

Rod Valentine, President 1992-94
(on The Archangel, Stanage)
Photograph by Mike Richardson

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THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS
87th ANNUAL DINNER, SHAP WELLS HOTEL,
6 NOVEMBER 1993

Good evening, everyone. I must say straight away that if you detect any mispronunciations or slurred speech it's not because I have had too much ale already, but I do have a heavy cold this weekend. I would also like to draw your attention to the fact that Bill Clinton and I were inaugurated as Presidents almost on the same day last November. I would, however, like to point out that Bill is being paid considerably more for his job than I am for mine, but I hope that I don't sound half as boring as he does as I deliver my speech.

Firstly, I would like to welcome all our guests and continue by introducing them. Now, there are a lot of them, so a little concentration is required. First on my right is our Chief Guest, Bob Cartwright, Head of Park Management for the Lake District National Park. Third on my right is Peter Lord, our Hut's Secretary. Next to Peter is Mike Mortimer, here tonight in his capacity as President of the Climbers' Club. Most of you will know Mike, of course, as he is a long-standing member of the Fell & Rock also. Next to Mike is Jean McCalman, Secretary of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club and then on the far right is Brian Rhodes, President of the Rucksack Club. On my left is Lindsay Cartwright. I'll just skip Tony for the minute. Third on my left is Linda Lord, then next to Linda is Douglas Laing, President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. Next to Douglas is Peter Bellarby, Senior Vice-President of the Cairngorm Club.

Seventh on my left is Bill Moores, former President of the Midland Association of Mountaineers and on the far left is Bernie Cook, President of the Wayfarers' Club. I have also invited our Hut Wardens as a mark of appreciation of the hard, time consuming and sometimes thankless tasks their work involves: Tom Parker is unable to be with us tonight but Harry Howard his Assistant is here, as are Val Young, Dave Long, Terry Parker, Roy Summerling and Alan Rowland. It never ceases to amaze me that these members expend so much time and effort in keeping huts up to scratch, all for the benefit and comfort of the rest of the Club members and yet are often criticised rather than helped. Oh, incidentally, having said that I have a complaint and that is that they tarmacked the drive at Raw Head this year and ruined the best scree run in the Lakes.

And now to my personal guest, Tony Greenbank. Tony will need no introduction to a great number of people here tonight, but for those that don't know him I'll start by pointing out that he is a long-standing member of this Club and is one of the great characters of the Lakes, being as keen

as ever on climbing. I am sure that it's his enthusiasm that rubs off on the young climbers around Ambleside where he lives, that spurs him into action.

I can remember the first time I set eyes on Tony was one Sunday in 1965 whilst walking into Gordale Scar, when I hadn't been climbing very long. I was with a group of people including John Wilkinson, whose apprentice I was at the time, when suddenly I heard this great shout of "Wilkie!" and this bloke came bounding down the scree from the left wing. One of the women in our party said "Oh, he's just showing off."

Far from it. He was buzzing from repeating one of the hard routes of the day and just greeting his mates in that unique style he has.

Like myself in those days, Tony was a fast car enthusiast and I remember on my first trip to Scotland setting off from Kendal after closing time – it was before the breathalyser – Richard Bentley and me in my tuned Ford Anglia with Tony in his brand new aubergine coloured Ford Capri 1300GT with John Hartley. Although I had a couple of hundred cc's up on Tony he still fancied his chances. The climbing that weekend was no good but the racing was great. Tony won, and to prove it he had Hartley in the back seat with a camera over Tony's left shoulder poised ready to take the shot of the speedo as he managed to screw the magic ton out of the Capri. Here's the photograph! A survivor is Tony; he also made sure everyone else knew how to as well, hence the string of books he wrote on the subject advising how to survive here, there and everywhere. Yes, Tony can survive anywhere, especially in New York's Central Park ALL night. Anyway, Tony, it's great you could make it tonight and I'm sure you'll have a great time.

Now to the Club year. A week after the Dinner last year the Coach House at Birkness was completed and ready for use and was officially opened by retiring President Syd Clark, a fitting climax to his two years as he had been in the thick of it all along the line, and to Dave Long's outstanding effort to complete this great burden he was left with, and to everyone who helped in this truly Mega project, for it's turned out to be a brilliant addition to the complex over there. Oh, by the way, there's some work going on at Beetham Cottage just now; a big project also: it's the complete refurbishment of the kitchen, of course, with a tremendous effort by members once again, particularly the Tod lot, and, you will all be pleased to know that – well, I'll quote Tom Parker from a progress letter he wrote to me a couple of weeks ago – "I burnt the 'smelly drawers', not to be confused of course with the old flannel drawers that Nellie wore." Good, eh!

Christmas followed, as it has a tendency of doing, and more and more members are choosing to make this into a major holiday and leave Britain



Tony Greenbank 'screwing the Magic Ton out of his Capri'

Photograph by John Hartley

at what is, usually, weatherwise, a miserable time of year and head further afield. Last Christmas gave brilliant skiing in the Alps and rock climbing in Spain and Malta for many members, although this time I believe the weather in the Lakes wasn't so bad either. Shortly after this the Millers sneaked off to Africa for another shot at Mount Kenya. Unlucky again I'm afraid for Dave being dogged by altitude sickness and bad weather, but at least when they had got that bit over the rest of the trip was superb.

I was climbing on Chapel Head Scar a few months ago, on one of the occasions I had scurried out of the Lakes because of the bad weather this year, when, as I was chatting to a mate of mine there – not a member of the Club, I hasten to add – he suddenly said "That's a bit flash for the Fell & Rock, innit, Rod?" "Yes", I said, "what do you think?" "Great stuff, that'll really get the Club noticed around the hills." He was, of course, referring to the bright yellow tee-shirt I was wearing, complete with the full complement of logos. A product of the amazing effort of Jill Aldersley, who undertook the task of producing the multitude of tee-shirts and sweatshirts with these logos to do exactly what my mate had done that day at Chapel Head, noticed that Fell & Rock members were out climbing and walking in vast numbers and not just fettling their huts. A very special thanks to Jill for that job, although the order form sent out to Members appeared, at first glance, to be so complicated it put a lot of people off buying. There are still a lot of tee and sweatshirts left and I

would hope that as a tribute to Jill's strenuous effort in co-ordinating this mammoth task, those members who have still not purchased anything ought to read through the order form another fifteen times and buy up the remaining stock. No, seriously, the rest of the stock is for sale here this weekend so, come on, fork out!

Syd Clark had a break in the middle of February. Not a holiday break, I hasten to add, but a badly broken wrist when he was knocked off his motorbike early one morning when travelling to work. So ensued five months off climbing and seven months off work. Yes, I have got that the right way round. As it was pointed out by Bill Bennett, you've got to make sure you're fit enough to climb before you're fit enough to go back to work. Also, it's great to see Dave Roberts well again and back climbing after his serious illness which involved five separate operations. Good luck, Dave.

When I took this job on I promised myself that the two themes on which I would work would be to attract as many young people to join, by attempting to portray the Club as one which is looking to the future of climbing, and to instigate the idea of the values of the purchase of a property in France, as I believe that the two are closely linked, as clearly many members do also, judging from the number who spend every holiday over there. This was again demonstrated at Easter in the South of France when, although it wasn't on the meets card this year because of the joint meet with the Climbers' Club in Cornwall, which I hasten to add was a great success, about sixty members and friends turned up at the same venue in Provence to spend a glorious fortnight climbing and walking and drinking and eating with the added attraction of free rides for the ladies with Steve Foxley on his motorbike. *Tout va bien* for Steve, that is, he got his mates with cars to take his gear so he could enjoy poncing about on his bike down there. Furthermore, such is the popularity of French limestone with Club members, that later on in the year a team from Leeds drove down to Orpierre for a long weekend!

Anyway, development for France could be long-term, but more immediately as far as the new membership over the year is concerned, we have done alright. A few months ago I spied a golden opportunity to poach some really young talent by attending a youth meet run by another club, of which, incidentally, I am also a member. I arrived at Malham on the Saturday morning and the weather wasn't very good so we were forced to climb off the catwalk on the lower central wall on the French-style bolted routes. Now, it's so steep down there that it doesn't get wet even when it's raining, so it's OK to climb there anytime. Anyway, they put me with this youth who looked about a third of my age. He was twice my height, half my weight, sported a couple of ear-rings and a pony tail: God,

I felt ancient, not to put too fine a point on it. Anyway, I was belaying and I watched this youth run up E5 after E5 then E6 after E6. I was struggling, but there didn't seem to be much conversation with the kid, he was just a climbing machine, and as you know I like a bit of a crack on the crags. So, I asked him if he liked anything else other than climbing: did he like fishing or drinking or anything. No, nothing. So I thought he might be one of these financial wizards or into current affairs or something like that, so I asked him what he thought about the movement within the E.R.M. "Oh, God," he said, "desperate, desperate, I totally failed to flash it. It took me ages to work out the moves between the third and fourth bolt, but I did manage it on my third red point." He seriously thought I was talking about a route! So, maybe we are better off with slightly more mature members in the Club after all.

Our joint meet with the Climbers' Club this year took place at Ynys Ettws. The weather was fantastic and incredibly 96 people signed in. Yes, we certainly have had good crack with the Climbers' Club this year. Food for thought there, I would suggest. Everyone who attended the Spring Bank meet at Waters Cottage last year was remembering the incredible weather, not even having to choose carefully where to climb and walk as everywhere was snuff dry, it was all too easy. You know what it's like. You think just because it was good last year it's going to be the same again. Well, it wasn't, it was foul. Everyone arrived on Friday night just as the weather broke and the midges were out in full strength, jaws back to their backsides. Sherpa looked as though he had gone the distance with Bruno, eyes nearly shut from his reaction to the midge bites or the couple of bottles of wine he'd already drunk before we got there, and everyone who had intended to camp, well, no chance, you could not even stand the midges for five seconds, never mind anything else, so the C.D.B. became THE DOSS. You should have seen it. For all we are tarting the huts up into something approaching five star hotels these days, it doesn't take too much to lapse into the squalor of twenty-five or thirty years ago, a la Snell's Field, the Biolay, etc. The inside of the C.D.B. turned into something akin to a refugee camp and everyone in there were in their element, believe you me, and I might say there were several very high rankers amongst us – er, them.

Flaming June continued in the same vein weather-wise, but it was brightened up, first with a rave-up at Raw Head Cottage when one of our younger members celebrated his fortieth birthday, then Wendy and Mark were married. A dazzling occasion that, but I understand that two former Presidents of the Club who were in attendance at the wedding – not mentioning any names, but they are married to each other – with all their navigational skills and sense of direction they have acquired over the last

umpteen years, almost failed to find the venue for the reception which, after all, was only round the corner from the church.

The Coniston Meet was a wet affair, but the walking was good and Chapel Head once again played its part, but the important issue here is that since the Sun Hotel threw us out, which was in itself a disaster, considering the connection it has with the Club, we have now established a relationship with the Yewdale Hotel in Coniston, which this year seemed to really consolidate itself. The dinner was fully booked, about 68 I think, and the whole evening was a great social and hospitable affair. A first class substitute for the Sun, I think.

We had much success in the Alps and more outlandish ranges this summer, both rock climbing and mountaineering-wise. But what has now become the annual Russian trip organised by the Alpine Club Sverdlovsk to the Tianshan area this year, left a little to be desired owing to the nature of the rock, and most people were forced into going trekking around the area, although Brian Swales actually did a route with one of the top Russian climbers who was on the expedition, who, during the course of the climb, was alleged to have crossed himself. Now, I have climbed with Brian a lot but I've never had to resort to that.

Also, I received an invitation via the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club to attend the first in a seminar of talks which were to be held in Ardal in Northern Norway, organised by the Slingsby Institute with regard to the close connection of the Fell & Rock and Cecil Slingsby, an original member. Now, the Slingsby Institute comprises a Management Board of the Slingsby family, the Ardal Turlag Mountaineering Club, the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club and the whole of the community of Ardal. I was quite fascinated by all this, more so as the whole of the trip was to be paid for by the Norwegians, but, with one thing and another, I was unable to go, so Ron Kenyon, our Vice President, deputised and reported that it was quite a magical trip. Ron duly gave his talk on Nature and Ecology and managed to bag a route to the summit of one of the peaks with Dougie Laing who was there representing the Scottish Mountaineering Club, so, quite a novel occasion that.

Within the Fell & Rock we have members from all walks of life with such a diversity of occupations and status. Indeed, with us tonight we have from the most esteemed Knight of the Realm to the bare-knuckle boxing champion of West Cumberland, although I understand he is thinking of giving that up as he finished up with a double hernia after his last bout. But, when we are gathered on an occasion like this we are of one accord, the love of the hills and good fellowship thereon.

So would members of the Club please join me in drinking a toast to all our guests.

AN EXCLUSIVE SKI RESORT

Andy Coatsworth

The enormous gazetteer had no such place as Parnak. The custodian of the Royal Geographical Society's Map Library gazed down on me with pity. He'd seen hopeless cases before. I read Sergei's fax again – we would fly to Saranpaul, and then go by helicopter to Parnak. Had the attempt to find somewhere new to ski become a bit too obsessional?

Finally, after eliminating on the grounds of location several similarly spelt places, I concluded that we would be going to Parnuk (64° 48'N, 59°58'E) in the Northern Urals. Excitement rose in the party upon my return from London, clutching a 1:500,000 map. No visits to the Sub-Polar Urals were known to have been made in winter, and the Russians believed that we would be the first foreigners in the area at all. The suitability of the Urals for ski-mountaineering was a matter for conjecture.

On the train from Moscow to Ekaterinburg Sergei studied some detailed maps of the area; he had obtained these from the geological survey working in the area we were to visit, but all place names and grid co-ordinates had been removed for security. This was ludicrous. In England Sergei and Misha had been amazed by my 1:500,000 scale USAF Tactical Air Map, which was instantly dubbed the 'Spy Map'. I had further surprised them by marking 'Parnuk', and asking them to confirm the location, which they could not do.

From Ekaterinburg we flew to Berozovo, and the vastness of Russia struck me even more strongly than it had while on the train. As we penetrated farther north, river, ox-bow features and lakes became more frequent. The tree pattern seemed to be closely linked to former river levees etc. The area was a geomorphologist's paradise.

We were the first Westerners in Berozovo, which had been built by some Tsar to house an unwanted Tsarina. After lunch we loaded a civilian MI-8 helicopter. A well-built fellow (I don't think this appearance was just due to his bulky parka and huge fur hat) boarded; this was Misha, the Administration Manager of the Sub-Polar Urals State Geological Prospecting Enterprise, who had made many of the local arrangements for our trip. Before we took off he pinned a picture of a religious icon on the cockpit bulkhead and crossed himself. We all took this seriously, but I later learnt that he is a great story teller, and was quite frustrated in the helicopter because there was no-one to talk to. During the flight he handed round handfuls of Siberian pine kernels. These were small and the effort needed to crack and eat them seemed disparate to any benefit, though they were certainly rich in fat and tasty. I think we all found it difficult sat there with handfuls of pine kernels, and we must have secreted Misha's donations where we could; for the rest of the expedition people

kept finding pine kernels in the many pockets that our modern outdoor clothing provided.

The first leg of the flight took us to Saranpaul, which has a population of only 4000. We took off again and flew north-west over more snow-covered woodland and lakes. As we approached the foothills the weather became very cloudy and it started snowing; the pilot dropped to about 200 feet. It became touch and go as to whether we would have to return to Saranpaul. Ominously, Sergei borrowed my map to show the helicopter pilot where we wanted to go! Then two huts appeared in a clearing, and the helicopter hovered, just touching the soft snow. We threw our gear out through the door, and jumped into the snow. Wasting no time the chopper lifted away, giving us a blast of icy air from its rotors. What on earth were we doing here I thought, as a sudden feeling of isolation washed over me?

During their visit to England in February, Sergei and Misha had stressed the basic nature of the facilities at Parnuk. They had been impressed by Rawhead Barn. It had been a skilful piece of expectation management, for we were pleasantly surprised by the accommodation upon our arrival. One hut was an old hunters' lodge, 5m by 4m with a small lobby. A welded steel box with a straight flue served as the stove. About twenty-five yards away a second hut, built more recently by the Geological Prospecting Enterprise, provided the remaining four sleeping places, but its main purpose was as a cook house. It was mounted on a tubular steel frame so as not to sink into the permafrost, which at Parnuk thaws to a depth of only about one metre in summer.

Leonid Skobel (Chief Geologist of the Sub-Polar Urals State Geological Prospecting Enterprise) was in residence. With his steel grey eyes, fat cheeks and grey hair he looked quite the frontier man, and had lived in Saranpaul for 26 years. Leonid had two pairs of skis with him; one pair of cross country, and another pair which were little more than two planks of wood, and which he used like snow shoes. During the expedition he went out hunting with his rifle (loaded and unbroken!) most days, but without success. For dinner on this first evening the Russians took some fish out of the deep freeze (the roof of the hut); this was serock, a small fish which reaches a maximum weight of about 1.5 kg.

On our second day we skinned through the forest to a peak (L1) of about 1410m. The Urals stretched north, south and west as far as the eye could see. To the east lay the flat vastness of Siberia. It was a beautiful wilderness.

I spent the evening talking with Andrei, Irina, Valentina, and Leonid, who acted as the chief spokesman and interpreter, or should I say interrogator. "Which Russian writers have I read? Do I like American literature? Have I heard of this Russian sculptor? Do I like Henry Moore?"

Do I know any Russian painters? Which philosophers do I read? Who were my favourite composers?' Dufay, Josquin des Prez, Bach and Shostokovitch – the first two produced looks of incomprehension except from Valentina, our cook, who in normal life teaches the violin.

I felt humbled by the Russians' knowledge and love of learning. Their love of the arts was surely something they clung to while having few tangible belongings, in contrast to the materialistic west. Leonid's brain was encyclopaedic, and his English excellent, although he was self taught and had never before talked with a native English speaker. His accent and diction clearly owed more to the World Service than to Radio Moscow or Radio Free Europe. Our surroundings made me think of the Yukon and prompted me to recite some of the poetry of Robert Service.

Leonid explained that the Sub-Polar Urals lie where the north-trending chain of mountains is faulted and swings through a deformation zone to the north-east before resuming a northward trend again. Parnuk is on the south-east side of the Sub-Polar section, and is thus sheltered from any wind from the north, and so comparatively mild. Saranpaul also lies in this favoured area, whereas Berozovo takes the full brunt of any polar wind. Another favourable feature of this area is that the rivers arise from springs in the mountains, and hence flow, albeit below the ice, all the year round despite the low air temperature. In summer these rivers provide good rafting trips.

The area has considerable geological interest with rocks of igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary origin, all affected by hydrothermal mineralisation. The Sub-Polar Urals are world famous for the purity (only bettered in Brazil) and extent of rock crystal (quartz) found here; it is mined for industrial and, to a lesser extent, gem purposes. The crystals grow in rock cavities, which occur within igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary rocks. It was originally picked up on the surface, but now has to be mined, by which I think was meant blasting, out of the permafrost. Rock crystals have been found of up to 2½ tonnes and 2m in height. The working year at Upper Parnuk and other surface sites is short: July, August and about half of September. However, some locations of quartz are underground and are mined the whole year round. Gold, platinum, copper, rutile, white quartz and green garnet also occur. Alluvial gold is worked in other parts of the Urals, and there are proposals to mine it in this area too. Some locals feel this would be an environmental disaster, and that the area should be preserved, and used for tourism. There is a Gold Mining Enterprise, entirely separate from the quartz enterprise, which itself employs about twenty geologists. Two sites of mother lode are known in the mountains. Marble is mined as a facing stone.

Reindeer (or caribou, we were not certain) are farmed in Saranpaul;

they migrate north over the Urals in summer, so as to find the north wind which keeps the mosquitoes away, and allow them to put on fat for the winter.

During the Russians' visit to England earlier in the year, Sergei had predicted that if it was sunny and there was no wind one would, in principle, not need any clothes; if it was windy one would need a down-filled jacket. Sergei had estimated the night time temperature as minus 10°C to minus 15°C. In fact we prepared for rather colder conditions than this, and we were better equipped than the Russians for the apparently unseasonally cold weather, frequently below minus 30°C, that prevailed.

I had a number of equipment failures which I ascribed to the low temperature. The most serious was on R2 (1540m) on the north side of the valley. For some years I had considered my Emery bindings to have a heel lock of rather light gauge wire, and an excessive amount of plastic. The bindings repaid this lack of confidence at a most inopportune moment. The last 200m of ascent of R2 were icy, so those with harscheisen used them; the others removed their skis and walked to the top. Although it was as warm as minus 14°C on the top, the cold Polar wind was very chilling, and we did not intend to linger. As I locked my bindings back into the heel-down position to ski down, I broke off a piece of plastic. With Sergei holding the spring clamp I managed, with rapidly freezing fingers, to engage the downhill mode, and I knew I would at least be able to get down. The others were well on their way down by the time Sergei and I left the summit. We had not gone far, when Sergei noticed that my nose had gone white. Both Stuart and Keith also spotted frost nip on each other; the 'Buddy-Buddy' system of looking after each other in pairs is essential in such conditions. Continuing down, Sergei and I left the wind-crust above us, and encountered some good powder snow, which we were too stiff with cold to fully enjoy.

Later in the expedition I had breakages to the plastic tongue and plastic strap of my Koflach Ascona boots. Some plastic boots are suitable for cold weather and some are not.

On arrival at base camp from R2 we consumed copious cups of both tea and 'chaga'. We were becoming quite keen on 'chaga', which is a local 'tea' made by boiling for some twenty minutes an encrustation found on birch trees. There is some doubt as to whether it is petrified sap or a fungus.

We then went in groups of four or five to the sauna, which Valery and Sergei, the doctor, had built on the bank of the river. We went in, careful in the candlelight not to touch hot rocks. Twice we exited wet with sweat to climb down steps cut in the ice to reach the river, having to break the frozen surface before immersing ourselves. After two cycles of this

punishment I returned glowing to the hut, feeling very good indeed.

Christos vaskris! Voyistinu voskres! These are the traditional Easter greeting and response. Actually the Easter of the Russian Orthodox Church was not for another week, but the Russians had asked when we celebrated Easter. These old phrases, like other customs, are coming back. I could see that resurgence of the Russian Church was inextricably linked with a rekindling of Russian identity and the Russian culture with which the Church is interwoven.

Breakfast comprised rice porridge, salted fish, and an Easter egg each. The eggs had been hard boiled while wrapped with onion skins so as to dye the shells, decorated with a painted pattern and inscribed with 'Ch.R' to signify "Christ is risen". We handed round small chocolate eggs.

The weather was poor and Stuart and I felt some search practice with avalanche transceivers would be desirable. This exercise proved the twin necessities of inserting batteries AND switching the set on.

After dinner Sergei produced a guitar and sang some songs, with which the Russians all joined. Our singing was less participative, but Paddy, Peter and Tim responded with some English songs, and I gave a couple of tune sets on the concertina. I'd had a brief practice earlier in the geologists' rock storage shed, where a temperature of about minus 20°C gave a new meaning to warming up.

The following day it was minus 20°C first thing, but quickly warmed up with a clear blue sky. We followed the river Parnuk up the valley. Leonid's dog, Misha, decided to come too. Ski touring with this big dog gave plenty of photo opportunities. The river was also very attractive, as the cover of ice had retreated quite a bit, and there were many pools where one could watch the flowing water in the sunlight.

Misha accompanied us to within 200m of the top of L2. The view of R1 was excellent; we could see the ridges separating some promising looking snow-filled gullies. Some people favoured making a traverse to the next peak up the valley; others favoured returning by our ascent route. The resulting democratic decision taking was in true FRCC style, but Paddy used the scene to explain to Sergei the English word 'Rabble'. The plod back to the hut was dreary; we would have been much faster in the valley sections on cross-country or Telemark skis.

When we arrived back, Misha was tied up outside the hut in disgrace; he should have stayed with Leonid. The rest of us felt sorry for Misha. After yesterday's avalanche transceiver practice, I had more confidence in being found by Misha than by my fellows, had I become buried.

We had just about exhausted the targets within easy reach of the huts, and establishing a camp further up the valley instead of making one-day trips seemed essential. Such a base was achieved near the top of the tree

line on a level patch, where there was a trickle of water accessible through the snow and ice. To save petrol we wanted to use a wood fire as much as possible, and Andrei proved to be a master frontiersman. He had carried a two handled saw about three feet long and an axe strapped to his rucksack. We used our remaining energy cutting down trees, sawing and splitting logs. Keith and I had difficulty in distinguishing between wet and dry wood before cutting a tree down; we first tested each tree with an axe, but wasted much effort on felling unsuitable timber. Another difficulty was that without skis one sank waist deep into the snow, but manoeuvring oneself around a tree while wearing skis introduced other problems. Andrei had to teach us to split the logs the way the tree grows; how ignorant we felt!

In February we had suggested to the Russians that we would dig snow holes to sleep in away from base. They had replied that they would take sufficient tents for the party. In this they had undoubtedly been correct, as snow holes would have been impossible to make in the cold unconsolidated snow.

I watched two dippers flitting about above the part-frozen stream at this camp, and later some titmice.

Poor weather kept us in camp, where we taught the Russians to play liar dice. Andrei was particularly difficult to second guess because he took quite a long time to learn the rules, and he has a permanent grin, so one couldn't tell when he was confused about the game and when he was really lying. The game became more lively, that is the lies became more extravagant, as the bottom of Paddy's bottle of vodka was neared.

Each day Andrei got up an hour before anyone else, and then appeared with a canteen, shouting, "Hot water!" He was definitely the Gunga Din of the Sub-Polar Urals.

Unfortunately poor weather forced abandonment of our plans and we plodded back down the valley after two nights. On arrival back at the hut we were taught to make pelmeni, which are pasta envelopes filled with caribou meat boiled in water.

Friday 24 April was a brilliant day as we skinned up L3, but it was very cold on the top – no place to linger. In descent I did not make the best use of the light powder, feeling the shortness of my 170 cm skis.

As soon as the first group came out of the sauna, we started Sergei's birthday party back at the hut with a special bottle of vodka. A pleasant variation was a vodka to which roasted pine kernels and sugar had been added several days previously, similar to the making of sloe gin. Sergei was on top form; he fetched his guitar, and sang some songs. Stuart attempted some Cossack dancing on the table, kicking over the last bottle of Scotch in the process, and Ken attempted to give the salted fish the kiss

of life. We ate pelmeni with some hesitation because Andrei had apparently added some whole peppercorns to two of the three hundred or so little pelmeni – a sort of Russian roulette. A great delicacy was frozen strips of raw caribou dipped in a bowl of salt and pepper; I could only compare it with Parma ham or the best of the dried meat I had eaten in South Africa. A salted fish, similar to salmon but more fatty, went down really well, and would be very expensive on the delicatessen counter in Harrod's. Leonid turned out to be a master story teller, relating going to a party with a friend, each taking a bottle of cod liver oil, instead of a bottle of vodka, which they tempted each other into drinking. My final memories of the evening were of Stuart falling backwards in the wooden (!) hut while demonstrating fire-breathing with some kerosene.

One member fell and hit his head on the stove after we came back to the hut. Keith found him about an hour and a half later lying deep in a pool of blood, cleaned him up and put him in his sleeping bag. The doctor was so drunk as to be incapable of rendering assistance, spending twenty minutes trying to put on a duvet jacket upside down. Thus the only time during our entire trip that we needed the doctor, he was unavailable!

Only teetotaler Keith was normal in the morning. Some of us discussed going back to the camp site so as to make a second attempt to get to High Parnuk. We would need to be on our guard, as the bears wake up from their hibernation on either 26 or 27 April, virtually independent of the weather conditions. Eventually Stuart, Keith, Paddy, Andrei and I shuffled the 12 km back to our camp site, a plod which certainly cleared some blinding hang-overs.

On the way up I saw footprints of foxes, hares and some sort of deer. I also noted mistletoe growing on a pine, which I didn't think was the sort of tree for this parasite. The pines are mainly on the slopes, while the alluvial terraces support birch and higher up possibly alder.

We pitched the tent, felled and cut up two large trees; we would not be winning an energy efficiency award. We boiled water and cooked over the fire, having not even brought a stove this time. A chedrovka, which looks like a large thrush, was eating some caribou meat we had buried at the end of our last stay. A loaf we had left was frozen so hard that we had to cut it with the two-man saw; a subsequent attempt to toast the loaf on the fire left one end burnt and the other still frozen. We did not enjoy our Raven dehydrated meals; only the fruit cocktail was popular. Sergei had previously explained to me that when he had been in the Himalaya with American mountaineers they preferred Russian food to their own dehydrated packs. Sergei had an excellent lightweight pressure cooker to make real food practical at high altitude; on examining it I found it somewhat lacking in safety features, but I still coveted it.

Sunday 26 April was Russian Easter; we wondered if those back at base camp were enjoying a second Easter breakfast. We had muesli premixed with dried milk powder, to which we just added boiling water. The Russian porridge, which we had taken on our previous camping trip, required forty minutes to cook. Andrei had not eaten muesli before, but thought it a much better idea than the dehydrated meals we had introduced him to the night before.

We left and almost immediately were passing through undulating woodland, quite unlike the flat river valley below our camp site. Once above the tree line we believed that we were following the route horses use in summer between the base camp and High Parnuk. Leonid had shown us the route on his large scale map before we left; the final stage up to the plateau was a series of zigzags, which upon inspection we decided to be too rocky for skis, so we went up a steep slope to the left of the horse route. Andrei took off his skis, and before long it was too steep for us to ski, even with harscheisen. I used my ice-axe for the first and last time on this trip, other than as a tent peg in deep snow and as a handle for my snow shovel.

With great elation we rose on to the watershed between Europe and Asia. At High Parnuk the geologists' summer camp was marked by the wooden frames, over which canvas would be stretched in the summer weeks, and by a generator. The miners were only prospecting here. The scenery was much more dramatic than anything we had seen lower down the valley. The mountain immediately to the west had a long and incredibly jagged ridge; Leonid had referred to it as 'Inaccessible' because it had so many geological faults. In fact we thought it would make a very good climb in summer. However, many, of what would otherwise have been very good winter routes, were not suitable because of the covering of unconsolidated snow.

We examined rock outcrops and some spoil heaps left by the geologists, packing our sacks with choice pieces of quartz crystal. The British went up a nearby peak of about 1650m, from which a panorama of two continents could be seen. The way down into Europe looked very steep.

Stuart and Keith skied down by our ascent route. Paddy and I had intended skiing further to the west, down a slope which Andrei was descending using my ice-axe. It was long and very steep; we would have done it in the Alps, but our remoteness dictated caution, and with tiring muscles we traversed back to our ascent route. This detour cost us dear because the snow had deteriorated in the brilliant sunshine since Keith and Stuart had painted delicate scrolls embracing the fall-line of the virgin canvas. Paddy and I made rather heavy weather of this steep slope with breakable crust, and were glad to reach the bottom. At the time Stuart

scoffed at our slow descent, but later admitted that he and Keith had measured the average slope as 45°, and that the average black piste in the Alps is only 28°, with all the benefits a piste brings. We gave the exhausted Andrei Mars bars and such like, but although he needed the energy, he saved them for his children. We skied back to camp with our bindings in downhill mode, not needing skins. This was much easier than our usual return along the flat river bed, but alarming at times as we squeezed at speed between birch trees with low hanging branches. Birch twigs hurt, but not as much as a birch tree would have hurt.

After a nine and a half hour trip we were back at the tent, and soon enjoying a cup of tea. Andrei was shattered; he looked after the fire and was happy for us to do anything physical that was required. He grilled some caribou kebabs over the embers, and I don't think it was just our hunger that made these taste so delicious.

This was the outstanding day of our trip; beautiful mountains and a real feeling of being pioneers. I retired to bed with cold feet, but on quite a high.

After a balmy night and with a heady minus 10°C at 8 am, we breakfasted on muesli and coffee, as we watched the hills disappear behind cloud and a few snow flakes fall. We abandoned plans of doing any more ascents, and had a rapid ski down the frozen tracks to base camp. At base camp Sergei was keen to hear about High Parnuk for future reference, and I did not need any knowledge of Russian to realise that Andrei was giving glowing reports of his Easter Sunday.

Peter, Ruth, Ken and Tim arrived back after quite a long day to report having seen a white hare, some caribou, a black squirrel, and tracks where a pack of wolves had torn up some hapless animal.

We studied the maps to see where we had been; we still could not believe that the maps obtained from Leonid were as large a scale as the 1:25,000 he claimed, yet a spot check between two landmarks tallied reasonably well with my 1:500,000 map. The truth was that we had not covered big distances, although months later in England we were still doubtful about the scale of Leonid's map. Over our final evening meal, discussion of Stuart's fire-breathing led onto Molotov Cocktails, which to our amazement we had to explain. Blame any future civil unrest in Russia on the FRCC.

The helicopter came on 28 April. We took off and were afforded a fine view of the nearer peaks that we had climbed, with our tracks up the river clearly visible. The clarity of the cold winter air gave breathtaking views of this vast chain of mountains, as we swung away eastwards to Saranpaul. We flew over a group of three gold-working lagoons on a river flowing east from the Urals. I could visualise the pollution of which Leonid is so

fearful, should gold-mining of alluvial deposits be extended. As we passed over the frozen land of trees, snow and ice, I noticed that pine dominated on higher ground, and what I took to be birch or alder lower down. Rivers meandered aimlessly with no sense of direction from ox-bow to ox-bow. Trees grew in thin lines, which I believed to be either river levees or the polygonal edges of ice wedges.

Back in Saranpaul we visited the offices of the Geological Enterprise, where Leonid proudly showed us around a museum, which had the finest collection of crystals that I had ever seen. Uncut crystals, polished crystals, polished facing stones, and finished jewellery were laid out, and prices hastily quoted in US dollars.

We went to Saranpaul's Civic Office, over which flew the new Russian flag, but where a picture of Lenin dominated the council meeting room. The local officials were hedging their bets. We were introduced to the Deputy, the Chief Geologist of the Gold Mining Enterprise, the Manager of the Caribou Enterprise and the Planning Officer. Sergei was working hard on the PR front, in part to justify the special permission which had been granted for our visit, and no doubt to ease any future visits. We were introduced as being very good climbers; I thought Sergei was laying it on a bit thick, but as our weather-beaten faces contrasted starkly with those of the officials, I conceded that we at least looked the part. The manager of the Caribou Enterprise explained that it also farmed silver fox; privately I wondered if he knew furs were out of fashion in the west. The Planning Officer was keen to hear our views on the tourist potential of the region. She shared my concern over the difficulty of bringing in significant numbers of visitors without damaging the wilderness.

We flew on to Berozovo. The police welcomed us, and even took our luggage to the hotel, a warm wooden establishment with comfortable twin-bedded rooms, but disgusting toilets. The tap water was as brown as a pint of Jennings'. Drinking water was the same colour; I assumed it had been boiled until I found a large insect swimming in it. The hotel had a small restaurant, but all they could offer us was bilberry jam roly-poly.

The Russians stayed up late to watch an English football match on TV, puzzled as to our lack of interest. That night we slept very soundly, although we all woke with various aches and pains after our first night in a soft bed for two weeks. The food shop was evidently a popular meeting place for pensioners, despite the paucity of produce, some twenty lines in all, mainly jars of beetroot, tomatoes, jams and packets of various grains – no fresh produce at all. Berozova was very cold, and Tim, Peter, Ruth and I retired to the warmth of the hotel for a rubber of Bridge.

As we flew back to Ekaterinburg I had that familiar end of ski tour experience – the thaw had begun. I soon saw rivers which were flowing.

Browns increasingly supplanted white, which had dominated our view for two weeks. The following day we went to Polarex, a communications organization established for a Russian-American expedition, to send a fax back to the UK. The plot adjacent to Polarex was derelict; a cross crudely mounted between some breeze blocks had been raised to commemorate the place of execution of the Tsar and his family.

After a forlorn stop at an empty bread shop, we arrived at the edge of the forest, and had a pleasant walk through the trees to 'Devil's Rocks'. Only Sergei, Ken and Keith really did much climbing on these curiously-shaped dolerite rocks, which closely resembled Brimham Rocks, even down to the graffiti.

In the evening the Russians gave us a farewell party in Sergei's flat. Everyone gave a speech, those speaking last finding originality elusive. Small gifts and addresses were exchanged. The parting insight into this changing country came from the Moscow passport official, who offered to stamp Stuart's passport for \$5. After 3 weeks with Stuart I could have predicted the blunt response. But how did he know the fellow's name was Boggarov?

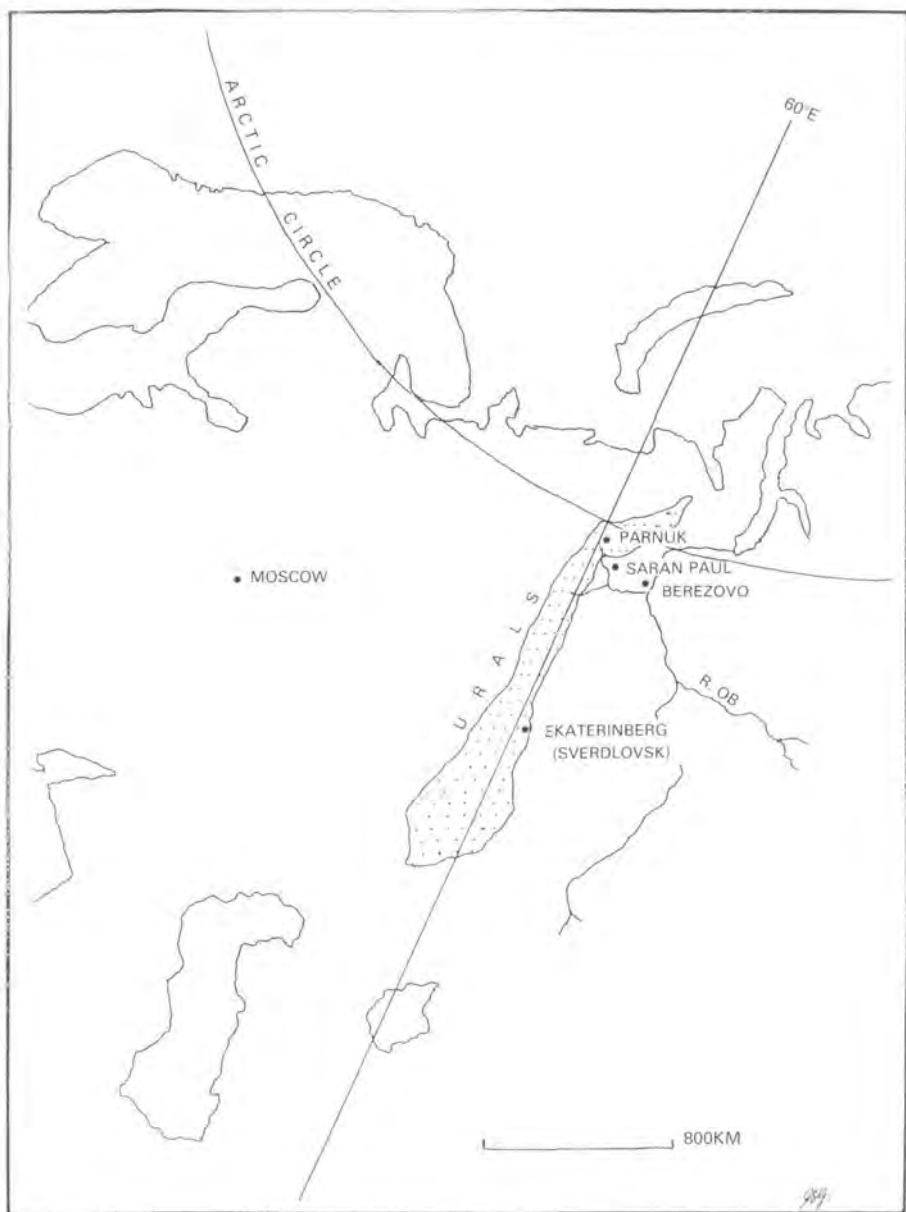
'MAMBA' COUNTRY

Stuart Gallagher

Visibility was deteriorating rapidly as our MI-8 helicopter swung right and left as it followed the Parnuk river into the heart of the Urals. Eventually the pilot, using sophisticated eyeball navigation, saw what he was looking for: two small wooden cabins and a clearing in the stunted birch forest. He brought the MI-8 down to a zero altitude hover and we rapidly unloaded our equipment and some boxes of food that we had picked up at Saranpaul on our way from Berozovo. With us crouching by the gear he took off immediately in a maelstrom of flying snow.

We were welcomed by four Russians already in residence. They had come up some days earlier by 'truck' belonging to the Geological Expedition based in Saranpaul. This 'truck' caused some conjecture among us as we wondered what sort of vehicle could negotiate 70km of the taiga of the West Siberian Plain. Our gear was dumped in the larger of the two cabins and we went along to the other where Valentina, the cook, had prepared the first of a continuous supply of food. The other residents consisted of Leonid, Andrei and Valery. Leonid, a geologist from Saranpaul, who was attached to our expedition, spoke excellent English and was a mine of information not only on the geology and geography of the area but also the flora and fauna. He had also drawn some contour maps for us to a scale of approximately 1:25,000. Andrei was to accompany us on some of our trips and Valery's job was to cut wood and keep base camp running. Valery was so efficient at wood cutting and stove fuelling that at one time there was a 60°C temperature difference between the exterior and interior of our cabin. The Russians who had arrived with us were Sergei Efimov, veteran of Everest, Cho Oyo and Makalu; Sergei Nudga the doctor, whom some of us had met in the Pamirs in 1990 (see *Journal* No. 73) and Irina Andreeva the translator. The British contingent consisted of one female and eight male members of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club.

The Sub-Polar Urals are little known even inside Russia and prior to our visit had never been explored by mountaineers. Sergei's only previous visit had been in February to recon the area and to make sure the two cabins, originally built for geological expeditions in the 30s and 50s, were habitable. Andy's research in England showed that no Briton had ever been there except perhaps for an Englishman in the 1880s. The Urals are of only a modest altitude, with the mountains surrounding the Parnuk valley reaching only 1500m. It is their latitude and remoteness that makes them serious. Very few of the mountains have names and the only one named in our valley, Inaccessible Mountain, appropriately wasn't visible



from base. The lack of names and accurate heights led us to label them according to which side of the valley they lay viewed from base and the order in which they were ascended. Yes, we were aware that this is the wrong way to do it! The main problem we anticipated would be low temperatures and we hoped that our mainly alpine gear would be adequate. In fact, the temperature never rose above zero and our thermometer, which had a minimum of -30°C , went off the scale on a number of occasions.

The day after our arrival, 16 April, we fitted skins to skis and set off up the valley with Sergei. After fighting through mixed birch and pine forest for three hours, during which time we could see little of the surrounding mountains, Sergei decided it was far enough for the first day and that we should turn back. However, Ken, Keith and I wanted to get out of the forest and ascend a modest mountain to the north. Sergei, unsure of our competence, was not entirely happy with this and elected to accompany us. I pointed out that his avalanche transceiver was not compatible with ours and as ski-mountaineering was a new game to him and we had little idea of possible avalanche risk, he rejoined the rest of the team returning to base. Before leaving us he insisted we take his radio, with strict instructions to contact base every hour.

Two hours after leaving Sergei we emerged on the summit of the mountain that henceforward became known as R1. In descent we took a different line and it turned out to be what we had hoped for – good powder snow. Unfortunately, like all ski-mountaineering descents, it was over too soon and once back at the treeline we had to break trail to rejoin the tracks left by the rest of the team.

The next day the whole team gave L1 a thrashing. Andrei, on telemark skis with home-made bindings, reached the summit on foot through deep snow because the slopes were too steep for his skis. We traversed the mountain to a col to the NW and descended steep powder into the valley bottom which was choked with avalanche debris – the only sizeable avalanche we saw on the whole trip. Andrei retraced the ascent route.

It was prudent not to return to Parnuk base too early in the day, otherwise Valentina began a force-feeding programme that could last for hours. Evenings were spent around the 'dining table' where 'wide-ranging discussions' took place. It was during one of these soirees that Paddy committed a verbal gaff that kept the team amused for days. Trying to explain to the Russians, in very simple English, where he lives he said [quote] "I live at the bottom of a lake." This brought about many frank exchanges of views.

The following three days saw first an ascent of R1 during the descent of which three of us had to stop to re-warm noses and hands that had turned

white. This was followed by a sauna in the small 'bath house' built by the geological expedition. Bad weather the next day gave us all a chance to practice locating avalanche transceivers. The following day the whole team ascended L2. Sergei, Ken, Keith, Paddy, John and I continued to traverse L3 and L4 and finished with a drop off the cornice into the steep northern corrie of the mountain, eventually returning to the valley and an 8km flog along the river back to base.

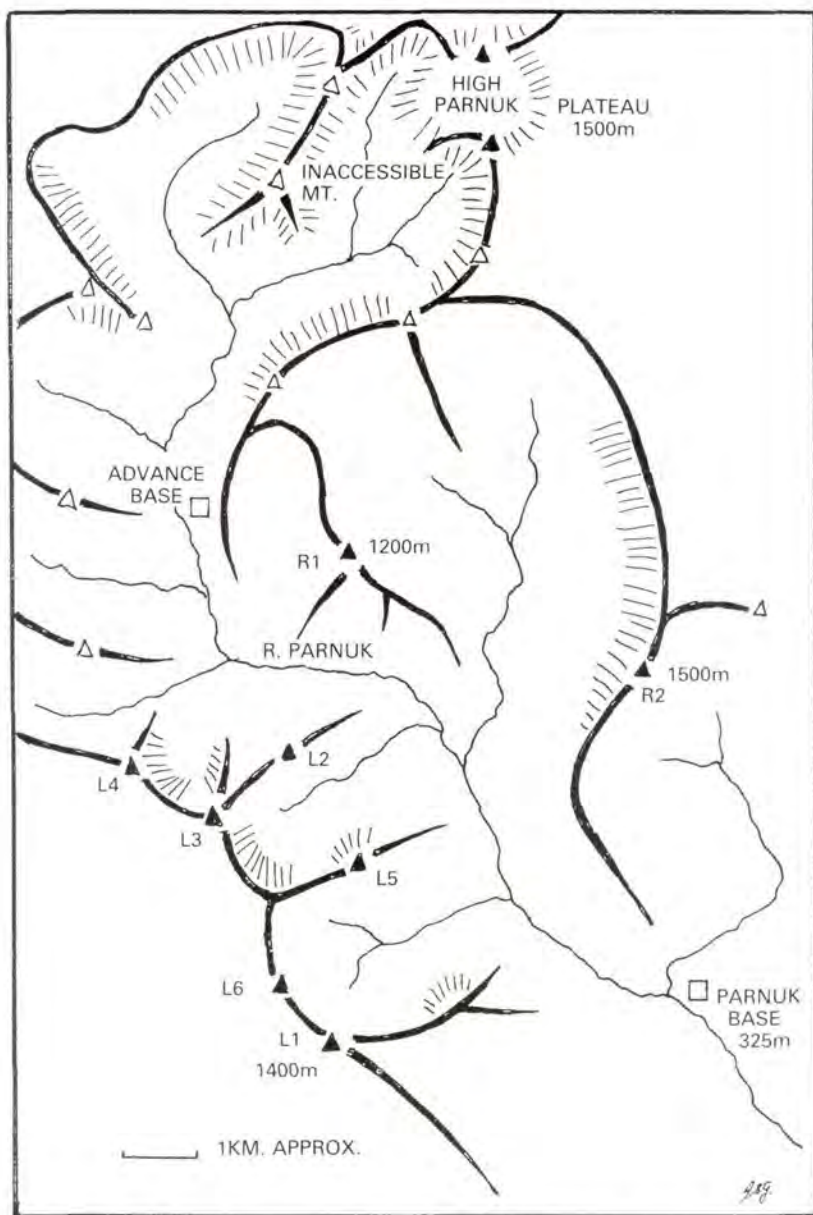
By this time we had virtually exhausted the summits within easy reach of base, so it was decided to take three tents and four days' food and establish another base further up the valley. It was at this point that John played his ace: a rib bruising problem caused by a fall in the shower of our Moscow hotel confined him to base. The tents were overcrowded with eleven of us but we spent a cosy night to waken to falling snow and poor visibility. To kill time and try to ease the overcrowding, Keith and I built a snow shelter. It was during building operations we discovered that we may have been skiing dangerous snow. About 30cm below the surface down to the ground the snow was like sugar, without any cohesion at all and impossible to compress into blocks. We rationalised this by deciding that it was a valley snow phenomena only. We overcame the problem by constructing a roof by laying branches on top of the walls and covering them with snow. During the night the snow continued and the wind strengthened, causing us to retreat to base leaving food in the shelter in the hope of returning.

The following day an ascent of L5 was made in a wind so cold that we spent only minutes on the summit, but we were rewarded with an excellent descent in deep powder. Valery, Andrei and Doctor Sergei in our absence had flashed up the sauna, which we again sampled in shifts of four. There then followed a rather heavy drinking session to celebrate both Efimov's 48th birthday and the day I was due to become a grandfather for the first time. Whisky and vodka flowed freely and by drinking to Russian rules – i.e. down in one – we were very quickly legless. Leonid treated us to raw frozen caribou meat and raw fish. Later there was Cossack dancing and fire-blowing using paraffin.

In the late morning, with crippling hangovers, Andrei, Paddy, Andy, non-drinking Keith and I returned to our advance base. That night was probably the coldest of the trip and Andrei suffered in the tent in a sleeping bag he described as 'so-so'.

The next day was, for us, the best one. We skinned up to the head of the valley past the crags and magnificent gendarmed-2km ridge of Inaccessible Mountain to High Parnuk Plateau, where we were able to sit in the sun and look westward into Europe and eastward into Asia.

The ascent had been steep and icy. Andrei had abandoned his skis at



MAIN SUMMITS AND WATERSHEDS

- ▲ SUMMITS ASCENDED
- //// STEEP SLOPES AND CRAGS

the foot of the 300m rocky ridge leading to the plateau. We too continued on foot, carrying skis when harscheisen gave less security than we would have liked. Thinking the slopes we had ascended would still be icy, Andrei borrowed Andy's ice-axe to descend to the west, on slopes that Leonid's map showed to be less steep. Both Paddy and Andy elected to ski the same slope while Keith and I opted for a 40° gully to the left of the ascent ridge. After a steep and exciting ski descent we waited at the bottom of the gully for the rest of the team. Andrei appeared first, traversing deep snow to reach us in a state of near exhaustion. Looking back up at the gully the other two appeared and made a slow descent. The slope that had looked gentle on Leonid's map had turned out to be steep and rocky and had forced them down our descent route.

Overnight the weather deteriorated so we returned direct to base instead of having a go at another top on the way back. In our absence Peter and Ruth, representing the age extremes in our party at 68 and 26 respectively, with Sergei had ascended L6, thus completing all the summits on the south side of the valley.

Our arrival back at base coincided with that of the 'truck' which had come up to take some gear back to Saranpaul. The 'truck' was in fact a fully-tracked ex-army amphibious personnel carrier, driven by a wild Siberian, Misha, whose wide smile displayed stainless steel and gold teeth.

Our twelve days at Parnuk had come to an end. We had enjoyed some good ski-mountaineering without the normal problems of altitude and crevasses, in beautiful, remote, uninhabited mountains – a real wilderness experience.

The friendliness of our Russian hosts and the good food they provided will remain as a strong memory. The weather in the main had been good but we found it strange that Sergei, a trained scientist, should put his faith in forecasts provided by an astrologer whose predictions were proved wrong daily.

The scope for ski-mountaineering in the Sub-Polar Urals, on either alpine or telemark skis, is wide. The real challenge of the area would be to do a long north-south traverse. If the area is to become popular, as the Russians hope, then a chain of simple huts would need to be established, but this is most unlikely in the present economic climate. We had hoped to do some snow and ice climbing but there was little névé and less ice – perhaps later in the spring would be better. There does appear to be scope for rock-climbing, but the summers are plagued by mosquitoes: autumn seems as though it would be a good time.

Two days after leaving Parnuk, travelling by helicopter and light plane, we arrived back in Ekaterinberg. After a day at the local crag and a party at Sergei's we boarded a train for the 28-hour journey to Moscow and the

plane home.

Oh! MAMBA country – 'Miles And Miles of Bugger All' (John Wilkinson).

Fell & Rock Climbing Club members: Andy Coatsworth, Stuart Gallagher, Keith Lambley, Pete Moffat, Ruth Moffat, Ken Mosley, Paddy O'Neill, Tim Pickles and John Robinson.

Russian party: Irina Andreeva; Sergei Efimov, Andrei Kobpukuy, Valery Samojilin, with Sergei Nudga and Valentina Chegnikova, all from Ekaterinberg. Leonid Skobel from Saranpaul.

TRA MARE E MONTI (TMEM), CORSICA

Joyce M. Cosby

For a number of years I had wanted to go to Corsica but Brian wasn't interested because of the bandits! Many members of the Fell and Rock are lovers of the island and assured me that nowadays there is a great lack of bandits!

When in casual conversation with Hillary Moffat it turned out that she wanted a walking holiday in Corsica and May 1993 seemed an opportune time as Peter was away. We decided to have a go at the Tra Mare e Monti (between sea and mountain) regardless of the bandits.

Neither of us wanted to carry heavy loads, as had Hillary when she did the GR20 with Peter, so we were pleased to find that we could mostly stay in Refuges and Gîtes d'Etape.

Eunice and Dave Sinclair of the Rucksack Club had done most of this route the year before and gave us much helpful information about accommodation, shops, water, etc., so all we carried were waterproofs, spare clothing, emergency food, Karrimat and sleeping bag. We could have slept out if necessary (it wasn't). I carefully weighed everything and pared the weight down to 14lbs before food for the day, which I thought was pretty good.

Arriving in Calvi, Hillary knew we could get a taxi from the airport to the C.A.F. Refuge in Calenzana where both the GR 20 and the TMEM start.

We arrived in glorious sunshine at about eleven a.m. on Sunday and sat in the garden of the refuge sorting ourselves out and trying to converse with the warden's brother, who had a hare lip and spoke no English! We had maps (borrowed from the O'Neills who also lent us a lot of guidebooks, etc.) and a copy of the *Walks in Corsica Grande Randonnée* published by Robertson McCarta. These, combined with the waymarking, were really all we needed.

Wandering into Calenzana, a delightful village, we found the whole village *en fête* with music playing, floats and a procession all converging at the *place* outside a lovely old church. This was a great start to the holiday and we were amazed at the high standard of the costumes in a village the size of Coniston. We finished off an interesting day with an excellent meal in a local *auberge* and a bottle of red wine which Hillary liked so much she carried two bottles home for Peter at the end of the holiday.

The next day we set off for Bonifatu, about five hours away. The distances between recommended overnight stops were given in hours, rather like the times for getting to Alpine Huts. The GR 20 and the TMEM start at the same place but soon diverge and we took the west

route to the Bocca au Corsu col, at 581m, with a fine view back to the village and the sea. We followed the orange way-marking paint splashes through the Forêt de Sambucca, crossing another col of 454m down to a bridge across the Ficarella, along the river bank and up to the forest inn at Bonifatu. A lovely walk in the sun until the late afternoon, with flowers – particularly cistus and giant fennel, lots of dwarf thorny broom and asphodels – to a lovely inn where we met up with a French party we'd kept meeting all day. Slept very comfortably here and ate very well indeed. There was no shop for day food but we had bought in at Calenzana and as Hillary is allergic to cheese, which the French seem to serve at every evening meal, I ate her portion for my lunches!

The next day to Tuvarelli started very wet indeed and was given as taking seven hours. However, we pressed on through the maritime pine woods wearing cagoules over our shorts and arrived at the exposed Bonassa col 1153m where we got very wet. It wasn't cold or windy as we dropped down through beautiful woods on rather slippery wet rock for about two hours. A watery sun came out and it got hotter and brighter so we sat on a rock overlooking the hamlet of Tuvarelli, our destination, and dried out. Again a lovely stone *gîte* where we were welcomed and forced to sit down with an ice-cold beer!

We were enjoying the whole ambience of Corsica; the feeling of freedom, the lack of any serious mountaineering difficulties moving through the mountains and down to the sea again, the wonderful hospitality and friendliness of the people, above all the *maquis* with its aromatic scent that we had heard so much about.

So to Galeria, four and a half hours on; an easy day, crossing and recrossing the River Fango on large smooth rocks, then a bit of road walking until we reached a five-span bridge (designed by Eiffel) on the Galeria road. We crossed and soon turned up a track through the *maquis* which climbed to 170m with a fine view over the estuary. The road walk here was the only tedious bit in the whole ten days! The descending track through waist-high pink and white cistus gave beautiful views of the blue Mediterranean waters of Galeria bay.

Galeria has a shop, restaurants, and a *gîte* with a tiled balcony where we sat reading for an hour or so feeling very sybaritic! The beach was a disappointment as the sand was greyish and rather messy; the village was a bit straggly but had a certain charm.

The next day was a delight with glorious weather – an interesting five and a half hour walk following the river then climbing up to a rocky ridge and following its crest to the Punta di a Literniccia, 778m, overlooking Girolata, descending through the woods and *maquis* to this little fishing village that can only be reached on foot or by boat. A ruined fort on a

headland of apricot-coloured rock, a delightful beach with a few boats moored in the bay and another excellent *gîte* right on the shore. Paradise indeed! We were the only guests and were welcomed by Gérard and Joseph who caught us a John Dory each for our evening meal. Delicious! We walked along the shore in the evening light looking at that glorious pink rock and the clustered cottages with tiled roofs. Girolata is now another of my favourite places!

Curzu was our next destination, six and a half hours away. We left Girolata (rather reluctantly) and climbed up a rocky path following the ridge and through the cistus, broom, asphodels, etc. to a secondary road which we crossed, and immediately turned N.E. up the ridge finally to the Punta di Tartavellu, 825m. Here we followed the path to a flowery col and along a narrow ridge, exposed in parts, to Capu di Curzu, 852m, a jolly little peak with an outstanding view. Then down a very tortuous path to a great welcome and a very pleasant overnight stay.

We looked forward to a lovely, easy day; three hours to Serriera, and this it proved to be. Our way went through the village, climbed up and followed the path above the bay of Caspiu, along the contour of the hill with superlative views of the sea and mountains, then wandered down to the village of Serriera.

After a comfortable night in a hotel we set off for Ota, six and a half hours away. Crossing the river we headed up through the forest full of tall junipers, tree heathers – ten and twelve feet high – and sweet chestnut trees, to the ridge of Capu San Petru. The summit had an impressive view of Porto, the largest town we had seen so far. Descending through pine woods with a heathery undergrowth we saw a small building – a chestnut drier. The path led down through the Vitrone ravine with its walls of pinky-orange porphyry, to follow a series of ridges (that seemed to go on forever!), until it reached Ota. We were tired that day but soon recovered after wining and dining *Chez Felix!*

Ota was a large village with shops, so we stocked up and set off for the Spelunca gorge, first crossing the River Porto by the high graceful 'Genoese bridge', Ponte Vecchiu. The path then enters the gorge at the junction of the two rivers and follows the river bed, gradually steepening up to another 'Genoese bridge' where it becomes very spectacular with enormous rock cliffs on either side. The way climbs up through the maritime pines and opens out to a magnificent vista over the gorges and Gulf of Porto. We followed the path for a while and, much to our surprise, on climbing a low stone wall came upon a tarmac road leading to Evisa.

We bought provisions for lunch here and pressed on to more sweet chestnut woods for a picnic. As we were about to settle down a wild pig appeared, rooting through the undergrowth! I took its photograph. It

ignored us and wandered off, much to our relief! The path then led down to a cable footbridge, of Himalayan standards (well almost!), which we crossed near an abandoned hamlet, through more chestnut trees to the village of Marignana. The lady at the *gîte* was a bit surprised to see us, but gave us a makeshift meal rather apologetically. We had found it was a good idea to telephone ahead and order a meal. The *gîtes* were not full; indeed, in a few we were the only guests.

Our last day in the hills was to take us to Revinda, which was a private refuge six and a half hours away. We left the village past the old church looking for that all-important orange marker. The way climbed up through the forest to a remarkable viewpoint at 920m, looking down the valley to the sea and upwards towards the high central mountains which were snow-capped. The path continued over slabs and through low *maquis* of yellow broom, white and pink cistus, dark purple French lavender and tall, white asphodels, always with views to the sea and the mountains behind, coming eventually to the col, Bocca Acquaviva, 1102m, which was sweet with wild thyme and other low-growing aromatic herbs. From the col we dropped steeply down the slabby rocks into the tall *maquis* of the Rognia valley. The footpath continued through ilex, arbutus, heather and cyclamen in profusion, gradually becoming less steep, and carried on to Revinda and the Refuge E Case, 605m.

What a glorious spot! Wide views down to the sea, sitting under an umbrella drinking cold beer, awaiting a superb meal cooked by the Warden and chatting to various French people we had met on the way. We could see Cargese, the end of our trek, so knew we had cracked it and felt very pleased with ourselves!

Cargese, a fishing village on the coast, was two and a half hours away. We looked forward to a leisurely stroll down in the hot sunshine. Unfortunately, soon after we left the hut, it clouded over and started to rain, so we descended to the town through myrtle bushes and then lovely flowering meadows, getting wetter and wetter. However, we marched in triumph into Cargese and stayed at a really luxurious *gîte* and wallowed in a hot bath for hours (not together!). Hurray! We'd finished, and not a single bandit in sight, unfortunately!

The next day was spent in Cargese wandering round the old town and harbour, marvelling at the profusion of flowers, geraniums, nasturtiums, roses and canna lilies rioting all over the place, and this in May! We then caught a bus to Ajaccio, the capital, in order to take the train through the central mountains back to Calvi (this was a magnificent journey).

Calvi is a very fascinating old town which we enjoyed strolling around, visiting the old fort and sitting in the sun on the quay-side sipping Pernod and watching the beautiful yachts, before flying home.

If you want a high mountain adventure go for the GR20 but for a lovely, laid-back but energetic walk with friendly people, typical French food and wine, try the TMEM. I can still smell the *maquis*!

Hillary and I would be very willing to give any information to anyone interested in doing the "Tra Mare e Monti".

VAUT DE VOYAGE

David Rhodes

The Michelin green guides have two and three star ratings: *vaut de détour* and *vaut de voyage*. Luckily this area is not in, and I'm not sure that I should be telling you about it even now. There's this thousand-metre plateau sitting right above the vineyards on the south edge of the Massif Central and if you can stay off the local *Faugeres* long enough to go and have a look then it's probably worth it. Drive up and park at the foot of the Gorge and look up it from just above the ice-cream café. There it is, a huge gash through the plateau with faces, ridges and *aiguilles* shooting up out of the trees. Superb rock tiers in a great chaos of steep gullies, ledges and greenery with no order to it; it all looks impossible to find. Several hours on red paint in the maze will eventually get you up to the big stuff at the back but there's a craftier way than that. Drive twenty miles up hairpins round the other side to park on the plateau then just walk across and drop down. Nearly had you going there, didn't I?

So there we were, up there in the first spring sunshine of the season, the frost clearing and the air washed gin clear and sharp as a pin after the bad weather. Still March colours but colour coming and a real tingle of anticipation about it all. Instead of the path we made a bit of a detour up to a col overlooking the inner part of the gorge where there are some rocks with an interesting topo. A few minutes extra didn't matter: it was warming up nicely to T-shirt temperature, there were a few *mouflons* about; time spent in reconnaissance is seldom wasted. And so it proved. As we opened up the gorge, spectacular enough, we forgot it. Right across the whole of south-west France was the full, sunlit range of the Pyrenees. An entire, major mountain range, cloudless, glittering with fresh snow, faces and ridges sharp and clear. This end had more detail but at the western end on the *Perdido*, a hundred and seventy miles away, there didn't seem to be that much difference. Cameras were coming out but I just stood and videoed it into memory. I've got it here now and because I still can't believe you can see that far. I've just had an atlas out. A hundred and thirty miles average, every hill: unforgettable. *Vaut de détour* indeed.

But I couldn't actually touch it, so on and catch up and over to the crag. If you hold out your left hand as if you are holding a pint glass the plateau is back away left of your index finger, the *Rietaud cirque* plunges between the plateau and your thumb and your thumb is the row of pinnacles above the gorge on the right. We sat in a wrinkle of your thumb joint and the sun and scoffed these long thin tasty buttie things dished out by Madame. Cloudless blue sky and we were obviously going to get burned even in March; it's a fair way south.

Then clothes off, rock-boots on and clinking off down this hot supposed-to-be-yellow-marked gully after the local expert "Howay then." Airy tarzan jobs on trees and clattering chains over overhanging chockstones; all totally blind somewhere on the right steep side of your thumb nail; in trees, round ribs, up and down false grooves; trying to remember a 3-D hologram of where we had been as it obviously wasn't right. Then suddenly a red arrow and 'Le Viallat' on the rocks and up onto a platform with the most magic line of slabs, ridge, grooves and overhangs going straight for the bright blue overhead, miles away. And the sun: life giver. Apprehension banished with the speed of a flame; just go.

This lad with me seemed keen so off he went up into the fresh air and disappeared and in no time at all it turned out there was a pinnacle to start with; nice view. In the brèche they were calling "Come on, Dave" so I waved down graciously. "Just wait your hurry," I thought. "Let's have a proper look round." And as you look round and down, well clear of trees now, it dawns on you that it really is fresh air and you get a fair impression of just how much fresh air there really is. Le Viallat is the open-end pinnacle of three and whilst it may be joined onto the mainland, somewhere, round this side it isn't joined onto anything at all, not for hundreds and hundreds of metres. Just across from my perch was Madame, doing something neat with a neat little overhang. I admired that, then looked further round and out. Down below a big brown bird with a football number on its back was floating lazily round the rock. You could almost have ridden on its back; well you were, really, I suppose, or as good as.

The overhang had a crack in it and so now has my watch glass. The rock is amazing. A topo to somewhere says "Use the crystal (one) as a foothold". It's just masses of hard sharp crystals and you feel like a mouse climbing on sheets of fresh sandpaper.

There aren't any worst bits and the next of the three best bits was a 'bombement' which translates as a bulge, or more exactly as a beer-belly, which, the crest rearing up, needed traversing to do a little triangular diversion on the left-hand side. So I went to step through, like you do, with my hip about on a level with the undercling of this beer-belly, noticed the nine mil., glanced down and thought "Oops, careful. Is that moss down there? Jeez, it's trees!" So I stepped back and got more straight-on and sensible then clutched my way across (a bit like dancing with a crystalline Eddie Booth, you smaller ladies) until I could get my left hand into his right shirt pocket and step into his navel. Wow! A close encounter of the worst kind.

So back up the crest, this time with crisp after crisp of mica schist right on the edge, rock slabs rushing away downwards at warp speed and a

vineyard below the gorge looking like a lawn. Just... magic.

Some blocks, then the crux, right at the top. 'Le Bec', the locals call it, sweeping out to an eagle's beak, the hand traverse crossing it from the left, right out along the lip of the arrogant sneer. Up a face, first, then right, with a hand ledge and your feet going back further and further underneath and you're thinking "How long is this going on?" as your legs get longer and your arms get shorter. There still aren't any real holds but then there's a right side hold and you don't hang about, you cock your foot up and pull gently and your left toe is scraping gently up the underslope to keep you on and get you back if need be (fat chance) and your left hand goes up exploring. "Ah, that's better" and the right foothold improves by a factor of three and you toe point up the rest of it, sharp as adrenalin, like you do.

Sooo, how many angels can you balance on a needle's point? A bit of theology that five of us without wings were well on the way to solving. These three pinnacles are all different. Le Godefroy, the anchor man, is pretty firmly connected to the mainland. La Deplasse then has a bit of a brèche, but the end one, ours, sticks its neck out. Fairly well detached, speaking detachedly, as we weren't quite. Our brèche seemed like half way down again, down more warp speed slabs. There was a new chain loop. "It looks 'abbable'" I said, but nobody seemed to take any notice. Well, you try saying that with your teeth chattering. Go on, have a go. They probably thought I was singing. So we down-climbed it quite carefully and caught up M'sieu and Madame as she was being hauled back up some kind of oubliette after an attempt to send her across this cockscomb. After which Madame took over firmly, finding fresh blue words, cables and chains to get us back to the gear.

And there we sat in the hot, dusty afternoon, dry as five raisins, with two fifths of a tomato each, parched, burnt, and life was good.

NOSTALGIE DE LA BOUE

Kim Meldrum

"The mountains seemed so goddam big, they really did. All I wanted was to be someplace else," is how Salinger might have put it ... the *Catcher in the Rye* was the one book which we all shared on this trip.

The problems of finding some mountains which would graciously accommodate a quasi-sexagenarian for a snatched twilight season and at the same time provide an exciting alpine introduction for Robin and Juliet had taxed us over the winter months; we finally resolved to go to the Dauphiné.

A quick tour of La Meije, starting and finishing at La Grave, had looked good on paper, particularly since the téléphérique whisks you up to 3000m for an effortless £12. The 400m to the Col de la Lauze was not a real problem apart from the hyperventilation which affected me almost immediately and the double vision which afflicted me on arrival. The descent to the Selle Hut is easiest from the Dôme de Lauze by way of a prominent cairn and then a long descending traverse over fine black schist. (We found it easier to say and it was more descriptive to drop the second 's'). A wonderful contrast was provided by the fields of gentians and alpine flowers, many of which I'd never seen before, and which flanked the path to the hut.

Cinq Heures!

The first of many such summonses got us off to our first torchless and groping start towards the Col du Replat. Although slightly higher, the Col is a much easier way over to the Chatelleret Hut than by the Brèche du Rateau and, from our point of view, ideal since it is highly recommended in the French guide as an introduction to the use of crampons. From the Col it is easy to climb both the north and south peaks of the Replat... we didn't.

Unless there had been several parties making the descent before us the route would not have been immediately obvious; it would be very easy to get snarled up in masses of glaciated slabs above the hut. The palatial hut was pretty busy but not absolutely heaving like the Selle, so the early morning call came as something of a blessed release from the fetid confines of the hut's bowels.

Cinq Heures!

An even earlier start had been recommended but we were soon tucked in behind a large group of Germans making their way to the Col du Clot de Cavale. This crossing, although one of the oldest and most frequented of

the area, must also be one of the most hazardous. The last 200m, thoughtfully provided with wire cables, comprises loose rock which feeds a continuous shower of missiles into a narrow and unavoidable névé-filled channel. Fortunately a short and violent storm discouraged other people from moving and even when they started again they couldn't decide whether they were going up or down. At the first sight of clouds the large German party had pitched tents and were starting to dig snow holes. The rain made it like climbing in Scotland but by the time we reached the Col it had become a wonderful day: the storm provided an excuse for not going up the classic South Ridge of the Cavale!

We wandered down the glacier to the Pavé Hut situated on the edge of a turquoise glacial lake with its far shore dammed by the glacier and with the Pavé and Pic Gaspard as the backdrop. This exquisite setting more than compensated for the relative squalor of the hut, which owed more to the traditions of the 1950s than the glitzy chateaux of the 1990s. Robin's French had been really useful in negotiating reductions in the huts on account of his and Juliet's ages, but this was when I first realised that his French was less than perfect. The groaning trough of Pomme Dauphinoise topped with Tôme de Savoie was presented as the *Specialité du Chef*, which Robin translated as the *Specialité de Chèvre*. In spite of this the *gardien* still gave us a letter for his cousin who runs the *Isle de la France Boulangerie* in Cambridge and, I suspect, took greater than usual pleasure in waking us up next morning.

Cinq Heures!

The map seemed simple enough and we had all the navigational aids known to man, but the walk from the Pavé Hut back to La Grave was twice as long as we expected; it wasn't the easy day we had planned. The next day was O.K.; all we did was shop, shave, shower and sleep and then drive round to La Bérade. We stayed at the *Champ de Pin*, managing to avoid the obvious and somewhat embarrassing mispronunciation, before setting off for the *Pilatte Hut*. Four hours of ascent didn't leave us in the best frame of mind for refining our plans to climb *Mont Gioberney* the next day. Fortunately the hut walls were plastered with route descriptions from the French guide and we couldn't resist what was described as the best route on the mountain. Just the sound of the *Eperon Nord* of the *Arête Nord Est* had a certain frisson.

Cinq Heures!

The first pitch was occupied by a French party struggling with something involving pegs at about Grade IV; since the whole route was only PD it seemed as if there should be an easier alternative on the right ... there

was. Good scrambling on pretty solid rock led to a long snow ridge with a final steep wall of loose rock leading to the summit. The party in front of us continued to make the whole thing look a great deal more difficult than it was by insisting on wearing their crampons. The *voie normale* provided an easy descent; an excellent introduction to an alpine ridge with a perfect day rounded off by a close encounter with some chamois just above the hut.

Cinq Heures!

Once you've invested the considerable effort in climbing the Pilatte Glacier as far as the Col des Bans the most obvious and attractive route is up Les Bans – instead we chose to climb the Pointe de la Pilatte. By the middle of August the snow cover was getting pretty sparse and what was left seemed to be disappearing by the minute; the infrequent snow bridges on the glacier were getting narrower day by day and the patches of hard blue ice showing through the snow cover on the faces were visibly growing. Our route up the Pilatte was by way of the ice; alright going up if we'd had a few reassuring ice screws, which we didn't, and alright in descent if Juliet's bendy boots hadn't regularly slid through the back of her crampons.

If traditions can be established after only one season it seems that at least one day should be assigned to collecting *myrtilles* and *erelles* – the slopes above La Berade provide an inexhaustible source.

SEX ON PILLAR

Alan Lawson

First let me apologise for the tabloid title. In this case it wasn't the Italian variety, with images of wild orgies on a bare mountain to the music of Mussorgsky, but the Roman variety, or to be more precise, the Latin version.

When, ten years ago, a group of us braved the elements of a typically English summer to celebrate the 50th anniversary of one of our members' first ascent of Pillar Rock, few of us then imagined that ten years hence some of us would be back there for his 60th anniversary.

The 50th had seemed quite an event, and after all there was no guarantee that those present would not only survive to remember it, but be active enough to get back up there again to the place where it had all happened. The weather on that occasion was atrocious, but belied by the fourteen smiling faces in Jordan Gap peering from beneath dripping cagoules over the rims of their plastic cups frothing with champagne, only slightly diluted with Cumbrian clag.

But I had forgotten the reputation of The Club for the longevity of its members. Of course I should have remembered the hordes of sexagenarians, numerous septuagenarians, many octogenarians, a springling of nonagenarians, and even a few centenarians. Against that hall of fame the fact that the combined ages of the four who did in fact ascend Pillar Rock amounted to 270 years seemed relatively insignificant.

However, in typically contrary British fashion, the weather on this occasion – 20 June 1992 – was sizzling, so much so that the dehydration experienced during the day had to be counter-balanced by considerable liquid intake back at Birkness Cottage at the end of the day.

The occasion had been long discussed and various plans prepared, mainly to take into account the fickle Cumbrian weather but, as I say, in the event the sun not only smiled on us on that day but positively beat down on the dozen or so who started out from the Cottage to amble up Scarth Gap in its face, then down to Black Sail Youth Hostel. There, in the light of many considerations – heat, time, distance, age, condition, etc – it was decided to eschew the long trog up Black Sail Pass and the High Level Route in favour of a direct ascent, shorter but steeper, from the bridge in Ennerdale, up through the timber.

Not a voice was heard complaining in the struggling party, looking neither to the left nor the right, gritting teeth, wiping brows, and silently cursing their way up to what at one time seemed an almost unattainable goal, the Rock right before up against the sun, mocking our efforts, defying us to make the grade, as it were.



Jack Carswell (77) and Mary Greenbank (70) on the summit of Pillar Rock, 20 June 1992, on the 60th Anniversary of Jack's first ascent. *Photograph by Alan Lawson*

Prompted perhaps by the purgatory, the lines of C. G. Rossetti rose in the thoughts of several members of the party, but their utterance was quelled in the interests of using breath for other purposes. But yes,

the road did wind uphill all the way,
Yes, to the very end,
and, as it happened, the day's journey did take the
whole long day,
almost from morn till night, my friend.

Slab and Notch had been mentioned, so Slab and Notch it was. Four stalwarts – two of each sex (sorry to mention that word again) – with, to repeat myself, a combined age of 270 years. On such a day the rock was as remembered – prime – and although a bit of line had been carried out of respect for the Rock it wasn't really required.

In keeping with the occasion a bottle of champagne had found its way into one of the rucksacks, and 60 being so much more significant than 50, crystal champagne glasses also emerged. When the cork was popped, in professional wine-waiter style, it shot into the ether, just missing

ascending climbers on New West in its descent into Ennerdale. I realised I should have perhaps shouted "Below!" but it might have seemed a little ostentatious – after all, champagne corks on Pillar!

With due solemnity the occasion was honoured. Toasts made, crystal clinked, the bubbly quaffed, sentiments expressed as to the likelihood of sept after sex, come the passing of the millennium, moist eyes wiped, and modest doubts expressed as to the possibility.

Then it was time to descend and no, the fizz had not gone to our heads, or even our legs. The descent was made with due care but with an element of panache not evident on the ascent, as the success of the day was realised.

The rest, as they say, is history. Not so much the joint-jarring drop down the forest ride where the arboreal coolth was almost edible, as the long slog back up the far side of Ennerdale up a rake which never seemed to end but teased one with successive strips of timber and scree.

Meanwhile, back at the Cottage, everything had been prepared, and when, finally, on the far side of 9 p.m., after eleven hours out, Jack, Mary, Jeanne and Alan stepped over the threshold to face the cheers, food, and yes, more champagne, the ultimate couplet of Rossetti's poem sang sweetly in our ears:

"And will there be beds for me and all who seek,
Yea, beds for all who come."

LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

Jim Rigg

"Here, take this, it's out in your neck of the woods." 'This' happened to be an article written by Dennis Grey which described in glowing terms rock climbing in Korea. After being in Malaysia for more than a year it had begun to get under the skin.

I have never been that sort of climber who, after a long lay-off can simply jump back on the rock and pick up where he left off. Practice is of vital importance. Fortunately there is a thriving climbing scene based in Kuala Lumpur – there is even a climbing wall! There is a small number of enthusiastic climbers who learned 'the ropes' whilst being educated abroad: Ho in New Zealand, Boh Heong in the UK and Yuen Li at, of all places, Lancaster University. They are spreading the word and there are now several technically able, home-grown Malaysian rock climbers. It is not unusual to meet climbers of two or three months' experience able to cope with 5c moves.

The climbing is on limestone. That at the Batu Caves reminds one of Stoney Middleton. Bolt protection is the order of the day and the routes are smooth and steep. It is here that the 'new breed' excel. Bukit Takun is another thing altogether. There are some bolt-protected lines here, but most of the routes rely on natural protection – it is here where a bit of experience comes in handy. Takun lies about 20km north of K.L. It comes complete with a golf course approach, somewhat upmarket compared with that found below The Ben. Once through the security gate you have 45 minutes of steep jungle before you reach the start of the climbing. It is important to appreciate one's condition on arrival at the start of the climbing. A typical day sees high humidity and a temperature of at least 30°C. Cooling by evaporation does not take place – the sweat simply runs off and you end up soaked. Then you start climbing.

Most climbs run to one or two pitches up a plug of limestone which protrudes some 300m above the golf course. To say it's steep is an understatement of considerable magnitude: in most places it is wildly overhanging. One particular day Yuen Li and I completed a four-pitch climb up to the descent line of the normal route to the summit. (This in itself is a fair undertaking). Steep climbing at steady VS leads to a nasty finish up a steep crack which Yuen Li boldly led in pouring rain. The descent was truly unpleasant and difficult in a tropical storm. It is mostly scrambling, interspersed with a steep jungle track, finishing with a long abseil down the wall taken by *Spiderman* (130ft, HVS, 5a). A genuine mountain experience within driving distance of the centre of K.L. – not

bad. Such days kept body and mind in reasonable shape.

Korea is a remarkable country which has risen from rags to riches with great rapidity. It is a small country in terms of area – about one quarter of the size of California. However, with 42 million people living south of the 38th Parallel, Korea has one of the highest population densities in the world. Roughly three-quarters of the total population live in urban areas, the total area of which is about 3% of the total land. Moreover, the entire country is so mountainous that only a little more than 20% of it is arable. Puk'ansan National Park, located north of Seoul, provides 'an ideal place for relaxation, exercise, and historical education for the 15 million people who live in the vicinity of the capital'.

During my visit I was able to climb at Insoobong and Soninbong. Insoobong is a 'proper' mountain and it is necessary to make two abseils to escape from its summit. From here you can watch the crowds on the adjacent peak of Paekundae. When I say crowds, that's exactly what I mean: it is reckoned that as many as 10,000 people will visit the highest summit in the park during a good weekend! In Korea, weekend means Sunday. Insoobong is about a 40 minute walk from the Woo-i hut, which in turn is about 30 minutes by car from downtown Seoul. It consists of 300m of beautiful granite, very like that found in Yosemite. Smooth slabs, together with crack, groove and chimney lines offer seemingly endless possibilities that will keep the visitor happy. Bolts protect the slabs, whilst on the natural lines more traditional placements generally allow that feeling of 'bomb proof' security. Belay stations use bolts which, apparently, are checked by the rescue services each year.

Chouinard B is a must for any middle-grade climber. The route offers superb climbing on slabs and in cracks which lead one to the best bivvy sites I have seen. It is in such places that the hospitality and friendliness of Korean climbers becomes apparent. (It is not unusual to be offered a whisky in such locations and local climbers always show interest and attempt to communicate. During my stay I climbed with Mr Tae Sam Kim, whose English is good. In general, English is not widely spoken and finding one's way can be difficult.) From the '5 star doss', a further two pitches of climbing and three abseils lead to the start of the easy descent track.

Soninbong lies in another part of the Puk'ansan National Park and the walk to it is very similar to that for Insoobong. On the approach to the crag there is a real delight in the form of a National hut which serves excellent, freshly ground coffee that can be consumed in front of the fire while listening to classical music! The place has character and atmosphere. The climbing is similar to that found on Insoobong, although perhaps with more crack lines. *The Bat* is an enjoyable outing whose second pitch uses a

gigantic flake, first as an undercling to reach its edge and then to allow wild jug pulling to reach a bolt belay from where you descend. *Skyway's* second pitch is a genuine technical affair weaving an intricate line across smooth slabs and up rounded layback cracks. The best route I did in this area was *Jaguar*. After a hard start the first pitch takes a crack/groove line to a stance below a daunting crack. An awkward start uses a 'crack for thin fingers' and leads to the sheer delight of quality climbing, never hard, in a very exposed position.

Korea has much to offer the mountaineer, and my only regret is that I did not have more time to visit other National Parks. Seoul is a great city and allows the visitor to sample a deep culture as well as outdoor pursuits. Everywhere you go you will have the benefit of an efficient and cheap public transport system, together with the knowledge that local people will always do whatever they can to help you. Should Korean mountaineers ever visit Britain I hope that they will be treated with the same kindness as I received when I visited their country. No words of thanks adequately repay the debt of gratitude I owe to new-found friends, Mrs Pea and Mr Kim, who spared no effort in making my visit both enjoyable and worthwhile.

IN THE STEPS OF SLINGSBY

Ron Kenyon

The mention of Norway brings thoughts of fjords, the vast ice-caps, huge rock walls, orienteering and trolls. Despite being only a short hop across the North Sea, this 'Northern Playground' is relatively unfrequented by British mountaineers when compared to that other 'European Playground' – the Alps. Perhaps the notorious weather has something to do with this.

The name Cecil Slingsby often crops up as the first ascensionist of many of the peaks throughout the land. In Britain he was very involved with the Wasdale climbing scene and the exploration of the crags there including seconding Solly on the first ascent of *Eagles Nest Direct*. His name is immortalised by his two Chimneys – one on Scafell and the other on Ben Nevis named after him. Apart from his mountaineering activities in Britain, the Alps and Norway he was president of his own county's Yorkshire Ramblers' Club from its formation in 1892 to 1903. He was also president of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club (1908-10) and the Climbers Club (1904-06), Vice President of the Alpine Club (1906-08) and a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Rucksack Club and Norwegian Alpine Club – quite a bloke!

It was at one of the Fell and Rock CC Committee meetings that President Rod asked me, as Vice-President, if I fancied a trip to Norway to represent the Club at a symposium organised by the Slingsby Institute. At first I thought that he was only joking but he indicated that he was unable to go himself and the offer was genuine. This was an offer not to be refused and the idea of the three days for the symposium and a further four to enjoy the delights of the Norwegian countryside began to formulate into some plans. The initial date in May 1993 was put back to September and details began to filter through.

As the trip unfolded many ideas and details surfaced which have provided food for thought. The following hopefully captures some of these.

The main link in the United Kingdom was with the Yorkshire Ramblers and in particular Derek Smithson, its past President and also FRCC member. Derek is a confirmed lover of Norway and its mountains. As mentioned Slingsby was President of the Yorkshire Ramblers at its formation in 1892 and there was great celebration of the Centenary of the YRC in 1992 with a group from that Club going to Norway at which time the idea of the Slingsby Institute was being formulated.

Slingsby first visited Norway in 1872 when the mountains were unknown to the outside world. Only the locals, who lived in these often

remote areas, were to be found. Slingsby went with not just a mountaineer's eye but also a keen interest in the people of Norway; its fauna, flora and the geography of the country – in fact the whole environment. He was keen not just on climbing a particular peak but in wanting to traverse it. Similarly he liked to traverse a particular col – to see what was over the other side. The conquest of summit was often secondary to the discoveries. Slingsby explored many parts of Norway and opened up its secrets not only to the outside world but also to Norwegians themselves. He became known as the 'Father of Norwegian Mountaineering' and became a folk hero of the country, and even gained royal recognition with a special audience with the King. Even now, some 65 years after his death, he is still held in fond regard by the Norwegians.

Recently the Slingsby Institute was formed to foster good relations between Norwegians and people of other countries through outdoor pursuits and natural history, as was the way of Cecil Slingsby himself. The Institute is based at Årdalstangen at the head of Sognefjorden and just south west of Jotunheimen. At the time of Cecil Slingsby it was the main base for him and others going into the Jotunheimen. The town is similar to Kinlochleven with the steep sides of the fjord towering above and it is now dominated by the aluminium works.

It was Jan Schwarzott, a man with an encyclopaedic mind, who has been the main organiser and driving force behind the Institute. A committee of trustees controls the Institute which includes members of the Årdal Community and also of Årdal Turlag – the local hiking/skiing club. In addition there are links with Cecil Slingsby through Jocelyn Wynthrop-Young, grandson of Cecil Slingsby, and Derek Smithson, on behalf of the Yorkshire Ramblers Club.

For the inaugural symposium the theme was to compare Norway with its 4 million population and its mountain areas with that of a country containing a much larger population. Britain, being the birthplace of Slingsby, with its 56 million population and two thirds landsize of Norway was the obvious choice.

Invitations were made to the premier British climbing clubs and these clubs were represented, in addition to myself for the FRCC, by Derek Smithson and Harvey Lomas for the Yorkshire Ramblers, Bob Allen for the Climbers' Club, Tony Streather for the Alpine Club and Doug Lang for the Scottish Mountaineering Club. We were each given various topics to talk about during the symposium. It was stressed that the comments and views given were personal and not those of the clubs represented.

I looked forward with great excitement to the trip. However, on leaving a very wet Newcastle airport in September, I did not anticipate even seeing the mountains and landscape due to the notorious Norwegian

weather. I flew via Stavanger to Bergen and just off land, when flying into Stavanger, the clouds below cleared to reveal a fantastic view inland. Flying up the coast to Bergen the view was breathtaking. The terrain looked exceptionally rugged with the fjords weaving inland, the ice-caps gleaming and stacks of rock! I landed at Bergen airport, in glorious weather, and made my way to the centre of the city and deposited my gear at the Fish Market ready for the boat to Årdalstangen. With four hours remaining before embarking I made my way round what seemed a very beautiful city.

The boat for Årdalstangen was a large hydrofoil carrying some 200 people, at up to 38 knots. The journey of 120 miles was a dream with the countryside unfolding at each turn in the coast leading up to Sognefjorden. This fjord, the longest in Norway, is some 80 miles long leading into the heart of the country. Great crags, probably unclimbed, appeared along the coast. To the north of Balestrand, the massif ice-cap of Jostedalbreen – the largest glacier in continental Europe – could be seen. After six hours on the boat I arrived, in the dark, to be welcomed by the familiar face of Bob Allen – as well as by Derek Smithson, Jan Schwarzott and Doug Lang.

The symposium and accommodation was in the Klingenburg Fjord-hotel, close to the boat-landing. The Hotel has had a close link to mountaineering in the Jotunheimen and was adorned by many photographs of the Hurrungane area of Jotunheimen. These photographs had been taken by Jan Schwarzott to illustrate his book *Under Storen* – a fascinating publication based on the mountain of Storen or Store Stagastølstind, the main summit in the Hurrungane. Storen had obsessed Slingsby and he made the first ascent of it, solo, in 1876. Jan is an authority on Slingsby and the book in Norwegian, English and German gives an insight not only of the area but also of Slingsby.

Bob and Doug had had a walk above the town that day, climbing up the deceptively high side of the fjord, rising some 3000 feet. At the top the land flattened considerably and they were rewarded with tremendous views.

The symposium commenced in the afternoon of the following day so we had time for a quick outing to savour the countryside. Taking the road up the valley, past Øvre Årdal, to Hjelle we then followed a faint path up by a large cascade and into the delightful valley of Hjelledalen. The area is very reminiscent of Scotland but bigger, quieter and with more lush vegetation lower down. Our walk passed a number of wooden huts which had been used in the summer by the locals whilst tending their stock. One of these now belongs to the local climbing club – Årdal Turlag – and there we had a brief stop. The path gained height gradually and swung north to

where we had a fine view of the main Hurrungane group of mountains.

Our walk now took us past the small settlement of Vettismorki. In the past this would have been the summer base for the local farmers. Now many of the huts are used as recreational bases. Another sign of the times was a solar panel attached to the roof of one of the huts to give power – what about solar panels for FRCC huts? Nearby we soon came to the top of another of the ‘little’ waterfalls they have round here. This waterfall – Vettisfossen – is however something special. With its near 1000 foot drop it is the highest single fall in Norway – awesome. In its frozen state it was climbed in winter by Henry Barber and Rob Taylor. We then made our way down the path towards the valley. On the way down we saw a sight which left quite an impression with it, marking a difference between Norway and Britain. Right next to the path, not hidden from sight, were five pairs of skis. These had been left there after last winter – possibly three months earlier – ready to be picked up next winter – AND THEY WERE STILL THERE! In Britain they would, no doubt, not last long before being ‘removed’. The path then led down through Vetti in the main valley of Utladalen and along the popular valley track back to Hjelle, the car and the end of a delightful outing.

It was then back to the Hotel for the business of the symposium. In addition to the Britons there was a wide mixture of Norwegians brought together through the Institute and their interest in Cecil Slingsby. These included local guides; instructors of skiing and mountain craft; a national park ranger; an administrator for a local theatre group with its own floating theatre boat; Pål Schage – secretary of Norsk Tindeklub (Norwegian Alpine Club); descendants of Klingenberg who run the Turtago Hotel; and last but not least Arne Næss, the ‘elder statesman’ of Norwegian mountaineering.

Jan Schwarzott started the proceedings by outlining the life of Cecil Slingsby and his love of the mountain environment and Norway together with the effect that he had had on the Norwegian people. The person named in the guidebooks and mountain literature began to come to life.

Arne Næss then spoke. Now in his eighties he has had and still leads an active life. As well as being a leading light in Norwegian mountaineering for the past 50 years he has been a professor of philosophy at Oslo University.

Despite his years there is still a twinkle of boyish mischief in him. Unfortunately this mischief led to an accident last winter whilst tobogganing with his grandchildren and breaking his back in the process. Though now wearing a back brace he still will not slow down. His talk varied over a number of subjects. He talked of the pleasures and of being safe in the mountains.

Despite Norway's relatively small population, he spoke of Norwegians being involved on the world stage. There are the Nobel Prizes – at that time Norway was involved in the Middle East peace talks – Norwegians quietly helping in Bosnia, and many more international matters. His own concern, however, about the earth and the environment was evident and would, I am sure, have mirrored that of Slingsby. He commented on how man's seemingly unstoppable, unsustainable growth highlighted the plight of Planet Earth. It has been estimated that it would cost between \$149-250 billions to put the earth right again. The people of the earth are now more aware of the environment but unfortunately, although this is basic to the future of the earth, it is still not high on the political agenda. Other pressures, particularly from big business, dictate the political agenda. No doubt in the next 50 years the effects of this will be felt and hopefully heeded.

In 1972 Arne put forward ideas on Deep Ecology. This was a new concept to myself. The study of ethics by philosophers had been limited exclusively to the effects of human activity on humans. Deep Ecology took this further, believing that moral consideration should be extended to include rivers, animals, plants, mountains, rocks, in fact the whole cosmos. The root idea is that these entities should be morally considered in their own right and not treated merely as a store of resources for human use. A recent article in the January 1994 *Climber & Hillwalker* magazine outlined these ideas and linked them to the Romantic traditions of John Muir and Wordsworth. Interesting and thought-provoking stuff.

The next day I led off with an illustrated talk on Outdoor Leisure Conditions in Britain. Norway with its 4 million population does not have the same pressures as Britain. However as much of Norway's land is mountainous and rugged there is great pressure on the more habitable areas and along the sides of the fjords. A less regulated regime seems to exist – such as wild camping which is allowable on non-cultivable land anywhere more than 150 yards from habitation.

We have many restrictions on access to the mountains and crags – some for good reasons; others not. Seasonal crag restriction for bird life is acceptable. Restriction concerning military land is a necessity for the country's defence to a certain extent – but how much is needed? One beneficiary of such restriction, ironically, is wildlife (non-human). With human restriction wildlife can often flourish, as was seen recently when Greenham Common was 'opened up' and it was found that there was a great store of wildlife 'preserved' on the range. Damage to the fells has occurred in many ways. Over the last eight hundred years sheep grazing has led to a systematic deforestation of the fells to give the present grassy landscape. Quarrying has left its mark throughout the Lakes – scarring the

landscape but now also giving some excellent 'new' crags. The nuclear industry is now well established in West Cumbria at Sellafield. All the Norwegians at the symposium were well aware of its existence, though perhaps not of what exactly happens there. Will it and the adjacent Lake District in the future be thought of as the world's nuclear dustbin – or a pointer to the future energy production? The thirsts of the north have been quenched with reservoirs at Haweswater and Thirlmere which have in turn destroyed valleys. Is this 'industrial damage' an acceptable part of man's development? There are many pressures on the Lakes and other areas of Britain – not only man's walking boots but more cars, mountain bikes, motor bikes, fell races, ski developments etc. They are certainly contrary to the ideas of Deep Ecology.

Access is an important aspect of the mountaineering world. The National Trust is now a well-established body throughout Britain. I mentioned two interesting and important bequests to the Trust as examples of how it has acquired land and property over the years. The first was from Beatrix Potter, that amazing lady, whose books of *Peter Rabbit*, *Benjamin Bunny*, etc., have enthralled and are still entralling children and adults. From the profits of her books she acquired much land and farms which she passed on to the Trust. It is amazing that a first edition of the book *Peter Rabbit* is now worth £28,000!

Our Club must not be forgotten for its bequest. When researching for my talk I read, with much interest, the account in the 1924 *FRCC Journal* of the acquisition of the land around Great Gable. Perhaps you are familiar with the detail, but perhaps not: I am sure the details will again interest members. After the Great War it was felt that the FRCC should acquire a memorial to its members who died in the war. Initially Pillar Rock was thought appropriate but the then owner, Lord Lonsdale, would not sell. Row Head Farm at the head of Wasdale then came up for sale – this included Great Gable and it was felt that the acquisition of Napes Needle would be suitable. The farm was, however, sold in total to a Mr Walker. A meeting was arranged with Mr Walker, his solicitor and the sub-committee set up to discuss possible acquisition by the Club. In the car *en route* to the meeting a more ambitious plan was hatched and at the meeting when asked what the Club wanted the request was put forward for all the land on the farm over 1500 feet. A financial appeal was made to the club and the acquisition was agreed and the land purchased for £400.00 – a large sum in those days! I was most interested to see on the plan in the *Journal* that the land acquired was not just Great Gable but extended also over Kirk Fell, Green Gable to Grey Crag and Glaramara, Allen Crags and Great End over Broad Crag to Lingmell – some 3000 acres of land. The land was then bequested to the National Trust.

A more modern equivalent of the National Trust is the John Muir Trust with its acquisitions first of Ladhar Bheinn in Knoydart, then the Torrin area on Skye and more recently the Sandwood Estate in North West Scotland – another commendable organisation to support.

There are many pressures on the mountains of the Lakes and Britain; however there are still many quiet corners to enjoy – but why did the Lakes not get the accolade of a World Heritage Centre? We must still look after the jewel of the Lake District!

Bob Allen followed myself with an interesting and personal account of the 'Development of British Mountaineering' – recalling his adventures and escapes as a youth and the early days of chockstone protection. A far cry from the modern systems of climbing protection. His excellent photographs gave a wide view of the mountaineering scene on this Isle.

Pål Schage, secretary of Norsk Tindeklub, gave us a brief history of Norwegian mountaineering, indicating the extent of their activities. The Romsdal with the famous Troll Wall is only one of the many areas. The mountains of Norway have proved a training ground for the world.

Arild Ådnem followed and talked of the Norwegian Nature under pressure. To ease listening for the Norwegian he spoke principally in Norwegian and summarised in English. Why are we British so bad at languages?

Dougie Lang gave a very moving and personal recitation on 'The Privilege of Being Alone' – recalling a number of occasions when there is that marvellous feeling of having the mountains to oneself.

To end day two Tony Streather and Arne Næss joined forces to talk about their ascent in 1950 of Tirich Mir. Tony had been a captain in the British Army in Pakistan when Arne Næss and Arne Randers-Heen contacted him in 1949 looking for someone to help them communicate with the locals. They had had the intention to climb Nanga Parbat, which would have been their first Himalayan peak, but were persuaded by Eric Shipton to try something a little lower: he had suggested Tirich Mir in the Hindu Kush. After the reconnoitre in 1949, Tony Streather assisted in 1950. With no previous mountaineering experience, he initially had no summit aspiration. In the end, however, he was one of the four summiteers along with Arne Næss.

From that chance meeting in 1949 Tony, smitten by the mountaineering bug, attempted K2 some four years later and summited on Kangchenjunga in 1955. Now after forty years' experience he is an authority on the Himalaya as well as past President of the Alpine Club.

The final day started with Harvey Lomas talking of the 'Britons Going Abroad' – the theme so far had had a mountaineering flavour but Harvey, with his Yorkshire caving experiences, took us underground not only in

his native county but in some of the caves of Norway.

Marianne Monsen, who is a Ranger in the Jotunheimen, then spoke of 'Safety and Freedom of Experience' and in support of the Den Norske Turistforening (DNT) with their number of huts scattered over the mountains. The discussion led on to the level of danger to which the mountaineer should be exposed and whether adventure is enhanced by danger.

Derek Smithson talked of 'Privacy of Secret Places', recalling some of the moments and places which make the mountains special but warning that overdocumentation and publicity can kill the joy of discovery. He is not a great fan of Wainwright, whom he feels has documented every boulder and corner of the Lakes and removed some of the mystery.

At the penultimate session Tony Streater asked the question 'What Next?' His theme was based on K2 – a mountain which he attempted with the Charlie Houston team in 1954. At that time they were very remote from the outside world. They attempted the Abruzzi Ridge and eight of them, in a fit state, managed to gain the shoulder where 31 years later Alan Rouse, Julie Tullis and others were caught in a storm which sadly led to disaster. In 1954 a storm also struck and they were isolated there for 10 days. No-one knows whether they would have summited given better weather. Eventually the storm abated but one of the team, Art Gilkey, was unwell. They retreated, lowering Gilkey down the ridge which took a laborious length of time. Sadly, whilst making camp, Gilkey was swept away by an avalanche. This perhaps was fortuitous as it enabled the rest of them to descend more quickly and eventually to safety.

Tony spoke about the developments in Himalayan exploration and the changes in the intervening 38 years. Just before journeying to Norway he had received a communication by satellite telephone, via Eastern Electric, sponsors of the 1993 K2 Expedition, from Roger Payne, then at K2 base camp. The expedition had found the remains of Art Gilkey and they wanted to contact his nearest relative and find out what to do with them. His brother was duly located in America and details relayed back to Roger. Such is the power of modern technology. He spoke of the pressures of the number of expeditions in the mountains and the pressures often on the climbers to succeed. The sad episode of 1986 on K2 and the expedition pressure highlighted the problems.

As a final session Nils Faarlund, a real 'Norwegian Viking', arranged us in a large circle to discuss 'The Renaissance of the Romantic'. He led us into the depths of 'Deep Ecology' – unfortunately we were a little unprepared for this philosophical discussion. He introduced various aspects and brought us into discussion and thought on these. Afterwards our own thoughts mulled over the many aspects – certainly it helped to

raise my awareness.

After nearly three fine sunny days indoors for the symposium, thoughts were turning to a planned expedition with Dougie Lang to finish off the trip. An ascent of Storen, the peak most associated with Slingsby, seemed appropriate. Gear and food had been duly packed and was ready. The weather had been fine – but Storen has its own weather pattern.

A lift to Turtagrø had been arranged and we followed a winding road, which at one point was just boulders, being in the process of reconstruction. Turtagrø is a hotel with a history linked to Norwegian mountaineering. Set at the start of the track leading up to Storen, it has an atmosphere similar to the Wasdale Head. We set off in the early evening on what was a somewhat indistinct path ascending slowly to our resting place for the night – the Norsk Tindeklub hut – a first-class establishment.

This hut is locked, unwardened and usually only for club members – we were therefore privileged to have its use. The mountains were starting to tower above us to the south and the vast ice-cap of Jostedalbreen could be seen to the north-west. Without electricity, the hut is lit by oil lamps and a supply of wood is used to stoke up the stove. Water is collected from the adjacent stream. The hut appears to be relatively new and well insulated. Food is available for purchase (on trust!) as well as wine, beverage and brandy! Each four-berth dormitory has its own candle (in holder), water jug and wash basin and each bed has its own duvet. Once we were ensconced the heat and light soon brightened the hut in the gathering dusk.

The night passed pleasantly and the morning dawned with a covering of fresh snow and cloud over Storen. We made our way up and over the Stagastølsbreen to the col, or bandet in Norwegian. This one is known as The Bandet. From here we had a fine view over the col, to our eventual descent route to the valley of Midtmaradalen. Perched just below the col is the hut known as Stagastølbu. This unwardened hut belongs to the DNT, is normally padlocked and requires a key. This was to be our rest place for the coming night. A group of three from Austria and Australia were just leaving as we made a dump of our non-essential gear before the main ascent of Storen.

With cloud still hanging over Storen it now took on a forbidding look. The route we were to climb was the *Voie Normale* which we believed was just an easy scramble. We ascended the initial rocks, keeping to the left, encountering icy sections *en route* to gain a crest. After donning crampons we headed rightwards up the snow. On and on we weaved our way. The 'easy scramble' was taking much longer than expected. The odd pieces of tat and pegs reassured us as the mist swirled around. We eventually gained the base of the awkward cleft of Heftyes Renne. This was the key

to gaining the summit area and was directly above the south face, a fact of which we were not fully aware, due to the swirling cloud. We had been advised of the *in situ* rope which we duly used to haul on. The time was now of concern. The summit was near and we eventually gained its snow-encrusted rocks. After a quick handshake we made our way down. Luckily the abseils went fairly smoothly and during the descent the clouds cleared and we saw the most fabulous sunset. The final part of the descent was down a straightforward snowslope, beside our ascent line, and gave us a quick descent, in the gathering darkness, back to the hut. We had somewhat underestimated this 'Matterhorn of Norway' but had had a good time.

We were welcomed at the hut by four Norwegian ladies and soon settled into our evening meal and a contented slumber.

The morning dawned fine with no mist or cloud, giving fine views with Storen and the other peaks towering above the hut. We packed our gear and paid the charges for the hut (by credit card!) by depositing in the hut box. We bade farewell to the ladies and headed down the glacier into Midtmaradalen. This delightful valley to the south gave us superb views back at Storen and the valley's great side walls of rock. As we lost height the vegetation became more lush. The bottom end of the valley drops dramatically into Utladalen, the main valley at right angles to Midtmaradalen, having been carved out many years ago by glacial action. The path led rightwards to the next valley and the climbing hut of Stølsmaradalen. A lunch break was called here – another most delightful situation with its superb hut, open to DNT members and guests.

The final part of our little adventure now took us down a path into the main Utladalen valley. This path, known as the Brendeteigen, weaves a way down the steep side of the valley and commands a fine view of the waterfall of Vettifossen, across the valley. Having walked down past this some days earlier we were now able to appreciate the waterfall in full. The walk down the valley floor, from Vetti, was on the now familiar track and gave us time to remember our few days out and this marvellous area. A convenient lift, hitched back to Årdal, brought us to the hotel.

Jan Schwarzott greeted us and we recalled our few days in the Hurrungane.

The following morning saw us on the 6.00 am boat back to Bergen. This was a repeat in reverse of the journey to Årdal. The countryside again unfolded as we cruised along. Bergen was again blessed with sunshine and I took the funicular railway up Mount Floyen for a fine view over the city.

I went by taxi to the airport and on mentioning my mountaineering exploits to the taxi driver he enquired whether I had been to the Romsdal. When replying in the affirmative I expected further discussion on climbing

and the Troll Wall. He however indicated that he had not climbed the Troll Wall but had 'Base Jumped' it! This is jumping off the top (5000 feet high) with a parachute. He said it was quite an experience. For those wanting to follow him, one must freefall and reach 250 yards out from the cliff, to avoid being sucked into the crag, before opening the parachute. The freefall is for 14 seconds and 3000 feet of descent!

Back on the plane I was again able to view the coastal area and reflect on the trip. I was perhaps looking at Norway through rose-coloured glasses with no rain, no midges, no mosquitoes and minimal cost. We had been exceptionally lucky with the weather by having avoided July and August which are the wetter months in Norway. Arriving in Newcastle the weather was the same as when I had left – rain – back to earth again.

There is so much of Norway there to discover – hopefully it will not be long until I can savour it again and follow further in the steps of Slingsby.

STOK KANGRI, LADAKH

Hatty Harris

In August 1993 a party of nine Fell & Rock members and one friend spent three weeks in Ladakh with the aim of ascending Stok Kangri, 20,083ft. The party flew into Leh and, while doing some preliminary sightseeing on the first day, stood on the roof of Tikse monastery and looked out south across the Indus at the peak only a few miles away on the other side. Stok Kangri is a 'trekking peak', without technical difficulties, but its pleasantly conical summit is the highest point in the vicinity and a conspicuous local landmark. It would be possible for a fit party to tackle the mountain in a three or four-day jaunt from Leh, but in order to acclimatise and enjoy a holiday at the same time our ascent was planned to take place at the end of a three-week trek. Thus on the second day we took a hazardous taxi trip fifty miles down the Indus to Lamaruyu to start our trek back.

In our first camp at Lamaruyu we began to sort out the complex social structure of the trekking party. Our guide and leader, the Ladakhi, Chewang Motup, was already a friend of several members of the party. His wife Tshering Yangdu was unable to come with us because they had a month-old baby, but she remained in Leh, able to provide backup support once or twice during the trek. Because relatively few Ladakhis are experienced in the trekking industry Motup employed a team of Nepalis, mostly Sherpas, to organise the camping and cooking. Like Motup, these people would do the short summer season in Ladakh and return to Nepal after the monsoon for the main tourist season there. They were a highly professional group, with substantial mountaineering experience and the cook deserved his reputation of being the best in the business. In order to transport the embarrassingly large quantities of baggage Motup hired four or five Ladakhi drivers with numerous diminutive donkeys and a few ponies. Human porters are not the tradition in Ladakh.

The walking began with a scramble up the village street at Lamaruyu, which at 11,000 ft seemed rather like Jack's Rake with houses on both sides. The gumpa (monastery) was perched on the rocks at the top. The Ladakhi people are racially and culturally very closely related to the Tibetans, and Ladakh is one of the greatest remaining strongholds of Tibetan Buddhism. There is a gumpa in every village; some of these date to the Middle Ages and contain magnificent contemporary art. Some are crumbling away, others are newly restored and brightly painted. We visited many, but only at Lamaruyu did we enter while the monks were at their morning prayers. Nevertheless, we were welcome to look round or sit and listen to the vigorous, rhythmic chanting. It was a moving experience and seemed an auspicious beginning to the trek.

The daily walking was very straightforward. We went along well-used paths through valleys or over passes on tracks which, although narrow, are ancient routeways and excellently graded. Most of us wore very lightweight boots throughout the trek and it was hot enough for shorts during the day but cool at night. Ladakh is a mountainous desert, but the valley floors, however narrow, are irrigated and intensively cultivated. We saw women squatting in the fields with sickles harvesting barley or alfalfa and men carrying huge bundles of greenstuff home to dry on flat roofs. Most farms had one or more round, flat threshing floors, which were particularly conspicuous when seen from above. The irrigation ditches were generally less than two feet wide and were daily attended to with spades. At each farm one ditch was often diverted under a tiny watermill, and in one of these a woman showed us how to adjust the flow of grain out of the hopper precisely, with stones and string. Women and men both spun coarse woollen thread as they walked; some of our donkey drivers carried their spinning with them. Once, on a piece of open ground we met a man weaving a long, striped piece of cloth at a primitive loom set up between piles of stones. All the technology seemed very small-scale but effective. The Ladakhis are immensely welcoming people and the joyful greeting 'Jullay' rang out unexpectedly from windows and hillsides. Any camp near a village quickly attracted children, mostly anxious to be sociable and watch what we were up to. One little group of girls asked me to sing a song, and after I had done what I could, they sat down in a row and sang one for me. Pictures in guidebooks also went down well with young visitors.

Our first five days' walking were particularly scenic and interesting. We went over three passes, including the Konze La at 16,000 ft, from which we could see snow on the Photaksar range. The weathering, variety and colouring of the rocks were stunning: from a campsite halfway up a pass we looked around at bare hillsides in yellow ochre, malachite green and a deep maroon red. This brilliant colouring compensated for lack of vegetation. Nevertheless, there were flowers, in an abundance of species. The expedition lacked a good botanist, but I recall a tiny edelweiss and diminutive gentians, wild rhubarb scattered over a black hillside and bushes of huge wild roses in the gorges. Because we went up and down several times in the 11-17,000 ft range we went through a variety of habitats and the bird and animal life, as well as flowers, were diverse and interesting. With the perversity of many rare species, a Himalayan wall creeper (slightly differing from the Alpine version) chose to exhibit itself just as we were ankle-deep in cold water on a stream crossing.

We came down to Chiling on a day on which (according to my diary) we had chocolate cake for breakfast and saw our first lammergeier from the

top of the Dungduchen La. Unfortunately, the diary also records for the first time that David seemed far from well. At Chiling we had to cross the Zanskar river, which seemed about the size of the Thames at Putney but much faster. The donkeys were unloaded and drivers paid off and we and all the baggage were ferried across in a sort of large tea-chest slung from a wire cable on a pulley. Thanks to Yangdu, another lot of donkeys and ponies, and fresh food supplies, were waiting on the other side. For four days we then wandered up the Markha valley, very conscious of being at the bottom of a steep-sided valley but never able to see the tops on either side. It was therefore with relief and excitement that we eventually saw the exquisite snow pinnacle of Kang Yatse appear beyond the valley head. The following day we were up at 15,000 ft on the Nymaling grazing grounds, a wild, broad valley dominated by Kang Yatse but also in sight of the chain of mountains running towards Stok Kangri.

We stopped for a day to acclimatise for a longer period at high altitude and to allow ourselves and the animals time to recuperate. By European standards the trekking days were short and easy, but some found the prolonged effects of altitude debilitating and there were more and less serious cases of internal upsets. Health, rather than physical fitness at low altitude, is the major limiting factor on this type of trek. David was by now thoroughly unwell with an altitude-exacerbated chest complaint. Fortunately, once over the Kongmaru La from Nymaling, we were back in the Indus valley. David, mounted on a pony, returned to civilisation for good and Roy and Norma were also able to return to Leh for a temporary rest.

A somewhat reduced party therefore had a pleasant walk over the grazing grounds flanking the Matho-Stok Kangri range. The grazing animals – yak, sheep and the silky-fleeced goats from which cashmere comes – are widely dispersed to feed, but rounded up by herdsmen or women with slings and stones. There appeared very little for them to eat; no wonder a large yak found a toilet roll poking from the top of a rucksack an irresistible temptation! So we arrived at the upper valley which is the standard base camp site for Stok Kangri, at 17,500 ft. Here our mode of dress changed a bit as we got out of our shorts and T-shirts into normal mountaineering clothes and collected our heavy-weight boots and ice-axes which had been sent directly up from Leh by Yangdu. To our delight, Roy and Norma reappeared also. We were fortunate that on our arrival Base Camp was uncrowded, but that did not last.

A fit party could go up and down Stok Kangri from Base Camp in a day. Most small, independent groups, we noticed, camped higher up on the moraine. Motup, however, usually went one better than anyone else and in this case he had, the previous year, established a higher camp site above

the snowline. So after further acclimatisation we moved up with reduced baggage to a sort of rocky perch at 18,500 ft with a brilliant view down the lowest snow slope and out towards the Indus. The sky was clear and after the sun disappeared it became distinctly chilly. To our astonishment the cooking staff produced not just soup and tea but an excellent meal and we were so surprised that we forgot about appetite loss at altitude and ate it, before retiring to our bags.

On the day of ascent nearly everything was right: we were the only people on the mountain and the weather was perfect. Motup had made one, and only one, miscalculation on the entire trip, which was not to allow for a heavy unseasonal snowfall in July. There was therefore far more snow than he expected and for the ascent crampons would have helped. However, Motup was also determined that everybody should get to the summit and he therefore insisted on a very slow pace, while Pasang and Norbu cut steps out across the face to the south-east ridge. The ridge was pleasantly interesting without being difficult, with a very steep drop on the south side into the Markha valley. We progressed up in good order, with a few rests and much photography. After about five hours our FRCC leader's ambition was fulfilled: nine Fell and Rock members, four Sherpas and Motup all on a 20,000 ft summit at once! Paul was delighted, and so were we all. And it was a most worthy summit, the tip of a cone, with a stupendous view all around. The Karakoram range lay all around the horizon about 120 miles away north and east; the Zaskar range with Nun Kun protruding to the west and closer by we saw Kang Yatse again and the country through which we had come.

The summit proved to be the peak of the day as well as the mountain. Soft snow all over what was meant to be a scree-slope descent did not amuse everybody, and when we trooped back into Base Camp there was nearly an international incident with a large and noisy group which had usurped our site....But the memories of the summit will last longer.

Party members: FRCC: John Burrows, Andrew Hall, Hatty Harris, Paul Roberts, Roy and Norma Precious, Val and Roger Salisbury, Bernard Wright. Non-member: David Watkins.

Many of the group were very proud of the high average age of 58 years! This author was evidently included on the trip in error, as she fell below the normal age range. The diary notes in disgust: 'This group is a bit too inclined to talk about their *wartime experiences* over meals.'

ST. BEES – SUN, SEA AND SANDSTONE

Bill Young

The extensive sandstone cliffs of St. Bees on Cumbria's western seaboard stretch from just south of Whitehaven to just north of the village of St. Bees. The cliffs are an RSPB Reserve and are host to a number of rare species, including puffin, black guillemot and peregrine, as well as the more common species guillemot, fulmars, razorbills and cormorants.

Climbing or lowering on ropes has always been practised by locals in the past on egg collecting forays but now this is an illegal practice and thankfully has ceased.

In the late 1960s the climbing potential of the main cliff (about 250 feet high) was realised by a small group of local climbers, based nearby in the town of Egremont. The main protagonists were Joe Wilson, Brian Smith, Ian Angell and Trevor Martin. Between them they accounted for 24 of the 34 routes, often using considerable aid, but one has to remember that the routes were led on sight and 'gardening' was carried out *en route*.

In 1970 Mike Burbage and I were given the job of checking the routes for a Fell & Rock interim guide. We managed to reduce the aid on a number of routes and also managed two new routes and a few new pitches and variations of our own. However, the climbing never became popular, probably because of the soft sandy sections interspersed between the harder layers and the poor protection – no 'Friends' in those days.

Locals continued to climb and boulder there on summer evenings but it was probably Dougie Hall (who had been working nearby at Sellafield) who showed the way in the mid-1980s by climbing an impressive overhanging crack on a shorter, more solid, part of the cliffs, just north of the Fishermen's Steps – *Wild Things Run Free* (E5 6a).

The next step forward was made by Andy Jones and Colin Wornham who found and developed the Apiary Wall, a very steep wall about 70 feet high. Initially bolts were used for top-roping anchors but later about eight routes were bolted for leading. Grades ranged from E2 5c to E6 6b. The routes still managed to maintain a serious flavour as often nuts/Friends had to be used between the bolts.

Climbers who visited the Apiary Wall gradually inspected the area around Dougie's route *Wild Things Run Free* and realised the scope for short bolted routes in sport climbing mode. Initially Andy Hyslop and Stuart Wood, then Johnny Adams (with various partners), Stuart Miller and Joe (now 'The Legend') Wilson making his third comeback, increased the number of routes in this area – now named Scabby Back Area (horrible name!) – to over forty. Heights range from 25 to 50 feet and are well bolted using single bolts and stainless steel staples. The majority have

lower-off points. Grades range from severe (and it's bolted) to 6C (French 7C+?) so it really is sport for all.

In the autumn of 1993 activity was at its height; routes were appearing thick and fast and on many days routes were having second ascents within minutes of the first ascent. It certainly was the place to be as the bad weather in the Lakes had almost curtailed activity there. Of the routes climbed so far, here is a selection to try:

Chimneys	<i>Nasal Passage</i>	E1 5b
Slabs	<i>Feeling Groovey</i>	E3 6b
Grooves	<i>Seurvey</i>	E1 5c
	<i>Scorpion</i>	E1 5b
	<i>Friggin' in the Rigg'in'</i>	E3 6a
Cracks	<i>China Syndrome</i>	E2 5b
	<i>Wild Things Run Free</i>	E5 6b (not bolted)
Walls	<i>Fisherman's Friend</i>	E1 5a
	<i>Pieces of Eight</i>	E2 5b
	<i>Dreaming of Red Rocks</i>	E5 6a
	<i>Toxic Rock</i>	E5 6a
	<i>Nuclear Seepage</i>	E6 6b

In addition there is excellent bouldering on the large blocks below the cliff.

It must be pointed out that development has taken place recently with the full cooperation of the local farmer at Tarnflatt Hall Farm and the RSPB. No further area can be developed unless permission has been agreed with the RSPB.

Topos can be obtained from Rock & Run shop in Ambleside and Needle Sports in Keswick for a small donation to the bolt fund.

St Bees; you either love it or hate it, but what can be better than to climb on a balmy summer evening with the sea as a backcloth and only the sound of the birds and the chugging of a fishing boat returning to the port of Whitehaven, to break the silence?

If it appeals, come and try it.

A VERY LONG WALK WITH TITUS

Stephen J. H. Reid

There comes a time every winter, usually about late February, when, appetites whetted by a slight flurry of snow in mid-November, keen would-be ice climbers like myself become so desperate to stick our picks into something frozen that we hotfoot it up to Scotland, come what may – this despite every healthcare warning that the meteorological office can throw at us.

A recent winter, like so many of its predecessors, was no exception and for the umpteenth time I rang round hopefully in search of a like-minded soul. But it seemed that the hard men had all taken the soft option. Most were off to Spain or at the very least Cockermonth climbing wall. Downy, the original hard man's hard man, suggested I take up white-water canoeing and I had to admit, glancing at the torrent of rain pouring down the window, there was plenty of white water about, and none of it remotely near freezing point.

I thought Stalwart Mellow, a local guide, might be keener than most.

“Want to go climbing in Scotland, Stal?”

“You're joking. I'm off cragging in Thailand,” he replied. “But don't forget your hair shirt, ha ha!”

“Honestly, young people today,” I thought (conveniently forgetting that Stalwart was probably just about the same age as myself) “no desire to risk their necks on soaking, avalanche-prone Highland hills in gale force conditions. All they want to do is climb in perfect safety on sunny, bolt-protected crags, above white hot beaches decorated with near-naked women. Whatever is the matter with them?!”

I rang Titus. At least he wouldn't be interested in bolts or naked women, I was right. He wasn't. Well actually I didn't mention them as an option, but I'm sure that as an upstanding member of the SMC he would have turned them down flat. What's more, he would love to come. Tremendous fun. Hadn't been camping for years. Mitre Ridge of Beinn a' Bhuidr...? Certainly. And mountain bikes for the approach...?

Titus had never ridden a mountain bike before and in fact it was so long since he had been camping that, once he had decided to accompany me, my telephone line was hot with enquiries. Would he need a rope or pocket knife? Two pairs of socks or three? What about a gas stove? It seemed that he had invested in a very nice compact model a few years ago when it was the latest thing in camping cookers. Very convenient and all folded up into its own set of miniature pans. In view of his age, which, as I may have mentioned before, I have promised not to mention, I thought it best

not to overburden him and it was decided that I should take my tent and a limited amount of climbing gear. But would there be ice? Or rock? I took most of my rock gear, just in case, as well as several ice screws, two axes and a deadman, and some abseil tat, and two ropes, some pegs, and a helmet... Best to be on the safe side.

The drive to Braemar was uneventful, if overlong and somewhat soggy, and shortly before midnight we pitched my tiny little tent under some Scots pines on the banks of the Dee and set our alarms for an alpine start. Titus was impressed with the tent which was one of those relatively new flexible-poled models that can be erected in seconds with no need for guys or even pegs to keep it upright. It had cost an arm and a leg but was well worth it for convenience... I got the feeling that he was contemplating a further equipment investment as I drifted off to sleep.

In the all-too-early hours we pedalled our way by forestry tracks through the Invercauld Estate. My sack seemed rather on the heavy side and Titus was having trouble with his *dérailleurs*, but we gritted our teeth and thought of the easy downhill return journey. Eventually the track became too potholed to pedal and so we hid the bikes and continued on foot. We soon rose out of a pleasant grassy dell, containing the ruins of a lodge, and emerged onto a bleak, bleak moorland. The main path was obvious and curved straight round into Coire nan Clach where we proposed to camp. It was only about an hour's walk away.

Two hours later we set up camp about halfway to our intended destination. The distance it seemed was deceptive. We found a slightly-less-boggy-than-its-neighbours sort of site with only a few bumps in it. There was almost room enough for my marvel of a tent and the Quoi ch belched and burbled noisily by the door – handy, as it turned out.

Our surroundings were depressing. Grey clag obliterated the sky in all directions, forming a great baleful blanket that hung ominously around the two thousand foot mark. The dreariness of the dull brown mountains in front of us was matched only by the dullness of the dreary brown moors behind. The occasional retreating tongue of grey snow in some easy-angled gully showed that conditions might have been pretty good last week. Moreover, it was pouring with rain and a chill wind was getting up. Worse still, it was only three o'clock – there was no avoiding it, we should have to do something.

We decided to reconnoitre the Garbh Choire approach to facilitate a mooted early morning start. The guidebook mentioned a vital navigational aid termed the 'Sneck'. Neither of us were certain what a sneck was and, as there was nothing marked as such on the remaining legible portions of my ancient, one-inch-to-one-mile, Cairngorms Tourist Map, we struck out northwards, hopefully, and followed the well-established

practice of forcing features in the landscape to accord with those mentioned in the guidebook. It was thus we eventually found ourselves in a blizzard on the minor summit of Cnap a' Chleirich – “Not even a true Munro,” as Titus pointed out dismally, ever mindful of my pending SMC application. Peering down into the chasm-like valley that separated us from Ben Avon we realised that, just possibly, this constituted the elusive sneek, and that we had climbed about 1500 feet higher than necessary.

By now it was gloomier than the blizzard alone could account for and we hurriedly descended to the welcome shelter of the tent. Snuggled into sleeping bags, we began the satisfying process of brewing up and cooking an evening meal, stoves balanced carefully in the tent's doorway. At least I did: the warmth and calm bringing on a sudden dozy reverie during which I was only vaguely aware, out of the corner of my eye, that Titus was fiddling with his miniature stove, just barely conscious that he was attempting to change a gas cylinder.

His exclamation of “Blast!”, remarkably apt in the circumstances, followed by a dull woomph as a huge ball of swirling flame filled one end of the tent, signalled that he had most spectacularly muffed it – and brought me sharply to. Never have I seen more sense than owning a two-door tent than at that moment, but it was pure luck that the second door was unzipped... It only took us a split second to emerge in the mud outside and douse the smouldering remains in the nearby river, but it was too late. We were unscathed, but the tent was ruined. The bell-end and much of the fly sheet had vanished, the inner had a gaping hole in it, and somehow just about every pole section was bent beyond repair. Titus was mortified and repeatedly said as much, but it was pouring with rain and pitch dark and we were slopping around in our underclothes and socks. Apologies could wait.

By torchlight we scoured the ground and collected our kit – a plastic boot here, a cooking pot there – and got ourselves dressed. Surprisingly little, apart from the tent, was damaged. We sorted it all and packed it away. The remnants of the tent went on top. Everything was wet and thus heavier and bulkier than before and my eighty litre sack bulged horrendously.

The return walk seemed interminable. For a start, the track, which appeared to be more animal than human in origin, was narrow and deeply cut, forcing one to walk one foot directly in front of the other. With our heavy and badly packed loads we were in constant danger of over-balancing. Secondly, this same track, that had seemed so obvious and straightforward on our way in that morning, was in fact not only quite twisted but also cross-crossed by innumerable sub-tracks. More than once we found that in the dark and mist we had doubled back on ourselves and

were heading due north again, and only constant reference to the compass kept us on the correct bearing. This was all very tiring and, to make matters worse, a consistently depressing drizzle was falling, sousing both our clothing and spirits. The latter were momentarily lifted when we reached the familiar landmark of the ruined lodge but our hopes were soon dashed again for we had forgotten how far we had to go to the bikes and I have to confess it was only by constantly reminding myself that we were, after all was said and done, only in this situation because we enjoyed it that I kept on my feet until we reached them.

Even then things did not improve much. Riding a mountain bike down a badly rutted path, in the dark, in pouring rain, and all whilst carrying something approaching seventy pounds of sodden, badly packed climbing equipment on one's back, is no easy matter and it soon became apparent that I was not quite up to the task. This was most obvious when I fell off, which was fairly often and, having crawled wearily out from under my bike for the third or fourth time and remounted only with the greatest of difficulty, you can imagine how glad I was to observe shortly the path develop into a proper Land Rover track. At last we could relax a little. Alas, we relaxed too much! For the straightforward track of the morning approach was in fact criss-crossed by a confusing number of previously unnoticed but similar tracks. Several wrong turns were taken and had to be laboriously retraced before, utterly exhausted, we eventually regained the welcome haven of our car.

Titus was all for finding a pub to bed down in, and even something unambitious to walk up the next day, but I demurred and instead we drove along empty roads through the windswept night, finally reaching home well into the early hours, by which time Titus, at least, was actually feeling quite jolly. It had, after all, been an adventure. Moreover, he thought that his insurance might cover the tent. In fact, it was rather a lark, this mountain biking stuff. Indeed, we really ought to give it another go soon. Though perhaps, he ventured, it might be wise if he invested in a new stove – one of those modern ones that take a safe, screw-threaded gas cylinder – first.

I could not but agree.

THE NEXT GENERATION?

Leslie Shore

My two companions took an open-minded interest in the beauty and detail of their surroundings, the Langdale Pikes. I listened to their perpetual conversation about it. Spontaneous laughter punctuated their exchanges. They had volunteered to share a day's outing with me, in a landscape which they had scarcely bothered to study before. Thus for them it was a journey of discovery.

Their enthusiasm became infectious, as was their vitality, which seemed unlimited. One other walker commented about this also.

The age difference between me and my companions could be measured in decades. Yet to reconcile this difference was irrelevant to them. Now and again one of them referred to it, by calling me 'Aged P', a phrase he had borrowed from Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*, having recognised that its original affectionate context was ideal for ridicule.

By early afternoon they had affected my inner emotional state. It manifested itself briefly, ever so briefly. The occasion arose upon the summit of Harrison Stickle. During it my humour escaped with theirs. Adulthood abbreviated its duration for I had to reproach them for their eruption of laughter. A lady was the butt for it. She too had made a journey to the same place, the highest point of the Langdale Pikes. It was evident that the heat of that sultry September Indian Summer day had affected her.

The discipline of keeping my companions under periodic observation temporarily blinkered me to what was going on around me. I missed the moment when that Michelin-shaped lady flopped down to sit upon a stone, selected from the necklace of such stones that encircle the summit cairn. Her cry of relief caused two keen pairs of boys' eyes to become rivetted upon her. Lost in a flash was a comment from son to father, that if a lady could climb to such a place, "Then so should Mum". Instantaneously a burst of laughter flowed from them in reaction to what they then saw. The lady had begun to place on her head a green Marks & Sparks plastic shopping bag, to screen it from the baking sun. In a twinkling of an eye they must have seen her as I did; a garden gnome, reclining under a pixie-horn shaped hat. I ushered them on to finish the day on Pike o'Stickle.

My son Alistair and his friend Peter Storey were my companions. They were two eleven-year-olds. As final year pupils of Ulverston Croftlands Primary School they had learnt from their experiences at the school's annual residential 'outdoor pursuits' week, based at Keswick. I was

especially grateful to their teachers for the thought and effort they put into that event because the rewarding effect of it on these youngsters confidently permitted me to introduce them to a new skill, scrambling.

The chosen day had started from near the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. Their first resting place was Stickle Tarn. Here they preoccupied themselves with guddling. Kneeling and grabbling, they proceeded to hand tickle the tarn's fish life. Behind them, reflected in the still waters, was a mirror image of Pavey Ark. I sensed that they had a carefree disregard for what I had in store for them.

At the foot of Pavey Ark's crag face I proudly announced to two rock climbers, roping up to do *Stoat's Crack*, that I was accompanying the next generation of Cumbria's climbers.

"We are here to climb *Lord's Rake*," I said.

"*Jack's Rake*, you mean," mocked both climbers in unison. My young friends frowned at me disapprovingly.

My companions led me up the Rake. Concentrating young minds navigated the way. They overcame the rocky obstacles adeptly. There was some tension. Nerves fluttered, including my own. Such troughs of emotion were compensated by peaks of elation. I wobbled up behind them, envious of their fluent climbing style.

We celebrated the day's success in the Stickle Barn Bar. Soft fruit drink toasts were raised. They were served to me by one of the climbers we had met earlier in the day preparing to climb *Stoat's Crack*. Was I in the company of the next generation of Cumbrian climbers? Only time will provide the answer to this question. If in 1998 I can promote their election to the Club, I will be able to reflect whether or not I will have made a real contribution to the current debate on lowering the membership's average age. They will bring more valuable contributions through fresh humour and additional enthusiasm. Optimistically I hope that this will happen.

IN THE COURT OF APPEAL

Ian Roper

Crewe v British Union of Mountaineers

Before Lords Bonehead of Bowdon, McPiton of Etive and Almscliffe of Shipley.

Appearing for the Appellant, Mr G. O. R. Dale and for the Prosecution, Mr C. U. R. Bar-Edge.

Lord Bonehead: The facts are briefly stated. In 1963 the appellant made an ascent of Clogwyn D'ur Arddu by a route subsequently known as *The Boldest*. During the ascent the appellant inserted a bolt, an act attested to by numerous witnesses. The B.U.M. as the appropriate prosecuting authority took action under the Bolting of Craggs (Prohibition) Order, 1961, on the grounds of Grievous Material Harm to the said crag.

The appellant justified his action on the grounds, inter alia, that (a) he was pushing standards, and (b) on medical evidence, that he had lost his bottle. Neither argument found favour with the Court and the appellant was found guilty and duly sentenced. Do I state the Case accurately, Mr Dale?

Mr Dale: You do, M'Lord. The appeal is brought on the grounds that my client suffered an inordinately severe sentence – that he be banished from Ynnys Ettws, to do nothing harder than V.Diff. and to refrain from climbing or molesting the said crag for life.

Furthermore, my client's case was not well presented and he appeals against both the finding of the High Court due to abuse of process and against the sentence as being unduly severe.

Lord McPiton: May I say that this Court is most displeased at the length of time taken for this appeal to be brought before us. It is now thirty years since the events so lucidly described by my Learned Friend. Who is to blame for this lamentable catalogue of Administrative failure?

Lord Almscliffe: I believe that the original documents and Exhibit 'A' – the bolt, which was removed by a Mr Edward Grindley in 1970 – were lost in some shoddy bins in my back yard sometime in 1972. However, every cloud has a silver lining. It will be most illuminating to hear this case in the light of recent events. The case will set a precedent for generations.

Mr Bar-Edge: It is disgraceful that this Court has to waste its time on this matter. It is well-known that bolting is illegal in this country, even for civil engineering purposes. I repeat: the Court should not waste its time. Furthermore, I move that my Honourable Friend be taken from this place and be soundly horse-whipped for his own bolting activities. I rest my case.

Lord Bonehead: Yes, yes, let us not be too hasty; I have my fee to earn. We must make the Wheels of Justice grind exceedingly slow, otherwise we should all be paupers. Has the Court Clerk fixed up my bivouac hammock?

Lord McPiton: Tae be sure, we hae nae need of hammocks. To show the purity of the Court we shall lunch in slings.

Lord Almscliffe: Over my dead body. Jenny is expecting me home in twenty minutes. I'm missing my carpet slippers.

Lord Bonehead: The Court is adjourned.

NEXT DAY

Mr Dale: May it please the Court, may I draw the Court's attention to the case of *The Dangerous Sports Club ex parte Catermole v. The British Swimming Federation*.

Lord Almscliffe: Why was the case brought Ex Parte?

Mr Dale: As the Court will know, Mr Catermole was a member of the Dangerous Sports Club who devised a novel pastime of diving into dry swimming pools from a not inconsiderable height. An action was brought by the B.S.F. seeking an injunction, alleging, inter alia, that the draining of the pools interfered with their members' rights to enjoy their sport; that diving into a dry pool was against tradition; and that in any event the practice damaged the tiling. The unfortunate Mr Catermole succeeded only too well in demonstrating before the Court, on a site visit, that it was the diver, and not the tiling, that was damaged.

It is for this reason that I cite the Case in my client's defence. There was slight damage to the pool but considerably more to the late Mr Catermole. While the Court found for the B.S.F. on the first two counts, it found that the impact, so graphically demonstrated, whether actual or potential, was so disproportionate as between mineral and animal that the damage to the tiling was negligible.



Mr Bar-Edge: May it please their Lordships...

All: It does.

Mr Bar-Edge: May I cite the case, on behalf of the Prosecution, of *Saydmayer v. Climbers' Club* (1936) (All England Law Reports).

This was the notorious *Munich Climb* case. The facts are well known. Saydmayer and Teufl, two leading German 'mountaineers', inserted pitons in the North Buttress of Tryfan, which were rapidly found to be unnecessary. In a Civil Action (the only remedy in those days) the Climbers' Club obtained an Expulsion Order and the miscreants fled these shores, never to darken them again. Saydmayer, the Principal in the Case, was also sentenced to a lifetime of ridicule. He appealed, but before the appeal could be heard he was said to have died on the Eigerwand. The body was never identified and some years later bolts were discovered on the Sugar Loaf Mountain at Rio de Janeiro: shortly afterwards a person bearing a striking resemblance to the 'deceased' was seen frequenting low-life bars in that city.

Lord Almscliffe: No appeal was heard, therefore it has only the authority of the Lower Court?

Mr Bar-Edge: It does, M'Lord.

Mr Dale: May I, in contention, bring your Lordship's attention to a case of the Highest Authority. In the House of Lords before Lord Haskett-Smith, shortly after the Saydlmayer case so ably summarised by that snivelling little wretch – sorry, my learned friend – there was heard the case of *Heckmair and Others v. Alpine Club ex parte Strutt*.

Popularly known as the 'Eigerwand Steeplejacking Case' it drew considerable Press comment at the time. In the Alpine Journal Col. Strutt had accused Herr Heckmair and his companions of 'steeplejacking' their way up the North Face of the Eiger; Heckmair and his companions sued for libel but the High Court and Court of Appeal found for Col. Strutt. However, the House of Lords found unanimously in favour of the plaintiffs, awarding them eternal fame and Col. Strutt a lifetime of opprobrium. He disappeared from the scene thereafter.

Mr Bar-Edge: My learned friend's argument, while persuasive, ignores the *ober dicta* in this case. Lord Haskett-Smith referred in finding for Herr Heckmair, that the scale and extreme danger of the enterprise justified the party in using whatever means necessary, whereas the Appellant was only ten minutes away from a top-rope...

Mr Dale: ...and ten seconds away from decking-out!

Lord Almscliffe: Pray, Sir, what is 'Decking-Out'?

Mr Dale: I believe that in your day, M'Lord, it was known as a 'Ground Fall'.

Lord Almscliffe: Experienced a few of those in my time. Trouble is that there are no leaders these days. Why, I remember on *Western Front*...

Lord Bonehead: I feel a bivouac coming on.

Lord McPiton: The court is adjourned.

NEXT DAY

Lord Bonehead: This case is more boring than the Malham Lower Wall. I trust that Counsel will keep their comments brief?

Messrs Dale and Bar-Edge: We will, your Lordships.

Lord Bonehead: Pray proceed, Mr Dale.

Mr Dale: It is not disputed in this Court, I trust, that my client's intentions were wholly honourable. He does not dispute the facts, he does not regret his actions. He only claims that as one of the sport's leading practitioners, he had the right, nay, the responsibility, to test out the frontiers of ethics. That subsequent developments should have proved him wrong should not detract from his achievement. My learned friend has produced a veritable catalogue of case law, hearsay and anecdote. I ask the Court: put yourselves high on that lonely wall with the relatively primitive equipment of the day. Would you have done better? On my client's behalf, I call on the Court to set aside the sentence.

Mr Bar-Edge: We have heard much special pleading from my learned friend, but we must stay with the legal proprieties. The whole weight of Judicial Opinion and Tradition is against the appellant, despite the desperate deployment of the Catermole case. My Lords, I rest my case.

Lord Bonehead: We hear nothing here which convinces us that we should displace the finding of fact by the Lower Court. However, we do have regard to the conditions, equipment and prevailing conditions and we therefore find as follows:

The facts are not in dispute, therefore the Appellant is found guilty and the Lower Court's decision that an offence under the Bolting of Craggs (Prohibition) Order, 1961, was committed, is confirmed. Having said that we find that the sentence was, as argued by Mr Dale, unduly severe, and we therefore set aside the sentence as *ultra vires*. The Appellant leaves the Court without a stain on his character.

COMMENTARY

The Court of Appeal has taken a sensible view of this most important case, as one might expect from a Bench with such a wide range of interests. The Appellant, given the extraordinary weight of opinion against him, was faced with a hopeless task. Although the Court was unable to take into account the two cases brought by *Great Wall Trustees v. Drummond* (1971) and *Redhead* (1983), clearly the Dicta in those cases influenced the thinking of the Court. Bolting on natural mountain crags is outlawed once and for all. The position regarding limestone and quarried rock is still not clear.

Hopefully Lord Bonehead will now find time to organise his next 400-man expedition to Moel Hebog, Lord McPiton will find time for rearing his pedigree haggises, and Lord Almscliffe will return to his sailing.

FURTHER READING

For a masterly *tour d'horizon* of Alpine Jurisprudence one cannot better Hatchjaw and De Selby's acclaimed work *Alpinismus et Jurisprudentia re Furore* (Vienna, 1954) which has an especially lucid account of the early, though still relevant, cases of aid abuse, including the use of combined tactics (*Knubel and Mummery v. A.C.*, 1892) and rope moves (*Dulfer v. Vienna Alpenverrein*, 1910).

Those interested in ethical rather than Judicial matters may find Harding's *Sendero Luminoso*, sub-titled *The Tao of Bolting the Dawn Wall and the Path to Enlightenment* (Ying Tong Press, California, 1974) interesting, if a little biased. It has become something of a curiosity and a collector's item and is now difficult to obtain. His *Zen of Bolting* (*Ibid.*, 1976) develops his ideas to the point of utter confusion and is not recommended for students.

THE ABRAHAM BROTHERS MEMORIAL PLAQUE, KESWICK

Editor



Photograph courtesy of The West Cumberland Times and Star

Chronicle No. 65 (Autumn 1992) reported that a substantial slate plaque had been erected on the Borrowdale Road premises of George Fisher's shop in Keswick.

The plaque had been commissioned on the initiative of the Keswick Civic Society and had been erected on the original wall of the Abraham family business, courtesy of the present owner of George Fisher Ltd, Mr J. M. Standing. The Club donated £50 towards the cost of the plaque.

The inscription states:

From 1887 to 1967 this building housed the photographic firm founded in 1869 by George Perry Abraham JP., FRPS., and continued by two of his sons George Dixon and Ashley Perry who were internationally known as mountain and landscape photographers and pioneer rock climbers. These celebrated 'Keswick Brothers' made many first ascents at home and abroad and popularised the sport by their illustrated books and lectures. In 1907 Ashley was elected the first President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and George was made an Honorary Member.

The photograph shows the Chairman of Keswick Civic Society, Mr Norman L. Akerman, and Vice-Chairman Mrs Maysie McCambridge at the unveiling on 19 June 1992.

A NEW INDEX FOR THE JOURNAL

Geoff Cram

Opening any of the Club *Journals*, particularly the older ones, often leads to a long browse through a huge variety of fascinating articles. A wealth of interesting and historically useful information is buried in the Club's series of 73 issues of the *Journal*. A challenge for the early nineties has been to devise a way of searching for information using what the early editors lacked – modern computer database technology.

Not that good indexes do not already exist – but these are loose-leaf, often missing from runs of *Journals* and, in any event, would entail a lengthy search for a single subject – for example, all the articles about Scafell.

Design

The first challenge was to design the database to meet likely users' requests for information on author or subject: it seemed important to concentrate on the article structure, and to be able to search the information by surname, any word or phrase in the title of articles, *Journal* Number(s) and year. Thus *all* articles will be added to the database, but not the text. (It seems likely that CD-ROM technology will eventually allow searching of all the text).

The use of article titles also controlled the size of the database. It soon became obvious that many articles had obscure titles; for example, '*Keswick Neighbours*' was about Skiddaw and Blencathra and '*Ersatz*' was about climbing in the Peak District.

Therefore a crucial descriptive 'comment' field was added for each article, which can also be searched for any word or phrase. A typical output record is shown below.

ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *The Coolin from End to End*. Describes the first traverse of the ridge, by Shadbolt & McLaren in 17 hours. 1911, No. 5, Vol 2(2) p184-186.

When the index was initially planned, computing hardware presented a problem in terms of memory and hard-disk size. This is no longer the case and the index runs on a 386 PC office computer using dBASE4 software and a suitable printer. Date entry time was estimated at 75 hours for approx 2000 records.

Application

At the time of writing the index is half completed and already fascinating searches for information have become possible. Searches can be

performed for any word or phrase, with conditions if required, e.g. before 1939, and a printed report can be produced. Four examples are given below.

1. A simple search of the surname field for "ABRAHAM" produced 14 articles (see Table 1), most in the first 12 Journals. These range from the very first Journal (Ashley Abraham in the smoke room, Wastdale Head) via an article on the first traverse of the Coolin Ridge by Shadbolt and McClaren, to memories of Lehmann J Oppenheimer and Edward Whymper.
2. A similar search for "SMITH" (pre-1932) found eleven articles written over a period of 23 years. Seven of these are by Haskett-Smith and include, of course, the first ascent of Napes Needle (No. 8), and also articles on John Robinson (Nos. 3 and 14). Other articles appeared in numbers 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 24 and 26. The search also found the First Ascent of *Moss Ghyll Grooves* by Blanche Eden-Smith in 1926 (No. 20).
3. A search for information on the first war using 'War' (pre-1932) gave 16 items (see Table 2). These included several articles on the War Memorial on Gable (Nos. 12, 14, 15, 17 and 18) and the original idea for the first six climbing Guidebooks (the 'red' Guides) in No. 12. Note that this text search also finds 'Warnings' and 'Warehouse' (!) although these can easily be filtered out.
4. Finally a search for articles on Scafell Crag (pre-1940) using 'Sca' found a rich vein of historical articles by famous Lakeland mountaineers:-

- John Robinson ascending Deep Ghyll, Christmas 1885;
- new climbs on the Pinnacle by Woodhead, Sansom and Herford;
- the first ascent of Central Buttress 1914
- the first Scafell climbing guidebook by C. F. Holland 1924
- the first descent of CB by Mabel Barker and Jack Carswell 1937

The full list is shown in Table 3 – note that a full search might need to check for East Buttress, Shamrock, Mickledore, Central Buttress or other phrases.

I hope that these examples illustrate the power of the new computer index. The main advantage is the speed at which initial searches can be carried out for the researcher or reader. A useful list of source references on any subject can be produced quickly, and this opens up the hidden depths of our *Journals*.

The index is most likely to be of use in the Club Library, and is already installed on computer at the FRCC Library, Lancaster University. Enquiries about searches or other use of the index can be addressed to the Librarian, George Watkins, or to me.

Grateful thanks are due to Jean and John Cram for their help in the production of the index.

TABLE 1 – Abraham Articles in the Journal

- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *An hour in the smoke room at Wastdale*. Tales of an 'Old Stager'. 1907. No. 1, Vol. 1(1) p19-26.
- ABRAHAM, George D. *The Climbs of the English Lake District*. The sequel to Williamson's article 1907, 1(1), 27-50. 1908. No. 2, Vol. 1(2) p143-159
- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *Warnings*. Concern over the number of accidents. 1909. No. 3, Vol. 1(3) p269-274.
- ABRAHAM, George D. *In Memoriam – Andrew Sisson Thomson*. 1909. No. 3, Vol. 1(3) p275-277.
- ABRAHAM, George D. *The Climbers Foot*. 1910. No. 4, Vol. 2(1) p35-41.
- ABRAHAM, Mrs A. P. *A Climber's Reverie*. Poem. 1910, No. 4, Vol. 2(1) p64.
- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *The Coolin from End to End*. Describes the first traverse of the ridge, by Shadbolt & McLaren, in 17 hours. 1911, No. 5, Vol 2(2) p184-186.
- ABRAHAM, Mrs A. P. *A Settler's Reverie*. Poem. 1913, No. 7, Vol. 3(1) p58.
- ABRAHAM, Mrs A. P. *Cumbria to the Warrior Climbers*. Poem. 1915, No. 9, Vol. 3(3) p4.
- ABRAHAM, George D. *Round about Thirlmere – Old and New*. 1915, No. 9, Vol. 3(3) p84-92.
- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *The Late Lehmann J. Oppenheimer*. The Fell and Rock Club's Roll of Honour. 1916, No. 10, Vol. 4(1) p64-71.
- ABRAHAM, George D. *Recollections of a Great Mountaineer*. Concerning Edward Whymper and the Matterhorn. 1919, No. 12, Vol. 4(3) p167-174.
- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *Lake District Fell Walking*. An account of Mr Eustace Thomas's record. 1920, No. 14, Vol. 5(2) p173-180.
- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *What Would You Have Done? Adventure in Walla Crag Gully – cut the rope?* 1937, No. 31, Vol 11(1) p178-185.

TABLE 2 – Journal Articles on the First War

- ABRAHAM, Ashley P. *Warnings*. Concern over the number of accidents. 1909, No. 3, Vol 1(3) p269-274.
- PALMER, W. T. *Foreword (on War Service)*. 1914, No. 8, Vol. 3(2) p3-4.
- SANSOM, G. S. *Scafell Central Buttress*. Fine account of the first ascent of a famous 'Last Great Problem' before the War. 1914, No. 8, Vol 3(2) p17-23.
- ABRAHAM, Mrs A. P. *Cumbria to the Warrior Climbers*. Poem. 1915, No. 9, Vol 3(3) p4.
- A. A. J. *Neville Fletcher*. First Member to be killed in the War. 1915, No. 9, Vol. 3(3) p15.
- DAVIES, S. H. *Fighting on the Orler Range*. War in the Alps. 1915, No. 9, Vol. 3(3) p51-53.
- ION-KENDAL, Annie. *Warnings*. Song with music by Mrs W. T. Palmer. 1915, No. 9, Vol. 3(3) p83.

- CHORLEY, R. S. T. *The War Memorial*. Early discussions on the War Memorial. 1919, No. 12, Vol. 4(3) p229-231.
- ORMISTON-CHANT, T. C. *War Memorial to Members Fallen in War*. Letter suggesting the production of six pocket climbing Guide-books as a Memorial. 1919, No. 12, Vol. 4(3) p257-261.
- TREVELYAN, G. M. *The High-Alpine Warfare - Notes on six Photographs*. The Great War in Italy. 1919, No. 13, Vol. 5(1) p3-7.
- ANON. Record of War Service & Roll of Honour. 1919, No. 13, Vol. 5(1) p96-98.
- SEATREE, George. *The Club's War Memorial*. Letter. 1920, No. 14, Vol. 5(2) p213-216.
- RAWNSLEY, Mrs. *War Memorial on Scafell Pike*. 24th August, 1921, 1921, No. 15, Vol. 5(3) p321-323.
- CHORLEY, R. S. T. *The War Memorial*. Bought from Mr Walker of Seascale for £400. 1923, No. 17, Vol. 6(2) p240-244.
- S.D.M. *Unto the Hills*. Poem on War Memorial. 1924, No. 18, Vol. 6(3) p363-364.
- PALMER, W. T. *Unveiling the War Memorial Tablet*. Great Gable, 8 June 1924. 1924, No. 18, Vol. 6(3) p365-368.

TABLE 3 - Journal Articles on Scafell (pre-1940)

- ROBINSON, John W. *A Novice in the Snow*. Wasdale Christmas 1885 - ascent of Deep Ghyll, Scafell. 1907, No. 1, Vol. 1(1) p15-18.
- WOODHEAD, A. G. *A new climb on Scafell Pinnacle*. 1907, No. 1, Vol. 1(1) p55-58.
- OPPENHEIMER, L. J. *Scouting on Sca Fell Pike*. Scouts & outposts game by the author of 'Heart of Lakeland'. 1908, No. 2, Vol. 1(2) p115-120.
- SLINGSBY, William Cecil. *Rems of a few days' climbing in the Fell Country*. Mainly Scaw Fell. 1909, No. 3, Vol. 1(3) p253-260.
- SANSOM, G. S., & HEREFORD, S. W. *The Climbs on Scafell Pinnacle*. The authors were later to climb the Central Buttress. 1912, No. 6, Vol. 2(3) p296-305.
- HEREFORD, S. W. *The Traverse of Scafell Crags*. First Girdle Traverse. 1912, No. 6, Vol. 2(3) p327-332.
- SANSOM, G. S. *Scafell Central Buttress*. Fine account of the first ascent of a famous 'Last Great Problem' before the War. 1914, No. 8, Vol. 3(2) p17-23.
- RUMNEY, A. W. *Who Discovered Scafell Pike?* Coleridge is suggested. 1914, No. 8, Vol. 3(2) p69-70.
- BOWER, George S. *A Day-Trip to Scafell*. Moss Ghyll in one day from Barrow. 1918, No. 11, Vol. 4(2) p95-98.
- PRITCHARD, R. E. W. *Three Climbers*. Girdle Traverse of Scafell and other climbs. 1918, No. 11, Vol. 4(2) p103-109.
- ROGERS et al. *Letter to Editor*. Re-questing that Central Buttress (Scawfell) be named after Herford. 1918, No. 11, Vol. 4(2) p144.
- SCANTLEBURY, Edward H. P. *Scafell Pike Peace Day*. Organised by the Committee for Peace Celebration Beacons and Bonfires. 1919, No. 13, Vol. 5(1) p14-24.
- HOLLAND, C. F. *New Climbs in The Wasdale District*. On Pillar, Kern Knotts and Scafell. 1919, No. 13, Vol. 5(1) p38-49.
- HOLLAND, C. F. *The Great Central Buttress of Scafell*. 1921, No. 15, Vol. 5(3) p274-283.
- BEETHAM, Bentley. *Scafell Central Buttress*. 1921, No. 15, Vol. 5(3) p284-286.
- RAWNSLEY, Mrs. *War Memorial on Scafell Pike*. 24th August, 1921, 1921, No. 15, Vol. 5(3) p321-323.
- HOLLAND, C. F. *Climbs on the Scawfell Group*. 1924, No. 18, Vol. 6(3) p277-324.
- BARKER, Mabel. *On Scawfell*. 4th ascent of Central Buttress with Frankland. 1925, No. 19, Vol. 7(1) p110-116.
- HADFIELD, Charles F. *Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon*. 1926, No. 20, Vol. 7(2) p278-288.
- BARKER, M. M. *From Both Ends of the Rope - Climbing Down*. First descent of Central Buttress, Scafell - first man. 1937, No. 31, Vol. 11(1) p161-164.
- CARSWELL, J. *From Both Ends of the Rope - B.C.* First descent of Central Buttress, Scafell - last man. 1937, No. 31, Vol. 11(1) p165-170.

THE LIBRARY AND THE ARCHIVE

George Watkins

Gifts to the Library have been too numerous to list here, but I hope I have acknowledged them all properly by letter, for they have been very welcome, either to augment the stock, or to improve collections in huts, or to be sold on to members.

The Library's pretensions to national status as a source of reference has been strengthened by the arrangements for Temporary Readership now available to researchers sponsored by any responsible club or institution. I myself receive an ever-increasing number of research queries from members and from the general public. It is a pleasure and a challenge to respond to them.

The stock of back numbers of the *Journal* has been rationalised. The Assistant Librarian can now meet almost any request. Gifts of back numbers, especially of early issues and of complete sets, are always welcome. The bound sets of *Journals* in all huts have been brought up-to-date and repaired or rebound as necessary.

The documentary archive is now well housed at Cumbria Record Office in Kendal, where it may be consulted by appointment during normal office hours. Some of the artefacts from the archive have toured the branch libraries of former Westmorland as part of an exhibition featuring Cumbria Library's collection of books on mountaineering.

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* Listed in *Journal No. 73*, but news of the death of these Members was received too late for the inclusion of Obituary Notices in that issue.

Mrs J. C. APPLEYARD (née HARLAND)

Eve Harland, as she then was, joined the Fell and Rock at the age of 18 in 1913 and thus became the matriarch of women climbers in the Club.

She learned to love the mountains through her father, Henry Harland. They would travel over on a motorbike from Hull to Wasdale regularly and later she came with her brother 'Bones'. She also appears to have been one of the earliest women motorcyclists.

She would walk to the foot of climbs in a skirt and then discard it prior to the ascent.

Unfortunately there seems to be no detailed records of her very early climbing days. She must have been in the company of George Abraham, Norman Collic, Haskett-Smith, Canon Rawnsley, Cecil Slingsby and others.

I was fortunate to be present at Eve's wedding to John Appleyard at Hawkshead. They lived at Torver and after three or four years they built their house 'Greystones' from which they ran a successful poultry farm – John had been advised by his doctor to lead an outdoor life. Eve was an excellent housekeeper and mother.

Sadly their elder son Ian was killed in a tractor accident in New Zealand when in his early twenties. The other son Peter and daughter Rosemary are both members and still live at Haws Bank and Torver, while John was Secretary for eight years (1926-34) before becoming President in 1948.

Eve enjoyed life – there was nearly always a twinkle in her eyes.

Marjorie Alferoff

FRANK O. BARNES

Frank Barnes, who died in February 1993, enjoyed over fifty years' membership of the Fell & Rock. He was elected in 1942, very much a local man, for he lived in Keswick and continued to do so for the rest of his life.

He was in at the start of the Keswick Mountain Rescue Team, with the now almost legendary figures of John Lyth, Rusty Westmorland, and, of a different generation, George Fisher. Frank served loyally and happily for as long as he was able to turn out to the rescues and keep up with the young fellows. In later years he looked back with great affection on his climbing days and his days with the KMRT. He loved to call in at the Salving House for a cup of tea and a talk.

The Club's annual dinners at the Royal Oak were a source of much satisfaction, as, in a quite different way, were his 60 years of service to Crosthwaite church as a bell ringer. At his funeral the bells were rung again in his honour. A good friend and fellow member of the Club described him as a 'likeable rogue', meaning that there was plenty of the likeable in him, and not much roguery except for fun. We honour his long membership and mourn his passing.

George Watkins

RON BROTHERTON

With the death of Ron Brotherton, the Club has lost one of its most devoted servants. Few members can have served longer or in more varied capacities, as he was Warden of Brackenclough (1955-65), Vice-President (1969-71), Obituarist (1970-86) and Assistant Secretary (1983-90).

I first met Ron in 1960 walking down Ennerdale on one of my earliest Club meets and was immediately struck by the warmth of his welcome to a newcomer and by his unaffected enthusiasm for the fells. It was the start of a life-long friendship with Ron and Lilian and of memorable days on the hills with Ron. He was a great companion: good-humoured, steady and dependable, always cheerful whatever the conditions – even in one atrocious winter's gale on Beinn Dorain which we both reckoned our worst ever day on a mountain.

Ron was a Yorkshire character, straightforward, practical, always on the go. Like many characters, he had his own repertoire of sayings. As the years went by 'have a minute' came round more frequently and 'on the feet, up' after longer rests, but his love of the hills never dimmed and he was out regularly until his final illness.

Born in Huddersfield, he grew up there with Frank Alcock. They started walking together in their teens round about 1930. The result was a double act which went on for nearly sixty years, and which gave Ron an encyclopedic knowledge of the British hills. He and Frank did all the English 2000s together and many of the Welsh and Scottish hills. Ron almost completed his round of the Munros (tops included) but left a few of the harder ones until it was too late. Not that Ron minded that: being on the hills was what mattered, not ticks on a list.

All his professional life was spent with ICI. Never a careerist, he turned down chances of promotion rather than move south away from the hills. Instead, he worked as an inspecting engineer in the North, moving from Huddersfield to Barrow in 1953 and ten years later to Scarcroft, near Leeds. From there he retired in 1963 to Penrith, where he could have the Lakes and the Pennines on his doorstep and where he pursued with typical gusto what was (outside his family) his other great life-long interest – singing in church choirs. His work with the Church and with Probus made him a much-loved member of the Penrith community, as he was of the Club.

On his 70th birthday, my wife and I had a glorious, sunny day with Ron and Lilian on Mcall nan Tarmachan. We had hoped to mark his 80th on some other Munro and, almost until the end, that seemed possible but it was not to be.

Willis Marker

DAVID W. COUPE

David was born in Preston in 1934 and attended Lancaster Royal Grammar School after which he went to Nottingham University to study pharmacy, graduating in 1959. His first job was with Burroughs Wellcome as a veterinary representative. He then worked in Staveley, near Kendal, and following this took a partnership with Eden Pharmacy in Appleby, subsequently becoming owner.

David was initially introduced to the hills while at school by Bobby Files, his chemistry master. His interest developed and he became a prominent member of the N.U.M.C. He joined the Fell & Rock in 1955 and was Assistant Warden at Raw Head from 1968 to 1970.

I first met David in the mid-1950s when he and a number of others from the University club came up to the Lakes, generally staying at the huts.

In addition to his hill exploits in the Lake District, David developed a great affinity for the Scottish mountains. He, his friends and caravan headed north each May, regularly calling in at the Scottish Meet to see his old friends and to knock off a few more hills. Visits to the Highlands became more regular as David and his friends became bitten by the 'Munro bug.' His keen sense of humour and strong personality greatly added to the richness of our friendship. Not for him was the correct pronunciation of the Gaelic: he developed his own 'sound alike' names, such as 'Tom the Comic' for Tom a'Choinich, 'Mam Sod All' for Mam Sodhail and 'Glucoseade' for Carn Ghluasaid.

One of our most memorable holidays was spent at the Smiddy at Dundonnell, where he joined us with his close friend David Martin. That occasion was crowned with the traverse of those six superb Munros from Shenavall bothy, cooling off with a dip in a lochan below Ruadh Stac Mor.

As an example of his fortitude he set himself the task of doing all the Lake District 2000-foot-plus summits within his 50th year. This he completed comfortably with the exception of Pillar Rock, omitted due to adverse weather. However, on 8 May 1993 his two sons and a friend climbed the 'Rock' to complete David's achievement.

Shortly after David's retirement in 1989 his health began to deteriorate. However, after treatment both he and his wife Audrey joined the 'May Group' in the completion of Jim Huddart's last Munro (Cruach Ardrain) in 1991 and then my own (Ben More, Mull) in 1992.

David's condition sadly worsened though his spirit never faltered. He died on 28 February 1993, leaving a loving wife and family who, along with his many friends, have precious memories of his being.

Eric Ivison

HARRY N. FAIRFIELD

Harry Fairfield, or 'Wop' as he was known to my family and his pre-war friends, was a great character. My parents, Donald and Nancy Murray, recount tales of happy mountain holidays with Wop, which abound with climbing activity and good meals: Wop was a connoisseur. He had several Alpine seasons with my father and Alexander Pollinger of St. Niklaus. He joined the Club in 1927 and was an active pre-war member of the London Section. He died on 2 March 1992.

He joined the Alpine Club in 1945 and as he was Treasurer at the time of Lord Hunt's successful Everest expedition he was much involved in the raising and management of funds for the Everest Foundation.

Lord Hunt writes that he had the good fortune to join Harry and a group of friends in 1933 and 1935 and "I have to thank Harry and his friends for introducing me – an Alpine climber – to British rock on those far-off years.... The climbs themselves are of no special account today.... What did matter was the friendship which the climbing created within our group: we were young, enthusiastic and enjoyed one another's company enormously. Harry Fairfield was very much a part of the episodes which, though brief, I treasure in my memory of him today".

Janet O'Neill

MURIEL FILES

Muriel Files died on 8 December 1993. From 1948 to 1989, with only four years' break, she bore responsibility, officially or otherwise, for some aspect of the club's activities: warden's working wife at Raw Head, Assistant Journal Editor, Journal Editor, Librarian, Archivist. She was an accomplished rock climber, skier, and alpinist. With her husband Bobby as her usual partner she climbed extensively in the Lake District, North Wales, and Scotland, in the French, Swiss and Austrian Alps, and the Dolomites, ceasing at the age of 67 only because a broken femur, sustained in stepping off a ski lift, left her increasingly disabled. The Dent Blanche (1947), the Grépon (1952), and Piz Bernina (1964) were, so to speak, some of her high points. Her favourites were *Oliverson's* on Gimmer or a bold *schuss* wherever she could find one.

Born at Brighton, of a Scottish family, she was educated at Queenswood School and read history at St Hilda's College, Oxford. She was among the earliest women graduates of Oxford, which admitted women to full membership only in 1920. Her life-long affection for France began during vacation courses at Grenoble University, where she began climbing. She began ski-ing even earlier.

Independent but wholly unimilitant, she worked, after Oxford, as Assistant Librarian at Reading University. She was already climbing well when in 1933 she met Bobby, and made the first of her 67 ascents of Napes Needle. Married in 1935, they were devotedly happy together for 58 years. Membership of FRCC came in 1936.

Muriel will be remembered for Volumes 18 and 19 of the *Journal*. Archive papers reveal how she encouraged amateur writers and painstakingly prepared the copy. Her six issues present an interesting, literate, and balanced impression of the club's activities. She will be remembered, too, for establishing the Fell & Rock Library from 1966 as an independent collection housed in Lancaster University Library. She devised its simple, efficient classification, and compiled in 1972 the prototype for her successor's comprehensive catalogue of 1987. Her work prompted gifts which greatly enhanced the stock. It gave the library national status as a source of reference on mountaineering.

She imposed order on boxes full of archive material. Helped by June Parker, she catalogued it so well that Cumbria Record Office was glad to receive it for safe keeping.

Tall, elegant, distinguished in appearance in her later years, she was strikingly beautiful as a young woman. She had refined tastes in music and literature, and spoke French and German well, adding Italian to them in her sixties. She was a knowledgeable botanist with a special interest in alpins. She climbed confidently and always, it seemed, within herself. She was lively company on the mountains and elsewhere, a merry conversationalist with a talent for putting shy people at their ease. The club paid tribute to her work and personality by electing her Vice-President 1965-7 and Honorary Member 1972, recognising that even the Fell & Rock does not get many like Muriel.

George Watkins

JACK KENYON

Few members can have been more deserving of the term "life member" than Jack Kenyon, who died on Christmas Eve, 1993 aged 85. Jack joined the club as a teenager in 1927 before the word was invented and his membership spanned the rest of his life, a grand total of 66 years.

Nor was he a sleeping partner during this time taking, as he did, an active part in all aspects of Club life until failing health and eyesight began to limit his activities. He was rarely off the Committee, becoming successively Vice-President and President, an honour which he appreciated and a post which he filled with great satisfaction.

With his technical background and position on a large local authority he was a valuable source of guidance when the Club was dealing with outside bodies, or considering projects such as the Raw Head Barn conversion, with which he was very much involved. An ardent and thoughtful conservationist, he spoke out strongly at various Public Inquiries, notably the one concerning the A66, when he was in favour of a less damaging and cheaper route through the Lakes.

He recalled with typically wry humour his first visit to the Lakes when, in the evening, and in all innocence, he inquired at the Wasdale Head Hotel about the possibility of camping. Against all the odds he was warmly welcomed by "Ma" Whiting, who gave every assistance and even mothered him slightly. He later became a regular visitor to the Hotel, and Wasdale became his favourite valley.

It was fitting therefore that Jack and Audrey should be married at Wasdale Head Church, running the gauntlet of the traditional pranks of the local lads who tied up the church gate, leaving Jack to perform the not inconsiderable task of lifting Audrey over it.

Jack started climbing under the kindly eye of George Basterfield, who later proposed him for the Club. He proved to be an apt pupil, becoming a fine climber and mountaineer, giving a good account of himself on several early Alpine meets. He had no ambitions, playing the game for its own sake, content to enjoy the opportunity it gave to indulge his great love of the hills. He was equally at home in Screes Gully, a sunny day on the Napes, or a simple valley walk, always sporting the collar and tie, which he considered to be *de rigueur* wear for a gentleman.

I first met Jack in the early fifties when Charles Tilly brought him along to join our small group which spent several successive Easters at the C.I.C. Hut in those heady days when we had the hut, and sometimes even the mountain, to ourselves. From this meeting a firm and lasting friendship developed which has left many happy memories of hill days in Scotland and the Lakes, not to mention the lavish parties which he and Audrey threw at Hawes Bank, Coniston, in the cottage to which he eventually retired.

A native of Salford, he began his working life in the engineering department of the local council. After qualifying he made his first career move to Middlesbrough as surveyor to the local authority, being dubbed 'The Boy Surveyor' by A. T. Hargreaves, that master of the apt phrase which says it all. He progressed steadily up the ladder, eventually becoming Borough Engineer, a position he held when the counties were reshaped in 1974. He became quickly disenchanted with the new organisation and exercised the option to retire, which he had cannily retained as a condition of his accepting an appointment with the new

regime.

After retirement Jack retained membership of various professional institutions but managed to avoid any commitments which interfered with the enjoyment of his new found leisure. He began to travel widely, visiting North America, Iceland, Europe, the Mediterranean countries and Africa. It gave him a typically roguish delight to come back from Kenya as a convincing look-alike of Jomo Kenyatta, complete with white beard and fly-whisk.

For many years one of my great pleasures at the Coniston Meet was to enjoy the hospitality of Hawes Bank over the weekend. It was particularly sad, therefore, when this year, without pre-warning, I found the house empty and up for sale.

Jack sorely missed Audrey, who predeceased him by three years. In his long and busy life he made many friends and he will be greatly missed by all but chiefly by his children and grandchildren, who have our deepest sympathy.

Jack Carswell

Mrs BARBARA DUDLEY KING (née CUNLIFFE)

The death occurred on 6 April 1993 of Barbara Dudley King (née Cunliffe).

In 1939 Barbara took up a teaching post at Kendal High School. At this time she lodged with the aunt of Jean and Betty Leighton (now Jean Newhouse and Betty Cain) and when with them at Raw Head she was introduced to Joe King, later to become her husband. Barbara and Joe were married in 1946 at Lancaster and after a honeymoon at Grasmere they moved to Bournemouth. Barbara had joined the Club in 1942.

Joe died in 1975 and although living at the other end of the country Barbara kept her links with Lakeland and Scotland, taking walking holidays until increasing age prevented her enjoying trips to the fells.

Barbara leaves two sons and three grandchildren.

John King

SIR JOHN LAURENCE LONGLAND

Sir Jack, as he was generally known throughout the British mountaineering community, was a bold and powerful mountaineer and rock climber, and in both fields he had many notable achievements. He was not only a successful performer, but was entirely competent and very careful. It is

believed of him that he never had a serious fall during what must have been many hundreds of 'days on the hill'.

During his period of activity he had a strong influence on the organisation and administration of our sport. He served as President of the Climbers' Club and then President of the Alpine Club (during his term of office there making the way for admission of women to membership), and then was President of the British Mountaineering Council, during a time of some controversy about the way it should go and what part it should play financially in fostering the publication of guidebooks to the climbs in Britain. He was also particularly involved in the setting up and running of the Mountain Leadership Training Board. He was also a member of the Sports Council, the Central Council for Physical Recreation, and the Countryside Commission, and he was much involved in the setting up of the National Parks, beginning with Derbyshire where he was then living. All that was great work and of benefit to the climbing community.

As regards his climbing, this began when he was drawn into membership of the University Mountaineering club when he was at Cambridge, doing many of the classic rock climbs in the Lake District and Snowdonia and getting to know most of the hills in those areas. His membership of the C.U.M.C. naturally led him to the Alps and there he and his great friend, Laurence Wager, under the inspiration of Geoffrey Winthrop Young, did many of the 4000m peaks, moving fast over lengthy traverses, sometimes over several peaks in the course of a day. This highly effective Longland/Wager partnership also twice went to Greenland, doing first ascents of the highest peaks in the Arctic and other important mountains – whilst enabling Wager to carry out his professionally important work on a geological survey of that area.

Then came the Mount Everest Expedition of 1933, during which Longland went very high and stayed high for considerable periods. He earned much commendation for successfully getting a number of Sherpas down from a high camp in difficult and dangerous conditions, in bad weather involving skilful route finding.

Meanwhile, additional to all this mountaineering, Longland was pursuing a very active professional career as an educationalist in the Local Government service, beginning as Deputy County Education Officer for Hertfordshire, then Chief Education Officer for Dorsetshire and finally in 1949 taking over as County Education Officer for Derbyshire, where he remained until he came to retire from the education service in 1970, at the age of 65. He was Knighted in 1970 mainly for his service to education but also for other public work.

That was a most significant and praiseworthy career in which he was

able to do much for State Education, despite frustrations and disappointments arising mainly from changes in Government policy.

Sir Jack joined the Fell & Rock in 1925 but his involvement in the Club was not very great, although he did come to some of our Annual Dinners: in 1953 he and Eric Shipton were our guests when we gave honour to John Hunt, as our chief guest, for his successful leadership of the first ascent of Mount Everest. Sir Jack often climbed in the Lake District, sometimes in Langdale and Borrowdale and several times in Buttermere, where he and his family used to stay at Wood House, when it was so well run by Annie Burns.

I had the good fortune to become friends with Jack in 1927 when we first met at a gathering of the Wayfarers' Club in Liverpool. From that time we began climbing together in Snowdonia, Skye, Glen Coe and in some other areas of Scotland. We often went to the hill country of Western Ireland. We had quite a number of seasons together in the Alps, e.g. Zermatt, Dauphiné, Austria and the Graians.

In the Lake District we had two very memorable occasions. In 1932 Maurice Linnell and Alf Bridge, with me in the middle, had done the first girdle traverse of Pillar, starting up *South West* and finishing up *Grooved Wall*. In the following year, when we were staying at the Anglers Inn by Ennerdale Lake, Bridge and I, with Longland in the middle, did what was probably the second girdle of Pillar. On another occasion – this was from Buttermere when Jack and I went to climb Scafell, doing a double length of Sty Head Tarn on the way – we did the Girdle Traverse finishing up *Botterills Slab* at dusk and then home over Esk Hause to Langdale in the light of the moon and the stars. Quite a day!

By the death of Sir Jack at the age of 88 the British mountaineering community has lost not only a great performer on the hill but one who over very many years did great and effective work in other ways for the sport of climbing. Jack Longland was a man of whom it can rightly be said that whatever he did, he did well, including 20 years as chairman of the BBC radio programme 'My Word', pleasing all those many listeners with his good humour and erudition. He would have adorned the House of Lords had he been able to persuade himself to accept that recognition, should it have ever been offered to him.

A. B. Hargreaves

JOHN BERNARD MELDRUM

My uncle had always been known to me and to other mountaineers as 'JB'. He joined both the Fell & Rock and the Rucksack Clubs in 1912 and served on the latter's committee on several occasions between 1920-1946.

He was delighted to have been elected an Honorary Life Member of the Alpine Club on his 100th birthday. He died in September 1992 at the age of 107.

From the many stories one has heard he was an engaging eccentric with a sense of values firmly rooted in Victorian attitudes. He spent his working life as an engineer in his father's firm in Manchester. He was, unremarkably, the oldest member of the Electrical Engineers' Institute. Meldrum's made destructors specially designed for the disposal of unwanted currency, a process which is ironic when one knew how careful 'JB' was of his own considerable resources.

In his 20s 'JB' was climbing with some of the leading lights of his day, including George Bower, Fred Piggot, Bentley Beetham and Howard Somervell. The year after he joined the Club he made the second ascent of *Central Buttress* on Scafell. He was always particularly fond of Western Scotland and in this area appropriate memorials would be his first ascents of the Coire Mhic Fhearchair Buttress on Beinn Eighe and the Pinnacle Ridge on Garbh Bheinn in Ardgour.

'JB' was not a regular contributor to the *Journal* but in 1921 he wrote about some of his early Alpine seasons based at Chamonix and Zermatt. Together with Beetham, Bower and Somervell he climbed the Char-donnet, Charmoz and Midi and then from Zermatt did the Matterhorn traverse, the Wellenkuppe and the Dent Blanche.

Although he was never at the leading edge of mountaineering advances he was never happier than when exploring and pioneering in remote mountain regions. He climbed in the Caucasus and the Alps between the Wars and his last major trip was to the Atlas with Bentley Beetham when they were both aged over 70.

He was a bachelor until he was 90 and it was only marriage which forced him to buy his first house: until this he had always led a somewhat nomadic life, taking his touring caravan for long visits to the Western Highlands in the summer and over-wintering in his permanent caravan in Dorset.

He achieved national fame just after his 100th birthday when, as Britain's oldest car driver, he was involved in a minor accident; he was required to take a driving test and, when interviewed by the media, elicited the typically pragmatic response that it might be simpler to find a new young wife to drive him about. After the death of his wife, Gladys Hurst, in 1982 he continued to live near Bournemouth where he retained an interest in mountains until he finally went into hospital for his last few weeks.

There will be few left who have recollections of him in the mountains but like his family the Club will reflect with sadness the passing of a

climber whose contribution to the Club and to mountaineering in general has been considerable; his death marks the passage of mountaineering history as surely as the cairns of the Lakeland fells mark the passage of earlier generations.

Kim Meldrum

JILL NEATE

Jill Neate died suddenly on 12 May 1993 while out walking in the hills she loved, near Sinen Ghyll on Mungrisedale Common. A note left on her kitchen table with the words 'Blencathra' and 'Skiddaw' indicated the area of search when she was missed by neighbours. Her body was spotted by an R.A.F. helicopter and brought down by Keswick Mountain Rescue Team, of which she had once been an active member.

Born on 10 October 1935 as William Ronald Neate and known as Bill, it was as such she joined the Club in 1971 after moving to Keswick the previous year. An intensely private person, it must have taken great courage to make public her change in sexual identity, a process which took place gradually over several years.

Originally training as a chartered accountant and then also working in management consultancy, the years after 1970 were devoted to scholarly research into the bibliography of climbing and mountaineering. Her first major publication was *Mountaineering and its Literature: A Descriptive Bibliography of Selected Works published in the English Language, 1744-1976*.^{*} This was enlarged and updated in 1986 and is a classic work of immense value to collectors of and dealers in mountaineering books. 'Not in Neate' in a catalogue denotes a rare item indeed.

In 1987 her *Mountaineering in the Andes* was published by the Royal Geographical Society, of which she was a Fellow. This book took seven years to compile and contains over 2000 references, many in French, German and Spanish. It was followed in 1989 by *High Asia: An Illustrated History of the 7000m Peaks*, another major achievement and valued addition to the world of mountaineering literature.

During my time as Club Librarian we met on several occasions, always to talk about books and mountains in a book-filled room in the house in Halls Mead. Somehow we never went out on the hills together and this I regret, but I have the impression that here was a person who preferred the silence and solitude that are the rewards of lone walking. It is sad that she was only 58 when her last walk on the Skiddaw-Blencathra route ended in death. I would have wished her many more years of enjoyment both in the mountains and in the world of books.

June Parker

^{*} This book is reviewed in *Journal* No. 67, Vol XXIII(2), 1981

CATHERINE PAPE

Kate Pape, who died in December 1992, aged 90 years, was a great character, who lived a full and active life, devoting herself wholeheartedly to her many interests.

Born in Nyasaland (Malawi), where her parents were Church of Scotland missionaries, she came to Scotland when she was seven years old, to live with her mother's parents on the island of Kerrera. After school days in Oban and Girvan she read English at Aberdeen University then became a teacher working in Scottish schools, latterly at Dumfries Academy.

Climbing and walking were her main hobbies, though she always enjoyed painting and was a keen golfer, becoming Ladies' Champion in Wester Ross in 1936. In the early days her mountaineering was mostly in Scotland, where she and two friends – Nancy Forsyth and Nancy Ridyard – travelled widely, often on bicycles. Later she frequently visited the Lake District and became a member of the Club in 1933. Remaining an enthusiastic member for almost sixty years, she attended the Scottish Meet until recently.

Kate moved to England in 1942 when she married W. G. Pape, a Lancashire man. Both had a long association with the Lake District and in 1970 were delighted to move to Coniston, where her teas soon became a feature of the Coniston Meet. She was soon actively involved in local affairs and the support of her long interests, such as the Liberal Party and the Women's Institute, in which she held executive positions. Semi-retirement gave her more time for painting until failing eyesight made it impossible.

Kate was a colourful, caring and strong personality who will be remembered with affection by many.

Ruth Harland

G. S. PRENTICE

Sydney Prentice was one of three Rover Scouts from Wigan who arrived at Wall End Farm, Langdale, in July 1930, having cycled with their tents and gear to enjoy a week in the Lakes – a visit that was to leave a life-long impression on them all. Syd had already formed a great love for this part of the world, having first come here in 1928 with two other lads and camped at Round Hill Farm above Ambleside, but it was this second trip that really started their love of the hills. They camped regularly in the thirties in Langdale and at Thorneythwaite in Borrowdale, and the many trips to Scotland resulted in Syd's ascents of nearly 400 Munros plus tops.

He did many of the remote hills and the big traverses, like the Aonach Eagach ridge, and the South Kintail ridge starting from Cluanie Inn. On one trip they hired a small fishing boat to take them into the remoter parts of Knoydart, camping afloat, and mountaineering from the sea.

Yet the greatest love was Skye, and they had many trips to the Cuillins, scrambling and rock-climbing, staying with the MacRaes at Glen Brittle House. On one journey there they lost a wheel off the Morris as they were coming down the glen in the dark, but next day they found four matching wheelnuts in the barn and were able to replace it! He did many rock climbs there and in 1953 made a solo traverse of the Cuillin Ridge. When stationed in Italy during the war he was lucky enough to have a week's leave climbing in the Dolomites with a famous guide of the period: I've a feeling it was Dibona.

Having dabbled in art since a small child he developed his talents as a water-colourist over the years, particularly mountain subjects, views which became gifts to friends with like love of the hills.

Born in Wigan in 1911, of Scottish ancestry, he was the son of a dentist and followed the same profession. Having taken on the busy family practice, it wasn't until he retired in 1971, by now in Ambleside, that he could apply himself to his hobby, joining Kendal Art Society and later helping to found and develop the Ambleside society. He soon became well-respected for his pictures of the Lakeland landscape: of the mountains, trees, old farm buildings and rugged stone walls, but his evocative paintings of the Cuillin were his greatest masterpieces. Syd joined the Club in 1941 and became a life member. He was the first warden of the Patterdale hut of the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club and designed the drawing on the booking card, and was commissioned to paint a picture of Patterdale to be hung in the Britannia hut above Saas Fee.

In 1978 he became a member of the Lakes Artists Society, and had several joint exhibitions with other artists, such as J. 'Big Jim' Ingham Riley. He also exhibited work in Preston, Lancaster, the Isle of Skye, many local Lakeland galleries, and in 1984 had work hung in the Alpine Club Gallery in London in an exhibition of Mountain Paintings. He also contributed to our own Club's 75th Anniversary Exhibition at the Moot Hall in Keswick.

Syd was a competent and passionate mountaineer, loving the wild places. He was a great raconteur, mimic and humorist, and is sadly missed by all his many friends.

Jill Aldersley

BEATRICE ELIZABETH ROBINSON (née BRYER)

Born in Kendal two days before Christmas 1894, Bea Bryer was always proud to be a Kendalian. Educated at Stramongate School, she grew up within easy cycling distance of the Lake District fells and would regularly cycle to Langdale or Patterdale from Kendal and then walk, even after work, on long summer evenings, acquiring a great affection for her native ground.

She married George William Robinson, a fellow Kendalian, who shared her delight in the Lake District, in 1921, and together they continued to spend most of their free time exploring the Lake District fells together and with other Kendal friends. There were few peaks or dales that they missed, and the purchase of a 4 h.p. Triumph motor cycle and sidecar brought the whole area within easy reach.

They were both elected to the Club in 1924 although by nature they were more attracted to the 'Fell' than the 'Rock'. Bea was greatly interested in the flora of both fell and dale, an interest she maintained and enjoyed all her life.

1927 saw a move to Liverpool and much less frequent visits to the hills except for annual holidays. A life-long Methodist, her loyalty to her many and varied church offices frequently precluded the possibility of weekend visits to the hills. A holiday to Arran in 1952, during which they scaled all the major tops, remained a high point in her memory.

They retired to Kents Bank, Grange-over-Sands, in 1959, by which time George's heart and knees impeded any strenuous fell-walking, but they were within sight of their beloved Lake District and continued to enjoy whatever was within their capabilities. They had twelve happy years together in retirement at Kents Bank, culminating in Golden Wedding celebrations in 1971, shortly after which George died. Bea continued to live on her own at Kents Bank until 1988 after which declining health caused her to spend longer and longer periods with her family in Wylam, Northumberland, where she died on 24 April 1993, aged 98.

Bea was never able to take a very active part in the life of the Fell & Rock but she loved all the Club stands for and greatly valued her membership.

Jim Robinson

EVELYN MARY SATOW (née MOORE)

Evelyn Mary Moore – affectionately known by her family as “Ejah” – was born in 1893 in Foochow, China, where her father worked for the East India Tea Company. She came to England with her parents at the age of

ten and by 1910 had joined the Girl Scout (as it was then) movement. She eventually became a Commissioner and was, at her death, the oldest Girl Guide.

Evelyn met Graham F. H. Satow just after the outbreak of war and they married in 1915. In 1922 Graham became manager of the wagon repair works at Workington and they moved to Rubery House, Seascale (at that time the most southerly house in Seascale, bordering on Drigg Common.) They lived there for three years, frequently camping at weekends in Wasdale in Brackenclose Wood, long before the hut was built. Evelyn had two particular memories of camping there – baking “Wasdale Apples” in a billy in a trench of embers, and on one occasion of a fox raiding their tent and running off with a string of sausages: Mrs Whiting of the Wastwater Hotel knew them well and gave them a ham and egg supper! It was through the Whitings that they joined the Club, both being elected in February 1924.

Shortly after joining the Club they had to move to Glasgow, where Graham had become manager of Stewarts & Lloyds’ Phoenix tube works. After a year or so in Tollcross they moved down the Clyde to Ardnadam on the Holy Loch, living in Beneli, previously the home of the Stephens family, shipbuilders of Linthouse.

At this point mountains gave way to sailing, and their Fell & Rock activities dwindled. They joined the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club and Evelyn was its oldest serving and surviving member. Their stay on the Clyde terminated in 1932 when Graham was put in charge of the design, building and subsequent management of the new S&L tube works at Corby, Northamptonshire.

In 1949 the Satows were about to retire to north Norfolk, but just before that they spent a holiday in Langdale, staying at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. The Bulmers, who ran it, introduced them to Long House, a mile down the valley, which was for sale. Plans changed overnight, and they retired to Langdale. Living so close it was convenient that Evelyn should hold the key to Raw Head. Major Satow, appointed O.B.E. in 1958 for his army services, succeeded Lord Rea as chairman of Outward Bound, Eskdale – a period when Eric Shipton and John Lagoe were there – a post which he held for 10 years or more, to be succeeded by Harry Spilsbury.

The Satows left Langdale in 1976, when Graham’s health was failing, and moved to Plumtree Hall, Heversham. He died later that year, just before his 90th birthday. Evelyn lived on there for a further thirteen years and she had the great satisfaction of bringing her three sons – Michael, Patrick and Derek – and their families together for her centenary birthday celebrations.

Chris Wright

CHARLES SELBY TILLY

I first met Charles Tilly at a Coniston committee meeting, shortly after the war. It was one of those interminable sessions which were the norm in those immediate post-war years. We had adjourned for dinner and convened afterwards for further discussion.

I was down rather late for breakfast and found Charles sitting alone at the only available table. He motioned me to join him. It was a fortunate coincidence, as over breakfast we started a friendship which I was to enjoy until his death in 1992 when he was approaching his 83rd birthday.

It was a significant weekend for Charles also, as then it was that he became involved in the affairs of the Club; an involvement which continued throughout his long membership. During the whole of this period one might have been forgiven for thinking that the well-being of the Club was one of his major preoccupations, overshadowed only by his responsibilities to the family firm of lawyers which he joined after leaving Repton School.

Henceforth he was regularly on the committee before becoming successively Secretary, Vice-President and President, and later Trustee, all of which functions he performed with enthusiasm and, frequently, innovation.

The observance of his belief that retiring officers should stand back and allow the new man 'to get on with it' was made difficult for him, as he was frequently called upon for an opinion; finding himself inexorably, though inadvertently, drawn into the role of that *rare avis*, the elder statesman. This was a role that with his legal background and experience on the committees of both the Scottish Mountaineering Club and the Alpine Club he was well fitted to play.

He was an accomplished rock-climber and rarely allowed the weather to interfere with his activities. He loved to recount how on youthful holidays in Wasdale he climbed every day regardless of the weather because, in those days, as he put it, "time not spent climbing was time wasted". His philosophy was summed up in another of his own pithy phrases, "when one comes to climb, one climbs"; a stricture which could on occasions be imbued with reproachful overtones if the circumstances warranted and companions were reluctant.

Charles was especially fond of the Highlands, particularly in winter when the exigencies of backpacking, camping and bothying provided a welcome antidote to the constraints of his professional life. However, the sybarite was never far below the surface and those Highland forays generally found their finale in 'Roganos' or 'The Gay Gordons' in Buchanan Street when returning through Glasgow.

It was in the Alps, however, that he really came into his own, and in his

day – i.e. before the balaclava was superseded by the helmet – he was arguably one of our most experienced alpinists with a wide knowledge of the Alps, where he had many fine routes to his credit, including the first British ascent of the *Pear Buttress* on the Brenva Face. A contemporary and independent account of a severe storm on Mont Blanc, which caused several casualties, noted the Tilly party ‘...obviously very fit, and moving quickly off the mountain ahead of the storm, an ideal example of what an Alpine party should be.’

Of the extra-mural activities in which I was privileged to share was the period during which he maintained a six-ton boat on the Clyde. Learning seamanship as we went along, together with a ‘hands on’ approach, provided more than its fair share of thrills and was, I suppose, potentially more hazardous than mountaineering ever was.

Looking back, I find it somewhat ironical that as the author of that prescient maxim, ‘There’s nothing more past than a past President’ he himself should so signally fail to fit his own criteria. He was never past, in that respect, and for some of us indeed, never in any other.

To his wife Alison and his family, some of whom are of course fellow members, we extend our deepest sympathy.

Jack Carswell

JACK W. TUCKER, MBE

Jack Tucker died suddenly at home in April 1993 at the age of 71. Forty-eight years before, badly injured in a plane crash while serving with the Royal Air Force, he had contracted tuberculosis and been told he had little chance of survival. His fight back to good health (enough to have his disability pension stopped) was typical of the determined spirit evident throughout his life, which was devoted to teaching and inspiring young people. He was one of the pioneers of Outward Bound, at the Eskdale Mountain School for its first three years from 1950 to 1953; later at the Lumut OB School in Malaysia where he met his Chinese wife; finally as Principal of the Hong Kong School for 14 years from 1968. For his outstanding work in Outward Bound he was awarded the M.B.E. in 1975.

Jack started climbing at 15 on Dow Crag with a fellow native of Blackpool, Alf Gregory. Their names appear in the list of first ascents of several Severes on Raven Crag, Langdale, around the time Jack joined the Club in 1947. He was selected for the reserve team for Everest in 1953 (in case the May attempt failed), and was a member of the Kanchenjunga reconnaissance in 1954 and of the successful expedition to Huagaruncho in the Andes in 1956. His Outward Bound career was mainly sea-oriented,

but his love of mountains brought him back to the Lake District when he retired in 1983.

John Lagoe

GORDON WHITTLE

Gordon was a professional geologist and was an FRGS. He and Harry Tilly were both involved in photographic interpretation in New Delhi then in 1944/45 Gordon was one of the staff of the RAF Mountain Centre in Kashmir. Harry Tilly and John Jackson, along with Wilfrid Noyce and Gordon, wrote the *Climbers' Guide to Sonamarg Kashmir Himalaya* which was published by the Himalayan Club in 1945.

In the 1945 monsoon period Tilly organised and led a very quick expedition to Northern Sikkim, up to the Tibetan border. The expedition was successful in that Tilly and two Sherpas (one Angtharkay) made the second ascent of Chomicmo (now called Chomo Gammo) but unfortunately Gordon suffered severely from the rapid ascent through the Sikkim valleys and had to be left behind with altitude sickness. The whole trip Delhi to Delhi with Chomicmo on the way took 14 days!

At the RAF Centre Gordon climbed often with Noyce and Tilly, and after making a solo ascent of Peak 16,350 ft he made the first ascent of Peak 17,150 ft along with Ralph Stokoe from Maryport which they then named 'Cumberland Peak'. Jackson climbed with Gordon mostly in Thajiwai, the 'Valley of Glaciers', at Sonamarg.

Gordon was later in charge of the Geological Survey of Papua and Borneo.

Sadly we never met Gordon again after 1945.

John Jackson and Harry Tilly

ELEANOR WINTHROP YOUNG

Len has an important place in mountaineering history, through her husband Geoffrey and her father Cecil Slingsby. But she is not a dim figure in the background. She was a strong personality, always decorative, lively and elegant, someone it was good to be with and good to remember.

She was 98 when she died in March 1994 and there is probably no-one left to remember her active climbing days. Her climbing record starts in 1911 and includes the meets at Pen-y-Pass. She was often in the Alps and was on the first ascent of the South Arête of the Füsshorn. Apart from Britain and the Swiss Alps, Len had several climbing seasons in Norway

where her father was active. She was on the committee of the Norwegian Mountaineering Club and wrote articles for their journal, as she did for the Fell & Rock and the Pinnacle Club.

The Fell & Rock was the first climbing club Len joined, in 1920. She was the first President, and co-founder with Pat Kelly, of the Pinnacle Club in 1921.

I well remember my first meeting with Len, soon after I joined the Ladies' Alpine Club. In those days the Alpine Club invited L.A.C. members to a party on a winter evening. Someone pointed Len out to me and soon after she moved in my direction and talked with such warmth and friendliness that I thought at first she must be confusing me with an old friend. I soon discovered that this was her natural response: she had no use for purely polite and casual relationships.

The only time I can remember Len in a cold relationship was with Esmé Speakman's cat. Esmé was a guest from the Ladies' Scottish at a Pinnacle Club dinner. She often travelled with a cat and her cats were often eccentric. Len was sharing a room with Esmé and her cat. The cat liked to doze on top of the wardrobe and use any convenient shoulder *en route* to the floor. Len was not prepared to cooperate.

One of Len's last public appearances was at the Pinnacle Club's 60th Anniversary Dinner. Her presence, her speech and her wit, charm and liveliness prompted Shirley Angell to write the history of the Pinnacle Club.

For many of her friends that is one of their last happy memories of Len.

Margaret Darvall

LEGACIES

The Club gratefully and graciously acknowledges the following gifts and legacies and commemorates their donors.

Mr J. Lancaster Jones £100.

Mrs D. M. Side £300.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB
1990-1991
and
1991-1992

In Volume XXV(2), No. 73, 1992, at pages 350 and 353 there are errors in the posts and officers stated.

In 1990 the Membership Secretary was co-opted onto the Committee and the A.G.M. in 1992 agreed that the post be established with full officer status. The posts of Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer were made redundant and a new post of Membership Secretary was created. That position has been held by P. Exley for 1990-1991 and 1991-1992.

The Editor apologises for this error.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB
1992-1993

President	R. Valentine
Vice-Presidents	D. Rhodes, R. Kenyon
Secretary	D. Staton
Treasurer	J. R. Coates
Membership Secretary	P. Exley
Journal Editor	C. J. Wright
Guide Books Editor	D. W. Armstrong
Librarian	G. G. Watkins
Dinner Secretary	K. D. Andrews
Huts Secretary	P. Lord
Meets Secretary	Miss W. Miller
Chronicler	A. Coatsworth
Hut Wardens: Beetham Cottage	T. Parker
Birkness	D. Long
Brackenclose	R. Summerling
Raw Head	T. C. Parker
Salving House	Mrs V. Young
Waters Cottage	A. C. Rowland
Assistant Librarian	R. G. Willison
Obituarist	Miss J. M. Roberts
Elected Members of Committee	Mrs E. Clark, Mrs E. Dobson, Mrs M. C. Chapman, P. Chapman, N. Foster, J. Grinbergs, P. L. O'Neill, A. Paul, A. Phizacklea, J. Robinson, I. Roper, Mrs L. Valentine.

MEETS LIST 1993

	Date	Venue	Leader
	16/17 January	Beetham Cottage	Andy Coatsworth
C	30/31 January	Birkness	Peter Ward
W	2/5 February	Yorkshire Dales – Lowstern	John Waddams
	6/7 February	Waters Cottage – Ski-ing	Keith Lambley
	13/14 February	Raw Head	Graham Exley
	27/28 February	Ceilidh – Borrowdale Institute	The President
	13/14 March	Derbyshire – Fallcliffe Cottage	Richard Coatsworth
	13/14 March	Waters Cottage	Trevor Icton
	20/21 March	Yorkshire Dales – Lowstern	Dave Cobley
	4 April	Derbyshire	Russell Walker
	9/15 April	Bosigran, Cornwall (Joint Meet CC)	John Burrows
	9/12 April	Brackenclose	Albert Hattersley
M	17/18 April	Beetham Cottage	Tom Parker
	1/3 May	Ynys Eitws (Joint Meet CC)	Chris Gilbert
	1/3 May	Glan Dena	Jean & Peter Knowles
C	15/16 May	Raw Head	Steve Foxley
	15/22 May	Spean Bridge Hotel Inverness-shire	Bill Comstive & Peter Williams
	29/31 May	Glen Shiel Morvich – camping	Joyce Cozens
	29/31 May	Waters Cottage	Greg & Elsie Tough
M	5/6 June	Birkness	Dave Long
	5/6 June	Brackenclose (Guidebook Meet)	Al Phizacklea
W	13/18 June	Glan Dena	Molly Hamer
	19/20 June	Brackenclose	John & Margaret Skelton
D	3/4 July	Yewdale Hotel, Coniston	Peter & Hilary Moffat
	17/18 July	Salving House	Mick Johnson
	24 July/8 August	Alpine Meet	Steve & Bev Field
W	26/30 July	Beetham Cottage	Jack Carswell
	14/15 August	Beetham Cottage	Roger Wallace
W	16/20 August	Birkness (Family Meet)	Andrew & Christina Paul
	28/30 August	N. Wales – camping	Colin & Monica Shone
	5 September	Derbyshire	John Loy
W	6/10 September	Dunnerdale, High Moss	Bill Eckersall
C/D	11/12 September	Brackenclose	The Vice-Presidents

	Date	Venue	Leader
<i>M</i>	18/19 September	Raw Head	Terry Parker
	18/19 September	Ty Powdwr (Joint Meet Karabiner Club)	Rob Smitton
<i>D</i>	25/26 September	Raw Head (London Section)	David Hill
	25/26 September	Northumberland	John Earl
<i>M</i>	2/3 October	Brackenclose	Roy Summerling
	9 October	Yorkshire	Chris Hall
<i>M</i>	9/10 October	Waters Cottage	Alan Rowland
<i>M</i>	23/24 October	Salving House	Val Young
<i>D</i>	6/7 November	A.G.M./Dinner – Shap Wells	The President
	13/14 November	Brackenclose	Dave Stanford
<i>CD</i>	20/21 November	Salving House	Ian Dixon
	4/5 December	Birkness	Jo Flint
	18/19 December	Raw Head	Pete Shotton
	31 December/		
	2 January	Waters Cottage	Jill Aldersley

C = Committee Meeting; *D* = Dinner; *M* = Maintenance Meet; *W* = Mid-week Meet.

**OFFICERS OF THE CLUB
1993-1994**

President	R. Valentine
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Birkness	D. Long
Brackenclose	R. Summerling
Raw Head	T. C. Parker
Salving House	Mrs V. Young
Waters Cottage	A. C. Rowland
Assistant Librarian	R. G. Willison
Obituarist	Miss J. M. Roberts
Elected Members of Committee	Mrs M. C. Chapman, P. Chapman, Mrs E. Dobson, N. Foster, J. Grin- bergs, J. Harrison, P. L. O'Neill, A. Phizacklea, I. Roper, M. Spread- borough, G. Tough, Miss H. Y. Yates

MEETS LIST 1994

	Date	Venue	Leader
	15/16 January	Beetham Cottage	Roger Fielding
C	29/30 January	Birkness	Greg & Elsie Tough
	5/6 February	Birkness (Alpine Planning Meet)	Peter Ward
	12/13 February	Raw Head	Adrian Wiszniewski
	19 Feb/4 March	Mallorca – walking	June Parker
	26/27 February	Waters Cottage	Chris Woodall
	5/6 March	Ceilidh – Borrowdale Institute	The President
	Sun. 13 March	Derbyshire	Mark Vallance
	19/20 March	Lowstern	Syd & Eileen Clark
W	21/25 March	Waters Cottage	Brian & Joyce Cosby
	1/4 April	Brackenclose	Roy & Dorothy Buffey
	1/4 April	Bosigran, Cornwall (Joint Meet CC)	Richard Tolley
	26 March/10 April	France – camping	Fred & Kath Wardropper
	16/17 April	Rockhall Cottage – Staffordshire	Paddy Feely
M	16/17 April	Beetham	Tom Parker
W	25/28 April	Salving House	Arthur GROUT
	30 Apr/2 May	Raw Head (Joint Meet CC)	Howard Lancashire
	30 Apr/2 May	Birkness (Joint Meet Karabiner Club)	Keith Birkett
	14/21 May	Dundonnell Hotel	Maureen Linton & Peter Williams
C	21/22 May	Raw Head	Paul Clarke
	28/30 May	Waters Cottage	Jane Harrison
	28/30 May	Ullapool – camping	John & Marian Smith
	30 May/3 June	Birkness (Family Meet)	John Holden
	4/5 June	Pen-Y-Gwryd (London Section)	Peter Ledebøer
M	11/12 June	Birkness	Dave Long
	11/12 June	Brackenclose (Guidebook Meet)	Al Phizacklea
W	13/17 June	Glan Dena	Paul Roberts
	18/19 June	Brackenclose	Janet Ashworth
	25/26 June	Raw Head (Guidebook Meet)	Max Biden

	Date	Venue	Leader
<i>D</i>	2/3 July	Yewdale Hotel – Coniston	Harry & Ruth Ironfield
	16/17 July	Glan Dena (Joint Meet MAM)	Dave Pearce
	30 July/14 Aug.	Alpine Meet	Peter Ward
	13/14 August	Beetham	Tony Field
	27/29 August	N. Wales – camping	Sandy & Jane Sanderson
	27/29 August	Pembroke	Heather Yates
<i>CD</i>	10/11 September	Brackenclouse	The Vice-Presidents
<i>M</i>	17/18 September	Raw Head	Terry Parker
	24/25 September	Derbyshire Edges	Gill Male
<i>D</i>	1/2 October	Beetham (London Section)	Tony Hutchinson
<i>M</i>	1/2 October	Brackenclouse	Roy Summerling
<i>W</i>	4/6 October	Birkness	John Seedhouse & Trevor Tillotson
	Sun. 9 October	Yorkshire	Ian & Evelyn Dobson
<i>M</i>	8/9 October	Waters Cottage	Alan Rowland
<i>M</i>	22/23 October	Salving House	Val Young
<i>D</i>	5/6 November	AGM/Dinner – Shap Wells	The President
	12/13 November	Brackenclouse	Patsy Mayers
<i>CD</i>	26/27 November	Salving House	Christina Fellows
	3/4 December	Birkness	George Lamb
	17/18 December	Raw Head	Jeff & Lynn Breen
	31 Dec/2 Jan	Birkness	Brian & Kath Marsden

C = Committee Meeting; *D* = Dinner; *M* = Maintenance Meet; *W* = Mid-week Meet