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T H E F E L L & R O C K
C L I M B I N G C L U B
O F T H E E N G L I S H L A K E D I S T R I C T

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AN EXPEDITION TO THE STAUNINGS ALPS IN SCORESBY LAND

Extracts from my Diary

Sir John Hunt

The notion of visiting Scoresby Land on the north-east coast of Greenland at about latitude 72 degrees north was prompted by a study of a fascinating collection of photographs taken by a Swiss, Ernst Hofer, in company with the well-known Danish explorer, Lange Koch. The title of his book, *Arctic Riviera*, conjured up a strange combination of icebergs, blue water, flowers and sunshine. To add point to the visit, there lie ridge upon crenellated ridge of sharp rock peaks interspersed with magnificent snow summits and separated by miles of glaciers over a huge area between the coast and the Greenland ice cap; it is known as the Staunings Alps. These fine mountains have been explored in part, from the mountaineering point of view, on four previous occasions between 1951 and 1959 by expeditions from Austria, Denmark, Norway and Scotland. In the course of these expeditions a number of peaks have been climbed including the highest, Danske Tinde (2,930 metres) and the third highest, Norske Tinde (2,870 metres). A great deal remains to be explored.

As my plans developed it was suggested to me that it might be possible to supplement and support a mountaineering and scientific expedition by the addition of a number of boys who could otherwise never hope to have such an experience. One condition of their selection would be that they had graduated at the Gold Standard of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme; another, that they should be at work, not schoolboys. It was an intriguing and original concept and it soon began to take shape.

In the end, and despite understandable doubts on the part of the Danish authorities, I was able to get permission to visit Scoresby Land for several weeks in July - August 1960, taking a strong party of climbers and scientists,* three youth leaders and twenty-one boys whose ages ranged from 17 to 20. Dr. Malcolm Slessor, who had led an expedition to this area in 1958, headed an advance party which arrived at Mesters Vig, the site of a Danish lead mine on the north coast of Scoresby Land, early in July, to be followed by the main group sixteen days later. In all, we numbered thirty-eight.

The work of the expedition included a continuous study of a colony of arctic terns, covering the whole period of pairing

* The senior group consisted of: Sir John Hunt; John Jackson; Alan Blackshaw; Ian McNaught-Davis; Dr. Malcolm Slessor; George Lowe; Tom Weir; Dr. Iain Smart; John Sugden; Roddy Cameron; Dr. David Jones; Captain Tony Streater; Joy Hunt and Susan Hunt.

and nesting, which was undertaken by Dr. Iain Smart of St. Andrew's University and Tom Weir. A survey of the movement and ablation of an arctic coastal glacier was carried out under the direction of John Sugden, as well as geomorphological studies at the head of Alpefjord.

The main programme was, however, exploratory, and the following extracts from my diary relate only to this. We had an eventful, sometimes exciting and often anxious but, on the whole, successful time. It included the first ascents of fourteen peaks, the exploration of some unknown glaciers and several difficult journeys across the whole range and along the coast. The highlight of the programme was the first ascent of the second highest (and highest unclimbed) peak, Hjornespiz, by an extremely difficult route involving nearly 29 hours of continuous climbing.

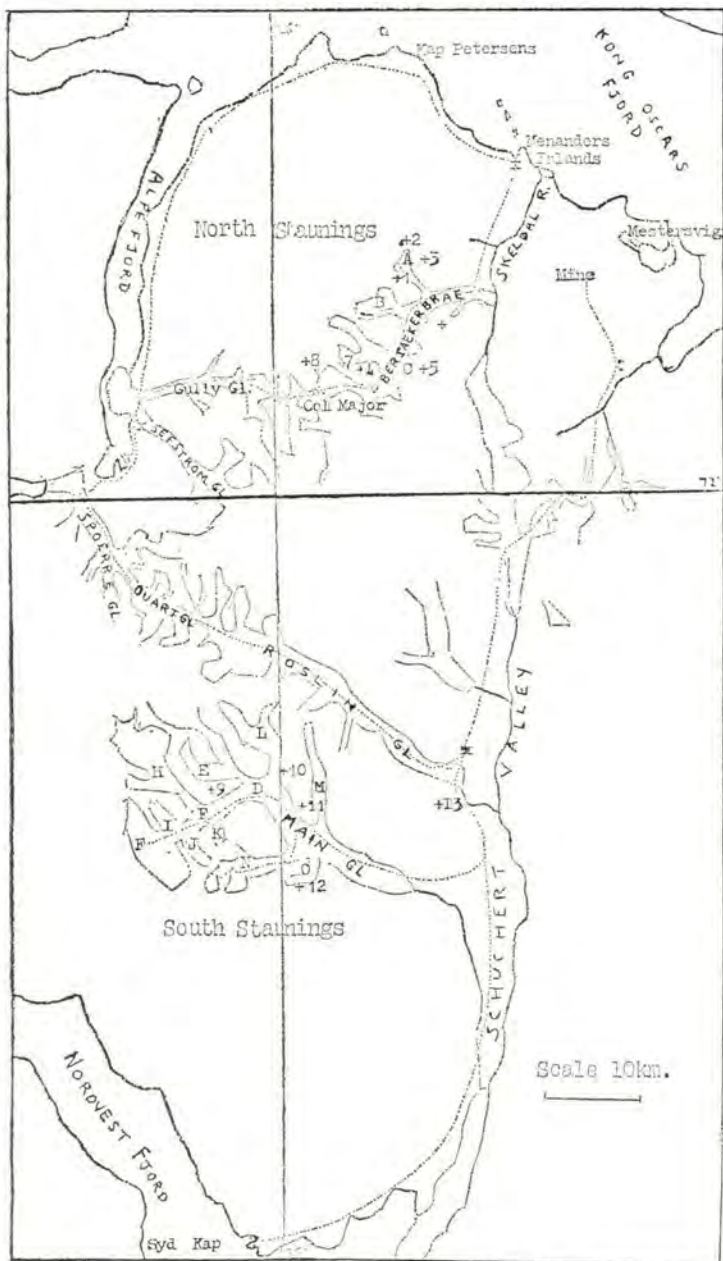
We landed at Mesters Vig at 3 a.m. on the 22nd July and lost no time in moving to a main base camp to start the exploratory and scientific work.

27th July. I woke at intervals during the night to the steady drumming of rain on the tent's walls. There was, in fact, nothing to entice us out this morning. By 1 p.m. when the monotonous drizzle ceased we had had 36 hours of continuous rain. The floor of our tent was awash and most things wet. The situation is very depressing and a few casualties among the climbers make it more so: David Tuke has Achilles tendon trouble, Tony Streather a bad knee.

An arctic fox, marvellously tame, provided entertainment this evening by coming to scrounge around the tents. He even took food from the hands of one of the boys.

28th July. The weather was dull, but the rain held off so I decided to make a start for the glacier to establish Camp II. We set off at 11.30 a.m. and, carrying reasonable loads, made good time up the wide, flat, snowfree glacier surface. It stayed dry, but dull and cloudy so that we could not see the summits. About 4 hours from Camp I, after passing a second glacier coming in from the right, I found a fair site for Camp II beyond the left moraine on a little gravel terrace close in under the hillside. There is a small glacier lake near by to provide water. Alas! Rain then started. Most of the junior group find this a strenuous and strange experience. I noticed today how

SKETCH MAP OF STAUNINGS ALPS



- | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| + 1 Harlech | + 2 Caerleon | + 3 Elsinore | + 4 Tintagel | + 5 Beaumaris |
| + 7 Bersaerker Spear | + 8 Hjornespidz | + 9 Kilmory | + 10 Kilorough | |
| + 11 Pevensy | + 12 Karabiner | + 13 Derry | | |

A - O = glaciers not mentioned in the diary, with the exception of D which is Concordia.
 Main Journeys - - - - -

amazed one or two of them were by the glacier and how nervous they were in crossing a glacier torrent.

29th July. It rained all night and this morning visibility was down to 50 yards. At midday there was a slight clearance and we decided to dump stores for Camp III. Our party set out at 2.15 p.m. on skis, taking rations, fuel and mountaineering gear. It has been quite a pleasant experience, amid the prevailing frustration, to travel on skis into the very heart of these Greenland mountains. Mist shrouded the tops of all but a few of them; we had some tantalizing glimpses of the Bersaerker Tinde wall and one or two slender rock spires—but all are thickly plastered with fresh snow.

We dumped our loads at the foot of a rock spur, perhaps 2 miles from the foot of Col Major; it was snowing and little could be seen. We were back at Camp II at 9.15 p.m. It now seems very doubtful if we can do any of the harder climbs of this region with the mountains so out of condition, and in this weather. We propose to do a few easy peaks from Camp II instead.

30th July. A dry night: and, miracle of miracles, the sun touching our tent at 6.30 a.m. ! The sky soon became partly overcast, but the weather was obviously improving. I think what we all appreciated most to begin with was not the view, but the prospect of drying clothes and bedding. We quickly decided to climb a peak and chose a fine-looking summit flanking the big glacier which joins the Bersaerker Brae just below our camp. Tony Streather, David Jones and I, with two of the boys, started at 9.30 a.m. and, after crossing the glacier below us, climbed for about 2 hours over boulders and very loose granite blocks to reach the broken south ridge of our peak. A pleasant scramble led to a snow ridge where we roped and had some food. The weather had cleared and a glorious array of bristling peaks were displayed in every direction; only the tops of the two highest, Norske Tinde and Bersaerker Tinde, remained hidden in cloud. The summit itself was an elegant granite needle some 35 feet high up which we all swarmed in turn to sit bunched together on its exiguous top. It was 2.25 p.m. and we had climbed our first Greenland mountain, which we named Harlech—a First Ascent ! It proved higher than any of its neighbours; indeed as far as the Bersaerker Tinde group was concerned, there was

nothing to dominate our viewpoint. We had a fine view of Kong Oscar's Fjord, now completely choked with pack ice, and a glimpse of Alpefjord as well. It was a superb panorama, and a great treat for us all, perhaps specially for the boys. The descent of boulder slopes seemed endless, but we got back to camp exactly $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours after leaving it.

31st July. It was a bitter disappointment to wake this morning and find a heavily overcast sky which rapidly developed into a drizzle. Alan and I crossed the glacier at 2 p.m. in the rain to inspect a route on the fine peak opposite. We returned in an hour after choosing a couloir which seems reasonably safe from stonefall.

1st August. All night we heard the rain drumming on our tent walls—much harder than usual. In the morning it was sleeting and we could see new snow lying only 1,000 feet above the camp. This evening, in the hope of better weather, we have prepared for an early start for our proposed attempt on an attractive peak seen from Harlech on the 30th.

2nd August. We looked out at 4 a.m. and again at 5 a.m. but the outlook was unpromising. At 6 o'clock, however, there was a small break in the sky down the valley so we decided to chance it. At 8 o'clock the weather seemed likely to favour us; the peaks at the bend of the Bersaerker wall were lit by morning sun and there was some blue sky. Off we went down the glacier on skis, carrying a tent and a Zdarsky sack and prepared to stay out 24 hours. When we rounded the corner to the small glacier 'two-down' an hour later our peak was shrouded in cloud; but this cleared as we rose, heading NW. up the gentle slope beneath Harlech. It was quite a thrill to realize that this glacier has probably not been trodden before. By midday we had reached a bifurcation where one branch comes down steeply from the north; we mounted this step on moraine and stopped at the edge of the lower of two glacier basins. There we left the food and all bivvy gear and brewed some coffee before continuing over the snow plateau to a higher terrace beneath the peak. We noticed that avalanches had fallen in numerous places from its south face, and the couloir leading to the east ridge, which Tony and I had noticed from Harlech, was well scoured. Leaving our skis at the end of an avalanche fan we went up in its path, reaching a small col at about 3.30 p.m. A stupendous view opened up northwards towards Kong Oscar's Fjord.

Turning left, we tackled the final part of the climb up a ridge of very shattered rocks, heavily covered with recent snow and corniced in places on the south side; evidently there had been some wind during the bad weather spell. When we reached the long snow ridge which finishes at the summit block I could see that the snow was in doubtful condition; a very steep convex slope on the north side fell away some 1,500 feet on our right. The texture of this slope was slabby. Alan and I belayed each other carefully along, trying to steer just clear of the cornice, yet not too far down the wind-slab slope. After some 250 feet, Alan was passing through my stance when I had a premonition about the cornice. I shouted back to Tony, waiting with David at the end of the rock ridge, to see if I was too close. A moment later there was a resounding 'woomp' and the line of cornice broke away some 15 feet from the edge over a distance of 9 - 10 yards. I went with it, falling on my back head first down the steep south slope. After 35 - 40 feet I came abruptly to a stop on the rope which was cutting deep into the crest of the ridge above—a very near thing! My axe, which I had been using as a belay, was still anchored to the rope; thanks to this I was able to cut steps up again, climb a vertical 8 feet where the cornice had been and rejoin Alan. When the shock occurred he had rolled down the slope and held on.

We conferred. There remained perhaps 300 yards of ridge with 200 vertical feet of ridge to climb. There was no security from cornice or avalanche and it seemed wise to give up the peak and descend: a hard decision, but a right one, and we turned back.

3rd August. This morning Alan and Tony set off to climb the peak immediately above our tent—a nice pyramid-shaped summit which we had noted yesterday—and I returned to Camp II to allay any fears there. We have named yesterday's summit Caerleon, today's Elsinore; Tony left on the latter a small Danish flag presented to me by Eric Hoff, President of the Danske Tinde Club.

4th August. We started at 8.15 a.m. on a dazzling morning and went up to Camp III at a capital pace, to find Slesser's party camped near our dump. They had just returned from climbing Col Major, carrying loads to its foot and fixing 450 feet of rope in the 1,700-foot couloir—a very fine effort

which took them 15 hours. They have, incidentally, climbed the big rock peak above this camp at the head of the Bersaerker Brae and named it Tintagel.

It is tantalizing to be up against such splendid mountains yet lack the time to climb them. The fact is that there is far too much snow on the rocks for these big and difficult climbs on the north-facing walls; there is also the problem of getting off them except on the far side. Tomorrow John Jackson and I are to attempt a fine-looking rock summit across the glacier to the south. It bears a striking resemblance to the Matterhorn.

5th August. John and I are back from another first ascent. The weather has been superb; no cloud, no breeze all day and the sun temperature astonishingly high. We found our rock tower—to be named Beaumaris—a fine granite climb, not difficult but highly enjoyable, the height 5,900 feet. It dominates the whole group of summits on the left of the Bersaerker Brae as you come up towards Camp III. We have enjoyed ourselves hugely and spent a blissful $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours on top after building a cairn and leaving our names. Mac and Malcolm have climbed a magnificent rock spire over 6,000 feet high—the Bersaerker Spear.

6th August. We have come up to the foot of Col Major and are now lying snugly in our tent pitched on snow beneath the awe-inspiring couloir, 1,700 feet high, leading to the col.

7th August. We started up the couloir soon after 8 p.m. last evening pretty heavily laden. Much snow was still unconsolidated and, despite the fixed ropes, it was nearly midnight before we got to the col. A marvellous sight was the midnight sunlight touching the peaks and leaving a pink and gold glow; one near-by summit was a bright rose colour such as I have never seen on a mountain peak before.

We set up the tents, had a meal and a brief discussion. It seemed best for Malcolm and Mac to rest at once and set off for the splendid rock spire which is the dominating feature here—Hjornespizd—while Jacko and I went down for the remainder of our stores. I didn't relish a descent followed by a further laden climb, but there it was. We left shortly after 2 a.m., got down in an hour and, very tired now, rested and brewed tea for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the tent left at the foot of the couloir, before starting up again. We found ourselves grossly overburdened—each with a day ration pack, two pairs of

skis, fuel; and then, variously, 240 feet of rope, tent, li-lo, stove, etc.! a good 70 - 75 lb. load each. After nearly 24 hours without sleep it was, to say the least, not a good proposition to climb 1,700 feet of steep ice couloir with such a load. We therefore left the skis, though it means a third trip.

As it turned out, we made a remarkably quick ascent—1 hour 50 minutes—and were soon thankfully resting and drinking coffee in our tent.

8th August. We rested all day yesterday trying to make up for lost sleep. At intervals I looked for Mac and Malcolm through a monocular, but there was no sign of them though we thought we heard voices from time to time. We decided to make our third and last descent and ascent of the couloir at 3 a.m. today and John made some porridge at 2 a.m. This time we got down even faster—45 minutes—collected four pairs of skis and climbed the 1,700 feet of steep ice and snow in 75 minutes.

Our friends had still not returned when we reached the tents at 6.30 a.m. but again we heard an unmistakable call from somewhere high on Hjornespudz. At 11 a.m. we set out on our skis, carrying a certain amount of gear, to reconnoitre the top icefall and leave a dump for tomorrow somewhere down towards Alpefjord. The trip has gone very well—even John, who is an inexperienced skier, enjoyed it. On hard crust, which unfortunately became breakable lower down, we found our way through some of the largest crevasses I've ever seen, reached the main glacier about 1,500 feet lower and ran down a gentle slope for over $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles till we came to a heavily crevassed zone. There, in a wonderful arena of tortured ice and soaring rock spires, we made our dump, and then returned to the col; the whole journey lasted 5 hours.

As we approached the tents we heard shouts from low on the peak. Mac and Malcolm wanted their skis to cross the glacier basin and reach camp. So we went out again, carrying the extra skis, and met them at the foot of the rocks on the west ridge. They were triumphant, having traversed Hjornespudz by the south and west ridges in 29 hours. Eleven hours had been spent on the south ridge alone, climbing at least twelve pinnacles on the way to the main summit. A wonderful effort!

We are now back in our sleeping-bags after a fine meal and a celebration drop of whisky, very content with our various adventures over the past 48 hours.

9th August. There was a pattering of snow in the early hours, the neighbouring summits were screened by cloud and it was bitterly cold and windy. It took a long while to get started. However, at 11 a.m., in poor visibility, we set off down the glacier, heavily laden, following yesterday's tracks. The snow was abominable, making skiing almost impossible for the less experienced. At the dump of stores left yesterday we took on the extra loads and roped as a foursome. The descent went well as far as the big icefall where we found a way off the glacier onto old snow beds on its right flank. After some heart searching we decided to abandon our skis here rather than add to our already heavy burdens.

At 8 p.m., after descending a further icefall, we camped beside a medial moraine. During supper we heard an ominous roar; looking out, we were just in time to see huge masses of ice detach themselves from ice cliffs 1,000 feet up on the mountainside and come thundering down in a great avalanche; spray covered us as we watched.

Scenically the day has been memorable. The weather soon recovered and we have passed some magnificently sculptured granite peaks. Down the glacier we could see across the opposite containing wall of Alpefjord to the 8,000-foot high ice plateau, a small ice cap in its own right, which I hope will be visited in the next four weeks.

10th August. Off at 10.15 from our camp on glacier snow; a glorious day but we were soon in shadow and it was fairly cold. This was just as well, for the snow-covered slopes on the left of the bottom icefall were in excellent condition. Malcolm had expected serious difficulties during this section of our route from his experiences two years ago; it was, therefore, a relief to find only two obstacles.

At the first obstacle, where we were completely cut off by a vertical wall of snow ahead and unclimbable rocks on our left, we managed to find a route through séracs on the glacier itself. At the second, the only solution was to climb a rock chimney, swing the loads across the top of a flake and descend a crack on the other side. Sitting astride this flake I had my first exciting glimpse of the Alpefjord, milky green, winding

its way beneath the tremendous wall of mountains flanking it on the west.

Later, basking in the sun on a spur dividing the Gully and Sefstrom Glaciers, we watched the motor cruiser *Polypen* plying to and fro in the Dammen (an extension of the fjord almost cut off as an inland lake by the huge ice cliffs of the Gully and Sefstrom Glaciers); it was a cheering sight.

It has been wonderful to relax this evening and enjoy the company of Joy, John, Dick, George Lowe (who has come round to film) and the boys. They appear to have had a splendid time and done an excellent job on the Sefstrom Glacier study. This is a most beautiful place, greener and with more flowers than any we have visited so far. Our tents are above a small lake. Beyond is the great western wall of the fjord and, to the left, we look down on the Dammen and the Spøerre and other glaciers debouching into it. Mosquitoes are the only snag. Tonight we heard red-throated divers wailing on the little lake.

The crossing of the Staunings, the first ever from east to west, has been a great experience.

11th August. I spent the day with Joy and John Sugden's party watching the glaciological work on the Sefstrom Glacier. Towards the end they descended a 35-foot hole in the ice to measure the ice temperature, drilling horizontally into the wall for 5 feet; it was all very interesting, but rather cold for a spectator.

The plan for Phase 2 is that we should divide into five groups: John Jackson and myself with two boys to go up the Spøerre and climb in the South Staunings, probably well down the Roslin Glacier: a party including Joy and Sue to visit the Eskimo settlement at Syd Cap: Malcolm and his party to climb in the Sefstrom and a glacier south of the Spøerre: John Sugden's group to continue their work on the Sefstrom Glacier, etc., Iain and Tom to come over the Skel Pass to the Schuchert as soon as they have finished their work on the birds at Menanders Bay.

12th August. Tony and Alan arrived with most of the party from Menanders, groping their way through mist to find us here.

13th August. The weather has broken again. It rained in the night and has been misty and cold all day, too thick for the survey work to be carried out on the Sefstrom Glacier.

Polypen had not returned by 8 a.m. The repeated delays of the boat cause some anxiety and much of the day was spent in revising plans and routes in case we have to manage without her. Fortunately she arrived later in the day, bringing us food from Mesters Vig. We plan to get the Schuchert parties away tomorrow morning as the food situation could become serious with a delay on her next trip. But this weather!

14th August. We woke to the pattering of rain on the tent; clouds were right down and I had almost decided to delay the departure for the Spøerre Glacier when there was a slight clearing and we hastened down to board *Polypen* for the journey across the Dammen. The party bound for Syd Cap and our group for South Staunings had the invaluable help of John Sugden's party, and thanks to them we made excellent progress, finishing the day above the lower icefall in sight of the Duart-Spøerre junction. It was dismal, with sleet and rain throughout the day. At 7 p.m. we reached a suitable site for camp on the medial moraine at about 3,500 feet, and John Sugden's party returned to Alpefjord. Despite the wretched weather we were a cheerful party and ended the day with a magnificent meal of soup, curry, peas and pom, stewed fruit and coffee.

15th August. Snowflakes on the tent instead of rain! This is the fourth day of the second spell of bad weather, but in spite of this and the deep snow on the Duart Glacier we reached the pass at 7.10 p.m.; the aneroid registered 7,350 feet. It was snowing and very cold.

We hastened down the Roslin Glacier for 20 minutes and pitched our tents with a clear view of the glacier. This has been a great day, especially for the six boys of the party.

16th August. This has been another great day. It blew and snowed all night and the temperature dropped to well below zero. This morning we found much drift snow piled behind our tents and the sun struggling to get through. It won the contest with the ill weather and we have walked hard for 8 hours down the Roslin Glacier, where the surface conditions were difficult, covering about 15 miles. Our camp site is on a moraine slope on the north bank. We have passed through magnificent scenery—quite different from the Gully Glacier or Bersaerker Brae—with a vastly wide, almost

imperceptibly sloping glacier, and the mountains lying back. Around us now are some of the summits we hope to climb in a few days' time, less fierce than those we have seen so far, but with the lure of unknown territory. All in all, this has given us the feel of the Arctic more than at any stage of our stay in Greenland. It has been most satisfactory to have both parties—thirteen strong—make this crossing together: it is only the second time it has been done.

17th August. We had an easy walk down the glacier, getting on to dry ice after about an hour. We reached the snout in the afternoon and got off on the left, moving across easy vegetated screes onto lovely slopes on which musk ox were grazing; it was thrilling to see numbers of them for the first time. They are the strangest creatures: very high-shouldered, with shaggy wool hanging to the ground and a kind of crest of paler hair along their backs. The curved horns are closely set on the forepart of the head and the tips project forward. They are amazingly trusting; if you move slowly, stop when they look up and move when they start grazing, you can advance quite close to them before they grunt and canter away.

We found a fine site for our tents commanding a view right up the Skel and Schuchert Glaciers, then set off on a reconnaissance to find the airstrip and locate the mine. Two and a half miles up the valley we found the airstrip where it had been arranged to drop food for us. When we spotted a large square dump covered by a tarpaulin we had a brief, wild hope that it might be food, but it was found to contain tents and other materials left by the Danes. We followed a track which led from the strip up the valley, but soon lost it among boulders. The party then divided to continue the search. By 10 p.m. all had returned to camp except George and Tony who had crossed the river coming from the Lang Glacier and were approaching the main Schuchert River when last seen.

18th August. By 9 a.m. George and Tony had not returned so Alan and I, accompanied by Joy and Jackson, set out, in an atmosphere of tension, towards the Lang River. After half an hour Alan suddenly shouted 'there they are'; sure enough two figures were moving across the stony, flat river bed 500 yards to our right. They had an interesting story to tell. They had successfully crossed the river (our main

anxiety for them) and pushed on up the track on the farther side. At the top there was no mine: only a hut with plenty of Danish tinned food. They had cast around for some time in every direction and had established that there had been no activity around the hut and various landing strips for some time.

Alan, John and I decided to continue the search for the mine. We crossed the Lang and Schuchert Rivers and reached the second of the right-hand glaciers after 12 miles. Then the second drama of the day occurred: a plane flying low down-valley towards Schuchert west airstrip. Our excitement was tremendous. Sure enough, it circled over the tents and landed on the strip. We had a long and tiring trip back over excruciating moraines to the camp and at 11 p.m., after covering 30 miles in 14 hours, we were back with the party. All in the end has turned out well. We have 25 food boxes, 50 pints of fuel and our plans can go ahead.

19th August. The Syd Cap party got away in good order. For Alan, John and me it has been a day of complete relaxation, badly needed as far as I am concerned. Tomorrow we plan to move, as a party of ten, down the Schuchert to the glacier below the Roslin and to follow it upwards into the South Staunings and attempt a few peaks. But tonight a strong, cold north wind has brought cloud down on the peaks and the outlook is doubtful.

20th August. At 6 p.m. we started our journey to the Bjernebo Glacier as the clouds were lifting. We crossed the Roslin Glacier and went on down the widening flat and featureless Schuchert Valley over lush heathery and grassy slopes, marshy in places with cotton grass. By 11 p.m. we must have covered a good 9 - 10 miles and decided to camp at the foot of a low grassy ridge. We came across a good dump, with skis, evidently used for winter journeys.

21st August. Again the sky boded ill when we left the Schuchert Valley at 9.40 a.m. and climbed onto the grassy spur to cross into the valley in which our glacier lies. We walked for 3 hours along delightful slopes of heather and grass until we reached a point on the hillside beyond the snow of the glacier on its true left bank and some hundreds of feet above the ice.

We took a chance on the really bad-looking weather and Alan and I started off with two boys at 8.30 p.m. After

4 hours up the glacier at a good pace we have reached a point where several glaciers join the main stream—a sort of Concordia Platz—and have established Camp II at 3,300 feet. The clouds have remained low all the way, but there was a clearing when we arrived and we were able to photograph some very attractive peaks in this totally unexplored country.

22nd August. I peeped out of the ventilation sleeve at 7 a.m. and rejoiced to see an array of magnificent rock peaks across the glacier and a cloudless sky.

We are all back tonight after 11½ hours, having achieved our aims and enjoyed an experience of rare quality. David and I explored a big tributary glacier to its head, our journey having taken us into the heart of the South Staunings, past large glaciers feeding our own big tributary, with some splendid rock peaks on either side. We found our way up a final step, with a good many crevasses, into the upper basin where the glacier forms a T-shape; I had no aneroid, but we must have been at least at 6,000 feet when we arrived at 3.45 p.m. at the head of the glacier. We came down at a great pace, reaching the tents soon after 8 p.m., having completed at least 26 miles of glacier travel in the day. I took bearings on a number of peaks from a series of stations along the route and hope to plot these on the skeleton map in due course.

Half an hour after our return, Alan and Frank came in, having climbed their peak—a fine pyramid standing at the junction of the main glacier and its principal tributary which enters from the west. The peak is unexpectedly high—7,650 feet—and they have named it Kilmory after the N.A.M.C. Scottish training centre.

23rd August. We are safely back after another splendid day. Alan and I found Peak 50 (which stands prominently as you descend the glacier we explored yesterday) very easy, but also high (8,040 feet) giving a superb panorama over the whole South Staunings and away to the northern range as well. I thought I recognized Hjornespiz, but amid such a galaxy of peaks I could not be sure. We spent a glorious 2 hours on top, photographing and dozing. One remarkable view was southwards, in the direction of Syd Cap to Nordvest Fjord, where we could clearly see hundreds of gigantic icebergs floating on the still waters of the fjord.

To take in another lower (6,250 feet) but attractive snow peak, we then traversed the ridge surrounding the route by

which we had climbed. We have provisionally named today's two first ascents Kilvrough (N.A.M.C. and G.C. centre in South Wales) and Pevensey.

An extraordinary experience today was to find numerous tracks of arctic hares and foxes along the ridge—it seemed that the foxes were stalking the hares, but I was amazed that either animal could be found at nearly 7,000 feet. On the way down I got some close-ups of an arctic hare at close range. Like the foxes and the musk ox, he seemed relatively unafraid of human beings.

Jacko and the boys had an equally useful and enjoyable day exploring the large tributary glacier running parallel to the one we visited yesterday.

24th August. Once more a cloudless day when we started off at 10 a.m. after packing up our tents. Yesterday Alan and I had seen an attractive pointed rock peak SSW. from Kilvrough, at the head of a small glacier entering the main stream just below Jackson's glacier. This has been our adventure today, making a most satisfactory final expedition in this exciting massif.

Clouds began to appear as we climbed the steep little couloir at 12.30 p.m. and very soon the sky was overcast, the bad weather building up in the SW. At 2 p.m. we had reached a snow saddle at 5,900 feet where we had the views we had anticipated of the fjord with countless giant bergs arrayed like the battle fleets of the world. Unfortunately the dull light toned down this amazing sight. The final ridge to the summit, running approximately north and south, was exceedingly shattered, but provided some good sport over one section which included the traverse of a big gendarme and crenellated tower, and a descent into a gap in which an astonishing gendarme with a twisted head barred our way. I was able to climb it and get down the other side, but it gave quite a thrill, especially to the boys.

The summit block, as we have found several times before, was a solid edifice of sound granite, running narrow as a blade from east to west, so that you had to sit astride the highest point. It was 4 p.m. when I got there and we spent little time on top for it was dull and cold. After building a cairn we hurried down to the big loads which we had left at the foot of the glacier. The descent to camp took much longer than

it should have, for we got onto the moraine and grassy hillsides some 5 miles too soon. This added $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and much weariness to the journey, but finding dinner all ready for us made ample amends.

25th August. After a gloriously leisurely start just after 11 a.m. we left Camp I, heading across the grassy hillsides to cut short the route over to the Schuchert Valley. It was a fine morning, but clouds built up fairly quickly and the weather grew greyer and colder as the day wore on. We were delighted to find large numbers of daisies and dandelions growing in big patches, in addition to the now familiar cushions of moss campion, purple saxifrage, harebells, stitchwort, etc.

We reached our Base Camp soon after 7 p.m. to be greeted by the Syd Cap party. They had gone the whole way, only to find the Eskimos were no longer there.

Frank Gwatkin, Alan Noble and Ian Riley, who had left Camp I yesterday morning, had climbed a glacier-domed peak flanking a valley entering the Schuchert below the Roslin. They propose the name Derry and are naturally thrilled with this adventure.

On the 29th August the whole expedition was reassembled near the airstrip at Mesters Vig where we had arrived six weeks before. It was a joyous reunion and our party from the Schuchert heard many hair-raising tales of the experiences of the parties which had been based on the Alpefjord. I was relieved to count all thirty-eight heads and to know that, despite the hazards, we were all safe and sound.

As we boarded the DC 4 to return to civilization, the manager of the mine asked if the pilot might be instructed to fly 'off course' in order to search for two members of the company who had been missing for a week in a small motor boat off the coast. A number of searches had failed to locate them and hope of their safety was fading. An hour later, as we flew low above the coast, admiring the giant icebergs in Scoresby Sound, the plane suddenly went into a dive. Craning our necks, we spotted a tiny red speck on the deep blue waters of the sound: a red motor boat, topped by a red sail and two figures in red anoraks waving excitedly. We had found them.

It provided a wonderful postscript to an unforgettable experience among the bold peaks in the far north.

THE WEST FACE OF THE PETIT DRU

G. Oliver

In the years following the war the west face of the Petit Dru presented one of the last and most formidable rock-climbing problems in the western Alps. This 3,500-foot face, much of it vertical and overhanging, offered no line of weakness to the pre-war mountaineer using classical methods; and the couloir—constantly under bombardment by stones—which gives an approach to the face provided an added deterrent. The first ascent was eventually made in 1952 by a French party who used a great deal of ironmongery and spent a total of six nights in bivouacs before reaching the summit. Two years later a British party made the ascent in two days.

Eric Rayson and I decided that as this was essentially a rock climb it would be more suitable for us to attempt than the snow and ice routes in the Chamonix district, and mid-July 1959 saw us duly settled at the Montenvers awaiting some suitable weather. The forecast on 12th July seemed favourable so, after an enormous meal, we fought our way through throngs of French tourists at the station and descended to the Mer de Glace. After crossing this we plodded up the seemingly endless banks of moraine to reach our bivouac site on a rognon directly opposite the snout of the Dru couloir. It was now late evening but the couloir was still remarkably active. The crashes of falling stones reminded us forcefully of the gauntlet we should have to run on the following day so, in spite of a large supply of newspaper bedding, sleep came slowly.

At 4.30 a.m. we were up and preparing a quick meal of soup and coffee. During this time it had become light, so without more ado we shouldered our large sacks and plodded across the glacier, casting an occasional awed glance at the vast face which seemed to end in a mass of overhangs 2,000 feet above. After crossing the rimaye we started up the outlet from the couloir, a steep chimney which we ascended with great alacrity, thanks to the inducements of a cascade of icy water and the probability of a stonefall. The snow level in the couloir proved to be exceptionally low which meant that we could climb on easy slabs out of reach of any falling rock. We made good time, running out the full length of our 150-foot rope and finding numerous pitons for belays, until we eventually came to a bottleneck caused by the converging walls of the gully.

At this point it is necessary to cross over in order to reach the lower ledges of the west face, and with the knowledge that two Swiss climbers had been killed here a fortnight earlier we made the traverse apprehensively but extremely quickly. On this occasion the Fates seemed to be with us, for it was not until two hours later that the daily cannonade began. The route now led to the left up a series of ledges to reach the centre of the face. In the winter of 1950 a huge slab fell from the wall above this section and the area was still a mass of rock debris. For two hours we followed the ledges until we were halted by a steep spur which jutted out from the surrounding rock, providing a line of attack and a beginning to the serious climbing.

We paused here for a while to sort our equipment and gaze at the glacier far below. Down at the Montenvers we were just able to make out the first train of the day crawling up the steep incline with its load of tourists who would no doubt be taking snapshots of the Dru at this moment. We soon turned our backs on the view to begin the next pitch, for on a serious alpine route one is always impelled by an urge for speed. After a series of cracks and walls we came to a chimney capped by two small overhangs. With the aid of *étriers* Eric made short work of this and soon a call from above signalled me to follow. Above the overhangs I found him belayed to a piton on a minute stance below an ominous-looking chimney split at its base by a large flake. This was the *Fissure Vignes*, recognized as one of the critical pitches of the route. We did not find the difficulties extreme, but there were very few piton cracks so that the protection was poor. This lack of protection appears to account for the pitch being included in the sixth grade. For a further 300 feet the angle of the rock remained almost vertical but pitons at regular intervals reduced the difficulties considerably. At the end of this section a roof overhang seemed to bar all progress, but a short pitch of mechanized climbing, ending in a strenuous pull-up, brought us onto a small ledge where we were able to rest.

The route was now clearly marked by a huge wooden wedge in a crack on our right. We climbed the crack; then a traverse brought us to the foot of the most impressive pitch we had so far met. A sheer wall, broken only by a crack about two inches wide, led to a bulge 100 feet higher. On the first ascent this

pitch, the Forty Metre Crack, had proved a difficult obstacle; but now, liberally jammed with wedges and pitons, it looked quite reasonable. The first few feet of climbing showed that this was not the case, for the wedges had been softened by the weather, and it was only by inserting pitons between wedge and rock that I could achieve any degree of security. Climbing under these conditions was both harrowing and strenuous and after 130 feet I was relieved to reach a broad ledge on which to rest my cramped limbs. Here we decided to bivouac, for although it was barely 5 p.m. clouds had gathered around the mountain and we thought a rapid retreat might be called for on the morrow.

Our fears proved groundless for, after an uneventful night, the dawn broke clear and cold. We could now see that we were at the foot of the 200-foot monolith which is clearly visible from the Monteners. The route continued up the couloir behind the right-hand side of the block, starting with two pitches of vertical climbing and several mechanized moves which quickly dissipated the chill of the bivouac. The top half of the gully was thickly encrusted in ice, and Eric, who was leading at the time, had to resort to step-cutting with his piton hammer while I crouched under a hail of ice chips in a state of abject misery.

The next obstacle was a capstone at the top of the couloir. It formed a roof overhang which had to be climbed on wedges and pitons. After some gyrating in *étriers* I was successful; and a final heave over the lip of the overhang deposited me on a delicate slab, the move being made more difficult by the drag of the doubled rope. The effort was well worth while for it brought us out onto a large platform bathed in the morning sunshine. From the platform a corner formed by two walls 300 feet in height swept up vertically to fade away in a series of impossible overhangs. It was immediately recognizable as the Great Dièdre which had taken the first party eight hours to ascend, but as it had since been well stocked with wedges and pitons we expected no great difficulties.

The corner began with a strenuous crack behind a flake, but after 30 feet the climbing became completely mechanized; the wedges in this case were all solidly planted. I belayed at 150 feet to two pitons, my stance consisting of a small hold and an *étrier* rung. Hauling the sacks up presented no worries as they hung conveniently several feet from the dièdre walls.

When Eric joined me a short battle for position took place; then he was past and continuing up the fantastic ladder. Near the top of the dièdre the route followed a thin flake on decidedly doubtful pegs to arrive at an easy-angled slab directly below the overhangs we had already seen.

Again we seemed to have reached a dead end. On the left was a vertical holdless wall and above nothing but overhangs. This time, however, the solution proved to be a descent. The crack which had led us out of the dièdre continued to the right, and at its end we found a piton from which two ropes snaked diagonally down to the right across a bulging slab. Being nylon, they appeared to have survived the weather, but, to make certain, Eric tested them with his weight while I stood at the ready. They seemed reliable, so Eric clipped himself to them and was soon out of sight behind the bulge. Minutes later we were reunited on a ledge which the guide-book recommended as a bivouac, and here we stayed long enough to devour some glucose tablets and take stock of the weather.

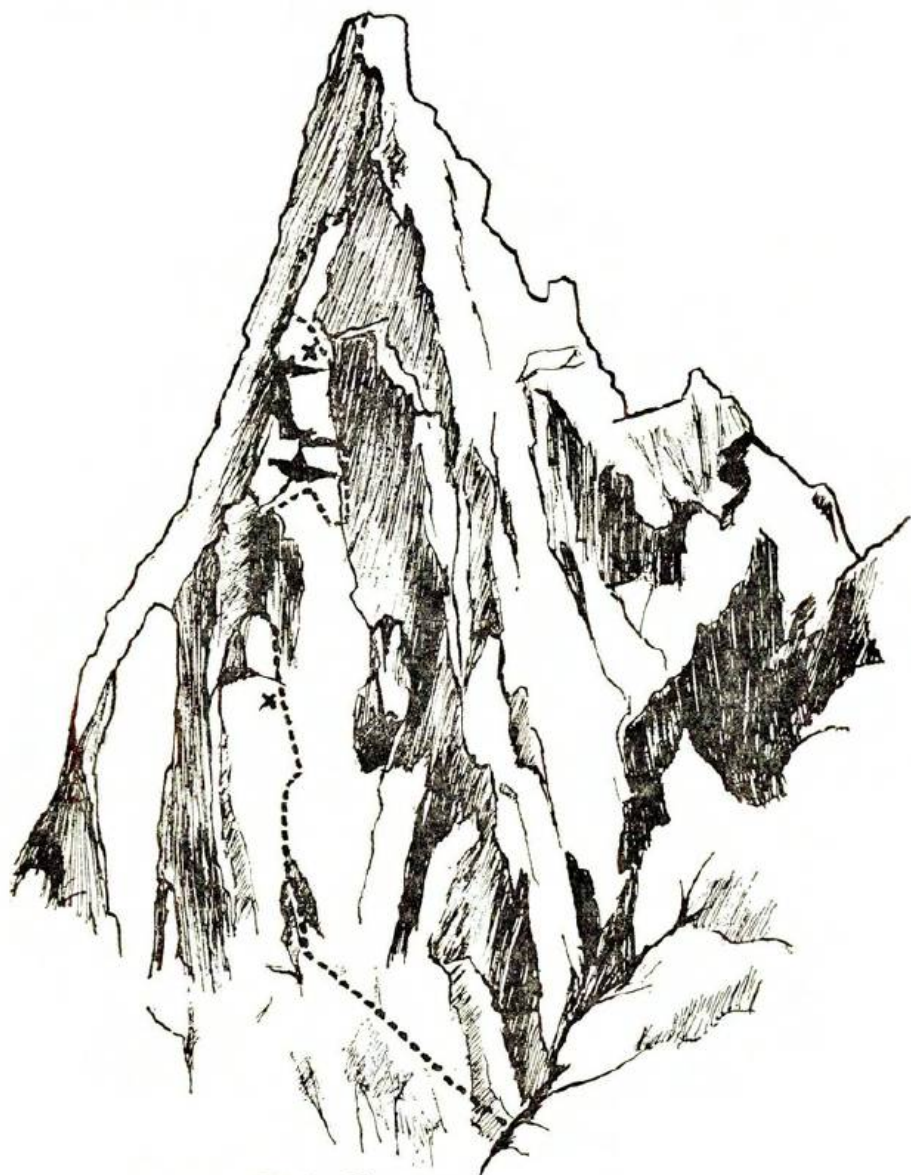
For the last few hours it had steadily worsened and we now knew that a storm was imminent. As we were no more than 800 feet from the junction with the easier ground of the north face we decided to press on while the rock remained dry. Replacing our sacks, we moved to the right again until we were directly below the upper couloir which begins above the overhangs. Two loose Grade 6 chimneys followed without incident, bringing us to a straightforward corner which broke through the line of overhangs. Once in the upper couloir we moved rapidly up pleasant rough slabs while the sky around us grew darker and hailstones began to fall. As Eric was leading up a particularly awkward pitch on loose rock the storm broke. Lightning flashed around us while the electrically charged atmosphere made our scalps and hands tingle. Rain fell in deluges, to be replaced, after we were thoroughly soaked, by snow which soon made the holds slippery and treacherous. There was no shelter available so our only choice was to keep going in the hope of reaching a bivouac on the north face before dark. Finally, in a narrow chimney, we came across a small scoop, sufficient to accommodate us, which was sheltered from both wind and snow. After a brew of coffee and a little food to cheer our drooping spirits we checked our watch.

It was 6 p.m.! 10 hours to wait in wet clothes before we could hope to move off, always assuming the weather improved. Shortly before midnight the cloud cleared, enabling us to signal by torch to our friends at the Montenvers. The next few hours dragged on until the stars faded and another day was upon us. We crawled from our plastic bag and prepared a breakfast of hot soup. The air was extremely cold, but uncertainty about the weather made us eager to be off. One step from the cave brought me back to severe rock which, although not iced, was wet and cold. I gladly clipped my rope to three pitons as I passed them and when, after 40 feet, I came to the dangling end of a flexible aluminium ladder I did not stop to wonder but grasped it gratefully and climbed up it. The top of this brought me abruptly to a platform on the edge of the north face. Our satisfaction was short-lived for, when Eric led through to reach the north face proper, he met with vastly different conditions.

The rock was covered by a 3-inch layer of fresh snow and beneath this many of the holds were iced. Progress was slow. The snow had to be cleared from every handhold where the rock was steep, and where the angle lessened it was often necessary to cut ice steps. After six hours of gruelling climbing we reached the summit, which was in sunshine; but on our arrival the sun was promptly swamped by banks of cloud and snow began to fall.

However, we were able to catch a glimpse of the Charpoua Hut, which was our next destination, 3,000 feet below us. Between it and our present position was a long descent involving numerous rappels. Spurred on by thoughts of a comfortable bed, and the alternative of another bivouac, we managed to reach the hut before nightfall, only to find it crowded to capacity. The occupants were a team of climbers engaged in filming so we had no difficulty in obtaining refreshment, but blankets were rather scarce. Eventually we procured one each and slept solidly throughout the night.

On our return to the Montenvers the following day our gaze was once again drawn to the precipitous wall of the West Face, looking every bit as aloof and mysterious as it had done four days earlier. With this sight came the certainty in our minds that, though a climber may make his conquest on a mountain, the mountain itself remains unvanquished.



THE ROUTE.

X ... BIVOYACS

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMALN

Paul Ross

Castle Rock of Triermaln perhaps holds a greater number of top grade Very Severs than any other crag in the Lake District. This may be due not only to its steepness, but to the three minutes' walk one has to accomplish before the crag is reached! Although so near the road, it seems to have escaped the eye of the tourist; only the forestry workers in the plantations below are seen to shake and scratch their heads.

My first encounter with Castle Rock was in 1954. It was then to me a crag of mystery; this applied to most people owing to the lack of a guide-book for this area. Overhanging Bastion was the one climb of which I had heard and this was then only mentioned with bated breath. With the aid of a rather scrappy description we started up this route, once called the 'Everest of the Lake District.' Although its standard of difficulty was below our expectations I found it one of the most exhilarating climbs I have done.

After this, Castle Rock became one of my favourite crags although, as I will later mention, it sometimes tried hard to change my mind. During the rest of that year and part of the next I made several visits to the crag, in that time ascending Zigzag, which is of much the same standard as Overhanging Bastion but without the fine situations; Harlot Face, a hard route always with tricks up its sleeve; Triermaln Eliminate (two ascents): this climb, when done quickly and boldly, gave me less trouble than my first introduction to North Crag Eliminate's exposed corner. Here, at least ten cigarettes were required before the crux was overcome.

About a year after my first visit, Peter Greenwood and I decided to look for a new route on the Rock. The sun was very hot; too hot really, but, after the usual sunbath and leisurely smoke, we managed to reach the foot of what was possibly a new line just to the right of May Day Cracks.

Peter set off on the first pitch. Soon ivy, dust and stones were flying in all directions, and he arrived on a ledge some 50 feet above looking very black and dishevelled. After helping him remove dust from his eyes, it being my turn to lead, I began to try to make upward progress.

Along the ledge to the right was a vertical cone of light-coloured rock which at first looked feasible, but on further inspection I found it highly improbable. (In fact, this cone of rock did yield 4 years later and became the crux pitch of

possibly the most difficult climb on the crag). I then traversed left to a narrow, steep arête. To move onto this arête an awkward one-handed swing had to be made, luckily on quite a good jug. It was now Peter's turn to suffer a few flying objects, and grass sods and chunks of moss soon brought curses from below. Finally I reached a perfect ledge, but with no natural belay, so a piton had to be used.

Above us was a frightening-looking bulge, and above that extremely steep rock. Peter climbed a few feet up the right wall and, after almost exhausting himself, planted a peg half-way up the bulge. I offered to have a go and, unfortunately, he agreed. With the aid of the piton, and after much struggling, I managed to pull over this obstacle. Going quickly a few feet to the left, I made one upward move and, not to my surprise, found the crux of the climb. The next two or three moves were of the 'up or off' variety, mainly due to my rubbers on the rounded and very lichenous holds. With great relief I reached a belay. Peter followed and, after the bulge, said he had used enough energy for one day, so a quick pull soon got him over the worst. Then we set off in search of cigarettes as on such climbs these tubular tranquilizers soon diminish. The route we named Thirlmere Eliminate.

Later that year Peter and I again had a look at the light-coloured cone, but, after climbing a first pitch, we once more retreated frustrated as it was obviously the best line left on the crag. It was not until 1959 that I decided to make another attempt. By this time two more new climbs had appeared: Greenwood's Angels' Highway, an exacting route up what looked like an impossible edge; and Geoff. Oliver's Agony which takes a direct line up the crag to the left of Zigzag.

Bill Aughton and I had just spent a disappointing Saturday on Scafell's East Buttress, being unable to force two unclimbed overhanging grooves with every device we knew. I suggested to Bill that we might have a try at the light-coloured cone on Castle Rock, but warned him of yet another possible failure. The following day, armed to the teeth, once more we set off on the first pitch.

Although its standard was high, it was quickly overcome due to my past knowledge of this particular crack with its awkward overhang. We were now below the unscaled cone

whose upper section appeared particularly savage. I started up its left-hand side which here formed a small corner. The first 25 feet went fairly easily, then everything started to bulge. Swinging onto the right-hand edge, I reached a spike for a sling, and by standing in this a few more feet were gained, Progress seemed impossible now as far as free climbing was concerned.

Up to the left I noticed another slight projection, but it was not until after much strenuous swinging and chipping that this became suitable for a single line sling. Transferring myself to this sling—my perch for the next hour—was no mean feat as it needed very little encouragement to roll off. Eventually I managed to jam a piton into a wide crack to steady myself and started to hammer at a knife edge up to the right, trying to find a weakness to make some sort of spike on which to hang yet another sling. After a great deal of banging a chunk flew off, just missing Bill, but leaving a beautiful sharp spike. I now lifted the jammed piton (which was no longer necessary), out of the crack and, using a stiff sling, managed to hook it over the spike and transfer myself; I then felt a lot safer. About 5 feet above this I succeeded in knocking in what looked like a secure piton.

Bill had been on his belay for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours and was feeling very cold and stiff and probably thinking of his previous day's long, unfruitful wait. The problem now was a smooth vertical groove which, after everything had been tried, did not yield an inch. I looked to the left which seemed the only way out. Here was a slightly overhanging wall which, after 8 feet, would bring me into a mossy-looking groove. I decided on my plan of attack and asked Bill to tension me out from the piton and across the wall.

Once again I started to chip; this time I had to be extremely careful as only in one place, towards the middle of the wall, did there appear to be anything that could be made into a hold for a sling. When I had finished, there were three minute projections within the space of an inch, the largest being about half the size of a thumb nail.

A very delicate operation was necessary to move into this sling and, once there, I realized, after both the smaller projections had broken with loud twangs, that this was not a very healthy situation. I quickly swung into the mossy groove

and, after two very trying moves, reached the ledge of the second pitch of Thirlmere Eliminate.

With all the slings now in place (except, of course, the last one which, not surprisingly, had fallen off) Bill soon followed. The last section gave him his share of worries as he had to tension out on his own and twice the sling blew off in the slight breeze. His worst moment came when he fell out of the groove without, fortunately, suffering any ill effects.

The last pitch, which makes an ascending traverse from the right-hand end of the ledge, proved to be enjoyable. It was not as difficult as the first two pitches, but gave very fine exposed situations on which to ponder. We named the climb Rigor Mortis, as we thought it a rather stiff problem.

The Gossard is sometimes considered actually to girdle the crag. We found it very disappointing. Apart from the first pitch it seemed nothing more or less than a fight with undergrowth, traversing a few feet below the actual top of the crag. For some time we had been thinking of a new girdle and, although we knew of a definite route, it contained quite a lot of sustained difficulty, which made us think a little longer.

In July 1960 Geoff. Oliver and I set off to see how far we could get and, much to our surprise, we finished the new girdle in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, taking in what we considered the best pitches of the crag.

The finest pitches of the girdle were: the first pitch of Angels' Highway, this being the start; the reversed last pitch of Rigor Mortis from where it joins Harlot Face (the crux of the climb); the gangway pitch of Overhanging Bastion; the descent of pitch 6 of Barbican; and the finish up the fine 80-foot last pitch of North Crag Eliminate. Although very little unclimbed rock was found, this was a girdle more befitting Castle Rock; thus we named it Eliminate Girdle.

That same day, our appetite now whetted, we ascended yet another new route, this time to the right of Angels' Highway. It consisted of one pitch (130 feet) and, due to the long run out, the rope drag round bulges and through runners was exhausting towards the summit, so we named the climb Drag.

A few months earlier I had tried this line with Frank Carrol, the attempt turning into a rather amusing incident. About 30 feet up was a difficult and awkward overhang. Just before reaching this, in the groove below, I had placed a piton for

protection. In negotiating the overhang I reached for an obvious handhold that was not! The only means of staying on, but this was not for very long, was by using the friction of my forearm on a very sloping shelf of rock, whilst frantically searching for a hold with my other hand. At last my arm slipped off.

Alerting Frank, who was meanwhile examining a strange type of beetle, I lunged to the right, grabbed a sapling that snapped, then carried on through a number of thorn bushes, until finally my fall was arrested from the runner. As soon as Frank saw me stop, he started hopping around wildly, holding his knee-cap which had come into contact with the rock as I fell; this, at least, had killed all interest in the beetle. We then retreated and climbed *May Day Cracks*.

On several occasions rather amusing yet, at the time, alarming, spectacular falls have occurred on the crag; but there have been no fatal accidents. Once when I was climbing second on the *South Crag's Scoop and Crack* route, the leader (a member of the Club who shall remain anonymous) fell feet first onto the back of my neck, tipping me upside down on the ledge. His continued downward plunge I luckily stopped 6 feet short of the ground.

Another episode took place on *North Crag Eliminate* when my second came unstuck on the crux, which is probably the most exposed section of *Castle Rock*. Because of the overhanging nature of the rock he remained suspended in space for some time, amusing a large crowd of onlookers with the energetic acrobatics involved in his attempts to get back on the crag.

Thirlmere Eliminate has also witnessed a few flying objects. Looking down this route one day, watching an attempt being made, to our horror we saw the leader do what looked like a back flip off the crux and land some 40 feet below on the belay ledge. He picked himself up and was obviously quite unperturbed by the whole affair, but several other parties who observed this spectacle were completely shaken and discouraged from climbing that day, one party even abseiling off.

Although *Castle Rock* offers little further scope for new ascents, I am sure in the future it will maintain its reputation as a first-class climbing ground.

THE BRENTA DOLOMITES

John A. Hartley

The Brenta group, being isolated to the west of the main Dolomite region by the valley of the Adige, does not attract the crowds that are drawn by the well-known resorts and peaks farther east. This adds to its charm, and Rodney Brown and I were delighted to find, in the summer of 1960, that it provides some excellent climbing. We approached the group by bus from Trento to Madonna di Campiglio and went on to establish our base at the Brentei Hut. In addition to being in a good strategical position, this hut has the great advantage that Signora Detassis, the wife of the warden, Bruno Detassis (a well-known guide who has made a number of first ascents in the district), speaks fluent English.

The famous Campanile Basso was the last important peak to be climbed in the Dolomites and there is quite a history attached to its first ascent. Naturally enough a route on the Campanile was high on our list, and after a couple of training climbs the first favourable morning found us at the foot of the Via Fehrmann, a climb, according to the guide-book, of Grade 4 with a pitch of Grade 5. The morning remained fine and soon we were up the first few pitches which, like the many more to follow, were more difficult than we had expected. The route continued up a dièdre, overhanging at its base, then traversed out from under some yellow roofs onto the wall on the right. Another short pitch brought us to the crux crack: a simple layback move, well protected by a piton, followed by a few jams, and the ledge at the top was gained—certainly not one of the hardest pitches. A traverse leftwards above the overhangs brought us to the chimney which is followed to the shoulder below the final tower of the Campanile.

It sounds easy—follow the final chimney; but the chimney is 400 feet long and contains some good climbing of a consistently mild V.S. standard. Once on the shoulder it had been our intention to climb to the summit by the ordinary route, but now the mountain was enveloped in cloud and there was a distant rumbling from the direction of the Presanella. Apprehensive of an electrical storm, we descended the ordinary route by long abseils, finishing over the 'celebrated and feared' Pooli Wall* which brought us to the Sentiero delle Bochette, a most spectacular path traversing

* 'La celebre e temuta parete Pooli'—*Dolomiti di Brenta* (p. 252), by E. Castiglioni, 1949.

under the Campanile by which we gained the track running down to the hut.

More climbs followed: the west face of the Torre di Brenta, the Fessura Detassis, a Grade 5 vertical crack running up the south face of the Cima Margherita, and then the north ridge of the Crozzon di Brenta. The Crozzon dominates the scene in the Brenta and its 3,300-foot north ridge provides one of the most popular climbs in the group. The route is only Grade 4, but, because of its length and, just as important, the long descent over the Cima Tosa, a party has to be able to move quickly.

The first few pitches provided some interesting climbing which, unfortunately, degenerated into scrambling up to the second step in the ridge. There is a variety of ways up the third step; the most satisfying is to traverse onto the east wall to avoid the obstacle by some gloriously exposed climbing. We were acquainted with the route up to this point from a previous attempt which had been abandoned because of bad weather, so it was here that the rope came out of the sack for the first time to give its added safety and moral support. The morning sun dried the rock and warmed our fingers: there could not have been a better place in the world. Our delight in being in the sun unfortunately led us away from the correct route. Instead of moving back over the crest of the ridge, out of the sun, we followed a terrace to the foot of a chimney which does lead up to the key section of the climb. There were traces of previous parties and one or two pegs, but the chimney steepened and became wet so that we were forced onto the left wall in an attempt to bypass a large dripping overhang. The pegs had stopped. It needed little imagination to see why. However, by climbing a little higher, it was possible to thread a sling through a solution hole to safeguard a short but trying traverse to easier climbing above the overhang. From the foot of the great overhanging wall which, from below, seemed to bar all further progress, a long sinuous chimney was clearly visible; so was the easy ridge we should have followed instead of wasting time on our little 'variation.'

Four pitches of superb climbing followed. The chimney was deep and often the stances were at the back, whilst the leader bridged his way upwards on the outside, outlined against the sky and the snow-capped mountains of Austria.

Soon the angle eased and we were scrambling up the ridge crossing various 'summits' before coming to the real one with the little bivouac hut near by. Making use of the local amenities, we dined in the hut which was covered with aluminium sheeting and anchored by cables to the surrounding rock. It was peaceful inside, but there was no time for loitering if we were to return to the Brentei Hut the same day. After entering up the hut log-book, we crawled out into the tearing wind to traverse the ridge which leads to the Cima Tosa. In one gap the conditions were treacherous as the previous day's wet snow plastered a short north-facing wall which had to be climbed. This was the most dangerous pitch of the whole climb, but once we were up it the way was clear over the Cima Tosa and down the well-trodden *via commune* to the Tosa Hut where we joined the main track over the Bocca di Brenta and so to the Brentei Hut.

A day lounging in the sun, another delightful climb on the Campanile Basso (the Preuss Wall) and we were ready for another long route. The north-east flank of the Cima Tosa rises from the upper part of the valley in a huge wall 2,600 feet high. At its foot are vast debris cones and hard névé deep enough to produce a respectable bergschrund; and at the top is the mountain's permanent cap of snow. There are two routes, one which zigzags up the face, using a rising terrace on the upper section, and the Direct Route pioneered by Bruno Detassis and E. Castiglioni in 1933. Bruno told us that the latter, besides following an almost straight line, avoids most of the dangers from the falls of rocks and ice which prevail on the wall in the latter part of the day. He also told us that the climb had been repeated only once. Delighted by this news, we reassembled our equipment and prepared for a possible night out.

The bergschrund was easy to cross and we were soon in the first overhanging chimney where, in the initial 20 feet, I all but fell off when a large block gave way. A succession of chimneys followed, steep and scoured smooth by water armed with small stones and grit which also lodged in all the available nicks and crannies. Several hard pitches were mentioned in the guide-book: here was one of them, an insecure, wet, overhanging wall below another line of chimneys. The best way seemed to be to traverse onto it from the left

and then gain the top of a small pillar which leaned against it just below the overhang. From the pillar another traverse looked possible to some holds on the left which had the virtue of appearing safe; but first a little protection was desirable. A piton was hammered into a suitable horizontal crack between some large blocks underneath the roof, then a few delicate moves led to safe rock. When Rodney came up he gave the piton a few taps; but, being of an ingenious nature, saved himself further effort by inserting the pick of his hammer into a wider part of the crack and then, by applying a little leverage, neatly withdrew the peg between finger and thumb!

Small particles of ice began to tinkle down the chimney; sometimes there was the roar of a falling rock. The weather remained fine and as the sun moved round we climbed in a deepening shadow. Below, long lines of people, looking smaller than ants, moved up and down the track to the Bocca di Brenta, whilst on the Campanili opposite a few brightly coloured dots slowly ascended some yellow wall or needle. Our view ahead, however, was restricted to the two overhanging side walls and the narrow chimney they contained. One of the characteristics of the route seemed to be a gully or chimney, broken by an overhang, then followed by another chimney or couloir. Above us was the next overhang, bigger than any so far encountered, with a waterfall pouring over its lip. I climbed up to and through the waterfall and belayed in the shelter of a small cave. It was now Rodney's turn to get wet and he raced up, then found a way round the rib on our left to gain another chimney which had been barred by overhangs lower down but which now afforded a simple exit onto the short easy section two thirds of the way up the face.

An old rusty sardine tin showed that we were not the only ones to have snatched a bite on the terrace, but we had to press on; there was still plenty of the mountain left to climb, and it was looking distinctly repellent with the backs of the chimneys covered in green ice.

A short caving expedition behind some huge chockstones led to the chimney which ended at the small col separating the Torre Gilberti from the main mass of the Cima Tosa. The ice bulged and hung in huge icicles from the several small

overhangs so that we were forced onto the side walls of the chimney. There were some steep pitches, and one layback crack was memorable for almost causing the leader's fingers to uncurl. By now we were taking it in turns to relieve the finger strain by giving number two rather more than moral support from the rope. Once at the col, we left the rope and sacks to solo along an easy ridge to the Torre Gilberti, carrying only the waterproof metal route box which Bruno Detassis had asked us to leave on the top. A small tin was already there and on opening it we found a card bearing the names of Bruno's two brothers who had made the second ascent. We put the card into the new tin and built it into the cairn.

Ice and rock, loosened by the afternoon sun, were crashing down the couloir on our left. No doubt the chimneys above the terrace would be receiving a heavier fire now; we were thankful to be clear of them. The summit snows were in sight, but the afternoon was well advanced and the final chimney was heavily iced; the back was a green ribbon and the walls covered in verglas. Rodney was soon up the first pitch, about Severe standard, but from then on most of the holds had to be cleared of ice. This took time, and 11 hours after crossing the bergschrund we crouched in a little niche to coil the rope before walking across the wet snow, pink now in the setting sun, to the summit of the Cima Tosa whence we ran down the *via commune* to reach the Bocca di Brenta by nightfall.

On the north ridge of the Crozzon, but more particularly on this route on the Cima Tosa, there was a feeling of mountaineering, not of just being on a rock climb. There were no steep ice slopes to cross or snow couloirs to climb, but the length of the routes and the icy conditions of the rock, together with the long descent, made them certainly more akin to a climb in the western Alps than possibly any other in the Dolomites, with the exception of the Marmolada.

MOUNTAINS AND MINARETS

M. V. McKenzie and M. Rowe

The grey-painted Dakota bearing a blue crescent and star on its tailplane gained height and we were soon crossing the Kyrenia Mountains, leaving behind the troubled island of Cyprus. Ahead lay the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the plains of Cilicia, and the Taurus Mountains on the horizon. In our party of three were Mick Rowe and Mick McKenzie, companions of many Lakeland ventures, and a non-climber, Pat Hollington.

The main Taurus massif extends like a huge sickle across southern Anatolia, the blade being formed by the mountains of the Mediterranean seaboard and the handle by the chain of stately limestone peaks running north-eastwards. The major peaks are all contained in three mountain complexes—the Bolkar Dagh, Toros Dagh and Ala Dagh—where peaks of 12 and 13,000 feet are found. Where the three complexes converge, north of the great plain of Sehan, there is a gigantic natural rift which provides access from the heavily populated plains to the plateau of central Anatolia. This rift is known as the Cilician Gates. Through these 'gates,' both to north and south, invading armies have passed, each leaving its mark of blood and pillage on the pages of history. Alexander the Great rested here while marching his Hellenic armies to conquests in Persia and India. Indeed, it is said that Alexander almost lost his life when, after bathing in the ice-cold waters of the Chakit Su, he fell ill with pneumonia in the shadow of the 'gates.'

Today a road of sensational hairpins climbs through the 'gates' to the mountain village of Pozanti-Khan, our destination, and onto the plateau. A railway also climbs through the rift by way of mile upon mile of tunnels and balconies hewn in the rock walls below the lip of the chasm. It takes two—sometimes three—heavy wood-burning locomotives to drag the Taurus Express to the high plateau.

Pozanti is a village with a great deal of charm. Its position on the north-south communications route has brought to it a degree of prosperity lacked by its immediate neighbours; the metalled road is tree-lined and in the shade of the tall eucalyptuses stand wooden stores, coffee shops, a small hotel and a police post. The village stands at the foot of Ak Dagh (the White Mountain), a peak of Dolomite appearance, appropriately named because of its almost white limestone

cliffs. It is the western buttress of the Ala Dagh range and, at about 9,000 feet, the highest mountain in the district.

After looking in at the hotel we Englishmen went out in the midday sun and walked down the valley along the banks of the Chakit Su. As we returned to the village we encountered a huge 'mad dog' whose ferocious manner gave the impression that he wanted one of us to supplement his dinner. Fortunately, reinforcements arrived in the form of a cloth-hatted, baggy-trousered, barefooted character wielding a large stone with which our canine foe was struck in the midriff and forced to retreat.

Our new friend invited us to a near-by nomad camp where we were treated to goat's milk and flap bread. Beyond the tents was a large herd of black goats; and several haughty-looking horses were tethered beside a clump of trees. Three vicious relations of our late foe (like him, guardians of the goats) glared at us from the tent area. Mick Rowe, our interpreter, learned that these people graze their herds in summer on the Anatolian plateau and were at present on their way through the 'gates' to their winter quarters on the plains of Cilicia.

Owing to the strict security measures taken by the Turkish authorities, we had been unable to obtain a decent map of the district so we decided to spend the following day trying to get a clear picture of the features of Ak Dagh. We left early in the morning and climbed into the scrub-covered foothills, looking for a vantage point from which to view the entire west face of the mountain. By noon we reached the summit of a rocky promontory giving access to a high open plateau. To the east the serrated lines of Ak Dagh stood out boldly against the sky. About an hour later the sun was directly over the valley, and the contrasts of light and shade thus created on the west wall gave us the chance of picking out the more pronounced features and the relative steepness of various points on the face. Shadows showed the wall to be broken and scarred by numerous chimneys and small gullies in its lower part, but towards the top the absence of shadow indicated that this would be the most difficult section. Content with the results of our survey we returned to Pozanti to make preparations for the following day.

We were up at dawn and were greeted by Mustafa, the landlord's son, who was of the opinion that it was going to be

chok sijak—very hot. It was indeed—certainly not a day suited to strenuous effort. We forded the Chakit Su about a mile south of the village and began the steep ascent of the gully leading to the foot of the wall where we arrived feeling hot, sticky and thirsty. It was 11 a.m. so we found a shaded corner and ate some fresh bread and goat's milk cheese. The wall at this point had a most formidable appearance, very steep and unbroken, so we contoured left across the base looking for a fault which might provide a means of progress. A deep chimney seemed to offer some reasonable climbing, so we roped up and ascended it without much difficulty for about 200 feet until we reached a ledge below a steep wall. We viewed this and its overhangs and were soon climbing back to the foot of the chimney where we arrived about 2 p.m., which was quite late as the sun sets early in the Middle East.

Farther along, the wall angled slightly into a series of steep slabs leading into a broad recess in the side of the buttress. This seemed more feasible. After covering the first 300 feet or so quite quickly, we halted at the foot of a holdless groove. McKenzie climbed the groove by bridging to a point where it was capped by a large block which seemed precariously balanced. In this exposed situation, he decided to have a protection piton before venturing out onto the wall on the right. The piton sank into a crack at the back of the groove without ringing, but was better than nothing. A jug handle on the wall gave the confidence to move out, but unfortunately it was the only one. It was necessary to change hands on the hold, and then a mantelshelf move could be made with the help of a small fingerhold in a crack above. A gentle hold of the loose block then enabled him to straighten himself out of the crouching position. Rowe, who was stationed directly beneath the block, voiced his disapproval. Twenty feet of easier climbing then brought the leader to a large ledge and a good belay.

Rowe climbed quickly up the groove and began to hammer the piton which, although it appeared loose, refused to leave the crack. He reached the ledge without much trouble and carried on in the lead. A few rope-lengths of easy climbing brought us to the crest of a ridge. It was now late in the afternoon; so, reluctantly, we decided to call it a day, but not until we had explored our route a stage farther. We followed the ridge upwards for a single pitch of some 60 feet and were

then halted by a fearsome bulge. It had such an air of finality that we did not stand upon the order of our going, but went at once, abseiling quickly down the slabs, halting only to prise loose our piece of hardware. We reached the valley as night closed in.

A day or two later when wandering in the northern part of the valley, we spotted a hitherto hidden feature of the wall, a great gully which split the band of cliffs and gave access to the easier ground above. Our enthusiasm was again roused and we decided to visit the gully the next day.

We set off early in order to gain plenty of height before the midday heat. The walk through the gorse and tangled undergrowth of the foothills was disturbing as we encountered a number of light brown asps. About noon we arrived at the foot of the gully. It looked very impressive: a deep cleft in the soaring walls of limestone. In the broad lower reaches its floor was a chaotic pile of blocks, and from cracks and crevices in the tumbled boulders sprouted sweet-smelling mint, bearing tiny blue flowers.

We rested awhile to eat and quench our thirst. A change in the weather was indicated by the wisps of black cloud which were trailing across the upper walls of the buttress, and in the distance the sky had become black and forbidding. We began to scramble over the boulders at the foot of the gully, and as we gained height a cold draught blew down. We hurriedly donned sweaters that had been discarded only 10 minutes before.

A few hundred feet of scrambling brought us to a divide. Directly above soared a tremendous spur of rock, and round each side went the branches of the gully. Patches of grey cloud surged across our field of vision, blotting out the valley below, and it began to rain heavily, so we took shelter under the overhanging spur. The downpour continued for a quarter of an hour, imprisoning us below the protective overhang. Time was getting on so, with a slackening of the rain, we started up the steep southern branch of the gully. A series of water-worn slabs led upwards for some 300 feet. They were greasy after the recent rain and caused us some difficulty. With the slabs behind us we were almost at the top of the gully, but a steep wall, polished by melting winter snows, barred the way. A route round this obstacle was provided by a hundred-foot crack in the flanking wall to the left. This was

climbed with little trouble and a short scramble brought us to the top of the buttress. It took us half an hour to cross broken ground and outcrops of rock and reach the summit of Ak Dag.

Before us the cliff fell precipitously into a vast corrie thousands of feet below and overlooking the gorge of the Chakit Su. On three sides of the amphitheatre rock walls rose sheer and unbroken, comparable to any we had seen in the Dolomites. Then the mists closed in and the scene was blotted out. It was well after 5 o'clock and we had to hurry in order to avoid being benighted as we were inadequately equipped for a bivouac. By the time we reached the bottom of the gully it was completely dark.

The lights of Pozanti were visible below and we stumbled towards them in the darkness. It began to rain heavily in gusts driven by the wind and there was an ominous rumble as a thunderstorm approached. We had the good fortune to come upon a woodcutter's track and progress became easier. A sudden brilliant streak of lightning seemed to explode in dazzling whiteness above our heads, followed by a prolonged crash of thunder. This thunderbolt from Zeus lent our tired legs the winged feet of Hermes. Suddenly the track opened into a clearing and our hurried descent was halted at a palisade of pine trunks surrounding a small village. The palisade was some eight feet high and the pine trunks were sharpened into vicious-looking points at the tops. Having read that in this part of Turkey there are tribes of Tartars who keep strictly to themselves except for occasional timber transactions and pay no allegiance to the government, but only to their own leaders, we assumed that this was one of their 'villages.'

As we stared through a gap in the fence, a woman of gipsy appearance came out of the hut nearest to us. The sudden sight of two bedraggled creatures, swathed in ropes, only a few yards away must have been quite a shock; she stood motionless for a few seconds and darted back into the hut. We fled in the opposite direction. We had gone about 50 yards when a man's voice from within the dripping pines halted our progress. Rowe said that we appeared to have been invited to come to the village to rest and eat, but we decided to press on, so Rowe, in his best Turkish, thanked the man and wished the blessings of Allah upon him. As we hurried on

towards the valley we could still hear the voice chanting from above. Another hour brought us to the Chakit Su. We waded across the river and then ambled along its banks to Pozanti.

We had hoped to proceed further with our exploration of the Ala Dagh range during the weeks to follow, but our stay in Pozanti was suddenly curtailed by the military authorities. Apparently they had been taking a keen interest in our excursions into the mountains. Matters came to a head when Pat Hollington was detained for having a camera in the restricted zone. He had hired a horse from one of the villagers and had ridden off to have a look at the Cilician Gates whilst we were climbing on Ak Dagh.

The following morning our host informed us that we must report to the military post in the village without delay. We had great difficulty in convincing the officer who interrogated us that we climbed mountains for 'sport' and were told we must leave Pozanti on the next train.

Our friends from the nomad camp must have heard that we were leaving for they all turned up to see us off bringing us fruit for the journey; and there was quite a session of hand-shaking before the train pulled away, taking us from the mountains of Anatolia to the minarets of Istanbul.

East is east and west is west. They meet at Istanbul. Since the forming of the Turkish Republic by Atatürk, efforts have been made to westernize the people; gone are the fez and veil, forbidden by law, but the skyline of minarets and domed mosques is that of the east.

We made our headquarters at Beyoğlu in an attic room of an hotel overlooking the Golden Horn. One of the glories of Istanbul which we visited is St. Sophia. This wonderful church, which was built in the time of the Emperor Justinian, is said to have taken 10,000 workmen and 100 master builders 16 years to construct. The magnificent cupola, which was damaged by an earthquake, was rebuilt in 557 A.D. and still stands. When the Ottoman Turks conquered Constantinople they turned many of the churches into mosques, and St. Sophia is now adorned by four minarets. Nearby is the Sultan Ahmed mosque, famous as the first mosque to be built outside Mecca with six minarets.

We had just one more look at the mountains of Anatolia, but this time it was only a brief view from the plane taking us back to Cyprus.

A REPRIEVE FOR WARNSCALE

D. N. Greenop

Warnscale Bottom. The name and its connotations are significant enough; so too are its verdant and unrelenting declivities, its unsound porphyry, gloom, and insidious wetness. All may be integral features of character and grandeur in a mountain setting; but all, unfortunately, are elements of warning, even deterrents, to exploring climbers. Thus, with dissuasive words from Botterill and Lyon as early as 1907 - 8, Warnscale's unsavoury reputation has remained—even increased—with the passage of time and its accompanying generations of critics, among them the authors of the *Buttermere Guides*. With an air of finality Peascod stated in 1949 that 'much of the rock around the head of Warnscale is loose and rotten and most unsuitable for climbing. Any excursions here may be paid for in sweat and tears.' In half a century its sole offering to the discerning climber was Stack Ghyll—held by our chroniclers to be a single white sheep in a flock of nasty black ones.

Continuing the sheep metaphor, it is difficult to explain why climbers in their explorations have concentrated on the 'black' to the exclusion of the 'white,' for 'white' there is in plenty: rock of a quality far more agreeable—in the opinion of this Sassenach—than Sron na Ciche gabbro. Yet, apart from what must have been a rather casual investigation of Fleetwith Gully in 1902, Green Crag and Haystacks—two real villains of the rock world—seem to have been the only crags in the combe that have received attention. Why the extensive rock wilderness forming the south-west flank of Fleetwith Pike was avoided by pioneers—even after Fleetwith Gully fell—is a mystery; more so because the great cleft provides a key to the location of Striddle Crag, Warnscale's most recent discovery.

The cliff is in siting reminiscent of the main cliff of Glyder Fach, by virtue of its position on a wild hillside where numerous satellite crags tend to camouflage its individuality; but from many places on the Dubs quarry track near the combe head it asserts itself and appears as a fine broad buttress (which it isn't) fortress-like and geologically massive in structure. Actually the crag is unusual in shape and complicated in configuration so a diagram is provided to help with the identification of the climbs. Fleetwith Gully is important

both as an easily definable landmark and as the most entertaining and direct approach to Striddle Crag, which is the large mass of continuous rock immediately to the left of the gully and beginning about a third of its height up. A prominent buttress extends north-west from the Chockstone Pitch as a broad flat face, cloven in the middle by a large cave-like opening—Pedagogue's Chimney—and topped by a series of short walls which increase in height to the left. Ending the climbing in this direction is a fine sweep of clean rock with a domed summit which appears to have been added as an after-thought to the left side of the Chimney bastion. Routes on the latter finish up the stepped walls; on the former at the top of the dome. Only the crag described in this article gave good climbing. A large flat buttress some 200 feet high above the main band of Striddle, a big amphitheatre on the left, and innumerable outcrops in the neighbourhood were found to be loose and unpleasant.

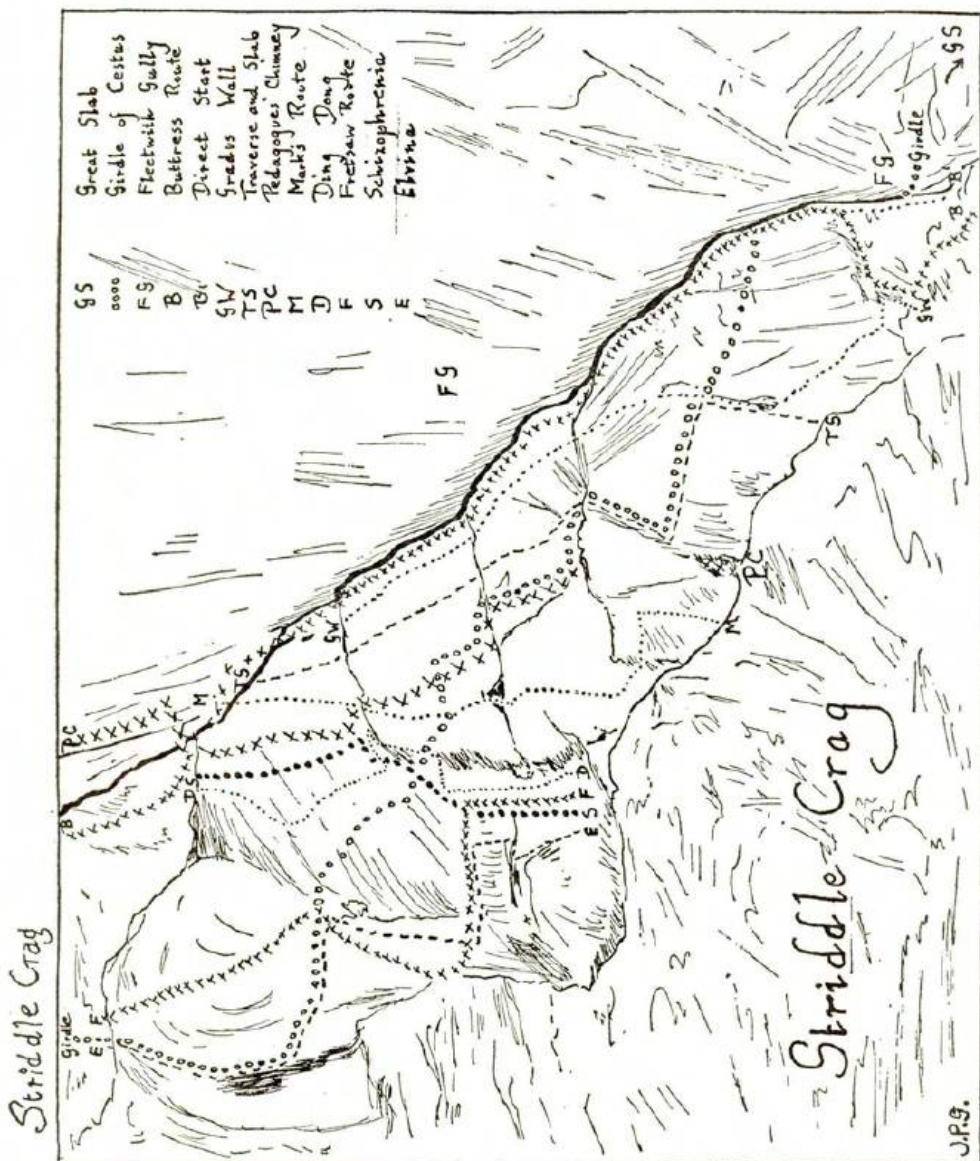
If the main Gatesgarth-Warnscale track is left shortly after it starts rising sharply from the Bottom, 15 minutes' steep walking up the rough western flank of Fleetwith leads to a wide, bouldered depression heralding a short chimney, the Gully's first pitch. Interesting scrambling and easy climbing follow until a grand water-chute pitch bars the way. In dry weather this is enjoyable and not difficult, but when wet it may prove rather unpleasant. An escape can then easily be effected on the left wall, after which easy scrambling over rock and heather brings within reach some large detached blocks just below the main crag. Those who prefer to remain in the gully soon arrive at the foot of the great Chockstone Pitch, where a short scramble left and a little descent bring one to the afore-mentioned blocks. On the right gully wall below the Chockstone Pitch a crack with a tree in it leads to a long sheet of slabs bearing the delectably blistered Great Slab Route.

The blocks on the other side of the gully mark the start of Striddle Crag Buttress, easily recognized by its clean outline, and notable as the longest route and first new climb on this cliff. Its length of 400 feet is, regrettably, rather contrived—especially in the final pitches. In the section overlooking the gully, a good situation is attained on the crest of the buttress and a nice step facilitates access to wonderfully rough and amenable slabs. A harder start to the climb, but one which

shortens it, lies up a steep groove at the toe of the main rib.

Sharing the Buttress start is Gradus Wall which takes its own line from the second pitch. The middle grooves above a holly tree are pleasing, but the finish is rather indeterminate. A better ascent is the Traverse and Slab which begins directly beneath the holly tree. Its long title pitch is a sheer joy, the daintiest move being a step onto the 40-foot slab above the traversing sequence. From this point it is possible to look back and appreciate an estimable cleft, the pride of Striddle and a phenomenon in its own right, Pedagogue's Chimney.

Transforming the 90-foot gully into a murky shaft is a huge wedge-shaped boulder which dovetails in the rift with remarkable symmetry. The ascent of the natural flue behind the block, together with the excellent open pitches above, provide a climb which is unique in the Buttermere district. As on all the Striddle routes, the rock is of the first quality: beautifully weathered, wholly sound and astonishingly clean. The first pitch does, admittedly, have a little vegetation, but this in no way interferes with the solving of the problem, an awkward chimney. Shortly after entering the half light at the foot of the second pitch, a poor stance and fine thread belay are discovered to the right of a bulge. There is only one possible objective from here: the small man-hole and daylight some 50 feet above; and the way to it is straight up the occasionally convex back of the stack. Whichever method of climbing is adopted, whether bridging or straight hauling, the going is strenuous and not very easy, particularly for a short man. Ending the speleological stretch is a comfortable well which is left by a hardish 30-foot wall at its left corner. (Rather harder, in the centre of the wall, is the fourth pitch of Traverse and Slab—almost within touching distance, yet lacking the spice of the pit that yawns below the corner route.) Easier, but still exhilarating, slabs follow, and the pretty movements required to surmount the next short wall give little practice for the strenuous final pitch—a fine 40-foot chimney-crack. Hidden at first, it lies on a wall which stands at right-angles to the strip of glacia crowning this part of the crag. A boulder face has to be crossed, and then a traverse right is made to the start of the crack. Despite the fact that this and at least three other pitches reach Severe standard, Pedagogue's Chimney remains a very safe climb because of its brief lead-outs (the second pitch has good runners available) and



generally capacious stances: all in all, the most varied and enchanting route on the cliff.

Mark's Route avoids the square-cut overhang to the left of the Chimney and wanders left up the steep slabs above, where real exposure and not a little difficulty are encountered. The hard pitch is of technical severity only and entails stepping up from a block onto a sloping shelf: a complication that is, unfortunately, avoidable by simply walking round a corner to the Chimney climb. The purist will abstain from such temptation and continue to a short crack, the logical last pitch. The broad ledge below the block pitch is, incidentally, important as a way off the crag and also to the Domed Wall section.

From the foot of the crag a hundred feet of rather difficult heathery scrambling to the left of Pedagogue's Chimney leads to a narrow bilberry ledge. This is followed for 20 feet or so to the base of the Domed Wall. A recessed chimney-corner on the right containing a stunted ash tree affords an easy link—either ascending or descending—with the broad ledge on Mark's Route, which in turn leads to more friendly ground and the top of the crag. As the left side of the Domed Wall is undercut by a prodigious cave all the routes begin near Ash Tree Corner.

Ding Dong is the easiest of these. Slightly overhanging at first, the initial slabby wall has a fascinating texture suggestive of the lower Pinnacle Face of Scafell. An impending nose (taken direct by Schizophrenia) is rounded by a steep groove on the right which leads via an even steeper crack to a ledge. The Domed Wall is gained again by descending a little and moving left to a slanting crevasse, one of the few faults in the face and a feasible course to the top. Schizophrenia, the hardest climb on the crag, involves a direct ascent to the crevasse and only relents by sharing Ding Dong's second stance. This cosy security is quitted in favour of an airy and delicate upward traverse on the left wall where one large hold exists in isolation: the rest is all pressure, balance and lots of space. Using a distinct traversing line below the wall's central overhang are Fretsaw and Elvina, but while Fretsaw concludes up grand rock above the overhang, Elvina veers left and finishes up the crag's terminal rib. This offers nice climbing to the top and is utilized as a finish to the Girdle of Cestus.

Like all girdles, the Striddle one (which, appropriately enough, was the last climb to be made on the crag) has its artificialities, but these are more than compensated for by many excellent problems: the first two pitches and the crossing of the Domed Wall in particular. The left wall of Fleetwith Gully's great Chockstone Pitch provides an appropriate opening, while the absence of suitable runners on the hundred-foot lead-out across the Domed Wall just above its central overhang makes this a sensational traverse for all members of the party, particularly as it trends downwards rather than upwards. Many last men will remember this pitch.

What about the shortcomings of the crag? The chief one is that although every line is continuous (in that there is no walking) some of the routes on the Buttress crag are escapable in their upper parts by the ledges which step the summit walls. Another disadvantage is that there is at present no easy descent from the crest of the crag. The best way down from the Buttress glacis appears to be the rough outcropped slope between Fleetwith Gully and the Great Slab, yet the quickest retreat (barring an aerial plunge of course!) is down Ash Tree Corner near the Domed Wall. This involves the awkward descent of the rocky and open terrain to the left of Pedagogue's Chimney; but from here, fortunately, there is no need to reverse Fleetwith Gully. Below the blocks of the Buttress route a steep bilberry and heather rake slants down, missing the outcrops, to the scree. Nevertheless, it is wise to be well away from the cliff before darkness.

However, these are merely captious objections. In bright weather the crag becomes a sun trap and enjoys maximum light and heat during the greater part of the day. One can relax on a warm ledge and enjoy a scenic prospect unsurpassed by that from any precipice in the Lake District. Despite its accessibility—about 40 minutes from Gatesgarth—Striddle has the mountain atmosphere and remoteness more often associated with Pillar, Dow or Scafell. Finally, there is the excellence of the rock and the variety of these genuinely 'pleasant' climbs in the solitude of Warnscale to tempt those who tire of the madding crowd on the well-scored Birkness highways.

The Bottom's reprieve is overdue. An age-long denunciation has been endured with lofty disinterest and now at last posterity has the opportunity of refuting it.

SIERRA DOS ENCANTADOS

Dick Cook

The Encantados group lies in a little-known part of the Spanish Pyrenees 100 miles north-west of Barcelona and a few miles south of the French-Spanish border. The area is about the size of the Lake District and is enclosed by two great rivers, the Rio Noguera Ribagorzana and the Rio Noguera Pallaresa. The Fell and Rock party—Nancy and Donald Murray, Harry Stenbridge and Dick Cook—which visited the group in the early summer of 1960 obtained much useful information from an article entitled the 'Enchanted Mountains' in the 1958 number of the *Rucksack Club Journal*. As there are no habitations above the villages and the peaks are miles from the main valleys we camped, hiring mules (which are available in every village) to carry our tents, food, climbing gear, etc. to the upper valleys. From three camp sites we encircled the whole group. Donald made all the arrangements for transport by car and drove almost the whole way there and back; Nancy provided an array of food which would have done justice to the fastidious taste of the Aga Khan himself; Harry was in charge of Fishing; whilst I carried the rope (sometimes). I should like to acknowledge the great amount of information and help Harry has given me; without it this article might never have been written.

We left England on the 24th June and arrived at the Spanish border on the 26th. We passed through the customs without any fuss and drove through Salardu, an interesting village with a Romanesque Church and some Roman remains, then over the Port de la Bonaigua to the Refugio Virgen de las Aras,* a small pension at about 6,000 feet where there was a notice displayed 'Pull up for car men.'

Our object was to climb the Tuc de Saburedo (9,400 feet) the following day so, as the maps we had were in outline only, we spent a few hours looking for a way up the Gerbé valley—the finest valley we were to see. It was quite unspoilt, with hundreds of small lakes—many were deep and clear blue in perfect settings—waterfalls, cliffs and everywhere flowers which beggar description: among them scabious, ranunculus, large and small alpenrose, soldanella, dryas, silene acaulis, primula, asters, forgetmenots and gentians, all in full bloom.

Back at the Refugio we ordered dinner, and to while away the time until it arrived we were presented with a pipette of vin ordinaire (on the house). The glass container with its two

* On one map this appears as Nostra Señora de las Aras, on another as Santuaria de les Ares. The spelling of place-names in this district varies considerably and it is often difficult to know which form to adopt.—EDITOR.

necks, one of which had a small opening from which the wine came in a fine stream, was new to me. It was great fun holding it at arm's length and then trying to find one's mouth. We also had port at 6d. a pint! The wine cost 8d. a pint, but was free with our meal of soup, salami and salad, lamb chops and vegetables, a sweet of crisped bread soaked in something like aniseed, fruit and cognac. The girl who looked after us was very attractive and cheery and everyone really enjoyed themselves.

As we had estimated that it would take us 5 hours to reach the Tuc de Saburedo, we got up the following morning at 5.30, had coffee and toast made round a huge open stove and were off at 6.20. It was a delightful morning; the lakes were very still with wonderful reflections. Harry was always on the look out for fish as we had been told that the streams and the lakes were full of trout, all just ready to give themselves up. We arrived at the foot of the mountain in three hours and wove our way between glaciated rocks, making a bee-line for a snow gully up which we kicked steps, then traversed a narrow and exposed ridge of rough granite which reminded us of Skye. The rock was excellent and there were many pinnacles; but the climbing was never more than Very Difficult. At the end of the ridge we descended a gully which was mainly very steep grass and were glad of our ice axes to give us a third leg. We lazed about in the valley for an hour or so enjoying the sunshine, the flowers and the view of our first mountain before returning to the Refugio where we collected our belongings and paid our bill; dinner, bed and breakfast, wine, cognac, and service cost 7s. each.

Back at Salardu, where we had booked rooms, I asked the *patron*, Don Marcelino, what time dinner was served. I thought he said 'never.' Again I asked him and received the same reply, so I went away to put a wet towel round my head. A little while afterwards I plucked up courage to ask him again; the answer was still the same. It then dawned on me that he had said '*neuf heures!*' The dinner was worth waiting for as was the really good vin rosé.

We had an early breakfast while Don Marcelino rustled up the muleteer (Adolfo) and saw that we had everything we needed. We had a delightful walk along the Rio Aiguamoch to Estany de Llosa—about 7 miles through lush alpine

meadows and large woods, by lakes, rivers and waterfalls, the odd blackbird and warbler cheering us on our way. The road finished at Baños de Tredós where there is a famous sulphur spring said to have been used by the Romans. We camped at about 6,500 feet beside a stream in a little combe hemmed in by high cliffs. It was a lovely site among alpenroses, forgetmenots and aquilegias, but we were bothered by flies and clegs until we got out the Aerosol and Flypel and made a good smoky fire. Harry tried his hand at fishing without success at first, but in the evening he caught a trout weighing about half a pound which was wrapped in wet newspaper and put into the fire. When the paper began to burn the fish was cooked and it tasted really delicious.

The following morning was fine and we were off at 6.30 a.m. for the Grand Tuc de Colomé (9,760 feet). We passed through a camp for workmen engaged in building a big dam and then saw our objective quite a long way off. We enjoyed ourselves going up and down ridges, across snow patches and round little lakes until we attained the ridge at its eastern end by climbing a gully where the snow was firm, so we were soon on top. The peak was at the end of a good broken ridge, again similar to Skye, and we descended by an open gully.

When we were down a thunderstorm broke. Soon we were wet through and our ice axes began to hiss. At the hydro-electric canteen we bought a demijohn of wine (4 litres for 2s. 8d.) and a bottle of champagne for 3s. 3d. After a grand meal of soup, chicken, fruit salad, wine and champagne we were treated to much thunder and lightning, but, as we had been well fortified against any eventuality, we had a wonderful night's sleep.

We got up at 5.30 a.m. and were away at 6.15 for the Agulles de Travessany (9,280 feet) which had been in view all the way up the valley from Salardu. We reached them quite soon and made for the east part of the ridge, traversing to the west on good rock of perhaps Moderate standard. Coming down from the ridge we saw on our left a beautiful detached peak which we climbed, getting on to it on the west side—a fitting end to a splendid day. On our way past the hydro-electric camp we saw dog's tooth violets and white alpine lilies which we could smell a hundred yards away.

We returned to Salardu and the following morning left for Espot. We drove by the river Garonne and over to Refugio

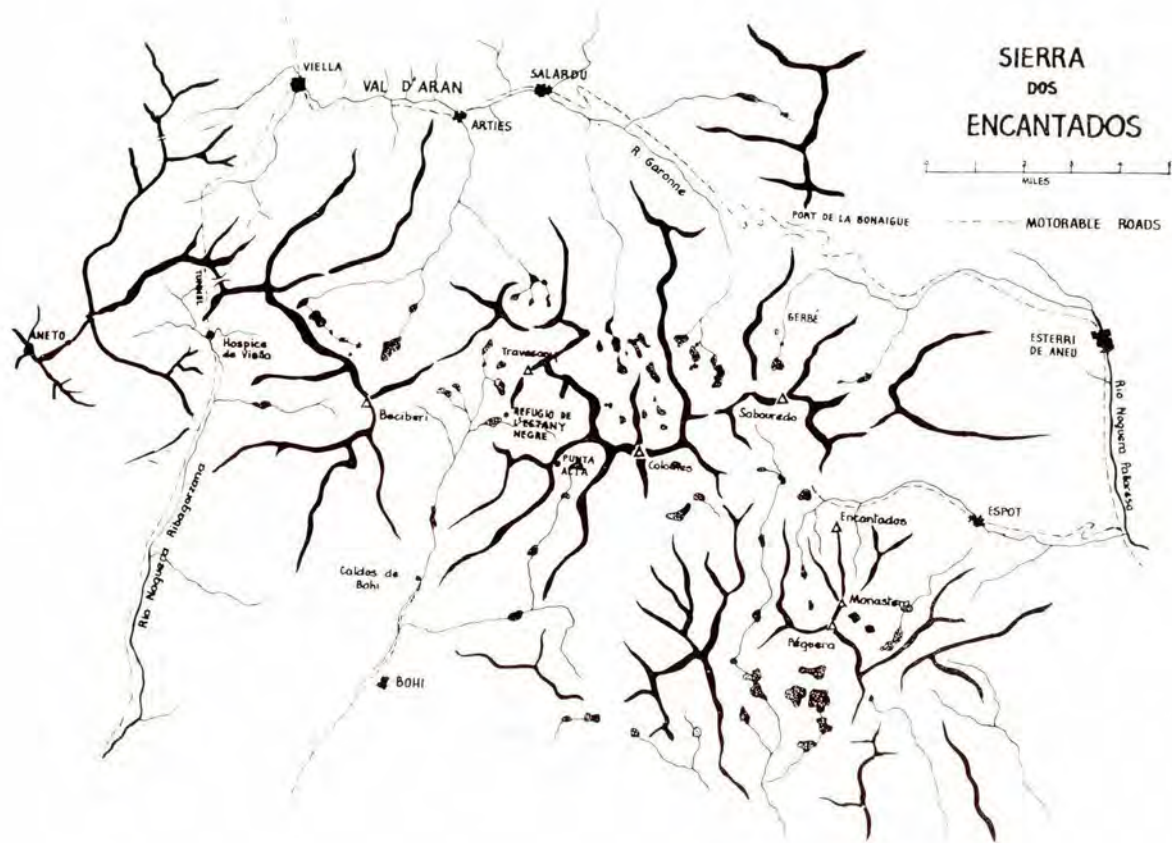
Virgen de las Aras where we had a great reception which we celebrated with brandy and soup: then on to Esterri de Aneu where we filled up with petrol from litre jugs, whilst a crowd gathered round the car, very interested and full of admiration for Donald's Jaguar.

At Espot we stayed in the Hotel Saurat where the *patron*, Señor Montaña, was charming and helpful. He sold us maps (1 : 25,000) of the area around Los Encantados and told us of the various routes on the mountain.

In the morning we were up at 5.30 and found cold coffee, milk and bread laid out for us with an electric stove at hand. The 5-mile journey by Land Rover to Estany de Sant Maurici took us 40 minutes. This area is in the Spanish National Park and we were delighted with the run up and the scene when we got there. A small unobtrusive dam has been constructed which has formed an attractive lake surrounded by pines. A camp site was soon found from which we looked across at the Enchanted Mountains, two amazingly beautiful peaks of granite glittering in the sun. Their appearance was intimidating and as it was already 10 a.m. we decided just to 'have a look at' the gully between the two peaks. We reached it by climbing 500 feet through woods then, after cutting steps up a 400-foot strip of hard snow, we came to the rock and roped up. The first hundred or so feet were spoilt by loose rock lying at a steep angle, but later we reached sound rock on the right and farther on crossed to the left. We had been told that there was a way off to the right up to the summit, but we did not see it and came out on the col where there are two oddly-shaped towers, said by legend to be two izard hunters smitten by the wrath of God for not attending mass.

We climbed a rake which took us across the face to the top where there was a statue of the Virgin and a couple of metal containers for records of ascents. Only two people had been up before us this year. It had been a grand climb, nothing like so sensational as it had seemed from the bottom, and it had taken us 3½ hours. The lower summit looked hard to ascend from the gap but the rock appeared to be sound. We stayed quite a while admiring the fine panorama, then descended to our camp by the easy way on the south side of the mountain.

Our next expedition was to the Pic de Monastero (9,600 feet) and Pic de Peguera (9,960 feet) which we had seen from



Los Encantados. They were some $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of our camp. We set off at 6 a.m. to climb them, going along the Valleta Seca, first through woods, then past a small lake and onto a col. We were there greeted by a wide vista of peaks and at our feet a carpet of gentian acaulis, gentian verna, purple toad-flax, yellow saxifrage, ranunculus, anemones. A little farther on we saw a beautiful clump of anemone sulfurea.

We mistook the first peak, and, after climbing up to 9,310 feet, saw it behind us. We returned to climb it, and, for our reward, found scores of large patches of silene acaulis in full bloom. I had left my rucksack at what I had mistaken for a col and had to return for it, making heavy weather of the way down, while Donald and the others found an easy and quick way off into a snowy basin which led up to the foot of the north ridge of the Pic de Peguera. When we arrived on the ridge we had something to eat, admiring the view of countless lakes, some looking particularly lovely with their blue fringe of ice. Suddenly Nancy spotted an izard, a Pyrenean chamois, which was perched right on the top of a mountain opposite. We watched it silhouetted against the sky for a long time; then it sat down, gazed about, and finally got up and scampered away. We, too, got up and scampered up the ridge which went very well indeed. It was quite narrow and was crowned by two summit blocks, reminiscent of Adam and Eve on Tryfan. The mist was coming up, so we descended the ridge, following Donald's route back to the Col de Monastero, then down again into the lovely Rio de Monastero with its fine lakes and crystal clear streams. After descending about 1,000 feet of small scree we meandered leisurely on by a beautiful stream, sitting down again and again, very reluctant to leave this delightful spot, and finally arrived back at camp at 5 p.m.

In the morning we left for a 60-mile run to Caldas de Bohi, a spa on the south side of the Tuc de Colomés. We dropped down to the River Noguera and the road to Pobla de Segur, passing through the Desfiladero de Collegats, a fine gorge about 1 mile long between limestone and sandstone cliffs, probably 1,500 feet high. We lunched amongst olive groves, and afterwards a narrow road led us past General Franco's villa to Caldas. The modern buildings of the spa seem rather out of place amongst the mountains, yet its hot and cold

springs of sulphur and other minerals (the temperatures vary between 38 and 132 degrees F.) provide courses of treatment for rheumatism, asthma, eye ailments, obesity, etc. We stayed at the Hotel el Manantial (5,000 feet) where the accommodation was first class. With a mule to carry our baggage, we left the following morning for the Refugio de L'Estany Negre (7,130 feet) where we were told 'all things were available.' On the way up we passed a large hydro-electric dam which was being built, and when at last we reached the hut ready to order tea, wine, etc., we found to our amazement that it was quite primitive; the only usable fireplace was a very old range in the warden's kitchen, the flue pipe was in bad shape and the smoke went through a hole in the roof. The upstairs rooms were full of rather dank straw and occupied by a tame rabbit which, we suspected, might find its way into the pot at some future date. There was a hole in this roof, too, through which the chimney stack had fallen. No effort, apparently, was being made to repair the damage, which seemed a pity as the hut is finely situated.

After much trouble we got enough wood together to start a fire, but before we could cook our meal we had to fix up gaps in the flue to prevent the acrid smoke clearing us out of the kitchen. The only items of kitchen equipment—two plates, one dessertspoon and a dish to boil water in—belonged to the warden, but we made the best of it. Harry had caught a trout, so we cooked it by our newspaper method and, for our evening meal had soup (out of a cocoa tin, two small polythene water-bottle tops and a butter dish) followed by trout and cold chicken, beautifully served and split up by Nancy with her fingers and laid out on newspaper. Eating thus with our fingers gave the chicken a rare flavour; the peaches were easy and slipped in and out of the cocoa tin and down our gullets in fine style. Afterwards we sat round a fire which Donald persuaded the warden to let us make on the floor, but before long we gave up the unequal struggle with the smoke and went to bed in a downstairs room in which there were four fairly reasonable bunks.

Harry was determined that he would master this fishing lark if it killed him so, next morning, he managed to persuade Joseph (the warden) to accompany him, confident that, at last, he would find out the secret of Spanish fishing which

everyone said was so easy. The rest of us decided to make for Biciberri (10,100 feet) and we descended some 1,200 feet to the valley passing a flock of 3,000 sheep and goats going to upper pastures. They had left hardly a blade of grass behind them, and of flowers there was no trace. From the valley we climbed very steeply through long grass; it was difficult to know where the feet were going and it took us quite a long time to reach a lake and better going. We crossed and climbed many snowfields where the snow was in wonderful condition. When we reached the summit we got some extensive views, but soon the mist came down so we decided to run for it and quickly descended the 4,100 feet to the valley, but more slowly climbed the 1,200 feet to the hut. It had been a truly wonderful day.

Then we saw Harry with his face wreathed in smiles; he had caught two beautiful trout, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each, not thanks to the warden who had gone with him as far as the lake but had then cleared off. Later on a Spaniard and his wife arrived with twelve fish some of which, however, were quite small. Harry tackled him as he would his fish, never letting go until he had found out the secret of Spanish fishing. Poor Harry, he had spinners, gold spoon, silver spoon, flies of every description, but the answer was *worms*—and on a bit of bamboo cane!

The Spaniards insisted on giving us their twelve fish and, not content with that, on cooking them for us. They got a fire going in one corner of the yard, and put the fish on a slate adding olive oil and seasoning. They would not have any themselves, so we gave them some tongue which they much appreciated. We enjoyed their fish but did not think that their method of cooking was as good as ours.

At 6 o'clock the following morning we looked out on a lovely day, so we packed and asked our Spanish friends to arrange for the muleteer to take our baggage down. We then set off for Punta Alta (10,047 feet) which lay to the south behind a range overlooking the hut. We descended to the lake, crossed many streams, climbed up over snowfields and broken ridges, and finally arrived at the summit. From here a ridge stretched on and on, and we trotted along it enjoying extensive views all round. We descended a steep snowfield, Harry glissading in fine style, but the rest of us kicked steps for most of the way. Below were more lakes, Estans de

Comolos Bienes, icy blue with floating snowbergs. We had some fun finding our way down through a great area of alpenrose which covered rocks, water courses, etc. Harry shot through a hole in the ground in true potholing fashion, to be quickly followed by Donald, but Nancy and I liked the fresh air better and climbed down the outside. At last we came to the dam and then the hotel after a really grand day.

We then started for home, passing through interesting country with acres of olive groves, houses huddled together on the tops of hills and built right up against huge boulders, and high mountains always as a backcloth. We stayed at Benasque, feeding well and cheaply at 12s. 6d. a day, all in. The village was fascinating with a Romanesque church (which has 'squint' holes focussed on the altars), narrow streets, and weathered aristocratic houses bearing crests over the doors—no doubt one-time residences of grandees, but now the courtyards are given over to goats and sheep. The houses present a solid front to the street; windows are small and shuttered or grilled; there are pots of flowers on the balconies and dark faces peer through slightly opened shutters. In the evening the village was full of goats, wandering about in fives and sixes, and convoys of sheep led by bell-wether; mules laden with hay brushed the walls on either side; and all disappeared into dark courtyards chased by children.

On the last day of our holiday we hoped to get views of the Posets and Maladetta mountains (both groups rise to over 11,000 feet) so we walked up the Rio Esera. Donald and Nancy went up a valley to the north-west to see if they could get a glimpse of the Posets mountains; Harry and I followed the Barrano de Vallibierna as far as the foot of the Pic de Vallibierna, and although we did not see the Maladetta group, the valleys were really fine and the flowers in the fields which had not been cut were a picture. We saw many ramonda pyrenaica in flower, and masses of blue iris, dianthus, linaria, nigritlella, orchis, potentillas, violas. Nancy and Donald were quite pleased with the hut they had climbed to—Refugio Astos—with its sixty beds and good equipment and service.

We began our journey next morning in beautiful weather and enjoyed the run from Benasque through a narrow limestone gorge, seeing again watch towers perched on hill-tops, oxen drawing loads, large areas of lavender, catmint,

hillsides covered with box. We passed peach trees, acacias, figs, olive groves, vines; at one place we thought we saw rice growing in fields adjoining the river; and always there were many kindly people with their mules and donkeys. From time to time, looking over the sun-scorched plains, we saw the snow-capped Pyrenees. We closed our eyes and heard the roar of their torrents and the wind in the pines, but when we opened them again it was only Donald tearing through the countryside. We stopped at Jacca to see the old cathedral, then crossed the frontier at the Somport Pass (6,000 feet) and descended by a long steep drop into France. The contrast between the Spanish side and the French side was amazing. Spain was open and bare, France wooded and lush.

Two days later we were home. It had been a wonderful holiday with fine companions. We had enjoyed the magnificent mountain scenery, the extensive forests, the fishing, the flowers, the birds, the mountain walking and the rock climbing of every grade. There are hundreds of virgin peaks accessible to walkers and climbers and countless rock faces which have never been touched. One of the great joys of the district is that it is unspoilt. After the Alps with so much commercialized and organized climbing it was unbelievable that there should be, so close at hand, an area where we had the mountains to ourselves, wandering among them without let or hindrance—no footpaths, no scratched routes, no guides. Added to all this is the attraction of the kindly ever-smiling people, eager to do everything possible to make one's stay enjoyable.

Yes, this was truly an 'Enchanted' region.

BROWNING IN BORROWDALE

Elspeth A. Ackerley

There is little obvious connection between Castle Crag and the Koppelberg Hill outside Hamelin, yet in my mind they will always be connected, especially in the small hours of the morning. It is strange how long it takes, walking up the Borrowdale road, to pass Castle Crag; it seems to move forward with you, always just ahead, half-right. The illusion is, of course, fostered if you have been walking for over 20 hours, and are only too aware of the miles still lying between you and Rosthwaite.

It was the end of a glorious day as far as weather was concerned; at 3 a.m. there had been a lot of mist lying about, which lifted to let us catch a glimpse of the sun when we reached the top of Scafell. Cloud remained almost the whole of the day over the Central Fells, keeping us pleasantly cool until we started up the slope from Stake to High Raise. This, of course, was the worst part, except for the miles of road we had to cover, but fortunately we were still fairly fresh, and we recovered during lunch on the top of High White Stones. The heat of the day saw us, a plodding couple among the hundreds of tourists, going up Helvellyn, but we were rewarded on the summit by the tin of grapefruit juice, whose weight we had frequently cursed, but which we now welcomed.

Turning off to Skiddaw was less formidable than we had feared: the first water we knew of was at its foot, so there was no question of slinking up the Borrowdale road when we reached Keswick; we were too thirsty! Sunset unfortunately beat us; we reached the summit too late to get its full glory, but saw the last crimson remains disappear over the Solway. Then we ran down the first couple of hundred feet to get out of the piercing wind.

Now there were only seven miles of hard high road between us and the Salving House. I was wrong however, there was also a very welcome thermos of coffee at the bottle-neck in Keswick, which kept us awake as far as Ashness. Here sleep, our worst enemy now, nearly defeated us, and to keep ourselves awake I started reciting all the poetry I knew. It is odd how one remembers scraps of Kipling, side by side with Milton on his blindness and *Henry V*; and, of course, my *pièce de résistance*, *The Pied Piper*. Having run out of other material I went through this twice, and as it takes all of 20 minutes, this saw us another two miles on our way. Before I climb the four three-thousanders again I'm going to learn *Paradise Lost*.

WAR MEMORIAL 1939 - 1945

R. G. Plint

After the completion of the 1914 - 1918 War Memorial in 1924, there remained a balance of £55 and by 1957, through the accumulation of interest, it had grown to £115. Many members had considered from time to time how this money could be used and it had even been discussed in committee, but without result. As Treasurer, I perhaps felt more concern about it than others, and when William Kendrick mentioned to me early in 1957 that the Friends of the Lake District were considering appealing to the climbing and rambling clubs for funds to repair the bridge over the Liza on the track from Pillar Rock to Scarth Gap, it seemed to me that here was the opportunity for which we had been seeking. The Club has a particular interest in this track as it was largely through the efforts of some of its members that the Forestry Commission agreed to its remaining in use when the valley was taken over for afforestation in 1925. The bridge, constructed originally by the Commission for its own use, had fallen into disrepair, but owing to the dense growth of the forest it was no longer possible to find alternative crossings and a safe bridge was a necessity as the Liza is at times unfordable.

During the recent survey of Lakeland footpaths the track had appeared on the draft and provisional maps as a right of way and had not been the subject of objection, so it became the responsibility of the Cumberland County Council, and it may be of interest at this point to know why the Friends were thinking of appealing for funds. A proposal for the repair of the bridge had been put forward earlier by the Lake District Planning Board, but the Highways Committee of the County Council had rejected it on the grounds that the Forestry Commission had built it for its own use; and in any case there was an adequate bridge a mile downstream. They were, however, prepared to recommend the County Council to pay two thirds of the cost of a new bridge if the Ennerdale Parish Council would pay one third. The parish council had not seen its way to do this, and it was in recognition of the fact that parish councils do not usually have much money at their disposal that the Friends of the Lake District were considering an appeal to climbers and walkers.

Although the Club had lost a number of its members during the 1939 - 1945 war the question of a memorial had never been raised beyond a tentative suggestion that the appeal for funds

for the purchase and conversion of Raw Head might be considered as such, but nothing came of it. I think that the general feeling at the time was against memorials of any kind.

With this in mind, William Kendrick and I discussed the possibility of the Club alone undertaking the cost of the repair of the bridge as a War Memorial, and he agreed to ask the Friends to postpone their appeal until the matter had been put before our committee. In the meantime I would ascertain the views of the Cumberland County Council and in this connection A. V. Millard of Carlisle was most helpful. As a result of these enquiries, a proposal was put before the committee that the Club should make a contribution towards the cost of replacing the bridge and that the balance of the 1914 - 1918 War Memorial Fund should be used for that purpose. The committee agreed to the idea but stipulated that the design of the bridge must meet with their approval and that a small plaque should be fixed to the structure stating that the contribution by the Club was given in memory of those of its members who fell in the war of 1939 - 1945. The amount of the contribution was increased to £150. A sub-committee was appointed to deal with the matter and there followed a long period of correspondence with Mr. F. L. Broughton, County Surveyor and Bridgmaster, and of meetings at which various possibilities and designs were discussed. A suggestion that the existing bridge should be re-conditioned for £120 was dropped because the County Council declined to be responsible for its maintenance; and a proposal for a tubular steel bridge, costing £630, was turned down on the grounds that it would be out of keeping with the district. Matters seemed to be at a deadlock when R. K. Williams suggested that a pre-stressed concrete foot-bridge might be suitable. The committee approved of the design and Mr. Broughton agreed to give it his consideration. He thought the cost would be slightly less than that of the steel bridge and the committee decided to increase its contribution to a maximum of £210. In March 1958 plans were submitted to the committee for a bridge to be built of T-shaped pre-stressed concrete blocks, 2 feet wide, in a single span of 50 feet 10 inches between the abutments, which would be faced with local stone, the handrails to be of oak. These met with the full approval of the committee and by the end of

September the bridge had been completed and the old structure cleared away.

It was now apparent that the plaque could not be suitably fixed to the structure, but a large granite boulder at the northern end presented an excellent alternative, and the Forestry Commission, the owners of the fell, readily gave their permission for this to be used. The plaque, cast in bronze, bears the following inscription:—

This Bridge was re-constructed in 1959 by the Cumberland County Council. The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District bore a share of the cost in memory of those of its members who fell in the World War of 1939 - 1945.

We heard later that the dressing of the boulder to receive the plaque took the edge off 24 chisels !

Sunday, the 8th May 1960, the anniversary of V.E. Day, was decided on for the opening ceremony and the necessary arrangements were put in hand. Invitations were sent to all relatives of the fallen who could be traced; in some cases this presented no difficulty, but in others it was necessary to refer back to the original minute of election to obtain the names of the sponsors. In two cases even these were dead and we could get no further. Invitations were sent also to various officials and members of the Cumberland County Council, the Forestry Commission and the Lake District Planning Board. The Forestry Commission kindly gave permission for our guests to be brought up to the bridge by car and, by means of a shuttle service, members and friends who were unable to walk over the fells would also be driven up to the ceremony.

Our member, the Rev. G. W. Ellison, the Vicar of Langdale, was invited to conduct the service of dedication and the details were arranged with him.

On the day appointed members and friends came to the bridge by various routes: a large number accompanied the President from Gatesgarth over Scarth Gap; others came by way of Honister and the Haystacks; from Wasdale by Black Sail and the High Level Route; from Borrowdale via Great Gable and the 1914 - 1918 War Memorial to Pillar Rock; on foot and by car up the valley they gathered together to honour the memory of those members who had fallen in the war of 1939 - 1945. Among our guests were some of the relatives,

and we were also pleased to welcome Alderman James Walker, Chairman of the Cumberland Highways Committee; Mr. F. L. Broughton, the County Surveyor and Bridgemaister; Mr. S. S. R. Chard, North-West Conservator for the Forestry Commission; Mr. P. L. Winchester, the Forestry Commission District Officer; Mr. K. S. Himsforth, Clerk to the Lake District Planning Board; and Mr. K. Steen of the Board's Cumberland Section. We were sorry that the Chairman and Clerk to the Cumberland County Council were unable to be with us.

The ceremony took place around the boulder at the northern end of the bridge and our President, Harry Spilsbury, spoke of the reason for our meeting on that lovely Sunday afternoon. He felt that it was a matter of great pride that so many had gathered from all points of the compass. The bridge, on the track to one of our most popular crags, would be used by thousands of climbers; many would pause before the plaque which would serve as a constant reminder of the folly of war as well as of the sacrifice of those men whom it commemorated who, like ourselves, had found in the hills and on the rocks a source of re-creation and inspiration. He expressed the warm thanks of the Club to all who had been responsible for carrying out the work and, in particular, to Mr. Broughton who planned the bridge and to Mr. McPherson who built it.

Alderman James Walker then spoke of how the offer of the Club to share the cost of the bridge had come most opportunely when the Highways Committee had just had to decline a proposal to reconstruct it for lack of third party support. The County undertook to maintain the bridge in perpetuity, and having known Ennerdale all his life he was delighted that the footpath would not now disappear.

The President then called on our Honorary Member, John Appleyard, to unveil the memorial. As one of the Club's elder statesmen, who had held at one time or another most of the principal offices of the Club and whose knowledge of its affairs was unrivalled, no-one was more fitted for the task.

John unveiled the plaque and read out the names of our members whom it commemorates:—

D. ADAM, N. DALEY, F. W. E. DIXON, J. A. DUNCAN, W. EDEN-SMITH,
W. T. ELMSLIE, R. A. FANSHAWE, J. W. C. HAWKINS, R. HOPE,
P. JACKSON, C. B. JAMES, F. F. THOMAS, T. WILLETTS.

He said that they were met in that wild and lonely valley, with one of the Lake District's finest crags above them, to pay tribute to those of their comrades who had made the supreme sacrifice, and he too hoped that those who passed that way in years to come would stop a moment and give thought to the debt owing to those commemorated and to the thousands who died that they might enjoy freedom. John then went on to say:—

As these our friends in the service of their country crossed the bridge we know as death and to what we hope, as Christians, a fuller life, so may this bridge crossing the Liza and leading to the heights above symbolize for us the hope that from their sacrifice the peoples of the world may pass over from the evils which still beset them in these unsettled days and climb to a world of peace and international accord. Then, indeed, will their sacrifice not have been in vain.

The Rev. G. W. Ellison now dedicated the memorial plaque in these words:—

In the faith of Jesus Christ and to the glory of God we dedicate this Memorial to our friends in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. AMEN.

Accept O Lord their offering and grant to them with all Thy brave and faithful Servants, refreshment, light and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

This was followed by the reading of the 121st Psalm in which all joined, and then the further prayer was offered:—

We thank Thee Heavenly Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, for these lives given up and their service to truth and freedom. We ask that Thou wilt grant to us, and to all who shall in years to come pause for a space and be quiet before this Memorial—set here in these woods and by these waters—like faithfulness. May all who cross this bridge be akin to them in step and in spirit as they seek the heights that guard this now sacred place and with them gain the victory. And, vouchsafe O Lord in Thy mercy that the strength and freedom, the peace and open ways of the hills, shall extend to all mankind.

This was followed by the Lord's Prayer and then the President led the singing of the hymn 'O God our help in ages past.' As the last notes of the hymn died away it fell to me to speak the Epilogue:—

May the sound of this beck running over its bed be their eternal Last Post and the song of the wind in the crags above their everlasting Reveille.

IN MEMORIAM

ALFRED HENRY BINNS, 1907-1960

The Club has lost an old and, in the early days, very active member in Alfred Henry Binns who at the time of his death in June 1960 was in his 89th year.

From 1888, soon after leaving the Friends' School, Ackworth, until his last active visit in 1947 he spent most of his spare time walking and climbing in the Lake District.

Binns climbed regularly with pioneer Lake District rock climbers about the end of last century. He was a lifelong friend of Ashley Abraham and his family and was with the Abrahams and Harry Harland in Skye in 1906 - 7. These visits formed the basis of Abraham's *Rock Climbing in Skye* and during them they made first ascents of the Waterpipe Gully and the SW Crack on the Inaccessible Pinnacle of Sgurr Dearg. Ashley Abraham's comment on him was, 'quite a daredevil and yet sound enough never to have come off.' He had seven Alpine seasons between 1898 and 1909, visiting Zermatt, Arolla, Chamonix and the Bernese Oberland.

Binns joined the Club in 1907, only just missing being an Original Member. He married in 1903 and with Mrs. Binns (also a member) continued rock climbing till the early twenties when increasing age and, in his later years, blindness curtailed his activities.

J. C. APPLEYARD

WINSTON L. TULIP, 1919-1961

Winston Leonard Tulip, who was born in 1895, was first introduced to the Lake District as a boy of fifteen when a kindly fellow hotel guest took him up Striding Edge. From then until his death the Lakes were his favourite playground, and Wasdale best of all, but he was happy anywhere among the high fells. As a rock climber he was not, and did not claim or wish to be, in the top flight. Modest by nature, he did himself rather less than justice, but he was perhaps happiest on a Very Difficult in some sunny spot like the Napes. For several years he partnered his friend J. A. Garrick, and the pleasant little Tarn Crag Buttress in Langdale stands to their credit. His death came suddenly after recent retirement, when he had looked forward to devoting more time to the fells he loved so well.

ALAN R. HUTCHINSON

JOHN LAYCOCK, 1911-1960

John Laycock was an early member of the Club. He went to Singapore soon after the First World War, partly because all his special friends had been killed, in particular Siegfried Herford, from whom he had been inseparable. They climbed together in Wales, the Lake District and Derbyshire and John Laycock dedicated *Some Gritstone Climbs*, a small climbing book published in 1913, to Herford.

In 1920 John Laycock was admitted to the Singapore Bar. He served for many years as a member of the former Municipal Commission and, during Singapore's progress towards self-government after the Second World War, he became the first European elected member of the Legislative Assembly, leading the Progressive party. He retired from active politics in 1955 and from his law practice two years later. He died in December 1960 at the age of 73.

HOWARD VAUGHAN

ROBERT SOUTH, 1913-1959

Robert South was a true lover of the Lake District. He was not a rock climber, but the hills were in his blood; he loved and respected them, and to reach a summit brought to him a joy which only the genuine fell walker knows.

He was wounded in the thigh in Italy in the First World War, and at Easter 1919 he forced himself, with a very stiff leg, to climb Rossett Gill; and he succeeded in reaching Esk Hause. It was the writer's privilege to be with him on that occasion; and afterwards, all through the 1920's, we constantly tramped the hills together. No-one ever had a more lovable comrade.

For some years, on Armistice day, with a companion, he carried a poppy wreath to the Memorial on Great Gable. On the last occasion we met he could no longer climb the hills, but he had by his side two of Wainwright's *Guides* and had been indulging in an armchair walk.

He was the leading light—in fact the founder—of the Wigan Boys' Club and he will always be remembered with affection for his devotion to its interests.

His ashes were scattered on the summit of Great Gable, his favourite fell.

J. T. POLLARD

KITTY WARD, 1922-1960

Kitty Ward had been a member of the Club for many years, and when I first met her in 1926 was a member of the committee; she served as Vice-President from 1931 - 33. Long before I knew her, Kitty had shown herself a fearless mountaineer and a capable leader on rock. Her ability in training new members of the Club was outstanding. Among those with whom she climbed in those far-off days were Kate Stuart (now Mrs. Pape), Nancy Forsyth and Molly FitzGibbon.

Kitty walked and climbed in Scotland as well as the Lake District, and she visited Switzerland at least ten times, climbing the Matterhorn amongst other peaks. She joined two Alpine meets of the Fell and Rock at Arolla and Saas Fée and, though by then she was by no means young, she acquitted herself ably on rock, snow, and ice.

In 1931 it was my privilege to be her companion on a walking tour in the Oberland. We visited the Lötschental where, in spite of stormy weather, we went to the Bietschhorn Hut and, after waiting vainly in Ried for the weather to improve, set off over the Lötschen Pass. Just as we reached the summit of the pass a blizzard overtook us. We were so plastered with snow that our garments froze on us and crackled as we staggered on. We could see no tracks and could not tell whether we were on the glacier or on the rocks at its edge. We floundered sometimes thigh-deep and, although neither admitted it to the other, at one time feared we might lose our way. Fortunately, as we descended a little the snow eased sufficiently for us to see a few yards ahead. A slight depression in the snow suggested where the path might have been. Prodding warily with our axes, we slowly and cautiously crossed the trough of the glacier and reached firmer ground on the other side without encountering any wide crevasses.

It was late by the time we reached Gasteren. The *hôte*l*ier* welcomed us with open arms, fearing for the safety of two lone women without a guide, who had disappeared up the Kanderfirn some days before, and of whom nothing further had been heard since they left the Mutthorn hut in a snow-storm.

Kitty's flair for route finding enabled her to plan and execute walking holidays with the help of a Baedeker or large scale maps and guide-books. In mist or drizzle she remained imperturbable and very rarely misjudged the path, or, if at fault, speedily discovered her error and was soon on the right track. She was an admirable companion on the hills, for she had a wide knowledge of, and interest in, the creatures of the wild; she was always first to notice a rare flower, or recognize a bird on the wing.

Kitty's loyalty to her friends was such that, after a busy day in house or garden (and her garden was a joy to behold), she would make time to write long letters which brought a breath of mountain air to those of us condemned to exile from the hills.

Her fell walking continued until most of her contemporaries had given up, but came to a rather abrupt end owing to the protracted illness of her sister whom she nursed devotedly until her death. Although arthritis made her very lame, so that walking became difficult, Kitty continued to drive her car until within two years of her death at the age of 80. Some of her older friends will remember with affection how devotedly she escorted them to church, lectures or recitals in spite of her own increasing frailty. A severe illness, stoically borne, early in 1959 made it evident that her indomitable spirit could not long delay the inevitable, and in July 1960 she had a seizure. Mercifully the end came suddenly on 27th August, and her ardent spirit was at rest.

GLADYS KITCHENER

During and just after the First World War there were not many women in England leading Severe climbs. Cathra Ward (Kitty) was then in her hey-day as a climber. Her war work in Keswick was gardening, and she was able to climb at week-ends, mostly as a leader. She continued to lead and to train young climbers, both in Lakeland and in the Alps, and made her fiftieth ascents of both Needle Ridge and Napes Needle after her 60th birthday. Her favourite climbs were the Napes Ridges, the Needle, Black Crag, Gillercombe Buttress, Sergeant Crag Gully, Slingsby's on Scafell, the New West and the North on Pillar.

Kitty had a genius for route finding, either in clear or misty weather. I remember a Langdale Meet in typical November weather. The walking party went along Crinkle Crags from Three Tarns; mist heavy on the ridge, wind on our left coming up out of the valley. About half-way along Kitty discovered that the wind was on our right, took out her compass, and extricated the Club from the half circle they had turned without thinking. She was a safe and cheering second too. Perhaps the respect I had for her reached its zenith one chill and drizzly February day, when she followed me up Bracket and Slab in boots. A native of Lakeland, there was no spot among her beloved fells that she did not know and love, and her friends are the poorer for her passing.

MOLLY FITZGIBBON

EUSTACE THOMAS, 1919-1960

Eustace Thomas joined the Club in 1919, at the age of fifty, an age at which most mountaineers have long passed their best, but he was only at the beginning of an outstanding career in mountaineering. Although he had been a member of the Rucksack Club for 10 years he had hitherto regarded hill walking as a training for road racing, at which he had gained some success. His profession as an engineer brought him into contact with William Walker who, with several kindred spirits in the Rucksack Club, was in the habit of undertaking exceptionally long hill walks, particularly in the Pennines. Thomas became a leading member of the group, and he soon began to study the conditions for the most efficient performance, particularly in the matter of food, for he thought he had a weak digestion. His work sometimes kept him away from the hills for long periods, when he put on useless weight; he would get what exercise he could by cycling to work, and would remove the fat, when a holiday approached, by fasting or going on a vegetarian diet.

Thomas first became well known, outside the group of his immediate associates, for his success in repeating in a somewhat shorter time A. W. Wakefield's circuit of Lakeland fells. He received the enthusiastic support of Wakefield himself, thereby sealing a friendship which was a great joy to both of them. He made his third and final attack on the course in 1922 at the age of fifty-three, increasing the total height

climbed to 30,000 feet, which he accomplished in twenty-eight and a half hours. Ashley P. Abraham gives an interesting survey of a number of such exceptional walks in volume five of the *Fell and Rock Journal*, and Thomas described his training methods in the 1921 number of the *Rucksack Club Journal*. A pleasant consequence of these walks, which took place in Whitweek, was that they started an annual meeting of Rucksack Club members in Rosthwaite which coincided with the annual Fell and Rock Meet at Thornythwaite, thus providing the opportunity for many friendly contacts between the two clubs.

Thomas did not begin serious alpine climbing until the summer of 1923, in which year he joined the Alpine Club. In a holiday of five weeks, with Joseph Knubel as his chief guide, he made the ascent of many first class peaks. This combination of noted alpine guide and exceptionally able client was fortunate for both of them. Knubel suggested in 1924 that they should make it their objective to climb all the four-thousand-metre peaks in the Alps, a project which made an immediate appeal to Thomas. Normally they had another guide with them, and being an unusually fast party, they had virtually completed their programme by 1928, having climbed 83 four-thousanders and 30 other peaks. It was in a sense fortunate that the Aiguilles du Diable had not been in condition at the right time, and that Thomas had to wait until 1932 to get them. Knubel was not available, but Thomas was able to engage Alexander Taugwalder and a French guide, Cochat, who had already done the traverse; in an expedition of eighteen and a half hours the goal was attained. Thomas was now sixty-three and this was to be his last season in the Alps, but his energy was not obviously on the wane. In what turned out to be a rock-climbing holiday he climbed the Grépon by the Mer de Glace face, traversed the Vajolet Towers in two hours, twenty-five minutes, and ascended the South Wall of the Marmolada in two hours, fifty minutes. All these might have been missed had he not had to wait for the Diable, as he had now become wholeheartedly involved in gliding and soon gained the triple award for height, distance and duration. He also took flying lessons, obtained a pilot's certificate and acquired two planes—a small one which he flew himself, and a larger one intended for extensive tours with a professional pilot. The war put an end to these plans

and deprived him of his planes and gliders. After the war, as soon as he was able to release himself from his business commitments, he occupied his leisure by making several journeys round the world, partly flying and partly by tramp steamer. At the age of eighty-eight he flew over the North Pole to Japan, and later on that holiday, during a private flight over Sydney, he was allowed to take over control of the plane for a time.

Thomas was a key man in his own business, and had his own ways of occupying his leisure, but he always seemed able to spare time to help others, and no one person ever knew the extent of that help. The mountaineers of this country are indebted to him more than they will ever realize for the time and energy that he put into the design and production of the stretcher which has helped mountain rescue to become the efficient service that we know today.

Eustace Thomas was a remarkable man. He regarded nothing as impossible until it was proved to be so, and this outlook undoubtedly brought him his numerous successes. He earned all that he achieved. Nothing was given to him except his natural ability and he made the best use of that gift. He had a genius for giving friendship, and he received it back in full measure, his closest and dearest friends being those he made in his mountaineering days. His abounding enthusiasm overflowed in many directions but his love for the mountains was the one great passion of his life.

H. GERRARD

DR. C. L. CORBETT, 1922-1960

Dr. C. L. Corbett had been a member of the Club since 1922; she was also a founder-member of the Pinnacle Club.

She qualified as a doctor of medicine when this was somewhat unusual for a woman, and during the First World War was in charge of a hospital in Serbia, staffed entirely by women. She kept a diary of her experiences which would no doubt provide interesting reading. For many years she served as school medical officer under the Lancashire Authority, and gave extra years of service, when she could have retired, during World War II.

She was never a great rock climber, but she was an excellent fell walker, and in her hey-day had some long and exacting

expeditions to her credit. She did some mountaineering in the Alps, but she was always affected by high altitudes.

She was a charming personality, quiet and unassuming but with a rare sense of humour and a broad-minded intelligence, making a grand companion on the hills. She was fond of outdoor life and of all living things, taking a particular interest in her garden.

In her last years she failed quietly and gradually in health and passed away in June 1960 after a short illness. Her ashes were scattered on the slopes of Snowdon by members of the Pinnacle Club.

T. WELLS

STELLA JOY, 1929-1960

Outside her own immediate circle of friends, Stella Joy was best known in the London Section where, from her home and private school at Windsor, she often went on their walks, and sometimes organized them in the Chilterns or in the more interesting parts of Buckinghamshire.

Stella was introduced to the Lake District many years ago by her father, Professor Joy, and they usually stayed at Buttermere or Seathwaite. More than 20 years ago, before the K Fellfarers' hut was constructed out of the ruins of the old farm known as High House, the two were looking at the dilapidated structure (of which there is a photograph hanging in the K Hostel) and discovered a broken keystone with I.B.A. 1744 carved on it. Out of curiosity, they carried the stone—in three parts—back to show to Mrs. Edmondson. They even went further when the old lady said that so far as she knew no-one bothered about the ruined place, and no-one would object if they moved a piece of stone or two from 'among t'rubble'; for the Joys had the broken pieces fitted into a wooden frame constructed by a local craftsman at their home at Windsor, so as to make a firescreen.

The chapter is now closed, for Stella made arrangements that after her death the firescreen would be returned to the owners of the K Hut—its original home. The day came recently for she died in July last, after a painful illness.

She will be remembered for her gentle nature and many acts of kindness, of which the one I have just recounted is typical.

C. E. ARNISON

MARY DORIS WESTON, 1928-1958

It was after a night in a barn adjoining the Victoria Hotel, Buttermere, and a walk the following day to the Memorial on Great Gable, where she joined friends who were members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, that my sister, Mary Doris Weston, herself became a member of the Club.

She was educated at the Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester, afterwards becoming a student at Westhill College, Selly Oak; Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and the London School of Economics.

Although unable to attend many meets, Doris was a keen walker and lover of all hill country from the age of twelve when she was taken by her father for her first walking tour in the Lake District. In later life, when her duties as an industrial welfare officer and personal commitments permitted, she would form a small party of friends and, with compass and map, guide them safely over Lakeland fells or the hills of North Wales. She was interested in most outdoor activities, especially those for young people.

My last walk with Doris was in Glen Sligachan in 1957. I found the going rather rough towards the summit of the glen so Doris went on ahead to reconnoitre. Returning with a smile and wave of the hand, she called 'all clear, come on up.' That is as I like to remember her.

E. M. WESTON

A. D. B. SIDE, 1931-1961

By the death of Douglas Side on 16th February 1961 the Club lost a member of great mountaineering experience in many parts of the world. Born in 1896, the son of Arthur and Henrietta Side, he was educated at Herne Bay College where he coxed his school eight and from which sprang his lifelong interest in rowing. On leaving school he joined the staff of the Midland Bank with whom he served with distinction until his retirement in 1960.

In September 1932 he married Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Boothroyd of Southport, at Grasmere Church, where also their son John was christened on their way to the Whitsuntide Meet in 1934.

At the outbreak of the 1914-1918 War he was commissioned in the Royal Field Artillery, serving in this country until 1916

when he was posted with a mountain battery to the North-West Frontier where he remained till 1919. Called up again in 1940, he was sent to Cairo in 1942, and later to the Mountain Warfare Training Centre in Lebanon; he spent his periods of leave in travelling by camel, fish truck, or any possible means to as many interesting places as he could squeeze into the limited periods available. In this way he saw Petra, the Gulf of Aqaba, Palmyra, the Egyptian temples and Crusader Castles, living mostly, it seems, on his enthusiasm and raw oatmeal.

On his return to civilian life he resumed his hobbies of gardening, philately, mountaineering, fencing and skittles which, with his work in the bank and at home, made for a very full and happy life. About three years ago he and his family moved to a house which is part of a converted mansion, and those who were privileged to visit them will remember the pride and joy he and Margaret took in creating a haven of peace and beauty there and in the large and lovely garden where most of their spare time was spent.

Already a keen member of the Wayfarers' Club, Douglas joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1931 and attended as many meets as living in the south permitted. Besides the Lake District, North Wales and Scotland, Douglas had walked and climbed in Corsica, the Dolomites, Oberland, Dauphiné, Tarentaise, Pyrenees and Lebanon. He was one of the leaders at the two Alpine Club novices' meets in Zermatt and also attended our Club meet at Arolla in 1947 and the Scottish Meets at Glen Affric, Fort William and Kinlochewe. In 1937 he joined the Alpine Club; he later served on the committee, and he was Honorary Secretary of the Mount Everest Foundation for some years.

Douglas had very great stamina, tenacity of purpose and will power, and seemed to be indifferent to bad weather conditions. He loved everything to do with mountains, not only climbing them but seeing and watching the flowers, birds and small animals met with on mountain days. Nothing freed his spirit and relaxed his mind as much as mountains did, and every moment among them that was not used to the uttermost was felt to be wasted. Though not a great mixer he was much loved by those who really got to know him, his views and conversation always adding zest to any party of which he was a member.

The last meet he attended was at New Year; and many will remember him at the Dinner Meet when, despite his failing health, he was the first of a small party of friends to reach the top of Blencathra. Douglas will be sadly missed in the many spheres where his interests lay.

The Club offer their sincere sympathy to his wife, his son John, and the members of the Boothroyd family.

J. C. APPELYARD

With the passing of Douglas Side, the mountaineering world has lost a friendly and familiar figure at many club gatherings in our hills and in the Alps. I shall remember him with gratitude and affection for his selfless work in the early years of the Mount Everest Foundation in which he played an outstanding part. Douglas was always willing to take on work of this kind for his fellow mountaineers and he did so cheerfully and with devotion.

Although I never climbed with him, I was at many climbing gatherings when he displayed, quite without ostentation, his remarkable stamina in tackling long and arduous routes despite his years. He had a deep love of mountains and endeared himself to all who met him.

JOHN HUNT

ALAN HORNE, 1935-1960

It was with real shock and sorrow that one learnt that Alan Horne had died on 31st May 1960 at the early age of 50. At Christmas I had had the usual cheery greetings from him and his family; and he had been climbing with his elder boy, Dale, only a month before his death. This was from a second operation for an internal ulcer and in spite of a brave effort at recovery. He was cremated, and his ashes scattered on Gimmer on a beautiful July morning: at sunrise.

It must have been in the early 1930's that, when I was camping with a party of children and students, we came in contact with Alan and his mother, also camping; and so began a happy rock-partnership and a friendship lasting for the rest of his life. His mother was also a wonderful person, not a climber, but a great camp 'second' to Alan, backing him up in everything and never betraying the least anxiety.

Alan joined the S.M.C. in 1934 and the Fell and Rock in 1935. He was a brilliant and graceful climber, and both in his

own performance and care for his team was one of the safest on the rocks. He kept himself in perfect form, both in Scotland and in the Lake District, and by constant practice on Salisbury Crags when at home in Edinburgh.

In August 1935 he was camping with his mother in Wasdale, and I with the usual collection of children and students in Borrowdale. He came over to us on 8th August with two friends from another camp, suggesting an ascent of the Central Buttress. I gladly agreed, and we set off. But we amused ourselves on the way by doing some 'first ascents' on a crag to the left of the Corridor Route (a crag to which I cannot give a name, nor say if our own light-hearted scramblings were indeed 'firsts').

The result was that we arrived rather late at our main objective. Nevertheless we did it, Alan leading with his usual grace, patience, and care for the safety of all his colleagues; but by the time we were off the rocks it was 10 p.m., dusk was falling, and it was beginning to rain! I proposed to go the shortest way back to Seathwaite, but the boys would not hear of it. We decided to go all together as far as the Corridor Route, and perhaps divide there or on the Sty. Darkness, rain and mist increased rapidly: we couldn't even find the Corridor Route, or any path at all, so all went down to Wasdale, increasingly wet and tired, but full of triumph and joy-of-life notwithstanding. Coming out of the mist at last we saw, far below in the valley, a little light moving:

'Your mother going to the other camp, Alan.'

'Yes, be quiet a moment. I want to speak to her.'

He cupped his hands and sent out a ringing call 'Mother!' There came back a faint 'Alan'! Then, very slowly and deliberately, 'Go back to camp. We are all O.K.' The light went back to camp.

So we continued, weary, wet and happy, and reached the Wasdale camps about 1 a.m. There I was fed and again ready to set off for Borrowdale. But once more Alan intervened and insisted on taking me back by car—a fifty-mile drive instead of a five-mile walk! My own party were all safe in bed and Alan set off (in early light) to motor the fifty miles back again. It was one of the kindest acts that ever came my way, and quite in character with his thoughtfulness for the safety and comfort of all his comrades.

In October 1935 Alan came to Friar Row with Margery, his fiancée. We climbed happily on Gimmer and in November they were with us again. They were married in Plymouth in June 1937. They continued to camp and climb whenever possible, in later years with their two boys, Dale and Russell. Among Alan's many conquests were SCAPE CRAGS Direct and the first ascent of the Innominate in boots.

I visited their home in Edinburgh and have delightful memories of happy boys and charming parents. It is difficult to realize that Alan is no longer there. But, as another friend has said, 'he experienced little of the sad decline of age'. And I am sure that the tradition of mother and sons camping and climbing will continue, as Alan would have wished. He certainly strove to make sure of the continuance on the fells of his own bright and brave spirit.

MABEL M. BARKER

BERNARD GRAVES NEWTON, 1940-1960

Bernard Graves Newton died near the summit of Tryfan on 11th August 1960. He was on holiday with his wife and family in Anglesey and he had gone to Tryfan to do the north ridge with his son Richard. Near the top he collapsed suddenly and died from coronary thrombosis whilst young Richard was running for help. He was 51 years old.

Bernard was educated at Wakefield Grammar School and then became a scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, where he gained an M.A. He spent most of his working life teaching languages at Huddersfield Technical College and it was there that I first met him. I went to learn German just before the war and we became firm friends.

During the war he used to take his class on moorland walks and on these I came to realize what a fine man he was. Mountains were a great joy to him and I heard of ascents he had made in the Alps; but I think his greatest love was for the Lake District fells and Brackenclough.

One Easter I was invited to stay at 'the hut' at Wasdale as his guest. He was already there and looking out for me as I pedalled up the strange road in the dark. We did a lot of climbing and walking that Easter along with the late Graham Sutton who was a great friend of Bernard's. One ascent was South-east Gully on Great End where we had a wonderful time.

Bernard was lame from early childhood, having a paralysed right arm and right leg. This made walking difficult for him, and that he could fell walk and do some climbing proved how much mountaineering meant to him. It was he who proposed me for membership of the Club.

In 1946 Bernard married and gradually made a lovely home for his wife and three children. He was a collector of grandfather clocks and other pieces of antique furniture which all blended well into his home at Huddersfield. He loved music and opera and had a fine collection of records.

Whilst his children were young he had done little fell walking, but in recent months he had been to the Lakes and taken his children up a number of fells. Many members who used to go to Widdop will remember him.

His manner was always of great charm and he was a good talker at home and on the fells. To his wife and three children and all who miss him I can only say he was the best man I've ever known.

ERIC BETTS

GEORGE MALCOLM FITTER, 1956-1960

George Fitter died, aged 53 years, on 23rd July 1960. Although a member of only some four years standing, he was an enthusiastic supporter of Club meets and an untiring worker where hut maintenance was concerned, his penchant for Brackenclose being particularly marked. The warden of Brackenclose, Ron Brotherton, writes: 'During the past few years there have been a variety of improvements at Brackenclose that will stand for many years as a memorial to the colossal amount of work which George Fitter did for the hut, particularly during the time it was being prepared for the 21st anniversary celebrations in 1958.'

George commenced mountaineering somewhat late in life, his initiation consisting of being coaxed up Stob Coire nan Lochan and Bidean in good snow conditions at Easter 1952. Thereafter he rapidly developed a deep interest in the hills as is shown by his varied collection of slides. His attention turned increasingly towards the Lakes (despite his Scottish ancestry of which he was extraordinarily proud) and he was elected to the Club in 1956.

As big in mind as in stature, he was a stalwart character possessing a dry sense of humour and a keen wit that could

reduce the most arduous circumstance to something approaching absurdity. Fitter lived for his mountaineering and believed firmly in a long day out on the fells. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to leave Liverpool early on a Sunday and get onto the hills while more self-respecting mountaineers were still at breakfast. I remember one February morning negotiating our way by flashlight from Brackenclose towards Sty Head, having ejected the rest of the party from their bunks at some ridiculous hour. He was in his element and was almost sorry when dawn began to break before the top of the pass was reached.

At all times he was an ideal companion and although only a modest rock climber could always be relied upon to take over the lead whenever difficulties were encountered. Those of us who were with him the day after the 1959 Dinner will always remember the way he led the party over the Newlands fells, physically sicker than any of us would have dared to guess. Through his death we are poorer by a member who shunned the limelight but would unassumingly put his back into any aspect of life as his contribution to its success.

DOUGLAS WRIGHT

R. J. JACKSON, 1944-1960

R. J. Jackson was born in Hull and educated at Hymers College. He joined the Metal Box Company in Hull, served with the firm at Shipley, South London and was sub-manager at the Leicester factory at the time of his death. He was one of four brothers who were all taken by their father to the Lake District at the age of 12, an age when they were expected to stand up to a heavy day on the fells. He was among the first to apply for Graduating Membership of the Club and became a Life Member in 1944. He had a natural aptitude for rock climbing, but had not in recent years been able to keep up his contact with the Lake District owing to family obligations. He died in November 1960 at the age of 41 and leaves a widow and two sons aged 11 and 4 years. His brother, P. J. Jackson, also a member, was killed at Singapore in January 1941. His father is well known in Hull as a City Alderman and ex-Lord Mayor and Sheriff of the City.

H.W.J.

It is greatly regretted that, up to the time of going to press, it has been found impossible to obtain an obituary notice of L. W. Davies. The Editor would welcome one for the 1962 number and hopes that anyone who can help will get in touch with her.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW

BORROWDALE

Peter Moffat

EAGLE CRAG

POSTERN GROOVE 120 feet. Very severe. First ascent 24th April, 1960. D.M., P.M. Starts 15 yards left of Postern Gate, up an obvious groove.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the left-hand side of the groove to a spike belay.
- (2) 20 feet. The overhanging crack above is climbed to a grassy ledge on the left. Piton belay.
- (3) 50 feet. Step right and climb to the overhang which is passed by a crack on the left.

NATIONAL TRUST CRAGS

MARISUANA 190 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th June, 1960. C. Laverty, M. Reay, A. Richardson, G. Leech. Starts 50 feet to the right of Vicissitude.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb directly up the obvious groove on delicate holds to a tree belay.
- (2) 20 feet. A short scramble up to a large tree belay.
- (3) 50 feet. Bear left and up a wall, then enter an overhanging scoop (piton for runner under the overhang). Ascend the groove to a flake belay.
- (4) 80 feet. Traverse right on delicate holds onto the outer edge, then climb directly up to the top.

SHEPHERD'S CRAG

SNAKE 155 feet. Very severe. First ascent 23rd May, 1960. C. Laverty, R. McHaffie, A. Clarkson.

- (1) 65 feet. First pitch of Central Girdle.
- (2) 90 feet. Climb the crack in the corner with the aid of 4 pitons. Traverse left into the corner and climb its left-hand edge on good holds. Climb the wall directly behind on good holds to the top.

APOLLO 100 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th August, 1960. C. Laverty, G. Leech. Starts up the first two pitches of Scorpion.

- (1) 40 feet. Ascend the slab to the right of the tree until a crack is reached. Continue up into a scoop on the right of Bludgeon with the aid of 5 pitons. Belay in étriers.
- (2) 60 feet. Traverse to the right round the corner; this is followed by a second corner. Climb to the top with the aid of 6 pitons.

THESEUS 105 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th August, 1960. C. Laverty, A. Richardson, G. Leech. Starts to the left of Conclusion.

- (1) 35 feet. Climb the overhang, with the aid of 3 pitons, into the groove to a tree belay.
- (2) 20 feet. As for Brown Crag Wall to tree belay.
- (3) 50 feet. Traverse left for 15 feet, then delicately to the top of the crag.

SHORT NOTICE 60 feet. Very severe. First ascent 11th August, 1960. D.W.E., W. O'Hara.

From the top of the pinnacle which forms the belay for pitch 1 of Cordus, move up the left wall until the final pitch of Slings is reached. Follow this to the top.

BUTTERMERE

BUCKSTONE HOW

SIDEWINDER 210 feet. Very severe. First ascent 10th June, 1960. D. Gregory, N. J. Soper (alternate leads).

Starts at a cairn 20 feet to the left of Sinister Grooves; to the left of an arête.

- (1) 130 feet. Climb the cracked wall to a shallow broken groove which leads to a ledge in 80 feet. Continue up the groove on better rock, passing a holly (possible belay) to a landing on steep vegetation. Scramble up to a large spike belay below the final groove of Sinister Grooves.
- (2) 80 feet. Traverse 10 feet left to the foot of the next groove. Climb this facing right, then left, to surmount the narrow overhanging section which leads to a recess. Leave this by the overhanging crack on the right to join the final pitch of Sinister Grooves.

CONISTON

DOW CRAG

SIDE WALK 280 feet. Very severe. First ascent 4th June, 1960. L. Brown, B. Stevens. Starts at the top of the first pitch of Great Gully, at a pinnacle belay on the left below an impending wall.

- (1) 20 feet. From the top of the pinnacle small fingerholds allow a pull across left onto a prominent foothold. A piton was used to rest here. Move up a few feet to a grass stance.
- (2) 30 feet. Climb the thin crack in the corner to the stance on Eliminate A below the Rochers Perchés pitch.
- (3) 50 feet. Move 12 feet or so up to the right beneath a steep wall overlooking the gully. Pull over a small overhang in a corner containing a thin crack. Swing out to the right on small holds to a crack on the edge of the buttress; this leads to a good ledge and belay.

- (4) 80 feet. Climb above the belay to some perched blocks slightly to the right. Go up above these trending slightly left until a large triangular grass ledge is reached. Chockstone belay.
- (5) 100 feet. Climb from the ledge to the right towards a large groove. Follow this to the top.

LEVERS WATER

KRAKEN WALL 100 feet. Very severe. First ascent 16th July, 1960. J. P. Hool, J. Kolbe. Starts 15 feet to the left of Sunlight Crack.

Ascend the groove and the overhang to a heather ledge. Move right and up onto the wall on small holds.

RAVEN CRAG, YEWDAL

TARANTULA 160 feet. Very severe. First ascent 5th March, 1960. A. C. Cain, D. Francis. Starts on the terrace directly above a holly tree and an ash tree about 30 feet to the left of Cobra.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb diagonally leftwards into a shallow corner which is followed until a good ledge is reached on the right. Traverse to the right along this ledge until it peters out; then ascend a few feet and traverse delicately right, round the rib, into the groove of Cobra. Ascend the groove for a few feet to a small stance and piton belay.
- (2) 60 feet. Go round the steep corner on the left, then diagonally left across the wall until a mossy ledge is reached. Follow this ledge until a break leads directly upwards to a large ledge with several dead trees.
- (3) 40 feet. Up the corner at the back of the ledge until another ledge leads off to the left.

YEWDAL Situated at the top of the third declivity along
PINNACLE from Raven Crag on the south-east slope of Holme Fell. It is visible from the cart track behind Yewdale Farm, but is best approached from above. It is about 10 minutes' walk from the top of Raven Crag. The pinnacle is a large detached rock with 4 faces and 4 corners. First ascents 11th October, 1960. R.K.J.

- (1) South face. Original route. 30 feet. Difficult. The easy scoop and summit blocks.
- (2) South-east corner. 40 feet. Severe.
- (3) North-east corner. 50 feet. Severe and strenuous.
- (4) North-west corner. 30 feet. Severe.
- (5) South-west corner. 30 feet. Very difficult.
- (6) Girdle. 150 feet. Technically Very severe on the north face, but not exposed.

GREAT CARRS. SUMMIT CRAGS

These crags lie just below the summit on the eastern aspect of Great Carrs. Only 200 feet high and rather broken, they are not very promising at first sight. However, three short routes have been found which might provide a pleasant scramble for an off-day. The crag is divided into an upper and lower section by an easy grass rake running diagonally upwards to the left. The upper section has yielded the following 3 routes, starting from a small grassy bay.

ROUTE 1 110 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 24th October, 1960. R.K.J. Starts 10 feet to the right of

Route 2 in a small right-angled corner.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the steep wall on good holds to a ledge and spike belay.

(2) 65 feet. From the left-hand end of the ledge follow the broken rib to the summit.

ROUTE 2 120 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 24th October, 1960. R.K.J. Starts at the lowest point of the

upper crag. Cairn.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the broken scoop, trending left, to a grass ledge and spike belay in the overhanging corner.

(2) 15 feet. Move right and climb the steep wall to a small stance and belay.

(3) 65 feet. Pleasant scrambling to the top.

ROUTE 3 80 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 24th October, 1960. R.K.J. Starts 40 feet up the easy rake

from Route 2. Cairn and prominent spike belay.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the shallow broken groove to a small ledge and flake belay.

(2) 50 feet. Continue up the wall until stopped by an awkward bulge. Turn this on the left. Finish on the balcony. Small cairn.

DEEPDALE

SCRUBBY CRAG

HROTHGAR 310 feet. Very severe. First ascent 22nd April, 1960. N. J. Soper, D. McE. Dixon, C. D. Curtis.

Starts at the foot of the crag below the prominent open groove of Deflected Route in a mossy bay reached by scrambling up steep vegetation. Cairn marks the start in an overhung recess on the left of the bay.

(1) 50 feet. Step left and climb a groove, moving out left at the top. Traverse horizontally right for 15 feet to a grass ledge. Belay.

- (2) 110 feet. Traverse right for 20 feet; then make a difficult leftward ascending traverse to the foot of the groove of Deflected Route. Climb the groove for 50 feet (crux) and traverse right to a ledge and belay as for Deflected Route.
- (3) 60 feet. Return to the groove. Move up onto the left wall and ascend this to Long Ledge. Belay in the 10-foot groove of Grendel.
- (4) 90 feet. Climb the groove and continue straight up to join the last pitch of Grendel.

DOVEDALE

DOVE CRAGS

EXTOL 350 feet. Very Severe. First ascent 17th April, 1960. Don Whillans, Colin Mortlock. The climb takes a line almost directly up the centre of the crag. Start below the vegetated chimney in the centre of the face.

- (1) 50 feet. Scramble up broken rock to the foot of the chimney proper. Stance and belay.
- (2) 150 feet. Climb the chimney direct. At the top, traverse right and reach the good block ledge on Hangover.
- (3) 150 feet. From the block ledge climb down a few feet; a good jug on the wall to the left enables a swing to the left to be made to the foot of a grass caterpillar. Climb the steep vegetated rock until stopped by a steep wall, then step to the left and reach the foot of a short smooth groove. Climb this to a rather awkward grass ledge on the right (crux). Step right and climb the overhanging wall to the big overhang. Move right under the overhang to a small ledge below a smooth groove with the aid of a piton (in place). Pull into the groove and up until it steepens. Step across to a ledge on the arête on the right. Up the arête for a few feet, then right again to reach a mossy horizontal crack and the top of the crag.

ENNERDALE

PILLAR ROCK

ODIN 410 feet. Very severe. First ascent 18th April, 1960. B. Ingle, P. Crew (alternate leads). Starts at the foot of the Shamrock, left of Walker's Gully, by an old ash tree. 100 feet of scrambling up heather to the left-hand side of the bay. Spike belay.

- (1) 60 feet. Step off the spike and up steep rock and a V-chimney to a grass ledge and massive block belay.

- (2) 70 feet. Step left off the block to a niche; then right, onto the nose, and up the steep rock until one can reach a groove on the right. Ascend this and then move back left across the steep wall to another grass ledge. A hard mantelshelf leads to another ledge and block belay.
- (3) 20 feet. Climb over the bulge to the left. Belay well back. Scramble 120 feet up the grassy rake to the right to a massive upstanding flake.
- (4) 40 feet. Step right and up the grassy groove to a small niche. Poor stance but good chock belays.
- (5) 70 feet. Step right and up the large groove to its top.
- (6) 30 feet. Up the shattered wall to easy ground.

ESKDALE

HERON CRAG

GORMENGHAST 305 feet. Very severe. First ascent 26th March, 1960. L. Brown, A. L. Atkinson. Starts at the bottom of the tree-studded groove on the left of the main pillar (Babylon).

- (1) 20 feet. Climb easily up to a birch tree and stance.
- (2) 30 feet. Access to the pillar is gained by climbing a steep groove behind and to the right of the tree until forced out to the right onto the face. A horizontal crack leads right to an exposed but sufficient stance. Piton belay.
- (3) 90 feet. Climb the wall on the left until the holds deteriorate; insecure piton up on the left. Move up to the right to a good niche, then straight up for 15 feet until a step left can be made into a grassy groove. A few feet higher are belays.
- (4) 25 feet. Climb the groove behind the belays to a holly tree and stance.
- (5) 80 feet. Step right from the tree and climb up on good holds past a prominent block. A crack containing a jammed flake leads onto the final nose. Traverse right to the edge when a descent of 10 feet is made with the aid of a thin crack to a small ledge. Climb the crack on the right to the top of a pinnacle and belay.
- (6) 60 feet. Climb straight up from the pinnacle for 20 feet and then trend left. Finish up the shallow groove.

HARD NOT 200 feet. Very severe. First ascent 1st May, 1960. N. Raby, C. A. Goldsmith. Starts a few yards right of Heron Corner at a groove just left of the overhung corner. Traverse right immediately above the overhang and continue direct to the top.

- (1) 35 feet. Start up the groove, step left onto the slab and up to the peg belay on Heron Corner.
- (2) 85 feet. Move down towards the arête, step round into a groove, then up and out to a small stance on the edge of the arête above the overhang. Traverse the slab on the right to a corner with a steep crack above and a small tree below. Ascend the crack, pull out right at the top and belay at the tree on the steep grass slope.
- (3) 40 feet. Step onto the steep wall behind the tree and work leftwards up to the edge of the arête, then on good holds to a sloping terrace behind the final wall. Belays.
- (4) 40 feet. Start up a recess in the centre of the wall, then go slightly right and straight up a steep arête bounded by a groove on its left. Pinnacle belay.

SIDE TRACK 190 feet. Very severe. First ascent August, 1960. R. B. Evans, I. F. Howell. Starts 30 feet left of Babylon, the main feature being an ascending traverse under overhangs.

- (1) 35 feet. Climb mossy rocks until a traverse right, past a tree, leads to a belay on Babylon.
- (2) 75 feet. Mount a ledge on the left, then make a mossy ascending traverse left to the foot of a steep wall which is climbed into a groove below overhangs. Move up left to a sloping stance and thread belay 10 feet higher in the lip of the overhang.
- (3) 40 feet. Ascend the groove above, over the overhang, to a second overhang. Pass this on the right. Easier rocks follow to a large oak belay on the right.
- (4) 40 feet. Traverse a few feet round the corner to the left, then move up. Finish up the clean rib on the right.

HERON CRAG 315 feet. Very severe. First ascent August, 1960. R. B. Evans, I. F. Howell. Starts at a large rowan tree at the right-hand end of the face.

- (1) 30 feet. Move left over vegetation up to two small trees, then left across a mossy slab. Descend to a large flake and chockstone belay.
- (2) 15 feet. Up the crack to a spike belay on top of the block.
- (3) 80 feet. Descend the crack to the ledge on the far side of the block. Move left across a wall to a ledge and belay on Bellerophon (Top of pitch 2).
- (4) 35 feet. Pitch 3 of Bellerophon. Then up a wet crack and move out to the left at the top.
- (5) 20 feet. Up the wall to a large grass ledge. Piton belay.

- (6) 70 feet. Move along the ledge past a huge nest and descend a little past a small tree to a grassy niche where a piton can be inserted. Abseil from the piton for 50 feet to a holly tree.
- (7) 35 feet. Walk left along the ledge and round the corner and up onto a ledge on the right. Move across a wall to the left and down to an oak tree belay on Bellerophon.
- (8) 30 feet. Last pitch of Bellerophon.

GRISEDAL

FALCON CRAG

LIMBO 40 feet. Very severe. First ascent 23rd April, 1960. B. Webb, J. M. Rogers. Starts 30 feet right of the start of Limbo: an overhanging groove at the foot of the grass slope.
 Climb the groove, passing a large spike which should be treated with care, to a slab. Ascend this and move left to the belay above pitch 1 of Limbo.

LANGDALE

BOWFELL NORTH BUTTRESS

THE GNOMON 270 feet. Very severe. First ascent 23rd April, 1960. L. Brown, G. Lund (led last pitch). Starts from the bottom of pitch 1 of Sword of Damocles, taking the left-hand of the three main grooves up the crag. Go left beneath an enormous jammed pinnacle, and 12 feet left of this is a good pinnacle belay.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the left-hand crack immediately above the pinnacle to an awkward mantelshelf onto a triangular niche. Step left to a runner and bridge up above this until a step right can be made to a grass ledge and belay.
- (2) 70 feet. Make for a grass ledge up on the left. Runner. Step back right into a groove and move up to a small ledge. Climb out to the left to a good pinnacle belay.
- (3) 70 feet. Go up broken rocks past the prominent pointed pinnacle to a belay below a final buttress.
- (4) 80 feet. A line of holds leads pleasantly up to the right-hand side of the buttress.

THE SCABBARD 135 feet. Very severe. First ascent 28th May, 1960. J. A. Austin, E. Metcalf. Starts at a thin crack about 4 yards right of the start of the Sword of Damocles.

- (1) 20 feet. The thin crack to the grass ledge above the second pitch of the Sword of Damocles.

- (2) 35 feet. The wall above trending left. There are a few awkward moves to gain good holds in a shallow scoop a few feet from the arête. Up the scoop to a stance and high thread belay.
- (3) 80 feet. The obvious wide crack curving slightly left is followed to a stance at 55 feet. The same line up broken grooves to the top.

FLAT CRAG 155 feet. Very severe. First ascent 28th May, 1960. E. Metcalf, J. A. Austin, G. Roberts.
CORNER Starts at a large open corner half-way up the

slanting terrace.

- (1) 80 feet. A few feet of grassy scrambling leads to an easy-angled slab curving up to the right. Up this to a thread belay at the top. Belay low down.
- (2) 35 feet. The corner above is climbed, first on the left to a tiny grass stance, then in the corner to a ledge and belay above.
- (3) 40 feet. Step up to the ledge on the left and climb the corner above to the top.

NECKBAND CRAG

MASSIACASM 100 feet. Very severe. First ascent 6th May, 1960. B. Kershaw. Starts at the extreme left-hand end of the crag.

Surmount an overhanging wall on minute sloping holds. Having gained an awkward stance, traverse right into a groove and then move up to a piton half-way up the crack. Traverse right, to the tree which sticks out of a blank face. Move right (hand traverse).

TWAIN CRACKS 80 feet. Very severe. First ascent 5th May, 1960. B. Kershaw. Starts in the centre of the buttress directly below the tree.

Climb the groove for 10 feet to gain access to the cracks which are climbed to the tree. Surmount the difficult bulge and finish over two small overhangs.

GIMMER CRAG

'D' ROUTE 80 feet. Severe. First ascent 27th August, 1960.

VARIATION START J. C. Taylor, T. West. Starts 15 feet to the right of 'D' Route.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the thin crack which peters out, then continue until a slight overhang is reached.
- (2) 20 feet. Traverse left across the slabs on fine holds to the block belay on 'D' Route.

KIPLING GROOVE 25 feet. Very severe. First ascent 12th September, 1959. A. McHardy, R. Fayer.

After leaving the peg carry on up the hand traverse and mantelshelf. Having stood upright, a step left fetches one under a blind groove capped by a small block overhang. Ascend this.

PAVEY ARK

RECTANGULAR SLAB 200 feet. Very severe. First ascent 20th May, 1960. J. A. Austin, E. Metcalf (alternate leads). Starts about 40 feet left of Cook's Tour.

- (1) 55 feet. Climb a rib to a projecting block 30 feet up. Gain a shallow groove, trending left, then step left onto the face and climb up to the ledge above. Belay. Move right to the belay at the top of pitch 2 of Cook's Tour.
- (2) 30 feet. The corner above to a holly tree. Belay.
- (3) 75 feet. Up the slab corner for a few feet, then traverse left across the foot of the slab to the arête. Follow the thin crack slanting up to the right across the slab.
- (4) 40 feet. Above the slab is a short steep corner with a thin crack in its right wall. Climb this until it gives out. Move onto the right-hand edge and climb to the top.

RED GROOVE 195 feet. Very severe. First ascent 3rd July, 1960. J. A. Austin, E. Metcalf. Starts immediately below the holly tree on the red wall, pitch 3 of the Girdle.

- (1) 55 feet. Climb the shallow groove direct to the holly tree on the Girdle. From the holly tree traverse right to a grass stance and belay.
- (2) 95 feet. Up the wall above the belay until an obvious traverse runs left into the red groove (piton runner). Up the left wall for a few difficult moves, then the angle eases. Up to the ledge on the last pitch of Hobson's Choice (3 pitons).
- (3) 45 feet. Move right for a few feet and climb the steep V-groove to the top.

ASTRA 200 feet. Very severe. First ascent 26th August, 1960. J. A. Austin, E. Metcalf, D. Roberts. Starts from the second belay on Hobson's Choice.

- (1) 70 feet. Traverse right from the belay, across a slab, and gain the arête. Above on the right is an obvious flake runner: move across and up to this. From the flake move up to the left and gain an easier slab which leads up to a steep wall. The crossing of the wall required aid. Insert a piton, and from a standing position in a sling step right and climb a few feet to a stance and belay.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb the shallow groove and thin crack above the belay, trending slightly right to a grassy ledge and poor belay.
- (3) 35 feet. The awkward V-groove ahead to a grass ledge; move left for a belay.
- (4) 15 feet. The easy crack behind; then scrambling to the top.

WHITE GHYLL

Do NOT 70 feet. Very severe. First ascent 29th October,
DIRECT START 1960. L. Brown, P. Muscroft. Starts 15 feet to
the right of Slip Not at a broken groove.

Climb the groove all the way to an overhang and step out onto the
right wall. Climb a thin overhanging crack to the stance on Do
Not.

NEWLANDS

RED CRAG

BOLSHOI BUTTRESS 275 feet. Very severe. First ascent 15th May,
1960. R. B. Evans, A. Evans. Starts at slabby
rock below a prominent steep corner on a continuous buttress to the
right of the main crag.

- (1) 55 feet. Pleasant climbing up slabs and a short corner leads to
the foot of the prominent corner and small spike belay.
- (2) 60 feet. Ascend above the belay to a sloping ledge. Traverse
to the right along the narrowing ledge until a pull onto the
ledge above can be made. Move right and up an exposed
crack. The angle eases and a fine pinnacle belay is reached
on the right.
- (3) 60 feet. Move easily along ledges to the left and up a corner
to a perched block. A short slab leads back to the right and
up broken rock. Move left up slabs to a heather ledge below
a fine rib. Small spike belay.
- (4) 100 feet. Move left past the belay and up onto some slabs which
steepen and lead to the rib. Move right, onto the edge,
and up.

THIRLMERE

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

ELIMINATE 420 feet. Very severe. First ascent 29th May,
GIRDLE 1960. G.O., P.R. (alternate leads). Starts at the
alternative start to Angels' Highway.

- (1) 110 feet. First pitch of Angels' Highway, alternative start.
- (2) 55 feet. Traverse left through the trees, passing the belay of
Harlot Face, and straight around the arête. Bridge the
bottomless groove onto a small gangway; then onto another
gangway (Rigor Mortis) until the belay of Thirlmere
Eliminate (pitch 2) is reached.
- (3) 75 feet. Move up the wall to the left of the overhang and swing
round the arête: cross May Day and down the slab, pitch 4,
of Zigzag. Then up pitch 3 of Overhanging Bastion.

- (4) 65 feet. Gangway pitch of Overhanging Bastion.
- (5) 35 feet. Reverse pitch 6 of Barbican.
- (6) 80 feet. Last pitch of North Crag Eliminate.

Alternative to pitches 4 and 5: P.R., P. Blain. 7th June, 1960.

45 feet. From the grass ledge below the large block belay of Overhanging Bastion climb a thin crack; then traverse left until a slightly overhanging groove is reached. Ascend this with the aid of 3 pitons, then up steep rock on the left to the stance of North Crag Eliminate.

DRAG 130 feet. Very severe. First ascent 29th May, 1960. P.R., G.O. Starts about 25 feet to the right of the alternative start to Angels' Highway. One pitch.

Climb straight up until a small groove below a bulge is reached (piton runner). Ascend the bulge with difficulty. Move left round the steep corner, then up to small trees. Continue straight up to the top.

ULLSWATER

GOWBARROW CRAG

SUSAN 70 feet. Very severe. First ascent 16th June, 1960. D.W.E., D.H.B. Starts 40 feet to the right of Gowbarrow Buttress. Rusty piton marks the start.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the overhanging crack and move right over a bulge to a poor stance below the continuation of the crack (chockstone for runner). Jam the crack and then move left on good undercut holds where a good edge allows a standing position. Continue on good holds to ledge and thread belay.
- (2) 30 feet. Move into the groove on the left, after which easier climbing leads to the top.

WASDALE

THE NAPES

CROCODILE CRACK 170 feet. Very severe. First ascent 23rd April, 1960. G.O., G. Arkless, P.R., N. Brown. Starts 6 feet left of Tricouni Rib, taking the crack between this and Eagle's Nest Direct.

- (1) 140 feet. Climb the flake crack for 25 feet to a running belay. A long step left is taken to reach a crack which is climbed to an overhang at 50 feet (jammed knot runner). The crack widens at the overhang and is climbed facing left. Continue up the crack past a small ledge on the left to a good ledge and belay.

- (2) 30 feet. Up the crack and corner above to join Eagle's Nest Ridge.

ALLIGATOR 165 feet. Severe. First ascent 22nd May, 1960.
CRAWL G.O., G. Arkless. Starts between Crocodile Crack and Tricouni Rib.

- (1) 45 feet. Climb the chimney to a ledge and belay.
(2) 90 feet. From the top of the block step onto the wall and climb the crack past a juniper ledge; up the corner above to join Crocodile Crack at a ledge.
(3) 30 feet. Climb the crack and corner above to join Eagle's Nest Ridge.

SCAFELL EAST BUTTRESS

ARMAGEDDON 270 feet. Very severe. First ascent 21st April, 1960. L. Brown, G. Lund. Starts as for Moon Day.

- (1) 45 feet. Pitch 1, Moon Day.
(2) 25 feet. Pitch 2, Moon Day.
(3) 25 feet. Make for an obvious ledge on the left, aided by a rope from a peg on Moon Day. Poor belays.
(4) 25 feet. Ascend 10 feet and traverse delicately left to below a 15-foot crack. Belay piton advisable. Poor stance.
(5) 20 feet. Climb the crack (2 pitons). Short layback to finish (1 piton). Belay on inserted chockstone.
(6) 80 feet. Make an exposed balance move round the corner to the left. Climb the slab past a good ledge with no belay, then straight up to a stance and poor belays below a wide corner crack.
(7) (8) 50 feet. Finish up Great Eastern.

ICHABOD 280 feet. Very severe. First ascent 28th May, 1960. G.O., G. Arkless, L. Willis. Starts at the same place as Phoenix.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the easy sloping gangway to a stance.
(2) 110 feet. Move up to the overhang and step right into a corner (runner). A delicate traverse right is made, using an insecure piton, to reach a shallow corner which is climbed for 10 feet. Exit on the right by a mantelshelf move. Continue diagonally right for 30 feet to reach another crack. Traverse 20 feet left on sloping holds to a thread belay at the foot of a chimney.
(3) 60 feet. Climb the V-chimney and move left into the corner. Continue on good holds to a ledge with belay below a steep crack.
(4) 60 feet. Climb the crack to a ledge and block belay.

THE CENTAUR 270 feet. Very severe. First ascent 30th June, 1960. L. Brown, S. Read. Starts in the groove immediately to the right of Great Eastern.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the groove on good holds, passing a good ledge on the right, to a stance. Piton belay.
- (2) 40 feet. Climb the corner of the groove for 10 feet; then step out left onto the edge which is climbed for 10 feet until a line of holds leads back to the right across the groove to a stance. Piton belay.
- (3) 50 feet. From the belay move up right for 5 feet. Climb the corner for 10 feet onto a ledge on the left which leads back into the corner of the groove. A few moves bring one onto the easy slab of Great Eastern. Pull onto the high slab and belay on this.
- (4) 60 feet. About 15 feet along the slab to the right it is possible to gain a ledge about 10 feet higher and traverse back left into the groove. Climb the groove into the corner beneath the poised pinnacle: another large slab stance. Piton belay.
- (5) 30 feet. Climb direct to the pinnacle on good holds (avoid it). Behind is a ledge and chockstone belay.
- (6) 30 feet. Step up to the left and then move back to the right until good holds lead up to a ledge with more poised pinnacles. Scrambling on the left leads to the top.

BLACK CRAG

DIAGONAL ROUTE 90 feet. Severe. First ascent 1st April 1960.
DIRECT FINISH J. A. Austin, J. M. Austin.

Above the left-hand end of the ledge at the top of the fourth pitch is a 90-foot right-angled corner. Climb this direct for 60 feet to a cave; then break out onto the left wall and climb easily to the top.

KEY TO INITIALS

D. H. Beattie	P. Moffat
D. W. English	G. Oliver
R. K. Jackson	P. Ross
D. Miller	

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

Harry Ironfield

Owing to the change in the Club calendar this review covers the period between November 1959 and New Year 1961. Meets can surely be held to reflect the corporate life of the Club, and this is a story of enthusiasm and much outdoor activity.

The last of the 1959 meets was an extremely wet one in the Duddon Valley. By contrast, New Year 1960 was a week-end of glorious weather. The meet in Langdale was the tenth of its kind to be held at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. The dinner, as always, was first class, and so was the entertainment which followed, Geoff. Whiteley being in great form. It reached its climax at midnight when the New Year was celebrated by the inflation and subsequent bursting of a huge balloon, manfully engineered by a Vice-President (Ed. Wormell). The two following days were enjoyed out of doors by everyone, and the evenings' events included Alf. Gregory's film 'A Return to Sola Khumbu,' which delighted us with some lovely shots of the Himalaya; an interesting talk by John Thompson on the Antarctic illustrated by excellent colour slides; and a hilarious sketch by Sid. Cross, George and the dancing girls. We also danced into the small hours.

At the end of January a meet was held at Howtown. About 20 members attended on Saturday and this number was almost doubled by the arrival of locals on Sunday. Unfortunately the weather failed the occasion; the snow of the previous week was ruined by heavy rain and the mist remained at 1,000 feet for the whole week-end. For some, the proceedings commenced with a search for two girls who had been lost in the snow above Grisedale; they were lucky to survive the ordeal. On Sunday some explored Martindale and climbed through the mist and snow to the top of High Street, while others accompanied the leader along the shores of Ullswater to Sandwick, returning by Martindale Hause. They were rewarded by the sight of mallard on the lake and red deer in their natural habitat of Martindale Forest.

A meet in the Pennines at Ousby during February coincided with a week-end of good snow conditions. Two members who ascended Cross Fell from the Ousby side found the going arduous as the deep snow had in places only a thin crust. The remainder of us approached the summit of the Pennines on skis from the north via Fiends Fell, Knapside Hill and Melmerby Fell after an exhilarating drive to the top of Hartside in the wake of a snow plough. Westward, beyond the Eden Valley, the white tops of High Street rose dazzling in the brilliant sunshine which tempered a biting wind.

Wintry conditions persisted into March and those who walked and climbed from Eskdale found the fells covered with hoar-frost and the rocks heavily glazed. On Saturday evening the leader showed his fine colour slides of Corsica.

At Easter, after a rather unpromising start, the weather became warm and sunny and rubbers on warm rock were the general order, except on Scafell; here a party was repulsed by ice on the Gangway and others found good snow sport in Deep Ghyll. The Club huts were in use for the meet as usual. Parties of members also gathered in the Cairngorms where the skiing was excellent; and many others were known to be in Austria.

In May and June the outdoor events were numerous and the writer is fortunately spared recounting some of them. There is an account in the 1960 number of the *Journal* (Editor's Notes) of the visit of the Russian climbers to the Lake District; while the unveiling of the War Memorial and the Scottish Meets are described elsewhere in this number.

The May meet held jointly with the Y.R.C. was restricted to men. Potholding was the principal attraction, although it is on record that one party traversed the three peaks. On Saturday morning several members of each club departed for Fountains Fell and a descent of Gingling Hole. It was with undisguised glee that the initiated described the delights of the 'canal' to the Fell and Rockers who, nothing daunted, but fitting tightly in places, faithfully followed down. In the evening a splendid repast, for which a special menu card had been prepared by the Y.R.C., was followed by brief speeches from the Presidents of both clubs. On Sunday a large party arrived in hot sunshine at Alum Pot which was laddered from the top. Approximately 15 men descended it and, on the return, Long Churn Chimney proved more popular than the straight climb out—about 150 feet by rope ladder.

The weather was excellent for the Whitsun meet. All available accommodation in Borrowdale was filled and there was an overflow in Buttermere. Gable, Scafell, Pillar and the Borrowdale crags were all visited during the week-end and, on Whit Monday, Birkness Combe attracted a large and representative gathering. A glorious day ended with a violent thunderstorm. Many parties fled from the Grey Crags wet through, and we later heard that this storm was responsible for the death of Godfrey Francis on Pillar.

Both days of the Coniston meet early in July were fine and dry, and at least 50 members and friends arrived in time for dinner on Saturday. Many more turned up on Sunday morning and nearly everyone went to Dow. Routes of every grade were climbed, the Eliminates, G.C.R., Black Wall, and the other V.S.'s receiving the attentions of the experts; the only exception was the Girdle, this omission being due, probably, to the considerable danger of embarrassing traffic jams.

Those who attended the Bank Holiday meet at the Pen y Gwyrd were also fortunate with the weather and enjoyed three splendid days on Tryfan, Glyder Fach and the Three Cliffs.

Wasdale in September was another popular meet. Brackenclose was fully booked weeks beforehand and most of the camping space was also taken up. Wilson Pharoah somehow coped with over 80 diners on Saturday evening. Unfortunately Saturday was very wet and the rain continued into the night to the discomfort of the campers. Sunday, however, was a beautiful day. Treks were made around all the surrounding tops, and the climbers, most of whom went to Gable, had a wonderful time on dry rock. On the Napes few routes remained unclimbed and in particular Tophet Wall, E.N.D. and the Needle were seldom without their adherents.

An innovation this year was a gritstone meet in October. Widdop, on the borders of east Lancashire and west Yorkshire, was chosen because of its popularity with members living in the adjacent industrial areas. Many attended, particularly on Sunday when, unfortunately, heavy rain fell so that little was done apart from a mass attack on the ordinary route and some scrambling on boulder problems. Undoubtedly there is scope for an occasional meet of this kind.

The Dinner Meet was favoured by superb weather and lovely autumn tints, but many rainfall records must have been broken during the remainder of the year. At the Dockray meet in late November, some of those who traversed the ridge from Fairfield to Great Dodd in mist and rain were rewarded by seeing a badger in a hole amongst the rocks on Great Dodd. Of great interest was the slide show given on Saturday evening by Molly FitzGibbon who had recently returned from a tour of American National Parks.

1960 ended, as it began, in Langdale with all the good fellowship for which this meet is famous. An excellent meal was followed by an amusing vote of thanks expressed on our behalf by Eric Arnison, our new President, and an equally humorous reply by Sid. Cross and George on behalf of the Inn-mates. Additional spice was once again provided by Geoff. Whiteley and this was followed by dancing until midnight when, with pyrotechnical honours, the New Year was let in by the President. New Year's Day was rather inclement and this restricted the activity of many; not, however, that of the 'harriers' who, it would appear, traversed most of the Eastern Fells. This evening we were entertained by a fine film show. Alf. Gregory ranged from climbing in the Lake District to big game in Kenya and an ascent of Ruwenzori.

This completes the story except for the thanks due from the Club to the meet leaders and also to the noble souls who gave unstinted support at the maintenance meets at the huts. It's hard work, but it's fun!

THE SPARTAN HUTS OF ENGLAND

(With apologies to Noel Coward)

At Brackenclose,
 At Buttermere,
The Salving House,
 Rawhead,
 The Club its hard-won cash employs to meet the needs of girls
 and boys.
 Contemplate the four of them,
And there are so many more of them
Fitted up for every need
That in a modern home should be,
 All worked by electricity.
The nightly charge is not excessive,
 Of their means expressive.
All the young folk are uproarious,
 And inclined to be censorious,
Samples of the modern breed.
 They are the product of the newer education,
Which in this nation
Seems to have run to seed.

 The Spartan huts of England,
 Of Scotland, and of Wales,
The standard keeps on rising,
 The money never fails.
But the fact that the Warden works like hell
And tries to make ev'ry one work as well
Isn't quite the way to sell
The amenities,
 And certainly makes the huts
 Only fit for mutts.
But with modernized equipment
 Which wardens might instal,
The patrons should not need to do any work at all.
 And if they'd contrive to hire a cook
Their starving frames to fill
They'd still
Use, the spartan huts of England.

The homely farms of England were all our parents knew,
 Some farflung licensed houses, but these were very few.
And they none of them had electric light,
 And the sanitation was far from bright,
But they loved to spend a night
In simplicity.
It certainly hurt their eyes,
 Which was no surprise.
But still they lumped the drawbacks,
They kept them young and tough,
 And of those simple pleasures they never had enough.
 So whenever they could escape from work, a holiday to take
They'd make
 For the homely farms of England.

JOHN HIRST

Sung at the Annual Dinner on 29th October, 1960

ANNUAL DINNER, 1960

F. H. F. Simpson

'Let's fight till six, and then have dinner' said Tweedledum.
Through the Looking Glass

'And we meet, with champagne, and a chicken at last'
The Lover—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE

As part of a Dinner Meet, Friday should perhaps be left out of reckoning. But not this one. In the Ashness woods birch limbs shining in a yellow sun; enough wind to swing the topmost branches against a sky full of slow moving cloud. All else still save for the purposeful squirrel. From among the tall outcrops behind King's How, long views to the south, between two mist layers, of the high fells, grey, blue and far-away gold. In one quiet hollow, an unexpected bee, rumbling contentedly among withered heather blossom. The bitter-sweet smell of wood smoke hung in the woods above Rosthwaite, and the voices of children, building a bonfire in the meadows by the river, came keen and clear.

Friday night at the Queen's. The curtains drawn in the lounge, the picture taken off the wall. Forty or more enthusiasts sitting on every available piece of furniture, and the floor. In the middle, John Appleyard, arch-projectionist, in an island of diffused light. Colour slides; mountains, tarns, lochs, ridges, gullies. Particularly to be remembered, the records of the meet at Ballachulish—who is standing by the cairn on what?—and Raymond Shaw's apologetic 'off beat' commentary; Graham Wilson's journey to Norway: salmon pools, fields of potatoes, vast landscapes and one or two pretty girls.

Always a short day because of the Annual General Meeting, Saturday was shorter than usual. The new time of 5 o'clock was dictated by the marathon affair of 1959. The energetic went far afield. Others were content with short expeditions, your reporter and others wandering in Langstrath, brewing tea and setting the world to rights.

The meeting opened quietly, but the Club's ballistic missile section lost no time in shooting at the establishment, which should develop an early warning system. The minutes were challenged for accuracy, and what appeared to be a mild revision of the rules provided a heated debate which ended in a resolution to refer back not merely the original issue, but the whole constitution, for report and recommendation in 1961. In a calmer atmosphere Eric Arnison was acclaimed as the new President; Dick Cook and Lyna Pickering were elected Vice-Presidents. The functions of the Hut and Meets Secretary were divided by the election of new officers for each duty and we said farewell to Harry Ironfield who retired from an arduous spell as the last officer to play both roles. The battle was resumed in a discussion of finance and the future printing of guide-books, and the whole job was done by 7 o'clock.

An hour later, after a thousand hand shakes, several gallons of sherry, and a deal of polite pushing, the main dining room, and the

two overflow centres were fully populated. The coldly informal official memorandum says, 'members, male 129, female 97; guests, male 45, female 58; total 329.' P. D. Boothroyd said grace and the precise machinery of the Royal Oak began to turn swiftly. As usual the main dish was that noble bird which experiences birth, life and death with indifference, and ultimate demolition with dignity—all in the same county—the Cumberland turkey. Eric Arnison, the President elect, enjoyed his first care-free dinner for many years while his unofficial deputy, with a brave show of knowing what he was doing, served wine on the top table. Came the Loyal Toasts, Absent Friends, and the interval—10 minutes allowed by the President, 20 taken by the assembly. The President, always precise and methodical, tested the microphone, receiving some saucy signals from the far end of the crowded room, and introduced Sir Edwin Herbert and the other official guests, calling on each to rise for inspection and welcoming applause.

Sir Edwin proposed the health of the Club. Anyone who expected this prim figure in the dark grey suit to deliver a prim dark grey speech was wrong. The speaker shattered his audience in his opening sentence by referring to his recent pregnancy, the infant proving to be the burden of a specific responsibility to the Minister of Housing and Local Government. He described his early experiences both grave and gay, in solitude and with friends, in the hills of Langdale and Borrowdale, from which he had been away too long. He spoke at length of the history and traditions of the Club, illustrating his pointed comments with stories, all humorous, and one startling. This was a good speech.

John Hirst and Frank Alcock gave a stimulating duet, 'The Spartan Huts of England' (apologies to Noel Coward)—a story of the misfortunes of wardens, and the intransigence of occupants.

The President's speech, a model of careful preparation, opened with a review of Club life. The visit of the Russian climbers had been an event remarkable not only for the visitors themselves, but for the hilarious goings-on at Wasdale, during which the Club had been presented with the Soviet pennant which hung behind the speaker for all to see. The interpreters had little or no dinner, and Edward Wormell's Russian, punctuated with meaningful 'O.K.s', had astonished every one. The Scottish Meet had been another triumph; and over one hundred people had attended the opening of the Liza Bridge. The President welcomed the presence of F. L. Broughton, Surveyor to the Cumberland County Council who had been a prime mover in the project. Two of the members had been honoured: to G. F. Peaker, for his work as a Senior Inspector of Schools, the C.B.E.; to Mary Glynne the O.B.E. in recognition of her long association with Rothamsted Experimental Station. The accolade of Honorary Membership had been given to Jonathan

Stables, architect extraordinary, who had started work on Raw Head at the age of 67, and continued without reward; indeed, fittings installed in the hut had been presented by him. There was praise too for the Editor and the Dinner Secretary, and their annual events, the *Journal* and the Dinner. Lastly, the President praised his wife; Ruth's help in two years of office had made the burden lighter.

Applause and cheers for Harry and Ruth; and so to a song by John Hirst—'Climbing High'—in his best style.

Edward Wormell, concise and restrained, but with a barbed wit and a mastery of the 'throw-away' line, took each official guest quietly to pieces before proposing the health of all of them. After a skilful exhibition of skating on the thin ice of defamation, he wound up, in a storm of laughter, with a pleasantly irrelevant story from the 'shaggy dog' mould.

Frank Alcock next, with a boisterous solo ballad about John Hirst, poet laureate of mountaineers; at the finish the company rose and toasted a very surprised John.

The response on behalf of the guests came from J. M. L. Beaumont, much alive to the advantage of coming last, and admitting the need to remain sober all evening. He declared the Club was famous for attracting Wayfarers to successful high office; and for speakers, like Edward Wormell, so skilled at demolishing visiting personalities, on whose behalf he offered thanks for the experience; to Harry and Ruth Spilsbury, thanks also for splendid hospitality.

We finished late, so late that Nancy Murray's acknowledgement to the Manager and staff was delivered to an empty stage. Mr. Beck was out with the dog; Monica and her team in bed.

The official memorandum records 329 people, but what seemed like 1,000 surged round the lounges in talking knots and laughing tangles, until the small hours. Not until nearly 2 a.m. did silence penetrate the building, a silence broken by those unexplained thunderings which affect hotel plumbing.

Sunday morning. The papers, breakfast—a slow affair for many; sandwiches, and the confusion of assembling parties in a hotel with two street doors. A cool day with cloud, and a weak sun blessing our many undertakings.

At 5 p.m. a great press in the Royal Oak again for the story of Dick Cook's adventures in the Pyrenees with Donald and Nancy Murray; illustrated in colour, and told by Dick in his sincere and modest style. This year was remarkable for the increase in numbers at Sunday evening dinner. Several sub-dinners were in evidence, and that presided over by John and Paddy Hirst was the most boisterous.

But everything has a beginning and an end—and so it is with dinners large and small. There will be another next year. Rain? Sunshine? Turkey? Who shall say?

SCOTTISH MEETS

BALLACHULISH, MAY, 1960

The meet at Ballachulish was attended by thirty-two members and, though the weather was not of that quality which the regulars of the Scottish Meets now expect as a right, the meet was a most enjoyable one and much new ground was covered. The Ballachulish Hotel was excellent and an especially welcome feature was that the hot tap could beat the cold tap at any time of the day or night. The meet was led by the President and Graham Wilson.

Lawson Cook was in fine form and his noble figure, fully equipped for action early every morning, was an example and a reproach to the laggards and the dilatory. Those hardy veterans, J. B. Meldrum, Margaret Hicks and Louise Pryor were also with us. A notable and much regretted absentee was Geoffrey Stevens who missed his first Scottish Meet for fifteen years. It should here be put on record how much the chroniclers of the meets have, in the past, owed to his unobtrusively kept diary of day-to-day happenings, which at times incorporated some penetrating psychology.

On the first day there was a mass attack on Beinn a'Bheithir (Ben Vare), the preliminary bush-ranging in the afforestation leading to some temporary dispersal of the party. Dick Cook and the Murrays climbed the famed Clachaig Gully, which they did not find as difficult as they had been led to expect, whilst the Pools, father and son, and Robin Ellison tackled the Crowberry Ridge of Buachaille Etive Mòr. Others inspected the shipping installations at Port Appin.

Sunday's weather was patchy. An elaborately arranged meeting of cars in Glen Creran went wrong and eventually Preston, Shaw, Vaughan and Webb traversed Beinn Sgulaird (3,059 feet) and were surprised to find their intended companions, the Spilsburys, Marie Pool, Phyl. Porritt, J. B. Meldrum and Graham Wilson, ascending the other side of the mountain. Mutual recriminations ended in a draw and a new strategic arrangement of cars was agreed on which was this time successful. Joyce and Madge Westall and Ken Thornton went up Beinn Fhionnlaidh further up Glen Creran. Dick Cook and the Murrays dashed to Ardgour and did the Great Ridge of Garbh Bheinn with the Pools and Robin Ellison. The 'A's (John Appleyard and Graham Ackerley) went 'up the woods' but in actual fact eventually climbed one of the Ben Vare peaks. Edward Harland, who had been impatiently (we think) waiting to launch his speed boat did so and dashed up Loch Leven with his trusting sister, Eve Appleyard, and later on with the Wood-Johnsons and Catherine Egan.

Monday was the sort of day that drives new visitors to Scotland away never to return. The rain came down hard and soaking all day. The meet radiated in cars to all parts of the Highlands in search

of the possible dry spot and, as this day was a public Glasgow and Edinburgh holiday, an incredible number of cars were seen with steamed-up windows through which, dimly, could be discerned mouths munching packed lunches. The Murrays and Dick Cook went up Bidean in the thickest of cloud—presumably, in default of any sane reason, to see if the summit cairn had been washed away.

As a contrast Tuesday was superb. About half of the party traversed Bidean nam Bian, descending by the Secret Valley. The remainder spread themselves over various lower eminences in an orgy of photography.

Wednesday was one of the days usually termed 'cloudy with bright intervals.' The Crowberry Ridge was climbed in different ways by two parties composed of the President, Dick Cook, Raymond Shaw, Alec Pool and Howard Vaughan. The Somervells, Catherine Egan, Gladys Cook, Louise Pryor and Graham Wilson walked up Buchaille Etive Mòr by the ordinary route from Glen Etive. The 'A's and Lawson Cook went to Ardnamurchan. Meldrum, Preston and Webb sped down Glen Etive and climbed Ben Starav (3,541 feet). Tiny figures ahead of them were eventually identified as the Westalls and Ken Thornton bent on the same errand. Harland's fast cruiser took the high seas to Loch Linnhe, where the captain and crew studied nature in the form of about thirty seals on and round Black Rock.

Thursday, a poor drizzly day, was high-lighted by a visit from a very tame West African otter on its way to be mated with 'Edal,' the otter made famous by Gavin Maxwell in *Ring of Bright Water*. Parties went to Oban, Mull, Ardtoe, Port Appin and Ardgour.

Friday started doubtfully and finished a brute. Dick Cook, having developed a liking for climbing mountain ridges when he could see nothing, led a mildly surprised party over the Aonach Eagach. A considerable number went to Kinlochleven to climb a Mamore, but a downpour caused a council on the edge of Loch Eilde, when it was decided to take a line to the Blackwater Reservoir. Half the party reached the reservoir and then descended to Kinlochleven by the long but very beautiful valley of the River Leven. The other half, beguiled by a pipeline contouring round the hill, kept to the high ground but, in spite of numerous attempts, could not penetrate the valley's cliff defences. When a path leading down to the foot of the valley was reached at last, Howard Somervell despondently remarked that he was sure there would be no bridge, or that if there had been a bridge it would have been washed away. However, a sodden and bedraggled party eventually reassembled in the Tourist Café at Kinlochleven, there to be regaled by rock-and-roll juke box noises in this strangely sophisticated Highland stronghold. Later, a select party in the bar at the hotel discovered the very

versatile talents of mine host, Mr. Watts, who played the piano with skilled improvisation and vocal accompaniment.

The President and Ruth left on Saturday morning to supervise hut planning activities in Glen Brittle. Dick Cook, Phyl. Porritt, Raymond Shaw, Howard Vaughan, Robin Ellison and Graham Wilson traversed the Aonach Eagach and a large party went to Loch Etive to introduce it to Harland's boat.

Sunday was the hottest day of the meet. The Leven Valley was visited again by those who had heard of its charms and others spent the day in and over Glen Etive. So ended another 'best ever' Scottish Meet.

GEORGE H. WEBB and GRAHAM WILSON

GLEN BRITTLE, September, 1960

We could not expect to have good weather in Skye year after year: it had to break. But why this year? Fifteen members and guests camped in discomfort (and/or squalor) on the beach and endured some days of high winds and driving rain before the meet broke up in disorder and fled to the Lakes, sunshine and warm rock. Few climbs of note were done in the Cuillin, but a brisk, damp circuit of the Allival-Askival ridge of Rum was made, and a satisfactory number of V.S.'s were assaulted from the comfort of the Salving House.

JOHN WILKINSON

LONDON SECTION, 1960

This has been a year of change for the London Section, for, after many years, we now have a new Chairman. Towards the end of the year, Dr. Hadfield told the committee that he felt unable to carry on any longer as Chairman. So, at his earnest request, the committee regretfully accepted his resignation. At the A.G.M. in December, with the good wishes of all, Robert Tyssen-Gee was elected Chairman in his place.

At the Fortieth Annual Dinner which was held on December 10th at the Connaught Rooms, when 67 were present, Graham Wilson, from the Chair, in a most moving speech, spoke of Dr. Hadfield's resignation from the office after 40 years as Chairman, and paid tribute to all that he had done for the Club and the Section over so many years; his unfailing friendliness to all, his good humour and his outstanding ability as a Chairman, not least being his feat of dispatching the official business in just over one minute! Graham spoke for us all when he said that Dr. Hadfield's going from office will, indeed, be a loss, but we hope to have him amongst us for many years still. He went on to read a letter addressed to the members by Dr. Hadfield who took a sad farewell only as Chairman; he would always retain a deep interest in the welfare of the Section.

Through the new Chairman, Robert Tyssen-Gee, the official business was then put through, two new members being elected to the committee, David Hill in place of Robert Tyssen-Gee and Peter Ledebøer in place of Mrs. Pepper, resigned.

We were pleased to have with us as guests: John Kenyon from the main Club; I. G. McNaught-Davis, Alpine Club; Frank Solari, Rucksack Club; and John Hirst who, to everyone's delight, entertained us with songs—accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Wigglesworth. The toast of the guests and kindred clubs was proposed by David Hill, whose amusing references to John Kenyon's conduct in a certain Club hut brought forth witty retorts by John when he replied to the toast on behalf of the guests. At 9 o'clock the time-honoured toast of Absent Friends was proposed by the Chairman. During the evening, Mr. Wilton presented the Section with a very fine gavel which he had made, and the Chairman expressed our thanks to Mr. Wilton for his kindness.

In August the Section was grieved to learn of the death of Stella Joy after a serious illness. She had been a member of the Club since 1929 and was always a very active member of the London Section. We remember with gratitude her leadership on many a walk and the jolly tea parties which followed our explorations around Windsor Great Park. Five members attended the beautiful Memorial Service in the packed Holy Trinity Church at Windsor on October 8th.

Happier events during the year must also be mentioned. We offer congratulations to David Hill and David Ferguson on their respective marriages, and to Jim and Joyce Beatson on the birth of a son.

As usual the walks have been the main activity of our members when 'at home.' Eight in all were held. The first was on March 13th when Jim Beatson led us from Guildford to Shackleford and Puttenham Heath on a day of fine views. The walk was enlivened by an attempt of one of the party to sketch a portrait of the new Secretary while at lunch. On April 24th M. N. Clarke took us from Great Missenden to Wendover: a day of sunlight amongst the great beeches, a glimpse of Chequers and fine views from Coombe Hill. The walk was specially held to honour Miss Sargent's 80th birthday. Although not a member, Miss Sargent is a faithful and intrepid walker on many of our rambles and it was felt that we should show our appreciation of her support over many years. A small presentation was made to her by the Secretary on our behalf. Our next walk on May 15th was really springlike with bluebells in the woods round Henley and the cuckoo calling all day. We have to thank a new leader, Margaret Mayfield, for a most enjoyable and well-planned walk. On June 26th we took a 'Rambles' Excursion' to Amberley and spent a day on the Downs. Our leader, the Walks' Secretary, remembers that the tea-garden at Burpham was most beguiling and we spent two hours there. It had been quite hot on the Downs and the shade of the garden was a welcome interlude. We were fortified for the walk back to Amberley which was just as well, for it proved full of obstacles, such as high nettles and culverts which had to be crawled under. Hastily we add that this walk was unrehearsed and that we got back in time for further refreshment before the departure of the special train.

So many people were away in July and August that our next walk was not till September 25th when the Secretary, Mabel Burton, led a round from Shoreham in Kent on a perfect day. This walk was noteworthy for the visit to the Roman Villa at Lullingstone. This is a remarkable excavation virtually untouched since its destruction by fire in the year 400 A.D. There is a fine mosaic pavement and hypocaust system. Scientific excavation began in 1949, and the custodian gave us a long discourse on the history of the site and its finds. The marble busts found here are unique in Britain.

On October 23rd Ian Clayton led another of his exhilarating downland walks—'natural and unnatural obstacles'—from Lewes to Hassocks by Ditchling Beacon. We have also to thank him and Mrs. Clayton for their hospitality, especially the hot curry tea! We were lucky to do this walk, as only a week later Lewes was flooded

after heavy rains and it is doubtful if we should have even left the station.

There was rather a damp morning for our walk on November 20th led by M. N. Clarke, but the day did not turn out really wet. In spite of the rainy autumn our leader managed to avoid heavy mud and we all enjoyed the walk from Sevenoaks to Toys Hill, skirting Chartwell (home of Sir Winston Churchill) and on to Limpsfield.

The last walk of the year was the Dinner Walk on December 11th when the Walks' Secretary took us on a round across Berkhamsted Common to Aldbury, returning through Ashridge. We were again lucky and had bursts of winter sunshine to light up the russet hues of the bracken. There was a large attendance and teatime saw us happily gathered at Whitehill Cottage. We should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Walker for their generous hospitality; and, indeed, all their family for making us so comfortable. Mr. Walker's remarkable collection of orchids was much admired. It was also a pleasure to see Dr. Hadfield at tea and to have John Kenyon, who had represented the Club at the dinner the previous night, on the walk. So ended an eventful year for the London Section.

MABEL BURTON

E. W. HAMILTON

CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

ANTARCTICA

Ron Miller arrived home the week before Easter in the Danish Polar ship *Kista Dan* after his second spell with the Falkland Islands Dependencies' Survey. He writes:—

I had a most enjoyable very active year as Mountaineer/General Assistant on the F.I.D.S. Base at Hope Bay, Grahamland. Most of my time was spent doing field work with surveyors or geologists. I had charge of a team of nine husky dogs and with them did over 1,000 miles sledging. Working all the time in difficult glaciated mountain country, one sticks to carefully studied techniques of travel, but even so incidents still happen and I had my fair share. We did not have much time to spare for climbing as an end in itself, but on day's outings from Base small local peaks were climbed, and on survey and geological journeys some interesting little mountains were visited during the course of the work.

SPITZBERGEN

Margaret Thompson and Douglas Robinson spent nearly three months in Spitzbergen in the summer of 1960 with the Scottish Spitzbergen Physiological Expedition. From base camp, where the two-mile wide Nordenskjold Glacier enters Billefjord, they ascended several rock and snow peaks 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. Later they enjoyed a three weeks' manhauling sledge trip over the ice cap. Five days' sledging brought them to the Planet Range. This includes Spitzbergen's highest mountain, Newtontoppen (5,900 feet), which provided a very good 'alpine' climb. On ski and on foot they also climbed Galileo, Clairant, Venus, Waynflete, and Eddington—all mountains offering fine knife-edge snow arêtes and glorious views over remote peaks and glaciers.

HIMALAYA

Annapurna II (26,041 feet) was climbed in May 1960 by members of an expedition consisting of British, Indian and Nepalese servicemen, led by Lieut.-Col. J. O. M. Roberts.

ANDES

In the summer of 1960 K. I. Meldrum led the successful Oxford Andean Expedition which climbed a number of peaks in the Cordillera Carabaya (Peru) including Allinccapac (19,200 feet), their prime objective; Huaynacapac (18,750 feet); Tococcapac (18,600 feet); and Juraccapac (18,450 feet).

ALPS

SKIING AT ZERMATT—TRAINING FOR THE HIGH LEVEL ROUTE

Extracts from a letter

Before the memory grows dim I must record our classic essay into sunny Italy. I had long wanted to do this trip which means crossing

the frontier and descending to Breuil—and, of course, getting back again. Dick Cook and Joe Renwick had made the trip before and so knew the route and the state of the snow. Their object had been to contact Giuseppe Pirovano. He and Dick had met on the Gregory-Ghiglione* Himalayan expedition in 1958 (Ghiglione took Pirovano with him as the best Italian guide on ice work—probably one of the best in the world).

From Zermatt we went up in the cable car to the Schwarzsee, then skied down to a tow which took us quite high. After that we became attached to a Snocat. It wasn't a Snocat really, but a sort of track weasel. The bearded driver, after taking our money, putting the two or three women in the closed cab with him and stationing a pal on the back seat to bang on the cab roof when anyone fell off, attached a series of tail lines, each with two or three meat plate seats. Then he set off with about 16 of us spread out behind—quite fun really except when the machine hit hard snow. Then it bucked and jumped and banged us into each other. I and one other were the only ones to come off. In no time, with very little outlay of energy, we reached the top of the Théodule Pass. But we needed quite a lot of strength for the descent: (a) it was over 5 miles, (b) *piste* all the way, (c) hard frozen snow in the first third or so. You begin by running down a narrow ledge with old hut mattresses fastened to one side, and bits of rope, wire and netting on the other to prevent keen types from becoming air-borne. This man-made passage lands you on a frozen slope of incredible steepness down which you sideslip until your edges are red-hot and your knees jelly.

At Breuil we went to Pirovano's hotel where we got not much attention from the receptionist: 'Pirovano was out on the snow slopes with the ski school and would be down soon' etc. While this polite inattention was going on I was looking round the room when I spotted, in a corner amongst a lot of photos of Sherpas and so on, a newspaper cutting showing the Himalayan party getting off the plane at Katmandu. I led the young woman to the photo, pointed out Dick in it, then showed her him in the flesh. From that moment things began to move. We had barely poured out a tot of Chianti when Pirovano appeared. He and Dick hugged, back slapped, hand shook, and all but kissed. Then he called for wine, more wine, then lunch—and what a lunch: various salamis, fried eggs on asparagus, steaks with spinach, salad, cheese, Italian coffee—then we finished off a bottle of Courvoisier.

By this time Pirovano was willing to do anything Dick suggested, so when he said 'come over to Zermatt for dinner' the reply was

* It was with great regret that we heard of the death of Piero Ghiglione, one of the great mountaineers and explorers of this century, at the age of 77. In the last year of his life (1960) he had taken part in an exploring expedition to Greenland.

O.K. He shouted for his skis and sweater and off we all staggered—no bother at all with the queues at the ski lifts; we just swept through in the wake of his nibs. At the top we set off in great style, Pirovano like a schoolboy on holiday—which of course he was—he waltzed, ran backwards and performed like a clown, falling on one occasion and scratching his forehead, so that those of us who could not keep up followed the red blobs in the snow.

We had quite a gay party for dinner at the Gornergrat Hotel and then went across to the Schweizerhof at the invitation of a tycoon who had been concerned in introducing Snocats to Pirovano's place on the Stelvio Pass where they are building up a summer ski resort. He produced more wine and some of his female retinue for the younger ones to dance with. I was glad to get to bed about midnight after a remarkable day.

C. E. ARNISON

DOLOMITES

CINQUE TORRI

Paul Ross writes:—

On the 25th September 1960 Ralph Blain and I set out from Ullswater on a very heavily laden 150 c.c. motor scooter and completed the 1,200 miles to Cortina in 2½ days, including a half day stop in Munich (this, and the return journey in 2 days, were the most difficult feats of the holiday). We collected supplies in Cortina and the next day took our faithful friend the scooter up to the Lavaredo Hut. The weather being quite good that night, we prepared our gear for an ascent of the Yellow Edge. On waking in the morning we were confronted with about 6 inches of snow and a blizzard was blowing—so it went on for our week's stay at the Lavaredo. Then, our food and money running low, we retreated to Cortina. We decided that the only place where we might climb would be the Torre Grande, a 500 - 600-foot pillar of rock whose summit is only at about 6,000 feet. Here we had two excellent days and quite good weather. First we climbed the Via Miriam (Grade 5) and the next day the Via Francesca (Grade 6). Both are excellent practice climbs, the Francesca being of quite high standard. Then the weather deteriorated so we returned home, testing again the powers of our transport.

CIMA GRANDE DI LAVAREDO

After their climbs in the Brenta, which are the subject of an article in this number, J. A. Hartley and R. D. Brown visited the Eastern Dolomites where they climbed (leading alternately) the Comici-Dimai route on the north face of the Cima Grande di Lavaredo in 11 hours.

VIA FRANCESCA, TORRE GRANDE (CINQUE TORRI)

Mike Thompson

John Hartley has sent the following notes:—

We were fortunate to have good weather throughout. A late start (8.30 a.m.) was forced on us by a rope of three Austrians who started on the climb just as we arrived about 6.30 a.m., but the rock is very cold to the fingers at any earlier hour.

The route is easy to follow. Start up the small buttress at the right-hand side of the face and follow the pegs. There is one bulge near the top of the artificial section which will be difficult unless a sling has been left hanging down it from a peg above. In the main the pegging is not very difficult, but some pegs are rather insecure. Once over the lip of the overhang one can put étriers, etc. away. In the higher chimney where one has to traverse leftwards to avoid an overhang *do not* embark on an artificial pitch half-way along the traverse, but move left again and descend a little; an easier pitch farther left avoids this artificial section. We bivouacked on the terrace near the top—most comfortable—and descended next day after reaching the summit about 7.30 a.m. The descent is rather hard to follow and it is probably better to bivouac than to lose the way attempting to descend in the dark.

Equipment: 250 feet rope, 25 karabiners, 5 étriers, 2 hammers and a few assorted pegs.

GREECE

OLYMPUS

Brigid and Elspeth Ackerley have sent the following account of the climbing part of the holiday they spent in Greece in April, 1961:—

When we arrived in Greece we were disappointed to learn that our plans for climbing Olympus had to be cancelled because of the condition of the snow. However, unwilling to give up entirely, we contacted the Hellenic Alpine Club. They went to a great deal of trouble to help us, and succeeded in obtaining a permit from the military authorities, who had a Commando ski-training centre on the lower slopes, to allow us to do the climb. Escorted by the army, we duly ascended to the home of the gods—in an army lorry as far as the hut, and from then onwards through deep, fast-melting snow, to the secondary summit of Skolio. Unfortunately the thick mist prevented a view from the top, but we had glimpses of the massif on the way down. A very pleasant climb was made even more memorable by the friendliness of all those who had helped us to do it.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Early in May 1961, soon after his 75th birthday, Lieut.-Col. H. Westmorland made his Diamond Jubilee ascent of Pillar Rock, effortlessly leading the New West.

Although he was accompanied only by a small party of friends, this was a landmark in the history of the Pillar and in Rusty Westmorland's distinguished mountaineering career. It is a pleasant privilege to express to him the Club's congratulations and good wishes.

An interesting account of climbing in Australia, contained in a letter to a member from Bill Peascod, has come my way. He describes new ascents in mountain areas about which little is known over here, and I hope it may be possible to have this unusual material in a form suitable for publication in next year's *Journal*.

The Alpine season of 1960 was a great disappointment to those whose plans included big routes. The weather was below standard even in the Dolomites, and John Hartley was lucky to pick a good period in late July and early August for the climbs described in this number.

In our own district, conditions were more favourable, and this is reflected once again in *Climbs Old and New*. Some years before the *Eastern Crags Guide* was published, I received a request for an article on Castle Rock of Triermain. The difficulty was to find an author; and, indeed, at that time a survey would have been premature. But at last, in this number, we are fortunate in having an account of the climbing there from the pioneer of so many recent outstanding routes.

At the other end of the scale one hears of misguided enterprise—handholds chipped from a Moderate to make it harder; belays enlarged on a Severe to make it easier (a piton hammer is certainly a menace in the hands of irresponsible people); holds, which are quite safe if properly used, removed from standard routes, on the pretext that they are loose.

It is becoming increasingly hazardous to walk along the Gable traverse under the Napes Ridges during holiday periods and at fine week-ends. Large parties of walkers use this path, some passing between the Needle and Needle Ridge where, as well as being in peril themselves, they are, through treading on ropes, a source of danger to climbers on Needle Ridge. Not long ago, a group of 20-30 school children (in charge of a master, but obviously unaccustomed to this type of scrambling) was an alarming sight. These parties often go on to the top of Gable by the Sphinx Gully, a reasonable route for small groups of experienced walkers moving carefully, and keeping close together; but it is difficult to see how large numbers of people (many of them unused to mountain walking) strung out all over the gully can be anything but a danger to themselves and a threat to the safety of people passing below. Rocks

crash down, there have been many narrow escapes, and this year on Easter Sunday a walker was killed by a falling stone.

The mountain rescue teams continue unobtrusively to give their help to walkers and climbers, saving a number of lives in the Lake District each year. Probably few visitors to the District, including those who walk on the fells and even those who climb rocks, realize how much training and preparation these teams (whose members are all voluntary) impose on themselves, and how numerous are the calls made on their time. When the location of an accident is known, help arrives with prompt efficiency, but a search for someone who is reported missing presents a different problem as there are normally few reliable facts to work from. After an unsuccessful search for a missing climber (who was found dead many weeks afterwards) in 1960, the various regions decided to co-operate so that the available manpower could be used to the best advantage. An advisory panel was appointed, whose members represent the main areas of the District, and they have devised a plan to be put into operation as soon as anyone is reported missing. The calls come through the police to the appropriate team leaders and, however late at night, or however bad the conditions, a search is begun at once if there is any available information. If, after a prearranged period, the local team has been unsuccessful, the panel meets and organizes a wider and, if necessary, a full scale search, mobilizing teams from all over the Lake District. Often the missing person has descended safely to another valley or returned home without notifying anyone, and the rescuers have expended their time and energy to no purpose, but they never fail to respond to appeals for their help.

At the 1960 Annual Dinner, John Hirst, in his duet with Frank Alcock, reminded us of the changed outlook to accommodation for walkers and climbers, recalling nostalgically the farmhouse welcome of former years when huts were barely thought of. At the Bracken-close 21st Anniversary celebrations in 1958 one could hardly avoid being struck by the contrast between the ideal hut of 1937 and that of today. Then, quite rightly, the chief amenities were a good fire, an efficient drying room, comfortable bunks and warm bedding; but hut users also enjoyed the exhilaration of cold showers, and the pleasant contrast to urban life provided by oil lamps and candles for lighting and primus stoves for cooking. And who would have thought of heated dormitories? Now (following the example set on the other side of the road?) Raw Head Barn fast approaches 5-star standard.

It will give many people pleasure that the Cottage, so long the cinderella of our huts, has been taken in hand. It has been redecorated throughout, and the court cupboard now has more worthy surroundings, including a fine slate fireplace designed and built by the G.O.M. of huts himself. Fireplace builders have been busy at the Salving House too, and at last, after many months' labour,

often working when they could have been climbing, they have nearly finished their task. In the *Year with the Club* good attendance at the 1960 maintenance meets is indicated. In 1961, Raw Head and Brackenclose, at least, have not been so lucky. The big work on the Cottage was performed by a skeleton staff; at Brackenclose only a handful turned up, but, undeterred by this handicap, the devoted few rebuilt the front steps. It is easy to think of the disadvantages of being a warden, hard to imagine the advantages. We are fortunate in having altruistic members prepared to tackle the job, and they deserve more support from hut users (see p. 202, the 'Spartan Huts of England').

The 1961 *Report and News Letter* of the Friends of the Lake District arrived after the *Journal* had gone to press, but space must be found for reference to the paragraph headed Borrowdale Electricity Supply. Most members will be aware of the controversy which arose over the North-Western Electricity Board's proposal to supply upper Borrowdale partly by overhead line. The organizations concerned with the preservation of the character of the Lake District were united in the view that the supply system should be wholly underground, and in February a Public Enquiry was held. At this, the Friends of the Lake District made a most generous offer of £5,000 to meet the extra cost of putting the cables underground. Happily, they will not now be called upon to honour this offer. Shortly after the publication of the Friends' Report, the Board announced that it would bear the whole cost of an underground supply to upper Borrowdale; but the Friends are to be congratulated on their determined stand and on the satisfactory outcome of the negotiations. The Report also reviews, among other matters, the problems connected with speed-boats on the lakes; camping, whether in tents or caravans; transport by road and rail; litter. Indeed, it should be read by all who enjoy the very special qualities of our District.

It is my privilege, on behalf of the Club, to offer congratulations to Lord Chorley who has become a Queen's Counsel. Our best wishes go to Tom Price, who has been appointed warden of the Eskdale Outward Bound School; and to John Lagoe, leaving after nine years' faithful service there. And I should like to thank all who have contributed to the *Journal* or assisted with it in any way, particularly Mrs. J. C. Lyth and W. G. Stevens, who have given greatly valued help with proof reading.

Ken Heaton's remarkable fell walk took place too late for mention except in the closing words of these notes. On 24 - 25 June, starting and finishing at the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, he climbed 51 peaks in 22 hours, 13 minutes, ascending and descending 31,000 feet and covering 82 miles. Most sincere congratulations on an outstanding performance.

July, 1961

MURIEL FILES.