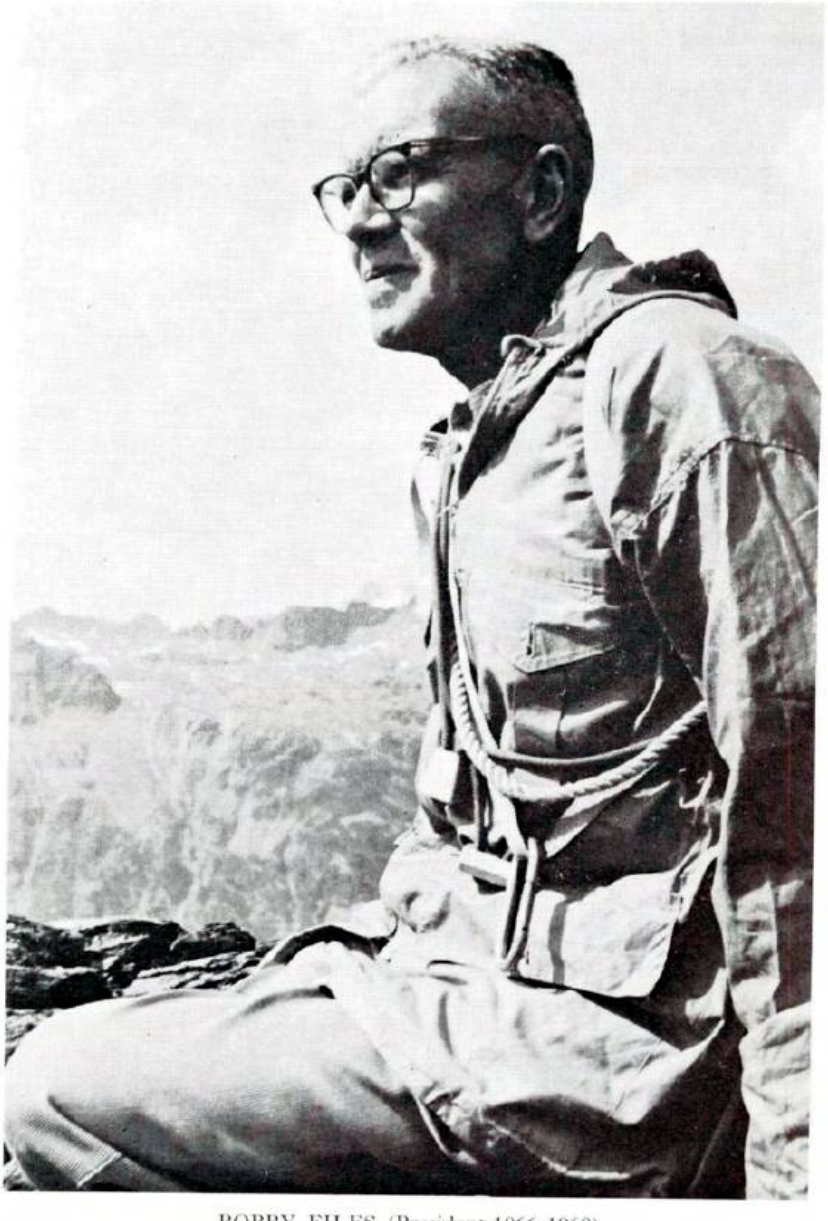

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14,000 STEPS — THE ASCENT OF MT. SINAI

Dorothy Pilley Richards

Whatever has been happening to the canal since, in January 1967 one had to get up in Suez at 3 a.m. to slip across by the chain ferry in the slack moment between the passage of the south and northbound convoys. You know those early breakfasts. Afterwards they may seem fun; at the time they don't. As we drove off through the cool night, bright were the lights of the sleeping city. Ramadan had just ended and four days recovery holiday would now begin. Bright too were the lights of the great refineries: gone up in flames now; and bright the distant lights of the long line of waiting ships stretching out into the Gulf of Suez. Curiously, I was thinking of other lights seen before dawn, from under the Grépon: the star of Chamonix.

At the ferry all was quiet. Our guide, Pericles, an aggressive and vociferous Balkan, had been making us miserable with fears that we would miss the crossing. It is a short haul across and the canal seems surprisingly narrow. Back on the road with only the distant lights of the waiting ships to look at, sleep muscled in. When we woke again we were swinging up and down in twisting little valleys through stony slopes empty under fading stars.

In the desert, sunset lights start to develop long after you think it is all over. Correspondingly, dawn prepares and then postpones sunrise interminably. Not that you want the sunlight; you just get bored by being threatened with it. But at last we emerged from a gorge and there was the bluest of seas (but somebody called it Red) and very soon we were at Ayoun Moussa, Moses's Springs, where Miriam sang her Song of Triumph (*Exodus*, 15).

Onward then through country which makes the murmurings of the Children of Israel seem quite justified and Moses utterly mad. After many a kilometre suddenly rose Jebel Hamman Faroun—the mountain of Pharaoh's hot bath—glittering up 1,500 feet straight from the sea. Here from the sands at its foot bubble up springs of near-boiling water. The Bedouin have an explanation, but the guide-book rebukes

them: 'They incorrectly attribute the heat and sulphurous smell to the troubled spirit of the Pharaoh who lies buried beneath . . . this is a false legend as it is known that the site of the passage is near Suez.'

Soon after came Abu Zeneima, the manganese mining outlet. Then the Wilderness of Sin (more well-grounded murmurings, *Exodus*, 16) and we turned inland up the Wady Feiran, wide and sandy at first, with a burning oil well on the horizon and distant pumps heaving up and down. Eight kilometres in, black polished flints covered everything and the ranges on either side began their fantastic dance. The bareness brings all the strata out—it is a geologist's dream. No cover but low aromatic scrub and a lonely tamarisk or ferociously-thorned acacia.

Other signs of life? Some wandering camels, with luck a gazelle, the flick of a lizard. Our old member Geoffrey Howard (whose 1914 *Alpine Journal* article 'Scrambles in Sinai' really took me there: it has some superb photographs of landscapes that I quail at attempting to describe) mentions tracks around his camp. His Bedouin told him they were leopards', one a famous man-eater. As we charged along, the only tracks seen were those of tyres, from which Pericles kept warning the driver. Cars other than those he guides get stuck in the sand. Was he not 'The Tiger of Sinai', the first man to take a car to St. Catherine's Monastery? Before that it was a twelve-day do on a camel.

Swerving between boulders and patches of thorn bush we watched the limestone give way to granite; huge blocks encumbered the narrowing valley floor. One of these marks Rephidim (*Exodus*, 17: 'Lord, what shall I do unto this people? They be almost ready to stone me'). Round a few corners and suddenly there, up a side valley, was Jebel Serbal, a stunning wall of rock summits—and we came as abruptly to groves of date palms, grass and running water. It was the Feiran Oasis (city of the Amalekites, *Exodus* 17) stretching for three cool green miles up the closed-in valley. From here in 1913 Howard and Eaton ascended Jebel Serbal (6,734 ft. or, according to him, 7,700 ft.—heights for all these mountains vary from source to source). His remarks on the interest that other routes may offer should be followed up when opportunity returns. Howard also noted the advantages of rubber soles on the smooth rock. The whole region struck us as very rich in climbing temptations.

The monastery maintains a garden and a rest house. How good that tea was! The shade and softened air of the oasis made us feel as though we were in Italy as we sat sipping it under the vine-hung pergola, with goats bleating and tinkling, bulbuls flitting, camels shambling by and the tall date palms stirring in the breeze. Often the ownership of a single tree will descend through generations. At harvest time thousands of Bedouin gather and no dispute ever known as to whose fruit is whose.

All about the village the rocky bluffs are crowned with walls and pitted with cave-dwellings of the former hermits, relics of the days when Jebel Serbal, not the present Jebel Moussa, was thought to be Moses's Mount, and Feiran was the capital and chief monastic centre of Sinai. Archaeologically it would be rewarding; and if the peninsular were developed (one prays 'Never!') here is where the precious water would be tapped before disappearing into the desert. This hermit city and the monastery were destroyed in the seventh century.

But Pericles was hounding us on, wanting to arrive in good time at the monastery and its own Jebel Moussa, still 50 km. distant. On the way we confirmed the guide-book prophecy about sticking in the sand and digging oneself out again. It goes on to say however that such things '. . . only help to make the journey more enjoyable and memorable'. Resuming onwards past a two-mile tamarisk grove, with far off to the left a little white building marking the spot where Aaron set up his golden calf, then round one last turn, and there, above its dark clump of cypresses, the massive wall of the monastery.

As a stronghold it was built by Justinian in A.D. 542. His name and Theodora's adorn the Basilica within. The Chapel of the Burning Bush at its centre is supposed to go back to Constantine the Great, A.D. 365. Of all the wonders concentrated at this spot through the pious meditations and conjectures, the prejudices, precautions and practices of 16 centuries, here is no space to tell. There are few places where so much of the past is still living. Its loneliness, its desert-ringed isolation has encapsulated it. When the iconoclasts destroyed most of the art of Byzantium, St. Catherine's monks were too remote to hear that such was the thing to do. So their icons remained until the rage was over—a treasure only now being catalogued. Or perhaps the monks were too canny. When Islam came to domination a fine mosque was somehow very quickly installed beside their

basilica within the walls, and they concocted various accounts of Mohammed's visits and pilgrimages to their mountain. Historians have not yet managed to find these visits recorded elsewhere. The monks even had a letter of protection from The Prophet himself, which the Turkish Sultan Selim I took, they say, into his own possession in 1517, leaving them only a copy. This letter is referred to as early as 1134 and was truly of service. Its text has been suspected on the grounds that it prescribes no duties (a bit unlike Mohammed, this) and lets the Christians fix their own tax scales—which, as Heinz Skrobucha in his lovely book *Sinai* remarks, '. . . is contrary to Moslem government practice and unparalleled in our sources'. Naïve though the composition of this letter may have been—its writers were remote from the seat of power—it seems to have saved them again and again.

So, whatever your haste to ascend Jebel Moussa and Mt. Catherine, take time to study the monastery which gives you a comfortable cell with good beds and servitors who, with competence and charm, cook (from your own provisions) breakfast before you start and dinner on your return. The official plan is that you go off as early as you can be induced, and return for a midday blow-out. Camels will take you round some miles to a point where you have only 700 'steps' to the summit. After a sufficiency of exclamations at the view, an inspection of the little chapel and the mosque beside it—both small because there is little space—and of the hole under a boulder into which Moses retired by command, so a Moslem legend goes, to hear the creative pen writing the Commandments on tablets of green emerald—you descend.

We chose instead to wander all the way up on foot, undistracted by camelmanship. It was a beautiful walk, turning, with growing views, round the cone of the mountain; passing girls of the mountaineer Tuarah Bedouin herding their goats and not as closely wrapped as we had expected in their great veils over long sun-proof dark blue gowns. Still, they would not allow any photos. Several camel-borne parties slouched rapidly down, returning as we mounted. Zig-zags led to a shoulder with a wide view towards Arabia, and there below us under an ancient solitary cypress was Elijah's Chapel.

The well laid path then turned steeply up in steps—camel travel left behind—and wound up, with wads of welcome snow between the boulders, to the summit terrace, chapel and mosque. Thence the Arabian horizon was clear in the dry air,

and Mt. Catherine commanding, looking a mere stone's throw away. Her mountain dominates Jebel Moussa much as she herself (happy in having no history, only her legend) dominates locally not only Moses but even the Virgin, whose monastery she took over. Would that we had another day, but I.A.R. had a lecture to give in Cairo. We sat on the stone bench in the breezy sunshine gazing across to the graceful summit from which those alerted monks transported her body—already angelically brought from Alexandria—to their basilica.

But our little Bedouin boy, attached to us by regulation 'in case we got lost', was urging descent. We had been trying to keep him quiet with oranges and biscuits which he hid. Perhaps after all he might be right, and the other way down we had chosen might be longer. So down to Elijah's Chapel in the now sloping afternoon sunlight that was bringing out all the redness of the granite. I was reminded of the copper-wire hue of the Meije. From the goat-haunted upland basin the direct descent to the monastery is by the 'Path of our Lord Moussa'. It is a granite stair, each riser about a cubit, presently counted as having 3,500 or so steps. Previous counts have been 14,000 (A.D. 1384) and 6,666 (1400). At the top is a fine granite portal where St. Stephanos used to hear the pilgrims' confessions and judge whether they were worthy to ascend further. The stair drops down a great gorge. Far below can be seen the monastery, toy-like in scale, with the shadow of the mountain creeping out over it. Anyone interested in rock-climbing possibilities will study the strangely wind-eroded flanking walls. Down below, our Bedouin lad, who had been showing proper self control over our leisurely progress, met some juvenile friends and much mirth burst out. Our oranges and biscuits which had so speedily vanished now suddenly materialised again, and great was their welcome.

It was to this gay accompaniment that we continued down the great rock stairway. In my experience only Tai Shan in Shantung and Adam's Peak in Ceylon match it—mountains too of pilgrimage, with sacred footprints on their summits. 'A mountain is the image of the soul as it lifts itself up in contemplation.' So Dr. Skrobucha finds Theodore, Abbot of the Monastery of the Studios in Constantinople, writing in 815, thinking maybe of Jebel Moussa. But are not most mountain journeys, as one grows older, radically pilgrimages, a re-visiting of what we have seen and known?

ON GUIDE DRAWINGS

W. Heaton Cooper

When Harry Kelly came along in 1934 and asked me to do some drawings for a new set of climbing guides it seemed, even then, to present quite a fascinating set of problems that might combine my two main interests at that time. Painting and climbing had remained rather separate activities, the former occupying first place and the latter generally by way of getting to interesting places to paint from, usually alone, or else purely for fun with a few friends who knew even less about it than I.

Unlike the reputation that preceded him, Harry, I found, was the least terrifying of giants, obviously full of enthusiasm yet very tentative—almost shy—about suggesting to an artist how he should draw. His creative imagination had seen a possible way of improving on photographs as illustrations for climbing guides, yet he would always hand over the lead when it came to a question of technique. The problem was to invent an idiom, or method of drawing, that would show the proportions and the structure or design of a crag sufficiently to read in a simple way and, at the same time, would select from all the complexity of features those that were relevant to each route.

From the base camp of Ella Naylor's kitchen at Middle Row Farm, Wasdale—she and Harry were always apparently at loggerheads about nothing at all—we started on the drawings of Pillar. It happened to be anticyclonic weather around Whitsun—long sun-drenched days spent wandering up and down most of the climbs below V.S. grade, getting to know the rather complex topography of the Rock and choosing the best viewpoints to show all the routes on the crag. The short south face, into Jordan Gap, was a bit of a teaser as quite a lot of the climbs were obscured by Pisgah. We decided that the only thing was to remove it. I drew as much of the routes as I could see, then we climbed up and down the ones I couldn't and I filled in the gaps by deduction and imagination.

This pleasant occupation seemed to go on all that summer and for years afterwards. The popularity of Pillar had enjoyed quite a boost. Usually we had company. I recall one day, as we were stepping along the delightful High Level Route with Holland and Speaker for a day on the Rock, all three Olympian gods, without a word, swerved suddenly off to the right to a

point below the track and stood in a semicircle looking down upon a spring that bubbled out from among the rocks and mosses and a variety of rare and lovely saxifrages. Wordlessly they returned again to the track having fulfilled their ancient and mysterious rite.

Another day on Pillar comes to mind, a Whitsun meet of the Club. Saturday night was so hot that we lay on the ground on the unpitched tent and, in the morning sun, made our way over Scarth Gap. The Rock was 'wick wi' folk' and we made a party for the second ascent of the North-North-West. About half way up the climb a great block of rock, loosened by another party above, landed on a small ledge just as Speaker was about to use it as a handhold. Alan Hargreaves had had enough by this time so he took me onto the Girdle Traverse while the rest of our party tagged on to the tail of another above. The echoes of that falling rock are still reverberating around the Club and the other day I discovered that I had become the villain who loosened it!

The three years following 1935 brought into being a bumper crop of guides—*Scafell* in 1936; *Gable, Borrowdale and Buttermere* in 1937; and *Dow Crag, Langdale and Outlying Crags* in the following year—evidence of immense efforts on the part of the authors, A. T. Hargreaves, Astley Cooper, Ernie Wood-Johnson, Laurence Pollitt, Sid Cross and Bill Clegg, with Harry Kelly skilfully holding the reins of such a lively team of thoroughbreds. For me this meant halcyon days—strange how you often remember the sunny ones when you're happy—walking, climbing and camping in the best of good company and gradually thrashing out, through much trial and error, something of a technique for the job. Usually this went on at the same time as the work of climbing and recording, which was a great help for me as I was able to see action on the climbs, ask questions, discuss details and, if necessary or even just for pleasure, climb around with some of the authors. Naturally they chose the best months of the year so I had plenty of time in hand before publication date. Present authors please note!

In order to interpret a three dimensional object, whether it be a human figure or a mountain, with any real understanding, the artist needs to feel its volume, structure and proportions, as it were, from the inside, not just give a general impression of the main mass with details added superficially, such as usually shows in a drawing that has been made entirely from

a photograph. When he is drawing 'free' the artist unconsciously selects, emphasises and eliminates according to what he feels about the subject. I was surprised to discover, when making these guide drawings, how much of this unconscious selection had always been inherent in my paintings and drawings of mountains and rocks, and how greatly I had to direct my outlook, for these guides, away from the realm of feeling into that of cold correct facts. Yet the practice of this kind of drawing has, over the years, given me more understanding of the structure of mountains and a desire to learn more of how they were made.

One of the problems that called for joint discussions was whether to choose a viewpoint far enough away and at a high enough level to show the whole crag and the full extent of the climbs, but not necessarily in fine detail (as in the drawing of the north-east face of Pillar), or to choose one much closer to the crag, if possible one that a climber would use naturally on his way up, showing details of the start if not the finish of the routes, with a certain element of foreshortening that distorts the proportions. An example of the latter is the drawing of Lower White Ghyll in the 1967 *Langdale* guide, although this is a crag where you can get a good view from across a narrow gully. While I drew this crag Alan Austin kindly took my younger son Julian up some of the climbs, soon putting him in the lead. Alan was immensely patient, and at the same time very exacting and thorough over the drawings, and it was pleasant to see how he warmed up at the sight of Pavey Ark, his favourite climbing ground.

It is virtually impossible to distinguish details and changes of angle and structure during the winter months when trying to draw a north-facing crag that looms dark against the source of light. Occasionally, if the sun is behind a cloud yet is lighting up some clouds behind you to the north, the reflected light will reveal detail, possibly only for a few minutes, and then you have to trust to your visual memory. The northern face of Dove Crag was one of these, and Jack Soper in December 1966 patiently hammered out with me all the pros and cons of this problem, describing each route from each of the proposed viewpoints. This was the first occasion on which we took a photograph, while the crag was lit up by a reflection from a cloud. This was very helpful, in combination with the preliminary drawing, and this combined method may prove useful on future occasions in producing the final drawings.

Of course some northerly-facing crags do receive a certain amount of light in winter during the first hour or two after sunrise, though hardly any of those in Borrowdale, especially Goat Crag's north face. Geoff Oliver seemed very happy to get up before six last January and to drive me at great speed over Wrynose and Hardknott, and even then we only just managed to catch the light on Scafell's east face. He even carried my rucksack and drawing kit and tempered his pace to my own. With Harold Drasdo on the crags of Deepdale we were fortunate with the weather, and they are close enough to my home to make a quick visit quite possible when conditions were good. I enjoyed very much his approach to mountains and his way of expressing it, which is revealed even in the very functional authorship of his guide to the Eastern Crags.

Generally the first visit to the crag with the author results in preliminary drawings with notes of routes. If I have not been able to do the final drawing on that occasion it means at least one more visit, and about two hours drawing, on average, if conditions are right. The drawings are all in pencil. I mount the final version on cardboard, with an overlay of tracing paper on which the routes are marked in black ink. The printer then makes one block for the pencil drawing by a half-tone process and another for the routes by letterpress, using a metal block. So the illustration is the result of two printings. This is necessary to prevent the route markings and letters becoming confused with the darker passages of the drawing, which happened, unfortunately, in 1967 *Langdale* and *Eastern Crags*. This will be corrected in future editions.

Apart from the fascinating technical challenges of drawing for these guides, the richest thing for me has been the many friendships that have grown from working together on a mutually interesting job, in spite of considerable differences of age and outlook. I have often been astonished by those authors and their helpers who have survived many months of climbing, recording, research and writing up the hundreds of climbs, often remote and not very interesting when found, and who yet have had the patience to crawl around near but not on the crags, and describe in detail each route and answer innumerable questions from someone who can no longer climb. (My wife here suggests that a word of appreciation might be added for all the authors' wives who have had to forego so much of their spouses' company.)

I hope that some younger climbing member of the Club will

soon emerge, with an ability to draw, and I would be glad to pass on to him anything I have learned about guide drawing. When the Club did me the entirely undeserved honour of making me an Honorary Member I really thought that such a person had emerged, and my days of guide drawing were over with a sort of golden handshake. Apparently this is not yet so, but I hope that the guides committee will not hesitate to tell me when I am too old for the job, and had better make room for a successor.

In my own more active days I have certainly enjoyed going around with the older generation of climbers, but in their case they were rich in experience. Bentley Beetham's fantastic stories, and his evident relish in telling them, whiled away many a weary trudge in the cold and rain. He was very good company, but almost impossible to locate at any given moment if I wanted to meet him when conditions were just right. He seemed to expect me to possess some kind of built-in sense of orientation, like a migrating swallow, or else a system of drum telegraphy. He knew the crags of Borrowdale inch by inch, sapling by sapling, yet even when we were looking across at a crag he often could not recognise the crag's features in my drawing. This sometimes presented difficulties and I began to wonder how many other people might find the drawings useless.

And, always across the years and the pages, there seems to loom a sturdy figure surmounted by a fierce eye and black upturned whiskers, the delightful, often exasperating but always dependable Harry Kelly, with his sensitive nature very well hidden away, and his sure and rather whimsical sense of both the beautiful and the ludicrous aspects of life. I remember one very lovely day in Mosedale when we had been hunting down some casual solo climbs of that individualist soldier-painter-climber, Fergus Graham. We wandered onto the top of Pillar mountain as the evening light was gilding the fells. I was completely carried away by the sense of space and light at that rare moment, when Harry lumbered up behind with the remark, 'Very naaice. Ah wish ah wur i' Blackpool'.

Further crag drawings face pp. 12, 13, 63, 102 and 103.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RAINSBORROW

Nigel Rogers

Late last year, in the crowded, noisy privacy of the bar, I was cornered by the Hon. Editor. 'I require an account of the year's events in Kentmere,' he said. 'It should be a full and impartial chronicle, and in particular, should give due prominence to my part in the affair.' It is within these terms of reference that I now set pen to paper.

Let me recall first the day on which we discovered that we were not alone. We were sitting before the fire in Raw Head Barn, playing a simple and satisfying game that had lasted for some weeks. The game is called Hunt the Secret Crag, and the rules are very simple. The Bankers (ourselves) hold all the cards. The number of Other Players is unlimited (and in this particular case was gratifyingly large). It is a game of hints and intuitions, of bluff and double-bluff, of strategy and tactics. In short, it is a sort of war-game. That very day a particularly successful round had been completed, and will serve to illustrate some of the finer points of the game. As a result of carefully nurtured rumours that the Secret Crag was to be found in the vicinity of St. Bee's Head (hint), the Opposition had come to the reasonable conclusion that Haweswater was the most probable venue (intuition). After some hours of unwonted exercise on the remoter fells, and a narrow escape from disaster on the crumbling rocks of Wallow Crag, they had returned to the hut (earlier sorties had taken them to Satura Crag, the rather more impressive Detrita Crag, and even, in a mood of determined desperation, to the impossible overhangs of Plethora Crag). Now, around the fire, they eulogised the beauties and technicalities of Wallow Buttress. If this were not the Secret Crag then it was an even more important discovery. They declared themselves well-pleased (bluff). We congratulated them, noted our earlier explorations on, and dismissal of Wallow Crag, and expressed our delight that they had been so close without actual discovery (double-bluff).

The mood of light-hearted railery was well established when the door of the hut opened, and Nemesis entered in the shape of Soper. Now whether or not there is truth in the legend that he invented the game I know not. Certainly however, he is an

acknowledged Grand Master; quick to the scent, remorseless in the hunt and possessed of unlimited guile.

In a trice he had seized the advantage. His own Secret Crag, with acres of clean rock, seamed with unclimbed lines of rare beauty and bathed in perpetual sunshine, shimmered before the inner eye of his enthralled audience. Desperately we fought back. 'Our Crag' we declared, 'is fully half-a-mile long, over four hundred feet high, and situated in the centre of the Lake District.' For a moment they were with us, but his good-natured chuckle of dismissal had them captive again. We played our last trump. 'In the centre of our Crag there is a unique feature; a huge prow of rock, split by a crack, overhanging throughout its length. This will be one of the hardest pitches in the District.' The audience was not impressed, and we were preparing to concede defeat, and make a brew, when I noticed Soper's face. He seemed ill-at-ease. Gathering himself together with a visible effort he said, 'Rogers, I think that you and I should retire upstairs for a moment.'

Facing one another in the empty dormitory, we began to swap information.

'My Crag is in a valley running north-south.'

'So is ours.'

'Does the river in your valley flow north or south?'

'South.'

'Mine too.'

As we unwillingly came to the inevitable conclusion that we shared the same Secret Crag, my mind went back to the day it all began. One day, towards the end of the previous year, we had set out for a long walk in appallingly wet conditions, for the good of our souls, and to justify the purchase of steaks for dinner. Late in the day we had come to a particularly sodden and featureless piece of fell which gathered itself without enthusiasm to an almost indiscernible summit. Pausing briefly before the retreat to the hut, we glanced south through the driving rain. There, caught in a chance shaft of sunlight piercing the clouds, was a black, vertical, glistening wall of rock.

Back at the hut, we quickly identified our 'discovery'; Rainsborrow Crag, Kentmere. The Eastern Fells guide described it as having a few steep bits, but not being worth a visit because of loose rock and excessive vegetation. Recalling that single, startling glimpse, we decided that the author had

been saving it for himself. *

During the following months, we made one or two exploratory visits, and returned home impressed. Two not very serious or worthwhile routes were done, but the major lines were noted, plans for their ascent laid, and suitable names for the prospective masterpieces debated. Time was of no importance. This was the Golden Dawn of rock-climbing. We were alone with our Crag. Now all this was changed. As we glumly descended to the common-room, we realised that the struggle for Rainsborrow was on.

As spring gave way to summer, and the crag showed signs of drying, the struggle intensified. Our first feeble scratchings, early in the year, had resulted in Cold Comfort (Nearly V.S.) and Urk (Scarcely Severe). The Opposition had then climbed The Silmaril (Hard V.S.), a splendid climb up the highest part of the central mass.† We had previously looked at the first pitch and decided to wait until the Golden Dawn gave way to a somewhat bolder era. Soper, like time, waits on no man.

We decided to bring out our secret weapon. Sherpa had been aware of all developments from the beginning, although the location had been carefully withheld. Pleasureable anticipation had wound him up like a spring. Nothing could stop him.

So to the day we found ourselves roping up below a repulsively wet, very steep wall in the centre of the crag. Sherpa, wearing socks over his P.A's, and looking like a Christmas tree adorned with slings, nuts, spuds, etc., led off across the wall, and up the shallow groove seen from below. Progress was painfully slow, as each tiny hold had to be excavated from its covering of earth and grass. He disappeared behind a holly bush, and eventually emerged on the belay ledge, heavily besmirched but very pleased. It was a fine, intricate pitch, and a splendid lead under the conditions. We found ourselves now on a narrow grass terrace, beneath an obviously unclimbable wall. To the left, the angle dropped

* The intensely possessive posture adopted by climbers towards their potential new routes is, when viewed objectively, a rather puzzling phenomenon. I have seen a normally gentle, quiet-spoken Yorkshireman driven into an almost apoplectic rage by the news that a supposed rival intended to visit a popular climbing area which happened to harbour one of his secret lines. I believe this phenomenon to be a manifestation of the primitive territorial instinct, so common among the higher animals. (*cf.*, L. Williams, *Man and Monkey*)

† The Silmaril has now had several ascents, most of which have been very much enjoyed.

back to merely vertical, and here an ineffectual struggle was waged for some time. As a last desperate measure he traversed delicately still further left, out of sight, and onto the steep slabs just right of Cold Comfort. The rope inched out; and stopped. Again it moved; and returned. Down on the belay ledge we became conscious of the noise of stream and sheep, and the slow, mesmeric movement of the clouds.

'Hello.'

'Yes.'

'I think I'm stuck.'

'Oh.'

'It looks very hard.'

'Perhaps you'd better come back.'

'I don't think I can.'

'Oh.'

Another long silence, another slight movement, and a sense of deep unhappiness transmitted down the umbilical rope.

'I say.'

'Hello.'

'Do you think a top-rope would be possible.'

'Right.'

Unrope, find a tree, arrange an abseil, prepare to leap off into space.

'I say.'

'Hello.'

'I don't think I can stay here very long.'

Down the rope, mercifully untangled, searingly fast; then pull it down, and coil it, remembering that it must be in a state to throw down from above. Away across the foot of the crag and up the steep slope beyond, lungs bursting, heart pumping. As I ran I caught a glimpse of Sherpa, spread-eagled in the middle of that wall. Nothing was recognisable from the top.

Somewhere below those overhangs, a man was trapped on tiny holds, desperately in need of help.

'Sherpa.'

No reply.

'SHERPAAAAAA.'

A startled gull wheeled indignantly away. I belayed and threw the rope down. No response. Ten feet to the left I tried again. Still no response. I imagined Sherpa hanging senseless from the end of the rope, while Kim struggled to remember the correct procedure. I imagined them both lying at the foot

of the crag. I tried again to the right.

'SHERPAAAAAAAAAAAAA.'

'Hello."

Ten feet away, a grinning face emerged from the depths. 'I was getting cramp, so I came on up. You nearly knocked me off with that rope.' Utterly spent, I was reduced to feeble, nearly inarticulate imprecation.

The climb was called Starkadder (X.S.) and remains the most serious lead on the cliff. Shortly after this epic, our secret weapon backfired. Sherpa keeps a diary, and one fatal day he took it with him to Raw Head. Two of our earlier opponents in the Game were there, and while one of them plied him with tea and toast, the other read the following extract:

'Dear Diary,

The Secret Crag is Rainsborrow in Kentmere, and the following routes have been done so far . . . etc.' The reader had lived at the foot of Kentmere valley for many years, and had to be carried from the hut, suffering from nervous prostration. However, the damage had been done; the secret was out and we could no longer expect to find our crag deserted, or at the worst, with Soper there. Soon the adverse comments would start to flow in:

'Not as good as Wallow Crag.'

'Not as steep as Plethora.'

'Just a roadside craglet.'

'Heap of tot.'

They haven't yet climbed the crack up the side of the Prow however.

Late last year, in the crowded noisy privacy of the bar, I was approached by the Hon. Editor and asked to write an account of the year's events in Kentmere. I said that I would try and ventured the opinion that not many new crags of comparable worth would be discovered in the Lake District. 'Nonsense,' said Soper, 'you've no stamina. Why Neil and I have twenty or more Secret Crags. One of them, the best, I admit, is over half-a-mile long, nearly five hundred feet high, solid, free of vegetation and situated right in the middle of the District. I can't imagine how it has remained hidden for so long.'

The game must go on.

HOW MANY CLIMBERS?

Kim Meldrum

For the last three years I have been in the fortunate position of not having to climb at week-ends and instead have been able to visit the Lakes midweek. As a result I have always questioned the complaints of those who say that the crags are becoming overcrowded. To weigh up this problem I have been manipulating the few statistics which seem to be available on the subject. The results are pretty alarming. It seems that in a few years time one may well expect to queue for several hours (if not days) to get onto some of the more popular routes. The argument is as follows:

The first step is to arrive at an acceptable figure for the total number of climbers using the Lake District. It has been possible to derive a figure by two independent means, both of which make some very rash assumptions, but which provide similar answers.

As a result of a survey undertaken by the National Parks Commission and the British Travel Association in 1967 the following figures were obtained for visitors to the Lake District on two Sundays, one in August and the other in September:

	August	*September*
Staying in the area	33,000	22,000
Staying for a week-end	4,400	2,200
Day visitors	9,500	8,000
Half-day visitors	3,500	4,000

It was also established in this survey that 47 per cent. of those staying for a week-end or longer were involved in climbing or walking expeditions whereas the corresponding percentages for day and half-day visitors were 15 and 4 respectively. The walkers were defined as tourists who undertook expeditions of more than one mile on foot. If one assumes that of the total walking and climbing group 10 per cent. are actual climbers, one arrives at the figures of 1,976 and 1,596 for the total number of climbers in the Lakes on these two Sundays. Using these figures and the fact that there are approximately twice as many visitors to the National Park in August as there are in April, and that there are at least three times as many visitors in the summer as in the winter, it is

possible to construct a chart to show the total number of climbing days spent in the Lakes throughout the year:

Month	*Midweek day*	*Sunday*	*Weekly total*	*Monthly total*
Jan	200	500	2,000	**8,600**
Feb	200	500	2,000	**8,000**
March ..	200	500	2,000	**8,600**
April ..	650	750	4,750	**20,300**
May	650	1,100	5,450	**23,750**
June	900	1,200	6,900	**29,400**
July	1,100	1,400	8,300	**36,500**
Aug	1,600	1,976	11,952	**52,608**
Sept ..	1,100	1,596	8,692	**36,968**
Oct.	400	600	3,200	**14,000**
Nov	200	500	2,000	**8,400**
Dec	200	500	2,000	**8,600**

If one assumes that each of the climbers climbs on all the days he spends in the Lake District, a total number of 255,726 climbing days is indicated.

So many assumptions have been made in arriving at this figure that it is clearly necessary to make an independent check. Fortunately this is possible by reference to the survey which was conducted by the University of Keele in conjunction with the British Travel Association (published as the *Pilot National Recreation Survey* in July 1967) and the estimated number of climbers based on B.M.C. figures. Membership of the B.M.C. is about 13,000 in 1968 but this figure in no way represents the total number of climbers. It has been found in France that the number of climbers affiliated to the F.F.M. is about one-third of the total; this same ratio applies in the case of the British Canoe Union, the Federation Française de Ski and other similar national bodies. One could therefore assume that the same ratio would be applicable to the B.M.C. This would suggest a total of some 40,000 climbers. This is in full agreement with the figure which one would have estimated from the sale of climbing rope in this country. For obvious reasons the manufacturers have provided this information in confidence. The Keele survey established that the combined group of walkers and climbers who were questioned were active on the following occasions:

Of the group total
10 per cent. spent at least 52 days out each year
31 per cent. spent at least 12 days out
36 per cent. spent at least 4 days out
22 per cent. spent less than 4 days out each year

If one assumes that climbers and walkers are equally enthusiastic about their pastimes, then one can apply these percentages to the climbing group alone. By combining the modified B.M.C. figures and the Keele figures it is possible to arrive at the total number of climbing days in England and Wales for the year 1967:

Number of climbers	*Days active each year*	*Total climbing days*
4,000	52	208,000
12,400	12	148,800
14,600	4	58,400
8,800	3	26,400
39,800		**441,600**

It should be remembered that this is a minimum figure because, for example, many of the enthusiastic 10 per cent. will spend much more than 52 days climbing each year. It would be quite reasonable to suggest that the total number of climbing days in England and Wales is therefore more like 500,000. It is only possible to assess the number of climbing days spent outside the Lake District, at the moment, by reference to the accident statistics published by the B.M.C. If one assumes that climbing in the Lakes presents a risk equal to that in other areas, one can take the proportion of accidents in the Lakes as a measure of the proportion of climbing days spent in that area. Taking England and Wales alone, the Lake District had 44 per cent. of the climbing accidents during the years 1965, '66 and '67. If one assumes that the accident rate is a function of the time spent exposed to the risk, then some 220,000 climbing days would have been spent in the Lakes. This is in close agreement with the figure derived earlier.

Figures like this do not mean very much unless they can be translated into a real situation, so perhaps it might be of value to relate them to my personal experiences in Langdale. If one assumes that the popularity of the various climbing areas in the Lake District is proportional to the number of guide-books sold, and also the use of the Fell and Rock huts, one could expect Langdale to absorb some 37 per cent. of the total number of climbers in the Lakes at any one time. (Based on guide-book sales the figure is 36 per cent., on hut use 37 per cent.) Taking a typical week-end in summer one could therefore expect to find something in the region of 720 climbers in Langdale. Even this number I find difficult to visualise, and it is not until one starts climbing that one fully appreciates the nuisance value of large numbers of climbers. I have attempted to arrange the Langdale crags in order of popularity, again from personal observations, and divided the total number of climbers in the valley in the ratio of this popularity:

Crag percentage popularity		*Number of climbers visiting the crag on a summer Sunday*
Gimmer	33	240
White Ghyll	25	180
Raven Crag	10	72
Pavey Ark	10	72
Scout Crag	6	42
Bowfell	6	42
Others	10	72

This may seem a pretty intolerable picture, but those Club members who are in the habit of climbing on August week-ends will, I hope, agree that the figures do not represent too gross an exaggeration of the facts. If you think this is a grim situation, try to imagine what it will be like when the M6 is finished in 1974. By the year 2010 it is estimated that vehicular traffic will have increased fivefold. Is this going to mean 1,200 climbers on Gimmer on a summer Sunday? Climbing in the Lake District will have ground itself to a halt. But at least Scotland will be more accessible.

IN SEARCH OF THE MUNROS

Dick Cook

When we were young it was the spectacular mountains—the Buchailles and the Ben, An Teallach, Liathach, Beinn Eighe and the Cuillins—that pulled, and we went back time and again to climb them. Now we are getting older the Munros beckon and give us the incentive to explore mountains we have often seen at a distance but have left to another day. Collecting Munros does require patience, for the weather determines the time it takes to collect a bag of them. But getting out in all weathers provides an opportunity to test one's route-finding ability, and how pleasant it is to relax after a good dinner, tick off the Munros we have just picked up and then decide the question 'What next?'

Sir Hugh Munro (1857-1919) started it off. He had been President of the S.M.C. and was a great walker who liked to cross mountain areas. One of his trips was from Dalwhinnie to Dalmally by way of Ben Alder, Loch Rannoch and thence to the head of Glen Lyon and over to Bridge of Orchy, some 50-60 miles. He conceived the idea of climbing all the mountains of 3,000 feet and over, and he did so with the exception of Carn Cloich Mhuillin in the Cairngorms and the Inaccessible Pinnacle. Sir Hugh compiled a list, known as *Munro's Tables*, which has been amended from time to time. The 1953 edition lists 277 'Munros' and 268 subsidiary 'tops'. A Munro is defined broadly as a separate mountain in its own right, with a drop of at least 500 feet between it and the next or alternatively a long distance or some climbing difficulty. To qualify as a top there must be 'height and distance relative to the rest of the hill and individuality and geographical significance'. It is difficult at times to justify a particular summit as a Munro, but no matter what rules are adopted there would be anomalies.

In May 1965 the number of those who had climbed all the Munros was 59, ranging in age from 20 to 63 years. There must be many more who have not recorded their achievement. Of Fell and Rock members, Mr. and Mrs. John Hirst completed the Munros in 1947 and the tops in the same year; Graham Macphee the Munros in 1954 and the tops in 1955; E. W. Hodge completed the Munros in 1947 and also the 'Furth of Scotland' (the 3,000-foot summits of England, Wales and Ireland, of which there are 7, 14 and 11 respect-

ively). There may be others in the Club who have climbed all the Munros, and I should be grateful to anyone who can give me information.

We who live in the British Isles are apt to forget how fortunate we are in having so many great open spaces. Riven by glaciers 10,000 years ago, our hillsides rival in steepness those of larger mountains, as we all realise as we puff our way up them. This, and the fact that our mountains extend as far as 58°N so that near-arctic conditions occur in winter, makes them a far more exciting proposition than a mere recital of heights and altitudes would suggest. And, unlike so many smaller mountains throughout the world, ours are not plagued by forests extending right over the tops. In fact we are blessed with one of the finest tracts of open ground to be found anywhere in the world.

The Scottish Meets of the Club started me collecting Munros. When planning expeditions it was useful to list the Munros in the vicinity and pick from these. Kindred spirits were many, and if we succeeded in ticking off half a dozen Munros in the ten days, we were happy; meets must be held where there is plenty of accommodation, so opportunities for climbs in very remote areas were few. I owe a great debt to those members who were on these meets and helped me to collect so many Munros.

I did not begin seriously to concentrate on Munros until I met Professor Fred Hoyle. He was a regular visitor to the Old Dungeon Ghyll and had often joined Alf Gregory's gang to wander on the Lakeland fells or occasionally make a quick trip to Scotland. In February 1965 Fred, Norman Baggaley and I stayed for a few days at Loch Duich Hotel. The first day was wild so we decided to look at Moruisg (3,026 feet) in Glen Carron. We were three quarters of the way up when a blizzard hit us, but we made the summit and returned quickly to the car and the hotel. That night, sitting in front of a roaring fire after a fine meal, I was ticking off the Munro in the tables when Fred asked to look at the book. He had not seen this before and was keenly interested. Here was a challenge he could not resist. So we joined forces, and his record of Munros (quite apart from tops) in 1965 and the following two years was 86, 72 and 41, a total of 199.

So much for the background, but what can we say of those glorious days on the mountains, worth a lifetime of toil? When I asked Fred what stood out in his memory, his reply

covered twelve pages. Space is limited but a few can be mentioned.

In the Cairngorms in November 1965 we climbed over a little rise and there, 30 yards away, were three hinds and a fine stag. The stag saw us before the hinds and came racing towards us, to protect his womenfolk. Then, apparently satisfied with what he saw, he stopped, sniffed the air, turned and jog-trotted away with his hinds, content that we meant no harm.

A wonderful day in Glen Lyon in the first week of March 1965 stands out. We started from Balintyre and traversed Carn Mairg (3,419 feet), then descended the Meall a' Bharr ridge where we had a marvellous run on flaky snow which broke into small pieces beneath our feet and slipped away dancing and pirouetting down the frozen mountain side. The musical, high pitched tinkling song it sang stopped us in our tracks. It was for all the world like the tinkling of a cut-glass chandelier and lasted for half an hour or so, until we regretfully ran out of snow.

The Grey Corries gave us a fine long ridge and four Munros. At the end of the ridge we sat on a beautiful little grassy top and gazed at the spectacular snow-plastered walls of Aonach Mor and Aonach Beag. We were reluctant to leave, and when we eventually reached the valley bottom and walked by the stream to Luibuilt, how great a contrast were the meadows full of flowers!

On a memorable November day we climbed the Sgor Gaoith five from Kincraig, again in snow. We set off in good weather but after the second Munro (Sgor Gaoith) down came the mist and out came the compass. We found the next summit and the bothy and then Meall Dubhair which is the most westerly Munro. From here the bearing was north-east but led into a deep corrie. We returned to the cairn and struck N.N.E. going along a ridge and onto a plateau over which we wandered until no one knew where we were. It was getting dark but the mist was thinning. Fred suggested going due west towards Glen Feshie, and this we did. A few minutes later we saw what looked like a cairn—it was a crag with a gentle rise behind it. Fred took us over this and on reaching the top of the rise we found the cairn. From here we saw in the distance a track which we hastily went for and in the dark followed to the valley and Glen Feshie Lodge. Our car was on the opposite side of the stream. We were told at the lodge

that we could cross near Achleum, which we did by means of a wire netting affair suspended on wires with a few pieces of wood to walk on. It must have stretched for 40 feet or so, the wire netting gaped on either side and the ominous notice—'The bridge is crossed at your own peril'—was entirely justified.

One of the finest sunsets I have seen in Scotland was during the same holiday. We motored to Glenmore Lodge and then on to the bothy a few miles east of it, ascended Bynack Mhor (3,574 feet) and in mist steered for A'Choinneach. We then decided to go for The Saddle and over Cairngorm. There were many Brocken Spectres on the summit and it was getting late as we shot off down fine patches of snow towards the car. Passing the lodge we ran alongside Loch Morlich which reflected the setting sun and the trees. As we had passed this spot in the morning the pale yellow spines of the young larches had all been tipped with hoar frost glistening in the sun. Now the colours were breathtaking—all shades of red merging into browns and then black, with the snow behind lit by the setting sun.

One of our last remaining problems was in the area between Dundonnell and Loch Maree, an area full of plums ready to be picked. We were after the Stob Ban—Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair—A'Mhaighdean—Beinn Tarsuinn group. We tackled it from Dundonnell by the track leading to Sail Liath and then on to Achneigie and Shenevall. Reaching Achneigie we made a bee line for Sgurr Ban, then Mhic Fhearchair, then in mist along a very narrow ridge for a top which consisted of five or six pinnacles. We had not expected this. In the mist the pinnacles looked very spectacular towering above us, and unstable too, but they turned out to be sound and soon we had crossed them and were down in the valley passing Loch Nid and returning the way we had come. We covered a distance of 23 miles with 5,000 feet of climbing, to be rewarded by two Munros and a top.

A day or so later we set off in the afternoon along the same track. This time we cut across to Shenevall where we pitched a tent and stayed the night. The following morning we left at 6 a.m. and reached Ruadh Stac Mor from which we got a wonderful view of the north face of A'Mhaighdean with its great crags glistening in the sun, traversed by rock bands forming steps just like altars. We descended to the bealach and climbed the 800 feet to the summit of A'Mhaighdean from

which we got a marvellous view of the Carnmore bothy, right below our feet. To the north-west were great ridges whose north-east slopes were excessively steep and very spectacular. The distant views too were fine, to Fionn Loch, Slioch and the sea. Many stags were roaring as we approached Beinn Tarsuinn along a narrow ridge of sandstone and we descended thence steeply into a corrie which contained about two hundred deer; then back down Gleann na Muice to Shenevall where it was so beautiful that we stayed another night.

I have mentioned nothing of the wonderful autumn tints of the beeches, oaks and birches in Glen Lyon; the sequoia around Loch Arkaig and the ancient Caledonian pines in Glen Derry; the birds—ptarmigan in spring with their heads ducked running round rocks to hide or dragging a wing to lure us away from their chicks, buzzards and the occasional eagle, the curlew with its lonely cry, the black cock and capercaillie, the first wild duck in August followed by the geese and swans; and later, perhaps the Northern Lights. How rewarding the collecting of these Munros has been. They have provided a rich variety of experience, excitement and endeavour.

Our last remaining problem is the long ridge stretching south-west from Loch Pattack to Loch Ossian in the Ben Alder Forest. It is one of the wildest and most remote parts of Scotland, 200 square miles in extent, stretching north to south from Loch Laggan to Loch Rannoch and east to west from Loch Garry to Loch Treig. Ben Alder itself is a good excursion—a grand mountain with a north corrie and fine buttresses on which few climbs have been worked out. There are good pony tracks from Dalwhinnie via Loch Pattack to Fort William, a distance of forty miles with a break of only a few miles between Loch Ossian and the Dubh Bealach of Ben Alder. Our ridge is some six miles long with four Munros and four tops, and returning to the starting point involves 20 miles and 4,000 feet of climbing. Up to the present we have been baulked by deer stalking and bad weather, but we are saving it to the last to round off what has been a wonderful adventure. Fred has all along concentrated on completing those Munros and tops which I have not done. It will be a pleasure and a privilege to help him to complete his, then perhaps the 'Furth of Scotland'.

THE STONE AGE

Geoff Cram

It was far too hot to climb and the sea shimmering several hundred feet below was making us both feel ill. But the big curving red groove above has not been climbed, so we could not really creep away to the café without at least having a look. One hour and many loose holds later I found myself 40 feet up the steep wall and it had ceased to matter whether I wanted to be there or not, as ascent appeared to be easier than descent. After a few quick moves using finger holds cunningly hidden in a band of quartz, a small ledge appeared, followed one minute later by a peg belay. Big Mike Yates came up quickly and silently. 'Well?' I enquired. 'Steep'. A short groove followed, at the top of which I encountered a statue. This was a poised block, guarding the groove, and which (unlike me) seemed determined to fall into the sea. After some careful manoeuvering it did and I didn't. The final wall was superb—solid, exposed and of reasonable standard even on the final overhang. Mike again practised his sprint and commented 'All you need is big wings on this place!' So we called the route *Pterodactyl* to keep the local *Dinosaur* company.

The action was taking place on what might truly be called a modern crag—Craig Gogarth and the neighbouring sea cliffs near Holyhead—found, explored and virtually exhausted in three years. Lake District climbers may have been puzzled by the latest tales filtering up from Wales: tales of rock gymnastics by the seaside. Why climb by the sea rather than in the mountains? Surely not because the smell of seaweed, salt and birdlime (or whatever) is preferable to the dank and gloom of Cloggy! The attraction lies in a new place to explore, the clean, steep and not *so* loose rock, the hot sunshine, and an adjacent shore on which birdlife of many types can be seen!

The main cliff is impressive. At its highest point it rises 400 feet straight out of the sea and it extends for about half a mile. It was here that the first routes were done in 1964. It is perhaps indicative of the atmosphere of the place that no routes at all were done in 1965 and it was not until early 1966 that further exploration took place. There is also an upper crag which has many good climbs of about 250 feet which one can climb without any fear of a swim in the event of a fall! North of Craig Gogarth is a zawn with a tremendous wall

nearly 400 feet high. *Wen* ascends this wall and nearby is *Ormadz* which finds its way free through an enormous roof via a hanging chimney above the sea. Joe Brown is reputed to have used a 25-foot sling weighted with a monster nut to thread the chockstone.

One mile south of Gogarth are several more cliffs, all impressively steep—indeed the first sight of the Red Wall has caused more than one enthusiastic climber to turn and flee from Anglesey for ever! Castell Helen, however, is an extremely pleasant crag to climb on—solid grey rock, very steep and exposed.

The Anglesey crags have gained a reputation for very loose rock. This normally applies to the first few ascents after which the routes become comparatively firm and safe. *Central Park* is a notable example.

On visiting the crag in spring with Barry Whybrow, tentative exploration beyond *Pentathol* (which involved getting wet even at low tide) led us to climb an excellent series of grooves which proved a good cure for our hangovers. A vivid memory of that route is of pulling round an overhang to be met by a puffin which erupted from the chimney at fantastic speed, leaving a parting in my hair. Our hangovers returned when we learned that the route had first been climbed by Martin Boysen only the day before. Such was the pace of things at that time. Competition was evident and for a while it seemed that the regular climbers in North Wales were likely to be killed in 40-mile early morning car dashes across Anglesey. The Cooper S invariably won. However, next winter we were in time to do the *Girdle of Castell Helen*—a long and enjoyable climb at Hard V.S. with superb situations.

It was around this time that people were getting benighted on *Cordon Bleu* and other routes. The culmination was when Dave Alcock and party, attempting a new climb, became benighted on a ledge 50 feet above the sea. The story later told in London was that they did not really want to be rescued, knowing that this would hit the headlines. It did! When Joe Brown appeared 30 feet above them (by courtesy of the Mountain Rescue) they ignored him until drenched by the spray from a large wave which resulted in a rapid change of mind and three people prussiking together up the same rope . . .

The cliffs were now packed with routes and it was time to relax and climb the new British Standard H.V.S. (and X.S.)

classics. Unfortunately I had arranged to climb with Tony Barley. Climbing with him is like climbing with an H-bomb: eight routes a day as a minimum and absolutely no chance of relaxing. He led the first pitch of *Rat Race* in three minutes—and this is one of the major routes on the main cliff. The first pitch consists of a long rising traverse out over the sea on excellent rock, ending in a huge bulge in fearsome position, with a peg used for aid which sticks out about six inches. A feature of this pitch is the frequent refusal of seconds to follow, due to a strange fear of the sea. After discovering that my fear was as acute as everybody else's, I went very slowly, with prussic slings in my pockets, to the accompaniment of encouraging barks from our audience of seals.

The second pitch also overhangs and, as I found to my dismay, is very poorly protected. It follows a chimney through the overhangs and is still rather loose. The third pitch is about Severe and I rushed up this before Tony realised that it was his turn to lead, so that he got the final pitch which is quite hard! Even he did not want to do another route after the *Rat Race*. The following day we went onto *Winking Crack* and after an hour of laybacking, finger, hand and fist-jamming, reached the final, short wedging crack, which must be the most strenuous piece of climbing hereabouts. Some two hours later as we crawled away across the top of the crag we came to the conclusion that when climbing Baron Brown is about nine feet tall and six inches wide!

Finally, I must mention what are perhaps two of the best climbs on Anglesey. The most notorious route of all, *Mousetrap*, described as 'X.S., inescapable and on terrible rock' is in fact one of the most amenable routes there, technically about Medium V.S. and a tremendously exhilarating climb, providing one treats the Gruyère type rock gently. *Wen* (350 feet) is an entirely different sort of climb—an enormous wall, somewhat difficult to get on to and with an airy traverse to get off at the top, but certainly a classic. Both these climbs have highly exposed situations, directly above the sea.

At first sight the special equipment required for climbing on these cliffs would appear to include a lifebelt, bird repellant and a masochistic attraction to steep rock. But all one needs is a good reason for climbing. We all have our own. If you haven't, try this one from a recent American journal:

'It's to rise above the grubs, man, to rise above those crawling grubs!'

THE INACCESSIBLE CORRIE

Wallace Greenhalgh

'Perhaps the most outstanding cirque is the Styggebotn, below Rondeslottet, as it is nearly—but not quite—inaccessible, and is seldom visited.'

I parked the car beside a granite slab recording the passage of Peer Gynt, unfolded the map yet again, and sat back to think. I was near the farm of Strombu; in front were the Rondane mountains, some 140 miles north of Oslo, and in the middle of them, under the western face of Rondeslottet, the highest peak was the nearly—but not quite—inaccessible corrie of Styggebotn. That at least was what the Norway Travel Association's booklet said about it, and to anyone with scree in his boots the implied challenge was irresistible. My map, the *Turistkart yver Rondane*, 1 : 100,000—a beautiful piece of mapmaking—showed the problem clearly enough. The corrie drained westwards over a precipice into a lake-filled valley of fjord-like narrowness and steepness; the walls of the corrie were cliffs of alarming height; only at the end of the northern wall did it look as though the cliff broke down into outcrops through which I might find a way. And the spur I should have to cross was eleven or twelve miles away at the head of the Langglupdal. Altogether, it seemed that tomorrow would be a long day.

The landscape was quite fascinating. The hills had been carved and ground by glaciers time after time, and the rock dust was hundreds of feet deep in the valley where the river wandered across flats that ended abruptly against the steep hillsides. I walked over to the bank; there was a sudden swirl

as a huge trout flashed away downstream, and a crash in the bushes as a pair of greenshanks took to flight over the river. The stream from the Langglupdal entered the river in a little delta just opposite me, and through binoculars I could make out a track on the far hill-side. But there was no bridge. Whether there ever had been a bridge there I never discovered, but it was an hour before I found one, leading to a farm, two miles further up the river. I pitched my tent on a terrace just above the road as darkness began to fall, and hoped for good weather next day.

The night was very cold; several times I awoke to put on extra clothing, and in the morning there was an inch of ice in the water bucket. But it looked likely to be a calm, cloudless day, and after a double dose of bacon and eggs I left camp, crossed the river, and turned uphill beyond the farm. A good track wound through the swiftly thinning forest, and as the pines gave way to birch scrub I emerged on to an enormous level terrace, a mile wide and many miles long. This presumably was part of the floor of the valley in some past age, but now the river has cut its way several hundred feet down through the deposits of fine drift. On the terrace the path diminished rapidly, dividing into smaller tracks that wandered away in all directions. Soon all useful traces had disappeared, and I headed for the ridge on which the map indicated a cairned track into the Langglupdal. The grey-green surface, which at a distance promised good going, was very deceptive. It was reindeer moss, which had only the most tenuous hold on reality: the mere backward pressure of the foot in walking was enough to tear it from its anchorage, and progress was exasperating in the extreme. At last in desperation I splashed up a runnel of bog and over boulders on to a moraine-like ridge with a more comfortable vegetation of thin grass, heather, and dwarf willow. At the far end I passed through a little defile, rounded a shoulder of grassy hillside, and found the Langglupdal opening ahead of me with the snow-sprinkled mass of Rondeslottet on its left.

I had made no mistake about the length of the valley, and I had plenty of time to admire the series of corries opening on the far side. The route indicated by the marks—a red T splashed on the rocks at suitable intervals—took a good line along the hillside making the best of the view. In some places it was, for such surroundings, an excellent track—good sheep standard; in others it was no more than a hint, a suggestion

that if enough people walked carefully from one mark to the next, in due course a track might begin to appear. But it did not seem that many people used the track, for throughout the day I did not see anyone, nor even a single footmark on the path.

I walked on steadily through the blue and gold morning, while above me, on the right, the hills moved past in slow procession. But Rondeslottet, on the left, did not move, but merely grew larger, glowering at me over a humped shoulder. Then about midday, quite suddenly it seemed, it turned its back on me and revealed the spur over which I proposed to go into the corrie. From a boulder field forming the watershed in the Langglupdal, I turned uphill to a desolate tarn beneath the impressive northern face of Rondeslottet and on to the end of the spur—a slope of big rectangular boulders wedged at all angles, and gradually increasing in steepness. I laboured upwards for a long time, hoping that none of the rocks that moved underneath me was the keystone of the distressingly unstable structure, until at last I reached a slope of steep but comfortingly firm snow, and stepped over a miniature cornice on to a bare, Cairngorm-like summit. So far, so good; but in front of me the smooth slopes of shale dipped gently out of my sight, still hiding the answer to my problem.

After a last look at the map, I walked along the crest of the spur for about half a mile and then turned down towards the corrie. Soon I could see the corrie's walls from Rondeslottet right round to the southern spur beyond the entrance—as discouraging a line of cliff as one could imagine. Then the scree beneath the cliffs and the green floor of the corrie came into view, and still the slope steepened in front of me as I moved downwards with increasing caution. And then, at last, there it was. The ground fell away before me in a great rocky slope, interrupted a little way down by a line of broken crags which increased in size and continuity to my left. But to my right, through a gap between crags, I could see the boulder slope stretching all the way down to the floor of the corrie. I thanked the mapmaker for his accuracy, settled my rucksack, and started down the boulders.

As on the other side of the spur, the rock had broken into regular slabs of all thicknesses from an inch to several feet. Here however the bedding of the strata seemed to be very nearly at the same angle as the slope of the hillside, so that the

slabs were not wedged on end but lay upon each other tilted at a most insecure angle. I balanced carefully down the blocks, thanking my stars for Vibrams, and trying to control my convulsive starts when without warning rocks suddenly slipped six inches downhill beneath my feet. Where the ground steepened between the outcrops of crag, a large rock, at least six feet long and three feet thick, slipped several yards at the first touch of my foot and left me wondering what would happen if I were to damage myself here. 'Who'll Cwm a-Ronda, Matilda, for me?' enquired my subconscious, and the sheer horror of the polyglot pun reduced my mind to an appalled silence for the rest of the descent. And so at about 2.15 p.m. I dropped my rucksack, stripped, and splashed into a deep, clear pool just below the junction of the streams in Styggebotn. The pool was about 20 feet long, and I barely had time to fight my way through before freezing up, for the water was straight off the snow.

There was a boulder near the stream, a 12-foot cube, with a neat three-mover up the corner, and I sat on the roof with my legs dangling, eating my sandwiches and staring up the corrie. I gave the map-maker my unstinted admiration, for the corrie was exactly as he had drawn it—the flat green floor with the two streams curving to their junction, the fans of scree and snow, and the great rock buttresses rising to the ridge. And as his map indicated, only on the northern spur did the line of crags extending three-quarters of the way round the corrie peter out into rough but practicable slopes. Later, I explored downstream to the lip of the corrie and scrambled down to the top of the first waterfall. The ground fell with alarming steepness to the lake in the narrow valley below me. At the end of the lake I thought I could see a boat moored, presumably belonging to the tourist hut somewhere nearby. But otherwise I had the world to myself. Great ridges—superb walking country—stretched away for miles; the lake lay dark beneath the hillside; and behind me Styggebotn dreamed in the sunshine.

I left the corrie about four o'clock and wound up the thread of my morning's route. On top of the spur I paused and wondered whether to continue up the broad ridge to the summit of Rondeslottet. However I decided it was too late, and felt that in any case it would be something of an anti-climax. So I plunged down the snow and stepped cautiously down the boulders, and so came into the long valley, where an

ever-growing shadow walked silently in front of me. On the reindeer moss I floundered just as helplessly as in the morning, but in due course, soon after nine o'clock, I crossed the bridge and walked up the road to my tent, as the darkness gathered in the forest and in the recesses of the inaccessible corrie.

It is not in any way inaccessible, of course. My route into it was not difficult; it would be harder, but still possible, to come up from the lake or over the end of the southern spur; and perhaps, eventually, determined parties will investigate the crags on the west face of Rondeslottet. But until then the corrie is on the way to nowhere. One can look down into it from the ridge while climbing Rondeslottet, but there is no reason for entering it except the paradoxical one that there is no reason for entering it. Thus has come about its loneliness, and its reputation of inaccessibility, which in turn attracted me to visit it. And having been there, I am glad it is on the way to nowhere, and that no one will go there except from the desire to visit a wild, lonely place for its own sake. The little cairn I built will soon fall to the assault of winter blizzards: I hope someone goes there while it is still standing, for it is a neat little cairn and I am rather proud of it; but after that the corrie waits again for a new discoverer.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

David Miller

The new climbs included represent the exploration carried out during 1966 and 1967. A number of these climbs have already been published separately in the booklet *New Climbs in the Lake District 1966* but are included here for completeness. Also, with the publication of guides to Langdale, Scafell and Eastern Fells during 1967, it seemed unnecessary to include details of routes which appear in these guides.

Once again a fair proportion of the new routes are in Borrowdale and in particular on Goat Crag which has yielded no less than 17. It must surely be virtually worked out by now. The climbs have a fair length and the crag must now rank amongst the best in the valley. Further routes have appeared on Black Crag, Great End Crag, Lining Crag and, incredibly, Shepherds' Crag. Activity on Eagle Crag has been largely in the nature of repetitions but these have resulted in ascents of recent routes with less aid, which bodes well for the crag.

A surge of activity in the Eastern Fells has resulted in the discovery of a number of new climbs. Some of these are on low-lying crags in Patterdale, a feature which has been lacking in the valley. Most of the routes have been found by Jack Soper and Neil Allinson and their best discovery is probably Thrang Crag. A few routes have been done on Gouther Crag, mainly on the previously unclimbed left-hand buttress.

The secret crag of 1967, the gentleman's Goat Crag (reported in bated breath to be as big as Esk Buttress !), was eventually unveiled in the autumn, as Rainsborrow Crag in Kentmere. It is probably as big as Esk but the crag is broken by grass terraces and it is heavily vegetated. However, it boasts more than eight routes at present, of which *Starkadder*, *Big Business* and *The Silmaril* are certainly worthwhile. The crag is quite extensive but the quality of the rock and the quantity of vegetation combine to make it feel an unattractive place and the rock does not run to holds.

In Eskdale, there has been more infilling of routes on Heron Crag and three more climbs on Cam Spout. *Hydra*, a new route on Esk Buttress, ascends the very steep wall just to the right of *Red Edge*, giving a very hard pitch.

A major route of the year, ascended on Scafell by Les Brown, was *The Nazgul*, which takes the impressive crack line to the left of C.B., while *Moonday* and *Armageddon*, on the East Buttress, have at last shed their reputation, after having a number of ascents during a dry spell.

On Gable Crag, the wall to the right of Engineers' Slabs has been climbed by Geoff Cram and called *The Tomb*. He has also climbed the wall to the left of the slabs, and the guide-book writer has added another climb here.

A considerable number of routes have again appeared on Pillar, possibly boosted by guide-book activity. Most are hard and little is known about them but *Gondor* and *Puppet* are said to be good climbs. Pillar is rather too remote to receive the attentions of many climbers at present and information on the routes is scarce.

BORROWDALE

GOAT CRAG

Lurching Leech 115 feet. Very Severe. 150 feet of rope advisable. Starts at a large detached block at the lowest part of the crag.

(1) 115 feet. Ascend the crack above the block with difficulty until protection can be arranged at a flake by a small loose block and heather bush. Ascend the right-hand wall on small flakes until a move left can be made back into the crack, which is climbed to the top. Tree belay 30 feet to the left.

K. Leech, T. Taylor, 23. 8. 65.

Tottering Tortoise 120 feet. Very Severe. Start 45 feet from Lurching Leech to the right of a tree at an obvious gritstone crack.

(1) 70 feet. Ascend the crack and move left to a holly tree belay.
(2) 50 feet. Ascend directly from the holly tree on the right wall. Over the smooth slabs to the top.

T. Taylor, K. Leech, 23. 8. 65.

Skid Row 200 feet (approx.). Very Severe. Starts at the left-hand end of the crag down from a holly tree in the gully (arrowed).

(1) 35 feet. Climb the wall using two cracks slanting left, climb up to a large holly belay.
(2) 40 feet. Move right to holly and traverse right at same level past a sapling to gain a niche beneath an overhang (piton). Continue at the same level to the stance on Lurching Leech round the corner.
(3) 60 feet. Step down across the wall and reach the arête. Climb this past a small flake and continue to a stance in a groove. Spike belay.
(4) 65 feet. Continue up the groove and move easily left to a short corner with a holly at the bottom. Climb the corner to the top.

D. Macdonald, C. T. Spacey (alternate leads), 7. 11. 65.

Chrysalis 265 feet. Very Severe. Starts about 30 feet right of Cursing Caterpillar and 30 feet down and left of Blaspheming Butterfly.

(1) 50 feet. Up broken rock until an indefinite small crack leads past a yew tree to the large oak stump at the top of pitch (1) Cursing Caterpillar.
(2) 85 feet. From the belay move across left for about 20 feet, then up to an overhanging cleft, which is climbed with the aid of 2 pitons to the slab above. (Protection peg below the cleft). Climb the slab trending slightly left until the overlap of pitch (3) Cursing Caterpillar is reached. Move down the overlap left for about 25 feet to the thread belay at top of pitch (2) Cursing Caterpillar.

(3) 40 feet. From the belay move straight up to right to a rift in the overlap. This was climbed with aid from a tape on small flat holds on inside right of rift. Climb slab above slightly left to peg belay below the obvious light coloured buttress above.

(4) 90 feet. Move right for about 20 feet. Then gain a small slab about 15 feet up and on right of the steep wall. Tension from a peg (in place) out left across the wall until holds are reached. Then climb more easily up to the edge, then up right to oak tree. Straight up from tree to rib which is followed to top.

P.R., J. Cook (alternate leads), 5. 6. 66.

Mantis Direct Considerably harder than the original route. Start from top of pitch (1) Praying Mantis.

Climb behind the tree onto the wall. Using a layback hold move up onto a reasonable foothold. Move diagonally up to the right on very poor holds to a peg. Stand on the peg to reach very small fingerholds on left of a narrow crack. Move up onto the footholds of the stance below the last pitch of Praying Mantis.

L. Brown, K. Jackson, May 1965.

Kremlin 150 feet. Very severe (mild). Start on the left-hand buttress up an obvious groove to the left of a holly tree, about 150 yards to the left of Deadly Nightshade and left of the tree filled gully.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the groove to a peg runner at 40 feet. Cross the arête and slab and move right to a scoop. (Peg belay in roof).

(2) 30 feet. Continue the traverse up to the roof and move up the slab to another scoop capped by an overhang.

(3) 60 feet. Cross the overhang on the right and continue up the steep slabs to a holly tree. Move left to a spike belay a little higher.

J. Cook, C. T. Spacey, 22. 8. 65.

Note: On the first ascent two pegs were used on the third pitch 'for gardening'. They are not necessary.

Kremlin Alternative Finish 50 feet. Very Severe. Start from the second stance. Traverse left between overhangs for 15 feet. Long stride to slabs which are followed to the top.

J. Duff, D. Mitchell, 28. 7. 67.

Crag Rat 240 feet. Very Severe (hard). Slightly to the left of King Rat. Start by scrambling up gully then left to bottom of cleaned groove. Belay to tree.

(1) 90 feet. Ascend the groove to ledge (awkward). Climb the steep, slightly leaning, crack to a small oak tree (difficult). Move up a few feet, belay on large flake.

(2) 50 feet. Ascend the obvious corner groove behind the belay, to a large grass ledge. Tree belay as for King Rat.

(3) 160 feet. Ascend a series of cleaned grooves to the left of the last pitch of King Rat. (Several loose flakes need care).

Pitch (1) B. Henderson, H. Sommer.

Pitches (2) and (3) B. Henderson, N.J.S., (alternate leads), June 1966.

Mouse Trap 100 feet. Severe. From the start of Monsoon scramble up heather ledges to the right for about 150 feet to a slab with a shallow groove.

(1) 100 feet. Ascend shallow groove and climb straight up indefinite cracks, with a difficult move at about 80 feet, to the top.

B. Henderson, H. Sommer, 16. 7. 66.

King Rat 200 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 feet to the left of Moorangie up a prominent vertical crack. A good climb.

(1) 100 feet. Climb the crack and groove to a tree belay.
(2) 100 feet. Climb the groove slightly to the right of the tree, until some moves can be made left across the bottom of a steep mossy slab. Move up to the bottom of a large impending corner and then climb it using the right wall (awkward stretch to move out of corner at top) then move right and back left to the top.

B. Henderson, P.N., (alternate leads), N.J.S., June 1966.

Moorangie 270 feet. Very Severe. Situated on the buttress left of the Knitting Needle. Start up a cleaned groove with a prominent slender tree in it.

(1) 90 feet. Ascend the groove and traverse right to the bottom of a steep wide crack. Climb this to a grass ledge.
(2) 40 feet. Climb up and diagonally left past some large loose flakes to the bottom of a small conspicuous V-groove. Do not climb the groove but step left round the corner to a tree belay.
(3) 100 feet. Ascend the groove behind the tree to an overhang. Move right and traverse diagonally back left to a tree belay.
(4) 40 feet. Move up the cleaned section behind the tree.

B. Henderson, P.N., (alternate leads), June 1966.

Moorangie Direct Start 120 feet. Very Severe (hard). Between King Rat and Moorangie there is a thin crack running up a steep wall.

Climb the crack to a grass ledge. Move slightly right into a corner and climb this and the one behind to a large ledge. Move right to tree belay on Moorangie. (A very small nut was used for aid on the crack below a slightly bulging section).

B. Henderson, B. Freelands, April 1967.

The Great Ape 180 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts a few feet left of Rodene up a steep fault.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the steep fault (difficult) to a small tree, easy ledges lead up to a birch tree. (Belay).
(2) 60 feet. From the belay trend slightly right and up a series of grooves. Traverse right to a ledge and tree belay. (The second and third pitches may be easily joined).
(3) 70 feet. (Crux, strenuous). Move back along the traverse to the top of the groove. From here an awkward move is made round a bulge to gain a small niche. Climb a short steep crack and overhanging wall using an abandoned threader for a handhold (*in* place). Continue up steep wall to top of crag.

B. Henderson, B. Robertson, G.O., September 1966.

Rodene 170 feet. Very Severe. Start about 10 feet left of the prominent corner chimney on the left of the Knitting Needle.

(1) 70 feet. Climb a short gangway leftwards, then back right to a groove. Climb this to a holly tree, then up to a stance and belay behind large flake.
(2) 40 feet. Climb the groove above the belay to trees. Climb through to a good stance and belay.
(3) 60 feet. Step left to a short groove capped by an overhang. Climb the groove and surmount the overhang directly on good holds. Follow the very steep wall on excellent holds to the top. Scramble up heather to tree belay.

B. Henderson, M. A. Toole (varied leads), 2. 7. 66.

Trad 140 feet. Very Severe. Starts on the left of the Knitting Needle Buttress, where the buttress joins the face on the left, a chimney is formed. Rock requires care.

(1) 100 feet. The Chimney, difficult at first, is climbed for about 70 feet, until one can move left to small trees. Move up to higher ledge below a small but steep wall with a crack on its right edge.

(2) 40 feet. Climb the crack, which is perhaps the crux of the climb.

B. Henderson, P.R., 9. 7. 66.

Randor 130 feet. Very Severe. Start to the left of Knitting Needle continuation at a crack which leads to the top of the flake.

(1) 90 feet. Climb the crack. Belay on the block.

(2) 40 feet. Climb the wall above to tree belay.

T. Taylor, T. Green, W. Preston (alternate leads), 8. 10. 65.

The Gnome 175 feet. Very Severe. Starts 20 feet left of Bridal Suite below a large oak tree.

(1) 15 feet. Easy climbing to oak tree.

(2) 100 feet. Climb direct up shallow groove to small tree on heather ledge. From the left-hand side of the ledge climb diagonally right. for about 15 feet. Climb the smooth wall and bulge using one peg. Climb diagonally left to sloping ledge and piton belay.

(3) 60 feet. Climb horizontally right on good side holds to junction with Bridal Suite. Climb the rib on left to the top.

R. J. Schipper, P. Semple, W. Young, 16. 7. 66.

The Nab 260 feet. Very Severe. Starts to the right of the Knitting Needle up the right bounding wall of the gully.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the wall by a crack, breaking out right at the top. Tree belay.

(2) 80 feet. Straight up behind the belay over bulging rock to a second tree. From here traverse out right to a prominent rib and move round this to a nut belay and stance below a fine-looking groove.

(3) 40 feet. Climb the steep corner on good holds to a thread belay on blocks.

(4) 90 feet. From the belay traverse right (tension may be necessary) across the steep wall; thread runner at 20 feet. Step up and continue traversing a further 15 feet right, (nut and channel peg for aid). From the peg move right then straight up trending left. Tree belay up to the right.

M. Thompson, R. Schipper, August 1966.

Ragnarok 200 feet. Very Severe. Starts directly below the large mossy streak, at the centre of the crag, to the right of The Needle, some 70 feet left of Rat Trap and on the left of an oak tree.

(1) 90 feet. Up a vegetatious corner then step right and up a shallow corner to an oak tree. Continue straight up to a ledge and tree belay.

(2) 50 feet. Move diagonally left for 20 feet and back right up a gangway to a birch tree belay below a large mossy streak.

(3) 60 feet. Step left and ascend the steep groove. Pass a small insecure tree and continue until progress can only be made by bridging (protection piton). A few feet on small holds lead to good incuts on the left and the top of the crag.

G.O., C. Griffith, 15. 5. 66.

Rat Trap 300 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the right-hand end of the crag to the right of the Knitting Needle.

(1) 90 feet. Ascend the cleaned groove until a short traverse left can be made to the bottom of a wide crack. Climb the crack.
(2) 60 feet. Ascend through the cleaned break in the vegetation.
(3) 50 feet. A diagonal traverse is made up to a tree situated on a prominent corner.
(4) 50 feet. From the right end of the ledge, ascend diagonally left to the top. (Tree belay).

B. Henderson, T. Nicolls, P. Maclaughlin, May 1966.

The Struggler 210 feet. Very Severe (hard). Starts 40 feet right of Monsoon.

(1) 75 feet. Climb the slab and clean wall to a second slab. Tree belay.
(2) 35 feet. A recently-gardened corner on the right is climbed to the bottom of an obvious corner. Spike belay.
(3) 100 feet. Climb the slab to an overhanging crack; this is climbed with difficulty and is strenuous. Move right at the level of a birch tree and climb the steep right wall. Tree belay.

R. Mchaffie, D. Pycroft, 11. 7. 67.

WALLA CRAG

Extension to White Buttress Girdle 170 feet. Very Severe. Starting from end of pitch (3) of ordinary girdle.

(4) 70 feet. Descend to left until a groove is reached at about 35 feet. Descend this and then round a blind corner to some blocks; descend a few feet further to peg belay (in place). (This is pitch (2) White Buttress reversed).
(5) 100 feet. From stance climb up to left and follow indefinite scoops, which finish on steep and doubtful rock on a rock ledge at about 40 feet. (Junction with Thanks). Continue slightly left and finish up open groove above.

P.R., P. Lockey (alternate leads), 21. 7. 66.

LOWER FALCON CRAG

Dedication Direct Finish The groove right of the normal finish.

S. Halliwell, J. Lowthian, 5. 3. 67.

Alternator 100 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Spinup.

(1) 60 feet. The groove above is entered from the left (protection peg). Ascend to bulge, step left, then go up to small slab and belay on Spinup.
(2) 40 feet. Move right then climb black groove of Spinup. Move left and so to top.

T. Martin, D. Mills, 16. 9. 67.

Dedication Direct Start Very Severe.

Climb the groove left of the direct start to Plagiarism and after 50 feet join Dedication.

C. Bacon, J. Cook.

The Pridder 150 feet. Very Severe. Start 30 feet right of Lamplighter.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the shallow chimney to tree belay.
(2) 80 feet. Climb to chimney, then ascend it, move right, then swing left with difficulty into a steep groove. Climb the groove passing a small tree on the left. A difficult move leads to stance at top of pitch (2) Illusion.
(3) 40 feet. Pitch (2) Illusion.

P. Copeland, R. Mchaffie (alternate leads), 27. 7. 66.

NATIONAL TRUST CRAGS

Marijuana Direct 60 feet. Very Severe. Starts from the top of pitch (2).

Climb up left from the stance for 15 feet, then straight up to the top.
A.L., M.B., 14. 11. 65.

SHEPHERD'S CRAG

Seamus 150 feet. Very Severe (hard). Starts a few feet left of Brown Crag Wall.

(1) 100 feet. Climb into an obvious niche at 10 feet and exit directly upwards to small tree. Pull up on a peg (in place) until a small ledge can be reached. Mantelshelf onto this (strenuous) and continue up the arête for 15 feet, then bear left until it is possible to traverse right to a tree belay.
(2) 50 feet. Follow the last pitch of Brown Crag Wall.

J. Rafferty, E. Forster (alternate leads), T. Dixon, R. Eastwood, 1967.

The Fou 105 feet. Very Severe. Starts below triangular overhangs below the saddle of Little Chamonix.

(1) 60 feet. A peg was used as a handhold to move off some blocks; after about 25 feet move right round the corner to a small slab. Up this to saddle then traverse down to right to oak tree belay.
(2) 45 feet. Straight up wall behind tree to final spike on Little Chamonix.

P.R., R. Wilkinson, 30. 4. 55.

BLACK CRAG

The Coffin 200 feet. Very Severe. Starts about 15 feet left of the Shroud. Alternatively the first pitch of Shroud makes a better start.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the slab and corner. Move right to belay at the top of pitch (1) Shroud.
(2) 100 feet. Move left from the belay for about 10 feet. Climb into the groove, then traverse round the left rib for about 25 feet. Step up above the overhang on the right and climb straight up the groove on the third pitch of Shroud. Move left with difficulty into another groove and up this to piton belay.
(3) 50 feet. Move right and up 10 feet. Climb left up to a steep corner. Piton runner for cleaning in place on right.

R. Mchaffie, D. Brownlee, 11. 2. 67.

The Wreath 200 feet. Very Severe. A good route to the left of the Coffin.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the clean slab and short corner to tree belay.

(2) 50 feet. Climb up a few feet, then traverse left for 10 feet. Ascend the groove and move left to tree belay.
(3) 110 feet. From the belay, move right to the overhang. Climb into the groove above with difficulty and continue up until it becomes a chimney. Tree belay.
R. Mchaffie, M. Candlish, 7. 8. 67.

The Gravestone 120 feet. Very Severe. Starts 20 feet left of the Wreath.

(1) 120 feet. Climb the cleaned groove and move right past a big tree. Climb the groove, swing round the corner to the right onto the slab and up this to tree belay.
R. Mchaffie, M. Davies, 4. 7. 67.

Holly Tree Direct 124 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 yards right of Ordinary route by an ash tree at the base of a mossy slab.

(1) 65 feet. Climb slab direct and small corner, then step right to a tree belay.
(2) 75 feet. Climb past tree over doubtful rock then onto slab in corner on left passing old peg, into corner above. Climb steep corner which leads to large belay. (Top of pitch (3) Ordinary route).
A. Marr, P. Bean, 30. 5. 66.

Holly Tree Wall 100 feet. Severe. Starts from the oak tree belay before the traverse of Troutdale Pinnacle.

(1) 100 feet. Climb up towards the large overhang of Wack, then move up to right of the overhang to reach a gangway. Ascend the gangway direct to the top.
P.R., 27. 5. 66.

Variation finish: **Super Direct**
45 feet. From the foot of the last pitch move out right round the front of the pinnacle and up a small groove.
P.R., E. Rosher, 15. 5. 59.

GREAT END CRAG

The Fields 260 feet. Very Severe. Starts 20 feet right of Styx, at a holly tree.

(1) 70 feet. Climb on the right of the arête then the groove to the left of the arête to a tree belay.
(2) 100 feet. Go behind the tree to reach a pinnacle on the left of the gully to the right of the climb. Climb the crack above and then the groove on the left to reach a heather ledge. Belay in gully.
(3) 90 feet. Move back left and up the slabs to the top.
J.J.S.A., G. Holywell, 9. 7. 67.

The Undertaker 360 feet. Very Severe. There is still some vegetation which needs cleaning off. Starts 18 feet right of the cave, just left of Redberry Wall.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the cleaned groove in the buttress. Holly tree belay.
(2) 60 feet. From the belay step left into a groove. Up 10 feet and traverse left to two small holly trees above the cave (piton in place). Climb the bulge, move right, passing a big tree on its left. Tree belays.

(3) 120 feet. Climb the wall and groove to a good layback crack. Follow the crack for about 80 feet and belay about 20 feet to the left.
(4) 120 feet. Move back right and climb the groove with difficulty. After 40 feet move right to tree belay.
R. Mchaffie, B. Benson, D. Martin, 14. 4. 67.

EAGLE CRAG

Eagle Cracks 150 feet. Very Severe. A line of cracks in the middle of the left-hand lower crag.
(1) Scramble up grassy rocks to a steep chimney with chockstone at mid height. Climb this to a heather ledge. Chock belay.
(2) Climb the crack above (peg and sling near top).
(3) Easier cracks behind block belays to top.
J.J.S.A., J. P. Allison (alternate leads), J. Baldock, 23. 7. 67.

COMBE GHYLL

The Hearse 240 feet. Very Severe. Starts on the buttress between Columba's Gully and Dove's Nest, in the middle of the face at an obvious rib.
(1) 100 feet. Climb the rib for 30 feet. Traverse the heathery ledges to block belay at the foot of main wall.
(2) 80 feet. Climb the groove with difficulty for 60 feet. Move left up to a ledge left of the overhang. Flake belay.
(3) 60 feet. Step right above overhang and climb the easy slab to the top.
R. Mchaffie, M. Candlish, 10. 6. 67.

LINING CRAG

Gorgoroth 220 feet. Very Severe. A good route with an impressive top pitch up the obvious central corner of the crag. Starts 30 feet left of a large grassy groove.
(1) 110 feet. Up the slab to a ledge. Move right, then up to large ledge below the overhangs. Large bollard belays. (Pitch still requires some gardening).
(2) 110 feet. Traverse right under the overhang. Layback round the overhang into a groove and climb it to the top. Good belays above and 30 feet back from the top.
M. A. Toole, B. Henderson (alternate leads), M. Wilson, 12. 2. 67.

Orthanc 260 feet. Very Severe. The route ascends the impressive right-hand wall of the crag. Start just right of an ash tree.
(1) 170 feet of climbing but pitch may possibly be split. 150 feet of rope just sufficient to reach belay.
Climb the thin slab trending rightwards to a small ledge. Move up a little then left for 20 feet and straight up the wall until just below a grass ledge with three small trees. Move left and up to belay on the centre tree.
(2) 90 feet. Move left to the bottom of a short, steep groove. Up the steep wall on the right, with difficulty, for 20 feet (slings used for cleaning by leader; found unnecessary by second). Step left into a groove, up this, and out onto the right arête and so to the top. Large bollard belay 30 feet higher.
M. A. Toole, B. Henderson (alternate leads), P.N., 25. 9. 66.

CAT GHYLL ROCKS

Tindale Groove 165 feet. Very Severe. Situated on right-hand side of crag at broken tree (arrowed).

(1) 50 feet. Scramble up gully to terrace behind big oak tree. Up the terrace to belay.
(2) 15 feet. Traverse diagonally right to large flake belay.
(3) 100 feet. Climb the nose on left past a quartz block (runner). Ascend the vertical wall to left (crux) and then the obvious groove to top.

P. J. Ward, J. Moore, 8. 1. 66.

Comus 160 feet. Severe. Starts at the right hand side of the crag. Scramble up an earthy gully for 20 feet to a tree covered ledge. At the left-hand side of the ledge is a yew tree.

(1) 70 feet. Climb up 10 feet from the yew tree and traverse left on doubtful rock until a diagonal ascent can be made to a tree. From the tree move left a few feet to a grass ledge with an embedded flake at the top.
(2) 90 feet. Move left from the belay onto a slab. Climb this for 20 feet until the rock steepens when a move left can be made onto a ledge which is followed to a square-cut scoop. Ascend this to a dead oak stump on a ledge, traverse left and climb a groove until it steepens, then move left and continue to the top.

A. Grey, A. Kew, 11. 12. 65.

BUTTERMERE

GREEN CRAG

Thorgrim 285 feet. Very Severe (hard). The route takes the big corner between the right-hand buttress and the centre of the crag. It is usually wet and is graded for these conditions. Socks are preferable. Start at a groove, containing a small tree directly below the corner.

(1) 100 feet. Up the groove, step left and go up the steep field above till it is possible to move right into the corner. Peg belay.
(2) 120 feet. Up the corner direct to the overhang. (A piton was used at 20 feet—probably not necessary now). Step left onto a loose flake and up a green groove to a good ledge. Continue up the corner moving right at the top to a good ledge. Peg belay.
(3) 65 feet. Avoid the loose wall on the right and up direct to the top.

I.R., D. Hall, 9. 7. 67.

Most of the natural lines on this crag have been climbed, but descriptions are not yet available. Two have already been published:

Cyclops 260 feet. Severe (hard). Starts on the far left-hand buttress, 100 feet left of the fine gully between the left-hand and far left-hand buttress.

(1) 75 feet. Scramble up steep heather for 30 feet and climb a corner groove between a cracked rib and a steep heathery slab on the right. Step right to a tree belay below a steep wall.
(2) 85 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet and climb a little groove to a steep heather ledge. Climb to a right-angled groove on the right and ascend it on its right-hand edge. After passing a pinnacle step right into another groove and climb it for 40 feet to a ledge and peg belay.

(3) 100 feet. Step up and trend right below overhangs. Gain a small ledge on the steep wall on the right, make a long step right and traverse across a little slab. Climb a rib on good holds to a steep heather ledge just left of a tree. Move right over a small bulge and climb a little slab. Scrambling over steep heather leads to the top.

J. C. Eilbeck, W. R. Tully, 28. 8. 65.

The Odyssey 205 feet. Very Severe. Starts 15 feet from the extreme right-hand edge of the crag, just to the right of a grassy groove.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the steep wall for 15 feet, pull out to the right onto a steep slab and climb this trending left and over an overlap on good holds. Move right and climb straight up to a ledge. Traverse left to a tree belay.

(2) 75 feet. (Crux) Return along the ledge and climb up a steep gangway on the right to a smooth wall. Climb this by swinging out right and continue up a steep cracked wall trending right. Climb a groove to a slanting overhang and step right to a small stance and peg belay.

(3) 70 feet. Traverse left into a mossy scoop and climb straight up to the top. Scramble up to belay at top of the crag.

J. C. Eilbeck, W. Young, 22. 8. 65.

Note: On the first ascent a peg was used on each of the first two pitches for gardening. These are now not necessary.

BUCKSTONE HOW

The Crooked Man 180 feet. Severe (hard). Start about 25 feet left of Sidewinder below a juggy arête on the left-hand side of a grassy recess.

(1) 100 feet. Climb the rib (doubtful rock) to a ledge and tree. Go up right to the third tree and climb the wall behind to a poor ledge. Up a few feet more, then traverse left round some blocks and pull up to a ledge and belay.

(2) 80 feet. Climb up to a large tree below a leftward-slanting corner. Pull out right onto the overhanging wall and climb a crack to the top of a pinnacle. From the tip of the pinnacle pull onto the wall above and climb up trending leftwards into a shallow groove. Exit on the right.

N.J.S., J.A.A., A.H.G. (varied leads), 25. 6. 66.

YEW CRAG

Carrion 170 feet. Very Severe (hard). Takes a line via a conspicuous tree-filled chimney on the left-hand buttress. Start at the toe of the buttress.

(1) 80 feet. Diagonally right across the slabs and up to a terrace. Belay on the right by a shattered pinnacle.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the pinnacle and step right into an overhanging chimney. Up this with difficulty to an overhang and exit right on loose rock. Continue through the trees to a large sloping ledge and belay at the back.

(3) 40 feet. From the right-hand end of the ledge move onto the steep wall and up a scoop to the top; the final move proving awkward.

J.A.A., I.R. (alternate leads), 24. 4. 67.

LING CRAG

Vincible 90 feet. Very Severe (hard). Takes the line of an old piton route, the big slabby-looking corner at the right end of the crag. Start at a steep crack below and right of the corner.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the crack and traverse left to a belay below the corner. (An easier crack lies a few feet further right).

(2) 50 feet. A short steep bit gives access to the corner. Climb it until it becomes too difficult, then traverse right into a short heathery crack. Follow the crack to the top.

D.M., J.A.A. (alternate leads), N.J.S., 10. 4. 66.

The wall above the start of Neeta has given a very steep pitch of about 70 feet, standard Very Severe (hard).

HIGH CRAG

A Start to Psycho 50 feet. Very Severe (mild).

(1) 50 feet. The thin crack about 15 feet left of the first pitch of High Crag Buttress leading up to the second cave.

J.A.A., N.J.S., 15. 5. 66.

STRIDDLE CRAG

The Arête 130 feet. Just Very Severe. Takes the right hand arête of the crag, just right of the pinnacle of Gradus Wall.

(1) 90 feet. Climb the arête using a short overhanging groove on its right-hand side. A short crack then leads to a stance and chockstone belay on the ridge.

(2) 40 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet. Cross a steep vegetated groove and climb the steep wall on its right.

I.R., J.A.A., N.J.S., 7. 4. 66.

Kendal Flyer 125 feet. Very Severe. Follows a rather intricate way up the steep slabs on the left of Gradus Wall. Start a few yards left of the third pitch of Gradus Wall.

(1) 25 feet. Climb from the left to a belay behind a holly tree (junction with Gradus Wall).

(2) 100 feet. Gain a small ledge a few feet higher on the left (awkward), then climb up a few feet before stepping back right into an easy-angled groove. Up for a few feet, then left to gain the foot of a rightward slanting gangway. Follow it to the top and belay in the 'well' of Pedagogues Chimney.

J.A.A., I.R. (alternate leads), N.J.S., 7. 4. 66.

Jack's Route 175 feet. Just Very Severe. Start as for Ding Dong.

(1) 25 feet. The groove to a terrace. Go left along the terrace.

(2) 30 feet. Climb the short steep bulging wall in the centre. Go left along the terrace and belay below a long mossy corner.

(3) 80 feet. Go back rightwards and follow a short gangway rising to the right. Step round the shallow arête and work back up to the left until a swing left leads to a tiny ledge. Go up, then right, and up to the top of the crevasse pitch of Ding Dong.

(4) 40 feet. Step right onto the slabs and go up past a tiny triangular niche to the top.

N.J.S., J.A.A., I.R. (shared leads), 7. 4. 66.

HAYSTACKS

Warn Ghyll Buttress 265 feet. Very Severe (mild). Takes a line overlooking Warn Ghyll on the right-hand buttress. Start at the bottom of the gully.

(1) 80 feet. Climb the rib on the right, passing a small overhang, and up the slabs to a corner containing a grass ledge. Chock belay.

(2) 45 feet. Pull into a short V-groove, then turn the overhang on the left to enter a corner. Up this to a grass ledge and piton belay.

(3) 140 feet. Move left then up a steep wall to regain the corner which is followed until it is possible to escape rightwards at 80 feet. Scramble across to a tree.

Descent is best by abseil; 200 feet of rope used singly just suffices.

J.A.A., I.R. (alternate leads), D. G. Farley, 1967.

CONISTON

DOW CRAG

The Balrog 115 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the foot of the prominent groove to the left of Eliminate A.

(1) 55 feet. Climb the groove until the Girdle Traverse is reached. Then follow the girdle left to a good stance.

Alternative:

(1a) Climb the arête on the left of the groove directly to the stance. This is preferable if the main groove is wet.

(2) 60 feet. Directly above the stance is a bulging wall leading to a prominent cracked groove. Climb the wall until a difficult step right is made into the foot of the groove. Two nuts to rest on up to this point. Climb the groove to a peg. The crack above is then climbed by jamming to easier ground.

L. Brown, K. Jackson (alternate leads), October 1965.

RAVEN CRAG, YEWDALE

Chrysalis 190 feet. Severe (hard). Starts at the left end of the crag at its lowest point below an obvious gangway slanting to the right.

(1) 50 feet. Climb to the gangway and ascend it until it is possible to step down onto a grass ledge.

(2) 40 feet. Step back onto the gangway and traverse horizontally left for 15 feet across the steep wall to a spiky arête. Climb this, steeply at first, to a spacious grassy recess. Spike belay high on the right.

(3) 20 feet. Ascend the small gangway on the right and continue above to a large ledge. Spike belay 10 feet above.

(4) 50 feet. Climb up into the corner above until it is possible to move right using a doubtful flake for a foothold. Continue upwards more easily to a grass ledge and a larger ledge 20 feet above (as pitch (3) Josie's Jog).

(5) 30 feet. From the left end of the ledge climb the arête to a terrace.

D.M., D. Kirby, 7. 5. 66.

LOWER HOWE CRAG

Togus 100 feet. Very Severe. Starts above and to the right of the arête running down the centre of the crag. Takes the prominent crack.

(1) 45 feet. Straight up the crack to the large ledge then slightly right to belay.

(2) 55 feet. Climb the crack above the belay for 6 feet then traverse right until a sort of chimney is reached. Bridge up this until at the top a difficult move right can be made. Continue to the top.

A. Gill, L. Ainsworth (alternate leads), 17. 4. 64.

LOW YEWDALE CRAG

A steep little crag, the nearest to the road, about 1 mile north of Coniston.

Dusk 130 feet. Very Severe. Starts below the right end of a prominent line of overhangs projecting from the left end of the crag.

(1) 100 feet. Ascend the steep wall at a break leading to a mossy slab below a small tree. Step right and move up to small ledges below a groove. Climb the groove, trending right, then pull over a bulge and continue directly above to ledges. Belay up to the right.

(2) 30 feet. Ascend the mossy slabs above to the top.

D.M., D. Kirby, 31. 8. 66.

DUNNERDALE

GREAT BLAKE RIGG — GREYFRIAR

The Gangway 240 feet. Severe (hard). The route takes the easiest line up the main rock face on the left-hand buttress. There is a large detached block near the foot of the left-hand buttress. Start about 30 feet right of, and above this block beneath a rock rib.

(1) 80 feet. Scramble up rock and vegetated ledges to a grassy recess beneath a steep cracked wall.

(2) 30 feet. Pull onto a small gangway on the left and climb the wall above using some rickety flakes to the foot of a vertical crack. Ascend the crack to a grassy recess with a slabby gangway on the left and a pinnacle belay on the right.

(3) 80 feet. Follow the gangway easily leftwards until it steepens into a wall, with a flake wedged up on the left. Traverse diagonally leftwards, using the flake with care, and climb a shallow groove above the flake until it is possible to move leftwards over small ledges to a stance and belay at the foot of a big corner crack.

(4) 50 feet. Traverse horizontally right, round an awkward bulge and climb the wall above to the left end of some grassy ledges. Scramble up these first right, then left to the top.

D.M., D. Geeve (alternate leads), 25. 2. 68.

* * *

Cornflake 110 feet. Very Difficult. This route lies on a small steep buttress, overlooking the Duddon, about 100 yards upstream from the footbridge, on the path from the Newfield to High Wallowbarrow Farm. Starts at the lowest point of the buttress where a block leans against a steep rib.

(1) 30 feet. Step off the block onto the rib and straight up to a ledge with trees.

(2) 80 feet. Climb the slab, to the right of the corner, to a ledge and oak tree. Continue up the slab for 15 feet and then swing leftwards and across a slab to the foot of an overhanging groove. Climb this and then scramble a further 50 feet to oak trees.

The best descent is to the right beneath another steep little crag. A conspicuous feature of this crag is a detached curving flake about 30 feet high. This can be used as a third pitch.

(3) 100 feet. Severe. Climb the flake crack and hand-traverse along its crest to a niche. Step off the tip of the flake into a shallow groove and follow this trending leftwards to some ledges and then rightwards to the top of the crag.

M. Thompson, F. Draper, J. Lindsey, July 1966.

EASTERN CRAGS

RAINSBORROW CRAG, KENTMERE

The main crag is defined on its left by a short grassy gully. To the left of the gully is a broken buttress taken by Geah, to the right the short clean pillar of Jolly Roger. In the centre of the crag is a steep vegetated corner, overhanging at the top. The best climbs lie on either side of this. Starkadder takes steep slabs to the left of an unclimbable wall immediately left of the corner; Big Business a complex line utilising a ramp on its right wall and The Silmaril steep ribs to its right. Above and to the right of this is the dominating feature of the crag, The Prow. This is unclimbed. To its right are Chimney Route and Nan Bield Grooves, then a descent rake. Right again are short steep ribs, then the crag terminates in easy-angled slabs.
The crag is grassy and deceptively steep: typical of the Eastern Fells. Pitons for protection, aid or gardening are not used, but are required for belays at some stances.

Geah 150 feet. Just Very Severe. A poor climb starting 20 feet left of the grassy gully, at a steep corner.

(1) 70 feet. Climb the corner to a ledge at 40 feet. Step right and climb a groove to a large recess and thread belay (long sling).

(2) 80 feet. Up a flake on the left, then up cracks and a short gangway to finish on the edge of the gully. Scramble off to right.

I.R., K.I.M. (alternate leads), 17. 7. 67.

Jolly Roger 120 feet. Very Severe (mild). A good pitch. Start at the foot of the gully.

(1) 120 feet. Up right to a blunt flake, then up a thin crack to a sloping ledge. Continue to the top on good holds.

I.R., K.I.M., 20. 7. 67.

Cold Comfort 220 feet. Very Severe. The name was originally given to an exploratory climb in this vicinity which avoided most of the difficulties. Start at a rib above two ash trees between the left-bounding gully and the lower, central part of the crag. The twin cracks on pitch (2) are a landmark.

(1) 45 feet. Move right along a ledge with a triangular block and climb the rib direct to spike belays.

(2) 50 feet. Ascend a leftward-slanting ramp to the foot of twin steep cracks and climb them until a move right leads to easier ground. Go up left to a grass ledge with belays.

(3) 65 feet. Easy climbing, first right to a junction with Starkadder, then up left to a large grassy bay below a steep corner.

(4) 60 feet. Climb the corner until it is necessary to traverse left below an overlap. This is split by a crack which leads to a grass ledge on the left. Easy climbing to belays.

N.J.S., P.E.B., R. Lister, September 1967.
Last pitch added by N.J.S. and J. Harris, Easter 1968.

Starkadder 285 feet. Very Severe (hard). Graded for wet conditions. Takes the leftward-slanting mossy slabs right of the lower pitches of Cold Comfort. The slabs are gained by a complex pitch which starts below the left-hand end of the tree-covered terrace below the big corner, at a conspicuous black slab curving up to the left and undercut at its base. Scramble up to a stance and poor peg belay on the right of the slab.

(1) 75 feet. Move left on the lip of the overhang, then up to a grass ledge. Up to the slab to an ancient tree growing out of the base of an overhang, then diagonally right on steep rock to a sloping ledge in a groove. Step right into the next groove and climb it until another move right gives onto the terrace. Thread belay.

(2) 90 feet. Traverse left, easily at first, to the slabs. Then diagonally up the slabs to a white scar. Make a difficult grass mantelshelf onto the ledge above, which has a large flake belay.

(3) 60 feet. Up the groove, pull out to the right, then easily, trending leftwards, to the grassy corner below the last pitch of Cold Comfort.

(4) 60 feet. As for Cold Comfort.

I.R., K.I.M., N.A.J.R., 18 7. 67.

Big Business 270 feet. Very Severe (hard). This climb takes a ramp on the right wall of the big unclimbed corner then crosses it to gain the upper (climbable) part of its left wall. An intricate line, giving excellent climbing. Left of the first pitch of Silmaril is a grassy gully and left again an area of mossy rock. Start by scrambling up towards a small square overhang.

(1) 70 feet. Ascend rightwards to turn the overhang then diagonally left to reach a grass mantelshelf. A short wall and more vegetation lead to the big ledge below the unclimbed corner.

(2) 30 feet. The corner looks repulsive, so ascend steeply rightwards towards the overhung base of the ramp. (A small flake runner, high up). Move round a corner onto a slab below the overhang (it seems reasonable to stand in a sling to arrange protection on the overhang). Climb the overhang free and belay at the foot of the ramp on a leeper.

(3) 70 feet. Climb the ramp until it is possible to traverse an overhung ledge into the corner on the left. Descend and traverse the left wall to a groove and climb this to a grass ledge. Descend left to a larger ledge and belay on a blade. A poorly-protected pitch for the second man.

(4) 100 feet. Climb up to below a shattered pillar, move left onto an undercut slab and ascend on small holds to a ledge. An easy groove on the right leads to the upper terraces. Scramble to belays.

N.A.J.R. (pitches 1, 2) and N.J.S. (pitches 3, 4). 9. 6. 68.

The ramp had previously been gained by C. T. Jones and N.A.J.R. who climbed the ramp to the same point then traversed right to join The Silmaril.

The Silmaril 250 feet. Very Severe. An attractive climb up the centre of the crag to the left of the prominent Prow. Steep but well protected. Starts at the foot of the rib to the left of a bay with square overhangs which are a conspicuous feature of the central part of the crag.

(1) 80 feet. Climb the steep scoop moving right at the top onto a cracked wall. Up the wall to a grass ledge (possible stance) move right and climb a V-groove to the large tree-covered terrace.

(2) 60 feet. Struggle up behind a holly and pull right onto the steep arête. Climb straight up until a move right can be made. Move up to a finely-situated ledge with excellent thread belay and flake for tape in sitting position.

(3) 110 feet. Step left onto the wall and climb up to the foot of a leftward slanting groove (thread to right). Climb groove to a grass ledge. Step left and make a difficult move to re-enter the groove. Follow this to a large ledge, scramble over to the right and climb easier rock to the top.

N.J.S. and N.A., (alternate leads), 4. 6. 67.

Chimney Route 230 feet. Severe (hard).

(1) 100 feet. The filthy chimney right of the main lower wall. Block belay on left.

(2) 90 feet. Scramble up to steep chimney, 20 feet left of the double tree on Nan Bield Grooves. Climb this to junction with Nan Bield Grooves and follow this to block belay.

(4) 40 feet. The V-groove on Nan Bield Grooves.

B.L.G. and N.J.S., (alternate leads), 9. 8. 67.

Nan Bield Grooves 260 feet. Very Severe (mild). Worth doing for the upper pitches. The lower pitches require gardening. The lower wall immediately below The Prow is bounded on the right by the salad-filled chimney of Chimney Route. Start just right of this.

(1) 50 feet. Climb an easy groove and move through an ash tree to gain a rib on the left. Follow the rib to belay on a large ledge below a quartzy overhang.

(2) 60 feet. Take the crack right of overhang (n.b. briar) step right to gain a grass ledge and move up a scoop. Scramble to tree belay.

(3) 110 feet. A good pitch. Make an ascending traverse left on easy rock and move up to a double tree. Move right onto a rock ledge and climb the corner crack, undercut at the base. At the top traverse left across a bay, pull onto a rib on left and move up to block belay.

(4) 40 feet. The V-groove ahead—to top of crag.

N.J.S. and N.A., (alternate leads), J. Howarth, 11. 6. 67.

EAGLE CRAG, GRISEDALE

Girdle Traverse 400 feet. Very Severe (hard). The Upper Traverse has been extended at a rather higher standard to make the best girdle in the area.

(1) (2) (3) 190 feet. As for Upper Traverse to the flat ledge on pitch (2) Dandelion Grove. Descend this to grass ledge and ancient peg.

(4) 65 feet. As for Dandelion Wall. Traverse right, mount an overhanging block and climb the steep wall above via a small dead tree until a groove on the left can be gained. Up this with difficulty then traverse right to an easy groove which leads up to a ledge. Descend right to a stance and tree below a groove.

(5) 50 feet. Climb up the groove until a traverse can be made to the impending arête on the right. Turn this with the aid of an excellent thread, to land on a mossy slab. Move up to the stance and belays by the tree below the last pitch of Doctor's Grooves.

(6) 65 feet. Descend to the right (reversing Doctor's Grooves) down two ten-foot steps, make a delicate step across a groove onto a ledge on the right and follow this until it peters out. Move up to the bulging arête and turn this by an awkward step, to reach a large grass ledge. Belay to right of obvious corner groove; flake belay for sitting position and nut round ribs to right.

(7) 30 feet. Climb the corner to the top of the crag. The bulge at 20 feet is hard but well protected.

N.A. and N.J.S., (alternate leads), 12. 6. 67.

RAVEN CRAG, KELDAS

Draconic Groove 140 feet. Very Severe. The crag is in a wood above the road on the Patterdale side of Glenridding village. The most prominent feature of the crag is a large square corner. Start below this.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the corner until a gangway on the left can be taken to avoid the overhanging blocks (care!). A short slab leads to a tree belay.

(2) 45 feet. Traverse right along grassy ledges until a short slab leads to an upper ledge. Move right to a good root belay.

(3) 55 feet. Step onto a gangway immediately above belay and follow it to a bulge. Pull up onto a ledge and move up right again. An awkward move leads to a ledge below a coffin-shaped groove which overhangs; climb this to the top (crux).

N.A., K. Asquith, 4. 5. 67.

WALLOW CRAG, HAWESWATER

Wallow Buttress 155 feet. Severe. The crag is situated just above the road along Haweswater reservoir.

Starts at the lowest point of the crag below the obvious overhang and just to the right of the rock nose.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the steep wall; continue up a shallow groove on the left to grass ledges. Peg belay at the foot of a crack.

(2) 45 feet. Step left into a steepening groove and climb this to a ledge. Move right to a belay on the ridge.

(3) 60 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet and climb to grass ledges and trees.

K.I.M., B.A. Fuller (alternate leads), 16. 4. 67.

ESKDALE

ESK BUTTRESS

Hydra 210 feet. Extremely severe. Climbs the shallow groove in the wall to the right of the Red Edge. Scramble up to the foot of the steep section of the wall. Flake belays.

(1) 140 feet. Climb diagonally left onto the arête (very close to Red Edge) and move up under a bulge to a good ledge level with the foot of the groove. Swing down to the right and move up into the groove. Climb the groove using one peg near the top, step right and climb the wall to a juniper ledge. Step right and go up a short groove to the stance on Red Edge.

(2) 70 feet. Straight up to easy ground.

R. J. Isherwood, C. H. Taylor, July 1967.

On the first ascents two slings and one peg were used for aid. It was led with one peg for aid by J.A.A. in April 1968.

CAM SPOUT CRAG

Blarney 500 feet. Very Severe (hard). A somewhat broken climb but with some interesting and exposed climbing. About 50 yards left of the Ent and 150 feet up the crag, is an overhanging buttress with a pale green streak in the centre. Start below this at a large block.

(1) 60 feet. Directly up behind the boulder to a grass ledge.

(2) 60 feet. Move right for 10 feet, then up the wall above, trending rightwards to a cleaned slanting V-groove. Up this and out right to small stance.

(3) 80 feet. Hand traverse right into the overhanging chimney. Up this, moving out right with difficulty onto grass, then up to large blocks below an overhang.
(4) 80 feet. Up the grassy ramp on the left for 30 feet then move right into the exposed slab. Cross this, delicately, and move up to a small stance below a small juniper. An overhanging corner is above.
(5) 40 feet. Traverse left and go up the steep wall above, with difficulty (sling for aid), to grass ledge. Spike belay up on left.
(6) 30 feet. Up the short overhanging chimney above.
(7) 50 feet. Scramble up steep grass to a belay.
(8) 100 feet. A jamming crack on the right leads onto the exposed rib. Follow this, pleasantly, to the top.

M. A. Toole, J. Rafferty (varied leads), 18. 3. 67.

HERON CRAG

Freakout 210 feet. Very Severe (hard). About 25 feet right of Flanker. Start in the corner where the right-hand end of the face meets a steep grass bank.

(1) 65 feet. Traverse left for a few feet below heather into the bottom of the obvious groove. Continue up the groove to a large grass ledge with a small ash tree. Climb the corner above to good belays. (Top of pitch (2) Flanker).
(2) 40 feet. Mantelshelf onto the sloping shelf above and to the right. Continue right into the groove and bridge up it until it is blocked by an overhang. (Spike runner on left). Traverse right using top of the flake for a few feet to a good spike runner on its edge. Descend a few feet to a ledge on top of a pillar. Stance and good belays.
(3) 75 feet. Bridging moves enable a small spike on the centre of the wall on the right to be reached. Using the spike as a good side pull step across and onto the large pinnacle in the gully to the right (runner). Climb back onto the corner of the wall. (Protection peg high up). Move up again on fairly good holds and trend rightwards into a corner where it is possible to step up onto a ledge leading to a small ash tree. Peg runner in corner above tree. Climb the corner to grass ledge. Peg belays.
(4) 30 feet. Traverse left past some doubtful blocks into a short steep corner. Climb this to the top.

A. Wright, T. Howard (alternate leads), M. Cundy, 1967.

Kama Sutra 165 feet. Very Severe. Start as for Hard Knott.

(1) 45 feet. Climb 10 feet up the corner of Hard Knott, and step right onto a sloping ledge. Pull over the overhang (protection peg) and follow a series of flakes to belay on the highest one.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the groove (peg used for cleaning at start), to a large tree. Move right to block belay.
(3) 60 feet. Go up and climb the wall then the arête on the left on good holds.

J. Wood, J. Wilson, T. Martin (shared leads), J. Cowan, 21. 4. 68.

The Yellow Edge 210 feet. Very Severe. Follows the left-bounding edge of the central pillar finishing up a suitably exposed overhang.

(1) 60 feet. Pitches (1) and (2) of Babylon. Climb up to a small cave. Move 10 feet up left wall to a ledge then regain groove and climb past two holly bushes to chockstone belay.
(2) 30 feet. Move up and cross the edge on right to good grass ledge on main face. (Could be reached from second stance on Gormenghast).

(3) 70 feet. Climb up and left towards the obvious groove in the edge itself. Up this moving right at top to rock ledge. Go up the wall above to belay on grass ledge below the bulging final pitch.
(4) 50 feet. Climb the groove, move left and pull up the overhanging arête on good holds. Continue up wall to top.
A.G.C., T. Martin, 1. 7. 65.

GATE CRAGS

The buttress to the left of the prominent central buttress has been climbed, 110 feet, Severe.

The following route is located in a disused granite quarry in Eskdale, near the road at grid ref. 164003.

Moria 180 feet. Very severe. The line of cracks and chimneys just right of the obvious smooth slab in centre of cliff.
(1) 50 feet. Ascend the steep wall (two pegs for aid) to gain the chimney. Up this to stance and peg belay.
(2) 130 feet. Move into steep crack on left. Layback round the small overhang and continue up an easy groove followed by a harder one to the scree ledge at top. Tree belay 30 feet further back.
A.G.C., W. Young, 26. 3. 67.

LANGDALE

WHITE GHYLL

The Link Pitch 75 feet. Very Severe (hard). Start as pitch (2) Haste Knot Direct. Up to the peg on Haste Knot Direct, then traverse right across the overhanging wall, using rope tension and a sling for foothold, until it is possible to pull up to a good spike. Step right into a niche then right again to reach the Haste Knot stance.
I. R., C. H. Taylor, 17. 9. 67.

HELM CRAG, GRASMERE

The Grouter 105 feet. Severe. Traverse left towards the large ivy mass from the foot of Bentley.
(1) 60 feet. Climb a short crack and grassy groove into a recess. Pull out left and move up to the overhang. Step left to a good stance.
(2) 30 feet. Traverse right below the overhang to a very steep corner. Climb this, finishing in a crevasse. Large stance 5 feet higher.
(3) 15 feet. The crack behind a pinnacle on the right.
J.A.A., I.R., (alternate leads), 1967.

PILLAR

PISGAH WEST FACE

Sentinel 200 feet. Very Severe (hard). Takes the crack line to the right of the arête bounding West Jordan Gully and 20 feet left of Pisgah West Ridge.
(1) 70 feet. Climb a groove to a flake runner below the steep crack. Climb the crack (3 slings for aid) to a chockstone and spike. Continue for 15 feet to a stance and jammed nut belay.

(2) 60 feet. Continue more easily up the crack above moving out left after 20 feet where a short traverse leads to a V-groove. Climb this to a belay at it stop.
(3) 60 feet. Climb the easy-angled slabs above the belay.
R. Schipper, T. Martin, 16. 4. 67.

WEST FACE OF HIGH MAN

Gondor 260 feet. Extremely Severe. The climb follows the exposed and overhanging arête on the left of Route 2.

(1) 100 feet. Ascend the easy rib and slab to a ledge and block belay.
(2) 70 feet. Move right and ascend a shallow groove in the arête for 25 feet, then use a peg placed high up to move 10 feet right to footholds. Ascend the overhang above with the aid of a sling (in place) and continue up the wall to a stance and peg belay in a corner below a grass ledge.
(3) 90 feet. Step right and climb the overhanging arête for 5 feet then move onto the wall on the right. Zigzag back left then go up the centre of the wall to a groove which leads more easily to the summit.
A.G.C., K. Robson, 29. 4. 67.
(The sling on pitch(2) was placed with aid of a second peg—this should not now be needed).

Bootstrap 350 feet. Very Severe. A mini-girdle taking in only the West Face of High Man. Start as for the South-West climb.

(1) 75 feet. Ascend pitches (1) and (2) of the South-West climb to a sitting belay about 10 feet above the overlap.
(2) 80 feet. Traverse left onto the South-West-by-West climb. Cross this and traverse round the corner to gain the belay of pitch (6) New West.
(3) 55 feet. Follow the traverse of the New West to the foot of the chimney and continue the traverse to the mantelshelf of Route 1. Ascend this and belay on small ledge.
(4) 40 feet. Step down to the left and traverse to the rib overlooking Route 2. Make a long step into this climb and go up to belay beneath a roof.
(5) 70 feet. A superb pitch. From the belay traverse left and ascend a crack on good holds; continue over a small overlap into a square groove. At the top of this step left into another groove and climb up to a good ledge and large belay.
(6) 30 feet. Easy climbing to the top.
J. C. Eilbeck, P. W. Lucas, 22. 7. 67.
Only pitch 5 is new.

WEST FACE OF LOW MAN

Thor 200 feet. Very Severe (mild). Starts just right of Nook and Wall at the foot of a short crack.

(1) 90 feet. Climb the crack moving slightly right at the top to ascend a slab using a flake on the left. Continue straight up steeper rock and move right past a large flake to a rock ledge and flake belay.
(2) 110 feet. Climb a steep crack above to an overhang. Turn this on the left then step back right and ascend to a large edge. Move out right on the wall above to a grass ledge and belay.
R. Schipper, C. J. S. Bonington (alternate leads), 13. 6. 67.

Attilla 220 feet. Very Severe. Starts 15 feet right of Appian Way up the centre of the curved wall.

(1) 70 feet. Climb up a fault in the wall to a spike at 15 feet, move right, then trend back left to the second belay of Appian Way.

(2) 60 feet. The corner crack leads to an overhang above. Climb this on the left (awkward) to a belay on the arête—directly below the second overhang.

(3) 70 feet. Step left and climb leftwards under the overhang to a V-groove which leads to a large flake belay.

(4) 20 feet. Step left from the flake and ascend the crack and slabs above to a belay.

R. Schipper, W. Young, 15. 4. 67.

NORTH FACE OF LOW MAN

Akhnaton 300 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 feet right of the North Climb up a groove to the right of a large pinnacle belay in a grassy bay.

(1) 120 feet. Climb the groove surmounting two bulges to a grass ledge. Belay.

(2) 25 feet. Ascend the North Climb above the stance to a block belay to the right of the continuation of the groove.

(3) 130 feet. Step left into the bottom of the groove which is marked at half-height by a large pinnacle on the right. Continue up the groove; the last few feet overhang (sling for aid). Belay just left of the Strid on the North Climb.

(4) 25 feet. From the belay step right and finish up the hand-traverse variation to the North Climb.

W. Young, R. Schipper, 29. 4. 67.

Proton 460 feet. Very Severe (hard). Start 60 feet right of North Climb at the foot of a long V-groove. The lower block is split by triple cracks.

(1) 60 feet. Climb short overhanging crack to sloping shelf. Climb corner crack using two slings on chocks for direct aid. Move left then back right and continue up the groove to stance with large spike belay on right.

(2) 50 feet. Move right then back left into the corner which is climbed to grass ledge and block belay.

(3) 120 feet. Scramble up grass and short chimney to junction with North Climb at foot of Stomach Traverse.

(4) 100 feet. Climb the large corner above, passing three grass ledges, to junction with North Climb at the Strid. Chockstone belays.

(5) 60 feet. Climb the wall above and move left into a V-groove. Ascend this to block belay.

(6) 40 feet. Slightly left then climb the cracked wall to grass ledge and block belay.

(7) 30 feet. Easy climbing up the groove on the right to the top.

R. Schipper, W. Young (alternate leads), 29. 9. 66.

Puppet 400 feet. Very Severe (hard). A route up the north face of Low Man which takes the crack and groove on the right hand side of the big wall in the centre of the face. Start a few feet right of Scylla.

(1) 100 feet. Scramble up to chimney and climb this to belay, junction with Scylla.

(2) 70 feet. Move into a chimney on the right and go up this for 20 feet, then step left above the overhang into a wall of grey rock containing a good finger crack. Up this to a belay at foot of big wall.

(3) 70 feet. Climb the crack of Scylla for 20 feet then traverse 30 feet right ascending a little into the obvious groove. Bridge up this to good holds at the top. Belay.
(4) 80 feet. Up the arête to the overlap (N.N.W. climb) then move right to small stance and belay.
(5) 80 feet. Traverse right and ascend an evil-looking crack to the top of the crag.

A.G.C., B. Whybrow, 30. 4. 66.

Scylla Direct Finish 130 feet. Extremely Severe. Ascends the overhanging crack above stance 4 on Scylla, making this the most direct route on the rock. Start at junction of Scylla with Girdle Traverse.

(1) 70 feet. Traverse across the 'water-stained groove' to start the crack. Four slings on chocks and two with nuts were used for aid. One peg was used where the crack widens at 45 feet.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the arête on the right (Pitch (6) Scylla) to the top of the crag.

A.G.C., B. Whybrow, 1. 5. 66.

SHAMROCK

Photon 315 feet. Very Severe. Starts 20 feet left of the foot of Shamrock Chimney below an obvious cleaned groove.

(1) 95 feet. Climb the groove to large ledge. Piton belay.
(2) 50 feet. Traverse right and climb steepening slabs to foot of groove proper. Piton belay.
(3) 50 feet. Climb groove to a bulge and climb this by a steep crack on the right. Continue up the crack, which forms the right-hand side of a detached pinnacle, to reach a good ledge on left.
(4) 40 feet. Climb corner above and continue up to good ledge and spike belay.
(5) 80 feet. Climb straight up pleasant slab on left. Finish on ridge overlooking Shamrock Gully.
(6) The easy upper reaches of Shamrock Gully, or the last three pitches of Shamrock Buttress Route 2.

A. Jackman, W. A. Barnes, J. C. Eilbeck, D. A. Elliot (varied leads), 19. 9. 67.

Electron 335 feet. Very Severe. Ascends the distinctive layback crack high on the north face of Shamrock. Start 50 feet right of Shamrock chimneys at the foot of a vertical right-angled corner, reached by scrambling 200 feet up grass.

(1) 85 feet. Move onto the higher grass ledge and climb the right-angled corner, chockstone runner at 20 feet. Belay on large grass ledge.
(2) 80 feet. Continue up the groove for 40 feet, then cross the small grass ledge and ascend the wall at the back to belay on a large block just below the crack.
(3) 70 feet. A good pitch. Climb the layback crack to a good stance and belay.
(4) 100 feet. Move right and go up the grey arête to a cairn. Move 20 feet right and ascend the arête on good holds to the Tea Table block.

A.G.C., C. J. Eilbeck, 29.9.66.

Positron 400 feet. Very Severe. A companion route to Electron, taking the buttress between Shamrock Chimney and Electron in its lower half, and a rib and crack line in its upper half to reach the ridge between Shamrock Gulley and Shamrock Chimney. Start as for Electron.

(1) 80 feet. Gain the upper grass ledge and from its left end climb diagonally leftwards to gain a grassy crack. Climb this for a few feet and step left to a grass ledge. Ascend diagonally leftwards to a good crack which is climbed to a ledge and flake belays.
(2) 70 feet. Ascend the steep parallel cracks behind the belay. Near the top, step left to a ridge on the edge of Shamrock Chimney. Climb this to a grassy bay.
(3) 60 feet. Traverse left into a slabby scoop and ascend this directly. Near the top, move left to a small grass ledge and swing round to the left to gain an easy crack which is followed to a grass ledge. Flake belay for tape at base of the left bounding rib of Shamrock Chimney.
(4) 50 feet. Climb the rib, keeping to its crest. A grass ledge is reached.
(5) 20 feet. Climb the corner for a few feet, then step onto the right edge and climb this to a ledge and flake belay.
(6) 50 feet. Take the crack line behind the belay which widens into a corner at half height. This brings one onto the ridge between Shamrock Gulley and Chimney.
(7) 70 feet. Easy scrambling along the ridge leads to the Tea Table block.

J. C. Eilbeck, P. W. Lucas, 22. 7. 67.

Odin Direct Finish 150 feet. Very Severe. From the massive flake go up 20 feet and traverse right along the flake to a grassy corner. Up this followed by a groove on left for 30 feet to foot of long crack. Climb this on good jams to an easy ridge leading to the summit.

A.G.C., K. Robson, 30. 4. 67.

THIRLMERE

RAVEN CRAG

The Merger 300 feet. Extremely Severe. Takes a line to the left of the Medlar. Scramble up the grass ledges as for Delphinus until a small sycamore tree is seen up to left directly below the line of overhangs. Belay here.

(1) 50 feet. Ascend small groove behind tree, then continue up the fault of blocks and cracks which leads to the right and belay on left of cave as for Medlar.
(2) 100 feet. Climb with difficulty up very steep rock towards the overhangs, just left of pitch (2) of Medlar, until a protection piton (in place) is reached beneath the roof. Now traverse left with equal difficulty beneath the long roof. After about 40 feet, start to ascend slightly up overhanging rock to a short groove. After this, move left to grass ledge with block belay. (Belay on Exodus).
(3) 95 feet. The ridge up to the left (Pitches (3) and (4) of Exodus).
(4) 65 feet. Pitch (5) of Exodus.

A.L., P.R., 23. 7. 67.

The Apocrypha 210 feet. Very Severe. A series of harder and more direct variations to Genesis. Start as for Genesis 20 feet right of a larch, at a steep slab that runs up past a square overhang into a groove.

(1) 110 feet. Climb the slab up into the groove, move up this and step onto the rib on the right (sling used on first ascent). Move up onto a gangway which leads left to corner on Genesis. Up this to a recess, then up the crack above to a large ledge.

(2) 60 feet. Starting just right of a sheaf of saplings, climb the wall trending right to a ledge. Then climb a steep gangway on the left to a large ledge.
(3) 40 feet. The choked groove behind the belay is followed until a step right can be made into another groove. Up this to the top.
N.J.S., and N.A., (alternate leads), 3. 7. 67.

WASDALE

SCAFELL EAST BUTTRESS

Phoenix Direct Finish 155 feet. Very Severe (hard).

(1) 85 feet. From the stance at the top of pitch (2) descend 5 feet then climb the wall above with aid of sling on small spike. Continue up the easier wall until a traverse right leads onto the arête. Up this to large ledge.
(2) 70 feet. The pleasant buttress above.
A.G.C., W. Young, 18. 6. 67.
Pitch (1) was led without aid by K.W. in September 1967.

DEEP GHYLL BUTTRESS

Sleeping Crack 255 feet. Very Severe. Start from a grassy bay just to the right of Grey Bastion, at a steep broken crack which is immediately left of a leaning, overhanging crack in a V-groove.
(1) 70 feet. The initial section is steep on good rock; above is easier but looser. Pull out of the crack onto a ledge, and belay as for pitch (3) of Grey Bastion.
(2) 45 feet. Step down and traverse delicately right across the wall to a prominent hold on the arête, climb the chimney above to a recess, then follow the crack in the right-hand corner to another recess below an overhanging corner. (Top of pitch 4, G.B.).
(3) 40 feet. Bridge up the overhanging corner (crux) and follow the crack to another.
(4) 40 feet. Follow the corner and a similar one above to a ledge and belay below a straight crack.
(5) 60 feet. Climb this crack and easy rocks above to the top of the crag.
G. Millburn, D. Gregory (alternate leads), 5. 6. 68.

PIKES CRAG

Slanting Groove 310 feet. Severe (hard). Follows the corner groove on the right-hand side of Grooved Arête.

(1) 60 feet. As for Grooved Arête to belay below the steep crack which is the second pitch of G.A.
(2) 70 feet. Climb the right hand sloping crack to a large spike below the overhang. Turn this by a slab on the right and move up to a grass ledge and belays.
(3) 40 feet. Move up right to a small overhang, then back left into a leaning crack which leads to a belay in the corner.
(4) 70 feet. Climb the left wall and move immediately back into the groove. Ascend this to a choice of stances and belays.
(5) 70 feet. Continue up the groove to belay below a large overhanging block.
(6) 30 feet. Move left to join Grooved Arête which is a small chimney on the left of the block. Descend over the back or follow G.A. to top.
G. Millburn, D. Gregory (alternate leads), 4. 6. 68.

GABLE CRAG

The Troll 210 feet. Very Severe. Start about 30 feet left of Engineer's Slabs below the obvious block overhang 70 feet above.

(1) 90 feet. Climb the wall on good small holds to the overhang. Place a peg above it on the right and use this to gain a grass stance and belay.

(2) 120 feet. Ascend slabs on the right until a traverse right leads to a short layback crack. Up this then move right and go up a groove near the arête to the top of the crag.

A.G.C., L. Rodgers, 17. 6. 67.

The Tomb 235 feet. Very Severe. Follows a narrow crack line up the impressive wall between Engineers' Slabs and Unfinished Arête. Start 10 feet right of Engineers' Slabs.

(1) 60 feet. Traverse right to gain a small sentry box. Climb this and continue direct up the wall to stance and belays below the thin crack.

(2) 65 feet. Step left and climb the wall for 20 feet on small holds to a jam. Move right to a peg and sling in place in the thin crack. From the sling climb the wall above with difficulty to a good runner. Traverse right and climb the crack (one peg in place) to a good stance and thread belay.

(3) 110 feet. Continue up the groove to the overhangs, then cross the wall on the left to the base of a V-groove in the centre of the wall. Climb the groove on good holds to the top.

A.G.C., W. Young, 30. 9. 66.

ELLIPTICAL CRAG

Directrix 170 feet. Very Severe (mild). Starts at a short steep wall halfway between Black Crack and Small Chimney.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the right-hand end of the wall and pull onto a slab. Scramble over heather to the bottom of a steep crack in the wall above. Nut belay.

(2) 110 feet. Climb the crack to a good ledge on the right. Continue up the pleasant slabs to the top of the crag.

J. C. Eilbeck, P. W. Lucas, 10. 6. 67. (Probably done before).

Key to initials

N. Allinson	A. H. Greenbank	G. Oliver
J. J. S. Allison	B. L. Griffiths	N. A. J. Rogers
J. A. Austin	A. Liddell	I. Roper
P. E. Brown	K. I. Meldrum	P. Ross
M. Burbage	D. Miller	N. J. Soper
A. G. Cram	P. Nunn	K. Wood

IN MEMORIAM

G. BARKER	1934 – 1967
Miss G. BELL	1927 – 1967
J. F. BURTON	1925 – 1966
N. DOODSON	1937 – 1968
C. GRAYSON	1907 – 1968
G. A. K. HERVEY	1956 – 1967
C. F. HOLLAND	1913 – 1968
G. LYON	1907 – 1967
W. G. MILLIGAN	1912 – 1968
C. MITCHELL	1968
Miss M. P. MORTON	1962 – 1967
F. K. SUGDEN	1944 – 1967

GEOFFREY BARKER 1934 – 1967

As the initials of our surnames were contiguous, Geoff and I found ourselves placed side by side when we first entered school together just before our tenth birthdays. Thereafter we schooled and universitied together, digged and worked together, climbed or holidayed together right up to his death last year.

Geoff led his first roped clock climb at the age of 15. We had pottered ropeless about Dow Crag for six months or thereabouts—*Easy Gully*, *Easter Gully*, *Great Gully* and so on—until a 'real' climber, the late Jack Rogers of Barrow, saying that if we were going to do it at all then we ought to do the thing properly, offered us an old 80-foot Beale rope, if we would pick it up ourselves at Tilberthwaite. This we did next day, by bicycle from Barrow to Tilberthwaite for lunch; then a decision was made to 'christen' it that very afternoon. No F.R.C.C. guides had been produced at that time and the authorities of those days, Abrahams and Jones, seemed to indicate that *Intermediate Gully* came next in order of difficulty, so that was Geoff's target, and his first roped lead.

In time—a long time—and by a series of combined tactics we eventually reached the fifth pitch, some years later to be described by Bower as of 'guileless appearance', and there, so far as I know for the only time before or since, Geoff led direct ***behind*** the chockstone (so slim and lithe was he) to bring us in due course safely to Easy Terrace just as darkness fell. Dinner (on credit—our combined wealth was one shilling) at 'Ma' Harris', Park Gate, established us as real climbers.

By the age of 16, *Hopkinson's, Broadrick's, Murray's, Central Chimney* and the like (Dow Crag being the only centre within his cycling orbit from Barrow) were his standard routes, and even at that age he was an excellent walker. One of his boyhood days was an afternoon cycle ride of 25 miles, an all night walk of the same distance from Tilberthwaite by Langdale, Rosset Ghyll, Scafell Pike (to see the sunrise), Mosedale, Wrynose and back to Tilberthwaite, and the return ride to Barrow next morning.

In his quite early days he fell in with that great Barrow triumvirate of Basterfield, Bower and Gross, and a little later with another climber who was to be one of his most constant companions thereafter, A. T. Hargreaves. Geoff was ever a beautiful climber in 'glove fitting rubbers', but he would never admit to enjoying 'clattering about in clumsy nailed boots' and the advent of Vibrams so many years later was a particular joy to him. He is to be seen pictured assisting Basterfield in the latter's first Red Guide to Langdale. He helped a decade or more later with the Second Series of guides to Scafell and Langdale—when he should really have been compiling the Dow Crag guide himself. But Geoff was invariably accommodating. It was always your wish, not his. Should you want a hard day—yes; an easy day—well and good; should it be Scafell today—yes; or Gimmer or Dow—just as you wish. One never saw him annoyed or ill-tempered but always as a most pleasant companion, with a pretty wit, a delightful turn of phrase and that constant desire to fit in with the other chap's wishes. And so, in spite of his exceptional technique he was never a seeker after first ascents, and I think he took part in only two: *White Ghyll Slab* in 1930 and *Ledge* and *Groove* on Pillar in 1933, both with A. T. Hargreaves. But he made early leads of many of the new Very Severes of those years—the Dow Crag Eliminates, *Gimmer Crack, Deer Bield Crack* and so on. I recall measuring the latter with Geoff for the Langdale Guide on a beautiful day when the country celebrated George V's Silver Jubilee. Geoff himself described in the 1965 issue of the *Leeds University C. C. Journal* a very early ascent of *C. B.* made with A. T. Hargreaves, Maurice Linnell and Herbert Hartley.

He lived practically all his life amidst the mountains. Until 1939 he spent most of his time in and around the Lake District, leading pretty well all that was there to be led. During the war years he was in Scotland and the Scottish mountains became almost as familiar to him as his own Lakeland hills. Then shortly after the war he settled on his own 20-odd acres of Welsh mountain side, began a secondary interest in his own forestry work, and started the mountain education of his son and two daughters. His first visit to the Alps was not until the middle fifties; thereafter he went abroad most years, often with members of his own family.

Geoff was a keen member of half a dozen climbing clubs, served on the committees of more than one, and led most of the Welsh and

several of the Scottish meets of the Fell and Rock. Two years ago he became, I think, the first mountaineer to be awarded the Torch Trophy, for his work as secretary of the North Wales Committee of the B.M.C. During the later years in Wales he still climbed Very Severes, but now led by his son. Yet even when living in Wales he was a constant and regular visitor to meets in both the Lakes and Scotland, where he still walked with the Tigers. It was at a Langdale meet in June '66 that the collapse came which was to lead to his ultimate death—although, after a partial recovery, he was able to attend one more Scottish meet the following May. Thereafter he grew slowly but steadily weaker.

In his last few months his greatest pleasure was to have old climbing friends visit him to gossip and reminisce, and he was most insistant that neither his son nor his two daughters should cancel their own projected alpine holidays because of his illness. He died peacefully in his sleep early in October.

Perhaps I cannot end better than by quoting a phrase used in a letter to me from one of our own ex-presidents when he heard of Geoff's death. His words confirm my own thoughts, and express them perfectly:

'How straight he stood, how well he flitted over the mountains . . .'

William Clegg

GERTRUDE BELL 1927 – 1967

Gertrude Bell who died in December 1967 had been a member of the Club for forty years. She was a native of the Lake District, indeed she lived all her life in the home where she was born, in Ambleside. In her earlier years she attended Club meets frequently, though latterly her activities were confined to the Annual Dinner to which she looked forward with great anticipation.

Miss Bell was a real lover of the fells she knew so well and she could stride her way upwards faster than most people. This plentiful supply of energy could make conversation difficult, as one had either to join in from below or be at her side panting. From her early days she had a continuing botanical interest in her walks, and she took great joy in returning, year by year, to certain locations where she would find again some rare plant. She was, in fact, jointly responsible for the latest wild flower list for the Ambleside area, under the Botanical Society of the British Isles. She travelled quite extensively, her greatest love being the Swiss Alps in summer-time.

Miss Bell was a teacher by profession and spent many years at the Charlotte Mason College in Ambleside where she was in charge of the most junior children, in the 'Beehive'. She was closely associated for many years with the local activities of the Girl Guides and also with Dr. Barnardo's.

Gertrude Bell had a wide circle of friends with whom she kept in

close touch until the last few years of her life. The illness which overtook her was a great sadness to those closest to her. Her last walk on the hills she loved was with the writer and her one regret was that she could not manage to reach the top of Helvellyn.

R. W. Eldridge

JOHN FIRTH BURTON 1925 – 1966

Although in his earlier days Firth Burton attended a number of Fell and Rock meets and dinners, it was to the Rucksack Club (which he had joined in 1921) that he was most attached; this was not surprising, as he lived in Manchester. He served on its Committee for over 30 years, was President for the three difficult war years 1940-1942, and edited the *R.C. Journals* for 1945 and 1946 (as well as contributing articles to many others). He was elected an Honorary Member in 1950. A quiet unassuming man, who shunned the limelight, he was one of the club's most popular members, and was well known in other northern mountaineering clubs.

He did not strike one as a man of strong physique, but he was a tough fell walker with tremendous endurance; in 1926 he was in the first party (with Fred Heardman and Harold Gerrard) to plan and carry out the Colne to Rowsley walk, a distance of 75 miles. They had to do the last 25 miles at an average speed of 4 miles an hour to catch the last train back to Manchester; this they accomplished with 15 minutes to spare!

Year after year in the 1920s and 1930s Firth organised and led parties of Rucksackers to the Alps. Many are the stories of his endurance and effortless speed, though he never seemed to hurry, and was never ruffled.

He was one of the best photographers the Rucksack Club has ever produced. In the days of monochrome, when one did one's own developing and printing, his slide-making was extraordinary, both in quality and in the speed with which he worked; he had, too, a wonderful eye for a picture. He joined, as 'official photographer', the Rucksack Club team in their successful attempt on the East Buttress of Clogwyh d'ur Arddu in 1927. He was in great demand as a lecturer, and had a pleasant easy style, with plenty of quiet humour.

His retirement from business was dogged by ill-health for many years, and, although he never lost his love of the hills, he was unable to do much mountaineering. This was a source of great sorrow to him and his many friends, but to those of us who were fortunate enough to climb with him and enjoy his companionship he leaves many treasured memories.

H. P. Spilsbury

NORMAN DOODSON 1937 – 1968

Although Norman Doodson may not have been widely known in the Club, he was very well known and held in high estimation by a few of our members. He was primarily a fell walker and obtained great enjoyment and also relaxation from his visits to the hills. He was also a member of the Tricouni Club of which he was President at the time of his death. Norman was often to be found at Seatoller House at Easter and also during the last weekend in October when, with his wife, he made a point of coming to the Annual Dinner. His introduction to the Club was through Graham Wilson with whom he worked at Maidstone. Later he rose to the top of his profession as Treasurer of the Lancashire County Council.

Those of us in the Club who knew him will miss him sadly and our sincere sympathy goes to his wife, his son and daughter.

J. R. Files

CHARLES GRAYSON 1907 – 1968

Charles Grayson died recently in New York where he had lived for many years. He was born in Kendal and on leaving school went to work for Vickers in Barrow. While there he became a member of a group of climbers known to me as the 'Barrow Group'. Dow Crag was their favourite, being quite near for weekends; there were few motors in those days. About the summer of 1906 certain members of the Barrow Group thought of forming a climbing club and Charlie Grayson suggested that the Barrow climbers should join with another group from his home town of Kendal. From this idea was born the Fell and Rock. He served the new Club as Secretary and Librarian in its early years.

Charlie was a lovable fellow, and a great lover of the Lakeland hills and crags. In a letter I have, written when he was 82, he recalls the happy times spent on the hills with fellow climbers years ago. His name will always be closely linked with the Club, as an Original Member and a worthy Honorary Member.

Jonathan Stables

Canon G. A. K. HERVEY 1956 – 1967

The death of Aidan Hervey in June 1967 robbed the Lake District of a remarkable man, one of its best-known, best-liked figures, one whose detailed knowledge and love of the District can rarely have been equalled. After spending much of his boyhood here he held, sometime, the livings of Buttermere (where he did a survey of the Natural History), Gilsland and Great Salkeld. He did very valuable work in the Diocese of Carlisle, especially in Religious Education, and was for many years a most inspiring tutor of W.E.A. Classes.

Outside his work he was an all-round naturalist of the old school with an amazing wealth of knowledge. Birds, insects, flowers, grasses, ferns, mosses—I have never known him stumped. His infectious enthusiasm and his great kindness and courtesy were an inspiration to many people and he was in constant demand to give lectures and lead field excursions. A powerful man, with vast reserves of energy, he required a minimum of sleep and could snatch it anytime, anywhere; otherwise it would have been impossible to cram into twenty-four hours the amount of activity he regarded as normal.

I have followed him to the crags sometimes, and 'followed' is literal. With a benevolent twinkle he would charge up to Hobcarton or Tarn Crag or along Striding Edge to the gullies of Helvellyn at a great pace, even after he had turned seventy, and would scurry round the boulders and scramble on the crags unerringly to the precise locations of the rare plants, and the more common ones. Equally he would lead you to the most likely place for a particular butterfly, or to see an otter.

He was deeply involved in Natural History Societies and he finally inspired and initiated the Lake District Naturalists' Trust, becoming its very active Chairman. The purposes and principles of the Trust are the fulfilment of his ideals for the study and conservation of Natural History in the Lake District. His membership of the F.R.C.C. did not cover a long period, but in his love and understanding of the Lakes he was a most honoured member.

Walter Annis

A naturalist who was a life-long friend and colleague of Canon Hervey has contributed the following:

The Lake District lost one of its outstanding personalities with the death of Canon G. A. K. Hervey on 14th June, 1967. Few men knew the Lakeland fells better than Aidan Hervey, and fewer still can have done so much to promote an appreciation and understanding of the natural beauty of the district among residents and visitors alike. His association with the Lake District was literally life-long, beginning with his boyhood in Grasmere; renewed from 1926 to 1931 when he was vicar of Buttermere—where he left a permanent memorial in the restoration of the beautiful little church; maintained by frequent visits, often with school parties, while he was Chaplain of Bryanston School from 1934 to 1943; and culminating in his period of residence in Cumberland, first at Gilsland and then at Great Salkeld, from 1943 until his death. During this last period he did invaluable work as Assistant Director of Religious Education in the Diocese of Carlisle, especially in the preparation of the Agreed Syllabus of Religious Education for Cumberland, Westmorland and Carlisle, and in the organisation and leadership of conferences for teachers.

As an all-round naturalist Canon Hervey was well known far beyond the boundaries of the Lake counties. He was Representative for the North-West of England on the Council for Nature, Regional Representative for Cumberland on the British Trust for Ornithology, founding editor of the *Field Naturalist* for several years, and the founder and first Chairman of the Lake District Naturalists' Trust. He was a keen entomologist and ornithologist, but his special interest was in the mountain flora of the Lake District, and his knowledge of the arctic and alpine plants of the Helvellyn crags was unrivalled.

No list of offices or distinctions can give any idea of the impact of Aidan Hervey's dynamic personality. As a fell-walker he was indefatigable, right up to the time of his final illness, and the botanical scrambles that he so often led will be vividly remembered by all who have followed him. He lectured regularly for the Extra-mural Board of the University of Newcastle and was a most gifted speaker: he held the attention of the most diverse audiences by his lucid exposition and infectious enthusiasm for his subject. His capacity for hard work seemed inexhaustible: his correspondence alone would have provided full-time occupation for a more ordinary mortal, but it formed only part of his daily stint. In the last ten years a great deal of this extraordinary energy was devoted to the conservation of plant and animal life in the Lake District and to plans for educating both children and adults to appreciate the value of wild life and natural beauty. Yet his single-minded devotion to these aims was always tempered by courtesy, friendliness and good humoured charm. Countless friends, and even passing acquaintances, will count it a privilege to have known him.

J. G. A. B.

C. F. HOLLAND 1913 – 1968

With the prospect of a solitary holiday in Wasdale during the Summer of 1919 I was astonished and delighted to receive, a few days before leaving, a telegram: 'Bring one pound of Capstan and two pairs of rubbers Holland'. Evidently news that I was expected in Wasdale had reached him—so, in this somewhat unusual manner, we became acquainted.

This meeting provided for me one of the most pleasant and companionable periods in my climbing career; also, it had some effect on the history of climbing in the Lake District because Holland, who in 1914 had come under the influence of Herford, consequently brought with him the inspiration of those days. Thus he was a connecting link between cragsmanship then and its development in the post-war years.

During the course of our Wasdale holiday I learned that Holland was recovering from a bullet wound in the arm incurred on active service, but this injury did not seem to be a handicap, for with considerable zest, after a lapse of four years, he had renewed his

climbing. One reaction from the grimness of trench warfare was the following vow made, he said, during an awful bombardment: 'If I get out of this alive the first thing I'll do when I get to England will be to go to the top of Napes Needle and sing God Save the King'. This vow I understood had been duly accomplished just before I met him. Notwithstanding that war experience he volunteered for service in 1939 and succeeded—by an adept alteration to his birth certificate—in being accepted. He was not, however, drafted abroad: probably the authorities were not taken in by the subterfuge. He had a fondness for the Lake District and this, combined with his ready wit, was exemplified by an incident in the Dolomites in 1922. It was during an off-day that our party (Fell and Rock) called at a *bodega* below the Sellajoch. Through the window we could see the Great Wall of Langkofel whose immensity momentarily struck the company dumb. The silence was broken by Holland who startled us by exclaiming 'Gentlemen a toast: "Slab and Notch!"' To compare the latter minuscule crag with that which we saw through the window sounded preposterous. One felt somehow that behind the *bon mot* lay a hint of his love for the homeland. This affection was also manifest in his numerous articles in club journals wherein not only did he felicitously recall his days on the crags but also displayed generosity of mind whenever he referred to his companions. His readiness with the pen was, I understand, a god-send to editors for never did he refuse a request for an article and was ever prompt with his contributions. He had a penchant too for hitting off the right nomenclature regarding new climbs, brief and expressive of their salient features, for example: *Rib & Slab* and *Nook & Wall*. By contrast, not without a grim sense of humour, he christened *Routes 1* and *2* on Pillar Rock *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*—not to be looked back upon!—a sentiment no doubt inspired by the reaction to the stress occasioned by the day's effort and the slight contretemps that took place during our ascent of *Gomorrah*. When manipulating the rope over a projection I knocked out of his mouth his pipe (a precious climbing companion) and it rattled to the screes much to his annoyance. Almost immediately afterwards I disturbed a small stone; it drew blood from his forehead and gave him that which he described as 'a bloody coxcomb'. In consequence, my own head did not go scot-free. He poured on it a malediction for my carelessness. However, his usual cheerful disposition asserted itself before we left the Rock.

Holland climbed with an *élan* which, complementary to my more sober approach to any rock problem, contributed, I am sure, to the success of our climbing partnership. Maybe the purist would have shuddered at his apparent want of care on the crags, but his sometimes careless behaviour never put me out. On the contrary I was entertained and amused by it; in fact it added to the gaiety of those golden days of 1919 and 1920.

Many climbers of his generation will remember Holland with great affection. I count myself exceedingly fortunate to have been one of his friends.

H. M. Kelly

HILDA LAPAGE 1935 – 1962

Those of us who knew Hilda Lapage were more than sad at her passing but we have many happy memories of her. She was born at Kirkoswald in Cumberland where her father was a doctor. At his death she moved to Manchester and it was there she met her husband, Dr. C. P. Lapage.

She was particularly interested in the Lake District and in North Wales and she accompanied her husband on many of his week-ends in the hills.

Apart from her family, to whom she was devoted, her other interests were reading and the theatre. During the last war she played an active part in the W.V.S. and St. Dunstan's organisation.

Survived by two sons and one daughter Hilda will always be affectionately remembered for her graciousness and quiet charm.

W. G. Pape

GEORGE LYON 1907 – 1967

As we lived in Kendal, within sight of the Lake District hills, my brother George and I naturally made an early friendship with the fells and rocks. The first climb we did together, as I find from an old photo album, was *Slingsby's Chimney*, on 1st January 1906. George had just obtained a job with a cable company in South America and was determined to have a day on the rocks before leaving home. He wakened me at 4 a.m. for the cycle run to Langdale, then again at 8 a.m. when I had fallen asleep on Mrs. Grisedale's kitchen table. George, then 21, was four years my junior, and I can distinctly remember remarking, 'I am getting too old for this sort of thing'.

It would be five years later that I climbed again with George, while he was on leave from South America. It must have been at one of the Club meets at Wasdale, as we were doing *New West* with two others who had not much experience and were very slow. In consequence it was getting dusk by the time we had got our fourth man across the rather tricky traverse more than half way up, and I did not fancy doing the final pitches in semi-darkness. But George, who was then leading, tackled them, helped I seem to remember by a full moon, and I am glad to pay tribute to a stout fellow.

George and I did not meet again until 1919 and we did no climbing as he had a limp due to stopping a bullet in the knee while in the

trenches during the latter stages of the war. He returned to South America and I to India so we did not meet again until I returned to this country for good in 1960. George returned about 1930, married and settled down to a country life at Broughton-in-Furness. While there he took part in Club activities, and there must be many members who met him and climbed with him.

H. B. Lyon

WALTER GIBSON MILLIGAN 1912 - 1968

Milligan's Presidency was a momentous one for this Club, for during it the scheme for the building of Brackenclose was conceived and furthered to the point at which it became accepted. And of course it was Milligan who secured the site while the argument was going on and eventually presented it to the Club. That was a vital turning point in our history. The setting up of our first hut entirely changed the course of the Club and led eventually to its great expansion not only in terms of numbers but of influence. This development was led and indeed driven, with characteristic determination in the face of considerable opposition from inside the Club as well as outside it, by Milligan; it is his monument. And that was not the only thing he achieved during his Presidency—which he took on when he was in the prime of life at 45—for his energy and enthusiasm gave the Club a shot in the arm which was rather needed at that time.

In his younger days he was one of that Barrow-in-Furness group of climbers and fell walkers: A. C. Craig, S. H. Gordon, W. B. Goudielock, C. Grayson, L. Hardy, T. H. G. Parker, J. P. Rogers, E. H. P. Scantlebury and others who were such a potent influence in the Club from its beginning, and who helped materially to keep it going during the Kaiser War and make it the cradle for many of the great Lake District climbers of the 1920's.

Milligan was at Sedbergh School, where he learned to appreciate fell walking, and later he became a county scrum-half—one of those indestructible ones—and a successful captain and in due course president of the Furness R.U.F.C. Having served several years in France during the Kaiser War he became a leading Home Guardsman during the Hitler War.

He came of Ulster and Westmorland-Kendal stock and had the classic virtues of stern self-discipline, hard work, and a keen sense of responsibility for the security and welfare of his colleagues and employees, to whom he was extremely loyal and generous. He was a craftsman in his business which was laundering and dry cleaning, and he was much more interested in improving production methods and giving good service to his customers than in making money. In the industry in which he was in business he was known nationally as a Master Manager and a pioneer. He was a gay man

withal, and this endeared him not only to his laundry girls (whom he used to dance off their feet at parties until well into his 70s), but to those on our Scottish Meets, to nearly all of which he went.

He was an energetic and widely experienced walker and rock climber and he had great affection for the Fell and Rock Climbing Club which was the only such club to which he belonged. We should mourn him as one of our greatest Presidents.

A. B. Hargreaves

With the passing of W. G. Milligan at the age of 79 the Club and its members have lost a noble friend. He was an active pioneer who, even up to the summer of 1967, was walking his beloved fells with his grandchildren.

He was always mindful of the need for the preservation of the flora and fauna of our lakes and mountains and the paths we know so well. He actively supported all efforts to preserve that heritage in whatever part of the world he visited. Latterly he spent two summers in the antipodes and saw a great deal of the Australian Commonwealth Territories. He found here in the hills and bushlands a state of preservation comparable to that of the English Lakes in the early 20th century—free and uninhibited. He made many firm friends in Australia and was ever ready to talk of the phases of his life.

He had a great understanding of the difficulties of modern life, especially its effect on the lives of young people. He was undoubtedly one of those who contributed more to life than he expected from it, and during his period of membership he was always serving the Club in one way or another. From 1920 to 1933 he was Hon. Treasurer, Vice-President 1931-33, President 1933-35 and was made an Honorary Member in 1959. He held all his appointments with efficiency and great dignity and laid a solid foundation to the Club's finances by his perseverence and hard work, his sights always set on the future.

Happy in his married life and family, 'Milly', as he was known affectionately to his friends, had more than his share of tragedy in his lifetime, which he bore with great fortitude. He was greatly strengthened by his two surviving children, Alan and Sheila, and their families, for whom there was an example of true leadership to follow.

We have learned much by knowing him and by his brilliant leading of old stalwarts of the Herbert Cain era, now all passed on to other fells. It was during the years 1919-23 that they took part in negotiating the purchase of the land of Scafell and Great Gable above the 1,500 ft. contour as a War Memorial for the members who fell in the first world war, and the dedication of this area to the National Trust.

R. T. Wilson

C. MITCHELL 1968

Only 20 years old, Chris Mitchell must have been one of our youngest members, and had been with the Club for less than a year. His tragic death in a rock fall on an unclimbed face in the Lofoten Islands has robbed us of one of our brightest hopes.

He belonged to what has been called the 'new generation' of climbers, brought up on gritstone and leading the most difficult climbs within a couple of years. Unlike some of the new names, however, he had a real affection for the hills and although he had climbed in most parts of Britain his heart was here, in the Lakes. There were few week-ends when he was not either walking or climbing, in sunshine or in rain. I can remember many occasions when he would shame us into leaving the warm sanctuary of Raw Head to fight our way up *Deer Bield Chimney* or *Stoat's Crack* in the most abysmal weather.

Although he derived much pleasure from his local Yorkshire gritstone, his greatest satisfaction came from big and impressive climbs in the mountains; such routes as *Extol*, *Carnivore* and *Shibboleth* spring to mind as examples of his fine leads. His great determination and strength of purpose would get him through almost all situations, and yet he was as safe and as calculating a leader as one could wish for.

It seems unbelievable that he will no longer be with us. We shall remember him as an extremely likeable person, unassuming and, most of all, as a very talented climber.

K. Wood

MARGARET MORTON 1962 – 1967

Margaret Morton became a full member in 1962, but she was so keen on the fells that she had already done her qualifying 'tops' before becoming a graduating member in 1959. Her training and later her work as an occupational therapist often kept her too far from the Lake District to spend week-ends there regularly, but she walked on the fells and stayed in the huts whenever she could; and, when she was in London, went out with the London Section.

She first camped in the Lake District at six months old and thereafter was a regular visitor to the hills. As a schoolgirl she climbed many of the major peaks of the Stubaital and Ötztal with the family. After leaving school she kept up her interest in the mountains and, while studying in Edinburgh, went out with the E.U.M.C., mostly in winter, in the Ben Nevis, Glencoe and Killin areas. She did some rock climbing the Lake District, Skye and Canada, but walking was her main activity in the hills she loved. 'Mountains are like home; when you aren't there there you wish you were' she wrote in a school composition.

Skin diving, canoeing and sailing were her main outdoor activities after mountaineering. Her holidays were spent travelling with a rucksack, camping and youth hostelling. She loved not only exploring places but getting to know the people in them and quickly made friends wherever she went. Before going to Canada she had travelled considerably in Ireland, Austria, Norway, Jugoslavia, France and Greece and was looking forward to completing a tour round the world.

Margaret went to work in Canada in January 1966 and in the winters of 1966 and 1967 she skied in Ontario. In May 1967 she moved to Calgary to be near the Rockies where she had many expeditions in the next six months. The avalanche which caused her death when she was ski-ing with a party of friends in December 1967 has deprived us of a friendly and happy personality of great promise and the sympathy of the Club goes to her family who all love the hills.

Muriel Files

FRANK SUGDEN 1944 – 1967

One of my happiest memories of Frank Sugden is of a party at the O.D.G. to celebrate his 25 years of climbing, when a party of about 30 people travelled from all parts of the country to Langdale for a week-end's celebration.

He was a man who made and kept many friends. My first meeting with him was in Chamonix in 1937, when he came to the aid of a young climber who was having difficulty with the French language. He climbed extensively in the Alps over a number of years, mainly with the well-known guide Pierre Mauris. He had a very high standard as a leader on our major crags.

He loved the Lake District and had retired to Troutbeck where he died at the comparatively early age of 58.

S. H. Cross

ARTHUR WOOD-JOHNSON 1929 – 1966

Older Members who attended Club meets in Wasdale and Borrowdale in the early 1930s will remember the youngest of the three Wood-Johnson brothers as a tall, rangy lad of rugged physique, and with a certain shyness.

After joining the Club, he climbed regularly with his brothers and C. J. Astley-Cooper. When work commenced on the Second Series of guides, this team took charge of the Great Gable and Borrowdale sections, and Arthur was regularly anchor man in the process of measuring and exploration. On the frequent occasions when the party was cramped under canvas in times of storm, his quick sardonic wit would dominate the conversation and maintain morale.

He was immensely strong, a quality I experienced when, on my failure to ford the flooded River Derwent with a vast load of tinned food, he hauled me and the load ashore with one hand.

His work as a civil engineer kept him in the open air, which was greatly to his liking. Those who worked with and under him learned that his aloof and often taciturn mood concealed a sympathetic and sensitive man.

Inevitably, his affairs were regulated by his pronounced non-conformity. For Arthur, any door marked 'Way Out' was an entrance, and if the result was unfavourable, he was the first to laugh.

He died on the 11th August 1966, aged 55.

F. H. F. Simpson

ANNUAL DINNER, 1966

It was difficult that weekend to look at mountains of the normal kind without a thought of that highly abnormal mountain which had moved upon a Welsh village during the previous week. Club dinners seemed irrelevant after Aberfan.

Yet here we were, 300 strong, intent on the celebration of the Club's main social event of the year and on the real hard mountains which cannot, except by supernatural forces, or the careless stone from the boot of some non-member, be moved. Intent we were, too, on the mysteries of the Annual General Meeting, held, as in several years past, in the Congregational Hall. The business was despatched so expeditiously that those who were not *au fait*, or who did not pay attention, missed several points, and even those who were, and those who did, felt not so sure . . .

Then out again into Lake Road and the autumn evening and the social climbing at the Royal Oak. One goes through those swing-doors with annual qualms: will one know anybody this year? Or be known? A jolly game ensues of hailing people whom one has not seen for at least 12 months as though they were daily confederates, familiar as the lounge itself. In the midst of this not inconsiderable effort, the present writer was summarily shouldered into the task which now confronts him. Hence this inadequate result.

After the social niceties, we trooped into the dining-room, there to take part in further annual antics, this time a competition in which he or she wins who is served first. At 9 p.m. the Loyal Toast was drunk, followed by that to absent friends, a moment which always seems to restore some fleeting sense of solemnity to the occasion. ('Absent where?' one asks oneself. Is it a sort of preamble to All Souls' Day, for those who keep that kind of calendar?) Both toasts were proposed by the President, Donald Murray, who then called upon the chief guest, Tom Weir, to propose the toast to the Club.

Amongst problems of interruption and intercommunication, Mr. Weir reminded us that 'it is the mountains that matter'. On them there is neither male nor female; there are only mountaineers, who pursue their craft 'in order to keep themselves from screaming'. The mountains, Mr. Weir continued, always offer us something 'and that is why we go back'. He had come back that day to a Lake District which he had first visited in the dark, to climb Scafell and descend Piers Ghyll and to be confirmed in the view that the Lake District was rougher than the Highlands, surely a remarkable assertion. Then, for four years, the speaker said, he had 'put trig-points on Lakeland peaks'.

Whether through these exertions or otherwise, he did not say, but gradually Mr. Weir had been led to his opinion of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. It typified, he told us, the spirit of British mountaineering. It had a basic layer, the solid foundation of stalwarts; then the younger rocks, and finally a top layer. One wondered who was which. The Club, we were assured, as we rose to drink the

toast, was beyond any member of it. It is certainly beyond some of us.

Responding to Mr. Weir, the President began with regrets that 'the peerage have let us down'. It seemed that none of our lordly members was present, but Lord Hunt was nevertheless warmly congratulated on his elevation and likewise our own private peers, original members Mr. Lyon and Mr. Stables, were warmly greeted, as was also one of the Club's earliest lady climbers, Mrs. Appleyard. In thanking the Weirs for having deserted the heather to be with us, the President regretted that Tom was not wearing the kilt for the occasion, but at least we could be sure, he said, that our chief guest, so renowned as a mountaineer, author, photographer and lecturer, was not also a Scottish Nationalist.

Reviewing the year then past, the President referred to the splendid Bentley Beetham Cottage in Patterdale, to the alterations at Birkness made possible by the legacy to the Club from the late Bryan Greaves, and to the debt owed by the Club to non-climbing lady members who gave invaluable help in so many ways. In this connection the President mentioned in particular Mrs. Tilly, wife of the retiring secretary.

The Club *Chronicle* was commended, especially as a source of matrimonial news, and the President went on to refer to the latest expeditions abroad: it appears that members are now to be found, and no doubt heard, stamping around in Corsica and Yugoslavia as well as the usual places.

In commending modern climbing techniques, the President regretted that he could no longer claim to belong to that younger generation who were making such excellent use of them. He complimented the still flourishing guide-book industry, the Club branch of which was in process of producing a new Lakeland series. The increased incidence of accidents on the hills was deplored and the President urged everyone to stay within their capabilities when climbing, especially when very young people were members of the party.

The President concluded his speech with an expression of thanks for the support which members had given to him during what had been an enjoyable period of office, and he delivered, by way of tail-piece, a well-illustrated warning to all bachelor members of the danger inherent in their condition.

Charles Tilly, retiring Secretary, proposed the toast to the Guests and Kindred Clubs. His speech was a hilarious affair, a fact which, together with the lateness of the hour of its delivery and other factors tending to impair a reporter's concentration, may account for, if not excuse, this regrettably brief report of Mr. Tilly's discourse. The guests he described as 'all good-looking and good climbers' and the kindred clubs were sent the greetings of us all. For the rest, it was all a matter of camels and Italian courting couples.

Christopher Briggs, celebrated proprietor of the Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel, claimed, in responding to Mr. Tilly's speech, to belong only to all-male clubs, which circumstances, he assured us, made it impossible to mix climbing with pleasure. Several good stories followed, including one about Texan farmers with swimming pools, who were somehow linked with the British Council of Churches' Report on sex and morality, then recently published. Mr. Briggs expressed the thanks of all the guests and ended with the hope that it would not be another 20 years before he visited the Lake District again.

Finally, 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung and the exodus began to further conversation in the lounges. Then out into a dark and silent Keswick, asleep like autumn on the edge of winter. For those who keep the Club calendar, another year was gone.

G. Whiteley

ANNUAL DINNER, 1967

The 1967 Annual Dinner was chiefly remarkable for the late hour at which we rose from the tables, due not so much to the garrulity of the speakers but rather to the interminable length of the Annual General Meeting. This lasted almost three hours and it was nearly eleven o'clock before the last of the after-dinner speakers sat down, so that we had six hours of talk and food before we could mingle among our friends. But the fact that by then non-residents were unable to obtain refreshments was, I suppose, largely set at nought by the latest machinations of the Road Traffic Act.

The biggest issue under discussion at the A.G.M. was the Committee's recommendation that the subscription should be raised to three guineas, and it was only after nearly everybody had had his or her say that the motion was carried. Thus was democracy not only done but seen to be done. Earlier, J. R. Files had been re-elected President, C. S. Tilly re-elected as Vice-President and J. Carswell elected the new junior Vice-President.

The accent at the Dinner was clearly on mountain rescue since our guests were representatives of most of the Lakeland teams and the principal speaker was A. S. Pigott who practically started mountain rescue in its present form. Perhaps the fact that our President is the secretary of the Lake District Mountain Accidents Association had something to do with this enthusiastic mountain rescue flavour.

Proposing the toast of the Club, Fred Pigott first went back 40 years to a rescue on Laddow when the injured man had had to be carried down on two enormous signposts and to another occasion four years later when he and Morley Wood had got somebody down off Crib Goch 'only after immense labour'. Accordingly, both the

Rucksack Club and the Fell and Rock had appointed rescue committees which later joined forces and eventually Eustace Thomas had devised his stretcher, which was still, after 35 years, one of the best mountain stretchers ever invented. The Keswick team had recently successfully split the Thomas stretcher to make transportation easier.

The speaker recalled Wilson Hey's spirited campaign to get the use of morphia regularised, but said that even when the fight had been won the Mountain Rescue Committee was still held in some suspicion and the British Mountaineering Council was given responsibility for its administration. 'But,' he added, 'since Pigott happened to be President of the B.M.C. at the time it was easy to divert it to the Mountain Rescue Committee.' That the need for mountain rescue teams was increasingly urgent could be judged from the fact that in 1932 there were only three accidents in the Lake District, according to the Fell and Rock *Journal*, whereas in 1966 there had been 60 serious accidents requiring a stretcher, 13 of these having proved fatal. Mountain rescue techniques had vastly improved in recent years, he said, and the teams could call upon a considerable reservoir of talent nowadays. He paid a tribute to those who went into the hills to bring down the injured and concluded: 'The rescue service is quite voluntary and those who run it are heroes, but they can hope for no reward in this world.'

The President in reply, said how pleased the Club was to place on record its appreciation of the devoted and unselfish services to mountaineering given by the mountain rescue teams, and how delighted they were to see so many of the teams represented. He referred to several of the Club's achievements during the year and especially the production of two new climbing guides. The Club's production of guides over the years had, he said, done a great deal to enhance the image of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in the climbing world. Meets had been well attended, apart from maintenance meets, and he appealed to all hut users to try to attend at least one of these meets each year. The President said he believed that the standard of climbing in the Club was now remarkably high and comparable with that of any other club in the country.

He then announced that four old members present that evening totalled, between them, a Club membership of 237 years. They were two original members, H. B. Lyon and Jonathan Stables, as well as H. Westmorland with 58 years and W. Allsup with 57 years. He had been informed that it was Jonathan Stables' 89th birthday that evening, but he found this difficult to believe.

The President concluded by thanking his predecessor, Donald Murray, for his excellent service to the Club and also thanked the officers for their support.

The task of proposing the toast to Guests and Rescue Services fell to H. S. Thompson who did so in a racing speech made even more effective by his rather over-powering microphone technique.

He thought that quite a lot of mountain rescue had gone on before the teams had been formed and quoted the man Gough who had been missing on Helvellyn for three months in 1805 before the remains were found. This, he thought, had been quite a simple rescue for all they had needed was a sack—and a piece of string to lead back the dog which later was to be immortalised by the poets. In his next story Stanley appeared to get his facts mixed up a little, getting a man called Thompson lost in Piers Ghyll for 28 days in 1900—and something about his leaving a horse at Coniston—confused with Mr. Crump's ordeal for 20 days in the same place in June 1921. Actually it was the late A. R. Thomson, who wrote the first Borrowdale guide, who found the unfortunate Mr. Crump—during the first descent of Piers Ghyll. But it was a good story, nevertheless, and the speaker made his point—that mountain rescue was a rather different business in the old days.

He traced the early days of the Keswick team and said there were now 31 separate rescue organisations in the country. Some of them were among the best of their kind in the world, and yet they cost the mountaineer nothing at all. It behoved all of us to give the teams all our support, and to help them by leaving word of our likely movements.

The reply to the toast was handled with his accustomed expertise by S. H. Cross who before embarking on his stories, dealt quite seriously with the history of the Lake District teams. He paid his tribute to Rusty Westmorland who had formed the Keswick team—although Coniston had been first in the field—and spoke of the introduction of search teams by Dr. F. T. Madge of Kendal in the 1950s. The real beginning of the present efficient service had been in 1960 during the search for Nicholas Hawkins when a panel of experienced mountain rescue personnel had been formed which had proved to be the answer to many problems. He thought they were very fortunate in Lakeland to have the ready support of the Outward Bound Schools and the Brathay Hall Centre which meant that they could often call upon more than 200 searchers, and he praised the members of all teams who were quite prepared to go out, even at night, to search for people lost or injured in the hills.

Thus was concluded, after Syd had got through his stories, a rather unusual Annual Dinner, with the Club going out of its way to express its gratitude to a great service which is perhaps not always sufficiently appreciated by all mountaineers. Far too many people take these rescue teams for granted. Far too few understand that these modest young men give their services, entirely voluntarily and without hope of reward—or sometimes even thanks—because they are the salt of the earth.

A. H. Griffin

LONDON SECTION 1966-67

The 'new look' given to the Section in 1965 has proved to be a magnet in enlarging both its membership and activities of lectures, walks and weekend meets.

In the Ski Club we have a venue for joint lectures which is pleasantly civilised, and well-attended on most occasions by the Rucksack Club, the M.A.M. and ourselves; these provide a stimulus to take one's thoughts further afield during the winter months. Walks have covered much country to all parts of London's compass except the north-east which, perhaps because of a dearth of members there, we seem to shun. The weekend meets have again included the Brecon Beacons; in the unkindest rain south of Seathwaite the greater part of the Ridgeway was literally plodded; and the small but enthusiastic meet at the Salving House at Whitsuntide set a new trend which, one hopes, will begin to link more firmly this outpost with the centre.

Since the last report on the Section, the changes have been capped by social innovations. Some members, surfeited by the consumption of a rapid succession of climbing club dinners at the Connaught Rooms in December each year, decided that this prelude to Christmas might be changed in one case at least. Accordingly it was agreed to have the A.G.M. and a supper party in November and the Annual Dinner in March. The Secretaries prospected and found in Soho a more informal setting. Prayerfully they put their eggs in one basket, and the gatherings held there seem to give pleasure by contrast as well as gastronomically. Bobby and Muriel Files have been happily welcomed as guests to two dinners at the Quo Vadis, and there already thoughts of celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding of the London Section, though where, since the original restaurant is now no more, remains to be determined. In 1970 a great surge of southbound northerners is hoped for to join us on this occasion.

Held to six members, but with the power to co-opt, by the new rules of the Section, the Committee found itself unable to do without Ned Hamilton, so we are seven. Dorothy Lee is the new Meets Secretary with John Dempster to assist in furthering the climbing activities. We lost Alastair Gebbie at the end of his term of office, but his habit of transatlantic commuting brings him into orbit from time to time. He has been ably succeeded as Chairman by Peter Ledeboer whom we all welcome warmly: Keswick and the capital are nearer already.

Dorothy Lee and Ruth Gelber

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Neither in Donald Murray's review of Fell and Rock guide-books in the 1965-66 *Journal*, nor in speeches at the 1965 Fell and Rock Dinner (which I had the good fortune to attend as an official guest, when I could hardly offend my hosts by pointing out the omission!) was it mentioned that but for an accident of history (the occurrence of the First World War, with its consequences of a temporary decline in the fortunes of the Climbers' Club and of the death of our—and your—member Siegfried Herford) the climbing guides to the Lake District would have been published by the Climbers' Club.

May I quote from Geoffrey Young's historical introduction to the 1939 edition of *Lliwedd*: 'I had, further, arranged with the Oxford Press for the series to be extended to the Lakes. Herford undertook the first of these, for Scafell, and it was in the course of the preliminary work for this guide-book—interrupted by the war—that his explorations of the Pinnacle Face were made and the Flake Crack ascended.'

Herford's activities, in which he was accompanied by Sansom, Holland and Gibson (Sansom also being a C.C. member and Holland joining the C.C. later), were recorded in the 1914 Fell and Rock *Journal*; and the descriptions given there were used later by Holland for the first Scafell guide.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN NEILL

(Hon. Guide-book Editor, Climbers' Club)

P.S.—The tables are now turned. Your member and guide-book writer, Harold Drasdo (though also a candidate for C.C. membership) is working for us on a new edition of the Lliwedd guide.

* * *

H. M. Kelly has written recently, enclosing the following extract from a letter written to him in December 1934 by T. L. Kesteven, describing early antics on Pillar Rock:

'Flying Pisgah, Easter 1893 . . . staying at Wasdale with a party which included F. G. Newmarch and H. G. Barker. We were on top of Pisgah and Baxter, who was a very powerful man, suggested that we should sling Newmarch, who was small, straight on to the Pillar Rock across Jordan. Accordingly Barker and I climbed up the Rock from Jordan and threw across a rope. Newmarch was tied in the middle and some others payed (sic) out the rope from Pisgah while we hauled from the other side and brought him safely across.'

H.M.K. also quotes from a letter from A. C. Crowley: 'I taught a St. Bernard bitch to climb the Pillar by the Slab and Notch. She was roped but neither hauled nor held.'

Jim Topping has written of his experiences when wandering alone in Yugoslavia, which in the absence of an Expeditions section this year, I reproduce here:

'To the accepted hazards of solo walking-climbing can be added, in the case of Bosnia-Hercegovina, three others.

First, I had been reported for taking photographs and making notes in the Neretva Gorge, and the police had picked me up in Sarajevo. They were suitably impressed by my Fell and Rock membership card, but suggested that it would have been wiser to travel and climb with a mountaineering group and preferably to have contacted the local Yugoslav climbing association before visiting the district.

With regard to the accusations, I admitted the photography, but denied taking notes. They suggested that I was probably entering my diary. I then produced it, to show that I had entered nothing. It was an engineer's diary, with columns of useful data, tables and calculations, and this, I think, convinced them of my innocence. No self-respecting western spy would be obtuse enough to produce such incriminating evidence at a communist police station. A few other questions followed as to my choice of route for the following week and I was then taken by fast car to the bus station, placed on the Foca bus and left to the tender mercies of the next of the lone climber's hazards—wild animals.

Yes, wild animals. The Foca and Sutjeska National Park area, in the Zellengora-Maglic group, is hunting country, and animals listed include bears, wolves and wild boars: all right, you say, these are met in other outlandish mountain areas and would probably not attack. I suggest however, that to step on a cub or piglet in the thick undergrowth of the forest-covered mountains could lead to dire consequences. Twice I had to lose 1,000 feet of height when I disturbed heavy animals in close proximity to my path—in other words, I just ran—downhill! On the second such occasion the beast roared, loudly, several times.

Only once was I able to reach high ground, at 6,000 feet in the Maglic group, where I found good walking and climbing, and alpine flowers including Gentiana verna and Saponaria.

The third hazard? One could fry on the Hercegovinan karst plateau. This great upland limestone area between the Adriatic and the Bosnian highlands has summer temperatures of 100 degrees plus, in the shade. There is no shade, and the water is underground. Fortunately it was May when I walked in the Mostar area of the plateau.

I finally arrived back in Dubrovnik, a most civilised and extremely beautiful city. I should never have left there in the first place.'

To the Editor of the *Fell and Rock Journal.*

Sir,

Has the modern generation of climbers lost all love and respect for the mountains? The amount of litter under many of our crags is appalling. I find it disgusting to be reminded of the garbage bin every time I approach a rock face.

Significantly, when one considers the relative 'climbing traffic' on such routes, this accumulation of filth seems to be worst under the harder climbs. The aesthetic appeal of, say, *Arcturus* or *Dovedale Groove* is killed when one ropes up below them. This is not to say that the easier crags are clean—the biggest heap I have ever seen is at the changing place below the south-east face of Gimmer.

There is no excuse! Simply everybody must be aware of the litter problem. One can only deduce that these offenders just do not care. But I do! From my pedestal of anonymity I am presenting an ultimatum to my contemporaries. I have decided to clean up the litter from below selected top-class climbs of all grades; if thereafter it reappears, I shall deny these climbs to this generation by painting and filling up the crucial holds with TAR. This will weather off in a decade or so and enable a future, more responsible generation of climbers to enjoy the routes once more in the environment they deserve.

I would be obliged if you would forward this letter to the popular climbing magazines. My name is well known in climbing circles and my health is good; to retain the one I must withhold the other.

I remain,

ANON.

I have forwarded the above to editors of *The Climber*, *Rocksport*, *Mountaineering* and *Mountain Craft*, suggesting that it should be taken seriously, and await the result with interest—ED.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Again we have a number of the *Journal* which covers two years, 1966 and 1967, and again there is an imbalance due to the length of the 'second half'. I have tried to reduce this by various means: the New Climbs section would have been even longer but for the omission of those routes which have already appeared in the new guide-books; Scottish Meets have already been reported in the *Chronicle* so I have not reprinted the accounts here; Paul Nunn has had a disappointing response to his request for information on members' activities abroad, so there is no Climbs and Expeditions section. Moreover, I have failed to prise out of certain members a number of potentially valuable articles on matters of current importance, articles promised but not produced. In spite of this I hope that the *Journal* continues to reflect the wide range of interests within the Club.

Elspeth Smith is relinquishing the job of collecting obituary notices which she has done so efficiently for this edition, for which much thanks; Guy Plint is taking over from her and all correspondence relating to obituaries should now go to him.

These have been years of varied fortune for the Club, but with the balance well on the credit side. As is fitting under another climbing President, Bobby Files, the greatest achievement has been in the guidebook field. John Wilkinson and his enthusiastic team are to be congratulated, not only to their service to the sport in general, but for redeeming the Club's somewhat tarnished image in this respect. The new series will, I feel, be the best yet produced in Britain, not only in format but in style—a lucid compromise, following Drasdo, between Edwards' descriptive prose and the Lakeland 'spotlight'. *Langdale, Scafell* and *Eastern Crags* with supplement appeared in 1967, *Borrowdale, Pillar* and *Dow Crag* are with the printer and will be in the shops by the autumn while *Gable, etc., Buttermere* and a new *Eastern Crags* are well in hand and should be available in 1969. Sales have been even better than expected. The series will more than pay for itself and provide the means to keep each book in print. Those concerned are determined that the recent sorry state of affairs, with most guides out of date or unavailable, will not be repeated.

At the 1967 A.G.M.—the most outspoken for years—it was decided to raise both membership and hut fees. The former was seen to be inevitable against the background of general inflation and the increasing administrative costs of a large club with wide commitments. There have been some consequent resignations, so that membership is now comfortably below the ceiling of 1,000. The latter was opposed, particularly the increase in overnight rate for members of kindred clubs, but the need to provide a contingency fund to deal with major property repairs was generally accepted. A move to refer the matter to the Prices and Incomes Board failed!

The Club, through the Committee and particularly the President,

has fought a number of battles. Our opposition to an unacceptable clause in the Countryside Bill, in concert with that of many other interested bodies, was successful. The clause would have enabled large tracts of country to be designated Sites of Special Scientific Interest and thus become 'excepted land', excepted, that is, from the provisions of the 1949 Access Bill and hence closed to access. As a geologist I am in favour of preserving, for example, critical quarry exposures from indiscriminate rubbish tipping, or of discouraging casual visitors from damaging a valuable botanical or zoological site, and there may be grounds for limiting access to selected localities. But the designation of the whole of the Skiddaw-Saddleback tract as an S.S.S.I. seems a strange judgment of values. Committee members wrote to their M.P.s and the offending clause was dropped at a committee stage. The President's eagle eye also noted the Loch Coruisk road construction, but here we were too late. The Inverness County Council had given the Army permission to build this unnecessary road and path without reference to the Scottish clubs, rescue organisations or other bodies. In the event the Bad Step was not blasted, as had been feared, but as yet no mechanism has emerged for adequate consultation on such matters.

The Club continues to keep an eye on developments in the Lake District. In this context some of the statistics given in Kim Meldrum's article are disturbing. The fact that there are three times as many day and half-day visitors as week-enders in the Lakes on a typical summer Sunday, and that only a minute proportion of these leave their cars and walk a little, shows all too clearly how a National Park can be misused. Aimless driving seems to be as great a threat to our countryside as misguided development, litter or other well-known evils. The closing of valleys to vehicular traffic is a current suggestion—and though not yet a serious possibility has brought a storm of protest from interested parties—but the only long term solution lies in education.

Returning to domestic matters, 'staff' changes have included the posts of Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer and Dinner Secretary. Only the retiring officers themselves know the full extent of their labours on the Club's behalf. I hope that it will not be considered out of place to mention in particular John Kendrick's efforts to restore Club finances to order and stability, now successfully concluded. One wishes the new incumbents well, particularly Bill Hargreaves who suffered injury in a motor accident shortly after taking over as Treasurer.

During the period Lyna Pickering, Dick Plint and Geoffrey Stevens were elected with acclaim to Honorary Membership, in recognition of their great services to the Club in various fields. Paul Nunn, the Club's nominee, has been invited to join the German-British Alpine Tour this year.

The new Library arrangements, organised by Muriel Files, have

proved highly successful. There is now a separate room to house our collection in the library of Lancaster University and, as reported elsewhere, there have been gifts of books from the University and also from several members. Another most valuable gift is that of all the surviving Abraham negatives, given by Geoffrey Abraham on his retirement from business, to whom the Club is greatly indebted. It is intended in due course to make prints available to members.

The outbreak of foot and mouth disease last winter impinged seriously on Club life. There was wholehearted response to this threat for it was readily appreciated what appalling results would have ensued had the disease infected the fell sheep. Meets were cancelled and the huts closed for many weeks early in the year. Hut income suffered considerably and recovery afterwards seemed slow. The Club's responsible attitude, and that of most walkers and climbers, can only be to our benefit in the long term.

Apart from during this period, meets have been well attended and there has been great activity on the fells and rocks. As usual, groups with different interests have tended to operate independently, but the general level of activity seems to have been higher than usual, which bodes well for the future health of the Club. We must, however, continue to attract young and active people, whatever their interest in the Lake District hills. The Club as a whole sometimes seems to find it difficult to accept that rock climbing is central to the craft of mountaineering, and that the young climber, narrowly-motivated though he may be at first, is the life-blood of the Club. Many have even made pretty useful hut wardens!

It remains for me to thank all those who have contributed to, and helped in the production of the *Journal*, particularly Wallace Greenhalgh and the indefatigable Files team who took over during my absence at a critical period. The largest single task has been the preparation of the index to Vol. XX undertaken, to my great relief, by Muriel Files.

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T. PRICE
D. R. WAGSTAFF

MEETS, 1966-67

	Date	*Leader*	*Venue*
	Jan. 29–30	Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kendrick	Beetham Cottage
	Feb. 12–13	D. K. Jones	Glan Dena
M	Feb. 26–27	G. Dyke	Brackenclose
C	March 19–20	T. Price	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
	April 8–11	Mr. and Mrs. R. Bishop	Birkness
	April 23–24	G. Barker and H. H. Vaughan	Raw Head (joint meet with M.A.M.)
M	May 7–8	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
	May 13–23	J. B. Meldrum and R. G. Plint	Inchnadamph Hotel
	May 28–30	Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Thompson	Milehouse, Kincraig
	June 3–13	A. B. Hargreaves	Linnane, Connemara
M	June 11–12	H. Baxter	Raw Head
	June 18–19	N. J. Soper	Beetham Cottage
C	July 2–3	Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 16–17	H. H. B. Berrie	Salving House
	Aug. 27–29	G. Barker and J. Brown (M.A.M.)	Glan Dena (joint meet with M.A.M.)
C	Sept. 17–18	H. Ironfield and Mrs. M. Files	Wastwater Hotel
M	Oct. 1–2	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
	Oct. 29–30	A.G.M. and Dinner	
C	Nov. 19–20	J. C. Lagoe	Birkness
	Dec. 31–Jan. 1	The President	Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel
C	Jan. 28–29	F. Alcock and R. Brotherton	The Mill Inn, Mungrisedale
	Feb. 11–12	J. Street	Glan Dena (joint meet with M.A.M.)
M	Feb. 25–26	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
C	March 11–12	O. Geere	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
	March 24–27	G. Hall	Brackenclose
	April 15–16	Mr. and Mrs. L. Sutcliffe	Birkness
M	May 6–7	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
	May 12–22	R. Shaw and H. Vaughan	Stage House Inn, Glenfinnan
	May 27–29	Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Thompson	Muir of Inverey
		P. Ledeboer	Salving House
M	June 10–11	T. Meredith	Raw Head
	June 17–18	J. A. Austin and N. J. Soper	Raw Head
C	July 1–2	Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 15–16	H. H. B. Berrie	Salving House
C	Sept. 16–17	Mrs. M. Files and J. Carswell	Wastwater Hotel
	Sept. 30–Oct. 1	G. Oliver	Beetham Cottage
	Oct. 28–29	A.G.M. and Dinner	
M	Nov. 4–5	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
	Dec. 30–Jan. 1	The President	Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel

C — Committee Meeting

M — Maintenance Meet