

Paddy O'Neill, President 1996-1998

**THE
FELL AND ROCK
JOURNAL**

Edited by Doug Elliott and John Holden



XXVI(2)

No.76

Published by
THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
1998

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EDITORIAL

No doubt all editors of all climbing clubs approach their jobs with desires to be original and to achieve some worthy level of distinction. As joint editors of this biannual edition of the FRCC Journal we now regard our predecessors with profound deference — particularly the lonely individuals producing annual volumes.

After two years of seeking contributions by persuasion, flattery and deceit we present the 1996 - 98 Journal. It must be stated that this is not the production envisaged when we started. Our early meetings as joint editors soon clarified roles and established individual tasks, and we quickly outlined a framework for our vision of the Journal. We set out to propose themes, to identify subjects, to target authors and to commission pictures. Success for this edition may be limited, but we assure members that seed have been sown. Promises are recorded.

It must be acknowledged that our Journal is not a selection from a pool of climbing literature as with various anthologies — it is the work of FRCC members. Editors have only limited opportunities for mixing and blending of reports, reminiscences and recollections of raconteurs. It was pleasing to receive unsolicited copy from members and we thank these contributors. Their contributions have more than made up for initial disappointments where various commissions have not yet come to fruition. Long may it continue that members are inspired to tell their tales and voice their views.

Whatever the subject matter from past to future, and whatever the form from research to poetry, we trust that

the enthusiasm of contributors will be recognised by readers of this Journal. Hopefully it can also be recognised that recording of Club details follows accepted formulae. It has been suggested that editors should edit, and some discipline is required. Advice will be pursued. A possible disappointment was avoided by adopting a DIY approach to reintroduction of the previously regular Climbs Old and New article, and perhaps self discipline is also required. Surely there is a compiler out there for this, or something similar.

There are other opportunities. What is the latest thinking on mountain education, access difficulties, climbing ethics and of course why do we do what we do. As the articles in this volume show, our interaction with mountains is a many faceted gem.

The lines are open, please call.

Doug Elliott

John Holden

ACCIDENTAL HEROES

The Story of Lakeland Winter Climbing.

Colin Wells

The Age of Innocence.

‘It was the defining moment of the climb. Axes planted awkwardly on thin ice smears which coated sloping rock, only a tooth and a half of each pick biting. I had to commit, I had to hang out over the drop and trust. Trust what? The rope hung heavy and runnerless for 100 feet. There was nothing to stop a slip, which meant a fall of well over 200ft, and no security beyond holding your nerve and keeping your balance. A quote rang through my mind, “This is the trickiest moment of all; the final move onto easier ground, the point of relaxation where so many leaders fall ...”¹

Concentrate, don’t stop thinking, do it right. Trust. I transferred most of my body weight to the axe shafts and bridged my left crampon flat against bare rock, then swiftly brought the right leg up to jab a thin ice smear. There was no time left for doubts. I pushed the front points home and stood up, removed the left axe and thumped it home into a square inch of firm turf. I followed through with the right axe, swinging hard, and it twanged into hard snow. Huge relief. I was almost overwhelmed with gratitude. There was a sanctuary belay at the limit of the rope where I slumped with post-adrenal weariness ...’

After experiencing the winter crux of Steep Gill, Scafell you cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the achievements of the first Lakeland winter climbers. Although it is now well over 100 years since its audacious first ascent, Steep Gill continues to hold the reputation of being the hardest of the traditional Lakeland gullies by dint of the unsympathetic reception its sloping and compact mixed ground gives to late twentieth century front points and

banana picks. Because of this, even with modern equipment, the climb is a testing and bold Grade V but, almost unbelievably, it saw its first winter ascent by Norman Collie during Christmas 1890.

The crepuscular ambience of the gully certainly marks it out as the territory of myopic, tweed clad Victorians — terrain normally translated by modern climbers into easy ground. But the Gill flatters to deceive and it is probably this that tempted a relatively inexperienced Collie (in only his third season of climbing and on his first visit to the Lakes) to fling himself at the alluring cleft. The gully would have been in particularly severe winter condition that Christmas of 1890; a heavy snow storm three weeks previously² was followed by a month of continuous heavy frost and by the Christmas holiday three inches of ice were reported on Kendal's canal, together with further snow falls³. At the same time RC Gibson recorded in the Wasdale Climbing Book that conditions were so icy that, 'Step cutting was necessary on the ordinary path from Styhead to Sprinkling Tarn, and even at the bottom of the old Styhead track'.⁴ Accordingly, the deceptive gully caught the Professor out and, as he was later to admit, "My recollection of [Steep Gill] in snow and ice, is that it was one of the most dangerous climbs I have ever made". However, this admission would not come until 1926, when he gave the ascent a passing mention in an obscure set of reminiscences in that year's FRCC Journal.⁵

Such reticence fits well with the normal practice of the early pioneers when they achieved a climb they considered 'unjustifiable'; they did not want to be thought to be encouraging reckless behaviour - a somewhat ironic sentiment given most of the things they got up to. It is easy to see why Collie probably regarded the ascent as unjustifiable. One can easily

imagine the Professor and his partners (Geoffrey Hastings and John Wilson Robinson) working their way back-and-foot up the initial steep chimney section only to find themselves trapped in the frightening, brittle scoop above with no realistic means of retreat. The only option was to continue up steep, bulging and totally unprotectable terrain with no guarantee of success. Few other men climbing at the time probably had the skill and coolness to battle their way out of such a tight spot. Collie's mumbling admission of culpability worked fine for 70 years, remaining ignored until Al Phizacklea noticed it and rehabilitated the Professor's achievement.⁶ The recognition of this important and historic ascent is on a par with the rediscovery of Raeburn's climb of Ben Nevis' Green Gully in 1906⁷ and is arguably even more significant as it probably represents the first ascent of grade V standard anywhere in the country, and probably the world. The fact that this took place in an English gully, rather than the wilds of the Highlands comes as a surprise to many Scots. An even worse blow to national pride is that it was done by an Englishman, albeit one with a Scottish father.

The widespread ignorance of this ascent is not atypical; few climbers are aware of the considerable achievements of the early Lakeland winter pioneer climbers. This is hardly surprising given the difficulty in obtaining information about their activities. Unlike Scotland, where the SMC has a long tradition of recording summer and winter ascents separately in their area guidebooks, the F&RCC has traditionally made little reference to winter activities. The first history of Lakeland climbing by HM Kelly and JH Doughty in 1936 for instance, makes no mention of snow and ice at all.⁸ Despite this, the systematic study of early FRCC Journals and climbing logs provides indirect hints of considerable and hitherto unsuspected winter climbing activity

in the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. Research reveals that accidental heroics like Collie's form a leitmotif in the story of Lakeland's early winter climbs. Right from the beginning the early pioneers experienced epics. The first recorded winter ascent of an ice-sheathed Sharp Edge (I/II), Blencathra, in March 1873 by George Seatree⁹ and companions almost ended in disaster due to the fact that the party was equipped with neither rope nor axes (!). One of the causes for this apparent recklessness was simply inexperience; British climbing was in its infancy and most practitioners were probably ignorant of what they were letting themselves in for half the time. In 1887, for instance, Charles Hopkinson led a party most of the way up Pinnacle Face on Scafell in what, under modern definitions, would undoubtedly be classed as winter conditions. Such an undertaking would now be graded at east IV and it is a measure of their ability that they not only almost succeeded, but that they managed to retreat without mishap¹⁰.

The beginnings of Lakeland winter climbing, however, lie with the easier-angled snow slopes and gully lines. The first definite record of a winter climb was up a gully near Flat Craggs and Bowfell by GH Wollaston and AR and J Stogden in January 1870¹¹. The erudite pedigree of the party (in their entry in the Wasdale Climbing Book the Stogdens make a point of announcing that they were alumnae of Harrow and Cambridge) was evident by the way they carried a clinometer with which they judged the steepness of the climb to be 63° at the top. An awkward cornice had to be cut and, typically, the descent proved to be an epic when, in addition to recording the first winter climb, they almost recorded the first Lakeland winter fatality as well. One of the party (they were too coy to admit exactly who) slid out of control on hard ice

but was luckily stopped by rocks which injured his leg. Steps had to be cut for him the rest of the way down to Wasdale aided by the light of the moon.

The first of the gullies known to have been climbed on perhaps the best known Lakeland winter crag, Great End, was Cust's Gully (I), ascended by the eponymous climber (along with over twenty other members of the Alpine Club!) in a mass assault in April 1880, although it seems that Cust had ascended the route previously¹². This gully is also notable for being descended by AL Mumm — on his bum — in 1881, 'an exceptionally snowy year', thereby achieving the first recorded 'sitting glissade' in the Lakes.¹³ (Mumm had also descended Mickledore under snow and ice in the previous year¹⁴; bum-sliding seems to have been all the rage in the late Victorian period). A somewhat more conventional winter climb was that of Scafell's Deep Gill (I/II) which fell to Cecil Slingsby and Hastings in 1886 after a prolonged campaign beginning in 1885 which failed due to insufficient icing.¹⁵ However, the downwardly mobile Mumm (in the company of JE King, the late Head Master of Clifton Public School) had, perhaps inevitably, previously descended the gully in the winter of 1881/2.¹⁶ Whether or not this was on his expensively tailored bottom is not known.

By the turn of the decade, however, a major advance in technical difficulty was achieved when Great End's South-east Gully (II/III) fell in January 1890 to the mysterious 'AG' who found it 'very full of hard ice'.¹⁷ Unfortunately it is not known who 'AG' is because although he was active in the 1890s and often wrote accounts in the Wasdale Climbing Book, he refrained from revealing any more than his initials. It is not known for certain when the famous Central Gully (III) was first climbed although the tone of an account of its ascent in December 1890 by J W Robinson and party suggests

Custs Gully, the first of the Great End gullies to be climbed in 1890. Photograph by Colin Wells

that this obvious line had been ascended regularly before.¹⁸ During this same period of very icy weather Professor Arthur Milnes Marshall and others made the first recorded ascent of a frozen Lakeland watercourse when they climbed the waterfalls in 'Grainy Gill' (now known as Girta Gill, III). The prolonged winter of this year extended to the end of April 1891 when the forty-one year old Professor found the snow in Central Gully, Gable Crag (II/III) to be 'in good order' and climbed it with AB Dixon, W. Beaumont and 'AG'.¹⁹ The energetic Marshall, who had only begun climbing when he was thirty, was typical of most of the cohort of winter pioneers in that his background lay firmly in the elite professional/academic stratum of late Victorian society. He was a zoologist at Owens College, Manchester who had made important advances in understanding the origin and development of the nervous system in higher animals, as well as being a gifted educator and a Fellow of the Royal Society. Like the Hopkinsons, whose wealth was derived from the booming textile mill construction industry, and Collie who lectured and undertook research in organic chemistry at University College London, Marshall belonged to a class of relatively well-off and leisured middle-class males who sought temporary escape from the strictures and mores of British urban life, in the company of like minded peers. Sadly, Gable's Central Gully was to be one of the last contributions of the Professor to pioneering for he was destined to become the first recorded Lakeland winter climbing fatality on the very last day of 1893, when, stepping back to take a photograph of his companions climbing Scafell's Deep Gill, he slipped, and fell 500 feet to his death²⁰.

One of the striking features of early winter mountaineering in Lakeland is that the phase of easy gully climbing was amazingly

short. By the early 1890s mixed climbs of considerable technical difficulty began to be tackled regularly. One of the reasons for this was probably that most early pioneers made no real distinction between rock, snow or ice — it was all climbing to them. Consequently many first ascents, or early repeats of routes, were done under winter conditions but not regarded as belonging as a separate category of climb. Given that the high standard mixed climbs of today are often snowed - up summer rock routes of V. Diff-Severe standard — rock grades which commonly transform into winter routes in the IV-VI range — it can be seen how climbers operating at the then upper limits of rock standards, but unable, or unwilling, to differentiate between summer and winter conditions, unwittingly accomplished many futuristic winter ascents. The other factor favouring the advancement of winter pioneering was the timing of most visits to the region. In Victorian and Edwardian times the best chances for an extended holiday for the professional classes came at Christmas and Easter. Because winters were longer and more severe in the last decades of the nineteenth century than today, it was common for ice and snow to be present at these times and hence inevitable that ambitious climbers, hungry for first ascents or early repeats, frequently ended up climbing under winter conditions whether they liked it or not. GA Solly, for instance (the pioneer responsible for such climbs as Eagle's Nest Ridge Direct (MVS) on the Napes), stated that he had never climbed in Lakeland in summer.²¹

Finally, it is arguable that the differences in equipment used for winter climbing 100 years ago and the present day (with the exception of protection) are not so marked as those manifest in the corresponding rock climbing technology. The pioneers' nailed boots may even have been superior to today's long

fanged crampons on some routes and rough tweeds would have provided excellent friction for the copious thrutching often necessary in mixed climbing. Nevertheless, despite these dubious exceptions, much of the Victorian kit would act as a poor substitute for modern gear. The single long-handled ice axe would have offered miserable performance compared to the torque and thwack abilities of twin banana picks, while the lack of protection and safe belays would have required far greater reserves of nerve and courage than are necessary from today's activists. It is difficult to overestimate the achievements of the early pioneers.

After Collie, perhaps the most impressive of the Lakeland winter pioneers was the man who was also most consistent on pure rock - Owen Glynne Jones. Jones' tally of winter first ascents is impressive for its technical difficulty, including as it does Moss Gill (IV, 1893). Jones climbed this solo and, not surprisingly, took a fall from the Collie Step, luckily sustaining only broken ribs, thanks to the backrope he had fixed through a Chockstone.²² Despite this injury he completed the route on which, after a subsequent winter ascent, even the great Slingsby was to comment, 'the difficulties [are] at no times slight...this ghyll ought not to be climbed except when the rocks are dry and quite free from ice'.²³ Jones' ascent of Gable Crag's Oblique Chimney under heavily iced conditions with LS Amery and Kershaw in the Christmas of 1891/2 was another amazing tour de force. 'The smooth walls of the gully were black and shiny with ice,' recorded Jones,²⁴ but this failed to deter him and he set about the challenge with characteristic gusto. One of his companions, Amery, was more circumspect about the joys of winter climbing. 'I remember being able to look down between my legs into what seemed a bottomless abyss of writhing snow. It had been

snowing all day and by the time we had overcome the chimney and were nearing the top of the mountain it was not only blowing a blizzard, but it was dark into the bargain.²⁵

The ascent of Oblique Chimney is also a good example of how the efforts of the pioneers have hitherto been underestimated as it was climbed in January 1996 by Tony Park and Nick Kekus on the assumption their's was a first winter ascent and graded V! Another case of splendid retrospective gazumping by the ancients is High Man via Steep Gill/Slingsby's Chimney on Scafell which was climbed and mistakenly recorded as a first winter ascent by Brian Davison and myself in the winter of 1995. Unfortunately for our smug claim, the private Victorian climbing diary of Guy and Claude Barton shows that they, along with Messrs Cowley and Davey, had an 'encounter with snow and ice on difficult rocks' in the winter of 1899.²⁶

I came across their modest account one drizzly November afternoon in Kendal's County Records Office. The reading room's centrally heated stuffiness and fluorescent strip lights had begun to induce drowsiness and I was starting to fall into a nodding stupor. The only sounds were the regular patter of rain on the window and the scratching of pencils from half a dozen early retirees avidly taking notes in their genealogical quests. Lazily turning a leaf of the diary, I suddenly sat bolt upright, staring at the page before me. Two pages of beautiful copperplate script accompanied faded and creased black and white photograph. It showed three weary but happy men in frosted flat caps and tweeds, facing the plate camera clutching their enormous ice axes and surrounded by the Lakeland snows.

They had climbed the route 96 years before us.

I uttered a loud involuntary exclamation of incredulity. The whole room stopped what they were doing and fixed me with accusatory stares. I had committed a crime. Shhhh.

To rub it in, the Bartons described the climb, which we had graded V, and found technically tricky and strenuous as, 'nowhere really difficult ... we had an entirely incompetent climber with us which accounts for the 3 hours spent on the ascent and which with two on the rope, could I am sure be done in an hour and a half with the greatest of ease'. Effectively, they would have been climbing with no protection.

Although these examples suggest much must have been achieved in the last decade of the nineteenth century, good documentary evidence for this period remains rare. However, in the decade and a half before the first of the new century's terrible wars was to scythe down many of climbing's young enthusiasts, there is further proof of technically advanced winter routes being achieved. Two of the lead participants in both of the most impressive ascents achieved during this period were to be killed in the carnage in France. The first of these was Claude Worthington who climbed Engineer's Chimney on Gable Crag in the Easter of 1907 with JD Gemmell. TC Ormiston-Chant described it as, 'a notable climb with a considerable amount of ice in it'.²⁷ Today, Engineer's Chimney is regarded as a technical grade IV with a reputation for being surprisingly awkward. We know very little about Worthington; the only reason we are aware of his ascent is because it is mentioned in his obituary. Had he survived, it seems likely that with his obvious talent that he would have gone on to join the ranks of early Lakeland climbing luminaries.

Two who most definitely did, Siegfried Herford (soon to experience a terminal encounter with a German grenade) and George Sansom, famous for their summer ascent of Scafell's Central Buttress, were also involved in an advanced winter climb along with CF Holland in 1914. Walker's Gully, Pillar Rock (IV), had previously been climbed by the incorrigible OG Jones in thaw

Scafell Pinnacle; the scene of several futuristic first ascents by Victorian and Edwardian pioneers. Photograph by Colin Wells

conditions in 1898 but in the winter of 1914 the trio found a steep fearsome gully encased in thick ice.²⁸ What Holland was to describe as 'a truly Homeric struggle' with the route ensued, culminating in a titanic battle with the crux upper pitch. Herford 'commenced a devastating assault on the upper ice-fall ... occasional boulders joined in the bombardment, one of which made a gallant effort to cut the rope. The leader, after much toil, succeeded in attaining a somewhat doubtful position on a slope of ice below the top boulder'. The climbing was so severe that the unthinkable happened; Herford, perhaps the ablest climber in the country at the time, took a leader fall, 'an experience, for him, out of the ordinary'. Holland described the crux encounter with exquisite understatement, 'The first attempt [to surmount the boulder] failed ... and the leader's quiet remark 'I am coming off now', was immediately justified'. Despite this he was held and succeeded on a second attempt. The climbers battled up verglassed final rocks to finish a magnificent ascent.

All these men were obviously capable of high grade mixed winter climbing by the eve of the Great War. Indeed, they were almost cavalier in the face of severe ice conditions; Holland mentioned that their only concession to this extra factor of difficulty was, 'our precautions consisting in taking a pair of socks and an extra sandwich apiece'. It is perhaps significant, therefore, that there is a record of Worthington, Herford and Sansom teaming up (along with AR Thomson and W B Gouden) and climbing several routes on Dow Crag on 21st February 1914.²⁹ Jones' Route (Easter Gully), Black Chimney, Blizzard Chimney and South Chimney were all ascended by them. Although details are not sufficiently detailed to prove that these climbs were in true winter condition, the fact that six inches of snow lay on the fells that day suggests that there was a good chance that they were

and given their previous record the climbers were certainly capable of tackling the climbs in this condition, some of which would probably merit grade V today. After achieving such audacious, bold undertakings like these one can imagine both Herford and Worthington feeling invulnerable. Unfortunately for them, and Lakeland climbing, the Maxim heavy machine gun and the Mauser rifle grenade paid no attention to skill and courage. The attrition of FRCC members due to the war became so great that the club's president was overtaken by emotion while trying to write his address for the 1919 journal and could not bring himself to complete it. His wife had to finish it for him.

It was hardly surprising then, that after the Great War the energy of the pioneers seemed to have been sapped and the innocence of the survivors drained. Little enthusiasm appeared to be left and this, combined with a run of mild winters during the 1920s and early 1930s, ensured little progress was made in Lakeland winter climbing. It would take the renewed vigour of a new generation and a resumption of colder climatic conditions before the ring of axe on unexplored terrain would be heard again regularly.

Acknowledgements:

Many grateful thanks are due to the following:

Al Phizacklea whose rediscovery of Collie's early ascent of Steep Gill inspired this article;

George Watkins and the Cumbria Records Office, for allowing access to journals and archive material and for permission to reproduce photographs from same;

Alan Hankinson and Bill Birkett for allowing me to pester them with questions about obscure personalities and esoteric climbs;

Tom Prentice for permission to reproduce an edited and extended

version of this article which originally appeared in *Climber* 36, (1997).

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FROM THE CLUB ORAL ARCHIVIST, 2048:

A.D.Reamer

We have recently recovered a fragment of tape damaged in the flood of 2014. Even with the new laser technology the remainder of the tape is beyond recovery. Two voices are heard: a female interviewer and a male interviewee. Unfortunately the extract contains no clues to their identities.

From the tape location I estimate it to date from circa 2010. The discussion obviously refers to the events of 1998 but appears to contradict the official record. Since it is the 50th anniversary of those momentous days, I make no apology for bringing it to members attention.

I would welcome any information from members, particularly as to the identity of the participants. The recovered section starts about twenty minutes in:

(Female Voice): ... but you were one of the seven, weren't you?

(Male Voice): I was.

(FV): Tell us how it happened.

(MV): Well, like we said, something had to be done. The club was dying — some said literally. You know the average age of *new* members was over 40 and the average age of the club was ... well, who knows? As for the committee ...

(Irreversible tape damage for 15 seconds) ...

... tried all sorts. Relaxing membership rules! Now that was brilliant! They came in droves all right, but they weren't climbers. They didn't even go to the pub, just sat in the huts drinking wine all night.

What else did they try? What didn't they — you know they still had that hut in Scotland then and there was even talk of a hut in France and we're meant to be the FRCC of the English Lake District.

They had Working Parties, Sub-committees, Discussion Groups ... Up the limits, down the limits, change the criteria! Trouble was no climbers wanted to join — why should they? There wasn't any climbing in the Lakes — just a few old farts from the Bell and Frock. That's what they thought. Why would they want to join?

(FV): So what happened — how come it all changed so quickly?

(MV): Ah well — it were Paddy, he was the President then. He'd had enough and he decided to talk to the Gods themselves. I don't know how he picked me — there was Paddy, two VP's, Secretary, me and ...

(Irrevocable tape damage for 20 seconds) ...

... frightening. We'd driven for miles and then had to follow this long track. It was real foggy and the track was good but with high walls either side. You know — a bit like the road up from Clapham to Ingleborough Cave. Aye and I've always thought it was in Yorkshire anyway.

Then we went in and there were four Gods, least that's what I

thought they were but, you know, none of us really talked about it to each other afterwards.

Anyway Paddy explained the situation — about how we had no climbers and no climbing and the state of the club an' all and asked what we could do.

(FV): Then what?

(MV): They, the Gods, seemed to talk among themselves for a bit and then the main one, I'm sure it was Earnshaw himself, said: "It's not true what you say. There are climbers in the Lakes — every day in summer there are Climbers in Hodge Close and Cathedral Quarry."

We were puzzled - we'd never heard of them. Anyway Earnshaw explained and, I think it was Paddy asked; "But why?"

"Because Hodge Close and Cathedral Quarry are full of bolts and that's where climbers go — where there are bolts."

"But Lord we have taken a stance, the moral high-ground, against bolts in The Lakes. Bolts are prohibited — they are wrong!" Then Earnshaw spoke again: "We have allowed bolts in Workshire (and I swear I heard him say to himself "If it's good enough for us Workies, it's certainly good enough for you Crumblyes.") and our crags are full. Climbing, and climbers, have changed. Don't you recognise the change — are you so dim?"

And we suddenly realised the error in our ways. "But Lord, what can we do — we have spoken out against bolts. We can't eat humble pie — what can we do?"

Earnshaw spoke for the last time: "You shall permit bolts *but only* where pitons or wedges or nuts or spikes or old bolts have been hammered into the rocks — we shall start now!"

Earnshaw snapped his fingers and there was a great flash of light in The Land.

Suddenly the Craggs were full of climbers — real climbers! The queue for Eastern Hammer started at the ODG; you had to book weeks in advance for Holocaust; Cumbrian — absolutely no chance!; Castle Crag was suddenly everyone's favourite and Borrowdale — they had to put in that new dual carriageway.

The Committee was ecstatic — Paddy was made Honorary President for life. They had to pass a new rule prohibiting membership at over twenty-four. No need for a French hut. Who wanted to climb there when they could climb in the Lakes. 'Course all the huts were full all the time — that's when we had to sell Salving House and buy the big one. Mind it were no problem, we had that much money!

(FV): Was everyone happy?

(MV): Most were — the Archivist and historians were absolutely over the moon Brian. What a judgement Earnshaw had made — they were running around asking who put all those points in. Who placed the fourth peg in Ichabod? Who aided Band Stand Wall? Who put the second point in KG? Oh, that was ...

End of recovered section.

HTTP://WWW.CUMBRIA.COM/FRCC AND ALL
THAT!!

Ron Kenyon

There was a time when details of new routes were written down on the back of a fag packet. These details were stuffed in the back pocket of jeans and details passed on. Since the 1960s a series of new route supplements have been produced by the club detailing new route activities in the Lake District.

As guidebooks have come out, the route information has been checked and taken its place in these guides.

To keep an up-to-date picture of the routes on crags, however, it has been necessary to carry and sift through the supplements. With the development of the Internet, the idea of having all the new routes assimilated together became a possibility. In 1997 with the production of the New Routes Supplement for 1995–96 this became a reality. A FRCC website was designated, with the address <http://www.cumbria.com/frcc>, with the initial idea of publicising the new routes information. The details in the earlier supplements of routes, not in any guides, were scanned and checked, then brought together with the 1995–96 new routes into crag order ready for transfer onto the website.

In the meantime thoughts of other information and details for inclusion on the website started to gather momentum with the underlying idea of publicising Lake District rock climbing.

With the number of members in the club it was not thought necessary to publicise the club and its activities, although there is an Enquiries section for anyone interested in obtaining further information on the club.

Quite a lot of information was already to hand including details for the proposed forthcoming Selected Guide to the

Lakes. Since early in 1997 the following information has been drawn together and is now on the website -

• **Introduction to Lake District Climbs**

• **The Climbing Scene** - Summary of the Lake District climbing scene – variety of crags, rock structure, style of climbing and structure of the Lake District

• **The Main Centres** – details of Keswick, Ambleside and Coniston

• **Useful telephone numbers** – Tourist Information Centres, Weather etc.

• **Map of the Lake District**

• **Crags information** – sundry information on the main crags regarding aspect, altitude, length and grade of routes, rock type

• **Bouldering sites** – summary of the main bouldering locations.

• **Campsites and camping barns** – location, grid reference and telephone numbers

• **Guidebooks** - details of the FRCC publications and order form

• **Recent Developments** – available details of new routes throughout the Lakes, in crag order, not included in any current guides.

• **Photo gallery** – 36 copies of photographs from the FRCC publications

• **Hard Rock** – a super rock climbs tick list. A graded list of most of the Lakes routes of E6 and above.

• **Message Board** – a message board available for sundry messages, comments and information.

• **Enquiries** - available for enquiries about the FRCC.

• **Useful Dates** – lecture, events etc. – not much used !!

• **Links** – links to other appropriate websites – e.g. Lake District National Park, BMC, Eclimb, SMC, etc.

• **Wanted and for sale** – second-hand gear etc.

It was interesting putting the website together. As mentioned a lot of information was put together for the Selected Guide — the crags info and the campsite/camping barns info. I would hope this will be incorporated in the Selective Guide and also future definitive guide.

Some interesting items have come up — when putting together the Hard Rock tick list, I contacted a number of climbers operating in the higher grades for their idea of the relative grades of the routes. I did not get into the debate of styles of ascent etc., however I received a classic e-mail from Woodie and Dave Birkett detailing their suggested decimal grades for the routes they had done — for you hard rock tickers this included -

If 6 was 9	-	E9.6
Caution	-	E8.8
Hellish	-	E8.5

On the message board there have been varied matters raised, including:

- Belay chains on trees
- Belay chain on Ichabod
- Needless route claims
- Grade comments
- Easy crags in the Lakes
- Retrobolting in Birkrigg Quarry
- Casting for a TV Commercial
- Partners wanted for climbing, walking, ski touring etc
Etc., etc.

The website has now, in June 1998, had some 5500 visitors

— not just from Britain but also throughout the world. I have received much favourable comment and believe the site is very useful and also a good advert not only for the Lake District but also for the FRCC — a modern image.

The Internet is very much the communication system for the future. It will no doubt evolve and it will be interesting to see what happens. There is still much more to include on the website — e.g. climbing walls; access details; possibly reports of BMC area meeting; easy crags list for children and novices; etc.

Other possible ideas are: history of climbing in the Lakes (a virtual reality museum) with use of FRCC archives and also interview tapes and routes in virtual reality (I hope not!).

One idea mooted has been of the booking of FRCC huts using a secret password for members via the Internet onto a special club members' section of the website!

Despite no comments in the reports of the FRCC 1997 year I feel that the FRCC website is a significant service by the club and attains one of its main objectives in encouraging the pursuit of rock climbing and walking in the Lake District.

To get the full picture you should log onto <http://www.cumbria.com/frc>

The following pages show some of the pages from the FRCC web site. Included in these are the e-mails from Stuart Wood and Dave Birkett. The pages have been reformatted slightly in order to accommodate the layout of the Journal. (The guidebooks' page has not been shown completely due to lack of space.) To access the first three pages the web addresses are as follows:

<http://www.cumbria.com/FRCC/home.htm>

<http://www.cumbria.com/FRCC/climbing/index.htm>

<http://www.cumbria.com/FRCC/books.htm>

FELL & ROCK CLIMBING CLUB



OF THE

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB

At an informal meeting held in the Sun Hotel, Coniston, England on 11th November 1906 it was decided to form a Lake District Climbing Club. The first general meeting of the Club was held at Easter the following year.

The objects of the Club are to encourage the pursuits of fell walking and rock climbing, particularly in the English Lake District, to guard and promote the general interest of mountaineering and to protect the amenities of the Lake District.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

The English Lake District is a relatively small area - 60km by 40km - but has an extensive variety of landscape. It is located in the northwest of England, close to the Scottish border. The many lakes scattered around the area are located in a series of valleys which radiate from the central massif.

The mountains, known as fells, reach to a height of 3210ft (978m) with Scafell Pike, the highest peak in England. The many other fells throughout the area throw out a challenge for walkers. The recent "Lakeland Fells" guide is the authoritative walking guide to the area produced by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

A vast number of crags adorn the fells and valleys. The main rock type is the igneous rock of the Borrowdale Volcanic Series; however there are crags of slate and granite, as well as Limestone and Sandstone. Both traditional (nut protected) and bolt protected routes co-exist in the area — though there is a strict policy as to where bolts should be placed. Many excellent rock climbs of all grades can be found through out the area. Details of these climbs are available in the definitive guides and forthcoming selective guide which are produced by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

Number of visitors

INTRODUCTION TO LAKE DISTRICT CLIMBS

- The Climbing Scene
- The Main Centres
- Useful Telephone numbers
- Maps of Lake District
- Crag information
- Bouldering sites
- Campsites and Camping Barns
- Map of the Area

If anyone has any comments,
suitable information or ideas for this
site please email
ron@saintace.u-net.com



[Back to the Home page](#)

FRCC Guidebooks

Map of the area

FOR THE FELL WALKERS

Lakeland Fells

Edited by June Parker and Tim Pickles (1996)

This authoritative guide provides comprehensive information for fell walkers covering 244 summits, 139 circular walks, 175 colour photographs and 107 colour sketch maps. Produced by the Lake District's leading mountaineering club it is a must for all fell walkers' bookshelves.

FOR THE ROCK CLIMBERS

Langdale

by Dave Armstrong, Phil Rigby and John White (1989)

Very popular valley area in the southern Lakes. Easy access from the south and a collection of classic crags with Gimmer Crag, White Ghyll, Pavey Ark and Bowfell containing a superb selection of routes with Bowfell Buttress (VD), Haste Not (VS), Gimmer String (E1) and Fallen Angel (E4)

Borrowdale

by Ron Kenyon (1990)

The delightful valley extending south from Keswick with many crags. Crags often obscured by trees give hidden gems on a mixture of crags. An area where the peregrine falcon will puzzle at our earth-bound climbing activities. Classic routes from Little Chamonix (VD) to Hells Wall (E6)

Gable and Pillar

by Dave Kirby and Jim Loxham (1991)

Traditional area overlooking the Wastwater Hotel, the spiritual home of Lakeland climbing in the late 1800's. Contains a mixture of mountain crags, in superb locations, on Great Gable and Pillar and the more easily accessible Buckbarrow. Not as popular as the other areas but with a wide range of routes and grades to suit all.

Buttermere and Eastern Crags

by Rick Graham, Al Davis and Trevor Price (1992)

Two areas linked together in the northern Lakes. Buttermere is a valley somewhat hidden from the mainstream buzz of the Lakes with a number of gems of mountain crags in High Crag, Eagle Crag and Grey Crag. Eastern Crags covers the many dales to the east. Thirlmere contains the impressive road side crags of Castle Rock and Raven Crag. To the east the Ullswater Valleys have a wide spread of crags with Raven Crag, Threshthwaite, Dove Crag and Eagle Crag. On the far east of the Lakes the secluded Swindale is well worth a visit.

Dow, Duddon and Slate

by Al Phizacklea (1994)

"Ancient and modern" - the traditional mountain crag of Dow is packaged together with the "new" slate with bolts and all. Dow now has a fabulous mix of routes and grade - for long a destination for Lakeland climbers. The slate, developed since the early '80s, is very accessible and now very popular. The Duddon valley is tucked away from the mainstream. However it contains a myriad of crags and

Re: Hardrock tick list - Lakes - for Stuart Wood<Picture>From:R
Kenyon <ron@saintacc.u-net.com>Date:Sat, 15 Aug 1998 20:49:51
+0100 you wrote:

>Hi Ron,

>I've been through your list with Dave Birkett, this ensures that
>the higher grade routes are accurate. We both agreed that it is
>impossible to list the sport routes with the trad routes hence they are
>left out of the following list.

>E9

>If6 was 9 E9.6

>

>E8

>Caution E8.8

>Hellish E8.5

>

>E7

>Bleed in Hell E7.9

>Indecent Conduct E7.9

>The Whipping Post E7.8

>Burnt at The Stake E7.7

>Pumping Iron E7.6

>First Last and Always E7.5

>Inferno E7.5

>Def Arete E7.5

>Seige Perilous E7.5

>Flattery E7.4

>Rock Lobster E7.4

>The Torture Board E7.3

>Motherstone E7.2 (hyslop route on Dow)

>Borderline E7.2

>Make Hay While The Sun Shines E7.1

>nb. the berzin routes have been graded on conjecture only.

>

>E6

>Mindscape E6.9

>Phoenix in Obsidian E6.9

>Western Union E6.9

>Centrefold E6.9

>Critical E6.8

>De Quincy E6.7

>Hells Wall E6.7

>Mestrine E6.7

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- >Geronimo E6.6
- >Road Rage E6.6
- >Paths of Victory E6.6
- >Homeland E6.6
- >Sheriff of Nottingham E6.6
- >Bob Dylan E6.6
- >Stage Fright E6.5
- >Final Act E6.5
- >Way OF the Wyrd E6.5
- >Shaken Not Stirred E6.5
- >Final Curtain E6.4
- >Angel Heart E6.3
- >Internal Combustion E6.3
- >Camakazi E6.2
- >The Beatles E6.2
- >Command Performance E6.2
- >Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid E6.1
- >The Devils Alternative E6.1

>nb. these are the routes that I have had experience with.

>Hope this helps you Ron. I think the list is fairly accurate.

>Do not hesitate to mail me if you want any more info. As for Birkkrigg I

>think your right.

> The white scar ban is due to huge amounts of scaffolding being erected for access, I think we both know who is responsible.

>

> all the best, * Voice: +44 (0) 1539 433660 *

> * Fax: +44 (0) 1539 434882 *

> * Email: info@eclimb.com *

> Woody * <http://www.eclimb.com> *

> (Web Orders) * Snail Mail: Climb Ltd, *

> * 3-4 Cheapside, Ambleside, *

> * Cumbria, LA22 0AB, UK, *

>

=====

Ron Kenyon

ron@saintacc.u-net.com

pleased to make contact

noynek to you all

=====

<Picture><Picture: Reply To><Picture: Forward><Picture:

were received. These, together with enthusiastic media coverage from local radio, television and the commercial press, ensured that the book was successfully launched.

The initial print-run was 10,000 hardback copies. This included a Special Edition of 350 numbered copies which were provided with a dust-wrapper and were over-printed and numbered on the title-page. The Ernest Press took 100 Special Edition copies and the Club pre-sold 250 copies, each of which were signed by both editors. The first fifty Special Editions were reserved for the investing subscribers and their dust-wrappers were signed by all the contributors attending the launch; the first numbered copies were presented to the publishers as commemorative books.

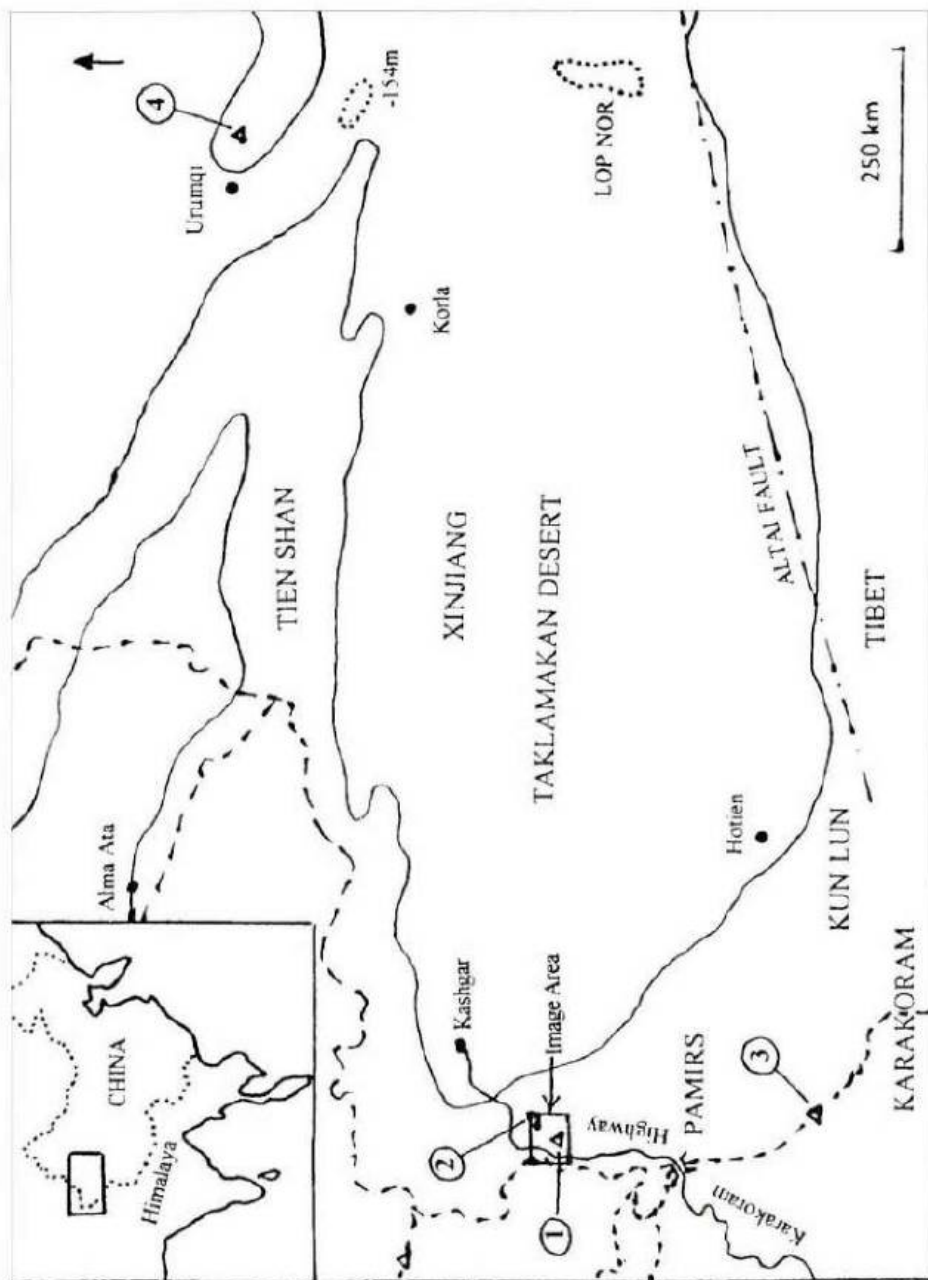
On reflection, *The Lakeland Fells* has had a long gestation period, and even when it did finally receive approval there were a substantial number of problems in its funding and compilation to be overcome. Despite extensive proofing, a number of errors did creep into the final book, including one or two at the printing stage, and these will need to be corrected in subsequent editions. However, in the space of just two years, an authoritative and comprehensive guide-book has been created which is attracting critical acclaim for its all-in-one nature. Of rather more significance for the Club is the way in which almost 100 members have become actively and enthusiastically involved in a common project, one which the membership will be able to sustain in the future if the book establishes itself as a commercially successful guide on the retailers' bookshelves.

Eighteen months after the book's publication it has received positive reviews in the climbing press and has broken even financially with over one third of the print run now sold.

the type shown in the enlarged satellite images. The Kalakash River, much of whose valley is a relatively inaccessible gorge, drains an area about the size of Wales, along the northern part of the Tibetan Plateau. Mapping of the river and its terraces, and identification of the rocks in its catchment are some of our main challenges. Field sampling from Hotien has taken me 120km, up the Yurungkash River, via the jade workings, to the foot of K'unlun Mustagh (6710m), a lonely and little visited area of huge mountains in the K'unlun. Incidentally there are lots of mountains called Mustagh ('ice mountain'). The base level to summit climb from the Taklamakan desert whose lowest point, in the Turpan Basin, is minus 154m, to the K'unlun Peaks (7000m) on the southern margin of the Tibetan plateau, is one of the world's biggest vertical climbs over a couple of hundred kilometres.

Apart from the diamonds, jade and gold, the northern edge of the K'unlun is a very exciting area, geologically. Uplift and lateral movement of Tibet relative to the Tarim Basin which contains the Taklamakan, is taking place slightly faster than fingernails grow — and that is fast by geological standards! The result is frequent earthquakes and all their associated consequences. As the K'unlun glaciers recede, the melt water supplies have decreased and the rivers which once flowed across the desert to Lop Nor have retreated southward towards their sources in the mountains, leaving abandoned cities, thousands of years old, to disappear beneath the dunes of the Taklamakan. The looting of these sites by European archaeologists in the last century is the subject matter of one of Peter Hopkirk's excellent books on the history of central Asia.

From Hotien we travelled westward along the course of the old Silk Road, through Yecheng (Yarkand), to Kashi



1 Mustagh Ata
(7546m)

2 Kongur Shan
(7719m)

3 K2 (8611m)

4 Bogda Feng
(5445m)

----- National
boundaries

(Kashgar)—of Great Game fame. Incidentally, the old British Residency in Kashi still stands. From Kashi we drove up the much storm-damaged, Karakoram Highway to the Kalakuli Lake-Subax district in the Pamirs. Subax is a kind of Seathwaite in Dunnerdale, from where the highway winds south via the Khunjerab and Wakhjir Passes to the Pakistani and Afghan equivalents of Eskdale and Little Langdale.

There are corundum deposits around Subax, which we are potential sources of rubies, similar to those mined in nearby Tadjikistan. Our cold and windy base camp was on the shores of Kalakuli lake, at the foot of Mustagh Ata (7546m) and Kongur Shan (7719m). The Chinese Pamirs are a high altitude, plateau desert of rolling hills with a few 'giants' like Mustagh Ata and Kongur Shan rising above the surrounding hill tops (c 5000m). Low precipitation levels means minimal ice melt run-off and sparse vegetation cover. The Subash area has wonderful Scottish-style hill walking, albeit from a base level of 3500-4000m.

Mustagh Ata is more than a stroll but certainly nothing like as serious as Kongur Shan. It requires a 7-10 day expedition on foot or ski. The route is a long, but not too steep ascent through the ice-fall complexes and glaciers of the western flank. The route starts from Subax village, whose locals are hospitable and only too pleased to welcome foreigners interested in climbing their mountain or in buying their corundum crystal mineral samples!

Satellite Imagery:

Computer enhanced satellite imagery, stereoscopic photographs from the Space Shuttle and digital elevation models (digital maps) are our main tools for the mineral resource/geological mapping and fieldwork planning in the mountains.

By good fortune, there is a sequence of NASA Space

Shuttle, stereoscopic Large Format Camera, experimental photographs, traversing the western Taklamakan, Tibetan Plateau and the Himalaya of the Everest area. The photos give us a three dimensional (stereoscopic) visualisation of the northern Kunlun escarpment and the Kalakash drainage basin with its mountain glacier sources. From the photographs we have produced a Digital Elevation Model (DEM) for river basin and geological structure analyses in our search for the diamond source rocks.

For field and mapping studies in the Pamirs ruby project we use Landsat Thematic Mapper images. These are scanner images collected by a spacecraft at 700km altitude. A Landsat Thematic Mapper (TM) scene shows an area approximately 180km x 180km. Since each image is equivalent to approximately 20 Landranger 1:50,000 maps, it is necessary to abstract sub-scenes for fieldwork and navigation. For each scene, multiple black and white images are recorded. These images consist of picture elements (pixels), approximately 30 metres square, displayed in lines to create the picture. Pixel size limits the resolving capability of the scanner in the same way as grain size in photographic film. Pixel size limits enlargement of the images to about 1:40 000 scale.

Every time an image is scanned, the sensor allocates to each pixel, a digital number corresponding to one of 256 grey values between white and black. These are records of the amount of light and infra-red radiation reflected from the ground. Six of the 'spectral filter' images show, separately, information for blue, green and red light and three ranges of the near infra-red spectrum. The black and white images can be combined to make colour pictures by displaying or photo-printing groups of three bands in red, green and blue. The simplest false colour image to appreciate, (but not, scientifically,

the most useful) is so-called 'simulated true colour'. This is produced, using co-registered images of TM band 1 in blue, TM band 2 in green and TM band 3 in red. The result is a representation of the terrain, as it would be seen from the satellite, minus haze (i.e. as if the Earth had no atmosphere). Other band combinations can be used to produce three-band colour displays. Images in which TM band 4 is displayed in red, highlight vegetation because of the strong reflectance of some infra-red radiation by chlorophyll in plant leaves. One of the illustrations shows this feature.

Images of the Mustagh Ata-Kongur Shan Area:

The illustrations show parts of the Pamirs as they appear in Landsat TM, false colour composite images. The largest area, captioned 'Pamirs Mustagh Ata' is a simulated true colour Landsat sub-scene, about a 100km square. The Karakoram Highway, a partly surfaced road, about 8 metres wide, climbs the valley running WSW from a point just below the 'P' in 'Pamirs' and then turns south to Kalakuli Lake. Clouds, always a problem in Landsat images, obscure the terrain along the escarpment on the western edge of the Taklamakan, in the NE quadrant of the sub-scene. The Kongur Shan Massif is the 30km long ridge running NW-SE, right of centre.

The second image, (approximately 40km x 35km), centred on Kalakuli Lake, is a false colour image using an infra-red band displayed in red. Pixels representing vegetation, mainly bog grass that appear red, are a dramatic feature of this type of display. Snow-covered glaciers can be seen on the flanks of Kongur Shan and Mustagh Ata (left centre, bottom), together with a 20km-long dry glacier which flows eastward from the Mustagh Ata, before turning north and terminating up the valley from Kalakuli Lake.

The third sub-scene (simulated true colour) shows approximately the same area as the view towards the summit of Mustagh Ata (25km from the viewpoint). Snow covered glaciers on the western slopes of the mountain feed the torrents whose debris has created the debris fans in the centre of the image. The most detailed zoom shows courses of the northward flowing glacial rivers, crossing their own debris fans *en route* to Kalakuli Lake. The highway runs north-south, just left of centre of the image. This image is approximately the biggest practical, enlargement that can be achieved with Landsat TM imagery.

Landsat Images:

Space images of various types are available for large parts of the world. They are sold, at reasonable cost by commercial standards, in both digital and photographic negative or print format. Space Shuttle black and white (Panchromatic), stereoscopic photographs and Landsat photo-products are cheaper (less than \$150). Anyone with access to good quality black and white photographic printing facilities and a large negative holder (24cm x 24cm) — if you don't want to cut up the original — can make decent (approximately 1:50,000 scale) prints for £100. Compare the price with the twenty Landranger maps! Although they lack the stereoscopic information necessary to produce DEM's and contoured maps, and are less precise in terms of the detail (spatial resolution) than SPOT, Landsat data can be used to produce excellent images for general navigation and trekking.

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- Anon. 1993 *A Guide to Mountaineering in China*. ISBN7-80544-343-2/K. 331, 223pp.
Hopkirk P 1980, *Foreign Devils on the Silk Road*. OUP, 252pp

Arka Tagh: the Mysterious Mountains Wm Holgate 1994;
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Landsat and Photo-Image sources:

NASA,
Goddard Space Center,
Greenbelt, MD,
Maryland 20771
USA

EROS Data Centre,
US Geological Survey,
Mundt Federal Building,
Sioux Falls,
South Dakota , 57198,
USA

Maps:

Mountains of Central Asia : 1:3,000,000 scale map.
Bartholomew World Travel Map. ISBN 0-7028-1100-9.
Tactical Pilotage Chart 1:500,000. Sheet TPC G-7A. US Defense
Mapping Agency. Available from Stanfords Ltd, Longacre,
London WC1.

ON BORROWED TIME

John Wilkinson

“Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day:”

King Henry V, William Shakespeare

My climbing days ended, as they had begun 56 years earlier, on Yorkshire gritstone: a high left step coupled with a turning movement to enter the crack on Walewska in the Ilkley Quarry finally did for a knee which had plagued me for much of my climbing life. Looking back over those years, I must count myself fortunate to have had so long a period of enjoyment on the crags and peaks: it could all so easily have been terminated 50 years ago.

1947 was, for me, a memorable year: the year in which I graduated from university, was conscripted into the army but above all the year of my first Alpine season, which but for great good fortune could have deprived the Club of the services of 2 future presidents and a future holder of the Lakeland 24 hour Fell Record! The party that season consisted of Ken Heaton, Harry Ironfield, John Jackson and myself. We had all met at Widdop and had climbed a lot together in the Lakes and Scotland. With the exception of John, who had considerable experience of climbing high peaks in Kashmir where he was instructing at the RAF Mountain Camp, none of us had any experience of snow and ice other than the odd gully in the Lakes. When planning our trip I went for advice from one of the professors at my college, the redoubtable George Ingle Finch (Everest 1922 and author of *The Making of a Mountaineer*). Having had some bitter experiences when taking parties of students to the Alps resulting in loss of life, Finch was understandably cautious

and recommended a tour in the lower peaks of North Eastern Switzerland.

With the brashness of youth and the confidence inspired by some 5 years climbing in Britain, we ignored his advice and decided to head for the high peaks of the Valais around Arolla and Zermatt. The more astute climbers that season went to Chamonix, for in order to attract the post-war British back to Switzerland, a special tourist exchange rate of 17 FS to the £1 was offered (the official rate was 12 FS/£1). So, there was a large exodus from the Simplon-Orient Express at Martigny where travellers cheques were converted into Swiss francs which were then traded for French francs, and the astute climbers crossed the Forclaz to Chamonix with their spending powers considerably enhanced. The Swiss were not slow to realise what was going on, and the special tourist rate was withdrawn the following year.

July 22nd found Harry, Ken and I holed up in the Cabane Regina Margherita on the summit of the Signalkuppe (Punta Gnifetti 4556m), John having returned home to commence a teacher training course. We had arrived at the hut somewhat worse for wear after a 12 hour traverse of several peaks of Monte Rosa (Dufourspitze, Grenzgipfel and Zumsteinspitze). Harry was suffering from the altitude sickness which had struck him on earlier climbs and which he was never able to overcome. I had a stomach upset which was greatly aggravated by our evening meal of corned beef and Pom (dried potato) which, after only a short period of digestion was converted into a cannon ball which I fired off the hut's balcony in the general direction of Macugnaga. Recuperating the following day, we had time to reflect on the events of the previous couple of weeks. After a few training climbs around Arolla, including a traverse of the Pigne d'Arolla, la Serpentine and Mont Blanc de Seilon, we climbed the West Ridge (Ferpèclegrat) of the Dent Blanche, only narrowly averting

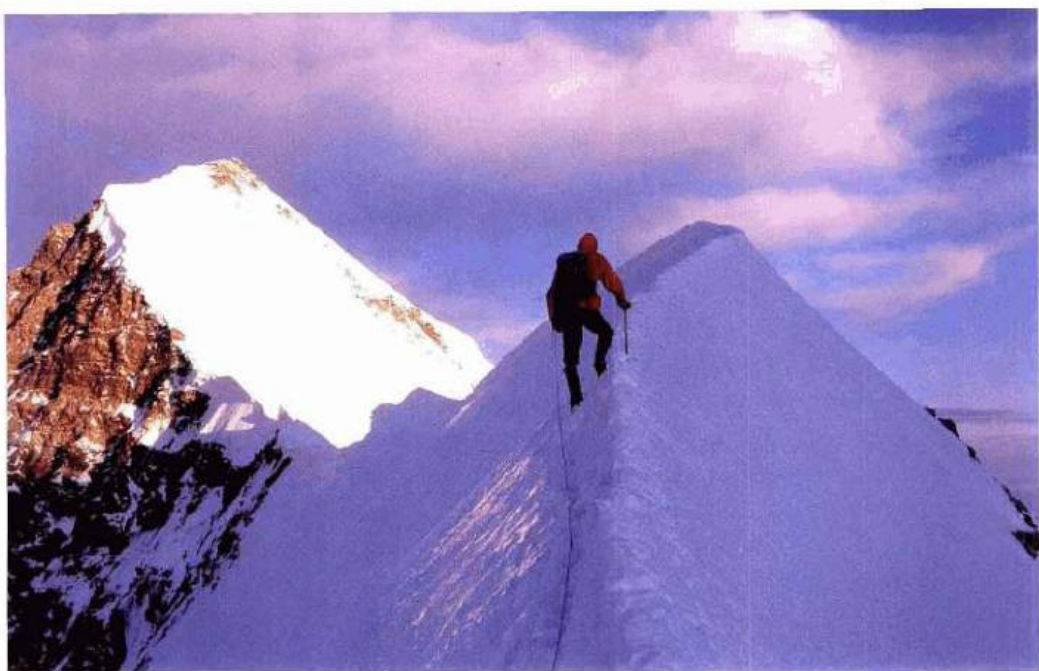
the fate of Owen Glyn Jones who perished on the same route in 1899. An abysmally late start from the Cabane Rossier coupled with bad route finding and an unfit party (Harry with altitude sickness and John with a raging toothache) resulted in being on the wrong part of the route at the wrong time and having to dodge many lethal stonefalls. A chilly bivouac on the summit with no food or proper clothing was a salutary experience, one which I was destined to repeat on several occasions in later seasons. We managed to descend the South Ridge to the Cabane Rossier just ahead of a violent storm which lasted many hours. We discovered on reading the hut book that, in the previous season, the West Ridge only had 3 ascents compared with the Viereselgrat's 7 and the South Ridge's 82. We were lucky to get away with it.

Refreshed, we left the Signalkuppe as a beautiful dawn broke. The plan was to traverse the frontier ridge to the Theodulpass over the summits of the Lyskamm, Castor, Pollux and the Breithorn. All went well until we began the descent from the summit of the Lyskamm towards the Felikjoch. For some unaccountable reason (parsimony or stupidity?) we had not bought crampons that season, preferring to rely on our tricouni-nailed boots to give us sufficient grip on snow. Unfortunately, many days of hot sunshine had converted the descent route into an ice slope which would have taken a long time to cut steps down. This we abandoned in favour of a rotten rock ridge on its left which we descended, moving together on this relatively easy ground. By a stroke of luck, Harry and I happened to be on the same ledge when a large dark object flashed through the air. Ken had come off above us with a large chunk of the ridge and disappeared without a sound head first over the edge into Italy. There was no time even for a shoulder belay: I grabbed Harry's rope with both hands (he was middleman) as he in turn took the strain. The three-quarter weight manila hemp rope (Beale's

best Alpine line) grated across the edge of the ledge as Harry was dragged off his feet. Would the rope break, or were we all heading for a last scenic ride into Italy? Way below we could see a large object bounding down the face until it disappeared. Our first thoughts were that it was Ken, but Harry said the rope was still taut. Our shouts went unanswered, so I belayed Harry who was lying awkwardly across the ledge, then tied off Ken's rope so that Harry could safeguard me as I descended the face. Ken, who had fallen about 70 feet, fortunately without hitting anything solid on the way, was just recovering consciousness, swinging in space below an overhang. The falling rock had given him a severe blow in the kidneys and the rope had burnt his neck as he was held and swung upright. Unfortunately, his spectacles, ice axe and rucksack had all continued down the face into Italy and proved to be irrecoverable: all I could find was one cracked spectacle lens.

We got Ken back to the ridge and took stock: he was badly shaken, in pain and blind as a bat without his spectacles. He carried no spares and even his sun goggles were in the rucksack. We had no choice but to abandon the frontier ridge and get ourselves off the mountain as rapidly as possible. We traversed back to the ice slope where Harry laboriously cut steps so I could lower Ken down to him. We made slow and painful progress to the Felikjoch, then descended the Zwillingsgletscher to the Grenzgletscher and finally to the Bêtamps hut. A few days later this route was rendered impassable as the hot weather had made the ice cliffs highly unstable.

After a night in the hut, Ken was sufficiently recovered to be able to make a painful descent to Zermatt, but without spectacles, climbing equipment and no money to replace them, he decided to return home, thereby missing an ascent of the Matterhorn, the Dom-Täschhorn traverse and yet another bit of excitement on the Breithorn. Harry



Approaching the east summit of Lyskamm. Photograph by Brian Cosby

had also gone home by this time and I was climbing with the late Alan Allsop of the Rucksack Club. We were trying to complete our unsuccessful frontier ridge traverse, but this time in reverse. Descending from the col between the central and east peaks of the Breithorn, en route for Pollux, I was cutting steps down a long steep snow slope when Alan fell off above me and as he shot down the slope, not even trying to brake with his axe, he grabbed me by the leg as he went flying past. How we both didn't finish up in the bergschrund I simply don't know. When he fell again a short time later, this time missing my legs and stopping himself with his axe, I got the distinct feeling that my luck was rapidly running out. For the second time, the frontier ridge traverse remained uncompleted as we returned to the Theodulpass and Zermatt.

At that point I declared the season closed and departed for home. On reflection, perhaps Finch had got it right.

'What brought him (Bower) into the very small group of the great (rock climbing) leaders of his day was his concentrated scientific study of his craft: he was not an engineer for nothing'

Lord Chorley (1953), FRCC Journal , Vol. XVI No. 111

Nineteen ninety-seven was designated by the professional engineering institutions as the Year of Engineering Success (YES). It was to take form as a promotional exercise so that the importance of engineering's contemporary achievements was brought to the attention of the British public. To help, I joined the YES in Furness coordination group.

Furness in general and Barrow-in-Furness in particular, have enjoyed a great engineering history. A town at Barrow was born because of steelmaking; the Barrow Haematite Iron & Steel Company Limited having been formed in 1865. Shipbuilding followed steelmaking. The town once again became a one company engineering town; that company being known locally as Vickers or VSEL (Vickers Shipbuilding & Engineering Limited) today.

Furness engineers exhibit a spirit of independence. Consequently, contrary to the YES national expectation, there emerged from the Furness group a view that Furness' engineering history should be valued as part of the local campaign; ideally by publicising the names of the area's distinguished engineers. To support this, I put the name forward of a past Vice-President of the Club: George S.Bower.

"Who is he?", the group asked. Some of his rivals were engineers synonymous with the growth of Furness. For example,

(Sir) James Ramsden, the first engineering superintendent to the Furness Railway Company, brought the whistle of the first locomotive to the seaside hamlet of Barrow in 1846. He was destined to become a Director in the Company. His Railway grew. In 1859 a branch line was opened up to Coniston and a branch to Lakeside, Windermere, was officially opened on the 1st June 1869. Thus the area became accessible and Lakeland tourism became popular. Moreover, the Furness Railway's locomotives' sulphurous smoke was inhaled by another class of passenger: the climber.

Bower and Barrow-in-Furness

William Clegg, in the Club's Journal (Vol.XXI No.1, 1968), identified Bower as a member of the 'Great Barrow triumvirate' of climbers; Basterfield and Gross being the other two. George S. Bower joined the Club in 1918. He used a Barrow-in-Furness address in his application. He resided in the town until 1921 when he moved to Loughborough as Senior Lecturer in Automobile Engineering at Loughborough College before returning to Barrow in 1923. He then lived in Furness for fourteen more years until he moved to Derby.

Bower came to Barrow to pursue his engineering career at Vickers. Being a Yorkshireman, born 24th April 1890 at Marsden, approximately ten miles south-west of Huddersfield, he might have become a subject of ridicule. The town was then an appendage of Lancashire. However, his fellow engineers would have quickly admired his engineering credentials.

The 1954 Memoirs Supplement of the Proceedings of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers lists some of Bower's credentials. They were impressive. He had studied Mechanical Engineering at Huddersfield Technical College from 1903 to 1908 and was with the Daimler Company Ltd., as a scholarship

pupil until 1911. In 1910 he graduated with a B.Sc. (Eng.) first class honours degree of the University of London. Perhaps the seed of his career as an engineer was sown in 1899 when he was awarded the Board of Education Bronze Medal for Applied Mechanics. What will be shown later is that this award to a schoolboy represented an extraordinary prophesy.

Vickers

A significant part of George Bower's engineering career was spent in the defence industry. What had influenced this outcome? Here I submit two possible reasons. Firstly, The Great War and the Second World War. His career spanned them both and arguably it was inevitable that the industry had a specific need for men of his talent and skill. Secondly, his interest in rock climbing had a bearing on where he moved to live for work. Barrow-in-Furness is close to the Lakeland Fells. Derby is near the Peak.

Bower entered the defence industry in 1914 when the Great War started. He joined Vickers as a design draughtsman in its small Airship Department whose offices were close to Vickers' buildings in Victoria Street, London. The Admiralty had decided in 1913 to order rigid-airships, 'startled' by the news that the German Government had placed orders for rigid-airships with a company that had been formed by Count von Zeppelin in 1908. To take up the position he had left Manchester and three years service with Crossley Motors as a draughtsman.

The Chief Assistant to the Airship Department's Chief Draughtsman was Barnes Wallis (1887-1979), knighted in 1968 and regarded as one of the great engineers of the century. Morpurgo's biography of Wallis (1972) states that Wallis was envious of members of the Department because 'most of them are fearful bloods at mathematics'. It will be shown that he would have ranked Bower among them.

I believe that Bower the engineer would have been captivated by his London work. To quote Morpurgo: 'The conversation at Victoria Street was all of struts and spans, of cabins and motors. Airships had become a mania with these young men'.

You might wonder if Bower the climber found London's remoteness from the crags a source of discontent. Possibly. However, if this was the case, Vickers' security ploy, to maintain the secrecy of the airship work, would have cheered him up. The company had rented the Department's offices in the name of Mountain. Moreover, as an 'appreciative listener' (G.L.T., Rucksack Club Journal 1952) of Mr. Mountain's office gossip, his morale could have been lifted with every hint of a career move that could place him in sight of the Lakeland fells. Company politics encouraged the prospect of relocation. Vickers at Barrow were jealous of and 'resented the design work being done in London' (Wallis, a 1914 Letter). There was also a practical factor: Barrow-in-Furness had airship shed facilities which in size had only one other rival in Britain, the Royal Naval Air Station headquarters at Kingsnorth in Kent.

In 1916 Bower was relocated to Barrow-in-Furness as 'designer' to continue his work on rigid-airship machinery. Barnes Wallis was his Chief Designer. Commercial airship proposals arose after the Armistice. Barrow mounted a 'frenetic campaign of persuasion', between 1919 and 1920, to position Vickers' ships as the best and the most profitable to operate on international travel. Bower continued his designer's role. However, the future of the airship was less certain within Vickers' business plans by late 1921. Possibly this situation and or his automobile apprenticeship prompted his move to Loughborough College in 1921.

G.S.Bower did not stay away from Barrow for long since

he rejoined Vickers-Armstrong Limited in 1923. This time he was recruited as designer and scientific expert for the submarine mine department. He worked on the development and testing of hydrostatic and electrical mechanisms, including vibration-proof relays for antenna mines and magnetic mines, and was a representative of the firm on foreign sea trials.

Bower and Climbing Safety

George Bower and rock climbing mutually gained when he joined Vickers at Barrow-in-Furness in 1916. To his delight 'he found himself among the group of strong cragsmen for whom Vickers was at that time famous', (Lord Chorley, 1953). Rock climbing benefited from his powers of engineering analysis for he applied mechanics wherever he could. Indeed upon arriving in Barrow-in-Furness he helped improve rock climbing safety.

The *Journal* (Vol 4, 1917-18 No.2) contains a short article 'Ropes and Belays'. Its author was 'G.S.B.'. Bower began with an assessment of the safety merits of Alpine line over a 'full sized rope'. He then examined belaying:

'Whilst on the subject of belays, the correct method of belaying the leader may be described, since it does not seem to be universally known. It is no use the second passing the the leader's rope round a rock belay, for, should the leader come off, on steep open rocks, the rope will assuredly break. The correct method, it cannot be too strongly urged, is for the second to belay himself to the rocks with his own end of the leaders rope, and to pass the latter over his shoulder, controlling it with his two hands. The shock of the leader's fall is then taken up gradually, by the friction of the rope over the body of his companion, and, only when all the slack has thus been taken up does the strain come rigidly on the rock belay.'

Being 'perhaps a little shy', Bower made no claims as to the

novelty of this proposal. However, the value of his short 'treatise' was appreciated by Trevor Jones and Geoff Milburn in their book *Cumbrian Rock* (1988) when they ruled that it had 'laid the foundation for safe modern belaying'.

A Glimpse of an Engineer

The Club Journal contains George Bower references which provide a glimpse of an engineer. 'Our Special Correspondent' wrote a caricature of Club members under the title of Club Celebrities — H.E.Scott in the Journal (Vol.8 No.2 1929). A quotation from a part of H.E.Scott's comments during the imagined interview proves insightful:

"But in any case I'm only pretending to give you the broad outlines of things. Artistic truth, you know. If you're a stickler for exact mathematical accuracy, you'd better go and interview Bower or Doughty".

"I thought you were interested in figures yourself, Mr Scott."

"I am. I'm very good at figures; but the professional mathematicians are jealous of me because I use my own formulae and methods. For instance, when I showed how the height of Scafell Pike could be deduced from the number of animals in Noah's Ark and the date when he landed on Ararat, Bower picked holes in my calculations because it didn't agree with Newton's Laws of Motion...."

H.E.Scott, who in the article called himself the 'Honorary Licensed Insulter to the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, has been used to reveal two of Bower's technical strengths: mathematics and applied mechanics. Examples of them in action will be presented later.

Lord Chorley submitted in his obituary of George S. Bower (1953 Journal) that 'he had a marked literary ability' and his articles in the Journal 'were always enjoyable reading'. In

'A Climbing Tour in the Highlands', Bower wrote in the Journal (Vol.5, No.2 1920 No.14 of Series) an article which presented an encounter on Skye with one of the most infamous of Scottish beasts:

' It was then that, hearing the beating of wings, I looked around and there, poised motionless on its infinitesimal pinions, gazing at me with startled yet hungry eyes, was a golden midge of the latest type, a post-war model, equipped with wire cutting jaws.' A metaphor which perhaps only an engineer could have written.

Lord Chorley added that Bower's engineering aptitude came out on the technical side of climbing: 'He was fond of experimenting, for example with new types of footgear or with new nails, or with new knots or types of belay, and in numerous other ways'. John Bower recalled that his father made a pair of crampons out of Duralumin; a material that had been first used in airship construction. George S. Bower was a strong advocate of the use of rubber-soled shoes for climbers to tackle the problems of sloping or rounded footholds. This was a natural outcome to the resolution of an engineer-climber's paradox: in his machine design work he would strive to *minimise* the effect of friction, whilst as a climber his desire would be to *maximise* the effects of friction. Bower certainly enjoyed the irony. Peter Harding, informed me that G.S.B. used to refer to friction as 'the climber's Good Fairy'.

A climber noting Bower's equipment developments and having an inkling of what his engineering career entailed, could conclude that here was a man who thrived in roles involving experimental engineering projects. This might be another reason why he took a break from living in Barrow to take a post as Senior Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at Loughborough College.

At forty-seven years of age, George S. Bower left Vickers to join Rolls-Royce (now the Aerospace Group) in Derby.

A Rolls-Royce engineering apprentice, serving his time as a junior draughtsman, would have encountered Bower in the design office between 1943 and 1946. One did. He was Peter Harding, the 'leading rock-climber of the 40s' (Jones & Milburn, *Welsh Rock*, 1986). He observed that Bower worked in a small office next to the Chief Designer, Eddie Gass. Up until that time, virtually all aeroplanes were powered by piston engines fuelled by petrol or diesel. The P1 design office's objective was to raise the performance of a piston engine fuelled by petrol. It was a relatively short-lived project.

An aircraft engine revolution had taken place in 1937. The gas-turbine or jet engine had arrived thanks to the genius of Sir Frank Whittle (1907-1996). Foresight within the company took it into the jet age. A result was that the P1 project and other piston aero-engine designs were abandoned.

Rolls-Royce reassigned George Bower within their engineering research and development organisation and his work focused on theoretical matters at Duffield Bank House. It was where he worked until his death in 1953. I believe that the period was personally rewarding for him because he was in his element. Moreover he achieved an important milestone in an engineering researcher's career: in 1948 he was awarded a doctorate by London University for his treatise on 'Stresses and displacements in a conical shell of uniform thickness under axial symmetrical loading'.

Pioneering in Mechanical Engineering

George S. Bower also made contributions about pioneering aspects of mechanical engineering to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers during this latter period of his life.

He definitely found great pleasure in applying mathematics to the study of mechanics. One of his achievements was to transfer this into a form that could entertain climbers. The Rucksack Club Journal (1927) published an article of his on Climbing Mechanics. It was a parody. He used descriptive and mathematical analysis to prove the obvious. For example, he concluded for the benefit of climbers' knowledge that the 'The Moral of Morals then is: DO NOT FALL'. His precursor to the conclusion was a safety suggestion for a 'leader (that) contemplates making a speciality of first descents'; it was an engineer's one:

'(The leader) had better invest in an oil-filled shock absorber, in which the kinetic energy of the fall is absorbed by the oil's being forced past the clearance between the piston and the cylinder. The latter is attached to a special waist belt, and the climbing rope to the piston rod.'

Then he anticipated that his suggestion would be accepted by 'dashing young spirits'. He added that they would be readily identified from a distance 'by a sporty smell of Castrol'.

George S. Bower applied his talents to push back the limits of both mechanical engineering knowledge and rock climbing. To me there was always a mystery; it pervaded rock climbing first ascensionist lists: what was his middle name? The Club's membership records provided no answer. The answer was: Sutcliffe. It was found in his record of Associate Membership of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers. This membership status in his day would have made him a chartered engineer today. Indeed a model engineer for any Year of Engineering Success.

Acknowledgements: Peter Harding, who generously provided key advice and guidance. John Bower. Joe Aubrey. Michael Evans, Rolls-Royce. Keith Moore, Archivist, Institution of Mechanical Engineers. George Watkins, Club Librarian/Archivist.

'SUBLIME INSPIRATION'
MOUNTAIN PAINTINGS AT ABBOT HALL

Peter Osborne

It will surprise most of us who love the mountains that the art of painting them has not traditionally been considered of any importance. We should remember that landscape painting in itself was long considered inferior to figure painting and that both relegated mountains to the background. Concentration on mountain scenery by the best known painters has been rare: a few Turners, periods of Wilson, Hodler and Kokoscha, some work by German Romantics, and that is about all we shall find in histories of art.

In this context the 1997 Abbot Hall exhibition was a landmark; the first major exhibition of mountain paintings in this country so far as is known. It was a brave and forward-looking decision of the Director, Edward King, to devote a key exhibition space to a pioneering effort, in which, however, he had the advantage of working in close conjunction with the Alpine Club, from whose extensive collection he was able to use much valuable material. (The inclusion of Whymper's tent, no less, and other historic objects, may encourage hope of more permanent mountain displays at Kendal).

The 1997 exhibition offered quite a comprehensive overview of mountain images from the 18th Century to c.1950, though necessarily from a British angle; foreign exceptions were some fine prints including Sella photographs, (which were however surprisingly overshadowed by the neighbouring work of W F Donkin). The first room provided an interesting mixed bag ranging in time from primitive glacier 'horror' prints to 3 of Howard Somervell's bold

gouaches and a strong Julian Cooper of the Dent Blanche. The survey proper moved from a good display of Alpine prints in their fine and popular period around 1800, through watercolours and photographs of the 19th Century, to Warren's colour photographs of Everest in the 30s.

The highpoints were Turner, Ruskin and, perhaps, Lear; most else was workmanlike. The intense atmospheric poetry of Turner's 1798 "Buttermere" remains a development of 17th and 18th Century landscape, where mountain masses themselves form but a background. By the 1804 "Passage of the St. Gothard", however, he was enjoying and expressing the stark experiences of being in a full mountain setting, with rock, chasm and peak nearly packing the image. Ruskin too communicates a more direct mountain experience which is suffused with his passionate love of the Alps. It is as if his scientific interest in rock, cloud and glacier were caught up in an inspired flux which imparts a particular romantic intensity; forms of peak and cloud wreath almost Blake-like towards making, from a real but ephemeral experience, something lastingly meaningful.

Lear's mountains, Mont Blanc and Kangchenjunga, have a different, dreamlike quality where distant peaks hover fairy-like and delightfully beyond the harder facts of the foreground. Still, in composition, they are mountain VIEWS, distant and safe, rather than MOUNTAIN PAINTINGS which deal directly with mountains in all their immanence.

Indeed there is a long and different tradition of Continental mountain painting which budget and specific arrangements excluded from this exhibition. As early as the 1770's, for example, Caspar Wolf was starting, and a year later finishing, oil paintings high in the Alps. His "plein air" approach, 30 years before Constable, gave a greater strength and fresh-

ness to glacier and peak than contemporary British work. Many following in his tradition were climbers, mountain specialists or both. Their work, not reflected in catalogue or show, emphasised the power, mass and challenge of mountains in contrast to the more poetic approach highlighted at Kendal. Loppé, for example, a friend of Horace Walker, and member of both Alpine Club and RA, painted large vigorous oils in an academic tradition of full mountain conditions.

The watercolours of Edward Compton, the only specialist mountaineer/painter well shown at Kendal other than Whymper, made fresh and skilful use of traditional watercolour technique in his mountain paintings. Whilst lacking either the poetry of a Ruskin or the power of a Loppé, Compton, with his clear blue snow shadows and confident technique, confirmed the style of most subsequent British mountain water colourists.

The 'Catalogue' of the exhibition, though lacking any catalogue as such beyond a list of artists, contained three interesting essays as well as good reproductions of nearly 50 paintings, photographs and prints. The exhibition was subtitled 'The Art of Mountains from Turner to Hillary', and, given the lack of a Continental dimension, was an exciting review. We can but hope for one or more successor shows which carry the subject outwards and forwards, and which will reveal mountain art to be of even wider and growing importance.

Chapter One

Introduction and getting to base

Firstly I feel the need to introduce the players in the drama. Many of them are known to the FRCC membership but there will be some for whom this will be a first acquaintance.

Christopher Woodall earned the name of 'Billy the Whiz' which was then changed to 'ChrisWizz', as he always had ideas of what to do next often even before the present had been completed and more importantly got on and did them. Early in the morning you could find him trying to get to the next peak, col or valley before anyone else had even woken up. When he could not wake Peter or rather when Peter was successfully feigning sleep against the demands of Christopher's attention, one could hear him prowling about the camp waiting for the first unsuspecting camper to emerge from a tent. The trouble was he started off too fit, much too fit. When he returned to the UK he reported that he had become totally unfit and had to start special training for the 'Karrimor Mountain Marathon' in November.

Peter Holden had brought Christopher and was used to his ways. Over the many years of their relationship, Peter has developed a calm, cool exterior as a foil to Christopher's character. It was noted that Peter joined in the Whiz Kid's activities, though he always maintained that he could never keep up. One of the big problems on the trip was the number of likenesses of Peter that we came across. It started with Norris the Gnome and ended in a small village just outside Huancayo where we met with twins — we nearly brought the wrong one home!

David Wynne-Jones is a good sport as we could see from his wardrobe, which we all keen to capture on our slides. As well as pink stretch tights he managed to bring a different

fleece for every day of every week! Some even thought he was going to set up a climbing shop in Miraflores but when quizzed on the subject the gear turned out to be only his personal rack for climbing. So it was really unfortunate that there was no decent rock for him to try it all out on.

Pamela Caswell had been a late comer to the expedition and was brought along by David Wynne-Jones. Being the only lady member of the team she had to put up with a lot of stick but still managed to keep smiling, which was more than could be said for David. As a team, Pamela and David were an excellent double act and if you had time you could be entertained for hours while they debated the number of socks to take on a climb or the colour of the best jumper. It was not all frivolity though, as Pamela and David managed to capture some of the expedition on video tape.

Stuart Gallagher had come with us to the Tien Shan where the food had been awful and his tent the smallest of those hired. To get his own back this time he brought the biggest two-man tent ever seen on an expedition. This brought about a quality of living to compare with a 30-80 holiday. Instead of something normal like a teddy he brought a Gnome called Norris. He said that he was raising money for a children's charity but if you could have seen him playing with his Gnome you would have known the truth. Norris in fact turned out to be one of the best climbers of the trip.

Ken Mosley came prepared for the trip by cycling, walking and generally exerting himself. This sort of action is totally uncalled for and only made him stand out from the majority of us. Ken also promised culinary delights and had even practised them in his back garden but all that was scuppered when I forgot to bring the margarine and his special recipes went out of the guy rope. The children of Miraflores christened him Ken Grand.

Ken Findlay has always wanted to be rescued by helicopter and during recent years has done his best to get rides by attacking his partners in remote parts of the Alps. During this trip he got frostbite to help achieve his wish but there were no telephones in the area let alone helicopters, so, his rescue was not by helicopter but by horse. Never one to expose his inner feelings or his feet, Ken kept his frostbitten toe a complete secret until he could no longer walk. This Ken was given the name Ken Chico in Miraflores.

Paul Hudson, me, led the trip and I deny that I got lost. Rumours were rife just because there was no snow and ice and no mountains. As I said at the time, bouldering is an excellent sport and I did rebuilt the cook tent. What more could anyone want? In true Himalayan tradition, my idea was to get fit during the hazardous and demanding four-hour walk in to base camp. If only I hadn't fallen asleep half way to camp it would have worked. I was given the name nincompoop by other members of the team.

This was the group then who after some days in Peru arrived at Miraflores at 2.30 p.m. on a bright and warm afternoon. The village had just completed a celebration for the independence of Peru, otherwise there would have been far fewer people in the square. On other afternoons sometimes there were only one or two people to be seen and other days only someone's shadow.

The truck unloaded, we sent Ken off to find some accommodation for us. Ken is an important player when it comes to conversing in Spanish as his mother speaks Spanish fluently. Not that this is true of Ken, mind you, but he always gives it a damn good go and this time proved his worth when he came back to tell us that we all had rooms at the Alamo. That's a quaint name I thought, conjuring up visions of Cassidy and Sundance and of basket chairs on a verandah

and cooling lemonades. The Alamo was not quite like that as it turned out to be the top floor of the municipal building. It had no lights but did have its own loudspeaker which is just a little unusual for a four star hotel. At any time of evening or morning and only preceded by a crackle or two, a voice would boom out across Miraflores and into our 'room', saying whatever the speaker, situated in the house next door, wanted to impart to the 300 or so citizens of Miraflores.

With the help of some local men and boys we moved our mountain of stuff to our new abode and settled in. ChrisWizz looked awkward, I noticed him trying to sit down but as soon as his bottom touched the seat he was up on his feet again. Even he seemed surprised at the speed of this reaction. "Crumbs," he said, "I think I've been sitting down far too long today. I'll just have to go for a little jog to keep my muscles in trim". So while the rest of the team sat around worn out from the day's activity and excitement, and acclimatising themselves to this new environment, ChrisWizz was off on a run up the valley. "I think I'd better just check out some camp sites higher up the valley, I'll be back before long," he called as he disappeared out of sight down a side street.

It was dark or at least the remains of the day were decidedly dim when Ken Chico looked out over the square. He had been busy as well tracking down a Burro man so that we could get our loads up the mountain track to a suitable place for a base camp. There seemed to be little interest from the community in earning some cash by helping us get up the hill but Chico had at last found someone who seemed to indicate that he would have six or seven Burros for the morrow. Supper was a drink of tea and a NutraBlast energy bar. Then, as we were settling down into our sleeping bags, there were little footsteps on the stairs and ChrisWizz was explaining what he had seen and where he thought the base camp should be put.

There were no Burros the next day and we put it down to the fact that we had contacted a loony or a practical joker. We all set about taking loads up in little groups. I ended up on my own, being very slow and managed a short sleep half way along the top valley, not that I meant to!

It was a struggle but on the third day we did manage to organise some animals and everyone was overjoyed. ChrisWizz and Peter spent the first night at base camp to look after the gear and the rest of us returned to Miraflores for the final effort. Then it was 'build a base time' and the cook tent, toilet, store area and food sorting all took priority over the exploration phase.

Chapter two

The climbing

Above us the slope ran up, they always did. Away it ran in a smooth and beautiful surface broken only by the harsh blackness of a couple of rock outcrops.

Clouds even higher above us than the summit rushed overhead and as the last of the sun's rays just caught the surface of the slope, a golden and grey sheen lay across its surface.

It was after two in the afternoon, with a crispness we hoped would have returned to this wonderful slope. Our late start would mean a late hour at the top. Chico and I looked up at a delicate feathering on the slope as spindrift from high above caught the sun's rays as it ran down.

The rest of the team were spread over the hills and valleys below us and above Miraflores. Yauyos, Pamela Caswell, Stuart Gallagher, Peter Holden, Ken Mosley, Christopher Woodall and David Wynne-Jones were all out there somewhere.

We had been a group of three yesterday but Stuart, after one bivvy and a 'lost' day due to the weather, had decided that his back could not stand another night on the rock ledge followed by the prospect of a hard day's climbing and opted to return to base.

This morning had been a little clearer and when Chico and I reached yesterday's high point, below the rock and ice cliff, we started a traverse to the right under the threatening icicles and loose rock bands. The snow was sporting enough not to be boring and had arranged itself in alternate soft snow and hard ice sections together with some nice in-between bits. After an hour, I passed a break in the cliff above but this was guarded by a water-ice boss which though beautiful to look at, glistening in the now sunny air, proved too difficult to ascend. Chico confided later that he thought this traverse the most dangerous part of the climb. About a hundred feet farther on, I decided to start an upward traverse back left over some large névé penitents and I nearly lost my hammer down a very deep, hidden crevasse on the slope. At the top of the slope I belayed and Chico followed me up, "Just like walking up some stairs", he joked.

Our next task was to cross a wide shelf, it was about half a half a mile square and covered in the awful névé penitents which had already caused us some problems. Slowly with one foot being supported and the next plunging a foot below the surface we made progress to the base of the main slope.

It was two in the afternoon now and we decided that we needed to take a break and replace some of the liquid we had lost. The stove was lit for a brew of tea.

The last large expedition to visit the area, according to the journal reports I had managed to locate at the Royal Geographical Society in London, was a Spanish one in 1969, but we had seen no signs of their footprints. Our exploration of

the area had shown that the glaciation, indicated on the Peruvian map as being quite extensive, was in fact rather small. The covering of ice was now only around 50% of the area shown on the maps.

Earlier in the expedition Chico and I climbed Quepala via an easy and long ridge running north from the summit. Once a glacier had run down from this peak but now it was just bare rock and provided easy walking. The only difficulty was in surmounting the final rock summit, which, devoid of snow and ice, was composed of loose blocks of various sizes and areas of shattered rock where extreme care had to be taken. We had expected an ice summit and had carried crampons and axes but they were not required. Below the rock summit lay the smallest glacier I am ever likely to see. All that is left of a glacier that in its prime would have travelled for miles and miles was a stump of around 100 ft wide and 60 ft high. This nestled between the summit and a lower high point on the ridge descending north-west.

The first snow peak had been Nevado Padrecaca, 5362m, which we all climbed by its SSW face as a 'training peak', though the peak seemed in no need for training. It was no longer joined to Tiella by glaciation as we had expected. All except Chico and I followed a route on the extreme left of the face utilising the ridge. Our route had varied at the bottom as we ventured into the centre of the face to visit an ice cave but were then forced to traverse across to the left as there was no continuous snow/ice route above us.

We did not know it but Peter and ChrisWizz had already climbed Tiella by the south-west ridge, returned to base and were now trying Llongote (you can see just how true the Wizz epithet was), and as we set about moving on and up once again, Pamela and David were just starting their descent

high above us to the gortex bivvy camp having followed the Wizz route. Peter and ChrisWizz had completed the mountain in one day with a continuous push from advanced base. They had found the bottom section straightforward but finding the route through the séracs and crevasses nearer the top took some time. The two other teams which followed them set up a bivvy tent just below the ridge and used that as an overnight stop. At around 2.30 p.m. Ken and I were ready to start off again.

Chico being the lighter was sent off to cross the bergschrund on a soft snow bridge that covered a deep crevasse. Three attempts later, he had surmounted the snow wall that crumbled with every load-bearing move and then climbed higher up the slope. From his belay he hauled me over the disintegrating bridge and wall and away from the jaws of the crevasse.

The slope above, now dramatically foreshortened, looked invitingly short. We could not see the upper slopes now as the first band of rock became our horizon. I set off working my way left to the gap where the rock gave way to a continuous snow slope. We had thought from base that the rock sticking out of the slope would give us some resting sites, but that was not to be. The uncovered rock was only a foot higher than the ice and worn to the same angle. I could hardly climb onto it let alone rest on it.

We made good progress by climbing together. I would place protection near the end of each rope length to provide a running belay between us. Sometimes a snow stake would go in; sometimes an ice screw.

We did not know it, but we were being watched by Peter and ChrisWizz from their route on Llongote, and just as they decided to call it a day on a narrowing rock ridge that quivered as they moved up it, we broke through to the upper half

of the slope. The snow had been quite mixed since the first rock band though the angle had remained a constant 65° . Ice had given way to beautiful névé but that had not lasted long before soft and deepening powder had forced me left.

Looking up I imagined I saw a slope laying back at an angle one could walk on but on arriving at the crest I found a narrow crest of soft snow running down from a rock a little way above. Beyond the crest a slope of 80° fell away into the crevasses below. Chico passed me here and led off just as the sun set, the temperature plummeted and I began to freeze. Chico was making slow progress in the soft snow but I could wait no longer and started off after him. The effort began to warm me a little and as I climbed Chico disappeared over the curve of the slope. Soon after that he started to take in the rope that now lay below me in a long loop. The angle above me at last began to lay back and the final summit bump came into view with Chico belayed at its base.

As soon as I reached him, a wind driving in from the north-west cut into me: suddenly I was chilled to the bone. The wind-chill factor would have been immense as it was now dark and the temperature well below freezing. We dumped our kit and walked to the top of the summit but even that was not easy as the snow gave way at every step. We were pleased to find some footprints on the top — ChrisWizz and Peter we thought and mentally congratulated them. It was good to know that some of the others had attained the summit and we felt pleased for them. Ken and I shook hand on the summit of Tiella, 5897m (Tiglia to the locals). This was the highest I had climbed and I was pleased to be making a new record even if it was at night.

Later we were to be jealous of Stuart and Grandé who made the summit on a clear day and said that the curvature of the earth could be seen on the horizon.

Collecting our gear we reclimbed to the summit and

looked forward to an easy descent by following the footprints. The moon had risen casting its even light across the snow and we began the descent easily but soon the footsteps disappeared on a hard ice surface and were impossible to relocate. I think on reflection that we were just too tired to concentrate. The freezing wind had taken not only our remaining reserves of strength but also our ability to think sensibly.

After a short time of fruitless searching we decided to follow a curving snow ridge to a platform a hundred feet below us which looked as if led on down to the ridge we thought we wanted. I began to lead across the slope but soon found the soft snow more than I could manage — inside I was cursing Chico for not taking the rope. That feeling was without reason and was perhaps indicative of my near complete exhaustion.

Chico took the lead making good progress across the steep soft snow then down the curving ridge. We jumped a small crevasse and were on the platform we had seen from above. The NutraBlast I had eaten while Chico led off was helping so I descended the slope below slowly to see if I could determine where it led. In the moonlight it was difficult to judge distance and get a clear understanding of the layout of the jigsaw below us. After an hour we gave up and reascended the slope to the platform, here we found a snow scoop which was out of the wind and provided us with some shelter. The snow was too soft to dig into so we made the scoop a little deeper and lay down. Below our 'nest' a huge crevasse formed the base of the ice cliff which now towered above us and even the overhanging icicles seem not to alarm us. Frozen crampon straps, frozen fingers and the delay of getting into the bivvy sack wore me out even more. Then the stove took an age to boil water but eventually we got a hot drink and then settled down to wait out the night. I had been unable to

remove my boot as the laces had become frozen solid so my Rab down boots remained unused. We kept our toes moving all through the night and I moved my hands to where ever I thought warmest. Occasional bursts of wind would steal our heat and throw spin drift into our bivvy sacks.

Eventually dawn came and I made a hot drink, The stove had been emptied by the last evenings efforts and while filling it making sure not to spill any petrol onto myself I sustained frost burn on all my finger ends. As the day lightened we began to understand the layout of the slope below us, what had looked like a continuous slope from higher up was in fact broken by a number of cliffs, we had made the right decision to stay high.

The route down was a easy once we refound the friendly foot prints; they had lain a little below our bivvy but way over to the right . The tiredness was still there and it was always a struggle. Eventually we got back to advanced camp just as Pamela and David were about to leave it. They too had climbed Tiella by following ChrisWizz and Peter's route. They had descended that morning from the bivvy tent that Ken had found earlier. They left but we decided to stay and rest. I was concerned about my fingers, as I kept telling Chico, they were very cold and white. I never realised that Chico had in fact sustained frostbite in the big toe of his right foot. I don't think he realised it either.

Five days later Chico was on the back of a horse taking him down to Miraflores, his rescue machine seeming rather low tech. compared to the helicopters that he had always got for his companions who had had mishaps in the Alps or English Lake District but it was the best I could do.

THE SPOUT OF THE CLINTS & SMEAR TEST

Stephen Reid

It had been freezing, it seemed, for almost a fortnight. Starting just before Christmas, star-lit nights and crystal days had continued, cold and clear, right through the busiest period of my working year. Many of the local ghylls and icefalls had formed when I hadn't the slightest chance of taking a day off, and no doubt by the time things had quietened down at work the thaw would have set in just as it always did. Despite the fact that business was booming, I felt rather depressed, and was actually quite heartened when the holiday period ended and we finally had a quieter day. Apart from bringing a welcome relief from the pressure of the previous fortnight, it also meant that I had a few moments spare to chat to a customer who reported Dow Spout on Craignaw as being in good condition, a fact that I imagine would have been meaningless to the majority of mountaineers but set my mind racing. For, five years previously I had made the first summer ascent of a gully on Cairnsmore of Fleet in the Galloway Hills, only a few miles south of Craignaw. This gully was as they say 'a classic of it's type', three long pitches and, judging by the amount of water descending it at the time, with excellent winter potential. We had christened it 'Lost Pilots Gully' in honour of the forlorn pieces of aircraft debris we found in situ, undisturbed since the Second World War. I only discovered its true, and typically Gallwegian, name of 'The Spout of the Clints of the Clints of the Spout' when I invested in a detailed map of the area.

A return visit a few winters later had merely proved that a week's freeze was insufficient for the gully to form. More promising was a superb ice smear cascading down the right-hand

side of the broken cliff. Alas this proved a frighteningly thin and mushy experience and we bottled out of the final pitch. This last looked potentially superb though: sixty feet or so of just off vertical granite slab covered with the thinnest smear of ice, running straight down the centre.

Years passed by with winter seasons lean and brief. Other commitments were heavy and I always seemed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Besides it had never been cold enough for the Galloway hills to come into condition. However, now it seemed there might be a chance and a quick glance at the duty roster through rose tinted spectacles showed that I would only be in the way if I turned up for work the following day!

There are few climbers I know (and I know a lot of climbers) who would respond cheerfully to a late night invitation for a 5am start and the prospect of a two-hour drive followed by a three-hour walk-in to attempt a climb that might well not be there. Chris Bonington is one of the few. I would probably ring him more often, but as a request to go out for an evening at Shepherd's is generally met with "Oh super, love to, but I'll be in Lhasa tomorrow filming Great Railway Journeys of Tibet, but do ring again..." or some such response, one eventually begins to regret the wasted phone calls. However as Chris had been in the shop only the previous day inquiring as to whether anyone wanted to go out, he was almost the first potential partner that came to mind. Besides it would make a great story to tell my grand-children.

Thus it was that very early in the morning, from somewhere amidst the miles of single track roads on the "back o' Skidda", I collected a very well-known bearded figure, and we beetled northwards over the border. I found it hard not to be slightly in awe of a man who's books had fuelled my beginner's dreams some fifteen years ago. As we sped past the outskirts

of Dumfries, Sir Christian, as buoyant and jolly as ever, exclaimed with genuine delight at each new feature of the landscape or turn in the conversation. The sheer enthusiasm of the man was amazing.

Even more amazing was that he kept it going on the walk in to the Clints of Cairnsmore from Dunkitterick Cottage, a daft decision on my part. For a start I had been that way before and knew what it was like. Secondly I can hardly claim not to have noticed the footpath to the summit of Cairnsmore from the west, clearly marked on the relevant OS map. I had simply assumed that one footpath in Galloway was much like another and that it would make little difference if we went as directly as possible. The walk was long and, as it consisted of the usual Galloway mix of bog and tussocks, interspersed on this occasion with sections of sheet ice, it was excessively arduous. It was hardly improved by my sprightly partner who was constantly on my heels, apologising the while for holding me back when it was all I, almost twenty years his junior, could do to keep one step ahead of him.

The bleak high plateau beyond Craignelder was frozen hard and gave the impression of having been so for several weeks. We felt more certain now that our journey would not be wasted, and yet, as we descended southwards from the Nick of the Saddle, I began to have renewed doubts. The coire was spring-like and bare of rime. Occasional rills were running rather than iced. Damn it, it was positively warm. We had been three hours on the go since leaving the car and had expended a lot of energy to get here: moreover I had persuaded Chris to put aside a planned new route at some secret Lakeland venue in favour of our present venture. I was not looking forward to proudly pointing the general public's best known mountaineer at several hundred feet of torrential burn in full spate and I rushed ahead to reassure myself that all was as it should be. I need not have worried for, as I

raced round the corner of the crag, my eyes met a cascade of ice. I peered upwards at the final pitch and momentarily lost my breath. The deep cut upper section of the gully was sheathed in solid white and huge icicle stalactites sprayed forth in all directions. Below, a long pitch led up a frozen water chute that sparkled in the sun, and before that a mass of ice-encrusted boulders jammed the gully bed. It was quite a sight. Chris was equally enthusiastic and we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune as we sat in the sunshine at the bottom of the crag. Around us, as far as the eye could see, stretched typical Galloway wilderness, unmatched anywhere in England. Long, low, blue hills led in bands to a sun-gleaming steel still Solway and closer at hand the coire floor was a vibrant mass of green-brown bog, whilst above us towered the great whale-back of Cairnsmore of Fleet.

I was also pleased to note that the ic-fall that I had previously attempted now looked a lot more substantial, a great white smear cascading down the broken rocks. However we had come for the gully and I started up, scrambling over icy rocks, glad to feel the grip of crampons on solid stuff for the first time this winter, and yet impatient to get to the meat of the climb. Too impatient I realised as I half committed myself to a desperate pull over a capping chock and then decided a runner would be in order. I scuttled back down and fixed some gear before taking it more gently and more carefully. Hmm, felt like grade V so probably a IV taking into account my lack of practice.

Chris led through up the beguiling chute. The first fifty feet were steep and culminated in an almost completely formed ice tube about two feet in diameter. The only way up this was either to climb over it, though it looked too fragile for that, or to hack it to bits and gain the more solid underlayers. I cowered behind a

block as great lumps of ice showered around me, then Chris was through it and romping up the easier angled section, exclaiming his delight at every move, to run our sixty metre ropes out in the easy-angled gully bed above. I followed on, impressed, and then stared up at the final pitch, even more impressed.

This was vertical: a great cleft in the mountain, solid with ice like the pipes of some gigantic organ. Our summer line had gone via jugs up the steep left wall but now this was thin with verglas and the best ice was deep in the cleft. Awkwardly I pulled up onto a small ledge and teetered rightwards to the foot of a thin ramp. This went easily enough but the ice was too thin for a runner and I stuck for a while below a bulge. Above was a niche in which I thought I might rest whereas here my calves were already beginning to ache. I looked down and then wished I hadn't - it seemed a long way. Then I looked at Chris, who obviously didn't see a problem at all. The rather bored and disdainful expression that he was wearing convinced me that I was dithering too long and that real heroes don't dither, so I threw caution to the wind and pulled into the niche. It wasn't much of a rest but in front of me two great stalactites met like inverted legs and I slotted a hex down their icy junction and felt a bit better. Above was another awkward looking niche but my blood was up now and I wasted no time over this and gained it by one of those scrabbling desperate moves that never quite make it into the text books. Fifty feet above the gully bed now and, with only the ice-bound hex between me and a frozen pool below, I decided to try and place an ice screw. The problem was that although there was plenty of ice none of it was much more than a few inches thick and I had to give up in the end tying it off with little hope that it would hold much of a fall. None-the-less, it gave me the confidence for a traverse left on brittle waves of verglas to gain the haven of a rock runner and what I reckoned was a

well earned rest. Chris obviously thought otherwise, and a well enunciated "How's it going up there?" spurred me back into action. A steep ice ramp narrowed to nothing but got me high enough for an exposed stride back right, into the main flow of the gully. The ice was superb, tools bit into it with a reassuring vibrancy, and I pulled up confidently into an ice-bound hollow. A few moves more and I was belaying to a flake on the level hoar-gleaming grass at the top of the crag. Muffled shouts of congratulation wafted up from below. Brilliant.

Unfortunately for Chris, he had to be in London the next day, but he gave up with good grace any claims he might have had on the icefall. After all the freeze might end at any minute. He even proffered the suggestion that Doug Scott might be interested. Thus it was that Doug and I got a similarly early start two days later on another fantastically clear and cold morning. In the intervening period, a friend in Newton Stewart had advised me of a much easier way to the crag. Parking at Cairnsmore House, the air alpine with frost and early sun, we followed a gentle and well-iced pony track to the summit of Cairnsmore of Fleet. This cut the approach down to two hours and was altogether much less wearing on the legs. Dropping down eastwards into the coire I became nervous that Doug might not think too much of the line or of being dragged away from his home at five in the morning on a fool's errand. Like Chris, he too had a secret project in condition and it was only my enthusiastic description of the superb climb awaiting our attention that had convinced him to come along. Once again, I need not have worried as Scotty gazed up at the gully that Chris and I had climbed two days earlier and then at the icefall that we had come to do. "Very nice youth."

Doug, as you may know, is a somewhat more taciturn

character than Chris. His softly spoken comments have a gritty weighted texture to them that give each one the air of a serious pronouncement arrived at after much thought rather than mere passing conversation. In fact I am not sure that he ever makes passing conversation and I have known him climb a whole pitch in almost total silence. "Very nice youth" verged on the garrulous.

On my previous attempt on this icefall a few years earlier, the first pitch had seemed thin, the second thinner and I had retreated from some thirty foot up the third when water spurted from my axe placements. Now things were very different. The fall was long and narrow, dropping in steps down the broken crag. At several points one could probably have wandered off on either side though whether one would get very far along the steep heather ledges was a moot point. The ice was obviously thick enough for good placements and a dusting of fresh snow only added to the atmosphere.

This time I found the first pitch was so easy as to be almost disappointing, if climbing good ice in glorious sunshine can ever be described as disappointing, and Doug was soon leading through to start the long second pitch. A short overhanging wall barred the way - no problem to the veteran of countless expeditions, and he was quickly up to a half-way ledge. More thoughtfully, he continued up the steepening ice above, a tied-off ice screw the sole marker of his passage, and gained the sanctuary of a steep groove where at last he could bridge out and rest awhile. A few moves up the groove and a ledge was reached where a solid flake yielded a sound belay and also my fading and tattered abseil sling from years before. I followed on, whimpering occasionally as my poor technique caused me to crush my knuckles against hard ice ripples. The pitch felt insecure rather than difficult. With no obvious resting

point that would have enabled an ice screw to be placed in comfort, Doug had obviously just carried on going — a long way above his last runner I reflected as I scrambled up the steep groove to the belay, the sun glinting off the ice all around me. Above us loomed the pitch I had backed off before; the one I had long dreamed about.

The completely smooth granite slab lay tilted just the right side of vertical. Down its centre was the smear to beat all smears, six feet wide and maybe as many inches deep, its surface gently rippled but unsullied by any other features whatsoever. Sheer whiteness drew one's eye to the beckoning blue sky above, and I wondered what lay out of sight over the top of the cliff.

I started up, trying not to rush and testing each placement in turn. I passed my previous high point and looked down. Doug and the ledge seemed a long way below. But with no move more difficult than the last, I saw little point in stopping to try and place a screw. So I carried methodically on until at last a small ice ledge appeared, enough room for a boot at least, and I thankfully got a Russian titanium tube in up to the hilt. More bulges followed, a fitting finale of little grooves and walls until the ice suddenly vanished completely into the horizontal bog of the plateau and a good flake came to hand for the belay. Doug soon joined me. A quick handshake and "Nice pitch youth," and then we were off and away and over the hill.

My grandchildren will never believe me.

Summary:- An account of the first known winter ascents of the Spout of the Clints, V (4,4,4) and Smear Test, IV (4,4,4) on the Clints of the Spout, Cairnsmore of Fleet, Galloway in January 1997.

Stephen Reid on Smear Test. Photograph S J H Reid collection.

SIXTY-TWO YEARS TO PUBLISH

Tim Pickles

'The Committee ... are contemplating the publication of a Fellwalking Guide to the English Lake District. Further information ... will be available shortly'

FRCC Journal, Vol 10 No 1, 1934

When *The Lakeland Fells* was first published on 1 November 1996, an enthusiastic reader wrote to the editors: 'I've been clinging to the words of your climbing guides for years, and I've just read *The Lakeland Fells* with absolute delight, finding it a trove of suggestions and a perfect all-in-one database. Thank you!' Referring to the quotation above, the writer goes on to say: 'When I first saw *The Lakeland Fells* I simply assumed that after sixty years of carefully weighing the pros and cons, the Committee had decided to act.' This short article not only records how the book was produced, but also ponders why it took 62 years from first suggestion to final fruition.

G.R. Speaker's report to the Club in 1934 certainly confirms that the Committee was considering a walking guide as well as a Climbing Manual by J.H. Doughty (alas, never published as a separate book). The concept of Club guide-books can be traced back even further. A lengthy letter from T.C. Ormiston-Chant published in the *Journal* for 1919 contains the first proposal for a series of six 'Pocket Editions' covering different geographic areas, and providing information on climbs, paths, summit routes, ascent times, accommodation, transport, fauna, flora, geology, together with contour maps and annotated photomontages, all contained within a water-proof cover supplied with spare paper and a pencil. This idea was promoted by Ormiston-Chant as a memorial to members killed during the Great War; each volume would have a list of their names inside the front cover. He envisaged the

private printing of 500 copies of the six-volume set at a cost of £2,225. Although it never became a memorial, this proposal led eventually to the first series of five definitive rock climbing guides edited by R.S.T. Chorley and published between 1922 and 1926. The guides as finally published omitted much of the information suggested by Ormiston-Chant and focused primarily on climbing information. These guides were extensively rewritten from 1935 onwards under the editorship of H.M. Kelly to form the basis of our present climbing guides, now in their eighth series.

It is interesting to observe that the publishing history of mountaineering in the Lake District focuses far more on rock climbing than on fell walking during its first 50 years — a situation that has been very much reversed during the succeeding 50 years. W.P. Haskett Smith had published *Climbing in the British Isles* in two volumes in 1894-5; these are landmark books although, with their gazetteer approach, they bear little resemblance to the style of guide books we have come to recognise today. A year later, the 1st edition of O.G. Jones' *Rock Climbing in the English Lake District* was published and established the tone for two successive volumes on North Wales and Skye written by the Abraham brothers. L.J. Oppenheimer's *The Heart of Lakeland*, published in 1908, with its wonderfully descriptive writing style is also essentially a story of rock and snow climbing. The Club's own guide books commenced shortly after the end of the First World War.

These books both reflected and contributed to the growth of interest in rock climbing as a mountaineering sport. But what guidance was offered to the walker who wished to avoid the more precipitate crags? From Thomas West (in 1780) onwards there were a succession of guide books to the Lake District catering for the early tourists. The most popular of these were frequently revised and republished. Particularly good examples are the guides by West, Housman, Jenkinson,

Martineau, Lynn Linton, Wordsworth, Otley and Black but there are very many more. With some exceptions, most tended to focus on the towns and villages with excursions into the valleys; the west coast valleys received relatively little attention and the central fells merited hardly a mention. These early visitors were attracted by the curious and the picturesque. Some were tempted up Skiddaw but most travelled the recommended itineraries from the comfort of horse, chaise or charabanc.

The walker had to await the culmination of guide and gazetteer in the form of M.J.B. Baddeley's *English Lake District* in 1907 to find a suitable companion for use on the hills. Amongst its detailed information about hotels, transport and attractions, the walker was able to find comprehensive information about walking to the summit of all the major fells as well as descriptions of the ridges and panoramic view plans. Here was a book with accompanying maps offering a wealth of information about routes, times, heights and gradients. It was to remain in print for over fifty years with almost twenty-five editions.

From the turn of the century a number of less comprehensive guides were written describing areas or aspects of the Lake District and of particular interest to walkers. The most prolific writer was probably W.T. Palmer but many others have followed in his wake. Tom Waghorn, in reviewing *The Lakeland Fells* for the Manchester Evening News, suggests that 'an astonishing 50,000 different titles have been printed about Lakeland over the years'.

I have not yet discovered why the Club's suggestion of a fellwalking guide in 1934 did not proceed. Certainly by this time the several hundred members of the Club were strongly active both on the crags and across the fells. A probable reason was the success of another book first published in 1933 and destined to remain in print until the 1960's when Wainwright finally displaced it on retailers' shelves.

H.H. Symonds' *Walking in the Lake District* is the first guide written with authority and clarity for the walker in the area. Symonds lived in Liverpool. He developed a detailed, intimate knowledge of the Lakes and he became a strong voice in the early conservation movement, battling (successfully) to prevent further afforestation of the central fell area. His illustrated book includes chapters on each of the main valley centres as well as individual chapters devoted to Scafell and Gable. His text also includes material on the geomorphology of the area, on walking safety, and on a recommended nine-day walking tour of the Lakes from Windermere.

And then came A(Ifred) Wainwright. What more can be written about this committed, eccentric, solitary man? Whatever you might think about Wainwright's books — and in particular his initial seven-volume Pictorial Guide to the Lakeland Fells published between 1955 and 1966, you have to admire the man's achievement. Our Club has not always been complimentary about Wainwright accusing him at times of 'popularising' the fells and of encouraging access to less well known areas by ordinary members of the public. Yet the Pictorial Guide will remain as an enduring testimony to a supremely dedicated task. If you have not looked at a copy for many years, go back to the bookshelf and thumb through a copy. (A first edition copy will set you back up to £150 today!) Here is a man who walked the fells alone every weekend for twelve years in all weathers, dependent on public transport from Kendal; he explored every route and every connecting ridge on 214 fells; he spend virtually every evening throughout that period handwriting and illustrating the pages which were to be published first (privately) by his friend Henry Marshall, then by the Westmorland Gazette, and finally by Michael Joseph. There is an absolute wealth of factual information and detail in these books. They have never been revised since the pages were first created forty years

ago. The books remain in print, through successive reprintings, as popular as ever. Today they have sold around 2,500,000 copies. Hunter Davies has recently written a most informative biography of Wainwright which provides a fascinating insight into the man's life and works.

The debate within the Club about Wainwright's guides has continued throughout the years and was strongly expressed again during the period when *The Lakeland Fells* was under discussion. It runs along these lines: why should we bring more people to visit our lovely Lake District? why should we encourage them to leave their cars and venture onto the hills? why should we show them the secret and 'best' bits of the fells? There are some interesting paradoxes here. It is certainly true that around fifteen million people visit the Lake District National Park each year and that congestion, pollution and erosion are serious problems. But do guide books make this problem worse or are they part of a solution attempting to educate people about better practices? And if we are concerned about visitor numbers are we, as Club members, prepared to restrict our own visits, abandon our cars at the Park boundary, or pay a charge for access to the fells? There is a remarkable contradiction between condemning walking guides which 'promote and inform' access to the fells, whilst advocating climbing guides which equally 'promote and inform' access to the crags. Is there something rather personal here about protecting our own little space and deterring others, whilst at the same time wanting those same others to know about our achievements as first ascensionists?

As Wainwright was working on his third and fourth volumes, W.A. Poucher was writing *The Lakeland Peaks* which first appeared in 1960. This book too is described as a 'pictorial guide' but here the reference is to Poucher's wonderful black and white photographs, which are used throughout the book to illustrate his 140 routes. Superimposed on the

photographs are labels and route lines to accompany the descriptive text. A true mountaineer's book, Poucher provides additional information about equipment, valley bases, heights, photography and route finding; he also used photographs of Bartholomew's maps to indicate the location of his routes. Poucher's book has remained justifiably popular, and has retained its compact shape despite the steady addition of further pages in each revised edition.

Poucher was a Club member for more than fifty years. Other members have written notable books to add to the literature available for fell walkers and virtually all have made good use of excellent colour photography to evoke the unique atmosphere of the Lakeland hills and appeal to both the competent walker and the enthusiastic visitor. Most prominent amongst these member-writers are Bob Allen whose excellent collection of illustrated books — five to date — have been well received; and Bill Birkett, whose *Complete Lakeland Fells*, is a remarkable compilation by one author of routes to the summit of all the fells within the National Park. Bill identifies 541 actual tops including outliers and subsidiary caims on all the mountains. The arrival of this comprehensive book in 1994 almost led to the cancellation of the Club's own book which was still then at the drawing board stage. It seems that throughout the sixty-year period from first suggestion to final publication, a walking guide by the Club has always been dogged by the arrival of books from other writers and this, as much as any other reason, has deterred the project.

The impetus for the present book came in a short article by Stephen Reid published in the Spring 1994 issue of the Chronicle. Headed "If *The Munros* why not 'The Wainwrights'?" Stephen pointed to the spate of District Guides and other Scottish mountaineering books published by the Scottish Mountaineering Trust in the previous ten years, and asked, rhetorically, how had this been funded? "From the

outstanding success of *The Munros*', he suggested — referring to the definitive bible for all those seeking to become 'compleat' by an ascent of all 277 mountains in Scotland over 3,000 feet. He suggested a companion volume detailing all the Lakeland fells and offering a route description, map and colour photograph on a single page for each summit. From his experience as both a retailer and a mountaineer, he thought the project would be a commercial success. He argued the book should be based on Wainwright's list of fells 'because Wainwright did a very similar thing to Munro in some ways, compiling a tick-list of mountains in a given area (although I am sure neither gentlemen set out to do so).' A benefit of the book was that it might 'put the Club's guide book production on a more than firm financial footing for the foreseeable future and maybe assist other projects as well'. Whilst declining to write the book himself, he offered the idea for general discussion in the hope that someone with the enthusiasm, time and ability to do it might step forward.

In separate responses both June Parker and Tim Pickles offered the first of these characteristics, if not necessarily the other two. June was an established author of walking guides to Mallorca and the Algarve; Tim had written ten professional books and manuals and was also a director of a small publishing company. Both had previously considered the viability of a Club guide and Stephen's note was the spur to action. Within two months, the Committee had asked them to carry out a feasibility study and provided a small budget for the purpose.

Throughout the summer of 1994, work progressed steadily on two fronts: to produce a draft contents list for the book giving it shape and structure, and to recruit a team of volunteer walkers/writers. The editors spent much time debating the geographic divisions of the book and the list of fells to include. It was decided to retain Wainwright's seven areas since these formed natural fell massifs, and were widely

recognised by many walkers. Making the book easy to cross-reference with Wainwright's originals would probably make the book more appealing. The list of fell tops was more difficult. We wanted to make the book comprehensive and include all fells within the National Park. This meant extending Wainwright's boundaries to the boundary of the National Park — an area conveniently contained within the 1" OS Tourist Map. It also meant that the more distinct fells from Wainwright's Outlying Fells could also be included, mainly in the southern and far eastern sections. The question of what constitutes a separate mountain bedevils all compiling editors. We toyed with various lists. We disliked some of Wainwright's tops (Bakestall on Skiddaw and Mungrisedale Common on Blencathra are hardly significant and may only have been included by Wainwright in order to 'pad out' the thin Northern Fells book). But what about Broad Crag, Ill Crag, Helvellyn Low Man, Iron Crag, Carling Knott, Knock Murton, Ponsonby Fell and Swainson Knott all of which appeared to have been ignored by Wainwright as unworthy of fell status? A height of 1,000 ft seemed a reasonable lower limit for a mountain and, having decided to adopt the increasingly recognised metrication system, we converted this to 300m. Eventually, we decided to include all Wainwright's 214 tops on the grounds that many purchasers would expect to find them, to include outlying fells where they met our other criteria, and to add those further high tops which we felt worthy of inclusion. Castle Crag presented an interesting problem. Originally surveyed at 300m (985 ft), it lay within Wainwright's "most beautiful square mile in England" and was the lowest of his tops. But on recent maps it is shown at just 290m and therefore below the cut-off height. As editors, we felt its magnificent location and qualities justified its inclusion - "a suitably idiosyncratic decision as befits any attempt to categorise these wonderful hills of Lakeland". The

result is 244 fells organised into 139 routes within 7 geographic sections. This is considerably less than Birkett's 541 tops but makes for a more achievable list. Several tops had to be deleted because there is no legitimate right of access and the landowner objected to further publicity in a guide book; most of these are in the Far Eastern section. One or two reviewers have also criticised the omission of Pillar Rock — beyond the safe ascent by many walkers.

Recruiting writers was an easier task. In response to an open invitation in the *Chronicle*, an initial 25 members volunteered to select fells and write their entries using a structured template and strict word limit provided by the editors. Over the ensuing months, this number of volunteer contributors grew to 38 writers, 39 photographers and 3 cartographers. The text started to arrive for editing.

Meanwhile others were working to obtain realistic quotes for the printing of the book. This required decisions about its size and design. There was strong commitment to a quality product and this required a hardback format. A reasonable page size was necessary to ensure that all the material for each fell could be placed on a single page. After some experimentation, a truly compact (and pocketable) size was rejected as unrealistic and the broad format used in the SMC guides was adopted as being the most cost efficient. Professional advice suggested a minimum print run of at least 7,500 copies and production quotes ranged from £30,000 upwards. The Committee sought further advice from members with connections in the publishing industry; whilst supportive of the project, caution was expressed about the competitive nature of the Lakeland book market, the need for a quality product, and the risks involved in such a new venture.

In November, the Committee considered the feasibility study. After much debate, the Committee felt unable to support the entire project in its present form; members were

particularly concerned about the financial exposure and the potential losses if the book failed to break even. The project came to an abrupt halt

Its revival six months later was due to the support and behind-the-scenes enthusiasm of project enthusiasts. Early in 1995 a letter from Paul Exley was published in the *Chronicle* offering financial support for the project and suggesting that other members might also care to step forward in similar manner. With the belief that 'projects can come back stronger and better with the benefit of second thoughts', two senior members quietly approached a number of other members to see if private financial support might be forthcoming. After reaching an initial target of £6,000, the Committee was approached and agreed to launch an appeal for private investors. This, together with further personal approaches to individual members, resulted in a total of £25,000 being pledged by subscribers towards the project.

Meanwhile a second strand of support was producing results. Initial approaches to commercial publishers in London had met little success in attracting a publisher willing to take on the whole project. But a quiet and direct approach to The Ernest Press led to a quick expression of interest and a ready offer to put up one-third of the capital on a joint publishing basis. The Ernest Press had been formed in 1982 as a partnership between Jack Baines and Peter Hodgkiss. It had a small but well respected list of mountaineering books (including facsimile copies of Haskett Smith's guide and Oppenheimer's book, climbing biographies, and other titles). In addition, Peter Hodgkiss was an experienced printing agent who had produced many of the Fell and Rock's climbing guides as well as most of the SMC's recent books. It was an attractive partnership covering most of the facets which a successful book launch was likely to require.

When the Committee was presented with a new production

plan in May 1995 involving a joint venture between the Club and The Ernest Press, and a limit to the Club's own investment of around £5,000 with the balance coming from private subscribers, the project was restored. From that point to completion of the typeset manuscript took just fifteen months — but a lot of graft!

Whilst the editors undertook to write several of the routes, most of the entries were written by a large team of walker-authors. Each was asked to prepare a circular route with public access and incorporating the most interesting aspects of the fell in the eyes of the author. Whilst this might be the 'tourist route' for some summits, many descriptions included lesser known or unfrequented routes. Authors were encouraged to focus on literary, historical, archaeological, geological or botanical aspects depending on their own personal interests. Most of the routes were subsequently checked by another walker to ensure both accuracy and ease of use; in many cases this led to small but significant improvements in the descriptions. Each route had a strict word limit of around 300-400 words in order that the standard-sized photograph, variably-shaped map, and variable-length text would fit on a single page; this jigsaw arrangement was to become something of a difficulty at the type-setting stage. The more significant and popular hills — Scafell Pike, Great Gable, Helvellyn, Langdale Pikes, etc. — were allowed a double page spread to accommodate two contrasting photographs and more information.

Gathering text was relatively easy compared to the photographs. A wide appeal was made to members who, in total, contributed nearly 2,500 colour slides. The most suitable for publishing purposes are those taken on specialist slow-speed film, often using a tripod, and either in the early morning or late evening. Many 'standard' photographs were simply not of a high enough quality for reproduction. Whilst there are

many shots of Great Gable, Langdale Pikes and Skiddaw, obtaining photographs of lesser hills such as Knock Murton, Ponsonby Fell and High Wether Howe proved far more difficult. An excellent landscape photographer from Kendal supplied many superb slides in the final stages, and during the last few months the editors resorted to commissioning members to go out and take shots whenever the weather was good enough. The choice of photograph for the cover was surprisingly limited: although we wanted an action shot, capturing the essence of the Lakes, most entries were either on film of insufficient quality or included a lot of winter snow - which would have deterred the summer visitor from purchasing the book.

Preparing the maps was a source of anxiety for several months. We needed to balance accurate topographic maps for location purposes without removing the need for readers to buy, carry and use OS maps on the hill. The three volunteer cartographers could not copy OS information without the publishers having to pay substantial royalties to the Ordnance Survey on all 107 maps for each book sold. The final method chosen by the cartographers was to prepare hand-drawn sketches of each route with separate layers for each colour and then transfer them to computer for sizing, scaling and labelling. They also devised a common scheme of symbols and graphics for the maps. Map production took many months and over half the maps only arrived in the final week of assembly.

To give the book added value, it was decided at an early stage to include as much reference material as possible to enhance the overall appreciation of the reader for the Lake District's hills. Introductory material on history, geology, natural history and weather was commissioned from knowledgeable members. An extensive reference section was devised to include up-to-date information on travel and accommodation, other

mountain sports (climbing, running, skiing, biking, long-distance routes), conservation and a bibliography. The editors recognised that the book was likely to be used by many less experienced walkers. The advice on mountain safety and mountain rescue was checked by a member experienced with a local mountain rescue team. Suggestions for 'wet days and off days' seemed a useful adjunct for visitors given the likelihood of rain the Lakes! A tick list of all 244 summits was designed to give the inevitable 'fell-bagger' a helpful tool. As well as a conventional index of fells, a novel idea was to provide an index of starting points so that the less familiar visitor could quickly find route descriptions starting at or near to their present location. Information about the Club led in to an appropriate tail-piece about the Gable Memorial, reminding all Lakeland lovers of the Club's gift in memory of its members killed during the Great War, and invoking Geoffrey Winthrop Young's inspirational speech at the Memorial's dedication in 1924. As a final mark of the book's authority, Chris Bonington, an honorary member of the Club, kindly agreed to write the Foreword.

The book was completed during the summer of 1996 leaving just enough time for printing and binding ready for the Christmas market. Initial suggestions in 1994 of a production cost of up to £45,000 (for 10,000 copies) proved wildly pessimistic. A printing deal in Singapore for just £19,000 was lost at the last minute so the book was eventually produced in Glasgow and bound in Edinburgh with the welcome expertise and thorough oversight of Peter Hodgkiss from The Ernest Press.

The first few hundred copies were available for the Club's Annual Dinner at Shap Wells and an informal launch party was arranged on 1 November 1996 with invitations extended to all contributors, investors, and local press. In the period up to the launch, orders for 600 copies of the book

were received. These, together with enthusiastic media coverage from local radio, television and the commercial press, ensured that the book was successfully launched.

The initial print-run was 10,000 hardback copies. This included a Special Edition of 350 numbered copies which were provided with a dust-wrapper and were over-printed and numbered on the title-page. The Ernest Press took 100 Special Edition copies and the Club pre-sold 250 copies, each of which were signed by both editors. The first fifty Special Editions were reserved for the investing subscribers and their dust-wrappers were signed by all the contributors attending the launch; the first numbered copies were presented to the publishers as commemorative books.

On reflection, *The Lakeland Fells* has had a long gestation period, and even when it did finally receive approval there were a substantial number of problems in its funding and compilation to be overcome. Despite extensive proofing, a number of errors did creep into the final book, including one or two at the printing stage, and these will need to be corrected in subsequent editions. However, in the space of just two years, an authoritative and comprehensive guide-book has been created which is attracting critical acclaim for its all-in-one nature. Of rather more significance for the Club is the way in which almost 100 members have become actively and enthusiastically involved in a common project, one which the membership will be able to sustain in the future if the book establishes itself as a commercially successful guide on the retailers' bookshelves.

Eighteen months after the book's publication it has received positive reviews in the climbing press and has broken even financially with over one third of the print run now sold.

TROUTDALE PINNACLE: A GAME OF TWO HALVES

Terry Fletcher

It was what they call in those Saturday afternoon sporting circles frequented by under the weather parrots, 'a game of two halves'. And two teams.

The first team, as I'm sure he would like to be called, was Ol' Bill. Not that he was that much older than me. He just seemed to be because Bill had begun his climbing early, way back in the Stone Age when the likes of Joe Brown carried stones in their woolly hats to fiddle into cracks. Back in the days when Men were Men and runners were strictly rationed, like sweets. He'd even climbed with the likes of Allan Austin, he was a grizzled, bearded, gale-blasted veteran who did not feel like he had done anything with his day unless he had run out fifty or sixty runnerless feet of casually belayed rope on some tottering mountain crag. I, by contrast, was from the Iron Age, something of a late starter, a child of the seventies, at least so far as my climbing was concerned, and firmly of the school which believed that if it's not above your head then it's not a runner. As soon as the last cluster of bombproof wires disappeared below eye level I prepared to meet my Maker.

Despite this unpromising background we did have two things in common; we worked together in an office that gave us more holiday than we could afford and we both nursed an unconsummated ambition to do the Skye Ridge. The upshot was that one sunny morning we piled into Bill's car and headed off in glorious sunshine, an odd couple on a date with destiny.

The sun lasted the whole way to the ferry before the rain set in. Over the years all my attempts to complete the ridge

had been dogged by misfortune. By turns I had got lost, been rained off, misted off, blown off and finally had to abandon certain success to rescue three boy scouts. The omens were not looking good and suffice to say our ambition remained unfulfilled. This time the ridge was draped in snow. Not hard-frozen climbing snow that you could whack an axe into but soft powdery rubbish that looked pretty enough but which turned every boulder slope into a minefield, ready to snap legs and ankles and slowing progress to a precarious plod. Dreams of miles of serrated ridge and warm gabbro were replaced by some nervous flounders and a handful of ego-boosting soft touches.

The most memorable moment of the trip was when I almost trod on a basking adder on the lower slopes above Glen Brittle. I distinctly remember shouting something about a basking adder at the time.

Eventually even the Mountain Man grew bored with his own tales of snowy epics and we set off back to the Lakes, trading hit lists and potential targets. We drove back into the glorious sunshine at the ferry and stayed in it the whole way to Penrith, where the heavens duly opened.

That was enough for me. I was ready to take the primrose path back to Yorkshire but I had misjudged my man. Mountain Men like Ol' Bill were not to be put off by a drop of water, nor even by a deluge. We must conquer something! And he knew just the something. Prehistoric climbing walls had just about been invented by then but Ol' Bill preferred to wax nostalgic about the old days, water-logged adventures and tales of icy rain running in through your shirt cuffs and out through your turnups, not to mention outstaying its welcome at all points in between. Now was his chance for some missionary work with this modern softie.

So I found myself splashing up to Black Crag on what was the only time I have ever had the crag to myself before or since. Hardly surprising, really. Every slab was a broad stream and every roof a waterfall. Maybe that's why it was called Troutdale Pinnacle, because you could fish in the damned thing.

Certain even Bill would not be this daft. I prepared to retreat. But Bill was by now into full Eigerwand mode, explaining this was a great classic, that real cragsmen could triumph over any conditions.

Even death must be preferable to any more of this so I grudgingly tugged my socks over EBs and slithered off upwards. Bill arrived at the stance and lashed himself to the belay. Talk of leading through was dismissed as he recalled leading it in worse conditions and he wanted me to appreciate the satisfaction of climbing through to victory under such conditions.

I was too wet to care and set off up a waterfall that looked as though it might have a groove drowning somewhere in its depths. By now the socks were not just sliding off the rock but off my EBs as well so I had the handicap of a couple of inches of sodden, flopping wool on the end of my toes. Frozen fingers clung to greasy rock and the odd treacherous underwater jam. My only encouragement was the knowledge that the next pitch was a downward traverse across a slab that would be a water slide — and runners were going back on ration.

Looking back along the unencumbered span of the rope at a less than impressed second was so satisfying that I forgot to find the last pitch tricky.

With Ol Bill finally satisfied there remained only the crux of the descent route and a couple of pints before we could head back home in soggy triumph.

The second half started so differently. This time I was

the grizzled Old Timer and I had promised to take T'Prentice up a Lakeland Classic. Being now a wily veteran I had the wit to enjoy a couple of more secluded routes before heading for Black Crag on such a sunny Sunday afternoon.

Even so we found ourselves walking up behind a team of three and, despite pressing hard, never managed to get past them all. Nevertheless experience told. While they were looking for their guidebook I was already uncoiling the rope and taking possession of the route. Even so there was another team in front, with the sort of shaking, out-of-his-depth leader Lakeland Classics grow like witches grow warts. I had no problems with that, quite happy to share the first belay and gossip with his second. Eventually, for something to do I brought up T'Prentice with the leader of the threesome now hot on her heels. The follow-up team gathered on a ledge slightly above us as the man in front finally floundered onto his belay and began to reel in his second.

I was in no hurry, after all the roadblock in front was going nowhere fast. I leisurely prepared to start when I noticed the threesome's leader also about to set off so I casually inquired what they might have in mind only to be told that as they were so obviously better than us they thought they would go first.

I decided to be a Reasonable Man (I suspect The Godfather had been on the box again) so in my best quiet Marlon Brando I enlightened them to the fact that I was a Reasonable Man. Of course, if they wished to, they could go first. Pause for effect while leader fondles the first hold. However, should they use any runner I needed, I would take their's out and use it, should they use any belay I needed I would take out theirs and use it and if they fell off please try not to land on us because despite being a Reasonable Man, I would

take that very personally indeed.

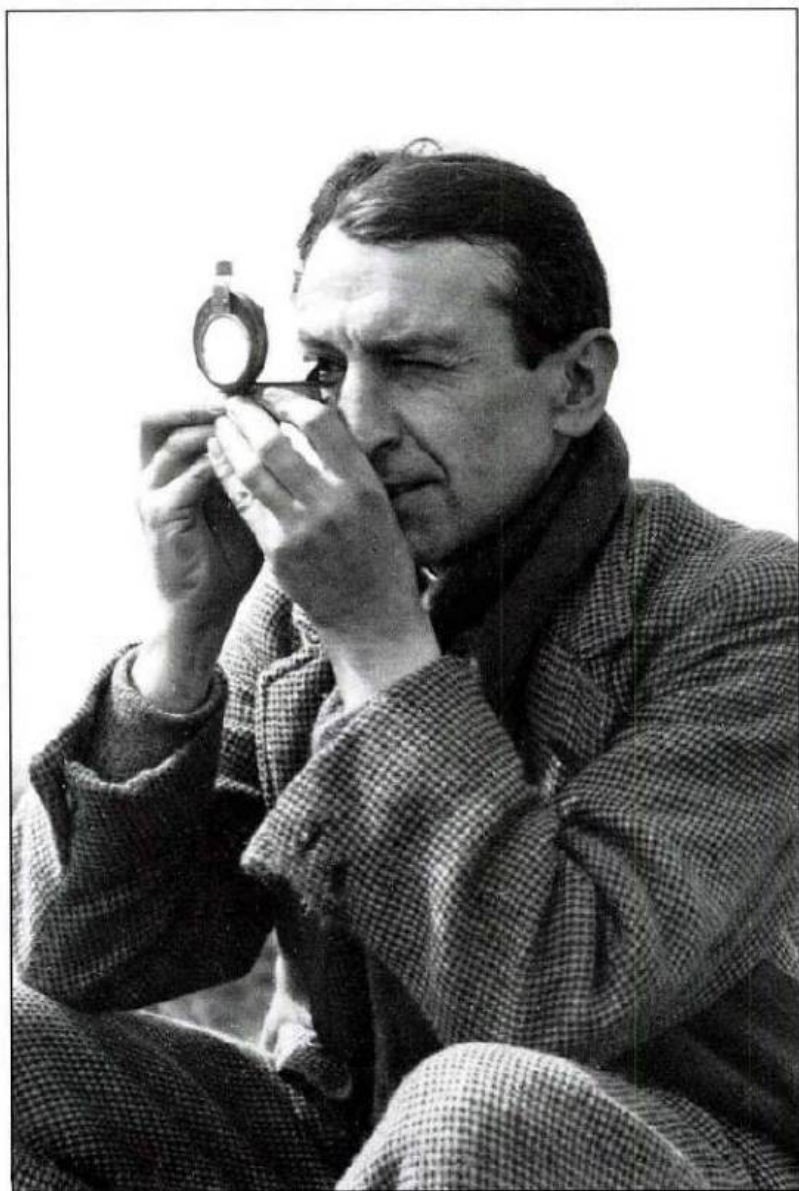
With dark muttering about men who could not accept that a woman could be a better climber than them they resumed their seats. Since the last time I had seen this pitch it was underwater, I could call it an on sight lead but with jugs and jams I did not stop for runners. T'Prentice said the would-be queue jumper turned progressively whiter at the appalling apparent total lack of protection she was facing and only regained traces of colour when I called down (in a Reasonable Voice) "Oh you could have come first. I didn't need the runners after all." There was no more snapping at heels though perhaps a little gnashing of teeth. The rest of the route passed in a pleasurable amble with plenty of runners on the traverse for T'Prentice and me reverting to finding the top pitch tricky. Without the waterfalls it was actually a very enjoyable route. What a difference a bit of sun and a few hundred E points makes.

Definitely a game of two halves but the boys done the business when it mattered.

In the obituary for G.R. Speaker¹ the writer states that his real career took off in the summer of 1919, climbing with C.F. Holland, that he had a 'breathless enthusiasm, and almost religious fervour for the hills', and that he made novices and shy new members welcome. One very shy member who had joined the FRCC in 1915, but only started to climb regularly with the club in 1919 was J. Alan Garrick. Garrick had climbed originally with W.L. Tulip and continued to do so, but increasingly was drawn into the company of Speaker and Holland, culminating in the month-long visit to the Dolomites the trio made in August 1922.²

Garrick kept a climbing diary which still survives, the two volumes covering the years 1915 to 1922. He attended the Easter, Whit and Summer meets of the FRCC in 1920, climbing with such well known names as Bentley Beetham, W.C. Slingsby and J.C. Ormiston-Chant. He climbed with the latter on 'Chant's new route' on Gillercombe Buttress and on the second ascent of Crescent Slabs Direct on Pavey Ark. His diaries indicate his desire to be trusted to lead climbs in such company. In 1921 Garrick was climbing in the Lakes almost every day from 10 July to 24 August, by now frequently in the company of Speaker and Holland, and was subsequently in Speaker's party doing new routes on Tryfan in April 1922. Meanwhile, he had recorded a first ascent on Tam Crag Buttress with W.L. Tulip.³

Short in stature, Garrick often improvised to compensate for lack of reach, and when climbing on A'Chir in Arran, he did not ascend the summit block, a vertical-sided granite piece without handholds. With Holland and Speaker in the Lakes, they removed a loose but crucial hold on Gimmer 'B', and Garrick wondered if it would ever be 'possible' again. His diary for 24 August 1921 gives an idea of his approach to physical problems (with G.R. Speaker on Hopkinson's Gully).



Alan Garrick: he always took bearings on his mountain trips, and added details to tracings.

'I essayed to lead, and got up to the small stance below the Mauvais Pas. Here my short reach placed me at a disadvantage and I didn't feel steady enough to risk a squirm to the good holds above me in such a delicate position, so I descended.

The first 10ft. are rather strenuous for a short man, but there are 'thank God' holds for pulling up into a little recess. At the mauvais pas I used a loop of rope as a hand hold — sheer spinelessness on my part. The remainder of the gully was good, gentlemanly climbing up a thin crack on the right of a huge flake ...'

Garrick had taken up a post at the Royal Technical College in Glasgow in September 1920, and climbed in Arran and the Arrochar Alps and Glencoe with D. Biggart and others. With Biggart he explored the crags of Creag Tharsuinn (Arrochar) in April 1921, finding 300-400 feet of climbing on the South Buttress⁴, and in May 1923 they climbed the route which is widely known as 'Garrick's Shelf' on Buachaille Etive Mor in Glencoe,⁵ a route which had actually been climbed by Wilding and Piggott in September 1920. Garrick did attend two New Year meets of the SMC in the early 1920s climbing on one occasion with Raeburn⁶ but he only remained a member for a short time, his main loyalty being with the FRCC. He was a member continuously from 1915 to 1939. In addition he was a member of the French Alpine Club for a number of years up to 1939.

Holland's account of the 1922 visit to the Alps ends with an episode in which, climbing down a rock gully, they had removed their boots as being unsuitable once off the snow and ice slopes. Garrick was lowering his rucksack from ledge to ledge on a length of rope, and it became lodged, so he jerked the rope, but lost his grasp. His own feeling was of relief, as he believed it would simply slide out on the snow at the bottom for him to pick up. The ice axe sent showers of sparks as the sack gained speed. A party waiting below sheltered from falling stones, then saw a pair of boots, a broken axe and the rucksack sailing through the air and, mistaking it for a shattered body, fled to

raise a rescue. They had not recovered the boots, fearing that the feet were still in them. All ended in laughter, but Garrick only found one boot, and set off for home two days early, deeming it not worthwhile to buy a new pair of boots for one day, and hoping to find an odd matching one at home. He diverted to do sightseeing in Zermatt, and was invited by a Miss Bray⁷ to join her with two guides on the Matterhorn. He quickly bought new boots, and off they set in the heat of the day. The guide treated him as a novice which he resented, and in turn was puzzled by some of the route finding. He later discovered that the guides were not local and were unfamiliar with the mountain. Garrick's whole account is much more than a mere climbing diary, and excellent reading, as erudite as Holland's published account, but in a more natural and flowing style.

The next two years saw him in the Alps again, Mont Blanc and the Chamonix Aiguilles figuring in his photograph albums. Then in 1926 he married Isabelle (Belle) Mitchell, also a climber, with whom he enjoyed prolonged summer holidays in various parts of Scotland, and also in Norway, from the Lofotens to the far north, visiting Lyngen in 1939. By then he had invested in a very superior Leica camera, and forty two volumes of photographs survive covering the years 1935 and 1936, together with handwritten guides giving full details. A number of shots have been removed or replaced. By 1939 he was taking colour slides.

This detailed topographical knowledge of Norway and the photographic record was of interest to Admiralty intelligence following the occupation of Norway and the disruption of convoys to Russia. He prepared information from his Milngavie home for some time before being given leave by the College to work full time on intelligence. He was in Oxford⁸ from March 1943 to June 1945, interpreting air photographs, working alongside Norwegians. He also prepared a theoretical report on the interpretation of photographs taken from low flying aircraft with forward facing cameras. In the post-war years he sought to refine this in a number of ways, using his own pho-

tographs taken from hills in the Southern Highlands to test his hypotheses.

He and his wife continued during and after the war to walk and scramble in the Scottish mountains right through until the late 1960s. By then there was an increasing interest in the geology and plant life of the mountains, and detailed exploration of favoured areas took precedence over 'Munro bagging'. Above all, they sought to return to Norway and explore the topography of Lyngen, doing so in six expeditions in the 1950s. He used his photographs and sextant observations to supplement and correct detail on the imperfect German air intelligence photographs of 1941, sending reports and rock samples to the keeper of the geological collections in the Tromsø Museum.

In the late 1930s, Garrick had been very friendly with W.H. ('Bill') Murray and had climbed with him. The contact was maintained during the war, even when Murray was in POW camp. Murray invited Garrick to go climbing with him again at least twice in the late 1940s, but Garrick was 20 years his senior, and declined. Garrick was in demand as a speaker about his mountaineering just before the war, and also later on his 1952 Lyngen expedition, but became more and more reclusive, shunning publicity or large gatherings. After retirement from the College in 1960, he lived more and more for his garden, which reproduced in soil and plants the mountain landscapes he loved.

In April 1958, the *Scottish Rock Club Journal* published an article by Garrick on *The Flora of the Lyngen Peninsula*. Typically, he only used his initials to identify authorship, and claimed that his main preoccupations were mountaineering and geology, but it is a masterly and beautifully written piece of work. One short extract may suffice to give a flavour of it:

'... the weather in summer is little different from what we are used to in the Scottish Highlands. But there is one important

difference: the sun is above the horizon from about the middle of May until the end of July, so that a wet day seems to last an awfully long time. On the other hand, during a long spell of fine weather, it is an unforgettable experience to see the sun going round and round in the heavens, as though determined to go on shining for ever and ever. This must be very stimulating for the plants too, and they show their appreciation by a surprisingly vigorous plant growth as soon as the melting snow lets in the light to their winter dormitories.⁷

Speaker would have been proud of that article. What a pity that he was not there to draw him out of his shyness in his old age.

Joseph Alan Garrick Born Sunderland 11 August 1894
 Died Milngavie 14 March 1996

Acknowledgements and Bibliography

The two volumes of handwritten climbing diaries covering the years 1915 to 1922, the volumes of photographs for 1935 and 1936 and certain other papers have been deposited in the Scottish Mountaineering Club Archive in the National Library of Scotland.

Thanks are due to Mr Jim Ingram, Alan Garrick's nephew, for giving me access to personal diaries and other papers.

Notes:

¹ FRCC Journal Vol 13 p 305 1942

² FRCC Journal Vol 6 pp 47-55 Holland C.F. The Dolomites

³ FRCC Journal Vol 5 No 3 p. 313 Climbs Old and New

⁴ SMC Journal Vol 16 p 90 and Vol 17 pp 190-193

⁵ SMC Journal Vol 17 pp 1-10

⁶ SMC records and SMC Journal Vol 16 pp 33-37

⁷ The next year when Garrick was climbing from Arolla and Argentière, Speaker and Holland returned to the Dolomites and met up with Miss Bray.

⁸ With the ISTD (Inter Services Topographical Department)

A PAIR OF ACES

Tony Gladstone

They attacked us in swarms the moment we got out of the car. In my desperation to get at the repellent in the dark I took the wrong cap off the bottle and spilled half the contents on the wing. I hoped to God it wouldn't dissolve the paint but there wasn't much I could do. In the morning a thick furry coating of dead midges was testament to its effectiveness.

I had phoned the leader on Thursday evening — "it's looking like a really good weekend for the Ben". If we had known that the fine spell was going to last most of the summer we would probably have left it a few weeks, but in normal years a fine weekend in Scotland is not to be missed, so here we were in Glen Nevis at midnight in the middle of June.

We put the tent up quickly, dived in zipping the insect screen behind us and set the alarm for 5.30. "We won't take a tent up with us," said the leader, "the sack's heavy enough already and it's not going to rain: we'll just bivouac in the corrie." I didn't argue. The leader was very organised — if you solo four thousanders in the Alps I guess you have to be — he'd sorted the stove, and the space age food; he'd even photocopied the pages we would need from the selective guide. At my age I'm happy to be the travelling belay and take out the runners (hanging on the occasional one if the going gets too tough). I just made a mental note not to forget the midge repellent.

Even with the early start, by the time we were packed and sorted, it was 8.00 a.m. as we walked across the golf course and up the wooded path to the corrie. The sun was already red hot. "It's north facing so we should be in the

shade most of the time on the face”, said the leader. I was doubtful. The sun sets almost in the north in June and the Orion Face looks about north-west — the sun would probably be on it all afternoon.

I found a patch of shade a few hundred feet below the hut and rested for a few minutes. I was exhausted. There were people either on or moving up to most of the cliffs. We walked on up to a grassy terrace in Coire na Ciste not far above the hut, put on our harnesses with all the climbing gear attached, and buried the sacks and the walking poles (an essential item nowadays) under some boulders in a dry stream bed. Then, we walked underneath the front of the Douglas Boulder, and pushed on to the bottom of the snow slope in Observatory Gully.

There were some streaks of moisture on the top half of the Long Climb and while the Minus faces looked mainly dry, there were quite a number of parties on or at the foot of Minus One Direct. The leader was not too chuffed - he doesn't really like waiting very much. Left-Hand Route on Minus Two looked less crowded but it would really only be a consolation prize. “We’ve still got plenty of time,” I said, “there’s hours of daylight left.” So we sat and rested while the parties at the foot of the climb gradually stretched out on to the face. After an hour or so we started up the line of steps on the snow field. It was several hundred feet and felt quite exposed at the top. We found a convenient place to drop into the ‘bergschrund’, squeezed through the narrow twenty-foot deep cleft between the snow and the rock, and started to climb a slabby groove which was running with water.

Above me where the gully narrowed, the leader was changing into his rock boots perched on a couple of loose boulders which looked as though they had only arrived recently. “Its quite difficult that bit”, he said encouragingly. I paused: although

the top of the snow field was almost within touching distance there was an alarmingly long drop below me. "Are you coming then?" he asked after a bit. I bridged gingerly up. It was only about V. Diff but there was a lack of positive holds and it felt much harder.

"You'll have to carry the sack." We stuffed four boots, a bottle of liquid and the food into a tiny extra sack I had brought. It made an uncomfortable lump on my back. The buttress towered above us, but the route zigzags its way up and figures could be seen and heard in various directions above us. The odd brick flew past and I quickly donned my helmet.

After a pleasant 4b groove, the long second pitch was sustained 4c, wet and loose. I pulled out a small spike but put it back when I realised I was going to need to stand on it later. "That was a good lead", I said as I joined the leader on a big grass ledge beside a huge block. "I think it gets better;" he said, "we traverse right" and off he went. The rope ran out and then it was my turn — the first 5a pitch.

Some wide strenuous bridging across a groove and I was perched on the edge of the main buttress of perfect rock. A high step up on poor fingerholds, balance on a knee pushed into a groove and reach up desperately for something a little better. A few more traverse moves and another high step up by an old cord runner and I was on the stance overlooking the steep section of Minus One Gully. Two more superb long pitches of sustained HVS led back left to a sloping stance below the spectacular crux (Arête finish).

Above us was a steep smooth slab capped by a square overhang. Using hand-holds in the crack beneath this, the route traverses out left some twenty feet to the very edge of the buttress and round the corner on to a small ledge about

500 feet directly above the start of the climb. Easy moves then lead back to the crest. As the leader clipped a runner on the traverse, one of the belay nuts jumped out under the tension and I shot a few inches down the sloping stance until the next one took the strain. Fortunately the leader never skimps on belays! The slab was steep, the footholds small and the hand-holds difficult to find. Taking out the runners without resting places was exhausting. Fortunately none of them put up much resistance but I still arrived at the stance gasping.

"It doesn't ease up", said the leader as he struggled with a thin crack in the edge of the arête, but eventually it did, and a couple of hundred feet of pleasant severe took us to the top on the 'second platform' of the North-East Buttress. The view was stunning. The sky was clear blue, there was no heat haze and the giants of the Affric range dominated the north-west horizon. I had backpacked over them all only three weeks before, and noted the fine view of the Ben from their tops. Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan was still plastered in snow, even though it was the southern aspect of the mountain which was facing us.

"We really ought to go on up to the top!" I wasn't quite certain that he was joking — it was about nine o'clock, we'd been climbing in the scorching sun for seven hours and I was totally knackered and dehydrated. I was going nowhere but down. A few hundred feet of scrambling down the chossy ridge, followed by a couple of abseils took us down to the 'First Platform' from where one can traverse off across slabs into the upper part of Coire Leis. We made a beeline for the stream.

By the time we had unearthed the sacks, cooked and eaten our dehydrated dinner, washed it down with a few brews

and levelled off a gravelly area to sleep on it was well after midnight (and just getting dark). There wasn't a midge in sight. "Centurion'll be harder." said the leader, "It used to be extreme". "Well, I'm not carrying the boots then. We'll leave them at the bottom." We woke briefly at six — the sun was streaming on Carn Dearg Buttress — turned over and went back to sleep. We were woken again by the sound of climbers crunching past on their way up to the crag. It was nine o'clock but we felt a good deal better.

We arrived at the foot of the climb to find another queue. The leader stomped off round the corner, but both Sassenach and Shield Direct were dripping with water. There were a couple of parties on Toro which was just as well or the leader might have got ideas above his (or a least my) station. "There are some good routes up on Trident Buttress. We could go up there." It was far too hot even to contemplate, and Centurion was just going out of the sun and would soon be pleasantly shaded. "We'll wait" I said. As on the previous day the parties above made steady progress so it wasn't long before I was anchored on the roomy stance at the top of the first pitch. The leader disappeared round the rib on the right and started up the 120 ft. long corner that is the crucial second pitch of the climb.

I'd psyched myself up to do this pitch for months. Jimmy Marshall had failed on it; Whillans had found it hard. How dare I even to go near it? It looks appallingly steep and overhanging in photographs. I had visions of desperate laybacks on rounded edges — jam a knee in the crack and thrutch up to gain a few inches — like the Flake Crack only worse. I couldn't see what was happening at all but the rope ran steadily out. "Safe" came the shout. "Take in." The rope tightened and I stepped round into the corner. It was Armageddon!

But of course it wasn't like that at all. The left wall is

covered in small footholds and pockets and although the back of the crack was damp there was delightful, delicate bridging the whole way up. It was sustained but there were comfortable resting places at intervals with big friendly jugs. No doubt when it was first done it was covered in grass, earth and slime and therefore much harder, but I arrived at the top beaming — what a Pussy cat!

Three long immensely enjoyable but straightforward 4b pitches followed up pleasant grooves and slabs and we stopped for lunch on the easy traverse line taken by Route II and its direct start. The 5a pitch above has a tricky move up and round an airy roof, but the leader was well in sight and I was able to study his technique to good effect and had no problems. One final 4c pitch remained. Diagonally up into an overhung recess filled with detached blocks — tread very lightly — a steep pull-out on to the far rib, an awkward mantelshelf and suddenly we were on top. The easy descent traversed off to the left.

I wasn't looking forward to descending the snow field in rock boots but it was shorter and much less steep than Observatory Gully and it wasn't long before we were unearthing the gear for the second time and striding back down beside the Allt a'Mhuilinn to the golf course and the car. The sacks felt remarkably light — the 'high' would last for weeks! We'd come over the border and plundered two of the finest routes in Scotland at the grade. "What now?" I asked. "I suppose it'll have to be the Cairngorms", came the reply.

A TREK IN THE DRAKENSBERG

Richard Morgan

July sees the annual camp of the Natal Section of the Mountain Club of South Africa. On the occasion that I joined them this was being held at the Solar Cliffs site in the Emhlwazini valley. My first week had seen unseasonable snowstorms block any climbing hopes on Monk's Cowl and Cathkin Peak.

The second week started with a violent thunderstorm. This fortunately cleared off rapidly to make way for some glorious clear weather for the rest of the week. I joined a party of half a dozen Mountain Club members to go up to the escarpment.

We set off from the Solar Cliffs basecamp up the Emhlwazini River a short way and then branched off up the spectacular Ndedema Gorge. There we found a perfect waterfall for a communal showerbath. The path gradient was nice and steady up to Thuthumi Cave, where we enjoyed a cosy night.

Next day we crossed the contour path which traverses above the Little Berg area and took the ever steepening ridge path past the aptly named Organ Pipes on our left and up to the 3000m pass of that name onto the escarpment. We reached the pass just before dusk and as the temperature plummeted we quickly pitched tents and got our evening meal under way. The usually clear skies of July invariably mean hot days and cold nights especially on the 'Berg.

The temperature rose rapidly next morning and we set off north along the escarpment in Lesotho. The ground was bare, rocky and undulating. We passed Castle Buttress (3053m) and Cleft Peak (3281m) and on over Tseketseki Pass to Easter Cave. We hardly saw a soul — just one Basuto family on horseback, well wrapped up in their traditional blanket garb. We reached Easter Cave not long before dark. We had just time to gather sufficient brackish water from a rapidly freezing stream which was heading down the dip slope to Lesotho. After a hearty meal we were rewarded with glorious views over the escarpment. We

looked past Cathedral Peak to see the twinkling lights of Ladysmith some 50 miles away. Above there was a clear sky where a number of artificial satellites could be traced. This was one of the clearest nights skies I have witnessed; apparently nocturnal clarity is a feature of the Drakensburg region in July.

The following day was another hot, clear one even at altitude. We retraced our steps back along the escarpment to Tseketseki Pass where we met a crowd of Mountain Club friends. We left them to descend down the pass. Progress was quite rapid as there were some good scree runs, so we soon reached the hut below where we passed the night in relative comfort.

Next day there was no let up to the good weather and so we traversed the very pleasant contour path at about 2000m altitude admiring the Cathedral Peak and Outer Horn ridges ahead. We reached the Xenii Ridge which we descended to the Xenii River. On the way down, Peter, our leader, pointed out a well-camouflaged Berg Adder sunning itself adjacent to the track. For our last night we decided to bivouack lower down by the Xenii River not far from Neptune's Pool, where some of the party had a very pleasant dip. The Xenii River like many Drakensburg rivers has some wonderful rock pools which are ideal for bathing.

Our last day started out hot and sunny as usual, so we descended to the Xenii River. Peter then announced it was his birthday, so we cleaned ourselves up and had a celebratory lunch at the Cathedral Peak Park Hotel.

Afterwards we all piled in to the back of a Bakkie (pickup truck) which took us down the road to the Emhlabuzini Trading Stores. From there we walked the few easy miles back to base camp just in time to avoid another violent thunderstorm.

I can truthfully say that between those two thunderstorms I enjoyed one of the finest treks in the Drakensburg. For that I must thank my friends in the Mountain Club of South Africa for their hospitality and knowledge of vast unspoilt beautiful area which is the Drakensburg.

A QUIET DAY

Paul Exley

Buttermere lay utterly calm:
No breath of air disturbed its surface.
The familiar fells beyond the far shore
Were precisely reflected in graceful detail
And golden, autumnal colours.

The stillness seemed to have a personality
Quite apart from, but co-existent with
The serenity of the lakeside.
It seemed to impose a will
To tread gently, to breathe quietly.

I climbed the Gatesgarth ridge of Fleetwith,
Always conscious of the least noise
But exhilarated by the deep silence
Which pervaded Lakeland.
Beyond the summit
I lay amongst the heather, pensive,
Allowing the tranquillity
To flood into my soul.

Above, a lazy white arrow
Inched silently across the sky,
Its metallic tip reflecting
The brightening sun.
I felt gladness for my being
Here in the fresh morning
Rather than in its air-conditioned
And cramped confines.

Far below, a dog barked;
Clearly audible, yet muted,
As if the stillness
Was imposing itself -
Even on animals -
And enticing them
To submit to its will.

Whilst crossing the quarry workings
Between Honister and Wharncote Bottom,
I could scarcely believe that only yesterday
John, Trevor and I had had to struggle,
Heads down amid the turmoil,
To make headway against gale-force winds
On our return from Newlands.

On Brandreth, I lingered again
For another draught of contemplation.
A group of walkers approached from Gable
Chattering away happily and noisily
Apparently quite oblivious to
The mystical atmosphere, silent but for them.
Like the jangling camel train from Borodin's
'In the Steppes of Central Asia',
Their intrusion approached, endured and receded
Leaving me to rejoice again in the stillness.

The prospect of Ennerdale and Buttermere
Set incomparably amongst ridges of
The world's most beautiful fells
Brought a renewed pondering;
Whether the hills' purpose was
To provide settings for
The jewels of the lakes, or
Whether the lakes were the foil to exhibit
The grandeur of the fells.

At length, I set off again,
Over Gable to Beck Head,
Back by Moses Trod and Haystacks.

A lingering question was whether
The attribute of stillness
Was a universal presence
Resolutely denied by some, or did it
Exist only as a personal experience
Inside my soul.

MY HUSBAND COMPLETELY BROKE DOWN

Mark Scott

Have you forgotten yet?
Look up, and swear by the green of
the spring that you'll never forget.

Siegfried Sassoon, M.C. March 1919.

Much has been written in the Journals of the FRCC of how the Club acquired Great Gable and the surrounding area and then donated it to The National Trust as a permanent memorial to those members who died in the Great War. Lord Leconfield had already, in 1919, gifted the Scaffells to The National Trust as a War Memorial to the nation's fallen.

At first the Club wanted to remember its members in a different and at the time very controversial way. These proposals, which make very interesting reading, can be found in the old Journals and archives; we are fortunate to have such records.

The Memorial Tablet on the summit of Great Gable was unveiled on June 8th, 1924 by the Club President, Dr. Arthur Wakefield, in the presence of about five hundred onlookers. Every Remembrance Sunday since, climbers and hill walkers have dragged themselves out of their pits at an ungodly hour, to flog up to the summit of Gable in rain, sleet, gales and if fortunate even sunshine. On arrival some do not have time to recover breath before a distant voice from the middle of the crowd asks them to observe the two minute silence. A dog may bark, a raven flies overhead, occasionally a bugle may sound. Then it is all over. Groups gather together, plan their descent and maybe bag another hill on the way home. Why after all this time does this still happen?

Some of the 'rememberers' gathered on Gable are there because they have been told it is an experience not to be missed, the crowds, then the silence. What goes through their minds during the silence is anyone's guess. There will be those who will be there to remember friends or relatives injured or lost, not just in the Great War to whom the summit is dedicated, but the Second World War, The Falklands, The Gulf, Northern Ireland. Wherever the Government sent them, they served.

Some will be there to acknowledge the sacrifice, to say a quiet thank you, "if it was not for you I might not be here now". Others are there to pray that the last war will be 'the war to end all wars'. There may even be veterans who have known war, smelt the cordite, felt the noise, seen the carnage, and held to the hope that: 'It will all be over by Christmas.' In the First World War that was to have been Christmas 1914, but it lasted till November 1918 and as a result the National Trust was bequeathed most of the high ground above Wasdale Head.

Archive film shows the sterns of ships rearing into the sky as they slowly sank, men advancing into a morass of mud, shell craters, barbed wire, bullets and poisonous gas when the whistle blew, shellshocked faces, missing limbs. No counselling then!

Could the face you have seen be a long dead FRCC member who walked the same fells, climbed the same crags as you? Perhaps he had been enlisted by W. T. Palmer, a recruiting officer in Kendal and at the same time Editor of the FRCC Journal. Since Rupert Brooke wrote at the beginning of the war, 'Now God be thanked, who has matched us with this hour' people's attitudes to war have changed. We know the outcome — they did not when they volunteered or were conscripted. No blame should be put on the like of Palmer who with so many others, was caught in the flood tide of war. Some drowned, others survived, but all were changed.

In the 1914 Journal (No. 8) Palmer wrote in 'A Foreword':
 'The Editor can with extra pride point to the men who have climbed, who have photographed - and who, when the bugles blew in early August summoning many of them from hard-earned climbing holidays in Cumbria, Snowdon, or Scotland, did not forget the red-backed Journal and its needs.'

The Club Scrapbook contains the following handwritten letter which at times I found difficult to decipher. It is sent from one climbing friend to another. The letter from Allsup to Bawtree sent in December 1914 hardly mentions the war. It is typical of the optimism prevailing at that time. The war was just an inconvenience: what a difference four years would make. Maybe Allsup had a premonition of what lay ahead and deliberately wrote the letter in a light-hearted way.

I have done a slight amount of editing to make the letter easier to understand and print.

31/12/14.	Has Bentall joined the Club yet. I wonder how 'Bill' is getting on poor old chap!	D. Coy, 7th.L.N.L., Whitchurch, Hants
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Dear Bawtree,

I forget how long it is since I wrote you last, anyway the New Year & the advent of the Journal (no.8) give me a pretext!

It isn't so bad this year is it, I mean in the way of interesting articles & I think that the photos are generally good too, especially considering the events of the autumn.

I see the notes on our scrambles have been thought worthy of occupying space in the 'Notes.' If anyone is enticed out to Mellbrake through me I hope he won't curse me too much (in view of the description I gave it as not worth the long tramp for the climbs alone). I figure on the Gillercombe Buttress Photos. The Central Buttress article is good; have you made out the figures (or what I take as such) on the large photo by Abraham's.

We were inoculated yesterday - the 2nd. and final dose, so we have had a day off today & tomorrow too; it gives a you sore arm & general lassitude, personally that's all. There's no infection so don't be afraid of this letter.

Have you succeeded in getting on the fells last week?.

Your little daughter will be quite jealous of Wells kid appearing in a Climbing Journal?! The pater is a fat heavy man who can't climb for nuts, at the last dinner but one I saw him fetch the 2nd. man out at the 1st. pitch of Easter Gully, & from above (I was at the bottom unable to climb) heard a plaintive voice say "you might have held a bit tighter old chap". I'm afraid he scraped himself somewhat as he was about 10ft. horizontally away from the Man holding him, on a slab. He didn't climb the next day! See his article 'Climbing per Song.'

I was home Dec.16th.- 21st. & got up to Barrow on the Sat. & saw the chaps; they wanted me at home however & so I couldn't spare a day for a climb at Coniston. I also didn't see the high fells, as it was too thick, but it was a relief to see any kind at all after this unsatisfactory chalk and clay.

I wrote a long letter to Hall (C'mouth) in answer to one of his telling me of his late doings; he hasn't tried the Grassmoor gully, (that we inspected) again yet, but was foiled again on one of his pet ones on Hobcarton.

As you can guess I do not feel in great form for letter writing but it is a change from reading. You will recognise Holland (who came up the New West that day) on the photo facing p.22, the chap on p.22 is Herford. I saw the photo in June at Brunskills. Hd. has enlisted a friend or something I see.

Mrs. Jackson sent me a cake for Xmas; food is not so much desired now that we are better fed in camp.

Cain expected to be away climbing about now, N. Wales or Wasdale for a few days. He said he hadn't called to see you yet. He has his family at S'port: whether staying at his Fathers or not I don't know - 3 Knowsley Rd. I want him to meet you, an awfully nice chap & Keen.

Kindest regards to all & best wishes for 1915 & plenty of climbing for you all (including Mrs.Klieten).

Yours sincerely,
W Allsup

P.S. I have a nice framed photo of Pillar (west side) on the chimney piece now, also a larger one of Hopkinsons Crack.

The 1914 Journal mentions the war only briefly. In the foreword there is a list of FRCC members 'with the colours on active service', 3 more are added in 'A Batch of Blunders', making 29 in total. The list in the 1919 Journal had grown to 68. Palmer also states in the foreword 'that a large proportion of our local members, being engaged in different parts of the work of Messrs. Vickers, are compelled by reason of their employment to stay at home — they are no less serving their country ...'

An undated and anonymous note in the Club archives states that:

There was in common with all other sections of the community found practically every male member of military age in the forces with the exception of those who were already employed at Vickers in Barrow and who were consequently refused permission to join. The women members for the most part did work as ambulance drivers and on the land.

By 1915 the war was beginning to hit harder. The Committee decided that, "in spite of foreseen difficulties the Journal should be issued as usual." The format of the front cover was changed: WAR ISSUE, was the bold proclamation:

**MOUNTAINEERING ADVENTURES AT HOME AND
IN THE LAND OF OUR ALLIES. LETTERS FROM
THE FRONT. A UNIQUE PUBLICATION FOR MOUNTAIN
LOVERS AT HOME OR WITH THE COLOURS.**

Palmer in his editorial foreword changes his theme slightly: 'The absence of practically every active member of the Club on war service at home or abroad has caused unusual difficulty and delay in obtaining material for the present *Journal*. Rock climbing in the English Lake District has come to an end, except for soldiers or munition workers on furlough, and this year the Club's activities have not borne fruit in important new climbs.

This bulletin from the Land of the Fells has a special message and may be the only present connection between them and the sport we love'.

When the *Journal* was being considered the Committee asked that a letter be sent to every member of the Club on active duty. In return the members were asked to write a letter to the *Journal* telling of their experiences. Ten letters were published. Most wrote of inactivity and returning to the fells. H. B. Lyon wrote from Mandalay, Burma, asking if there was to be a Dinner this year. L.J. Oppenheimer wrote from Essex on November 7th, 1915; 'I don't know in the least when we shall be sent to the front — I hope that it won't be very long before we go'. Oppenheimer also mentions that he does not have to salute his son anymore, 'when he was 1st.Lieutenant, and I was a private'.

Henry Lawrence Slingsby, Lieut., 2 /K.O.Y.L.I., was on sick leave after being severely wounded in the head in February 1915 near Ypres. He wrote a long letter on 2nd December 1915 from Whitbarrow Lodge, Westmorland, the home of his father Cecil Slingsby telling of his 'Baptism of Fire' at the Battle of Mons on 23rd August, 1914. Of 28 officers only 8 including the Quartermaster and the Doctor escaped, the rest were either wounded, taken prisoner or killed. He also writes, 'Walking up Rosset Ghyll with a heavy rucksack on your back, on a boiling hot day, with the streams all dry, is bad enough, but marching on cobbled road with the Germans hard after you is the limit.'

Denis Murray of Dow Crag fame sent the following letter.

Wieriekerschaus,
Lij,
Bodegraven,
23 Oct.

Dear Palmer,

Thanks for your letter which I only got today! I've spent most of the day trying to write a paper, but my memory has all gone so I've given it up. I can't even remember the details of the new climbs I did last time! As for war experiences, I have very few.

Here there is nothing to tell except that the guard grows stricter as each new attempt at escape is frustrated. I and another were caught two yards from the other side of the moat and a few days after they discovered our tunnel, the result of many months hard labour, just as we were finishing it! However, I suppose there will be success in the end.

Yours sincerely,
Denis Murray.

August. Eastchurch.
September. Eastchurch, Ostend and Calshot.
October. Felixstowe.
December. Dover.
Feb. 11th. To Ostend dropping bombs and back to Dunkirk.
Feb. 16th. To Zeebrugge. Hit at 6,800 feet and engine smashed. Got into the water and was picked up 5 hours later (10.30 p.m.) by a Dutch torpedo boat, whilst trying to attract the attention of an English destroyer.
Feb. 16th. — June 16th. Groningen on parole.
June 16th. Wieriekerschaus.

Recalling his wartime adventures in his autobiography, *The Grace of Forgetting*, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, who in 1914 was a war correspondent for the *Daily News and Leader* trying to get copy from Ostend to England wrote;

'As I paced restlessly up and down, I saw there was a single young Naval Division sub-lieutenant guarding the end of the ship's gangway, revolver in hand. I knew him at once, Dennis, Gilbert Murray's son, who had often been with my climbing parties. He was confident, and reassuring with his revolver; but I could not feel certain that he alone could hold off the German army.'

T. Howard Somervell in an article 'An Apology For Winter Sports' written in lieu of a 'letter from the front' wrote from, 'Somewhere in France'; '... my mind's eye passes over many miles of fields, trenches, and mud, to focus itself on the smooth glistening tracts of snow ...'

Also in the 1915 Journal is an obituary for Corporal J. Neville Fletcher, of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Fletcher was severely injured at the second battle of Ypres by machine-gun fire on April 26th. He passed away a month later. The first Club member to die during the war, his obituary was written by 'A. A'. — possibly Ashley Abraham, the first President of the Club.

The war was taking its toll at home and abroad. The 1916 Journal tells a sad tale. The first article, 'Pictures in the Fire' by Lieutenant C.F. Holland is a very moving lament for S.W. Herford. On the last page is an advertisement for the books of the late L.J. Oppenheimer; W.T. Palmer was the contact.

Captain T.H. Somervell contributed again, 'A New Climbing Zone - in France'. He had been in France 15 months on 'divers duties ... of varying interest'. After a rest he was posted to Marseilles where he found warm rocks to climb. 'It was very enjoyable to have some rock-climbing while in military service — but one longed for a good meet of Fell and Rockers at the little hotel at the foot of this mountain'. He is then sent to northern France where, 'We have seen the Somme Push from the start to - well, perhaps not the finish. There are so many things that strike one that it is hard to pick out one.

But, as one who has seen thousands of wounded from this great battle, let me just say that the most striking thing of all is the amazing cheeriness and bravery of our men. It's hard to see, day in, day out, nothing but casualties, casualties, casualties — but there is hardly a wounded man who has not the assurance on his face and in his bearing that we are the winning side (though, individually, the poor chaps one sees may be the losers, perhaps of a leg, or an arm, or an eye). All seem to say "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world".

The final 16 pages contain the FRCC's Roll of Honour, An Editors Apology and the sale of Oppenheimer's books.

Lehmann J. Oppenheimer was nine years over the then military age when he volunteered for service. His son was serving and he believed that he should do the same. In an article written by Oppenheimer for the Climbers' Club Journal, 'De Profundis' he analyses various reasons for enlisting, one of them was: 'the wish to follow his son's example; the desire to wipe out the ignominy of inheriting a German name; the disgust of doing such unessential work, day after day, as designing mosaics for churches — fiddling while Rome was burning ... accompanied by the constant thought of duty neglected ...'

In January 1915 Oppenheimer joined the Inns of Court Officer Training Company and soon afterwards enlisted in the Artists Rifles: by August he was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2/23 London Regiment. In June, 1916 he had been promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Machine-gun Officer and was posted to France where he served with distinction. He was 48 years old when he died in a Boulogne hospital on November 8th. of, 'a severe attack of bronchitis and pneumonia, the aftermath of poison gas from a shell which burst near him in the trenches ...'.

Oppenheimer's classic book, *The Heart of Lakeland* shows what a sensitive person he was.

To know the delights of the fells, the pure mountain air and then die in a poison gas attack, what a contrast. What thoughts went through his mind as he lay dying, knowing that he was there by choice? 'Opp,' as he was called by his friends was a proud and patriotic man; I doubt if he would have changed anything.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row.....

*John McCrae,
Near Ypres, Spring, 1915.*

S.W. Herford, whose short but prolific climbing career culminated in the epoch-breaking ascent of Scafell Central Buttress, was reported in his obituary to have applied for a commission before the war started, which despite excellent qualifications he did not receive. He resigned from his position as a research engineer specialising in aeronautical problems at the Royal Aircraft Factory, Farnborough and accompanied G.W. Young, with whom he had climbed in Wales and the Alps, to France as a war correspondent. In November 1914, he served as a chauffeur in the Red Cross. In February 1915 he enlisted in the 24th Royal Fusiliers (Sportsmen's Battalion), and on 28 January 1916 was killed by a rifle grenade at Festubert near Bethune, France. He died a private.

There is a stained glass memorial window at the Eskdale Outward Bound School dedicated to Herford which was salvaged from a church in Manchester. The window was unveiled in its new home in May 1977 by Herford's sister, Mrs. Braunholtz.

The text on the window reads:-

Forgetting those things which are behind
and reaching forth unto those things

Memorial window and plaque at Eskdale Outward Bound Mountain School. Photograph by Mark Scott

which are before, I press towards; the mark.

Philippians 3: 13-14

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

Psalms 121: 1

'We much regret to learn that one of our Ulverston members, 2nd Lieut. B.H. Whitley, "The Royal Scots," was killed in action on the Somme near Longueval.' Heywood Whitley was a member of the O.T.C. before the war started and gained his commission in 1915. 'He was killed on July 19th 1916, thus having his dearest wish fulfilled that he might serve at least 3 months.'

Were soldiers going to the Front expecting 'a rendezvous with death'? When Whitley died the 'Kaiser's war' had been raging for almost two years. The sick and dying were coming home, the dead were buried usually not far from where they fell. Every family in the country was touched by the war, if not by a member who had 'gone before' then by toil in the mines, in the factories or on the land. The politicians and the generals on all sides were crucifying the nation's young and not so young on the battlefields of Europe.

The roll of members who had given their lives in this terrible war was added to by the names of:

H. S. P. Blair.

A. J. Clay.

W. H. B. Gross.

S. F. Jeffcoat.

S. J. Linzell.

A. J. Pritchard.

A. W. Rimer.

Space and lack of information on the above prevented Palmer from writing any obituaries. He does say that, 'this does not complete the list of those who have "gone before".'

Maybe he just didn't have the heart to pass on any more bad news: after all Whitley lived only 24 miles from Kendal and maybe he had walked with Palmer on a Club meet, who knows. Palmer had climbed with Oppenheimer and, with others developed the New West Climb on Pillar Rock. Palmer was 37 years old when war started, too old to be eligible for call-up. He volunteered several times but was turned down because of defective eyesight. Oppenheimer, 8 years older, had been accepted.

Palmer was physically very fit. He was a lover of long and punishing walks; not a minute was wasted. He would set off before dawn and not return till after dark, sometimes sleeping under the stars to reap the benefit of a long weekend. On his walks he would seek out local farmers and shepherds, ask questions, follow ancient sheep trods, search out new ways up a fell. His first attempts at rock climbing began by helping shepherds rescue crag-fast sheep and egg collecting. He made early solo climbs of Napes Needle and Moss Gill. This information once collated and assessed became the backbone of his books.

In 1916 Palmer became a recruiting officer at Kendal thus exposing him to the war on two fronts. He was sending young men to war and publishing their articles, letters and obituaries in the *Journal*. The following editorial by Palmer and his wife's conclusion speaks volumes.

THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY

I cannot lay aside my pen without offering to members of the Fell and Rock Club, and to outside subscribers to this "*Journal*", my sincere apology for many weeks of delay. In these days of common stress, one need not indicate the cause.

Our Club has passed through months of fierce trial. Some members have passed, all too soon, into the Great Beyond. Many are standing in hourly jeopardy. Duty is being nobly

done. The destiny of our Nation is sure so long as its strong men dare the great sacrifice for the sake of its honour. Yet, in this hour of gloom and pain, one cannot but think again and again of the Eternal Fells, of the great sympathies we have found there — and one looks forward even to the great day when, with Victory, the remnant shall meet again in the shadow of the mighty rock.

[At this point my husband has completely broken down. The editing of this "Journal", added to his Recruiting Office duties, has been a great strain. The memories of brave climbers and the apparent certainty of a long farewell (may it prove to be only a short one) to the Editorship of the "Journal," has caused him to lay aside his pen in tears. The seven numbers he has edited represent perhaps more hard labour and anxious planning than Club members are generally aware. He has spared neither time nor consideration, and his heart has been thoroughly in his work. No one feels more than he the tremendous loss of great and good comrades, and he looks forward to the day when his services may, after many rebuffs, be of direct help in protecting the honour of our own England. - Annie Palmer].

The 1917-1918 Journal, No. 11 was edited jointly by Palmer and his wife, Annie. Lieutenant William Allsup, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment contributed an article; 'Making the Best of it.' On his travels as a soldier he climbed at Stonehenge, the chalk cliffs of Somerset, (where his Drill Sergeant 'hailed from Monk Coniston Moor!'), the crags of Edinburgh and the chalk cliffs of Beachy Head.

Also making the best of it was George Bower, an engineering draughtsman designing torpedoes and mines, 'one of those local members being engaged in the different parts of the works of Messrs. Vickers'. Bower's article, 'A Day Trip to Scafell' tells the tale of a well planned trip to Scafell with 'Masson', presumably Flight Lieutenant P. R. Masson, R.N.

One Sunday morning in May 1917 they took their cycles by train from Barrow-in-Furness to Foxfield station, arriving there at 6.20 a.m. They pedalled along the Duddon in brilliant sunshine with frost in the air to Cockley Beck where they left their 'machines'. Following the delightful path up 'Mosedale (junior)' they descended to and crossed the Great Moss of Upper Eskdale, ascended Cam Spout and passed under the East Buttress to Scafell Crag. Masson led Bower up Moss Ghyll which was iced in places, Bower taking photographs en route at the Collie Step. Bower arrived at the top 'a perspiring bundle of rags'. From there they paid a visit to the Pinnacle where they met Coulton and Wilton. A. Coulton who lived in Ulverston, was a Vice President of the Club at that time. J. B. Wilton lived in Barrow, became the Club secretary in 1920 and was later elected as a Vice President.

Masson led Bower on what may have been a new route from the Jordan Gap to the top of Pisgah and from there they hastened their way down Broad Stand to Mickledore to collect their rucksacks. Cockley Beck was reached in ninety minutes, 'Masson like the typical husband, usually leading by thirty yards or so.' Upon arrival Masson's rear tyre had developed two 'healthy looking punctures'.

At Birks Bridge (8 p.m.) they had a bathe and at the Newfield Hotel, Seathwaite ate a hearty meal. Near Ulpha, Masson's tyre 'began to wish to lose air and return'. After a long journey, Barrow was reached at midnight.

In August 1916 Denis Murray, was on sick leave from Holland but apparently fit enough to climb on Dow Crag with J. P. Rogers of Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness. They attempted to climb the conspicuous crack to the left of Brodrick's Crack in Easter Gully but abandoned the route a short way up due to the looseness of a handhold. Murray returned and on 24th April 1918 with W. J. Borrowman,

W. G. Milligan and W. Allsup as companions, climbed Murray's Crack in Easter Gully and, on the 25th, the classic Murray's Route on B Buttress (with Borrowman and B. L. Martin).

The final 20 pages of the 1917-1918 Journal are again taken up by the spoils of war. Ten prominent members sent a letter to the Editors suggesting 'that in order to perpetuate the memory of the late S. W. Herford, for future generations of climbers, some one course, of which he was the pioneer, should be called after him'. The ascent of Central Buttress was the suggested 'course'.

The Roll of Honour in the 1918 Journal was long.

Lawrence Slingsby after his 'Baptism of Fire' at Mons and his battalions subsequent retreat was rested for a few days and rejoined his Battalion during the First Battle of Ypres where he received his head injuries.

In June, 1916 he returned to the front with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. After an arduous year in France at the battle of the Somme and onwards he was awarded the Military Cross 'for general good service in the field'.

He was killed on 11th August 1917 when a chance shell hit the headquarters mess, killing the Colonel and Major outright. Slingsby's thigh was shattered and he died that night.

Lieutenant Edmund Hartley of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, was elected to the Club in 1914 had been proposed by Herford and seconded by the Rev C. F. Holland. The first part of his obituary was written by Darwen Leighton, the club Secretary, the final part by his uncle, Cecil Slingsby.

Hartley had been injured three times during the war, the most serious when a bullet passed through his left lung at the battle of Arras on April 10th, 1917. He convalesced at Broad Leys, Windermere and as his health improved climbed on Pavey Ark, Pillar Rock and Dow Crag. He returned to France at his own request in February, 1918. On May 18th, whilst on a night working party, he was killed by a shell.

Lance Corporal J.Gordon Bean, K.L.R. was repeatedly rejected for service due to defective eyesight but was eventually accepted and enlisted into the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. He took leave to marry in January 1917 and was killed in action north-east of Ypres on the 31st. July of the same year.

2nd Lieutenant Stanley F. Jeffcoat, 'Jeff' to his friends was a gritstone climber who with the leading cragsmen of the day took part in the exploration of the Central Buttress of Scafell and was with Herford and Sansom on the Girdle Traverse of Scafell Crag. In the April of 1916, whilst a sergeant he suffered serious shrapnel wounds but by March of the following year he rejoined his old regiment as a 2nd Lieut. When nearly all of the officers were either dead or dying he took charge and led the remaining men. They took a German trench and re-established communications with Headquarters. Jeffcoat was fatally wounded but lived long enough to receive the highest praise from his colonel. He left a wife and son to mourn his loss.

John Wilson Smiley, was lost at sea when his ship, the *Leinster* was torpedoed in the Irish Sea with the loss of 450 lives. There are no details of military service in the *Journal*. He was an early member of the Club who enjoyed the Coniston Dinner. His nickname was 'Pathfinder' and he was said to be a delightful companion both on and off the hills. Smiley was not a member of the armed forces; because of this his name does not appear on the Gable Memorial plaque.

The sinking of the ferry *Leinster* in the October of 1918 was the last case of U-boat 'frightfulness'. Many Americans went down with the ship. This prompted President Woodrow Wilson to step up pressure on the Germans to sue for peace and demanded an immediate end to unrestricted submarine warfare.

Captain S. J. Linzell, M.C. of the Royal Army Medical Corps did not receive an 'In Memoriam' in the *Journal*. Papers in the Kendal Records Office, give details of his war record,

the search for his body and glowing references from his fellow officers.

On the evening of April 2nd. 1917, Linzell, riding a big brown mare accompanied by his groom, who was riding a piebald horse, left camp on patrol. Machine gun fire was heard and the groom was seen to be shot. Linzell disappeared along the road, the groom's horse returned but there was no trace of Linzell. His body was found on April 10th: he had been shot in the head.

Linzell was awarded his M.C. at Beaumont Hamel, France, November 1917 for evacuating parties, who were wounded, under heavy shell fire and with great difficulty 'owing to waist deep mud'. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French for arranging help for 'over 10,000' civilians including sick children who were 'rife with disease'.

Shells, though you can't believe it,
Aren't always aimed at you,
But snipers if they see your 'cad
will put a bullet through.

Second Lieut. R.E. Vernede. 1874-1917

Lieutenant Roy B. Sanderson R.G.A. died of wounds on April 17th 1918. He was employed by L.N.W. Railways and was later appointed on to the staff of the Royal Naval College Osborne, I.o.W. as a lecturer in engineering. He was given leave of absence by the Admiralty and gazetted second Lieutenant with the R.G.A. in France. Sanderson was invalided home for a year, married in December 1917 and shortly afterwards returned to the Front. He was a rock climber, mountaineer and an intellectual who was a member of that group of people whose evenings after a hard day on the fells were spent reading and debating the meaning of life.

Major John Haworth Whitworth, M.C., D.S.O., T.D. died on March 31st 1918 of wounds he received six days earlier. He gained the Military Cross 'for presence of mind and gallantry' in 1917, whilst his Battalion, the 2/6th Manchester's was in the action near Nieuport, Belgium. His D.S.O. was awarded for commanding his Battalion during severe fighting at the end of March, 1918. A member of the legal profession, he was married with four daughters.

There followed a list of 45 members who were on active service.

The Obituary to Lieutenant-Colonel Claude Swanwick Worthington was held over till Journal No.13. Palmer hoped that someone would contribute a full memoir of 'a climber who was a dear friend to one and all of us'.

Worthington, D.S.O. and Bar, M.C. was fatally wounded on October 3rd 1918 and died October 14th 1918. His service career had been long and distinguished, commanding Battalions in Gallipoli, Egypt, Sinai and France. He was mentioned in Despatches three times, wounded three times and only took leave three times during the war. Worthington's Regiments included, the Territorial Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, the Manchester Regiment, the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment, the 3rd Entrenching Battalion, and the Dorset Regiment. It was with the last named that he died.

Worthington's climbing career was as distinguished as his military career. He was born in 1877 at Alderley Edge, Cheshire and received a public school education; one of them being Sedbergh School in the old county of Westmorland. 'He entered business in Manchester in 1895'

Worthington began rock climbing at the turn of the century. Ormiston-Chant who wrote that 'Memoir' states the Worthington had 'ascended or descended all the climbs known on Scafell, Pillar and Great Gable in Langdale, Borrowdale

and Buttermere, with very few exceptions.'

The 'War to end all wars' thankfully ground to a halt when the Axis Powers threw in the towel and the Armistice was signed on November 11th, 1918. The FRCC had to cross the T's and dot the I's.

'Victory And The Future. Some Unauthorised Remarks' was Palmer's final contribution to the Journal as Editor. In his swan song Palmer realises that the war had made social changes to the country. The rigid class structure that existed before the war had almost but not completely collapsed. The rise of communism in the east was causing panic within the establishment. The working man (and woman), the ex service man free from the shackles of war would be free to roam the fells and crags. Palmer advocates training of the 'novices' by experienced crag and fellsmen and encouraging them to join walking and climbing clubs. 'Let them be welcome! ... Let every party make a point of initiating at least one new adventurer into the intricacies of the fells. ... Every member must take his share in developing good style and sound craft'. He hoped that thousands would be walking, scrambling and climbing the fells of Lakeland under the safe guidance of the senior mountaineering clubs. Palmer proposed that, 'So long as British Clubs continue more or less under the wing of the Alpine Club, no other policy or federation is desirable'. Others thought along the same lines, G.W. Young being one of the most notable. These threads were eventually to form the B.M.C.

Before the war, fell walking and climbing for pleasure had been almost exclusively the preserve of the middle and upper classes. When the lists of climbing club members are studied, privates are very thin on the ground. The majority are in the officer class. The archives of other 'senior clubs' at the time reveal that approximately the same ratio of officers to lower ranks served in the forces. This had a major effect on

the clubs. The Climbers' Club is reported to have lost a large number of its membership of 450. The C.C. planned to publish the first rock climbing routes guide to the Lake District but due to lack of climbers this task was eventually undertaken by the FRCC. The archives of other clubs show that the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club lost 5 members; the Scottish Mountaineering Club, 13 members; the Cairngorm Club, 9 members; the Rucksack Club, 7 members; and the Alpine Club 23. There would of course be members with multiple membership of clubs, i.e., Oppenheimer and Herford (C.C.).

The 1919 Journal (No.12) had a new Editor, R.S.T. Chorley. Released from the constraints of war the Journal took on a more positive approach.

Under the heading 'A Long Way From Wasdale', Leonard Halliday wrote an amusing letter dated November 2nd, 1918 from Petrogradsky, Archangel, situated on the freezing northern coast of the embryonic U.S.S.R. He had sailed on the Porto Quarto, probably a merchant supply ship. What he was doing there he does not say but the infant republic was giving him a hard time. Recovering from Spanish flu and bartering food and other essentials appear to have been his main occupation.

The only obituary in the 1919 (Vol V) Journal is that of Major Eric B. Lees. Elected to the Club in 1908, Lees was killed in action on the Western Front on July 31st 1918. He was a resident of Kirkby Lonsdale and had held a commission with the Cumberland and Westmorland Yeomanry since 1909. He was mobilised at the outbreak of war and, following a long active spell at the front, he was invalided home with heart trouble. Upon regaining his health he was sent to Ireland in command of the Curragh on the outskirts of Dublin. After a short time he returned to the main theatre of war where he died in action.

Major Lees was credited with being the last member of the Club to die in action. This was incorrect; this unlooked for honour as we have seen went to Claude Worthington.

Die, and feel their embers quicken,
Year by year, in summer time;
When the cotton grasses thicken,
On the hills they used to climb.

T.C. Ormiston-Chant wrote a long letter to the Editor which was included in the 1919 Journal. The letter, headed 'WAR MEMORIAL TO MEMBERS FALLEN IN WAR' is too long to be included in this article. Ormiston-Chant suggests that a proposal to provide shelters near climbing crags as a memorial be definitely abandoned and that, 'instead the Club should arrange to publish Pocket Editions giving useful information for all parts of the Lake District'.

In the 1919, Journal, no.13, SCAFELL PIKE PEACE DAY by E.H.P. Scantlebury: 'The Fell and Rock Climbing Club having been officially requested by the Peace Celebration Beacons and Bonfires Committee to undertake the lighting of beacon flares on Scafell Pike, naturally undertook to do so'. Committee member J.B. Wilton organised the event which used pack horses to transport the eight magnesium flares as far as Esk Hause via Stake Pass. Rossett Ghyll had been allowed to degenerate into a very poor state during the war and, 'was not feasible to mountain charabanc ponies'.

On the morning of the Peace Day, July 19th, the parade left the New Hotel, Langdale and reached the Pike at approximately 4.00 p.m. Supplies had been laid in advance in true military fashion and all was in place at the appointed time of 9.00 pm, ready for the festivities to begin. A cold northerly wind was blowing. Jack Rogers of Barrow had brought coal from the valley and brewed tea in the old

Ordnance Survey shelter below the summit.

A post box was provided and letters posted. On cue the cloud lifted to reveal a glorious sunset. The inscription on the flagstaff, in raised white metal letters read :-

VICTORY.
PROUDLY OUR FLAG
FLIES TO-DAY ON
THE SUMMIT OF
ENGLAND.

July 19 - 1919.

The plaque was mounted on oak an base and together with a panoramic photograph of the land donated by the Club to the National Trust is now hanging in the hall at Brackenclose.

At precisely 11.00 p.m. the flares were lit. The summit was reported by observers in the valleys to have looked like a 'small volcano for about ten minutes'. As the last flares died down a bugler sounded the Royal salute, music played and the crowd sang 'God Save the King'. Some of the revelers made their way down by lantern, the majority stayed till dawn hoping that 'the sunrise would be as gorgeous as the setting, a hope that unfortunately was not realised'.

What of those members not mentioned above? Again this is only a selection. Ashley and George Abraham were rejected on health grounds, Ashley because of T.B. and George because of varicose veins. Basil Witty of the Royal Engineers specialised in bayonet and physical training at Aldershot. Lt. Col. Horace (Rusty) Westmorland a member of the Club from 1910-1984 left the Lake District in 1911 to work as a surveyor in the wilds of Canada where he joined the Territorial Army. At the outbreak of war he joined the Canadian Regular Army so that he could fight in Europe. He was

commissioned onto the Royal Transport Company and served in France and Belgium from 1915-1919, 'his packhorse experience being of great value'.

Dr. Guy Barlow of Skye fame was engaged in the development of underwater detection of submarines.

A.H. Doughty, not mentioned in 'Record of War Service' was a P.O.W. for most of the war.

G.S. Samson M.C., D.F.C., Herford's 'aid' on the Flake Crack of Central Buttress, first served with the St. Johns Ambulance Brigade but transferred in 1915 to the Royal Flying Corps, later the R.A.F. He became a major commanding a unit of observation balloons. He was aloft for 960 hours and shot down in flames three times.

Fred Botterill although not a member of the Club was held in such high regard by his friends in the Club that an obituary appears in the 1920 In Memoriam. A contributory factor in Botterill's death was attributed to T.N.T. poisoning whilst working as a sergeant at York munitions factory.

Lieut. C.F. Holland was a member of the Club from 1913 to 1968. He was with Herford and Samson on the first ascent of Central Buttress and continued to climb after the war, notably with H.M. Kelly thus forming a link between the 'old and the new'. Kelly, whose private life is shrouded in mystery, wrote Holland's obituary for the Journal. Holland and Kelly met for the first time during the summer of 1919 at Wasdale Head. Holland was recovering from a bullet wound in the arm which Kelly says 'did not seem to be a handicap'. Kelly writes:

'One reaction to the grimness of trench warfare was the following vow made by Holland: "If I get out of this alive the first thing I'll do when I get back to England will be to go to the top of Napes Needle and sing God Save the King". This vow I understood had been duly accomplished just before I met him'.

Allan Craig of Gordon and Craig route fame, Dow Crag, receives an obituary in the 1920 Journal. During the war he was in charge of gun testing at Eskmeals on the Cumberland coast. 'Throughout the war he had an exceptionally hard time, and little known though it may be, he was by no means the least of the cogs in the great war machine which ultimately brought the Germans to their knees. It is quite possible, and even probable, that the exposure and hours of labour to which he subjected himself during this period were, in part, responsible for his death whilst still relatively so young'.

F.W. Mallinson, Royal Engineers and V.H. Gatty who appear in later Journals also 'over taxed their strength' during the war and were 'never quite the same man'. This must have applied to many who lived during that time.

Were there any conscientious objectors within the club? If so there is no mention of it. Unless there were religious grounds for not fighting, e.g. Quakers, they were sent to prison. Many conscientious objectors did sterling work as doctors, sick bay attendants and stretcher bearers in the thick of battle and were decorated with the highest honours.

I, like Palmer and Chorley, have found reliable material hard to obtain. There are mistakes and omissions in the war records of the Club. Some of the omissions may have been intentional. Next time you are at a loose end on a rainy day at one of the Club huts or cottages pick up an old journal; they can be very revealing. You may learn something, I most certainly did. The following list appeared in Journal no. 13, 1919.

RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.

Adam, Allan, Lieut. R.E.

Aldus, F.C., Lt.-Col. M.G.C.

Allsup, W., Lieut. Loyal North Lancs. Regt.

Arnold, N.A., 2nd Lieut. 19th. Manchester Regt.
 Ashcroft, Wm. F., Capt. Loyal North Lanes. Regt.
 Bainbridge, J.S.
 Balfour, G.B., Lt.- Col. D.S.O., 4th. K.O.R.L. Regt.
 Bean, J. Gordon, L/Cpl. King's (Liverpool) Regt.
 Blair, H.S.P., Lieut. 2nd. D.C.L.I.
 Bodell, G.W., Eng. Lieut.-Com. R.N.
 Boden, Gordon. Sick-berth attendant. R.N.
 Bowdler, A.W., Major R.F.A. (T.F.)
 Boyd, A.W., Capt. 1/7th. Lanes. Fusiliers, M.C.
 Cain, H.A.P., Capt. 5th. East Lanes. Regt.
 Campbell, J. Corporal R.E.
 Carr, H.R., Lieut. R.N.V.R.
 Chorley, R.T.S., Cadet R.A.S.C. (M.T.)
 Clay, A.J.
 Cowburn, A.B., Capt. 5th. Border Regt.
 Cowley, J.C., 2nd. Lieut. M.G.C.
 Diss, J.C. Lieut. 8th. London Regt.
 Fletcher, J.N., Corporal, Northumberland Fusiliers.
 France, W.H. Capt.
 Gourlay, W.B., Capt., R.A.M.C
 Grosse, W.B.H.
 Hardy, Len, L/Cpl., R.A.S.C., M.T.
 Hartley, Edmund, Lieut., 2nd Lanes Fusiliers.
 Heelis, R.L., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
 Herford, S.W., Pte., 24th Royal Fusiliers. Sportsman's Batt.
 Higgs, S.L., Surgeon, R.N.
 Holland, C.F., Lieut., Gloucestershire Regt., M.C.
 Hopley, C.F.C., Corporal Special Brigade R.E.
 Huntbach, W.M., Major 4th. King's Shropshire L. I.
 Jeffcoat, S.F., 2nd., Lieut., Royal Fusiliers.
 Lees, E.B., Major, West. and Cumb. Yeomanry.
 Lintzell, S.J. Captain, R.A.M.C.
 Lyon, H.B., 2nd. Lieut. 5th. Cokes' Rifles.

Martin, B.L., Pte., Artists' Rifles, O.T.C.
Masson, P.R. Flt.-Sub-Lieut. R.N.
McCullagh, A.B., Lieut.-Commander, R.N.
Milligan, G. Pte. Tank Corps.
Morrison-Bell, A.C., Major, Scots Guards.
Murray, D.G., Flt.Lieut. R.A.F.
Norman, R.E., Lieut., Oxford and Bucks. L. I.
Oppenheimer, L.J., 2nd.Lieut. 2/23rd London Regt.
Ormiston -Chant, T.C., 16th. Royal Irish Rifles.
Pritchard, A.J.
Purkis, G.C.L., Capt. Yorks and Lancs Regt. and M.G.C.
Quick, H., Eng. Lieut., R.N.
Rimer, A.W.
Rowland, S.C., L/Cpl. 2nd. Batt. Artists' Rifles.
Sanderson, R.B., Lieut. R.G.A.
Simpson, Hugh, Major. R.F.A.
Slingsby, H.L., Lieut. K.O.Y.L.I. M.C.
Smith, Rev. J.H., Pte. Inns of Court O.T.C.
Somervell, T. Howard, Capt. R.A.M.C. (T.F.)
Stables, J., Pte.
Thompson, P.S., Capt. 130th. (St. John) Ambulance.
Turner, G.C., Capt. West Yorks Regt.
Wakefield, A.W., Capt. R.A.M.C.
Watts, G.H., Lieut. Motor Machine Gun Corps.
Whitley, B.H., 2nd. Lieut. Royal Scots.
Whitworth, J.H., Major 2/6 Batt. Manchester Regt., D.S.O., M.C.
Wilson, Graham, Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R.
Wingfield, C.R., K.S.L.I.
Witty, B.H., Lieut. R.E.
Woodhouse, G.F., Capt. T.F. (Unattached List).
Woodsend, J.C., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Woodsend, W.A., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Worthington, C.S., Lt.-Col. Manchester Regt. D.S.O., M.C.

Editor Chorley in his 'Note-Book' regrets that the Record of War Service is 'so incomplete'. Despite an appeal for information from members in the previous Journal for particulars of their service with His Majesty's Forces, only three members replied. Communications addressed to members who were known to be eligible 'proved even fewer'. Maybe they wanted to forget and leave the 'Remembering' to others.

Below is a list of members whose names appear on the Memorial Plaque, Great Gable.

J.S. Bainbridge. J.G. Bean. H.S.P. Blair.
 A.J. Clay. J.N. Fletcher. E. Hartley.
 S.W. Herford. S.F. Jeffcoat. E.B. Lees.
 S.J. Linzell. L.J. Oppenheimer.
 A.J. Pritchard. A.M. Rimer.
 H.R. Sandersom. H.L. Slingsby.
 C.G. Turner. B.H. Witty.
 J.H. Whitworth. C.S. Worthington.

LOST

Across my past imaginings
 Has dropped a blindness silent and slow.
 My eye is bent on other things
 than those it once did see and know.

I may not think on those dear lands
 (O far away and long ago !)
 Where the old battered signpost stands
 And silently the four roads go.

East, west, south and north,
And the cold wind do blow.
And what the evening will bring forth
Is not for me to know.

*Charles Hamilton Sorley, Captain,
Suffolk Reg., December, 1914.*

References:

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District Journals.

Archives deposited in the County Records Office, Kendal.

The Grace of Forgetting G.W. Young.

I would like to thank Margaret Fleming for helping to make some sense of my text. I would also like to thank George Watkins, the Club Librarian for his valuable assistance and wealth of knowledge which he was more than willing to pass on to one who still has much to learn. The poets of the Great War are owed a thanks for enlightening me and reminding me what poetry is all about.

Finally, I would like to thank (posthumously) the Club members who submitted articles for publication in the Journals, and the editors of the Journals. Without them, there would be no article.

LENZSPITZE — NORTH-EAST FACE and the Traverse of the Nadelhorn

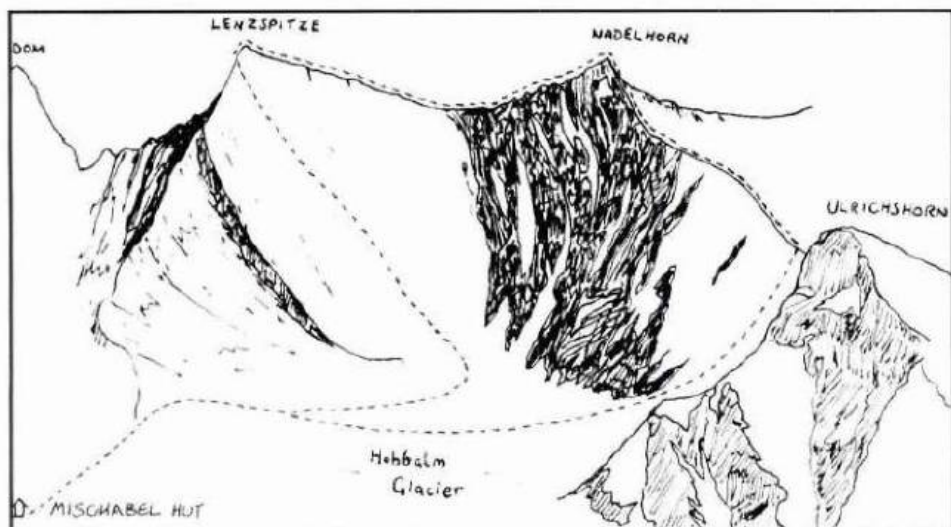
Tony Robinson

Randa in July 1997 provided disappointing sport thanks largely to deep wet snow. On our arrival we were greeted by talk of a German climber who had fallen to his death on the Weisshorn — one of our target peaks. We had arrived from the Champex district of the Monte Blanc range where we had been brushing up our alpine techniques for a couple of days under the guidance of Victor Saunders, so we were acclimatised and rarin' to go and practice our honed skills. Quick chats with FRCC and AC campers gave us little encouragement so we had to cast around slightly further afield for mountains of a particular position and orientation that might have escaped the worst of the prevailing conditions.

A route which had tickled my fancy ever since reading Will McLewin's book (*In Monte Viso's Horizon*) was the NE face of the Lenzspitze, summarised in Goedeke's *Alpine 4,000 Metre Peaks* as 'a classic ice face with sections of 55 degrees'. McLewin described it as having the 'elegant and awesome beauty of the finest ice wall in the Alps'. He goes on to say that 'there are many other more demanding ice routes but none has the same immaculate simplicity on such a scale'.

The mountain is part of the Mischabel group lying between the Dom (Switzerland's highest summit at 4,545m) and the Nadelhorn and is best accessed from Saas Fee.

Having established from the guardian of the hut (Mischabel) that the route was in passable condition we made our way by car round the valley floor through Stalden to Saas Fee where we left the vehicle and treated ourselves to a filling lunch. On a brilliantly sunny afternoon we took the



Hannigalp cablecar up to its terminal at 2,400m. From there it is a gruelling three hours to the hut at 3,330m.

In the usual alpine hut manner, we snatched brief moments of sleep between battles with Frenchmen who alternately and repeatedly closed the bedroom window after we had opened it, and then at the crack of 2am sleep-walked through the breakfasting and gearing-up process. Soon we were on the hill in a line of others aiming for the same destination. The route goes up a broad shoulder - which later becomes the NE ridge - to a point where you cross over to your right on to the upper glacier. From here, as daylight started to permeate the dawn atmosphere we could see the front-runners starting on the face proper which was by now directly in front of us. What an awe-inspiring sight! One thousand seven hundred feet of 50-55 degree snow-ice rising from our feet. That close it looks more like 70-75 degrees!

The bergschrund is crossed at 3,800m and the route goes

almost straight up the face, veering very slightly left so that the arrival point is on the NE ridge about 30m below the summit. The experience of being on that concave face, feeling reduced to the size of an ant was quite extraordinary. The drama of the sun appearing in all its intensity in that vast white amphitheatre was even more so. The combination of brilliant light, vastness of scale, remoteness and our infinitesimal contribution to the picture was a lifetime memorable situation.

Perhaps intimidated by all this and because it was our first big outing of the season we started pitching the route, but as time wore on we saw that our Continental friends were getting further and further ahead of us; and worse still our belays were largely ineffectual because the hard ice was too deep to get at easily; so we gave up pitching and started moving together. It soon became second nature and it was so much quicker that — ‘with one bound, we were at the top’.

By this time the early hot sun had been covered by a thin cloud, and a chilling wind had picked up, but this in no way hindered our enjoyment of the fantastic views of the Dom and the very nearby Nadelhorn - each of which seemed to overshadow the Lenzspitze without in any way detracting from its great white apron stretching down to the north-east. The more distant scenes were dominated by the Matterhorn and the other Pennine Central summits.

Although descending the Lenzspitze by a traverse of the Nadelhorn is quite customary it is a very long day out and we had deferred making the final decision so as to take account of the conditions as well as taking a rain check on our own stamina. As everything seemed to be in order we set off down to the Nadeljoch (4,213m) and looked up in wonderment at the rock ridge towering above us. Although graded only PD+ (some sections of III) it has all the drama of a

high Alpine rock ridge with sensational exposure but, when the rock is dry there is absolutely no technical difficulty. Great jugs and ledges appear from nowhere as you proceed upwards and it is so exhilarating that it is almost a disappointment to reach the summit! By now one is a hundred feet higher than at the summit of the Lenzspitze and of course the views are even better. But somehow it is not quite the same. Tiredness has started to set in. The ridge climb has provided continuous vistas in all directions, especially the vast face we had ascended an hour or so earlier. But the daunting prospect of the 8,380 ft descent to Saas Fee has started to occupy the mind and so the view lost a little of its sparkle.

The descent is very straightforward - in theory. Down a mixed ridge (NE) to Windjoch where you turn right and cross the same glacier (Hohbalm) which we were on at dawn, and back to the hut. Then it should have been a simple walk back to the cablecar but guess what? In order to catch the last one we would have had to run all the way to it. So we made the easy decision to ignore the transport and walked sedately back to Saas Fee arriving at 6pm, quite bushed, but glowing with satisfaction at the memory of a wonderful day on the hill. The only aggravation was that unused return cablecar ticket burning a hole in the pocket!

When Peter and Ruth arranged to go ski mountaineering in Canada in February, I decided that rather than stay at home like Cinderella I would go somewhere exotic, so booked a holiday to Borneo. This was in two parts, first in Sarawak visiting the Mula caves and trekking to the Pinnacles and second in Sabah climbing Mount Kinabalu. Cynthia Grindley was also keen to go.

We then sat back and looked at pictures of the places we would visit and the flowers we would see, especially the orchids. It was not until after we had arrived that we discovered it was the non-orchid season. In December we received a letter from the tour company detailing some minor changes in our itinerary and going into extensive details about small flight alterations. Hidden in the last paragraph was the fact that the ascent of Mount Kinabalu had been omitted. We immediately demanded our money back and in a fit of rage booked a flight only. Once in 37 years the Chinese New Year and Han Rya, the feast at the end of Ramadan, coincide and that was the weekend we were due to fly to Kota Kinabalu.

So when we tried to fix things up everywhere was full. Then six days before we were due to leave, kind friends of Paul Bellis in Brunai offered to help and made some provisional arrangements for us. We left Heathrow, temperature -4°C and arrived 15 hours later at Kota Kinabalu, temperature 20°C and installed ourselves in a small hotel in the middle of town. This was comfortable with air conditioning that worked, the only problem being the cockroaches which inhabited the bathroom at night. Cynthia solved this problem by leaving the light on so that they thought it was still daylight.

Being festival time, everywhere was decorated and the centre of town became an enormous market, all fascinating and an added bonus for us. One nice thing about Borneo was that we could wander around in the evening without worrying, what a change from most places. After a day spent on Palau Manukan, a real tropical island, coral sand, palm trees, warm clear water and of course multicoloured fish (best seen not by snorkelling but by dropping bits of bread off the jetty), we flew to Miri in Sarawak . To our relief (as we hadn't yet parted with any money) we were met by our guide and after paying up went to the Niah park, stopping on the way at a village to be entertained by a Chinese dragon.

In the caves the sight of the long poles hanging from the rickety platforms near the roof high above us made me glad I wasn't a bird's nest collector: no doubt they would easily win any prize up the greasy pole at the Egremont Crab Fair.

After Niah, we flew in a tiny plane to Mula to find our new guide Kenny who was excellent. Then having seen our fellow passengers drive off in a new Land Rover we were told to wait for our transport. It arrived, no posh vehicle for us, we climbed into the back of a truck with the airport employees, and as the heavens opened, rattled and bounced along the track to the river. Here we experienced our first ride in a long boat, a pleasant way to travel up the river to Benaret Lodge. A lively place to stay but simple with good food. We tried to ask what we were eating but Kenny didn't know the English other than that one of the dishes was called 'Ferns of the Forest' - on second thoughts it was probably better not to know. Our stay here was not without its moments - Cynthia managed to lock the inside of our bathroom door from outside, naturally it was the one room without a spare key, so Kenny who was well built had to find a small thin friend to

climb in the tiny window from the top of a broken ladder six feet below — at least an E3 move!

The Mula caves were incredible. The first day we did Deer and Langs caves and then waited for the bats to come out at dusk. Again we were lucky: we persevered after everyone else had given up and saw them appear in their thousands with the bat hawks waiting above — truly one of the wonders of the natural world. Going back down the river with a boatman in the front with a very feeble torch made an exciting end to the day.

Next morning we visited two more fantastic caves, they made the Pennine caves seem like rabbit holes. After lunch we set off on our trek to the Pinnacles first by boat up the river. By now we were getting used to being looked after as we had Kenny the guide, Geoffrey the Park guide and two boatmen. We saw some birds, mainly kingfishers together with the most beautiful brightly coloured butterflies. Two hours later we started walking through the jungle.

I cannot stand leeches. For some reason they did not get Cynthia, perhaps because she was in front and by the time they realised, she was past and I was in range, or as someone said 'they don't like clean people'. We arrived at the camp in a tremendous thunderstorm, the camp was actually just an open wooden building, but the little house had running water and a septic tank.

Climbing to the Pinnacles involved about 2000 ft of extremely steep slippery limestone and tree roots, followed by 500 ft of the same limestone but with ladders, all at a temperature of 80°F with a humidity of about 95%. Coming down was almost worse, but it was all worth it to see the huge needles of rock rising up through the jungle. On our return Cynthia was so hot she threw her clothes off and went straight

into the stream, quite forgetting about the sand flies!

We had been assured that the trek out was easier, definitely a figment of someones imagination. We started with a very dilapidated rope bridge, then Kenny had to use his machete to find the path while the leeches sent messages to say that lunch was about to be served. Several hours later, having crossed one river where Cynthia got it wrong and went in to her armpits and several streams crossed *à cheval* on dubious trees, we arrived at a big river, where to our delight we were met by a boatman in another long boat to take us down to Iban. At Iban we stayed in a long house which was not a bit like we had imagined. The long house was really like a row of terraced houses built on stilts and not at all primitive - three piece suite, TV, stereo, etc in the sitting room.

Travelling out to Limbang by local bus was another experience, with the back seat being occupied by a man with four baskets of Durian fruits (these are the ones that smell so foul that you are not allowed to take them into hotels).

At Limbang we reluctantly said goodbye to Kenny and Geoffrey both excellent guides and good company and caught the boat to Brunai. This was the point where we finally mastered the local boat and bus timetables — they go when they are full and not before. We spent five days in Brunai, living it up in luxury with Paul's friends, relaxing sightseeing and even visiting the new fun fair, all free, courtesy of the Sultan. Even our stay here was not without incident, this time we securely locked the maid out of the house.

Returning to Sabah for the last week of our holiday, we had a hair-raising ride in a minibus, eleven adults, several children and assorted baggage, up to Kinabalu Park. The weather here was a bit uncertain as there had been a typhoon over the Phillipines. In the morning we collected our obligatory guide, James, paid our

Park fees and walked up to the Rest House. At every kilometre there was a tap of drinking water and a little house equipped with water and a septic tank: perhaps we should take lessons. Walking up you pass through an amazing range of vegetation, each layer quite distinct, and at last near the Rest House we saw the large beautiful sprays of the necklace orchid.

We spent the afternoon watching the rain sheeting down but decided that whatever the weather we were going up the mountain. Incredibly the rain stopped in the evening and all the clouds disappeared. Setting off at 3 a.m. the moon was so bright that we didn't have to use a torch.

The top part of the mountain is made of large granite slabs on which most of the time you can just walk up. Where it was steeper there were fixed ropes, quite exciting in the moonlight with any cracks filled with ice. Fortunately there were no great crowds on the top, only fifteen of us to greet the sunrise and watch Malaysia unfold below us. Returning to Kota Kinabalu we spent our last day going again to our tropical island. Even here we had a slight hiccup — the ferry was so late we had begun to wonder if we would be sitting like Robinson Crusoe while the plane to Heathrow passed overhead.

A special holiday and with it special memories. To mention just a few, the kind, friendly people we met, a real tropical island with the sun going down over the South China sea, the necklace orchids and the butterflies but especially Mount Kinabalu the highlight of our trip; quite magical sitting on the top watching the sun gradually lighting up the peaks around us and giving promise of another day and more mountains to climb.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW

This section consists of a selection of new routes in the Lakes and information about existing routes all taken from the FRCC web site. All the hard work of compiling the information was done by Steve Reid. For more routes get browsing!

Only crags that do not appear in the FRCC guides are given grid references.

BORROWDALE

LOWER FALCON CRAG

Funeral Way

Well named; pitch 2 is dangerous due to a seriously loose flake.

REECASTLE

Disorderly Conduct E7

A good, hard and sparsely protected route up the red wall to the left of Burnt at the Stake.

(6c). Climb up to a small break (good rock 3). Pull up right and make some hard and bold moves to poor R.P.s and then pull up left to a large hold and good gear. Follow the red wall to the top.
Adam Hocking, 8th July 1997

GOATS CRAG

Balancing Act E1 5b

Up easy rock right of Mort to a small flake. Climb left of this on incuts to a good hold. Move right to a short crack and use this to make further progress.

M Turner, A Blyth, 29th May 1996

SHEPHERDS CRAG

Saturday Night Beaver E3 (Side runners would reduce the grade to E2)

(6a). Follow Arduus to the foot of the corner, move left onto the wall and arrange a clutch of runners. Hard moves on crimps and layaways lead to a standing position on a good hold above the crux (good runners here but no bridging onto the gangway on Arduus!!). Continue straight up to a bulge (RPs 4 and 5) and pull over to join the traverse of Arduus. Climb the wall between Aeros and Arduus on small but good holds.

C Downer, R McHaffie, November 1997

Sallywag E3

(6a). This route start as Finale but continue up the steep groove via a loose block and attempts to climb the wall between Jaws and Finale without recourse to runners and holds on either!!

C Downer, R McHaffie, November 1997 (On the first ascent a side runner was used in Finale - climbed without by Steve Hubbard.)

Milk 25m E3

A direct eliminate up the wall between Chamonix and Crescendo, starting from the elevated bay between these two routes. (Side runners reduce the grade to E2, as does recourse to the edge of the buttress.)

(6a). Climb into a shallow scoop, then steeply up the centre of the buttress via an initial hard move to reach a good hold. Continue to a resting ledge, then up right via another hard move to reach the break. Continue up a steep crack which slants left then right and finally back left, to finish via a tough exit.

Mike Przygodzki, Fra Przygodzka, 3rd August 1997

BLACK CRAG**Anaconda** ?m E1 1997

A variation finish to a number of routes. Start from the top of pitch 3 of Troutdale Pinnacle. Traverse left at a higher level than the slab traverse pitch of Troutdale Pinnacle, under the prominent roof, until a good hold on the arête can be reached (above another route ???). Climb the arête, veering slightly rightwards, onto vegetated slabs above and ascend disjointed cracks to the top. A Hocking, W Hunter, 20th May 1997

QUAYFOOT BUTTRESS**Dark Angel** 40m E5

Climbs the main buttress between Mandrake and Irony. (6b). Start as for Irony below a short groove. Climb the groove to a ledge, then up the nose of a blunt pillar via a hard move using layaways and a foothold to the left. Continue up the pillar to join Irony, then traverse below overhangs to a V groove. Pull up through the groove on suprisingly good holds to reach a good ledge. Surmount a bulge, then up a steep wall to the right of a thin crack to the overlap right of Mandrake. Pull over the overlap with great difficulty, using underclings and dinks, to a right slanting ramp. Rock over to reach a one finger pocket and continue up a shallow scoop, via a break and scant protection, to exit just right of Mandrake. Mindblowing!

Mike Przygodzki, Ray McHaffie, 19th October 1997

BOWDERSTONE CRAG**Bowderstone Pinnacle Superdirect** 15m HVS

Climbs the left arête direct to join the original route at the top of pitch 1 (good runners in a thin crack at 10m).

Mike Przygodzki (unseeded), 18th October 1997

THE BOWDERSTONE

Bowder Cheek Traverse (5c)

This pumpy traverse is loads of fun and makes the Bowderstone accessible to those climbing at a less extreme level.

Start with hands in the 'V' crack underneath the overlap in the centre of the backside of the Bowderstone. Move out left and traverse with feet on the bottom slab and hands underclinging/smearing the overlap above. Finish up a crack on good holds out left.

Rachel de Kelsey, Steve Stout, 1997

A Scent Unknown (6a)

Start off a boulder and make an ungainly manouvre to gain the backside left corner of the Bowderstone. Move right on delicate holds.

Not in guide book but probably climbed before. Recently recleaned.

DOVES' NEST

Meet Your Maker 45m E1 1997

Good but poorly protected climbing. Start right of Adams Rib. (5a). Climb the right-hand side of a downward pointing block, in the centre of the overlap, and the crack above to the top left edge of the flake block. Traverse right across its top, then climb directly to the top of the crag.

D Johnson, E Ostell, 14th May 1997

BUTTERMERE

ROUND HOW

Salami 25m E1 5b

Start 3m right of Tambourine. Climb direct up the fingery wall (unprotected) to a widening in the slanting crack. Follow the crack

rightwards to a small block. Move up (crux) trending leftwards to finish — a good but slightly harder companion to Salome. Neil McAllister, Gordon Higginson, Jim Lawrenson, 25th May 1997

Bratwurst 25m VS 4c

Climbs the open groove in the rightside of the obvious blunt arête 20m right of Salome. Exit right at the top of the groove and finish direct up the broken wall above - pleasant. Jim Lawrenson (Solo), 25th May 1997

Pepperami 25m VS 4b

The left side of the blunt arete of Bratwurst. Start up good holds on the left or better follow fingery holds from nearer the arête. Either way climb direct up the scruffy wall above and finish just right of the heathery corner - not so pleasant. Neil McAllister (Solo), 25th May 1997

Note: Salome is quite a bit stiffer than 4c as shown in the guide-book, by current day comparisons — top end 5a at least.

DOW AND DUDDON

DOW CRAG

A Buttress

A Grand Day Out 63m E2

A long rising traverse of "A" Buttress. Start on the grassy shoulder between Southern Circuit and Balrog.

1. 15m (5b). Climb the front face of the pillar direct to the "Waiting Room" ledge.
2. 22m (5c). Climb the overhanging crack of the Balrog* to where it eases, then traverse right across the wall "above the steep bits" to join Abacus Finish" of Abraxas and pull over the roof to reach

the belay on Eliminate 'A'. (*Phizacklea originally tried to go across to the thread on Abracadabra and move diagonally right from there but had to rest and could not make the final move into Abacus Finish)

3. 26m (5b) . Traverse right, as for pitch 5 of Eliminate 'A', then continue the traverse rightwards just above the big cave, then move right to join Samba Pa Ti at the upper roof. Pull over rightwards , passing the belay of Gordon and Craig's (at the end of that traverse) and move round the corner. Belay on the upper of two grass ledges (the top corner of Sidewalk is about 10m to the right.)

4. 20m (5c). Climb the short corner to a rust-coloured roof, then swing right awkwardly to a second corner. Layback this to the top, then pull over onto a ledge. An easier slab leads over blocks to a belay. Scramble to the top.

A Phizacklea, J Holden, 9th August 1997

Staring at the Sun 82m E4

A good direct route, the crux being the shallow crease between Abraxas and Isengard. This is fingery and awkward to protect (possibly E5 on sight?). Start as for Abraxas.

1. 40m (6a). Follow the first pitch of Abraxas to the slab (where that route goes leftwards to belay), then step right into Isengard. Pull up steeply to a good spike (the crux moves of Isengard) then step left immediately and follow a thin flake up to an undercut nose. Pull over the bulge and onto a quartz foothold on the right (good nut - and easy step right to a rest on Isengard at this point). Climb the wall leading to the shallow crease (Rock 4 twisted into a pocket is crucial) where fingery moves lead to a green undercut below the roof (nut out left). Step right into the large groove which leads to the big flake traverse on Eliminate A. Move left to belay.
2. 42m (5a). Directly above the belay is a roof with a prominent

nut slot splitting it. Climb directly past this feature and continue up the slab, pulling straight over the next roof on large holds to reach Gordon and Craig's Traverse. Continue straight up over another roof, until the climbing eases, and belay higher up.

A Phizacklea, C Matheson (AL), 19th August 1997

B' Rake of Eye n' Twist of Gob E5

Takes a parallel line to Side Walk. Start a short way up Great Gully before the first proper pitch. A very good route comparable in quality to Side Walk.

1. (6b). Gogarth style climbing! Climb Great Gully first pitch for a few metres to reach a line of flaky undercuts leading out right. Use these with care (crucial Friend 2.5), to reach a hanging groove, which is climbed to the first stance of Side Walk.

2. (6b). Move boldly out right onto the arête hanging over the gully which is climbed via technical face moves to easier ground. Traverse to Roches Perches to belay.

3. (5c). Climb the first few metres of Side Walk pitch 3 but continue traversing out right to reach a dog-leg crack hanging in a superbly exposed position. Climb this to the stance, 4-5 (4b,5b) Finish up Side Walk.

Note. On the Dow Crag diagram Side Walk is shown as going up the dog-leg crack, but the guide describes it climbing the groove on the left. The latter is the correct route for Side Walk.

Andy Hyslop, Stuart Wood (AL), 12th August 1997

B Buttress Upper

Canned Heat 30m E5

(6b). Start just left of Four Sticks at the overhanging wall. Utilising the obvious undercut make a long reach for a jug and move boldly to a runner on the right-hand side of the small overlap. Carry on up the wall above to meet Nimrod. Move right

Keith Phizacklea on the first ascent of Woodhouse's Arête, Dow Crag, E6 6b. Photograph by Rob Matheson

for a couple of metres (as for Nimrod) until under the obvious overhang. Using a crimp make a long reach to gain jugs on the overhang and a runner. The crux is getting your feet on the jugs. A couple more moves leads to a belay on Giants Crawl. Stuart Wood, Andy Hyslop, 4th August 1997.

Mother Stone E7

Takes the much eyed brown scoop/groove just right of Pandora's Box. Start below and just left of an obvious overhang. The climbing is about F7b but the gear is very poor - well that depends how you feel about RPIs bashed into flared slots. The pegs are all knife blades and of body weight quality.

Nuts and pegs have been left in place. It is also possible to get a poor stopper under the first overhang and a skyhook next to the finishing hold.

(6b) Tricky moves lead up to the overhang, then pull left into a short groove which is bridged to a final smeary move out right to a ledge just below the Catacomb traverse. Choice of finishes.

Andy Hyslop, Stuart Wood, 7th August 1997

B Buttress Lower

Woodhouse's Arête 32m E6

A superb route (the best new route on Dow in years!) with a brilliant finish up the hanging arête above Woodhouses Pinnacle. Start as for Woodhouses Route, below and left of the huge pinnacle on a grass ledge.

(6b) An easy groove and pleasant flake crack lands you in a polished leftward-slanting groove. Up this a few feet to stand on a good flake. From here, lean round the steep arête on the right to find a good jug. Swing round on this (Friend 2 in L.H. side of jug, R.P. 3 in crack on right), up steeply to a small ledge. The short flake and wall (crux of P. M.) lead to a step right

beneath an overhang (peg and small wires). Hard moves rightwards round the overhang gains a finger pocket (good Rock 5, but couldn't let go to place it). Swing right on to the undercut arête (brilliant position). The arête above is climbed to the top, an undercut pocket and a flat hold being most helpful (R.P. 3 in tiny crack above flat hold).

K. Phizacklea, Rob Matheson, May 1998.

Note: Top-roped prior to leading, but all gear placed on lead.

Homeland 30m E6.

(6c). From the top of Woodhouse's Pinnacle lean across the wall to gain the rightward slanting crack. Move across this (holds and gear - Alien 0 useful). A long reach up and left gains a good hold and peg runner. Climb the rib above, clipping the peg on Close to Critical on the left. A 6c sequence leads to a good hold on Close to Critical. Finish up this.

Andy Hyslop, Stuart Wood, 22nd July 1997.

Jumping Jack Flash "Scottish VS"

Takes the overhanging wall above Hesperus/Shining Path.

(6b-ish). There is a peg runner on the left. Clip this first, then step back right and attack the wall directly, moving right to pull over (RP low down). Step back left at break (thread) and climb the wall directly to easier ground (dyno slap for sloper is interesting).

R Matheson, K Phizacklea, 28th September 1997.

HODGE CLOSE

Beef Jerky E5 43m

A tough pitch; thin and sustained. Very worthwhile. Start as for Big Dipper.

(6c) Traverse left out of the base of Big Dipper's flake to a second bolt. Step right (good fingerhold), then straight up to gain the

thin ramp line of Power Transmission. Follow this to a large bracket bolt (4th bolt) and good foothold by a tiny sapling. A long step right gains a decent side hold (5th bolt). Move up to stand on the hold and then grasping a long thin finger hold on the right, swing into the scoop (junction with Limited Edition) for a well-earned rest. A difficult initial move out of the left side of the scoop (bolt) soon leads to better finger holds and Limited's traverse left. Clip the bolt on the left, then traverse right to a good fingerhold on Haggis. Up this, then finish up the top section of Limited Edition.

K Phizacklea, C Matheson 7 July 1998.

WALLOWBARROW

East Buttress

Hidden Razor 13m E4

(6a). At the top of the gully is a short overhanging outcrop. Start in obvious first wide crack, then come across diagonal flakes to make a long move on the top of ramp. Finish direct.

Tony Simpson, Andy Chapman, 27th July 1997.

LITTLE STAND CRAG

Nose Buttress

Hi-Fi 23m E2

A fine route with a boulder problem start, just right of Gringo.

(6a) Pull over the overhang on layaways to enter the groove right of Gringo. Pull up the arête on the right then follow the groove above to the top.

David Armstrong (solo), 25th June 1996

LITTLE ST AND SUMMIT CRAG

Toots 20m E3

A pleasant route with a thin start, following a thin crack and bulge

Keith Phizacklea on Wicked Willie, Hodge Close, E5 6b. Photograph by Rob Matheson

5m right of A Vroom with a Ewe.

(5c) Climb the crack then straight up over a bulge. Easier slabs above lead to the top.

David Armstrong, Mark Hetherington, 14th September 1996.

Toad 20m E3

Steep fingery climbing up the narrow face just right of the V-groove right of A Vroom with a Ewe.

(5c) From the foot of the groove pull up right onto the wall and straight up to ledges. Easier climbing direct to the top.

David Armstrong, Nick Baraclough, 14th July 1996

GAITSCALE BUTTRESS

Pauly E2

An interesting steep problem up the wall left of Instant Karma. Start at a small overhang right of a prominent crack.

(5c/6a) Climb up with a long reach for a small flake, swing up slightly left, then straight up to ledges. Easier climbing direct to the top.

David Armstrong, Nick Baraclough, 14th July 1996

UPPER GAITKINS

Pigs in

Repeated (with direct finish over roof above) by Dave Armstrong and Nick Baraclough and thought to be E4, 6a.

LOWER GAITKINS

Unnamed route (Recent Developments 95-96) 2m right of Furrowed Brow considered to be E3, 6a.

Lost Generation (Recent Developments 95-96) considered to be E2, 5c.

Nicked 14m 1996

A committing route up the hanging arête at the right-hand end of Main Wall.

Climb the right-hand side of the arête to an obvious block. Pull up left then straight up to the top.

Nick Barraclough, David Armstrong, 14th July 1996

CASTLE HOW CRAG (GR 005 237)

A superb little crag five minutes from the road. Short routes (8-13m) on good clean solid rock. A good evening spot. Another crag that has been independently discovered by two parties, resulting in some confusion as to which climbs are actually new. However the first routes here seem to be those of Adam Wilde and friends in 1995.

Access: please park off the road, by the river, near Hinning House. Enter field by gate, not jumping fence. The crag is on farm land. Access is agreed with the farmer provided we are all considerate. There are birds nesting on the north side of the crag and climbers are asked to stay around Orange Face and Zelda's Face area. Please respect these wishes to ensure our future enjoyment climbing here.

There are two clean walls - "Faces Wall" faces downstream at the lowest point of the crag. It is a steep clean wall with a horizontal break at 2/3 height.

There are many more routes. The following is just a selection.

Zelda's Face

Zelda's Face is the east-facing wall, at the bottom left of the hill seen as approaching from the river.

Zelda's Face 15m HVS

Start at the lowest of the diagonal cracklines.

(5b) Climb directly to the horizontal break. Traverse right to a vertical groove. Up this for a metre, then pull out left onto the wall finishing up the central crack. Strenuous and unrelenting.

Adam Wilde, Chris Cowen, 11th May 1995

Spidoo 18 m HVS

(5b) Start at lowest left-slanting crackline. Climb wall direct to second break at J height. From left-hand end traverse right until you can enter vertical groove. Climb groove for 1 metre then pull left onto wall. Climb this and finish up centre crack.

Adam Wilde, May 1995

Why Study? E4

Start two metres right of Spidoo, just before a grass bank.

(6a/b). Go straight up the wall to a horizontal break. Mantel into the break and reach a crack in the headwall. Climb straight to the top.

Adam Hocking, Adam Wilde, c. May 1996

Orange Wall

Orange Wall is up and behind Zelda's Face. Turn right from the path and walk up through the rocks to the obvious overhanging Orange Wall on the 2nd tier.

Gavin's Route 14 m HS

Start at a hanging, downward-pointing block towards the left side of the Orange Face.

Climb over the block to a ledge, move up and left to a larger ledge, step left 1 metre and climb a crack to the top (crux)

Chris Cowen, Adam Wilde, 8th May 1995

Billy Boulder 15m S

Left of Orange Wall is a 'huge' crack slanting rightwards, from quarter height to top. Climb it.

Adam Wilde, September 1995

Spank Yer Monkey 18m E2

(5c) 2 metres right of Billy Boulder is another fine crack, slanting rightwards, but much thinner. Climb to top, exit right then up left to finish. Strenuous.

Adam Wilde, September 1995

Southern Jessie E4

(6a) Start half-way between Bryn's route and Billy Boulder. Climb blocks and ledges to start up wall and climb jagged rock on an otherwise smooth face with powerful crux move 2 metres before the ledge. Mantel onto ledge then up the wall directly behind.

Adam Wilde, September 1995

Bryn's Route 16m VS

(4c) Start at lowest (right) point of Orange Wall. Climb a short cracked wall to gain a ramp. This is followed diagonally right, and up a continuation crack. At the top of the crack, traverse left for 2 metres and continue up the wall to the top.

Adam Wilde, Chris Cowen, 8th May 1995

DROPPING CRAG (GR 226 993) Alt 400m E Facing

20 minutes walk up the hillside from Birks Farm. (1/2 km along a forest road from Birks Bridge carpark). Two teams were working on this crag at much the same time and it is possible but uncertain as to whether any routes were duplicated. Also two routes were apparently 'written up in one of the mags' in

1996, but not in any of the new routes books. Details would be gratefully received.

A long steep crag revealed by extensive forest clearance. The best descent is on the left. The climbs are described from left to right.

Just round the corner at the extreme left-hand end of the crag is a large block below a square groove.

Drop Kick 15m S

From the top of the block step right on to the wall and make a rising traverse right to a ledge. Then straight up to a block belay. Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 24th May 1997

Drop of the Hat 20m VS

Starts from the bottom of the obvious crack/corner line in the centre of the crag.

(4c). Up the rib on the left of the corner to a good ledge. Then trend slightly left and up to a good ledge and belay.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 24th May 1997

Drop of the Hat Alternative Finish HVS

(5a) From the good ledge at half height continue straight up the shallow crack line with poor protection to finish at the same point as Drop of the Hat.

Dave Kay, 31st May 1997

Starting Point 27 m MS

Takes the obvious crack/corner line to the left of the central slabby area.

1. 20m. Climb the corner direct to a ledge and good belays.
2. 7m. Scramble up to belay at the back of the terrace.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 30th May 1997

Drop Off 20m VS

Start at the same point as the previous route.

(4c). Climb the crack for 5m then step right on to the slab and climb its left edge to belay.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay 24th May 1997

Drop Out 20m VS

(4c). Start at the same place as Fast Buck but after 2m traverse right to the bottom of an obvious left-facing corner. Up this and from its top climb directly to the belay (poorly protected).

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 24th May 1997

Mokado 20m MVS

Starts from the right-hand side of the central slabs.

(4b). From behind some large blocks climb the 'S' crack to a ledge then follow the vague crack/groove line trending slightly right.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 17th May 1997

Dropsy 25m VS

Starts at the right-hand side of the central slabs between the slab and the large block.

(4c). Climb the wall to a ledge then trend right into a corner.

Climb the obvious crack stepping left at the top.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 24th May 1997

About 30m right of the obvious corner of Starting Point a large block forms a crack with the main crag.

Blister 30 m HVD

Start at the large block forming a crack with the main crag.

Climb the right arête of the block to its top, then follow a

series of ledges and small grooves slightly rightwards until it is possible to gain the rounded rib which is followed easily on rough rock to the top.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 30th May 1997

Oily Sammy 25 m MS

Right of the large block of Blister is a black streak with a crack in it.

25m Climb the fine crack and continuation groove to the grass terrace.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 30th May 1997

BRANDY CRAG (GR 225989) Alt 350m SE Facing

10 mins walk up the hillside from a good parking place on the forest road (2.5 Km from Birks Bridge carpark). A pleasant slabby crag with two steeper sections separated by an extensive area of easy angled slabs.

The toe of the left-hand buttress has an easy-angled glacis abutting its base. Just left of this glacis is a jumble of boulders with an obvious hanging groove directly above. Routes are described from left to right.

Next Generation 27m HVS

About 7m left of the hanging groove is a shallow corner with a fine crack just to its left.

1. 17m (5a). Starting up its slightly less obvious lower section climb the crack directly past a sloping ledge to belay well back on the terrace.

2. 10m (4b). Pleasantly up the cracked wall and easy slabs.

James Kay, Dave Kay 26th May 1997

Family Affair 30m VS

Start behind the jumble of boulders at the left end of a rightward sloping gangway.

(4c). Climb the gangway rightwards over a small step then move steeply back left (small wires) to enter the bottom of the 'V' groove direct. Easily up the groove to the continuation groove on the right of a large detached pinnacle. Up this groove and step off the top of the pinnacle to finish up easy slabs.

James Kay, Dave Kay 26th May 1997

Rain Stopped Play 30m E1

Start from the grass ledge immediately right of the glacis at a shallow recess with a steep crack on its right.

(5b). Climb the crack to the grass ledge. Move up the corner for a couple of metres and then climb the cracked wall on the left and finish easily up the rib.

James Kay, Dave Kay, Mike Lynch, 14th June 1997

Fathers Day MS

Start at the right end of the grass ledge just before it merges into the hillside at a short steep crack.

(4a). Climb the crack and then follow the fault line in the easy slabs slightly rightwards to where the rock steepens then climb the crack and obvious flake back left to a good ledge and belay.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 15th June 1997

To the right of the grass rake in the centre of the crag the rock steepens again. The first route takes the first obvious fault line right of the rake.

Prodigal Son 12m VS

Start at the pointed flake that leans against the wall.

(4c). Pull steeply onto the ledge using the pointed flake and then climb directly up the groove on small holds to an abrupt finish.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 15th June 1997

Parable 18m MS

Starts just right of Prodigal Son at a fine easy-angled slab. Up the slab rightwards, into the continuation groove and exit leftwards to a good belay ledge.

Cokie van der Velde, Dave Kay, 15th June 1997

Epilogue 30m VD

Start at the extreme right end of the easy slabby section. Climb the right-hand edge of the slabs until they steepen. Then move slightly leftwards and pull up the upper wall just left of the heather.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 27th July 1997

Anecdote 30m VS

Just right of the easy slabby section is a steep crack. (4c) Climb the crack (not as easy as it looks) and blunt rib above passing to the right of the finishing ledges of Parable to belay on two small spikes at the top of the crag.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, 27th July 1997

Fable 20m VS

10m right of the easy slabby section is a fine corner. (4c). Climb the corner and pull out left at the top then follow the rib more easily rightwards to the top.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, Cokie van der Velde, James Kay, 7th June 1997

Aesop 20m MVS

2 m right of the corner is the smaller of two hanging slabs below two 'V' grooves.

(4b) Climb on to the small hanging slab, move right and then pull up the short wall into the left-hand 'V' groove. Follow this to the top.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, Cokie van der Velde, James Kay, 7th June 1997

The Proverb 20m VS

5m right of the corner of Fable is the larger of two hanging slabs below the two 'V' grooves.

(4c). Climb on to the larger hanging slab and then climb the steep crack at the back into the right-hand 'V' groove. Follow this to the top.

Mike Lynch, Dave Kay, Cokie van der Velde, James Kay, 7th June 1997

The Weathermen HS

Start at the same point as The Proverb.

(4b). Pull on to the larger hanging slab, follow it to its right-hand end then pull up the rib into a groove. Follow this groove to broken ledges and the top.

Dave Kay, Cokie van der Velde 15th June 1997

EASTERN CRAGS

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

It has been found that the following routes have been misdescribed in successive guides.

Matheson Avenue 24m EI 1977

Confusion has arisen as to where the upper part of the climb

goes with most parties finishing as for North Crag Eliminate which probably accounts for its HVS grade in the current guide. The description should read:

A superb pitch. Start from a large ash some 4m above the yew on North Crag Eliminate.

(5b). Carefully avoiding two large loose blocks at the start, climb the excellent crack to the niche on North Crag Eliminate. Make a hard move into the steep groove directly above the niche (and just left of the finishing groove of North Crag Eliminate) and follow it to the top.

P Gomersall, B Masson, Easter 1977

The crack was climbed by K Woods in 1965

Side of the Hill 70m E1 1974

This climb originally had three pitches, but only the top one ever made it into the guide book. The lower two have recently been re-cleaned, and the whole, as described makes a worthwhile route.

Start as for North Crag Eliminate, at a large ash just left of the stone wall.

1. 25m (5b). Climb the steep crack direct to a narrow ledge at 4m (direct start to North Crag Eliminate). Traverse the footledge horizontally to its left-hand end and then make a rising traverse leftwards up slabs to a small cracked ledge on the arête (junction with The Watchtower). Climb the bulge above to pull out onto the ramp of North Crag Eliminate (Watchtower goes right here) and follow its left arête leftwards into a scoop. Climb out of this to a belay at the foot of a short cracked corner overhung by brambles.

2. 25m (5b). From the foot of the corner, step diagonally leftwards and gain the arête. Move up with difficulty to a resting place and then follow the blunt arête above direct to a ledge

behind the yew on North Crag Eliminate.

3. 30m (5a). Climb the yew to gain holds above the overhang. Move left and climb the corner groove just left of the flake crossing North Crag Eliminate just left of the flake and continue direct to the top.

S Miller, N Robinson, August 1974

Make Hay while the Sun Shines 12m E7

(6b). The short and serious wall to the left of Harlot Face.

Dave Birkett, Andy Hyslop, 27th July 1997

ESKDALE

HARE CRAG

Central Slabs

Pre Election Tension 23m VS

This route provides an easier approach to the right-hand side of the slabs. Interest is sustained at the grade. Start two metres right of Birthday Boy.

(4c). Follow the left-trending stepped ramp out onto the slab. Climb the dirty cracks above directly to the top.

D Bailey, P Bailey, 30th April 1997

DEMMING CRAG

Immediately right of the descent gully on the right of the crag is a small clean buttress. The routes are described from right to left.

Made of Stone 14 m MS

Start directly below the overhang. Climb the wall and move left below the roof to climb the blunt rib on its left.

W Wilson (solo), 3rd May 1997

4 m to the right is a steep clean wall split by 3 crack lines.

Like Father Like Son 13 m MVS

The wide left-hand cleaned crack.

J Kay, D Kay, M Lynch, C Gilligan, 3rd May 1997

Thin Lizzy 13m HVS

(5a). Climb the vague crackline between the last route and the central crack.

A little contrived but good climbing.

C Gilligan, J Kay, 3rd May 1997

Bakers Dozen 13m VS

(4c). The central crack. A good route.

M Lynch, D Kay, 3rd May 1997

Close to the Madding Crowd 8m VS

(4c). The short right-hand crack leads to a tricky finish.

D Kay, M Lynch, 3rd May 1997

50 m right past a superb bouldering wall is another wall identified by a huge detached flake with a small pinnacle to its right.

Unlucky for Some 18 m VS

(4c). Up the crack to the right of the big flake and then over some detached flakes (with care!!). Straight up the wall above.

M Lynch, D Kay, 3rd May 1997

Away From it All 17 m VS

Starts 5 m right of the pinnacle.

(4c). Pull onto the grassy ledge then climb the clean corner pulling out left at the top.

Straight up the wall above.

M Lynch, D Kay, James Kay, 3rd May 1997

GABLE AREA

BOAT HOWE, KIRK FELL

Dehydroepiandrosterone 55m E2

A direct line on high friction rock. Start just right of the wide groove that forms The Prow of the Boat at a narrow, broken, left-trending groove.

1. 20m (5c). Enter the wide groove, then step right and follow the broken groove to where it narrows and steepens (crux). After the narrow groove a good belay ledge is found to the right below the prominent thin crack splitting the slab above.
2. 35m (5a). Follow the thin cracks directly to finish up the friction slab - an excellent pitch.

Andrew Ross, Paul Ross, 20th September 1996

Final Voyage 45m HVS

A line between Starboard Arête and Prow of the Boat starting as for the latter.

1. 20m (4c). Follow the large open groove for about 8m to the crux of The Prow of the Boat and then traverse left to the edge (awkward to protect). After a couple of long reaches move up and pull onto a lacerated slab with nut belays and a poor stance (or continue...).
2. 25m (5a). Climb straight up over a steep little wall and then follow grooves on the right to the top.

Paul Ross, Peter Armstrong, 16th April 1997

Flagship, reported as being a good route at E4 (5c) with a bomber skyhook on the crux and three RPs just left of the poor top peg (AP).

Trim and Incline E4

Climbs the centre of the wall 15m right of Fanghorn.

(5c) Climb up a shallow corner to a poor nut and a loose block. Make a series of long reaches up a set of "steps" (skyhook) and then go right to a second good skyhook. Traverses left and up to reach a good hold and the first decent runner. Reach above the diagonal roof (wire) and pull rightwards to a good jug. Step left over the roof to finish.

A Phizaklea, K Phizacklea, July 1997

Scenic Cruise 45m HVS

A direct line up the steep buttress between Fanghorn and Starboard Chimney - sustained climbing on excellent rock. Like all high crags a warm dry spell is best suited for this crag, however this area of rock dries out quickly. Start at the foot of Starboard Chimney.

45m (5a). Just to the left of Starboard Chimney, climb a left leaning scoop/groove for about 7m then make a couple of interesting moves right. From here climb straight up, heading for the steep groove at the highest point of the buttress. This exit groove is steep but blessed with a good jug. Pull out left and a delicate slab leads to the top.

Paul Ross, Paul Greenwood, 2nd August 1996

KERN KNOTTS

The Brown Badger 23m E5

Steep, fingery climbing. The lower section is a bit scary. The top section is the crux but the gear is better. Start 3 metres right of Flake Climb, below a thin crack leading to a small open book groove.

(6b) Climb to the small groove via the crack and small holds on the left. Pull out of the groove, up and right, on small holds to an easier angled wall above.

D Booth, I Turnbull, 30th May 1997

LANGDALE

A new guide is in preparation and should be published in 1999 so no new routes are included here. However:

DEER BIELD BUTTRESS

WARNING! The entire crag between Deer Bield Crack and Deer Bield Chimney has collapsed with the loss of both those routes and all in between including the classic Deer Bield Buttress.

SOUTH LAKES LIMESTONE

WHITE SCAR

Climbing here has been banned for five years due to climbers breaking the access agreement.

ST BEES

Apiary Wall

Royal Jelly F6b

Starts up Honey Pot (1st 3 bolts), traverse left along ledge.

Follow staples up to Pigs Tail

John Adams, Peter Cheany, 6th May 1995

Bee Hive F6c

Starts up Apiarist then breaks out left. Follow staples to pigs tail.

Bill Hannah, John Adams, 7th May 1995

PILLAR ROCK

West Face of High Man

Pillar of Salt 85m E1

An eliminate line between Sodom and Gomorrah. The rock is clean and very rough, particularly on the final pitch which follows the arête left of the chimney shared by New West and Sodom. Start as for Vandal.

1. 25m (5a). Follow the first pitch of Vandal as far as the small ledge. Climb the thin crack on the left to the stance on Vandal.

2. 30m (5a). Move up 1m and then make a rising traverse rightwards along an obvious series of holds across the wall on the right to the arête. Climb the arête direct until it eases under a bulge (junction with Sodom) and traverse right along a slim ramp to belay on the chockstone at the foot of the chimney on the New West.

3. 30m (5b/c). Pull up the short wall on the left to a ledge. Make a hard series of moves up the wall above (Wallnut 1/2 in thin crack above finger pocket) to get established on a sloping ledge on the arête. Follow the arete more easily to a slab on the left of the continuation arête (Sodom crosses from left to right at this point). Reach a huge jug on the edge of the continuation arête and mantelshelf on to it. Follow the arête above on fine holds to another break (The original finish of Vandal crosses from left to right at this point). Finish directly up the jagged edge above.
Stephen Reid, Jonathon Preston, 10th September 1997. (Some of the route was cleaned on a top rope prior to leading)

Western Trod (Recent Developments 95-96) repeated and grading confirmed.

Hawkeye (Recent Developments 95-96) repeated and grade confirmed though 3rd pitch thought to be 5a.

Sundance thought to be MVS though technical grades are correct.

Goodbye to All That (Recent Developments 95-96) repeated and grading confirmed.

SCAFELL AREA

ROUND HOW

The following routes were inadvertently omitted from the 95-96 New Routes Supplement.

Slab Happy 37m HVS

The cleaned crack, 2m right of and parallel to Zodiac.

(5a). Climb the crack and its faint continuation up the slab above (RPs), direct to perched blocks. Follow the last few moves of Zodiac right to belay.

D Clark, J Beverage, 21st July 1996

Corridor Route 70m HVS

Start at the slabby pillar and scoop at the lowest point of the crag, left of the main wall, right of Zephyr Ridge.

1. 20m (4b). Climb the slabby pillar and scoop to a nut belay below a rightward slanting crack.
2. 25m (4c). Climb the obvious groove and rightward slanting crack above to a bilberry ledge. Belay just right of twin cracks leading to a shallow chimney.
3. 25m (5a). Climb twin cracks right of an obvious dirty groove and follow a shallow chimney to the top.

J Balmer, D Johnson (AL), 21st July 1996

Brown Trousers 20m E6

The smooth rounded nose at the right-hand side of the crag (bold and delicate). Start at the base of the arête.

(6a). Climb up to the base of the rounded nose. Make two moves and place a selection of dubious RPs. Continue to the top, without any more protection, via some scary and precarious moves.

Chris Hope, Iain Turnbull, Bob the Dog, 21st July 1996.

THE LIBRARY AND THE ARCHIVE

George Watkins

Bobby Files (President 1966-68; see In Memoriam) bequeathed to the Library his extensive and valuable collection of books on mountaineering. In deference to his wishes, it will be kept together as an adjunct to the main Fell & Rock Library, as a memorial to his wife Muriel (Librarian 1966-78, Vice-President 1965-67, Hon Member 1972-93). At the time of writing, the books and book-cases are carefully stored. In due course Lancaster University Library will provide suitable accommodation. When relocation is complete it should be possible, by withdrawing duplicates, to make space in the main library for better access to the major journals.

During relocation at the University Library, where the extension is now open though not fully operative, the computer facility for access to Geoff Cram's database of the Journal, never very convenient, has been lost. I hope it may become possible to install our own dedicated computer, which could be generally useful in the Fell & Rock Library as well as being the home of the Journal database.

During the past two years there have been other gifts of books, photographs, and memorabilia to the library and the archive. They have been very welcome, and have been acknowledged by letter. Some items are already incorporated in the great F&R Scrap Books which Maureen Linton has rearranged and brought up to date, and in the albums in which Iain Whitney has edited and mounted many of the club's photographic prints. Their devoted work makes important parts of the archive easily accessible.

Much of my time, sometimes to the detriment of library and archive management, has been taken up by research enquiries, which come not just from members, but from, for instance, the BBC, Cumbria Library Service, academics, publishers, individuals and institutions in the USA, Canada, and Australia, and members of the public. The enquiries are a welcome challenge to the excellent cataloguing done by my predecessors, to my own knowledge and ingenuity, but not, I hope, to my imagination.

A time will come when the club's archival artefacts — Charles Pilkington's ice-axes, Mabel Barker's patent belay, A.B. Hargreaves's black rubbers, Bob Seville's collection of climbing nails, etc will be suitably deposited and displayed — but not just yet, it seems. I should like to find good homes for them before my term of office ends in November 1998.

IN MEMORIAM

Hide me deep o mountains!
 In your roots let me sleep the years backwards
 Until once more as a child
 I shall walk below Heaven
 With Paradise under my feet

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NORMAN BOOTHROYD

Norman joined the Fell & Rock in 1927 following in the footsteps of his father Douglas and sister Margaret. Later, two more of the family became members. Norman used to take me up to the Lakes most weekends and enjoyed walking in the fells and went to the Club meets whenever possible. He was most active during the Thirties, so knew well such internationally famous climbers as Howard Somervell, A. W. Wakefield, Bentley Beetham and others who had been on the early Everest expeditions.

As well as fell walking, Norman enjoyed climbing and had holidays in France and Switzerland with Lawrence Edgar Pollitt. He had also climbed in the Dolomites and the Atlas Mountains when he was in the army and he enjoyed skiing in the Lakes and abroad. I think Norman especially enjoyed the Easter meets at Wasdale Head, and New Year, first at the Buttermere Hotel and later at the ODG and of course the dinner meet at Keswick.

He was very pleased to be asked to be the Club Secretary and served in that capacity for a number of years.

After his years in the army, Norman wasn't able to attend as many meets as he had a family to care for, but he certainly passed on his love of the hills to his family. His daughter Janet, though not a Fell & Rock member, has climbed all the Munros and is well on the way to doing the Corbetts. One of his grandsons recently climbed Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon from sea to sea in just under 24 hours, which pleased Norman very much.

So it was a happy day for Norman and all our family when father joined the Club in 1927 and through our friendship with the Appleyard family he had many happy years as a member of the Fell & Rock Club. He died peacefully in July 1997, just six weeks after the death of his wife Muriel.

Helen Boothroyd

MARJORIE BOWKER

We never had the opportunity to be on the hills or to attend a club meet with Marjorie Bowker; just the annual dinners over the last few years. She died in July 1998, aged 88. Unfortunately, there is no club friend of her generation to write of her personality and talents.

Marjorie's father was a clergyman and during her early years the family moved about Lancashire, with Clitheroe being one living. She graduated from Edinburgh and taught mathematics, eventually taking up a post at Kendal High School in 1959 some two years after she became a member of the club.

Her friends and companions on the hills included Phyl Porrit, Kath and Dick Plint and Laura Chatham. We found Marjorie friendly and down to earth. We enjoyed the times we spent in her company, learning to respect her judgment and great understanding of human nature.

Marjorie had a great love of the Lake District and was a keen gardener, being for many years a leading member of the Horticultural Society at Holehird, Windermere. Before and for some years after retirement she was a District Commissioner in the Girl Guide movement.

It is a matter of regret to us that our more active years did not overlap so that our paths could have crossed on the fells, but we, like other Club members, are glad to have known her.

Alison & Richard Williams

JOHN BOTTOMLEY CHADWICK

John Chadwick was born in Stalybridge, Cheshire in 1913, and developed his love of walking by exploring the local moors. He went to school at Arnold House, Blackpool and later Manchester Grammar School. He became a good rock climber, especially on the severe type of climb with small

holds, climbing with various friends on Laddow Rocks, as well as in North Wales and the Lake District. About 1937/38 he joined Eric Byrom (later President of the Rucksack Club) and Bernard Nelstrop on visits to the Chamonix Alps, doing several guideless climbs. These included a direct route from the Mer de Glace to the summit of the Aiguille de Moine, the summit of the Aiguille de Grépon, when he made short work of leading the Mummery Crack and the summit of the Aiguille de Requin, as well as other lesser climbs while acclimatising. He joined the Fell and Rock in 1939.

John joined the army at the beginning of the war and served as Captain with the Gordon Highlanders in India and Burma. While in India, he met Dorothy Davies, who was serving as a Q.A. and they were married in 1948.

After the war, he worked for Threlfalls, later Whitbreads brewery. He did no more climbing, but continued his love of walking and spent a lot of holidays in the Lake District. His other hobbies were rugby (he supported Sale Rugby Club for 50 years), gardening and archaeology. In pursuit of the latter, he went on many digs with Manchester University extramural department.

He enjoyed family life, particularly after he retired, and leaves a daughter, Helen, and two grandchildren. His friendly nature and sense of humour were an asset to all his friends. He died in August 1997.

D. Chadwick and B. Nelstrop.

MARY COCKERTON

Mary was born Mary Leighton in 1914. The Leighton family were very much part of Kendal when the town was a much smaller and more intimate place. The family were also a great part of the Fell and Rock; father Darwin was secretary 1912-20 and President 1921-23.

The family consisted of four daughters, all members of

the Club. Mary, the eldest, joined in 1934 and was Club Secretary 1940-44 and secretary of the Raw Head Committee which was formed to get the place furnished and equipped as a hut. She played a great part at a difficult time, as the war had just finished and ordinary (to this present generation) household furnishings were difficult to buy.

Mary met her husband, who was in the Canadian army, in her father's shop in Kendal where he had left his bicycle. He was on leave staying with an aunt. They were married in 1944 and after the war finished, went off to Canada in 1946.

Mary returned to the Lakes several times as no doubt some members will recall. She is survived by a son.

Epitaph

Then when the twilight takes our years
 The homeward tramp of night,
 We'll climb along those hills of cloud
 Where cairns are stars of light

from 'The Climbers' Ditty' by Darwin Leighton, in 'A Few Songs', FRCC publication

Sid Cross

SIDNEY HAROLD CROSS M.B.E.

Sid Cross died suddenly and peacefully on 31 March 1998 aged 85. His family and countless friends, despite the shock of his death, have been left with wonderful memories of a remarkable man who, without any fuss, influenced so much of the life of the District, and especially Langdale, for so many years.

Ever since Sid and Jammy 'retired' from the ODG 28 years ago, their lovely old house in Clappersgate was an essential port of call where a welcome was assured at any time. The coffee in the kitchen, tea with Jammy's scones and cakes

or drinks later on were produced as if by magic, no matter, it seemed, how many surprise visitors arrived. Fell and Rock members were always greeted with special pleasure and Sid delighted in hearing about the climbs done that day and added his own special stories about his own enjoyment of this or that crag. He remained an enthusiast for Lakeland rocks and fells, ever young at heart, until the very end.

There were times, of course, when he and Jammy were away for lengthy periods, travelling round Europe and the Mediterranean shores in their converted Land Rover in search of new mountains or, in more recent years, climbing on Mount Kenya and in the Himalaya. Just two years ago they were in South Africa, taking in a celebratory ascent of Cape Town's Lion's Head. Scotland, especially in winter, was always an attraction, with the Club Meets there a highlight. Whenever they were at home, there were always numerous obligations to be met to climbing or rescue organisations. They seemed never to turn down a request of that kind; it was part of their way of life. It was typical of their delight in living in Langdale that they gave so much time to local interests, for example helping to found the Langdale Gala and then always playing a prominent part in it.

For many of us Sid was the supreme hotelier. In 1945 he and Jammy had acquired that little hotel in Boot, with Albert and Ruth Hargreaves, which they renamed the Burnmoor Inn. That was the start of a life of dedication to guests and visitors and the building of a quite unique reputation for hospitality, marvellous value and sheer enjoyment. For all of us it was always memorable to visit, or stay at, the Burnmoor and, from 1949, the ODG which they ran with such flair for twenty one years. We all looked forward to those after-dinner gatherings in the little bar at the ODG where Sid would preside unobtrusively yet with absolute authority, entertaining us with his own brand of Westmerian humour

and absorbing everything that was said around him. There was a letter box in the bar and Sid told us on one occasion that, when they were 'spring cleaning', he came across a card that a visitor had posted some years before but had remained stuck at the bottom. "What did you do with it?", we asked. "I just popped it in the post", said Sid. He took everything in his stride.

It was in their early ODG days that Sid developed the basis of modern mountain rescue. At first it was a matter of his gathering the necessary number of 'volunteers' from among the hotel guests and whoever happened to be in the climbers' bar outside, and leading the group himself, with a simple stretcher, at any time of day or night. It just seemed natural to him as a climber that he should turn out, whatever other demands might be being made, to help anyone in distress on the crags or the fells. Of course, there were stories to be told afterwards in the bar, always highly entertaining, and sometimes the accident victims themselves were at the receiving end of some of Sid's special humour but the rescue itself was always efficient and effective. Out of that grew the Langdale Rescue Team, which merged in 1969, with the Ambleside Team. Sid was President of the team for over twenty five years and continued almost until his death to support the national Search and Rescue Dog Association of which he was also President. He was appointed M.B.E. for his work for mountain rescue.

Sid also found time to help and encourage the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, not only by attending often distant meetings and offering his always sensible and down to earth advice, when asked, but by arranging and supporting expeditions locally for the young people who sought his help. For him, the fells had always provided enjoyment and he made sure that others had the same opportunities. The Outward Bound School in Eskdale had benefited from his help

and advice from its earliest days and he continued to support the School long after he had retired.

Sid was a natural climber. In total contrast to his accidents on the hotel cellar stairs, on Clappersgate stepladders and on fell walls, he was utterly safe and secure on the steepest crags. Self-taught as a young teenager and with local friends from the Kendal area, he began to spend all his spare time away from the K Shoe factory where he worked, visiting whatever crags he could reach by cycle or local transport. Looked on rather askance by the established climbers because of his very simple equipment and clothing, he soon earned their respect by leading the hardest climbs of the day and made many friends for life. With Maurice Linnell, then perhaps the outstanding climber of the period, he pioneered that splendid climb, Great Eastern Route on Scafell's East Buttress and went on in the thirties and early forties to discover a range of new routes on most of the District's crags. A personal recollection, giving particular pleasure, is of repeating one of his later climbs, Shamrock Tower on Pillar. Sid was soon to have as his regular climbing partner the girl who was to become his wife for 58 years, Alice Nelson, known as Jammy to everybody. Two of their new routes on Buttermere's Eagle Crag in 1937 seemed especially aptly named the Half Nelson Climb and the Double-Cross Route. Much of their climbing was in company with their great friends, who became their hotel partners, Albert and Ruth Hargreaves, and the four of them went on to enjoy ski-mountaineering holidays in the Alps at times when they could leave the Burnmoor for a little while each year. That came to an end tragically when Albert was killed in an avalanche involving all four.

Sid joined the Fell and Rock in 1937 and became a pillar of the Club: President in 1978-80 and elected Honorary Member in 1981. For him the Fell and Rock always mattered

and he strove to maintain in it the standards of concern for others and simple pleasures which came naturally to him. He had earlier been a guide book writer and then, with that other Hargreaves, 'A.B', he acquired and developed Raw Head for the Club and became its first custodian despite all the distractions of hotel and other demanding interests.

Lakeland will somehow not be the same without Sid. Our deepest sympathy goes to Jammy and his family. As the Rev. Graham Hartley so rightly said at a packed Service of Thanksgiving in Langdale Church, "He was a lovely man".

John Cook

MARGARET DARVALL

Dear Margaret: almost to the end she made her way to the Alpine Club every Tuesday. I first met her on her first climbing holiday, Easter 1952. She was being guided by Scottie Dwyer and staying in Tal-y-Waen, the cottage rented to his family by another long-standing old member of the Fell and Rock, Dr. Mary Glynne. My aunt and I were staying in the Bwthyn Bach, the little barn she had kept round the corner for family use. Margaret grew up near Reading and spent her childhood holidays in Dorset. The Fell and Rock London Section held a meet there which became Margaret's last holiday in 1996 and I took her in my car round all the old haunts of her childhood. At the little church at Studland she signed the Visitors' Book with a large flourish saying 'I was christened here in 1909'.

A graduate of Somerville College, Oxford, she became principal of a secretarial college in Hampstead, retired early in her 50s and had, to my mind, an incredible number of marvellous holidays from 1952 until the 1980s. She was also an excellent, kindly and warm-hearted club member. The first club she joined was the London Section of the Fell and Rock, introduced by Mary Glynne and she soon graduated to

the main Club, which she joined in 1956. She was also at one time President of the Pinnacle Club and Secretary for years and later President of the Ladies Alpine Club, and on goodness knows how many committees. She knew everyone and always greeted us with warmth, wit, enthusiasm and a great ability for making friends and putting folks in touch with one another. She always knew everything that was going on in the climbing world as she was at the centre of activity in running all those clubs.

As President of the Ladies Alpine Club she saw the Club through the troubled waters of the merger with the Alpine Club. Indeed, the merger might not have taken place at all but for the brilliant strategies of Margaret and Janet Adam Smith (Carleton). It says much for her lively personality and efficient approach to problems that in 1976, soon after the merger, she was voted onto the committee of the Alpine Club.

She didn't really start rock climbing and mountaineering until the second half of her life, but then for 30 years it was her passion, her way of life. She was amazingly active both as a climber and in organizing many meets and expeditions. She took over much of the preliminary work for her first Himalayan visit, the ill-fated Cho Oyu expedition in 1959 when the French leader, Claude Kogan, was killed in an avalanche. Another big trip which she organized, and the one of which she was most proud was to Turkey in 1963. There were no maps and the country was blessedly empty apart from Turkish brigands, who attacked and robbed the party. She revelled in the remoteness and considered her lead on the peak of the Ericiyas as probably the hardest she had done. Further expeditions in her heyday took her, among other places, to the Atlas, Greenland, Corsica, the Pyrenees, Dolomites, the Himalaya and every year to her beloved Alps, as well as Wales, Scotland or the Lake District nearly every weekend. Latterly knee trouble slowed her down, yet she even

went back to the Himalaya in her 80th year.

She was also a life-long enthusiast for the Liberal Party and a good painter, with a beautiful sense of colour, also seen in the way she dressed and the rings on her fingers. A truly indomitable figure, who has been sadly missed having so often been the life and soul of the party.

Nancy Heron Smith

JOHN R. DOUGLAS

John, a member since 1978, died at the early age of 56 after retiring early from the fire service due to his ill health. John or Dougie as he was known to everyone started climbing in his early teens and it quickly became an all consuming interest. At first it centred on the fellwalkers' bus which left the Ribblesdale bus station in Carlisle each Sunday morning returning promptly in the early evening whether or not it had all its passengers. The bus alternated between Seatoller and Buttermere, never anywhere else, so Dougie knew well the paths and crags within range of the bus. It was 1959 when we first climbed together and he took me with a mutual friend, Peter Graham, up a few routes on Gable including Innominate Crack.

At that time Dougie's most frequent climbing partner was Ray McAffie and together they would search for new crags thinking even at that time that the established crags were worked out. One such find was Ling Crag on the side of Crummock Water where they had many happy hours working out routes and it was so near they never missed the bus, unlike the winter days spent in Central Chimney on Eagle Crag which was often responsible for a light load on the bus return journey.

Dougie started climbing during the late 50s, a period which saw the start for a surprisingly large number of Carlisle climbers which included Mike McKenzie and Denis English, who have remained as a group in touch through an intricate grape vine. This group became the active nucleus of the Carlisle club

and some like Dougie became members of our club. Even if the bus may claim credit for the start it was the social activities after the climbing which kept the group together and here again Dougie was a keen participant. This was the age of the motor-bike and van but Dougie's transport was more individual, ranging from a massive Armstrong Sidley to a "special" he built with Peter in galvanised steel. Now with independent transport the Sunday trips became weekends and a life centred on Keswick. Of course the social activities involved the pubs where Dougie was untouchable at downing the fastest pint.

More reliable transport was always available in the form of John Wood's Land Rover and for some time Dougie, Peter Graham and John would park-up for the night in all sorts of unlikely places round the Lakes. Dougie managed to demonstrate, not for the first time, the indestructibility of the Land Rover. On the first occasion, he was an apprentice in a garage when he drove a customer's Land Rover into a new E Type Jaguar, the immediate result of which was some free time for climbing and ultimately a career move to become a fireman.

As a self respecting Lakeland climber he had to convince himself that Wales was not the superior climbing ground, so the occasional visit was necessary and very productive, but Doug's favourite was and remained the Cuillins. For many years we have had an annual pilgrimage to Skye in September with all the fun of a quick dash after work and three or four very active days on the hill. Whilst he had been suffering with his health during the last years, he still managed to visit the Alps and Wales again and most recently had a few days with his son Robert based in the Glen Brittle hut.

I will remember John for the many laughs, sunny days (maybe some were damp) on Scafell East Buttress, Cioch Direct and Integrity, and swimming in Loch Coruisk.

He leaves his wife Jean, their son Robert (FRCC member) and daughter-in-law Sue.

Colin Mitchell

ARNOLD ENGLAND

Arnold England died at the end of January, 1996, aged 85.

In 1938 he was invited to join a Liverpool Wayfarers' Club party in Arolla and with them, climbed the Pigne d'Arolla. He was later joined by Alf Gregory and together they climbed the Dent Blanche and traversed the Aiguilles Rouges d'Arolla. In August 1939 Arnold and his wife Jessie joined Dot and me in Zermatt. The weather was unsettled and the only peak of note that we climbed was the Wellenkuppe. Stalin and Ribbentrop had signed the infamous pact that made war inevitable and Zermatt was rapidly evacuated. We had a tedious, very slow and somewhat dramatic journey across France and managed to get a ship from Dieppe to Newhaven. War was declared a few days later.

In 1942 Arnold joined the Fell and Rock, which enabled his family to enjoy walking holidays from the cottage at Birkness. Arnold and Jessie were also members of Preston Mountaineering Club.

When Arnold retired from his profession as a Chartered Gas Engineer, he and Jessie moved to Oxenholme to be near the Lake District. Jessie died some years ago and Arnold eventually moved to Natland and still wandered the byways of his beloved Lakeland.

Arnold was a devoted fellwalker and a most agreeable companion in the hills.

Arthur Robinson

FRANCIS FALKINGHAM

Francis died in August 1996 aged 84. During his thirty-two years in the club he held the office of Secretary for a full

ten-year stint followed by another year filling a casual vacancy. He was Vice-President from 1982 to 1984 and Honorary Member in 1993. He was a member of the Gritstone Club for forty-five years and they held him in as high a regard as we did.

It is as one of the strongest walkers in the Club that we remember him. Not interested in challenge walks such as the Fellsman Hike, he could provide himself and others with all the challenges they needed. An originator of the three counties walk, he had many itineraries up his sleeve and was always looking for more. On a walk from Brackenclose, he and I reached Red Pike, Buttermere, and were proposing to return by Haycock and Nether Beck. On the ascent of Haycock I saw Francis disappearing in the gloom in the opposite direction; he was creating another challenge — the two Red Pikes — an excellent round from Birkness or Brackenclose.

As a knowledgeable hill-goer Francis was in a class by himself. Never interested in North Wales or the Alps, he knew the Yorkshire Dales better than anyone, the Scottish Highlands as well as any and the Lakes better than Wainwright. In moving over rough ground he was exceptional. Seen from a distance it looked as if he were moving on an air cushion. So effortless did it appear that those behind thought that they would easily catch him up. They did, but only when he stopped to wait.

He had a long career in administration in the NHS and his management skills were always at the disposal of the Club. In committee he was always well briefed and had an encyclopaedic knowledge of past proceedings. This was always available during discussion and would often show that a new proposal had not worked once before. His capacity for attention to detail can be seen in his list of over two hundred 2,000 foot tops in Lakeland. This is the subject of Harry Griffin's book, *Freeman of the Hills*. He used an old one inch Ordnance

Survey map and decided that a separate contour of 2,000 feet qualified as a top. After publication of a new map he showed a keen interest in identifying some more new tops. He did in fact find several more.

Francis was the most clubbable of individuals, enjoying himself so much that he was always keen that others around were equally content. He attended meets whenever he could and always took pleasure in sharing his experience with newcomers to hillwalking and the club. A hard worker, members attending meets with him will remember being disturbed in the early hours (7.30a.m) of a morning by the sound of vigorous riddling coming from the fireplace. On arrival downstairs at the normal club breakfast time (8.30 for 9), there was Francis, breakfasted, sitting by a roaring fire, mug of tea in hand, preparing the day's itinerary.

Always particular about creature comforts, Francis on a camping meet was an impressive sight. Around his tent, red-brown flysheet faded to white, was an atmosphere of sybaritic comfort and luxury, just wanting a few handmaidens to complete the scene. A believer in quality, he insisted that his tea was fresh. Not for him the flask of hot tea on the fells. No, a flask of hot water, a tea bag and a separate bottle of milk. Thus he made fresh tea when wanted and it was milk first into the cup. Who will forget the bottle of Glenmorangie sitting on the mantelpiece in the hut and the offer of a dram after dinner?

A fit and healthy individual, he never paraded his fitness. Indeed, as a private person he never let any part of his private life intrude. He did enjoy some recognition. Once Pat and I were walking with him along Mastiles Lane when we overtook someone marching briskly along aided by a walking stick. During our conversation it was clear we had been a lot further than he. "Oh well", he said, "I don't do so badly. I am over 50 you know." There was total silence from Francis. Then he

cheered up: "It's my birthday next week", he said. Pat rose as a trout to the mayfly: "How old will you be Francis?" A beaming smile: "Sixty-six!"

Towards the end of his life, bodily ailments made themselves felt. Some serious back trouble stopped his walking for a time and he showed remarkable resignation. Not a bit frustrated, he accepted the condition and quietly waited for the eventual improvement. There was also the matter of a touch of arthritis affecting his knees. This led him to take some rather bizarre choices of downhill routes, which were usually ignored by his companions. Of course, as a suggester of short cuts his name was a byword. Usually his proposals caused feelings of alarm and dismay in other members of the party. Those of strong character and moral courage would simply say "off you go then Francis, we'll see you back at the hut". Naturally, he was first to arrive.

Our sympathy goes to his wife, Margaret who supported him loyally and encouraged all his club attendance. Whenever Francis has gone, we can be sure *he is still walking*.

Ken Andrews

CLIFFORD FIELDING

Cliff Fielding was born in 1927 and died of liver cancer not long after his 70th birthday and a month or two after his son had taken him to Las Vegas as an early birthday present. This illustrates his continued enjoyment of life, people and razzle. He lived with an enthusiasm for doing things and for knowing other people involved. For about ten years he climbed intensely in UK and the Alps. To do this he drove long distances which allowed him to enjoy his driving skill and in all he did he was happy to help others to improve their skills. Going into a pub with him often resulted in making friends which he did quite naturally and which was perhaps related to his experiences at work. In those days, on behalf of the Post Office, he had to

persuade people to avoid creating interference to TV, before there was a law requiring this. So he had to create a relationship quickly with people of diverse interests, from the householder with an electric drill to directors of 101. It was during this period that he became a founder member of the Cleveland Mountaineering Club and a member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. It was also during this period that he is reputed to have said, "If the gap seems wide enough to drive through at 20 mph then it is wide enough for 60 mph." and "If you cannot run out the whole 120 feet of rope without a runner, then you are not confident of your capability to do the climb." I met him when we were both desperately looking for a climbing companion and he gave me many years of good companionship and a series of adventures which were not limited to climbing. I had pressed an office colleague to come and hold the other end of my hemp rope on a local outcrop one February day, where, out of the mist and gently falling snow Cliff appeared. Our last trip together was just after he married when we repeated a route of mixed walking and climbing which took in three of the valleys in the Lake District.

His energy and enthusiasm became directed towards his family and even included helping to run an ice hockey team. He also became involved with the Masons and became a Justice of the Peace. The last reported sighting in the mountains was skiing with his son and it was downhill skiing using lifts. A change from his boasted 10,000 feet of skiing in Cairngorm using heel-free ski and no lifts.

Derek A. Smithson
(Yorkshire Ramblers)

JOSEPH ROBERT FILES

Bobby Files (Warden: Raw Head 1948-53, Vice President 1953-55, President 1966-68) was the archetypal club

climber. He and his wife Muriel held office in the FRCC for 43 years. They climbed mostly together, extensively in Scotland and the Alps, but principally in the Lake District, to which, as to the club, they were devoted.

Tall and long-shanked, Bobby climbed safely, strongly and speedily, without ever seeming to hurry. In the Lake District he built up a repertoire of about fifty choice rock climbs which he enjoyed over and over again. He specialised on Napes Needle, making two hundred and fifteen ascents — and of course, descents. He maintained that one should be able to climb down almost anything one presumed to climb up. Because he preferred quality to novelty, he did not claim many new climbs; his share in the Direct Finish of Scafell's Central Buttress (1934) combines the two. He was generous with his time and patience in bringing on novices. Climbing with him, one performed a grade or so above one's class. He firmly believed that the only justification for climbing was enjoyment.

He made thirty-one visits to the Alps, sometimes climbing with guides, as was then the custom, but often savouring the freedom of guideless Alpinism. On big snow mountains he liked to move fast, hour after hour, on the better sort of standard routes. On Alpine rock he was more ambitious and no less quick. He loved the steepness of Dolomite climbing. Living in Lancashire he could rarely visit the Alpine Club, but was proud to be a member.

Bobby was born in 1906 into a family of teachers at the pit village of Kearsley, near Bolton. His father was headmaster of the village school. Educated locally and at Manchester University, Bobby gained an MSc. He taught at Brampton, Whitby, Barrow-in-Furness and from 1944 to 1966 was senior chemistry master at Lancaster Royal GS, where his nickname was Jasper. As he was a strict taskmaster, his pupils prospered. His design skill and practical know-how served

the school well when the new Frankland Science schools were built, just as, during his wardenship of Raw Head, amid post-war scarcities, they made a little go a very long way in converting and commissioning the barn as a hut.

He married Muriel Dick in 1935. They were elected to the FRCC in 1936, proposed by George Starkey, husband of Bobby's sister Mary, who was also a climber. There were no children so the club was an important part of their life together, as was the United Reformed Church. They shared interests in music, ballet, art and of course, books. He bequeathed their splendid mountaineering library to the Fell & Rock Library. He was a keen geologist, a good photographer, handy with tools and an excellent organiser, the better for having no wish to boss people about. Leadership on mountains came naturally to him.

At his funeral a large congregation could see across Morecambe Bay to the sunlit Lakeland fells, with a touch of snow on them. That seemed just right.

ALAN BENNET HARGREAVES

With the death of A.B. Hargreaves on 14th November, 1996, aged 92, the British climbing fraternity lost one of its great characters and a stalwart member of several mountaineering clubs over a very long period.

A.B. , as he was generally known, was a contemporary of several pioneer climbers of the 1920s and the 1930s, whose names have gone down in history, including Colin Kirkus, Jack Longland, J. Menlove Edwards, and Ted Hicks. He was with Ted Hicks when he made the second ascent of Pigott's Climb on the East Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu in July 1929, when disaster nearly struck. Ted, with little protection, fell from the final moves at the top of the route. It was due to A.B.'s instant reaction that they were both saved. Years later A.B. recalled this as his narrowest escape in over 50 years

of climbing. The bold new ascents he made with Colin Kirkus, often in wet conditions, resulted in their being referred to as 'the suicide club'. (See FRCC Journal 1933, More of Arfon.)

A.B. seldom led routes but he was always at the forefront of the climbing scene, being a strong and competent second for the best climbers of the period. He was renowned for excellent rope management and knots, a skill he acquired from the training he received on a sailing ship. It was this skill which undoubtedly helped him save the life of Colin Kirkus when he fell from the South America Crack on the Great Central Route, Easter Gully on Dow Crags, and by coincidence this occurred on Easter Friday, 1930. Kirkus fell 70 feet, to be arrested by A.B., his second, just short of the scree. A.B. fared the worst, with severe rope burns to his hands and a broken nose, a feature which remained evident for the rest of his life. The only injury Kirkus suffered was a broken toe.

In 1935 A.B. married Maud Gordon, the granddaughter of W. C. Slingsby and Ted Hicks acted as best man at the wedding. The marriage was dissolved in 1953.

In the Lake District, climbing with Maurice Linnell and Alf Bridge, A.B. did many of the hardest routes of the period, including early repeats of the Central Buttress of Scafell, the first complete girdle of Pillar Rock in 1931, and the first ascent of Bridge's Route on Esk Buttress in 1932.

A.B. joined the Wayfarers' Club in May 1927 and along with Harry Spilsbury in the early 1930's, he helped to set up the Robertson Lamb Hut in Langdale, said to be the first climbers' hut in the Lake District. Also in 1927 he joined the Climbers' Club and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. He became President of the FRCC from 1952 to 1954, and President of the Climbers Club 1960 to 1963. He was invited to become president of the Wayfarers' in July 1979, but in October, after much consideration he declined due to his failing

eyesight. It was a pity he could not have made the 'triple crown'. He was already an honorary member of both the Climbers' Club and the FRCC.

A.B. was a prime mover in the establishment of Brackenclouse in Wasdale in 1937, the first FRCC Hut. The first sod was cut the previous year on the same day W.P. Haskett Smith made his jubilee ascent of Napes Needle.

A.B. had strong views on women in climbing clubs and was often quite vocal on the subject. Other dislikes were 'the contamination of his food with gravy' and the very mention of suet pudding sent him ballistic.

In 1928 he joined the ABMSAC. His membership lapsed in 1938 but he rejoined in 1947, becoming an honorary member in 1993. For many years he was also a member of the Irish Mountaineering Club and he was instrumental in setting up the British Mountaineering Council in 1944, for which he was later awarded honorary membership (1983).

His Alpine climbs were considerable, beginning in 1928 with the traverse of the Bouquetins and an ascent of the North Face of Mont Collon, plus two other worthy routes.

During the 1930s he was skiing in the Andermatt area of Switzerland, but it was in the 1940s and the 1950s that A.B. notched up many fine Alpine climbs, often involving serious rock routes and traverses of the smaller peaks. The four thousand metre peaks featured prominently in his activities as well and he made fourteen ascents above this altitude, mainly in the Pennine Alps of the Valais, including the Dent Blanche, the Zinalrothorn, the Lenzspitze, Weissmies and the Gross Schreckhorn in the Bernese Oberland. His companions during this period were C.B.M. Warren, M. H. Mine, J. L. Longland, and Marco Pallis.

He became a member of the Alpine Club in 1960, but from this date onwards his visits to the Alps became less frequent. In 1970, he had to be rescued from the Aiguille de

Argentière due to arthritic problems in his legs. He never climbed in the Alps again, but in 1984, with his daughter Susan, he attended the ABMSAC's 75th anniversary meet in Saas Fee and reached the Britannia Hut. This was to be his last visit to the Alps.

By then poor eyesight had caused him to give up driving a car, but he occasionally managed the odd fell walk in the Lake District. Around this period he was often heard to say in his loud voice "I keep three hospitals going"; one for his arthritic undercarriage, one for his eyes and another for his ears.

He had an equally long record as a conservationist. He was a founding member of the Friends of the Lake District which at that time, 1934, was a body promoting the idea of a national park. He served as treasurer for thirteen years and then remained on their executive committee until 1984, when he retired after 50 years service.

A.B. was also a founder and director of a non-profit making company, known as the Lake District Farm Estates, which purchased typical, old Lakeland farms within a twenty-mile radius of the Langdale Pikes and let them to tenants who would maintain them in the traditional way. This was in 1937. The company prospered for over thirty years, acquiring at least twelve traditional farmsteads. As inflation began to erode the ability of the LDFE to fulfill its objective, several farms were sold and finally in 1975 the remaining seven farms were all handed to the National Trust for safe keeping, one of the largest bequests ever made to them. Shortly after that the society was dissolved.

In 1962, the Minister for the Environment appointed A.B. as a member of the Lake District National Park Special Planning Board. He served as chairman of the access and accommodation committee and as a member of several other committees for fifteen years. On retirement in 1977, he was

awarded the Queen's Silver Medal for his services to the Lake District. His concern for our heritage and the mountain environment was not confined to the Lake District — as was evident from his work with the BMC. In addition he was a member of the Snowdonia National Park Society almost from its inception and for a number of years he was on the advisory board for the Outward Bound Mountain School in Eskdale.

You could be excused by now for wondering if he had time for a profession. Anyone who knew the 'little man', as he was known by close friends (he was barely 5ft tall), would know that he was a veritable powerhouse of drive and determination, a man with a sharp brain who would meet any challenge. He was educated at Denstone College in Staffordshire and in 1919 embarked on a career as a Royal Naval Reserve Cadet when he joined HMS Conway, a training ship in the Mersey. He passed out with a first-class certificate, but never got to sea because of the great post-war shipping slump. In a change of direction he became articled to a chartered accountant in Liverpool and duly qualified in 1929. He then went into the financial side of local government with the County Borough of Wallasey on the Wirral.

In 1931 he was offered a job as a company secretary and accountant to Lakeland Laundries in Barrow-in-Furness. The company was controlled by W.G. Milligan, who was a prominent member of the FRCC. They got on well together and by 1940 A.B. had become the financial director as well as company secretary. Then in 1969 he took over as group chairman. The company by then had an annual turnover of nearly 2 million pounds and employed over 900 people. A.B. retired from the group board in 1980, after almost fifty years service, at the age of 76.

Running parallel to this, from 1970 A.B. was also on the board of his family business, James Hargreaves and Son Limited, Tobacco Wholesalers and Retailers in Blackburn.

He was a non-executive director and retired from this at the age of 83.

He was an opera fan and would travel great distances in pursuit of this interest. In 1982 his daughter Susan accompanied him to Hungary and Austria where they had seats for a performance at the Vienna Opera House. In his 80s he went on several cruises, carefully watched over by his daughter. The Norwegian Fjords and the Spanish coast featured in these trips and he also went to St. Kilda with a National Trust cruise.

Right until the end, A.B. attended the AGM and annual dinners of most of the clubs of which he was a member, relying on lifts from a wide circle of friends and carers. Supported on two sticks, his small frail figure became a familiar sight on these occasions to a new and much younger generation of climbers, few of whom would realise he was giant of a man in terms of achievements in climbing history and in the conservation of our mountain heritage. His wake was a remarkable occasion. Many travelled many miles to be there. Alan left us with a bang. Just the way he wanted to.

Peter Fleming.

MARY HEATON 1939-1997

Mary Heaton, who died in 1997 at the age of 96, came from a Bolton manufacturing family called Hamer. There were early holidays in the Lake District, and in 1913 she went up her first big mountain, Helvellyn via Striding Edge, alone and against her father's explicit orders! Hearing of this exploit, a family friend from Bolton, Lionel Glaister (FRCC 1928-1971), invited Mary to join his family for a holiday in their house on Windermere; on this occasion Mary made her first ascent of Great Gable at the age of 12. Between the wars she regularly joined the small party which went up Gable on Armistice Day (always 11th November, rather than, as now, the nearest Sunday) for the memorial service. On one occasion,

the air was so clear that the party could see beyond Criffel to what they thought was Ben Lomond. Glaister also attended the memorial services, usually providing and laying the wreath, and cooking kippers and coffee over a camp fire on the way down.

Mary joined the Fell and Rock in 1939. An anecdote from that period relates that she and some other members were invited to tea in Millican Dalton's cave on Castle Crag, Borrowdale, where they were entertained with fresh salmon followed by strawberries and cream. A return invitation was extended for Mr. Dalton to dine at the Borrowdale Hotel. In the era of 'dressing for dinner', he caused quite a stir among the guests by turning up in shorts, a loose jacket and open sandals.

Mary's husband, Jack, who joined the Club in 1944, shared her love of mountains. He was an artist and keen cyclist. They both enjoyed attending the Annual Dinners in Keswick and the New Year meets at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. Sadly, Jack died about 15 years before his wife. Mary is remembered by her friends for her delightful company, and entertaining stories about past experiences in the mountains.

I am grateful to Mary Heaton's friend, Michael Turner, for most of the information in this obituary.

Hatty Harris

TREVOR JONES

When I saw Trevor at his home, within a day or two of his knowing that 'his little star' — as he always called it — was fading fast and shortly to stop twinkling, he said: "Well mate, the chip butties and crisps have caught up with me at last." It was one of the paradoxes of this extraordinary man that he could somehow generate so much energy, so much enthusiasm, on junk food and booze. And there wasn't a

trace of cirrhosis, so there's hope for many more of us! His wonderful wife Anna, a cordon bleu cook, must have been (indeed I know she was) driven almost demented by his food preferences, not to mention some of his other eccentricities. But ... what a character!

The list of his climbing achievements over more than 40 years is long, varied and distinguished, but it is primarily as a remarkable personality and a great personal friend for 30 years that I would like to remember him here.

Some of you would hardly have known him, for he was a relative newcomer to the Fell and Rock, joining in 1990, but he was no newcomer to the Lake District, as members discovered when the news leaked out that this outsider, this ex-President of the Climbers' Club and North Wales activist, was writing (with Geoff Milburn) a book about *Cumbrian Rock*. The cheek of it! Feathers were ruffled for a while, but Trevor's irrepressible zeal was not to be squashed, numerous club members contributed, the book appeared in 1988 and, not before time, he was quickly roped in to the FRCC.

Throughout his life, his exuberance — and sometimes volubly-expressed opinions — occasionally led him into confrontations. He was widely rumoured to hold the high-altitude record for a punch-up, on the 1961 British expedition to Nuptse; he had a punch-up with me on the camp site at La Bérarde after we had done the traverse of the Meije; and I recall he nearly caused a punch-up once with half the Fell & Rock at Brackenelose when his snoring kept everybody awake all night. As a car driver he was terrifying — and his thirty-odd driving offences must have constituted some sort of a record. He could be completely scatter-brained, turning up to climb with one rock-boot, or no waterproofs in a down-pour, or no sleeping-bag in his own cottage, so that he twice slept rolled up in the Axminster.

But, and there were a number of very big buts, within

minutes he could have you rolling around and splitting your sides with laughter, not just at his richly embellished tales but at the way he told them, with facial mannerisms and gestures that were unbelievably comic. He was very well-read, particularly on such topics as the American Civil War, and was remarkably creative, not only forming the advertising agency that his delightful daughter Victoria is continuing, but continually inventing new gadgets that would enable him to place a nut in a crack six feet above his reach. He taught me all I know about protection, including how to get the second man to hold the rope tight while he, as leader, yo-yoed up and down the route. As he frequently said to me: "Bob, when you get to our age, we need to use every device known to man to stay able to climb." But don't let me give the impression that all Trev did was to frig the routes! Far from it. He was remarkably strong and determined and at 65 he was still leading E grades. Wet or cold conditions never seemed to deter him and indeed his inability to feel cold was quite remarkable. I recall our once bivouacking on a freezing night on the ice of the Glacier Noir back in about 1980. His hoodless duvet had about three feathers per acre and I am not even sure whether he had a Karrimat. As I burrowed into my thick down jacket he said "Can I borrow your hankie?" I passed it over and he put it over his face "To keep the frost off", he said and then he promptly fell asleep while Derek Walker and I shivered all night long.

Other members of this Club will recall their own great days on the hills with Trevor. Such routes as the Comici on the Cima Grande, or the Cassin on the Ovest. I recall our ascent of the Gervasutti on Pic Gaspard (and how he again slept like a log on a narrow ledge while I clung clung shivering to the pegs that held us all on). I recall our early ascent of the north pillar of the Cengalo, and of the Frendo Spur and lots more days on the Lakeland, Welsh and Scottish hills.

But above all I recall a wonderful friend, the guy who unfailingly phoned just as Lin and I were starting our evening meal, the one who always had a new idea to discuss, who kept us all in touch with what was going on.

His widow, Anna, and his daughters Bridget and Victoria, not to mention his wide circle of friends and acquaintances will all miss him greatly. He left us all too soon.

Bob Allen

BERNARD LENNOX

Bernard Lennox died on 25 June 1997 aged 83, after an illness of several years. He was born and grew up in the Newcastle upon Tyne area, being educated at Newcastle Royal Grammar School and the Newcastle division of Durham University, where he graduated in medicine in 1936. Introduced to rock climbing by Emrys Williams, he joined the Club in 1939. They were both very ready to help anyone who was keen to get started, and my brother Geoffrey Curtis and myself were among their many recruits. Not everyone persevered, however. I remember Bernard leading a party up Troutdale Pinnacle in Borrowdale which contained the two principal actors from the People's Theatre production of W.H. Auden's 'Ascent of F6', to give them a taste of real mountaineering. They managed it, but didn't follow it up.

Bernard went into the RAMC in 1940, was posted to the Far East, and after the fall of Singapore spent the rest of the war in Japanese POW camps. On returning to the UK, he had a research post in pathology for 8 years at the Hammer-smith Hospital in London before moving to Glasgow University, where he was later promoted to a Chair. He and his wife Mary (also a doctor) retired to Melrose. The demands of work and a family of five meant that mountains had to take second place, but Bernard never lost his love for them, and passed this on to his family. Both his elder sons Christopher

and Jonathan are, independently, within a whisker of completing the Munro tally.

Carol Plackett

RONALD M. LUPTON

Ronald Lupton died peacefully in 1996, aged 95, after a fit, active and happy life. He grew up in Keswick, where his father had a cobbler's shop and the family knew the Abraham brothers. From an early age he loved the fells and built the cairn on Causey Pike, which he could see from his bedroom window. He went to Keswick Grammar School and, at eighteen, was awarded a scholarship to Queen's College, Oxford, where he read Classics. After university, he spent three years working in Barbados, but had the misfortune to contract bilharzia and was sent home, so it was expected, to die. But his health recovered; he became a teacher at the Wyggeston Grammar School for Boys, Leicester, and remained there for 40 years.

In his school holidays, Ronald was able to resume his activities in the mountains. In the 1930s he was particularly active as a rock climber, climbing with Ted Palmer, Ron Fidler, Tom Savage and Sid Cross. A major achievement was a first ascent on Kern Knotts. He joined the Fell and Rock in 1933. Another favourite climbing partner was his wife, Freda, whom he introduced to climbing. They climbed together particularly in the Lake District and also on Skye. Ronald also visited the Alps and made an ascent of Mont Blanc.

With a family of three daughters, the Luptons continued to visit the Lakes, staying in the Fell and Rock cottages and huts: Birkness was a particular favourite. Each daughter in turn was given a special day out alone with Dad on each holiday, usually fell walking, although climbing was also introduced. Ronald remained very fit after retirement, but,

sadly, lost his sight suddenly in 1984. He continued to walk, however, and when the family put a seat on Latrigg to commemorate his 90th birthday, he visited it regularly. He was gardening a few weeks before his death.

I am most grateful to Mr. Lupton's daughter, Glendra Read, for the information in this obituary.

H.H.

E.N.A. MORTON 1956-97

Neville Morton, warden of Beetham Cottage 1965-75, was a wizard at organising maintenance meets. Weeks ahead, he listed the jobs in order of priority, evaluated the man-hours, identified the relevant tools and materials, then labelled and packaged them job-by-job. At the meet, he sized up the probable competence of each worker, matched him to a job, handed him his package, and send him off confident he could complete the job. He counted them all out, and counted them all in. To protect the volunteers against Neville's tendency to work without food, drink, or respite until jobs were finished, his wife, Betty, called regular tea breaks, supplemented by her home baking. How wise he was, when appointed to commission what was then Brotherswater Cottage as a hut, to choose her as his supernumerary but in fact chief assistant warden.

With Jim Topping, the architect, they worked to retain the cottage-like qualities of the building, shopping around, fabricating, sewing, and scrounging, to fit it out with good, visually pleasing fabrics, furniture, and equipment. They shared the FRCC's vision of huts as homely, welcoming bases from which to climb. Their success was legendary.

Arthur Thwaites and I were his official assistants. From the two engineers I learned, willingly enough, to choose the right tool for the job, and if necessary make it. Neville was tirelessly inventive, an ingenious improviser and adaptor.

Sloppy design or workmanship exasperated him, both professionally, as Development Engineer at Williamson's, Lancaster (1932-66), and in his leisure interests of mountaineering, photography, gardening, travel, archaeology, ancient history, badminton, and tennis. However, he was not unkind to the inept: he simply found them useful jobs in which they couldn't do much harm.

Neville was born at Elland in West Yorkshire in 1906, the son of the local doctor. From his maternal grandfather, a pharmacist, and from the back-yard sweet factory next door, he acquired an early interest in chemistry and sugar. Like many great survivors, he was deemed 'delicate' as a child, yet at Bedford School he did well in several sports. He read Mechanical Engineering at Queens' College, Cambridge, rowing for the college, and winning two oars in bumps.

Serving his engineering apprenticeship in Manchester, he spent Sundays on Kinder Scout evading the gamekeepers. Subsequently at Vickers, in Barrow, he began his lifelong activity of climbing and walking in the Lake District. The warden at Coppermines Youth Hostel used to leave a window open for him so that he could get in late after a ten or twelve hour walk. In the 1939-45 war he served in REME, running tank workshops in Syria and India, achieving the rank of Major.

From 1928 until the start of the war, Neville went on many National Union of Students holidays in the Alps, on one of which he met Betty. They were married in 1935, and had three children: Elizabeth, Richard, and Margaret, all of whom followed them into the FRCC. Neville remained very active, travelling widely in the mountains and not missing a Scottish meet until he was 90.

George Watkins

JACK SINGLETON

Jack Singleton who died on the 25th October 1996 at the age of 85, had been a member of the Club since 1942. Although he was born in Barnsley he lived most of his early years in Leeds. He won a scholarship to Cockburn High School and became Head Boy. It was during his teens that his love of the Lake District began when he was sent on a school geography trip and camped near Rosthwaite. This love was evident through some excellent poems that he wrote relating to the Lakes. As a keen Scouter, he tramped and camped many times in this area. He graduated from Leeds University in 1932 with a degree in Philosophy and then attended The Yorkshire United Independent College, Bradford, training for the Congregational Ministry.

He took charge of Horton Lane Congregational Church in 1934 and became an active member and resident of the local YMCA. He started a rambling group called 'The Bog Trotters' and was remembered as the unconventional parson who led them 'o'er moor and fen', and who seemed to take an impish delight in leading them where the going was heaviest, the mud stickiest and the scenery most lovely. In 1936 he married Elsie Appleyard, a marriage that was to last forty-six years until her death in 1982. In 1938 Avril was born and he moved to Blackburn Road Congregational Church in Bolton. Avril sadly died in 1987.

In 1939 Christopher (Kit) was born and Jack decided to leave the Church and become full-time Youth Work Organiser for the YMCA in Lancashire, Cheshire, Westmorland and Cumberland. This required a move to Salford, where in 1942 his second son Martin arrived and also membership of the Fell & Rock. His youth work allowed him to indulge in his love of mountaineering and numerous visits were made to the Lake District to rock climb and fell walk. His wife was allegedly the first woman to stay at Black Sail Youth Hostel.

Soon it became time for a change and for three years he was Assistant Master at Wolstanton County Grammar School for Boys in Newcastle-under-Lyme. In 1945 he was appointed as a lecturer and organiser for the Extramural Delegacy of Oxford University in Current Affairs and English, mainly to the Forces in England, the Middle and Far East. He began his connections with the BBC about this time and in November 1946 wrote the script for 'Over the Hills and Far Away' with Wilfred Pickles in the Langdales. This was for Northern Children's Hour. In 1949 the family moved to London on his appointment as Radio Producer for the BBC School Broadcasting Department. His employment on the BBC Staff continued until 1971 not only as a producer but also as a writer, editor, presenter, and interviewer.

He did not know the word retirement and was soon working under contract producing 'Open Forum' for the Open University. For this work, which continued until 1977, he was awarded an Honorary Degree of Master of Arts from the O.U. Still refusing to sit down, he was on the Panel of Speakers for the BBC, giving lectures and also abridging books for Women's Hour and Book at Bedtime until 1994.

His other interests were varied. From 1959 to 1976 he was a Justice of the Peace for Inner London Juvenile Courts. He lectured for the British Council and local education authorities on various topics and at the BBC training school on broadcasting techniques and writing. In a recent letter of sympathy to his family Sir Chris Bonington CBE stated that Jack had given him very sound advice in the early 1960's, when producing his first ever radio broadcast after he had climbed the North Wall of the Eiger.

He loved to travel and visited sixty-eight countries during his life, far too many to mention! However, his love of mountains took him to Afghanistan, Austria, Peru, China, Tibet and Nepal to mention a few. In the early 1970s he was

airlifted off the foothills of Annapurna to hospital in Kathmandu with mountain sickness. He was later fitted with a pacemaker and survived another twenty years!

His love of the mountains, particularly the Lake District, has been passed on not only to his family but to many people he has influenced during his marvellous active life. On his 80th birthday he stood on the top of Latrigg in the snow and it is there that his ashes have been scattered.

Kit and Martin Singleton

MARK SPREADBOROUGH

Mark Spreadborough died aged 40 on September 15th 1997, when his car was in a head-on early morning collision with a quarry wagon in the Yorkshire Dales.

Mark was born within the sound of Bow Bells and went to St. John's School in Leatherhead and then South Bank Poly. Never fond of the urban jungle, Mark decided to leave 'the smoke', came to Leeds in 1981 and joined the Leeds Mountaineering Club and later the FRCC in 1985. In both these clubs, Mark was an exceptionally popular and well-liked member and played a large part in their running. He was a committee member of both clubs, serving on the FRCC committee from 1993 to 1996. More importantly perhaps, the energy and activity he put into club activities meant that meets with him were never dull. It was in the LMC that Mark met Jane Harrison whom he later married and who was his constant companion on the fells and crags.

Mark was a very accomplished and talented rock and ice climber leading to F7c and E6, both in the U.K. and abroad. His enthusiasm for all types of rock-climbing and for the outdoors coupled with his great sense of fun made him the very best of company. All of us who climbed with Mark will remember great days whether they were on Yorkshire Gritstone and Limestone, in the Lakes or in France or Spain.

Mark was involved in many new routes in Yorkshire, the last of which was when we girdled the Cave Route Wall in Gordale. This involved down-climbing part of an F8b while it was raining! As usual, what could have been epic turned into great fun and a memorable day out.

There was however so much more to Mark the person than just his climbing. His easy manner and good judgement led to a very profitable career in property development, his love of fine wine and good jazz music meant that there was always more than just climbing on his mind. His love of fast cars was the source of many exhilarating trips to the crags, but also, sadly, his final undoing.

Martin Berzins

JACK UMPLEBY

Jack was one of my oldest climbing friends. We met at Widdop in 1942 and both joined the Fell and Rock in 1945, proposed by David Jackson. During the war years, Widdop was the meeting place, every Sunday, for climbers from the surrounding Yorkshire and Lancashire towns. These were climbers who were either too young, too old or too unfit for military service; or those in reserved occupations. I was in the former category, Jack in the latter.

A Yorkshireman, born in Silsden, Jack followed his father into engineering, first with an apprenticeship at Jowett's, the car manufacturers in Bradford, then at the Bristol Aircraft Company first in Bristol then, for the duration of the war, at Clayton-le-Moors. When the war ended, Jack did his national service in the Parachute Regiment then returned to engineering in Burnley where, for many years, he was a senior production engineer at Joseph Lucas. His engineering background proved useful during the war when, during his spare time, he made himself karabiners, an ice axe and tricouni nails, all of which were unobtainable. Later he made himself

titanium crampons and, in partnership with John A Hartley, manufactured and marketed, under the name of Hi-Tens, a variety of slim pitons made from maraging steel. These were used to great effect by Doug Scott on the first ascent of The Scoop on Strone Ulladale.

As a young man, Jack was a bold and powerful rock climber although he lost some of his confidence after a traumatic experience on the Central Buttress of Scafell in 1944. After an attempt on the top block of the Flake Crack, Jack was lowering back to the Oval for a rest when his sling round the chockstone came untied and he finished up well below the Oval, luckily with only a headache to show for it. Jack was keen on unclimbed rock; we did our first new route together in 1945, Eagle's Chain on the Napes. With Ken Heaton, the Neckband Crag was opened up in 1949 with the routes Nectar and Route 1, Right-Hand Wall: later Jack did several new routes on Pike O' Stickle and on Yorkshire limestone.

Jack was a great walker and, accompanied by his wife Mary who he met at Widdop, did many of the classic long distance walks in Britain. They also walked extensively in Austria, Switzerland and in the Julian Alps, Jack's favourite area, which they visited some 8 times. Jack had just returned from Kranjska Gora when, in July 1996, he died at the age of 74 from a mercifully swift stroke. His ashes were scattered at Widdop near the foot of the climb which bears his name. He will be greatly missed by his many climbing and walking friends but not least by Mary and his children John and Anne, who have our deepest sympathy.

John Wilkinson

HILDA M. WARREN

Hilda died on the 15th February 1996 aged 87 years. A teacher by profession throughout her adult life, she had a great love for fells, mountains and the countryside, especially

the Lake District. In 1951 she attended a beginners' course in rock climbing run by the Mountaineering Association and led by Charlie Wilson. This week, in Borrowdale, led to climbing on Skye, in Glencoe and North Wales. With Charlie's help, she became a member of the Fell and Rock in 1957. She thoroughly enjoyed Scottish meets at Scourie, Achnasheen, Killin and Glenfinnan. She walked and climbed abroad in Norway, Austria, the Dolomites and her much loved Switzerland. The highlights of the latter were a guided traverse from Grinsel to the Jungfrauoch and the achieving in 1953 of an ambition to climb the Matterhorn.

Although in the last three years she was unable to walk far, she still retained an interest in Club news.

Eva Russell

LEGACIES RECEIVED FROM 1 JULY '96 TO 30 APRIL '98

Date	From	In Memory of	
£			
29 Jul '96	Gwen Rees	Hilda Warren	30.00
4 Sep '96	Mary Umpleby	Jack Umpleby	50.00
18 Jun '97	Executors of AB Hargreaves	ABHargreaves	200.00
22 Feb '98	Executors of ENA Morton	Neville Morton	500.00

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1996-1997

President		Paddy O'Neill
Vice Presidents		Eileen Clerk Roy Precious
Secretary		John Robinson
Treasurer		Dave McGillivray
Membership Secretary		Paul Exley
Journal Editors		Doug Elliott John Holden
Guide Books Editor		Al Phizacklea
Guide Books Business Manager		Ron Kenyon
Librarian		George Watkins
Assistant Librarian		Graham Willison
Dinner Secretary		Pam Pulford
Meets Secretary		Wendy Stirrup
Chronicler		John Burrows
Obituarist		Hatty Harris
London Section Secretary		Margaret Chapman
Huts Secretary		Ken Jackson
Hut Wardens:	<i>Beetham Cottage</i>	Richard Collier
	<i>Birkness</i>	Dave Long
	<i>Brackenclose</i>	Roy Sumerling
	<i>Raw Head</i>	Terry Parker
	<i>Salving House</i>	Val Young
	<i>Waters Cottage</i>	Barry Chislett
Committee Members:		
Janet Ashworth	Clive Beveridge	Lynn Breen
Tony Field	Bill Hannah,	Gordon Higginson
Harry Lambert	Ron Lyon	Kath Marsden
Tim Pickles	John Smith	Kath Wardropper

	DATE	VENUE	LEADER
	11/12 January	Beetham Cottage	Nick Easton
W	19/24 January	CC. Hut	Rick Graham
C	25/26 January	Salving House	Jennie Massie
	8/9 February	Waters Cottage	Kevin Moore
	8/9 February	Raw Head (Prospective members)	Shirley Wisniewski
	22/23 February	Birkness (Alpine Planning Meet)	Jeremy Whitehead
W	24/28 February	Rachum Hut	Brian and Joyce Cosby
	1/2 March	Ceilidh, Tithebarn Keswick	The President
	1/8 March	Algarve	June Parker
	8/9 March	Waters Cottage	Brian Griffiths
	15/16 March	Salving House	Michelle Hart
W	16/21 March	CIC Hut	Rick Graham
	28 Mar/5 April	France (camping)	Geoff Douglas
	28/3 March	Brackenclose	Dave and Fiona Decourcy
	12/13 April	Lowstern	Stuart Firth
W	14/17 April	High Moss	John Mainprize
M	19/20 April	Beetham Collage	Richard Collier
	26/27 April	Llanthony, Black Mtns.	Richard Coatsworth
	3/5 May	Ynys Ettws (Joint C.C.)	Geraldine Taylor
	3/7 May	Waters Cottage	Stan Roberts
C	17/18 May	Raw Head	Phil Booth
	17/24 May	Glen Lui Hotel, Ballater	Pauline Sweet and Eric Scarfe
	17/24 May	Skye	George Wright
	24/26 May	Arran (camping)	Paddy Feely
	24 May/1 June	Muir of Ord (camping)	Lynn and Jeff Breen
	24 May/1 June	Birkness (Family meet)	David Killiek
M	7/8 June	Birkness	Dave Long
	7/8 June	Ventnor, Isle of Wight	Ra Mason
W	9/13 June	Glan Dena	Ann McWalt
	14/15 June	Raw Head (Prospective members)	Peter and Cherie Chapman
W	18/19 June	Salving House	Marlene Halliwell
	21/22 June	Brackenclose	Graham and Ann Townsend
W	2/4 July	Raw Head	Jill Aldersley
D	5/6 July	Yewdate Hotel - Coniston	The Vice Presidents
	5/20 July	South Africa	Richard Morgan
W	14/16 July	Brackenclose	Helen Jones
	19/20 July	Glan Dena (Joint MAM)	Rob Douglas
	26 July/3 Aug.	Birkness (Family Meet)	Anthony Cohen & Rosemary Scott
	July/Aug.	Alpine Meet	To be advised
	2/3 August	Ty Powdwr (Joint Karabiner)	Heather Yates
	2/3 August	Brackenclose (Joint MAM)	Dave Pearce
	9/10 August	Beetham Cottage	Audrey Punt
	9/11 August	Waters Cottage (Family Meet)	Jane Sanderson
	23/25 August	Waters (camping)	Peter and Chris Ward
	30/31 August	Brackenclose (Joint Wayfarers)	Hilary Robertson
W	35 September	Beetham Cottage	Roger Wallace
C	6/7 September	Raw Head	Brian and Sue Swales
	13/14 September	Northumberland	Malcolm Rowe
W	15/18 September	Brackenclose	Sue Logan
M	20/21 September	Raw Head	Terry Parker
M	27/28 September	Brackenclose	Roy Summerling
D	27/28 September	Birkness (London Section)	George Hall
	27 Sept/4 Oct.	Mallorea	Eric Flint
M	4/5 October	Waters Cottage	Barry Chislett
M	18/19 October	Salving House	Val Young
D	1/2 November	AGM Dinner - Shap Wells	The President
	8/9 November	Brackenclose	Lesley Marlow and Bill Comstive
C	22/23 November	Salving House	Helen Plumpton
	6/7 December	Birkness	Brian & Kath Marsden
	20/21 December	Beetham	Adrian Wisniewski

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	<i>Birkness</i>	Dave Long
	<i>Brackenclose</i>	Mark Scott
	<i>Raw Head</i>	John Leigh
	<i>Salving House</i>	Roy Buffey
	<i>Waters Cottage</i>	Barry Chislett
Committee Members:		
Janet Ashworth	Clive Beveridge	Lynn Breen
Neil Dowie	Beverly Field	Tony Field
Gordon Higginson	Richard Hogan	Sue Logan
Tim Pickles	Stephen Porteus	John Smith

	DATE	VENUE	LEADER
	9-10 January	Beetham Cottage	Roger Fielding
C	23-24 January	Salving House	Jim and Audrey Sutcliffe
	6-7 February	Raw Head (Prospective Members)	Paul Exley
	14-15 February	Waters Cottage	Kevin Barren
	20-21 February	Birkness (Alpine Planning)	Steve and Bev Field
	27-28 February	Ceilidh (Borrowdale Institute)	The President
	6-7 March	Waters Cottage	Tony McKenzie
	20-21 March	Salving House	Rob and Christine Smitton
W	23-25 March	Bryn Hafod - Arrans	Peter Benson
	27-28 March	Lowstern	Richard Morgan
	29 Mar-2 Apr	C.L.C. Hut	Joe Grindbergs
	9-12 April	Brackenlose	Ray Cannell
	5-17 April	France (Camping)	Gil Male
M	24-25 April	Beetham Cottage	Richard Collier
W	27-29 April	Low House (Coniston)	Peter Fleming
	1-3 May	Arrochar (Camping)	Dennis Mitchell
	1-3 May	Raw Head	Paddy Feely
W	5-7 May	Waters Cottage	Dave Roberts
	8-9 May	Derbyshire Edges	Richard Hopkinson
	8-9 May	Birkness	Rab Carrington
C	15-16 May	Raw Head	Eric Spofforth
	16-22 May	Alexander Hotel, Fort William	Irene Farrington & Audrey Pant
	17-23 May	Glen Brittle, Skye	George Wright
	19-23 May	Knoydart	Clive Beveridge & Sylvia Loxam
	22-24 May	Yrnsy Littws (CC. Centenary)	Gemldine Taylor
	23-29 May	Scottish (Camping (Invergarry))	John and Marion Smith
	22-30 May	Birkness (Family Meet)	Judy Adam and Paul Littlechild
	30 May-5 June	Cannich	Ralph Henderson
M	5-6 June	Birkness	Dave Long
	5-6 June	Derbyshire	Hilda Brown
	12-13 June	Raw Head (Prospective Members)	Janet Ashworth & Richard Hogan
W	15-18 June	Glan Dena	Albert Hattersley
	19-20 June	Brackenlose	Tony and Suzanne Strawther
	26-27 June	Raw Head (Family Meet)	Stephen & Hilary Porteus
W	30 June-2 July	Raw Head	Neil Dowie
D	3-4 July	The Yewdale Hotel, Coniston	The Vice Presidents
	17-18 July	Glan Dena (Joint M.A.M.)	Dave Penree
W	27-29 July	Birkness	Pauline Sweet
	July/August	Alpine Meet	To be advised
	1-8 August	Brackenlose (Family meet)	Phil Elliot
	14-15 August	Beetham	Anne Townsend
W	25-27 August	Brackenlose	Bill & Lesley Constive
	28-30 August	Birkness (Family meet)	Neil McAllister
	28-30 August	Wales (Camping)	Michael Harris and Morag Ballance
C	4-5 September	Raw Head	Russell Walker
	11-12 September	Rockhill Cottage	Phil Tomaszewski
W	14-16 September	Salving House	Stan Vickers
M	18-19 September	Raw Head	John Leigh
	18-19 September	Swaledale	Andy Coatsworth
M	25-26 September	Waters Cottage	Barry Chislett
D	25-26 September	Raw Head (London Section)	Ian Clayton
M	2-3 October	Brackenlose	Mark Scott
M	9-10 October	Salving House	Roy Bulley
D	6-7 November	Shap Wells (A.G.M.)	The President
	13-14 November	Brackenlose	Roy and Norman Precious
C	27-28 November	Salving House	Tim Pickles
	4-5 December	Birkness	Pam Pulford
	18-19 December	Beetham Cottage	Ian Roper