 5a. Climb the groove until blocked by a bulging nose of rock. Traverse left for a few feet and climb up to a ledge. A short wall leads to belays below a *hanging groove*.
- 2 40 feet. 5a. Climb the groove using the right wall and eventually the left arête to a tree stump belay.
- 3 30 feet. Scramble left through heather to the foot of a cleaned wall.
- 4 40 feet. 5a. Straight up for a few feet then right to a thin crack. Climb straight up on small holds to a ledge and belay near the last pitch of Punk Rock.
- 5 70 feet. 4c. Climb up to a ledge, move left to a wide crack and climb it and the groove above to the top.

I. Williamson, A. Tilney Summer 1979.

The Japanese Connection. 305 feet. E2.

An eliminate up the steep groove line right of Nagasaki Groove. Escape is very possible on pitch 2.

- 1 105 feet. 5a. Pitches 1 and 2 of Banzai Pipeline.
- 2 100 feet. 5c. Climb the classic jam crack for a few feet and step left and follow an open groove to a grassy ledge. Continue up the obvious groove to a ledge and belay.
- 3 100 feet. 5a. Pitch 5 of Banzai Pipeline.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 11/5/80.

GOAT CRAG

The Thieving Magpie. 200 feet. E3.

An interesting eliminate for which blinkers are essential. Start at the foot of Praying Mantis.

- 1 75 feet. 5b. Climb the crack just right of P.M. until forced into the righthand crack. Climb flakes up and left to belay as for P.M. at the tree.
- 2 125 feet. 6a. Follow pitch two of Athanor to the roof. Traverse right on undercuts to reach a layaway in the bulge. Climb the bulge onto the slab and climb the bulge above to finish up the final slab.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins (alts), J. Lamb 8/6/79.

Tumbleweed Connection.

It is possible to climb the rib direct to the first difficulties. The slab above the peg runner on pitch one can also be climbed directly.
Standard—E2. 5c.

Vitas Dancer. 80 feet. H.V.S.

Climb the rib between the top pitches of Monsoon and The Urn.

R. Kenyon, D. Stewart. Summer 1979.

Dwarf's Divorce. 250 feet. E1.

Climbs the short walls at the left end of Goat Crag. Start as for the Gnome.

- 1 150 feet. Climb up to the tree and scramble up and slightly left to belay at a sapling at the base of the wall under a small overhang.
- 2 50 feet. 5a. Move up to the overhang and then move right about five feet and

climb the right edge of the wall past a sloping hold and a small spike to a sloping ledge.

- 3 50 feet. 5b. Step right past a hanging block and climb the wall above trending left to the lefthand of two thin cracks. Up this to the top.

P. Dickens, K. Telfer. (varied leads) Summer 1980.

BOWDERSTONE CRAG

Two hard climbs have been added to the buttress containing Hell's Wall and Valhalla.

Hell's Wall. 105 feet. E4 6b.

The artificial route is climbed free, technically very hard but well protected by pegs. The pegs are gained from the ledge on the arête and followed to the finishing groove.

R. Fawcett. Summer 1979.

Wheels of Fire. 110 feet. E3.

- 1 50 feet. 5c. Climb directly to the belay of Valhalla via a thin crack.
2 60 feet. 6a. Traverse diagonally left along the lip of the overhang to finish up a short groove.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (alts) Spring 1979.

CASTLE CRAG

Castle of Fire. 180 feet. H.V.S.

The climb starts at a cleaned rib to the left of the gully.

- 1 85 feet. Up the rib to a tree belay.
2 A vee chimney behind the belay leads to loose blocks and a tree belay.
3 Climb the steep vee groove with difficulty. Move left to a tree belay.

R. MacHaffie, M. Wingrove 14/5/79.

Corridors of Power. 160 feet. E3.

Climbs the big wall left of Libido. Start at the foot of that route, tree belay.

- 1 70 feet. 5b. Climb the hanging groove and the hanging corner above to a ledge at the foot of the left hand side of the wall. Poor belays.
2 90 feet. 5c. Pull up onto the slab on the right then climb the wall to a small overhang. Surmount this and gain the bottomless groove which is climbed to a good spike. Pull over another overhang, peg runner, and climb the groove and wall above to the top.

T. W. Birkett, R. MacHaffie and S. Scoby. 27/5/79.

KING'S HOW

This crag lies on the rim of the valley midway between Great End Crag and Bowderstone Crag. Approach diagonally leftwards up the hillside from Quayfoot Buttress. On the right hand side of the crag is a large corner with an arête on either side.

The Black Prince. 90 feet. E2 5b.

Takes the shorter right hand arête. Start at a large embedded flake. Climb the flake and then the right hand wall of the arête until an awkward move back left gains the arête itself. Follow this to the top.

P. Whillance (solo). Summer 1979.

The Lion Heart. 140 feet. E2.

The left hand arête. Start just left of the central corner.

- 1 90 feet. 5c. Climb the wall leftwards to gain the arête and follow it to a good ledge and oak tree belay.

- 2 50 feet. 5a. Traverse right and follow the corner crack to the top exiting leftwards.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (alts). Summer 1979.

The central groove was climbed by R. MacHaffie several years ago. It has been further gardened but it is still not recommended at H.V.S.

GABLE AND LOWER ESKDALE

GABLE CRAG

The Angel of Mercy. 200 feet. E1.

- 1 80 feet. 5a. Follow the first pitch of the Troll to peg and nut belays below the overhang.
- 2 120 feet. 5b. Traverse the slab on the right for ten feet to a good crack. Follow this until the angle eases and follow a ramp up and rightwards to another crack splitting the headwall. Up this to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill 3/6/79.

HERON CRAG

The Assassin. 250 feet. E2.

Start just right of Bellerophon.

- 1 130 feet. 5c. Climb straight up to the roof and through it using a thin crack ten feet left of Last Exit. Up the wall above trending right and then climb the blunt arête right of the crack on the girdle. Trend right to a peg belay on the girdle.
- 2 120 feet. 5c. Climb up and left for 30 feet to an ancient peg. Pull over the bulge to a good protection peg in the horizontal break and hand traverse ten feet left to a thin crack. Climb this to finish up a short chimney.

T. W. Birkett, R. Graham 3/7/79.

EASTERN CRAGS AND BUTTERMERE

CASTLE ROCK

Wingnut. 110 feet. E2 5c.

Start at a shallow groove just right of Final Giggle. Climb the groove to its top, spike runner out right, and step left onto the wall. Climb directly up this to finish as for Final Giggle.

J. Peel, M. Johnson. August 1979.

First Republic. 180 feet. E3.

A good top pitch which plugs the gap between Last Laugh and Overhanging Bastion. Start just left of Last Laugh.

- 1 100 feet. 5c. Climb the wall to the steepening and traverse right into L.L. Step left and climb directly up the slim pillar to the large ledge. A somewhat contrived pitch.
- 2 80 feet. 6a. Climb the wall as for L.L. pitch 2 and then the groove right of the crux of L.L. Up this to belay on the yew tree.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. Summer 1980.

DOVE CRAG

Problem Child. 280 feet. E4.

A line much improved by the addition of a top pitch and the extension of the second pitch.

Start at the tree belay just right of the chimney of Extol. A serious route.

- 1 110 feet. 5c. Climb across to the right then via a glacis back left and up to an overhung niche. Pull over the roof using a doubtful block, climb up and slightly right until below a short groove. Climb this on the right and continue direct to the belay on Hangover.
- 2 110 feet. 6a. Step left into the steep groove and climb this until moves can be made onto some large blocks below an overhanging rib. Pull onto this and continue up until a traverse right can be made to a belay in a groove.
- 3 70 feet. 6a. Climb the groove and the crack above to the overhang. Layback around this on poor holds and follow a short crack to the top.

Pitch 1 and part of pitch 2, M. Berzins, E. Cleasby (alts) 1976.

Pitches 2 and 3, J. Lamb, P. Botterill (alts). June 1979.

Broken Arrow. 240 feet. E5. (2 points of aid)

Climbs the North Buttress starting at a flake crack left of the large boulders; forty feet left of the original route.

- 1 100 feet. 6a. Up the flake crack to a ledge. From the right end of this pull up the wall to an old peg. Continue up the wall to a flake. Move left with increasing difficulty, passing a poor wire runner, until moves up lead to a poor nut placement at the bottom of a hanging pod. Use this nut for aid to gain an aid peg. Move up and out leftwards to a shallow corner. Continue up leftwards to bolt belays on North Buttress.
- 2 80 feet. 5c. Continue up North Buttress but where it moves right follow the ramp to the edge of the Buttress. Traverse the ledge leftwards and cross a steep groove to belay below the last pitch of Hangover.
- 3 60 feet. 4b. The last pitch of Hangover.

T. W. Birkett, R. Graham (alts). 18/5/80.

(The aid nut on pitch (1) is very difficult to place and may need placing from aid.)

Fear and Fascination. 170 feet E4.

An eliminate line between Broken Arrow and North Buttress giving superb climbing in excellent positions. Climb Broken Arrow for fifty feet to the flake. Straight up for ten feet then traverse right (hard) to join North Buttress just above the aid section. Follow North Buttress to the ledge system. Climb straight up from the right hand ledge for about twenty feet then move right into the final groove. (The route can be climbed on 150 feet of rope if the second belays at twenty feet). R. Graham, T. W. Birkett. 29/6/80.

GOUTHER CRAG SWINDALE—TRUSS BUTTRESS.

Three short but good routes: the first two lie 100 feet up to the left of the toe of the buttress on a steep clean face.

Castration Crack. 90 feet. E3 6b.

Takes the thin crack line in the centre of the face. Climb the wall to gain the crack and follow it with increasing difficulty to a ledge. Continue in the same line to the top.

P. Whillance, P. Botterill. 9/7/80.

Vasectomy. 80 feet. E3 5c/6a.

Starts fifteen feet left of Castration Crack and follows a parallel line. Easily up

for ten feet then make awkward moves to reach a good hold in a rightward slanting crack. Climb the bulge above via a thin crack and follow the slabs to the top.

P. Botterill, P. Whillance. 9/7/80.

Times of Stress. 100 feet. E3 6a.

The thin overhanging crack in the centre of the buttress between Strider and Hernia. Start just right of Strider and climb a short steep crack onto a slab. Move left and pull up a short wall to reach a thin crack and climb this to a good spike. Move right, then up left to regain the crack which leads to a good ledge. The thin crack above leads to a ledge and easier ground.

P. Whillance, P. Botterill. 10/7/80.

FANG BUTTRESS

Fang Buttress Eliminate. 100 feet. V.S.

Start at the blunt arête to the left of The Fang. Climb the crack past the overlap to the traverse of The Fang. Continue in the same line up into the shallow scoop to the right of the layback on The Fang, exiting rightwards. Finish up The Fang.

S. Howe, D. Kay. 25/8/79.

Cerebus. 100 feet. H.V.S. 5b.

Start as for The Fang. Climb this to the holly tree then move right using a hidden hold. Continue steeply to the overhang, over this into a shallow niche and onto good holds on the left. Continue just right of the arête and up the slightly protruding buttress to the peg belay on The Fang. Some doubtful holds.

S. Howe, D. Kay. 25/8/79.

One Step Beyond. 80 feet. E3 6a.

To the right of Fang Buttress up a short gully lies a hanging slab between Hindleg Crack and Dogleg Crack. Start up Dogleg Crack and climb it until above the roof. Traverse down across the lip of the roof to a good hold, then up to a peg runner. Move down slightly to make a delicate series of moves to reach a resting foothold on the arête; (runner in a small hole). Up the arête on small holds to the top.

I. Williamson, J. White. 3/5/80.

RAVEN CRAG—THRESHTHWAITE COVE

G.T.X. 130 feet. E3 6a.

A good sustained route taking a direct line through Redex. Start fifteen feet right of Redex at a shallow groove. Climb the groove rightwards to a scoop, step left and climb steeply to the obvious break. Up Redex for a few feet to the tree then climb left and up to an overhang. Pull over into a groove and go up to a second overhang, over this to a ledge and exit left.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 5/5/80.

Grand Prix. 130 feet. E3 5c.

Start forty feet left of Redex at a prominent corner. Climb the corner to the overhang barrier at thirty feet. Pull over onto a leftward slanting ramp and go up a short groove above. Follow the obvious crack system to the top.

P. Whillance, B. Berzins, P. Botterill. September 1980.

EAGLE CRAG GRISEDALE

Chalk Walk. 130 feet. E3 5c.

Two variations on Early Birds. Follow Early Birds to the overhang. Traverse right

to the end of the overhangs and pull over into a slim groove, immediately swinging left into the left hand groove. Continue up to the quartz band and traverse left to the peg on the girdle. Step right and pull over the bulge and head for obvious rock scar. An arête and slabs lead to the top.

M. Lovatt, B. Windsor. Summer 1979.

HIGH CRAG BUTTERMERE

Nebuchadnezzar's Dream. 180 feet. E1.

Takes the thin crack between High Crag Buttress and Gethsemane. Start as for H.C.B.

- 1 60 feet. 4c. Climb up to the right hand cave and exit out of its right hand side onto ledges. Belay down and right.
- 2 120 feet. 5b. Climb the thin crack above to where the angle eases (junction with H.C.B.). Step right into a groove and climb it over the overhang to easy ground.

J. Lamb, M. Hetherington and A. Dunhill 10/7/79.

Quest for Wisdom. 150 feet. E2.

After a boulder problem start this route follows the thin cracks left of Delilah.

- 1 30 feet. 5c. Start 20 feet left of Gatesgarth Chimney and climb the wall on small holds to the ledge (Nut runner on the right).
- 2 120 feet. 5b. Climb the obvious twin cracks in the wall above to join Delilah. Continue up the corner of this for a few feet until a hand traverse right leads to a strenuous pull into a thin crack. Follow this to the top.

J. Lamb, M. Hetherington and A. Dunhill 10/7/79.

BUCKSTONE HOW

Two short pitches on the buttress left of the second pitch of Groove Two. Start at the top of pitch one of Groove Two.

Quickie Puzzle 1. 90 feet. E1 5b.

Climb the steep thin crack left of the tree for forty feet and traverse right across a slab. Pull over the overhang into a short groove which leads to the top.

P. Whillance, P. Botterill. 22/8/80.

Quickie Puzzle 2. 90 feet. H.V.S. 5a.

Takes the groove and crackline left of Q.P.1. Climb the groove past a small tree and follow the crack line to easier ground.

P. Botterill, P. Whillance. 22/8/80.

PILLAR ROCK

Tapestry. 155 feet. E3.

Fit to hang on any wall. Climbs the walls and grooves above and to the left of Black Widow. Start as for pitch 4 of Grooved Wall. Good climbing in fine situations.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Climb the overhang and step right to a shallow corner. Climb this to gain its left wall and then move right after long reaches to a belay ledge. A serious pitch.
- 2 85 feet. 5b. From the right hand end of the ledge a cleaned groove in the arête leads to a leftward hand traverse. Move along this and hand jam back right to the finish.

T. Stephenson, C. Sice (alts); W. Young, R. G. Williams. 20/4/80.

EDITOR'S NOTES

A. G. Cram

It is pleasant to record that the Club is currently celebrating 75 years of mountaineering activity in the Lake District. This event is being marked by a special exhibition at the Annual Dinner in October, and has also attracted a number of articles of historical interest in this *Journal*.

Major events since the Jubilee include the opening of Beetham Cottage, the publication of several excellent series of rock-climbing guides and the establishment of the Club Library at Lancaster University. Regrettably, the *Journal* now tends to appear biennially, mainly because of cost. The last *Journal*, although dated 1978, actually appeared in 1979. It is hoped that the new format will allow more articles and photographs to be included at a lower cost (for this issue still over £4,000). There was at first a shortage of articles, but towards the deadline the editor was 'avalanched', and has therefore been forced, against his will, to make some cuts and alterations. The success of national climbing magazines diverts some potentially interesting material, although this could appear in the *Journal* as well. Articles on Lake District subjects such as mining, botany, geology etc. would also be welcome. It is good to see a bumper crop of new climbs in this issue.

During the last 25 years the Club seems to have become more difficult to manage, in that the committee has now reached the awe-inspiring size of 32 members, compared with approx. 24 in the fifties. Surely, given the existence of four sub-committees, an ideal and more efficient committee size would be 15—20? Many enthusiastic young rock-climbers still seem to have a disproportionate degree of difficulty in joining the Club.

Finally, let us hope that the Club will continue to prosper and promote enjoyable meets, and that the new climbs will not run out, at least until the year 2006!

The Editor would like to thank all those who have contributed and helped in other ways; in particular, Peter Lucas, for printing photographs, Martin Berzins, Muriel Files, Jean Cram and many others.

WASTDALE ALE

Almost everybody laments the want of beer at Wastdale Head. Poor William Ritson is very particular in denying us this luxury since an infamous exciseman's wife pretending to faint, in order to get a drop of malt liquor out of him, informed against her host, and got him fined twenty pounds; one person even bewails the lack of beer in immortal verse, or verses:

"There was a farm house at Wastdale,
Where the one thing they wanted was ale;
You could have milk and water,
But not ale and porter,

At that snug little house in Wastdale."

But there are weak brethren, too, upon the other side of the question, who, in soberest prose, "are glad to find a village without a public-house in it, yet affording such good entertainment for man and horse."

James Payn, *Leaves from Lakeland*, 1858, p.111

THE SLIDE COLLECTION

F. H. F. Simpson

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club's collection of slides had its origins in the early days of the Club's life, before the magic lantern was elevated to the status of projector. The collection was in the care of successive librarians whose annual reports referred briefly to its use, and invited assistance in its improvement.

The collection started in 1922 with the gift by Howard Somervell of 40 slides, augmented by the purchase of George Seatree's Lakeland slides. The Librarian in 1922 was H. P. Cain, and he was responsible for producing the first list of slides. Following his untimely death in 1927, his daughter Marjorie (later Mrs Alferoff) was appointed, and the growing collection was in her care until 1935.

It was not until 1936, the year after Molly Fitzgibbon was appointed librarian, that it was decided at a Langdale committee meeting, chaired by the late Lord Chorley who was then President, that a Custodian of Slides was required. I was a member of the Committee at the time, and I was appointed to the new office.

In 1936 the collection comprised about 190 items. In February 1937 I circularised all members seeking assistance in expanding it. The response was prompt and generous. Many members presented slides and I had the loan of 220 negatives to which I added from my landscape subjects. G. R. Speaker was most enthusiastic, and in addition to providing many Welsh and Alpine subjects, secured for the Club an extensive record of the 1924 Everest Expedition. C. D. Milner provided a number of Skye subjects and undertook a large share of the printing work.

An examination of the illustrations in the three Everest narratives published by Edward Arnold and Co., *The Reconnaissance*, *The Assault*, and *The Fight for Everest* convinced me that it would be rewarding to extend the Everest gift by adding prints from those photographs taken when the mountain was under close examination for the first time. In this undertaking I had the willing co-operation of the publishers, the Secretary of the Mount Everest Committee, Mr. E. S. Herbert, and his colleague Mr. A. R. Hinks, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. F. Allen, the Society's Map Curator, enlisted the aid of Captain G. I. Finch and Captain J. B. L. Noel. As soon as he knew what I was engaged upon our member P. J. H. Unna volunteered to take charge in London of the selection and printing from the Society's negatives, at the same time offering me much helpful advice regarding the handling and projection of slides by those whom he called "the average untutored borrower". Until his death in 1950 Percy Unna maintained an active and friendly interest in the affairs of the Custodian. The Everest Collection was used by Bentley Beetham to illustrate his memorable lecture at the Annual Dinner Meet in 1959.

Several months of intensive work resulted in a total collection of 750 subjects. A catalogue was published in 1938 as part of the library list, and its appearance signalled the start of regular borrowing by members, which was only slightly checked by the outbreak of war in 1939 and which continued until the early 1960's when the 35mm. colour transparency secured a firm hold on the amateur market. The next list recording 1007 subjects was published in 1947, the 1938 list having run out of print in 1942. For economic reasons further printing was suspended in 1952. The willing endeavours of R. G. Plint and Mrs. L. Pickering produced an up-to-date typed and duplicated list. The new list, fifty pages long, was available to members, and included all the many additions since 1947.

I cannot name all the members who assisted in the gradual expansion of the collection, and who followed the example of E. Wood-Johnson who provided many rock-climbing subjects and A. Robinson who furnished the start of the Scottish Mainland Section. The support of G. R. Speaker was constant and following his death in 1942 Mrs. Speaker sent me all the slides in her possession. Seven years later

R. A. Tyssen-Gee located more items belonging to Speaker and with his widow's approval these were given to the club, so providing a great improvement to the Alpine section. The Executors of C. D. Yeomans presented his collection in 1945 and these included some rare subjects in the Ben Nevis area, made fully fifty years earlier. In the same year R. A. Tyssen-Gee provided a large number of negatives of the Iceland landscape. In 1947 W. A. Poucher made an extensive improvement to the landscape sections of both Wales and the Lake District. In 1956 the Executors of Dr. T. R. Burnett presented the records of his expedition to Norway in 1930 and the following year the club received the collection of G. F. Woodhouse which included a wide range of original Abraham subjects. Borrowing reached its peak in 1949 when 3339 slides were circulated among fifty-one members in six months.

The colour collection was given a start by R. Cook and J. C. Appleyard. John Appleyard secured additions from various sources, the last not long before his death in 1978. The colour section remained somewhat amorphous in content and did not merit the making of a catalogue.

The last substantial addition to the monochrome collection was received in 1976 from our member Miss E. M. Knott who gave the Lake District landscape slides made by her late brother the Rev. Alan Knott. I mention them because their quality marks the remarkably high standard prevailing seventy years ago. They record the Edwardian dress of children and tourists in Ambleside and Glenridding, the rough unsurfaced roads, and the ageless skylines.

In compliance with a committee resolution, the collection, comprising 1,733 listed items, about 200 spares and duplicates and a large quantity of unlisted colour items, was delivered in October 1979 to the care of the Club Librarian Mrs. June Farrington at the University of Lancaster. I parted with them all with some sadness. They are windows opening on a very special world.

It should be noted that F. H. F. Simpson (Vice-President 1951-53) was Custodian of Slides for 42 years, a remarkable record of service as an officer of the Club. Ed.

The last few feet of the Gran Paradiso.

A. D. Lawson



IN MEMORIAM

J. C. APPLEYARD	1920 — 1978
LORD CHORLEY OF KENDAL	1916 — 1977
WILLIAM CLEGG	1931 — 1978
PERCY DUNSHEATH	1937 — 1980
MAISIE GREIG	1929 — 1979
H. KENNETH HOCKENHULL	1949 — 1980
EDMUND HODGE	1929 — 1979
H. M. KELLY	1919 — 1980
R. G. PLINT	1923 — 1980
GEORGE S SANSOM	1908 — 1980

J. C. APPLEYARD, 1920 — 1978

John Chancellor Appleyard was born at Ilkley in 1896. His family moved to Leeds when he was one year old, and then to Hull in 1903. He was educated at Hull Grammar School until 1913, when he began work at the Provincial Bank in Hull. When war began he was walking in the Yorkshire Dales where he found his love of hills at an early age. Like many of that generation of clear sighted young men he soon volunteered for war service. He joined the Royal Fusiliers in England and was in the 18th (Middlesex) Division in France. However, owing to a serious illness he was declared unfit for the front line. The rest of his war service was as Q.M.S. in various labour camps — he even ran a laundry in Abbeville — and he spent a lot of his time in Marseilles. He was demobilised in 1919 and worked in a Hull office for about a year when his health broke down again. On medical advice he went to live in the country, and, luckily for us, he chose to come to Coniston.

He joined the Fell and Rock Club in 1920. He was Secretary from 1926-1934 and 1944-1948, Assistant Secretary 1934-1935, Vice President 1939-1945 and President 1948-1950, and was made an Honorary Member in 1953. He was a Founder Member of the Coniston Mountain Rescue Team. In addition to all this work for mountaineering he was for 37 years a member of the North Lonsdale R.D.C., and served on various committees, e.g. Housing. For some years he was Chairman of the R.D.C. He was Chairman of the Friends of the Lake District from 1958-1964, and continued on the Executive Committee until 1970. Only those who have done some of this work can know anything of the continuously onerous labour that is involved.

This brief, and somewhat stark outline covers the main activities of a long and happy life, but it is of John himself, the steadfast man who loved his neighbour, that I would write. As often happens, John's success at everything he did, and the affection he evoked in others, sprang from his inherent insight into life which gave him his love of all living things, and of the beauty of the world. This was equally true of his self-effacing wife, Eve, (Harry Harland's daughter) whom he married in 1926.

He was a very sound enthusiastic climber, and was safe on all occasions. This was so from his early days as instanced by the fact that in 1920 he took Bill Pape up his first climbs. These included the Intermediate Gully on Dow Crag. Then there was his epic rescue in 1932 of an injured girl from Easter Gully — in the dark — and he the only climber, helped by three quarrymen, lowering the girl down to Dr. Lapage for medical attention. The leader was killed and they recovered his body from the gully the same night. It was one of the best things ever done in our hills and included the magnificent achievement of the injured Tilman who crawled and tottered down to Coniston for help. It was inevitable that John was a founder member of the Coniston Mountain Rescue Team.

His holidays were usually spent in Scotland where he and Eve went with their caravan for a month or so, and in their later years their favourite base was Clachtoll

on the Stoer peninsula, but he had a very wide knowledge of most of the Scottish Highlands and was very happy anywhere there. I like particularly his story of a caravan trip in convoy with Burnett who had Bentley Beetham as his passenger. After a stop, Burnett, who then had Eve as his passenger, drove off first along a narrow one track road. John followed quickly, frantically sounding his horn. Burnett and Eve waved gaily every time they heard John blow his horn. They were having a splendid holiday until Burnett discovered that he had left his caravan behind at the last stop. John's sense of fun broke out unexpectedly. One drizzly and cold New Year Meet at the O.D.G., we went somewhere up Blea Tarn way and Burnett, the official fireraiser, decided that we should have a fire at lunch time. So we went off to find bits of kindling, of which there was little, while Burnett lit the fire. When I returned Burnett was on his hands and knees trying to make a blaze, without success. From where I stood he looked like the back view of a Thelwell pony. He was blowing down a rubber tube into the end of which he had fixed a brass pipe which was stuck into the absent fire. Suddenly John appeared on the top of the bank with a pathetically small bunch of twigs — looking very damp and cold. Sizing up the situation in a flash he shouted down "what do you think you are doing with that thing you silly old fool". It is often said that we may be rude only to our friends.

John was a modest man who lived life as he wanted to. He was completely devoid of cant and humbug and had no false values. That was his way of life and I do not think that any other way occurred to him. He never sought praise or fame for anything he did. He had a tolerant mind. Even when he discussed the idiosyncrasies of others, particularly in the Club, it was always with affection and without rancour. He felt that many things should be left unsaid — particularly the self-evident. He was simply a big man, both physically and mentally.

His great asset was his prodigious memory for people and places, of past happenings in the Club, of all the country he had visited, and of natural history. With all this knowledge he was a tremendous asset to those who ran the Club at any time. He was very well read and could discuss many subjects, but I do not think he was attracted to philosophical subjects — they were self-evident to him. He was prominent in local groups — e.g., painting, where he expressed his vision in oils.

In saluting John, we remember how he held fast to the ideals on which the Club was founded, and how he expected others to do the same. He attended every A.G.M. unless illness prevented him and gave sane guidance to those whose enthusiasm tended to outrun our basic principles. He gave light and colour to our lives and in doing so passed on to us some of his own qualities. However, when all is said, his ability as a climber, as an administrator, his unselfish service to others, and as a friend, I think that, like Wordsworth's good man, he will live in our hearts for his "little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love". He was a great man indeed, and we are fortunate that he lived in our time and that we knew him.

E. Wood-Johnson

LORD CHORLEY OF KENDAL, 1940 — 1977

By the death of R. S. T. Chorley, at the age of 82, Lakeland has lost one of its most distinguished personages, as has the Club, which he joined in 1916, becoming Editor 1918-1927, Vice President 1927-1929 and President 1935-1937. He wrote many articles on climbing and as Editor will be particularly remembered by his entertaining "The Great Rubber Boom" (in reply to J. H. Doughty's equally entertaining "Nothing Like Leather") as well as his delightful Editor's comments.

To cover all the facets of his academic and public life would require a Journal in

itself and I can, therefore, only speak of his Club and conservation activities. I first met him at Whitsuntide 1919 and climbed and walked with him as long as I was able.

He was a regular attender at Whitsuntide and New Year meets for many years and in the 20's a very fast goer on the fells. On Pillar, his favourite crag, he climbed each New Year's Day for 21 years whatever the weather, often arriving back in Buttermere in the dark. Though not one of the great rock climbers, he was a competent leader or second and did some eight new routes. With W. P. Haskett Smith and G. R. Speaker he led the Jubilee ascent of Napes Needle in 1936 and spoke when his wife Katharine opened the Club's first hut, Brackenclose. He made many visits to the Alps and one to Norway; his wife, R. B. Graham, Michael Wilson and G. Bower being his main companions.

Another exploit he delighted in was a peak bagging expedition to Scotland when he and Eve Harland, my wife, set off from Borrowdale in her 7hp, 2 cylinder Jowett to do the 4000's in 24 hours and accomplished this just ahead of Eustace Thomas; amid disapprobation from some elder members of an unmarried couple going off alone.

He fought powerfully and long to prevent the spoliation of the Lake District, beginning with the fight to stop a road being built over Sty Head, and was always a formidable opponent at Public Enquiries. As President of the Friends of the Lake District and Vice Chairman of the National Trust, he was able to influence their policies considerably, and with the late Lord Birkett made a tremendous impact in the House of Lords on conservation matters.

In 1925 he married Katharine Hopkinson, the daughter of a famous mountaineer, and they enjoyed 52 years of happy married life. The Club extends its sympathy to his widow and three children.

A Memorial Meeting was held at Stationer's Hall on February 23rd 1978 which included eloquent addresses by Otto Kahn-Freund on his academic life and by Gerald Haythornthwaite on his climbing, walking and conservation interests, and readings by Ivor Richards.

The Lake District and the Club have lost a man of greater stature than most of us realised and when the archives are studied the name of R. S. T. Chorley will stand out among the great ones.

John Appleyard

WILLIAM CLEGG, 1931 — 1978

The death of William Clegg, at the age of 73 years, in the last days of 1978, removed from the Club a valued, senior member of quiet charm and distinguished bearing who had made notable contributions to Lake District climbing. He had been closely involved in the establishment of Brackenclose, our first hut, wrote the 1938 guide to the Langdale crags, and took part in the early exploration of the East Buttress of Scafell.

Although we both went to Barrow Grammar School Bill was, I think, in the sixth form and therefore quite outside my orbit when I started and we did not really meet until 1928 or 1929 when I was taken for my first day's climbing on Dow Crag by George Basterfield. When we were going up Woodhouse's George was hailed from the screes by Bill and A. T. Hargreaves and asked what on earth he was doing on such an easy route. Instead of explaining he was with a novice George replied that Woodhouse's was a jolly good climb. Later in the day, after climbing Arête, Chimney and Crack, George and I descended Great Gully with Clegg and Hargreaves who had traversed into the gully after an exploration of Eliminate A.

George confided to me, after introductions, that "A.T." and Bill were young "tigers", able to get up anything — the first time I had heard this use of the word.

In fact, by that time, Bill Clegg — generally in company with the late Geoffrey Barker — had been climbing on Dow and other crags for several years and even at school I had heard some of their exploits. They had started pottering about on the crag, without a rope, from the age of 15, until Jack Rogers of Barrow gave them an old Beale rope which they christened by climbing Intermediate Gully. On that occasion, Bill used to relate, Geoff Barker led the fifth pitch by climbing behind the chockstones — a feat only rarely, if ever, repeated. This was in the days of "Ma" Harris, the friendly dales hostess of Park Gate. Later, Bill and Geoff "acquired" an old miners' hut on Wetherlam as a climbing base and from there began to tick off all the hardest routes in the district. Not many years ago when I was boasting to Bill that the wooden shed at Coniston Old Hall adapted in about 1930 by nine of us — self-styled, without justification, the Coniston Tigers — was probably the first climbing hut in the Lake District, he reminded me, in that quiet way of his, that their Wetherlam hut had been established years earlier.

A happy early memory is of a wedding reception at Furness Abbey Hotel when I watched the rewarding spectacle of "A.T." and Bill in morning coats and, I think, top hats, climbing one of the sandstone gateways near the entrance to the Abbey. Certainly in his younger days, Bill had a healthy taste for adventure and the unconventional.

When the coming-of-age of Brackenclough was celebrated in September, 1958 the late W. G. Milligan (President, 1933-35) recalled that the project of setting up a club hut in Wasdale had, in fact, been conceived in a rowing boat on Windermere in June, 1933 by A. B. Hargreaves, A. T. Hargreaves, W. Clegg and himself, thereafter described as "the four men in a boat". These four, later appointed a sub-committee, began their long and patient work and, after many vicissitudes, Brackenclough was eventually opened in 1937. A photograph in the Journal of the 1958 celebrations showed the "conspirators", as Milligan called them — A. B. Hargreaves, W. Clegg and Milligan himself — standing on the steps of the hut along with H. M. Kelly, one of the principal instigators of the scheme, and the builder and joiner.

Clegg's Langdale guide of 1938 followed Basterfield's first guide of 1926. In this edition Bill gave his opinion that Langdale had become perhaps the most popular playground for the sport and wondered what new climbs and methods the new generation of climbers would bring. Five years earlier Bill had been active in some of the first explorations of the East Buttress of Scafell, seconding A. T. Hargreaves on the first ascent of Morning Wall, with Maurice Linnell as third man. Bill was a neat, technically sound and careful climber — the ideal second, perhaps, on what were then the hardest climbs in the district. He only had, I think, one season in the Alps, preferring the pure rock climbing of his native Lakeland. In personality, he was quiet and self-effacing, never seeking the limelight.

After graduating at Manchester University with an economics degree Bill joined Lakeland Laundries at Barrow under W. G. Milligan who tended to collect climbers in his business, others being A. B. Hargreaves and Geoff Barker. Later Bill became general manager and director of the group's newly built laundry at Harraby, Carlisle. He was appointed to the holding company board in 1943 and held this appointment until his death, serving also for a time on the national council of the laundry industry. An illness brought his professional career to an end in 1965. In his youth he had been a keen rugby player and was assistant secretary to the Furness R.U.F.C. for some time. Bill leaves a widow, two sons, now successful executives in Canada, and a daughter who is an architect.

Bill was a popular and highly respected figure in Carlisle and the funeral service in Carlisle Cathedral, attended by several representatives of the Club, testified to the affection in which he had been held in the city. The Club will always remember Bill for his pioneering work, his lifetime of affection for the hills, and his charming and courteous personality. He was perhaps the last of the old Barrow crowd that contributed so much to climbing and to the Club.

A. Harry Griffin.

PERCY DUNSHEATH CBE, 1937-1980

Dr. Dunsheath was a man of distinction in his profession. From 1919 to 1946 he was director of research and then chief engineer to W. T. Henley's. During that time I met him through doing work for Henley's at the National Physical Laboratory, and on technical committees of the Electrical Research Association, and found him an encouraging and helpful collaborator. He was President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers 1945-6, and President of the International Electrotechnical Commission 1955-8, and gave the Royal Institution Christmas Lectures in 1949. He served in the forces from 1914 to 1918 and was twice mentioned in dispatches. His hobby was watercolour painting and one of his publications was a little book illustrated with charming sketches of the Dordogne where he acquired a property where many of his young friends stayed and improved their French. I never climbed with him but was surprised and delighted to meet him one day coming off the hill at Wasdale, and I was happy to agree to second his application to join the Fell and Rock though disappointed to learn that he was staying some distance away, Wasdale being rather spartan for his taste. His last years were spent in a wheel chair but his *joie de vivre* appeared undiminished.

W. G. Standing.

MAISIE GREIG, 1929-1979

From the early age of three Maisie and her sister were taken each year to the Lake District. The hills attracted Maisie, and from her home in Liverpool she was well placed to reach them, and walked widely in North Wales and Scotland as well as in the Lake District.

Her activities were not confined to Britain, and except during the war years, she did walking tours in the Jotunheim in Norway and in the Tiro and the Black Forest.

In later years she was a familiar figure at the New Year, Whitsun and Dinner Meets. Walking with her she often talked of difficulties of transport, and other adventures she had in reaching the Lake District hills.

Her interests were not confined to the hills and walking. She played the cello in a local orchestra, and in a quartet which met weekly in her home. As well, she was a keen photographer and delighted her friends with her lovely pictures taken on holidays in many parts of Europe. Maisie not only knew and loved the hills but encouraged others to do the same.

A. M. Bowker

HAROLD KENNETH HOCKENHULL, 1949-1980

Kenneth Hockenull joined the Fell and Rock in 1949 well past half his life span of seventy years, when he was a widely experienced rock climber and mountaineer,

and though he also joined the Alpine Club he waited until 1964 for this. He was a strongly independent personality and I believe he joined both for reasons of sentiment, for he mixed little in either, but he was in fact one of the most remarkable mountaineers in this country over the last half-century. He climbed constantly in the Lake District throughout his life, and in many other places too. In the Alps he climbed all but one or two of the four thousand metre peaks, some of them several times.

He was a distinguished solicitor in Crewe, and well known there as operatic conductor and in scouting circles. His mountaineering activities were superimposed on these distinctly separate activities, and his stamina was extraordinary. I remember one occasion when he went to Zermatt without a climbing companion and therefore took a guide for once, very unusual for him, and traversed on his first day the Breithorn, Pollux, Castor and Lyskamm, continuing to the the Signalkuppe for the night. I remember another occasion, which he would not mind being recounted now, when he set out one Friday evening to drive from Nantwich in Cheshire, where he lived, through the Lake District to John o'Groats and back, and he told me that on his return he completed the job by continuing to Land's End and then back home again. I asked him if he stopped at his house in passing, and he replied that he was not confident if he had done so that he would have had the determination to proceed. But when suggested he should write up this remarkable performance he said no, for some, hearing of it, might doubt his reliability. His reticence was coupled with a dry wit, very welcome in the mountains.

The nearby Lake District was his second home, and he had, as his family still have, a beautiful cottage in Coniston, but his major climbing record was elsewhere. It was very extensive over fifty years, in the High Alps, Dolomites, Tyrol, Norway, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Corsica and throughout the United Kingdom, with countless British climbs. He was in the Dolomites in 1934, Austria in 1935, and thereafter constantly in the Valais, Oberland and other parts of the Alps. In the hiatus of the war years he was a naval officer, but after that it was the High Alps again almost every year with a few divergencies to lesser regions. I was reminded and saddened in looking through his record to see a reference to our climbing the Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Aletschhorn and Schreckhorn together in 1948. I still clearly remember our finding our way up the Hasler Rippe of the Aletschhorn in that far-off year and Kenneth with his habitual mild irony pointing out, on the final tiring snow slope, that I was lifting my feet up and down in the same steps. Often since in recollection I have called myself to a semblance of order when lapsing into the same useful technique.

With so many classical climbs and summits to his credit it is superfluous to list them. Over the last fifteen years or so he climbed largely with his son and daughter, also accomplished climbers. Indeed I recall the two of us taking his daughter up Avalanche on Lliwedd at the tender age of eight years, and though we should have been ashamed of ourselves the result was that at thirteen she climbed the Mittelegi with her father, certainly the youngest to have climbed either. He leaves his wife and this son and daughter, and it may be a small consolation to them to know the affection with which his friends hold his memory.

Cyril Wickham

EDMUND HODGE, 1929-1979

Edmund Hodge joined the Club in 1929 and was a member of the committee for several years, also Assistant Editor from 1935-1941.

He was also a member of the Rucksack and Wayfarers' clubs, and the S.M.C. and

it was as a member of the latter club that he played an important role in writing the second edition of *The Islands of Scotland* and the third edition of *The Northern Highlands* guides. For a day on the mountains or a day of rest, his guide books are full of information and interest. He was also in the first dozen people who had done all the Munros. He explored the islands in the classic manner, sailing and climbing, which has always struck me as the ultimate.

His knowledge of Lakeland, where he came to live many years ago, purchasing Elterwater Hall in the Langdale valley and becoming a considerable landowner, was great. He was not only an authority on the mountains, but his work with the County Antiquarian and Archaeological society will be referred to for many years. His writings in the *F. & R.C.C. Journals* cover the approach to the Lakes via Morecambe Bay, old maps, and ski-ing in Lakeland. Hodge was also a great collector; in Raw Head is his collection of stones, one from each mountain summit he visited, duly labelled. The book he wrote *'From post chaise to National Park'* is proof of his great knowledge of the area in which he chose to live.

Sid Cross

H. M. KELLY, 1919-1980

H. M. Kelly joined the Club in 1919. He was made an honorary member in 1945 for his work for the Club, was Vice-President, along with Bessie Eden-Smith, from 1935 to 1937, guide writer for the first (red back) *Pillar Guide*, and guide book editor from 1935 to 1964.

Those who were fortunate enough to know H.M.K. well found him to be a forthright, stubborn and, at times, difficult person; but those who had gone further and become friends found the other qualities in that fine person: his sincerity and kindness, his gentleness and, yes, seeing him with children, his patience.

When I was a youngster I had seen the great Kelly with his waxed moustache which gave him a rather formidable look. It was in the mid-thirties that Jammy and I first climbed with him, when he was over fifty, and from then onwards we climbed together a lot, along with Bess Eden-Smith, A.T. and Ruth Hargreaves, Astley Cooper and Ernie Wood-Johnson. It was a very happy climbing party.

His favourite crag was undoubtedly Pillar, but he enjoyed his climbing so much wherever it was. To be with Kelly meant descending a climb as well as ascending. A joy to watch, moving with neatness and balance, he would not hesitate to stand on the smallest of stances and accept the most imaginary of belays. However serious our climbing, they were jolly occasions: he loved singing, and to talk of music or cricket could mean his forgetting his luckless leader's rope.

One has only to look at the guide-books and read the number of first ascents to appreciate how dominant he was in the 1920's. Doughty describes that remarkable triumvirate Crawford, Holland and Kelly: Holland's eye for a route, Crawford's cheery optimism and Kelly's technical skill in leadership. One can imagine their excitement when confronted with the West face of Pillar with only three routes on it: the original Old West, Abraham's New West and Pope's South West. In the next year or so they made nine routes each of high quality. On Kern Knotts, Kelly added nine new routes to the four which existed in 1919, none below the severe grade and several, after sixty years, still graded hard VS. Tophet Bastion and Tophet Wall along with others were added to Kelly's collection, and on Scafell and Pike's Crag a selection of superb climbs culminated in the classic Moss Ghyll Grooves.

Kelly was one of the first guide writers, along with George Bower, George Basterfield, C. F. Holland, H. S. Gross and A. R. Thomson. R. S. T. Chorley was



H. M. Kelly, July 1979.

Noel Kirkman

the Hon. Editor, Kelly's guide being Pillar. In 1935 Kelly became guide-book editor and was responsible for the new series, completely changing the format of the guide-books. This was accepted in the climbing world and is little changed today. I was fortunate to be one of the team of guide writers: we all had the greatest respect for our master, a sentiment with which Ernest Wood-Johnson, the only other surviving member of the team, agrees.

Kelly's tremendous energies were thrown into the club hut project alongside the dynamo, A. T. Hargreaves, and things were bound to move: the result was Brackenclose. They were not alone in this effort: Milligan, Clegg, Chorley, Burnett, Lawson Cook and A. B. Hargreaves were prominent but they, I am sure, would agree that the partnership of Harry Kelly and A. T. Hargreaves played a great part in the success.

It has always been thought that Kelly introduced rubbers to climbing. It is interesting to read from Kelly's diary for September 1915: "Isle of Skye, Cioch Direct from Corrie, Self, Wallworth, Wilding, Wallworth led until overhanging chimney third pitch. Exhausted himself in attempt to conquer pitch . . . Self donned rubbers and took lead."

The diary starts in 1913 with climbs on Tryfan, but it was on Stanage, Laddow, Castle Naze, Kinder and other Derbyshire crags that Kelly first gained fame: his climbs still give trouble and pleasure to the tigers of today. He also climbed in Wales, and it was at Easter 1922 that his first wife, Pat, herself possibly the leading woman climber of her time, was killed. He climbed in the Dauphiné, Zermatt and Norway, a country he returned to several times; he also attempted to visit the Caucasus mountains but got no further than Moscow where he tired of waiting for permits and returned home after seven days of frustration. He spent a lot of time in Scotland with his friend J. H. B. Bell.

The last entry in his diary is for June 28th, 1957: "Holly Tree Traverse, self, Sid, Ruth, Jammy"; but his last climbs were in 1960 when he did Middlefell Buttress and Scout Crag Routes One and Two with John Cross, Poppet Clegg and a party of Sedbergh boys. He was very much one of the boys that day.

Although for twenty-one years his Lakeland home was the O.D.G., where he was loved by my family and, as he described them, 'Les Girls', one never doubted that his first love was Wasdale, the Naylor and Middlerow where he had spent so much of his early years. Ella Naylor, when asked where Kelly was, was heard to reply, "Nay I don't know, but I saw his boots walking towards t' Pillar, and if you hear the scraping of nails don't worry, it is just Kelly going to his favourite crag."

Sid Cross

Kelly once told me that he began climbing when a boy — on the buildings of Manchester; including a traverse of the police station roof.

I first saw him at the unveiling of the Gable Memorial in 1924 and often after that. He was a fierce-looking brigand in those days: turned-up moustache and red hanky on head. It was said that his boots had to be locked up at night or they would go off to Pillar at daylight without him. About that time he did the cartwheel climb of Middlerow door frame — a much harder climb than the hotel barn door traverse and you chanced breaking your neck when upside down. He had a great sense of fun. Dick Wilson had been Cumberland champion heavyweight wrestler and Herdwick breeder too. One day Kelly, wearing a fisherman's blue jersey, packed his chest with a cushion and his biceps with rags and had his photo taken in Middlerow doorway surrounded by Dick's cups and prize cards for Herdwick sheep. On one occasion H.M.K. and three others went by train from Manchester to Seascale, walked to Pillar via Wasdale, did the Northwest and walked back to Seascale and the train to Manchester. I think they did it without going to bed at all.

We admired him from a distance for two years, often staying at Middlerow when he was there. In Spring 1926 Kelly and Mrs. Eden-Smith were staying at Middlerow and had done Moss Ghyll Grooves with a novice. Kelly wanted us to join him next day on the second ascent — I to tie on last after taking photos. When we reached Scafell George and I decided to have a go at the C.B. Kelly still pressed us to join him, so when we got to the Flake Crack we asked him to let us have a quarter of an hour to see how it went. George couldn't do it in the time so we joined H.M.K. and his party. At the top Kelly was very pleased and suggested a grand tour of Scafell. That day we did all the V.S.s except the C.B. and Kelly, unconsciously, taught us more than we had taught ourselves in the previous years. I wouldn't swap the memory of it for all the t in c. H.M.K. had shown us just how to do a V.S. without effort. It was the first time we had not led ourselves and he took us from the scrambling style to precision and delight in smooth movement. The final climb was the first descent of Hopkinson's Gully. I went first and told H.M.K. that I couldn't see any holds. He replied 'Well, just keep going down'. So I learnt how to do what looked impossible to me. After that marvellous day we were friends for good.

When guide writing began in 1933 we were thrown right together. In 1935 I married and told him it would make no difference. His reply was solid scepticism, but I proved him wrong. He lived about 15 minutes' drive from our house and was often with us. We decided the size, format, type etc. for the guides and helped to make some. Then came Brackenclough with H.M.K. as treasurer — a very difficult job and how well he did it. There were trips to Whitehaven for shelving and so on, and he and Mrs. Eden-Smith rawplugged holes in the walls from timber I had bored for them. And there was painting and all that. He was always a man of definite

opinions. He had no children of his own but gave Anne and me lectures on bringing up ours. You either love or hate a man who is always, unexpectedly, on the doorstep — a bossy type with a bundle of work and often hungry. He liked Anne's cooking. And Anne and I loved him.

A little before the war some Munich climbers were entertained by the Rucksack Club in Manchester. During the evening the German boys sang climbing songs accompanied by mandolins etc. Kelly never had any respect for authority and had an imp in him. During one of the few silences Kelly said in a loud voice: 'I reckon a jew's harp wouldn't be very popular here'. Every now and then some German lad would spring to his feet, give the usual salute and 'Heil Hitler'. We were bored but polite to our guests. It took Kelly to bide his time and at an appropriate moment jump up, give the Nazi salute and shout 'Heil Hitler'. There was dead silence. Then slowly, their 6ft. 6ins. white-whiskered leader, Rickmer Rickmers, unwound to his full height and in loud stern tones said: 'Dat is not for you to say'. I am laughing as I write this — the unrepentant naughty boy and the old schoolmaster. It nearly killed the Rucksack boys.

Kelly was a great follower of the arts, particularly music and literature and late in life he began painting. When living at Grange he used to motor to Manchester for a Hallé concert and back the same night. He wrote perfect English as every guide writer found under his editorship. He scorned sloppiness in any side of life and his urge for perfection showed in his climbing and even in his fun. He was a constant joy to countless people, even in his apparent rudeness, and I wouldn't have had him change one whit. As for my time with him, well I wish we could have it all again. I have been rude to him too!

Kelly was like Geoff Winthrop Young's old sailor:
'stubborn of soul, each vivid line
quick with a hoarded youth.'

E. Wood-Johnson

R. G. PLINT, 1923-1980

By the death on 18th September, 1980 of Dick Plint the Club lost one of its longest serving and most distinguished members.

Dick was born at Seaforth, Liverpool, in 1897 and educated at Merchant Taylors School. Except during the Great War, in which he served with gallantry and was awarded the Military Medal, he spent his working life on the staff of Martins Bank Ltd. with whom he served, first in Liverpool and then in Kendal, until his retirement in 1958.

Dick was a member of the Club for 57 years and throughout that time, except for the last few years of his life when arthritis curtailed his activities, he was continuously active on the hills and seldom missing from a Club Meet. It is probably true to say that his interest in rock climbing was subordinate to his interest in more general mountaineering but that he was no mean performer on rock in his younger days is shown by the fact that he accompanied Kelly as photographer on the third ascents of Routes 1 and 2 on Pillar, at that time virtually the hardest thing done. As a walker his capacity was prodigious and his experience extensive not only in the Lake District but also in Wales and Scotland. It covered all seasons of the year and it was he who organised the legendary all night walks during the thirties.

Dick's service to the Club was unique. In 1948 he was elected Treasurer and for the next 15 years guided its finances with masterful efficiency, being the longest serving Treasurer the Club has had. While still carrying the burden of that office he was elected successively as Vice-President and then President, a distinction which

has fallen to the lot of no other member. For years he was the Club's unofficial archivist and his remarkable memory came to the assistance of other struggling officers on many occasions.

One cannot, in a short note, do justice to all the facets of Dick's character. While we knew him chiefly as a mountaineer he was much more than that. He was a man of erudition and distinction — archaeologist, philatelist, philanthropist, man of letters. But my lasting memory is of a modest man of great kindness and understanding, who did to the full everything he undertook and who never compromised with his principles.

Dick was elected to Honorary Membership of the Club in 1968. No one has merited the honour more.

C. S. Tilly

GEORGE S. SANSOM, 1908-1980

George Sansom, Herford's second on the first ascent of Central Buttress, Honorary Member of our Club, and our longest-serving member, died peacefully at home on March 21st, 1980 in his 92nd year. Right up to the end of his days he remained devoted to our hills and crags, especially the Wasdale hills, reading and re-reading his library of Lake District books in his home in distant Surrey and re-living his great days of nearly seventy years earlier.

By their daring explorations on Scafell Crag in the years just before the outbreak of the first world war Siegfried Herford and George Sansom raised the standards of Lake District rock-climbing to undreamed-of heights and Central Buttress remained the hardest climb in the country for many years. In much of this bold pioneering Sansom was the initiator or planner, Herford the leader. Sansom saw the possible lines and Herford, superbly supported by his close friend, worked them out. Following their second ascent of Jones' Pinnacle Face route from Lord's Rake, the pair reached Hopkinson's Cairn direct from the Rake for the first time, first entered the Waiting Room by way of Hopkinson's Gully and started a new fashion with the Girdle Traverse of Scafell. Then, a few months before the outbreak of war, after careful reconnaissance, they achieved "probably the biggest single breakthrough in standard in the history of Lakeland climbing" with the ascent of Central Buttress. Herford did not return from the war and Sansom, who greatly missed his friend, later often climbed alone — always in his beloved Wasdale hills.

Almost fifty years ago I was fortunate enough to have a week's climbing at Wasdale with George Sansom. About that time George Basterfield had been taking me on an annual climbing holiday, based on the hotel, but, after his accident with A. B. Reynolds, he wrote to me, in a spidery left hand, saying he had "hurt his thumb" and could not join me that year but that Sansom was on his own in the hotel and was prepared to take his place. That week for me, under such distinguished leadership, was a continuous delight that I can still recall in considerable detail. We rushed up and down all the Napes Ridges and several other climbs in glorious weather and had one superb day on Pillar when George took me up the North West — my first very severe.

George Sansom, at that time, was approaching middle-age — a shortish, slight, sunburned man who smoked what looked like a home-made cherry-wood pipe and seemed to eat a lot of barley sugar. In my naiveté I assumed this was to make his fingers stick more easily on sloping holds for George Basterfield had told me he used grapefruit for the same reason. Sansom was the neatest and quickest climber I have ever seen — his descent of Napes Needle looked more like a skilfully controlled slide

— and he seemed to be able to avoid anything approaching strenuous exertion by his dexterous footwork. On the other hand his ascent to the crags was generally deliberately slow — to save energy, he would say. I remember him telling me that his favourite climb was Hopkinson's Gully and that he always did this on the first day of his holiday, straight from the south — either with or without a second. To a raw youngster, half his age, he was always extremely kind, patient and generous and his example of effortless climbing made everything seem easy. He seconded my application for club membership — George Basterfield proposing — and kept in occasional touch by letter throughout his lifetime. Only a year or two before his death he wrote to me of his great love of the Wasdale hills — “the best place in England”.

He had first visited the Lake District in 1907 and, after reading an article describing an ascent of Napes Needle, sought out George Abraham and asked for advice on starting climbing. G.D.A. introduced him to his youngest brother John who took him up several routes around Wasdale and from then onwards the young Sansom became devoted to rock-climbing, visiting the Lake District — he did not greatly care for other areas — as often as he could. He was very fond of the Abraham brothers, with whom he often climbed, and admired their energy and success with their heavy photographic equipment. George Sansom, too, was a fine photographer and an inventive do-it-yourself expert, being a skilled wood and metal worker. Among his many inventions about the house was a novel bird scarer — a mechanical cat that emerged from its hutch every two minutes and turned its head with its eyes lit up! At one time — when it was legal — he made his own brilliant fireworks.

Sansom was educated at Wellington College and studied zoology at University College, London, becoming a Fellow in 1930 and a Doctor of Science. He was a distinguished zoologist, taking part in some expeditions to the Brazilian forests before the first world war, but although he was often known as “the Professor” — and I myself originally knew him as that — never held a professorial appointment.

He first served in the war with St. John Ambulance Brigade but later transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, becoming a major commanding a unit of observation balloons. He was aloft over the lines for a total of 960 hours and was three times shot down in flames, being awarded the M.C. and the D.F.C. for his gallantry. After the war he was closely associated with the Brooklands Flying Club.

A very happy marriage which lasted for 52 years ended with the passing of his wife in 1973, but his last years were made peaceful and comfortable for him by the loving care of his son Christopher. He is making one room in the house at Kennel Moor into a “memento room” in memory of his father, with all his climbing books and mountaineering relics displayed there.

It is a great privilege to have known and climbed with George Sansom — one of the finest climbers in the history of the club and a last link with great enterprises before the first war, a gallant airman, a real friend of the Lake District, and a most kindly and modest man. With Siegfried Herford, his name will always be remembered by climbers, and Central Buttress stands as their lasting memorial.

A. Harry Griffin

S. W. HERFORD MEMORIAL WINDOW

A postscript to the historical note on the Herford Memorial Window which appeared in *Journal* no.64, p.125.

It was expected that the window would be transferred from Platt (Unitarian) Chapel, Manchester, which had been closed, to the Unitarian College there.

Unfortunately this plan fell through, and Siegfried Herford's sister, Mrs. Brauholtz, had to renew her search for a permanent home for the window. This was found at the Eskdale Outward Bound Mountain School where there was an ideal position for it. In May 1977 Mrs. Brauholtz unveiled the window in the presence of representatives of Lakeland mountain organisations, Outward Bound Schools and climbing clubs, and, most important, members and friends of the Herford family, including Mr. F. A. Montague, son of C. E. Montague who gave the window. Mr. A. P. Whitaker, whose father was minister of Platt Chapel when the window was installed there, gave an appreciation of Herford, whom he had known and admired as a boy.

Muriel Files

THE LIBRARY

June Farrington

Writing in the *Journal* for the first time as Librarian of the Club I would like to say something about the tremendous job done by Muriel Files in her 12 years of office. Her major achievement was the production of the printed catalogue in 1972 followed by the two supplements and the list of maps. An enormous amount of work was involved in this effort, which involved cataloguing each item and assigning a place to it in a scheme of arrangements of her own devising. For all this, and looking after the back numbers of the *Journal*, arranging for books to be reviewed for the *Journal* and many other things, Muriel deserves the warmest thanks of every member of the Club.

Arrangements for use of the Library are given on p.30 of the current handbook, except that it is possible to borrow books outside the opening hours shown during term time i.e. up to 9.45 p.m. on weekdays, 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. on Saturdays and 2.00 to 7.00 p.m. on Sundays. Members are welcome to come to the Library at these times but are advised to contact the Librarian in advance of their visit. The Librarian would welcome more visits from members and is always ready to help anyone find what they need. Much of the collection is on open access in the room put at our disposal by the University Library, but guidebooks, maps, pamphlets, rare books and most unbound periodicals are kept elsewhere and these cannot be consulted or borrowed without the assistance of the Librarian.

Members will have read in the *Chronicle* of the generous gift of £1,000 from Dorothy Pilley to buy books for the Library. Steps have been taken to acquire some of the rare out-of-print items that are lacking from our collection and a start has been made on purchasing more Alpine guidebooks (these are marked * in the list at the end of these notes). The Librarian thanks Dorothy for this splendid gift, given in memory of her husband I. A. Richards who died in 1979.

Thanks also to all others who have given books and periodicals to the Library. Such gifts are always welcome, either when they help fill a gap in the collection, or when they are duplicates which can be offered for sale to other members to raise money to buy other needed items.

Following the success of the exhibition *Mountains in the Eye of Man* in March 1980 the Librarian intends to arrange other displays of Library materials from time to time, and preparations are being made for an Exhibition to mark the occasion of the 75th Anniversary of the Club, to take place at the time of the A.G.M. and Dinner.

One major change since I took office has been the transfer of the unique 'lantern slide' collection to the premises at the University. Work is in hand to make copies of these on 35mm. film so that they will be much more available for use by members. A catalogue will be issued in due course listing these together with the modern 35mm. collection and a new collection of slides showing mountain paintings. Members are reminded that slides or copies of slides from their personal collections are needed to build up this collection, which includes Club events and personalities, as well as rock climbing activities and mountain scenery.

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY STOCK SINCE 1975-1979 LIST

ACLAND, C. D. H. The Country Life picture book of the Lake District	1979
ALPINE CLIMBING. Narratives of recent ascents	1881
ANDERSON, J. R. L. High mountains and cold seas: a biography of H. W. Tilman.	1980
ANDRÉE, S. A. The Andrée diaries. (Balloon ascent to North Pole in 1897)	
ANENT, P. Master of rock: the biography of John Gill.	1977
ANGLO IRISH DUTCH EXPEDITION. By R. E. Milward & others	1980
ANOTHER ASCENT OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAK: Qomolungma, Peking	1975
AVALANCHE: Proceedings of a symposium; ed. by J. Harding & others	1980
BARBER, J. B. Lakeland passes. 3rd. ed.	1928
BARKER, R. The last blue mountain (Haramosh). Diadem reprint	1979
BAUME, L. C. Sivalaya: the 8000 metre peaks of the Himalayas	1978
BLACKSHAW, A. Mountaineering: from hill-walking to Alpine climbing. Rev. ed.	1970
BLANCHET, E. R. Hors des chemins battus	1932
BONATTI, W. On the heights. Diadem reprint	1979
BRONGERSMA, L. D. To the mountains of the stars	1962
BURNS, W. C. A short manual of mountaineering training. 3rd. ed.	1955
CARR, H. R. C. The Irvine diaries	1979
CLARKE, C. Everest	1978
CLEARE, J. Guide to mountains and mountaineering	1979
COLLOMB, R. C. Alpine points of view	1961
COLLOMB, R. C. Mountains of the Alps; tables of summits, vol. 1	1971
CRAIG, R. W. Storm and sorrow in the high Pamirs	1981
CURRAN, J. Trango: the nameless tower	1978
DAUDET, A. Tartarin on the Alps	1888
D'AUVERGNE, E. B. F. Switzerland in sunshine and snow	1912
DAVIDSON, L. M. Things seen in the Dolomites	1928
DAVIES, H. A walk around the Lakes	1980
DOUGLAS, J. S. Summits of adventure	1955
DOUGLAS, W. O. Of men and mountains	1950
ENGEL, C. E. Le Mont Blanc: route classique et voies nouvelles	1946
FAUX, R. Everest: goddess of the wind	1978
FIENNES, R. Ice-fall in Norway	1973
FOUNTAIN, P. The great mountains and forests of South America	1902
FOX, F. Switzerland: with 64 illustrations in colour	1917
GERVASUTTI, G. Gervasutti's climbs; tr. Nea Morin & J. A. Smith. Diadem reprint ..	1978
GILBERT, R. Young explorers	1979
GOS, C. Voyageurs illustres en Suisse	1937
GREEN, V. H. H. The Swiss Alps	1961
GREENBANK, A. Enjoy your rockclimbing	1976
HALL, T. S. Tramping in Arran: a Fellowship holiday	1928
HAMER, S. H. A wayfarer in the Dolomites. 2nd ed.	1926
HAMILTON, H. Mountain madness	1922
HARKER, G. Easter climbs	1913
HASTON, D. Calculated risk	1979
HILL, H. Freedom to roam: the struggle for access to Britain's moors and mountains. .	1980
HINCHCLIFFE, T. W. Summer months among the Alps	1857
HOUSTON, C. K2: the savage mountain. Diadem reprint	1979

International Directory of Mountaineering Clubs and Organisations	1979
JONES, C. Climbing in North America. Diadem reprint	1979
KANE, E. K. Arctic explorations: the 2nd Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin	1856
KEAY, J. The Gilgit game: explorers of the Western Himalayas, 1865-95	1979
KEAY, J. When men and mountains meet: ... 1820-75	1977
LACHAPPELLE, E. R. The ABC of avalanche safety	1978
LEDWARD, E. Lake District map companion	1978
LEWIS, H. W. You're standing on my fingers!	1969
LINTON, E. L. The Lake country	1864
LIVESEY, P. Rock climbing	1978
LOVETT, R. Welsh pictures drawn with pen and pencil	1892
LOWE, A. Mountain rescue. Typescript	1977
LUNN, A. Alpine skiing at all heights and seasons	1921
LUNN, A. The complete ski-runner	1930
LUNN, A. The cradle of Switzerland	1952
LUNN, A. Zermatt and the Valais	1955
MACINNES, H. High Drama: mountain rescue stories from four continents	1980
MACINNES, H. Look beyond the ranges	1979
MACROW, B. G. Kintail Scrapbook	1948
MCSPADDEN, J. W. The Alps: as seen by the poets	1912
MANNINS, S. Swiss pictures drawn with pen and pencil	1891
MARAINI, F. Karakorum: the ascent of Gasherbrum IV	1961
MARLOWE, C. The Harz mountains	1930
MESSNER, R. Everest: expedition to the ultimate	1979
MESSNER, R. Solo Nanga Parbat	1980
MEYERS, G. Yosemite Climber	1979
MICHELET, J. The mountain	1872
MILLER, L. On top of the world: five women explorers in Tibet	1976
MOFFAT, G. Hard road west: alone on the California trail	1981
MOFFAT, G. Survival count	1972
MOIR, G. M. Moir's guide book; Gt. Southern Lakes and Fiords of Otago and Southland; southern section, 3rd ed.	1959
MONS, B. High road to Hunza	1958
MOORE, T. Mt. McKinley: the pioneer climbs	1967
MORTON, J. B. Pyrenean: being the adventures of Miles Walker	1938
Mountaineering in China	1965
MURRAY, W. H. Mountaineering in Scotland and, Undiscovered Scotland. Reprint ..	1979
MUSSON, S. C. The Upper Engadine	1907
NOICE, H. With Stefansson in the Arctic	1924
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OLDHAM, K. Pathfinder: navigation and safety in the hills	1980
PARES, B. Himalayan honeymoon	1940
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PHILLIPS, W. J. Colour in the Canadian Rockies	1937
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Planting the Five Star Flag on Mt. Tomur	1979
PLINT, R. G. More stone axe factory sites in the Cumbrian fells	1978
POUCHER, W. A. Scotland	1980
PYATT, E. C. The Guinness book of mountains and mountaineering	1980
RIDGEWAY, R. <i>The boldest dream</i>	1979
RILEY, W. The Yorkshire Pennines of the North-West	1934
ROBERTS, D. I'll climb mount Everest alone: the story of Maurice Wilson	1957
ROGET, F. F. Ski-runs in the high alps	1913
ROPER, S. Fifty classic climbs of North America	1979
SCHUECHZER, J. J. Itinera per Helvetiae Alpina Regiones	1970
SELIGMAN, G. A. Snow structures and ski-fields	1936
SERRAILLIER, J. Everest climbed: illus. by L. Roroman. (A poem)	1955

SIMPSON, C. J. W. North ice: the British North Greenland expedition	1957
SKREDE, W. Across the roof of the world	1954
SMITH, K. Early prints of the Lake District	1973
SPRING, I. 100 hikes in the Alps	1979
STAIB, B. Across Greenland in Nansen's track	1963
STEPHEN, L. Men, books and mountains	1956
STYLES, S. First on the summits	1971
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SYLVAN'S Pictorial Handbook to the English Lakes: new foreword by J. Wyatt	1974
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THOMAS, L. Lowell Thomas's book of the high mountains	1964
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TOBIAS, M. C. The mountain spirit; ed. by M. C. Tobias and H. Drasdo	1980
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WEGENER, E. Greenland journey	1939
WILSON, K. The big walks; comp. by Ken Wilson & R. Gilbert	1980
WILSON, K. The games climbers play	1978
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WITHERS, P. Friends in solitude	1923

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England (Except Lake District)

WILSON, S. G. and KENYON, R. J., North of England: rock climbers' guide	1980
GREGORY, D. Rock Climbs in the Peak. No. 3, Froggat area (B.M.C.)	1978
BANCROFT, S. Rock Climbs in the Peak. Recent developments (B.M.C.)	1977

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FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. Guides.

Series 6.

Buttermere, by Ian Roper, bound with Eastern Crags, by E. N. Grindley and G. N. Higginson	1979
Great Langdale, by M. G. Mortimer	1980
GRINDLEY, Ed. New Climbs in the Lake District. Offprint: Journal of the F.R.C.C. v.23 (1), p.44-59, no.66	1978

Wales

MOULTON, R. D. (Ed.), Climbers' Club Guides to Wales	
6. Tremadog and the Moelwyns. 4th ed. by M. G. Mortimer	1978
EDWARDS, R. Climbs on North Wales limestone	1976

Scotland

BULL, S. P. Black Cuillin Ridge: scramblers guide (S.M.T.)	1980
CUNNINGHAM, J. Cairngorms, Lochnagar and Creag Meaghaidh. (Guide to winter climbs). Rev. ed.	1976
CROCKET, K. V. Glencoe and Glen Etive (S.M.T. Rock and Ice climbs)	1980

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FEDERATION OF MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF IRELAND. Guides:

Antrim Coast; ed. by M. Curran	1975
Bray Head and minor crags around Dublin; ed. by Joss Lynam & Convery	1978
Burren Sea Cliff Ailladie rock climbs; ed. by T. Ryan	1978
Dalkey rock climbs; 6th issue ed. by S. Young	1979

Alps — Eastern

*ROBERTS, ERIC Glockner region (West Col)	1976
*COLLOMB, R. G. Julian Alps (West Col)	1978

*THOMPSON, A. J. Ortler Alps (West Col).....	1968
*UNSWORTH, W. Otztal Alps (West Col).....	1969
*ROBERTS, E. Stubai Alps (West Col).....	1972
Alps — Southern	
*Graians East: Gran Paradiso area (West Col).....	1969
Alps — Central	
*COLLOMB, R. G. Bernese Alps West (West Col).....	1970
*TALBOT, J. O. Central Switzerland (West Col).....	1969
*TALBOT, J. O. Engelhorner and Salbitschijen (West Col).....	1968
*COLLOMB, R. G. Graians East: Gran Paradiso area (West Col).....	1969
*ANDERSON, M. Mittel Switzerland (West Col).....	1974
*COLLOMB, R. G. Pennine Alps West (West Col).....	1979
Alps — Western	
BOSSUS, PIERRE Les Aiguilles Rouges.....	1974
*COLLOMB, R. G. Chamonix — Mont Blanc.....	1969
*ROBERTS, E. High Level Routes (West Col).....	1973
*Maritime Alps: Vesubie basin and Argentera (West Col).....	1968
DAVIES, L., LABANDE, F., & LALOUE, M. (G.H.M.) Le Massif des Ecrins: 4th ed. . . .	1976
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*BATTAGEL, A. Pyrenees; Andorra; Cerdagne (Gastons-West Col).....	1980
*BATTAGEL, A. Pyrenees East (Gastons-West Col).....	1975
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*COLLOMB, R. G. Atlas Mountains Morocco (West Col).....	1980
*OSMASTON, H. A. Guide to the Ruwenzori (West Col).....	1972
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ROSS, P. and ELLMS, C. Cannon, Cathedral, Humphrey's and Whitehorse.....	1978

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ASCENT: the mountaineering experience in word and image. V.2(2), 1975-76 and V.3, 1980.

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WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. V.47 (No.278), May 1921. Contains 'The greatest adventure in the world' by G. D. Abrahams.

MAPS

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France. I.G.N. Massif et Parc National de la Vanoise. Scale 1:50,000. 1978.

Kompass. Carta Turistica. Sheet 86. Gran Paradiso—Valle d'Aosta. Scale 1:50,000. 1975.

Drakensberg. Map of Cathedral area, Natal Drakensberg. 2 inches to 1 mile. 1970.

FELL AND ROCK AUTHORS OF BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

It is hoped that this list may be of interest to members as the Club looks back on its first seventy-five years. Because this is the first attempt to draw up such a list, the compiler is conscious that there may be omissions and errors, and hopes that anyone who detects these will tell her. Unfortunately, lack of space has made it impossible to list the writers of the Club's guides.

Muriel Files

- ABRAHAM, ASHLEY PERRY, 1907-1951
 ABRAHAM, GEORGE DIXON, 1907-1965
 ABRAHAM, LUCY B.
 (Mrs. Ashley Abraham), 1908-1947
 AIREY, ALAN F., 1932-
 BAGLEY, A. L., 1907-1928
 BAKER, ERNEST ALBERT, 1907-1908
 BARLOW, GUY, 1907-1969
 BASTERFIELD, GEORGE, 1915-1949
 BECHERVAISE, JOHN, 1941-
 BROWN, THOMAS GRAHAM, 1924-1965
 BRUCE, CHARLES GRANVILLE, 1924-1939
 CHORLEY, KATHARINE C.,
 (Baroness Chorley), 1920-
 CLARK, SIMON, 1955-1962
 COLLIE, JOHN NORMAN, 1907-1942
 COLLINGWOOD, W. G. 1913-1932
 COOPER, W. HEATON, 1930-
 CORBETT, J. ROOKE, 1919-1949
 CRAM, A. G. 1966-
 DOUGHTY, JOSEPH HENRY, 1920-1936
 DRASDO, HAROLD, 1957-
 EILBECK, J. C. 1971-
 FARRINGTON, M. JUNE, 1947-
 FIELD, ALFRED ERNEST, 1907-1949
 FILES, MURIEL, 1936
 FITZGIBBON, MARY ROSE, 1927-1971
 GRAHAM, FERGUS, 1921-1966
 GREENBANK, ANTHONY H., 1955-
 GREENE, RAYMOND, 1920-
 GREGORY, ALFRED, 1944-
 GRIFFIN, A. HARRY, 1933-
 HALL, RICHARD WATSON, 1912-1935
 HASKETT SMITH, W. P., 1907-1946
 HIRST, JOHN, 1920-1970
 HODGE, EDMUND W., 1929-1979
 HUNT, JOHN, Baron Hunt, 1935-
 JACKSON, JOHN A., 1945-
 JOHNSTON, M. SCOTT
 (Mrs. Milsom), 1938-1958
 KENYON, R. J., 1975-
 KITCHENER, GLADYS
 (pseud. G. Rowell), 1928-
 LAYCOCK, JOHN, 1911-1960
 MACPHEE, G. GRAHAM, 1927-1963
 MARR, JOHN E., 1911-1926
 MELDRUM, KIM, 1954-
 MEYER, H. A., (pseud. H. Merrick),
 1942-1968
 MILNE, MALCOLM, 1947-1970
 MILNER, C. DOUGLAS, 1934-
 MONKHOUSE, FRANK J., 1935-1975
 MORTIMER, MIKE, 1970-
 NEATE, W. R., 1971
 NORTON, EDWARD FELIX, 1924-1954
 NUNN, PAUL J., 1964-
 OPPENHEIMER, L. J., 1907-1916
 PALMER, W. T., 1907-1954
 PILLEY, DOROTHY E.,
 (Mrs. I. A. Richards) 1916-
 POUCHER, WILLIAM ARTHUR, 1937-
 RAEBURN, HAROLD, 1920-1926
 RAWNSLEY, HARDWICKE DRUMMOND,
 1907-20
 ROPER, IAN, 1965-
 ROSS, PAUL, 1959-
 RUDGE, E. C. W., 1935-1978
 RUMNEY, W. W., 1915-
 SEATREE, GEORGE, 1907-1928
 SHIPTON, ERIC E., 1929-39; 1953-77
 SLINGSBY, WILLIAM CECIL, 1907-1929
 SMYTHE, FRANK SYDNEY, 1935-1948
 SOMERVELL, T. HOWARD, 1915-1975
 SOPER, NORMAN JACK, 1961-
 STEEPLE, E. W., 1909-1940
 STEPHENSON, TOM, 1935-1939
 SUTTON, GRAHAM, 1940-1959
 SYMONDS, HENRY HERBERT, 1936-1958
 TUCKER, JACK, 1947-
 WESTMORLAND, H. (Rusty), 1910-
 WILLIAMS, JOE, 1948-1979
 YOUNG, ELEANOR WINTHROP, 1920-
 YOUNG, GEOFFREY WINTHROP,
 1919-1958

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1978-79

President	S. H. Cross
Vice-presidents	E. N. A. Morton, E. Ivison
Hon. Secretary	F. G. Falkingham
Hon. Assistant Secretary	R. Brotherton
Hon. Treasurer	J. Lane
Hon. Assistant Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Hon. Editor of Journal	T. Sullivan
Hon. Chronicler	Miss M. P. Linton
Hon. Editor of Guide Books	D. Miller
Hon. Librarian	Mrs. M. J. Farrington
Hon. Assistant Librarian	P. Fleming
Hon. Custodian of Slides	F. H. F. Simpson
Hon. Dinner Secretary	W. A. Comstive
Hon. Meets Secretary	D. G. Roberts
Hon. Huts Secretary	P. Moffat
Hut Wardens	B. A. Butcher, J. E. Huddart, E. Ivison, J. Robinson, W. E. Smith.
Elective Members of Committee	R. Atkins, S. Clark, Miss M. Darvall, J. Coates, Miss J. Fuller, Mrs. M. Hamer, Mrs. R. Harland, A. Lawson, Mrs. J. O'Neill, D. Rhodes, E. Walker.

Meets 1979

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 27/28	A. L. Thwaites	Beetham Cottage
CD	Feb 10-11	E. N. Walker	Salving House
	Feb 17-21	J. Ratcliff	Black Rock Cottage
	Feb. 24-25	A. G. Cram	Raw Head
	Mar 9-15	W. A. Barnes	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
M	Mar 17-18	J. S. Huddart	Birkness
D	March 21-April 1 Easter	T. Price	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
	April 13-16	T. A. Hall & A. W. O. Everett	Brackenclose
M	April 28-29	B. A. Butcher	Beetham Cottage
C	May 5-6-7	D. Kirkby	Raw Head
	May 11-21	J. A. Kenyon & A. Lawson	Balmacara, Scottish Meet
M	May 19-20	W. E. Smith	Raw Head
	Mat 19-25	C. J. Wright	Glen Brittle Hut, Skye
	Spring Bank Holiday		
	May 26-28	F. G. Falkingham	Inverlochy, Dalmally (Camping)
	May 26-28	J. P. Ledebor	Salving House
M	June 2-3	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
	June 16-17	Mr. & Mrs. G. A. Townsend	Brackenclose
D	July 7-8	D. Lee	Sun Hotel, Coniston
C	July 21-22	Mr. & Mrs. D. Hamer	Birkness
	Aug 4-5	G. N. Higginson	Raw Head
	Late Summer Holiday		
	Aug 25-27	M. G. Mortimer	North Wales, Ynys Ettws
CD	Sept 8-9	The Vice Presidents	Wastwater Hotel
	Sept 22-23	Miss J. Fuller & Mrs A. Soper	Beetham Cottage
M	Oct 6-7	J. Robinson	Salving House
	Oct 27-28	The President	Annual Dinner & Meeting
D	Nov 10-11	R. Brotherton & J. Heery	Swaledale
CD	Nov 24-25	Mr. & Mrs. H. Ironfield	Salving House
	Dec 1-2	H. K. Gregory	Raw Head. Joint Meet with M.A.M.
	Dec 29-Jan 1	The President	New Year Meet, Raw Head

C = Committee D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1979-80

President	S. H. Cross
Vice-presidents	E. Ivison, H. Baxter
Hon. Secretary	A. D. Lawson
Hon. Assistant Secretary	R. Brotherton
Hon. Treasurer	J. Lane
Hon. Assistant Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Hon. Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
Hon. Chronicler	Miss M. P. Linton
Hon. Editor of Guide Books	D. Miller
Hon. Librarian	Mrs. M. J. Farrington
Hon. Assistant Librarian	P. Fleming
Hon. Dinner Secretary	W. A. Comstive
Hon. Meets Secretary	S. Clark
Hon. Huts Secretary	P. Moffat
Hut Wardens	B. A. Butcher, S. R. Charlton, J. S. Huddart, D. Rhodes, C. J. Wright.
Elective Members of Committee	Miss J. M. Aldersley, I. R. J. Angell, J. R. Coates, Miss M. Darvall, P. Fleming, Mrs. M. Hamer, R. Leather, Mrs. J. Light, M. J. Mortimer, T. C. Pickles, T. Price, J. L. Sutcliffe.

Meets 1980

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 19-20	K. D. Andrews	George & Dragon Hotel, Garrigill
CD	Feb 2-3	Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Comstive	Salving House
	Feb 16-17	L. Kendall	Raw Head
	Mar 1-7	A. Jackman	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
M	Mar 8-9	J. S. Huddart	Birkness
	Mar 15-16	C. J. Hiron	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe
	March 22-23	R. Wormald	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
	Easter		
	April 4-7	B. G. Plint	Brackenclouse
C	April 19-20	T. Meredith	Birkness
M	April 26-27	B. A. Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	May 3-4-5	J. Lamb & P. Whillance	Raw Head (Joint Meet with the Climbers Club)
	May 10-17	S. H. Cross & R. Brotherton	Kilcamb Lodge, Strontian
	May 17-24	J. H. Bowman	B.M.C. Hut, Glen Brittle
	Spring Bank Holiday		
	May 31	D. G. Roberts	Glen Etive
	June 1-2	Miss M. Darvall	Salving House
C	June 7-8	C. H. Mitchell	Birkness
	June 21-22	M. A. Griffiths	Brackenclouse
	July 5-6	Mr. & Mrs. E. Hamby	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 19-20	C. J. Wright	Brackenclouse
	Aug 2-3	Miss J. M. Aldersley	Raw Head
	Aug 23-24-25	R. D. Hamer	Wales, The Arans (Camping)
CD	Sept 13-14	The Vice Presidents	Wastwater Hotel
M	Sept 20-21	D. Rhodes	Raw Head
	Sept 27-28	P. Hay	Beetham Cottage
M	Oct 11-12	S. R. Charlton	Salving House
	Oct 25-26	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner
	Nov 8-9	Mr. & Mrs. R. Lyon	Brackenclouse
CD	Nov 22-23	Miss M. P. Linton	Salving House
	Dec 6-7	R. H. Seville	Birkness, Joint Meet with M.A.M.
	Dec 31-Jan 1	The President	New Year Meet

C = Committee D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1980-81

President	P. Moffat
Vice-presidents	H. Baxter, T. Price.
Hon. Secretary	A. D. Lawson
Hon. Assistant Secretary	R. Brotherton
Hon. Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Hon. Assistant Treasurer	K. D. Andrews
Hon. Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
Hon. Chronicler	Mis M. P. Linton
Hon. Editor of Guide Books	D. Miller
Hon. Librarian	Mrs. M. J. Farrington
Hon. Assistant Librarian	P. Fleming
Hon. Dinner Secretary	W. A. Comstive
Hon. Meets Secretary	S. Clark
Hon. Huts Secretary	P. Moffat
Hut Wardens	B. A. Butcher, S. R. Charlton, J. S. Huddart, D. Rhodes, C. J. Wright.
Elective Members of Committee	Miss J. M. Aldersley, I. R. J. Angell, Miss M. Darvall, J. Lagoe, R. Leather, G. N. Higginson, Mrs. J. Light, M. G. Mortimer, P. L. O'Neill, T. C. Pickles, J. L. Sutcliffe, A. L. Thwaites.

Meets 1981

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 10-11	Mr. & Mrs. G. Townsend	Beetham Cottage
	Jan 16-23	M. Birkhill	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
CD	Jan 31-Feb 1	A. J. Lawson	Salving House
	Feb 14-15	Mr. & Mrs. W. Young	Raw Head
M	March 7-8	J. S. Huddart	Birkness
	March 7-8	W. E. Smith	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe
	March 21-22	Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Comstive	Birkness
	March 28-29	Mr. & Mrs. S. Clark	Loch Morlich, (Camping)
	April 4-5	R. Wormald	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
	Easter		
	April 17-20	Mr. & Mrs. R. Precious	Brackenclose
M	April 25-26	B. A. Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	May 2-4	M. & R. Berzins	Raw Head (joint Climbers Club)
	May 9-16	R. Seville & Miss M. Roberts	Inchnadamph Hotel
	May 16-23	J. F. Robinson	B.M.C. Hut, Glen Brittle
	Spring Bank Holiday		
	May 22-29	F. G. Falkingham	Glen Nevis (Camping)
	May 30-31	T. C. Pickles	Salving House
C	June 6-7	Mr. & Mrs. R. Leather	Birkness
	June 20-21	P. Lord	Brackenclose
D	July 4-5	P. Fleming	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 18-19	C. J. Wright	Brackenclose
	Aug 1-2	I. Dobson & T. Parker	Raw Head
	Aug 29-31	Mr. & Mrs. C. Shone	Wales (Camping)
CD	Sept 12-13	The Vice Presidents	Wastwater Hotel
M	Sept 19-20	D. Rhodes	Raw Head
	Sept 26-27	Mrs. D. Hamer	Beetham Cottage
M	Oct. 10-11	S. R. Charlton	Salving House
D	Oct. 31	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner
	Nov 7-8	Mr. & Mrs. G. Light	Brackenclose
CD	Nov 21-22	A. G. Cram	Salving House
	Dec 12-13	Mr. & Mrs. R. Townsend	Birkness, Joint Meet with M.A.M.
	Dec 31-Jan 1	The President	New Year Meet

C = Committee D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet