



JOHN WILKINSON (President 1970-1972)

THE
FELL AND ROCK
JOURNAL



Edited by
G. DYKE

No. 62
VOLUME XXI
(No. III)

Published by
THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
1970

CONTENTS

	PAGE
An Ice Gully on Grassmoor	<i>J. A. Austin</i> 219
Cima Di Castello	<i>Ian Roper</i> 224
The Frightful Fifty-Second	<i>Frank Alcock</i> 229
Home of the Giants	<i>Jim Duff</i> 233
Leader's Eye View	<i>Ian Roper</i> 238
Long Johns on the Equator	<i>Eric Arnison</i> 242
The Tiger and the Dodo	<i>Brian Davidson</i> 245
Perhaps Not	<i>Anonymous</i> 247
Big Head	<i>W. A. Barnes and A. D. Elliott</i> 251
A Mountaineer's Prayer	<i>Ian H. Bowman</i> 255
An Embarrassment	<i>George Watkins</i> 255
On Receiving Munro's Tables from a Friend	<i>Ian H. Bowman</i> 256
On Mountain Musing Munrovian	<i>Frank Alcock</i> 256
Mountains	<i>Harold Adam</i> 257
New Climbs and Notes	<i>Ian Roper</i> 258
In Memoriam	272
London Section	279
Editor's Notes	281
Library	283
Reviews	285
Officers of the Club	309
Meets 1970	310

Editor

GORDON DYKE
BIRKLANDS
HIGH HESKET
SOUTHWAITE
CARLISLE

Advertising and Distribution

DAVID ROBERTS
139 WESTGARTH
WHORLTON GRANGE
WESTERHOPE
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 5.

Library and Reviews

Mrs. MURIEL FILES
FIR TREE COTTAGE
21 PROSPECT DRIVE
HEST BANK
LANCASTER

New Climbs

I. ROPER
77 HAWORTH ROAD
GORTON
MANCHESTER 18.

Obituary Notices

A. M. DOBSON
POUT HOWE
KENTMERE
KENDAL
WESTMORLAND

Exchange Journals

Please send these to the Librarian, Mrs. M. Files.

F.R.C.C. Journals

For copies of this number please apply to the Assistant Editor,
David Roberts.

For back numbers please apply to the Librarian, Mrs. M. Files.

AN ICE GULLY ON GRASSMOOR

J. A. Austin

In spite of blandishments from the editor, I have decided that my companion on this climb, Dxyxd Rxbxrts must remain anonymous, and so throughout this article I have referred to him solely as Dave. It all started when Dave wandered into Birkness Cottage one evening and mentioned his 'secret' winter crag. Mention a secret crag and I'm hooked and the following morning saw us gearing up below the looming mass of Grassmoor.

His lip curled as he fished my heavy antiquated old crampons out of the sack. 'What do you think these are?' he sneered, throwing them back into the car. 'These'll be no good today.' I looked up at the lowering grey sky. The wind was whistling down the valley bringing with it a few flurries of sleet. The tops were well plastered, white and glistening—but he was the boss. I was soon labouring and wheezing up the long rising that leads to Coledale Hause, straggling a bit and going slow, well behind Dave. He was considerate though, at intervals I was allowed to catch up for a few well chosen words of encouragement. 'These new brecks of mine must be as good as any you can buy.' I looked at the water standing in drops on the surface of his trousers. He shook them and they were indeed dry. My own were less well constructed, already the cold clammy feel of melted snow was striking through. As we got higher the temperature dropped, the snow became harder, thank goodness the going became easier. My brecks froze, it was going to be one of those days.

The crag was in magnificent condition. A gully on the right showed several 20/25-foot pitches of shimmering green ice. The gully on the left was awe-inspiring. A great pillar of green glistening ice swept down into a little hollow before debouching over a double sized Kneewrecker, dark and mysterious and liberally coated in black ice. In between these two soared three or four hundred feet of ice-coated buttress, fantastically broken and fretsawed—but always steep—and glistening white under a fresh coating of powder snow. It was a splendid spot to pause and admire the scenery, to sit and eat sandwiches.

I had forgotten mine, but Dave very generously gave me a

couple of cream biscuits. I lay back and relaxed. And then came the shock. He was sorting out his gear; I was horror struck. In a flash the glittering attractiveness of the place changed. The dark lowering crags closed in, the gully seemed to loom over us. 'We can't climb here,' I felt desperate, 'We've no gear.' There was a pause. 'You've not forgotten them?' he asked, buckling on a pair of Grivels. His tone expressed surprise. 'But you told me that I wouldn't need them.' I was feeling frightened now. His face was bland and smiling, 'Did I,' he replied, 'You must have misunderstood, a pity, never mind you'll manage.' And off he went plodding up slowly and steadily into the bottom of the right-hand gully. I slithered and slipped and by dint of cutting a few steps managed to reach him on his belay at the foot of the gully proper. 'You might as well start,' he said, passing me the sharp end. 'The snow looks a bit powdery, so your lack of crampons won't matter'.

The way lay up a narrow shelving gangway slanting up right, into the bed of the gully. It was undercut and overhanging. Dave was right about one thing though, my lack of crampons would be no hindrance, the snow had the consistency of sugar. I addressed myself to a little wall in an attempt to reach the gangway; everything sloped. First I tried cleaning the snow off; a constant trickle of the stuff quickly filled any holds I had managed to clear. My gloves refused to freeze on either. Dave sat impassive in the corner while I pawed the rock and tried to kid him I was climbing. Then on one of my brief returns to the stance it collapsed, I couldn't even relax anymore. Willynilly I was forced back onto the wall. A mantelshelf seemed to be the answer. A handy little shelf a couple of inches wide and a hand's width long lay in the outer edge of the gangway. It sloped a bit but I reckoned it would go. There was bound to be something up there under all that snow. So there I was, balanced on one insecurely placed hand and frantically scraping away at a few square feet of white sugar. Suddenly persistence reaped its reward, in the shape of a hold. I would be guilty of exaggeration if I described it as a jug, indeed it was obviously too small to use with gloves on. The remedy came to me in a flash. A second or two later, the offending glove gripped firmly between my teeth, I was pulling gingerly on a small side hold in a half mantelshelf position. I had cracked it. The situation was once more under control.

But not only was the rock around here holdless, shelving, and covered with snow, it was also brittle. With a tiny muffled crack the side hold came adrift. There was a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach, as pivoting delicately on one hand, I slowly swung round and outward from the rock towards Dave. I was horror struck. He should have been up here. But nothing earthshaking happened—at least nothing that was visible from the outside—and slowly I swung back until, throwing technique out of the window, I lurched up and got a knee on, followed, with much creaking and panting, by a foot. ‘That was rather fine,’ it was the demon from the corner. ‘You’ve developed a very effective technique with soft snow.’ I opened my mouth to reply. ‘And don’t bother coming back for your glove,’ he continued, ‘I’ll bring it up.’ My glove came to rest a few feet below Dave after falling from my nerveless jaws. He’s a good chap is Dave. He immediately grasped the essentials of the situation, saving me the trouble like that of going down for it. My powder gangway was not too bad. Dave explained it to me later. If I had stayed on my feet and used some undercuts under the overhang instead of getting down onto my knees, I wouldn’t have made that slip and frightened myself so. Anyway there I was in the gully relaxing a bit and feeling very self-satisfied. A narrow ribbon of hard snow disappeared upwards. It was just the right angle, shallow enough to ensure that when I stopped I would need an axe to lean on and yet steep enough to need step kicking if I was to get up. I could see in the distance a small cave below a frozen waterfall where my friendly ribbon of snow lost itself. ‘Yes!’ I thought and leaned back on my axe and squinted up, ‘a delectable little pitch’. A few moments of lightning calculations had already reassured me. The rope would run out just below the pitch and force me to belay in the cave. ‘Yes’, I thought again, ‘Dave will enjoy that.’ The cave was excellent, as ice caves go. It would have made an excellent belay for a hunchbacked dwarf, which at that moment I was trying to emulate. With my shoulders pressed hard against the roof, rear end wedged in some icicles in the back and my legs splayed out on the sloping (snow) floor of the cave, I was vainly trying to ‘take a firm stance’ as the oldsters put it. With much panting and groaning, Dave had managed to raise the 12 points of his crampons about 12 inches above my head, which was sticking out of the cave, much like a tortoise’s head sticks out of its shell. The heavy breathing

and shuffling did not stop and it seemed to me that Dave was in imminent danger of losing his hard earned height, and I my head. 'How about moving your crampons over there, onto the side walls,' I advised, staring up at the 24 points of steel like a hypnotised rabbit; 'You'll probably come into balance then.' 'No good', was his clipped reply, 'It's straight up here or not at all, oops, sorry!' he exclaimed as his crampons settled an inch or two, 'It would be better if you would put your head back in the cave.' The great dollop of snow he'd dropped filled my ears and trickled down my neck. With a muttered curse I pulled up my hood which during an incautious moment, I had pulled down in order to try and see up the gully. I had forgotten of course that the hood was full. My proverbial cup was full—and it was bitter. I sank back into my own thoughts, I dreamt of warm dry rocks on Gimmer, of lazy days by some sun-drenched upland tarn, of Dave dangling on the end of my rope. I watched a red weasel running up the side of the gully, its incredible dexterity making a mockery of all our clumsy efforts. There was a pull on my waist, he was there and impatiently tugging on the rope. It was my turn. The pitch was no longer attractive, it looked damnably steep. Still where Dave could pass, so could I. I got myself propped across the shallow chimney, one shoulder wedged in the inside, the other hand groping over the top of the bulge. There didn't seem to be anything that could be any use to me. I swallowed my pride and shouted up for instructions. 'I don't suppose you have an ice dagger down there have you?' His question neither demanded nor received an answer. 'Pity', he went on, 'You'll just have to mantelshelf on your axe.' Mantelshelf on my axe? Who did he think I was, Houdini? I was ridiculously ill-equipped for such a manoeuvre.

I am referring of course to the very heavy sack which every moment seemed to get weightier, to say nothing of the very maximum of pullovers it was possible to pack under an anorak. No, it would have to be some other way. It would have to be a direct no-nonsense rush, so with a shout of, 'take in', I launched out. It wasn't as bad as I had expected, not quite, and by dint of much threshing about, scraping of feet and calls for Dave to take in the slack, I eventually vanquished the bulge and stood four-square in the gully above. The gully eased off a bit, or at least the bit I could see did. Perhaps I could even enjoy it, anyway I had done my bit with the first pitch. The crampon king could now lead. 'It

doesn't look too bad,' he observed as I arrived, 'We might as well lead through.' I got a verglassed slab, a stance in an avalanche funnel, a massive overhang in my earhole (dislodged by Dave) and the honour of finishing—first—a hundred foot crawl over frozen shale to get out. He got two beautiful little pitches on hard ice, and of course he'd led the crux.

The summit was a great convex mirror of ice, gently sloping away at the edges and glittering and shining with the bitter cold light that comes with late afternoon sun in January. Down below, almost hidden in the gloom of the valley bottom, it was possible to pick out the Lake. While all around rose other summits hard and white, some twinkling and glittering and others already disappearing in the dull bitter cold of night. It was magnificent, it was time to go.

Dave was already moving off, a broad compact figure from the back, he moved with certainty and precision, his feet crunching as his crampons bit into the ice. I turned to follow. 'I don't think glissading a good thing just here,' he remarked, as I bowled past arms and legs waving and spinning like a top on my behind. There was a thoughtful silence whilst he fielded me from some boulders and then, 'I think you'd better go in front,' he announced, 'It'll be safer that way.'

CIMA DI CASTELLO— SOUTH PILLAR

I. Roper

Few people have heard of the Cima di Castello, yet it is the highest mountain in the Bregaglia, and its South Face is one of the most intimidating in the area. Our discovery of this fine mountain was purely accidental. Nigel, while planning his 1967 alpine season, had glanced through the 1935 guide to the Bregaglia and was astounded to find a picture of the South Face. At the time the guide was written there was only one route on the face, and this was in the nature of a flanking attack on the left. What did impress Nigel were the two Pillars which were the main features on the face. He decided to have a look, and in 1967 he discovered the Allievi Cirque, which is probably one of the least frequented valleys in the whole of the Bregaglia. Nigel returned discouraged. The right-hand pillar had been climbed some 10 years previously, but had never been repeated. The left-hand pillar had looked manifestly impossible, ledges on the photograph in the Bonacossa guide had turned out to be overhangs, and the only feasible looking line was broken at several points by blank sections or roofs. In 1968 I went with him to make a closer examination, but bad weather precluded anything more than the taking of photographs. However, we came to the conclusion that the pillar could be climbed, given reasonable weather and an average amount of luck.

So to summer 1969. Under enormous sacks we toiled over the Zocca Pass to the Allievi hut, where Hugo, the guardian, greeted us with the news that Spechenhauser, the local expert, had made the second ascent of the right-hand pillar some weeks previously. Spechenhauser was an avid new-route man, and he must have seen the left-hand pillar. This was obviously our last chance. Fortunately the weather was kind and after a training route on the Punta Allievi, we elected to go straight on to the Castello after a rest day.

Of course, I needed a peg to leave the glacier. The initial dièdre proved harder and steeper than it had looked from a distance. Comfortably graded as a pleasant IV inf. from the safety of the moraine, it turned out to be a stiff V sup. with a loose finish. This set the pattern for the whole route. Each pitch looked deceptively easy until one was at grips with it.

The dièdre landed us at the start of a long, gently rising traverse across the lower part of the pillar. The upper part of the pillar was split by a crack-line which ended at a roof a third of the way up. Below the roof was a mass of bulges, through which it seemed no way could be pierced without the use of a lot of pegs, a time consuming business which it seemed better to avoid. Fortunately the bulges were cut by the traverse-line mentioned above. The traverse is a geological fault between the gneiss of the lower bulges and the fine granite of the upper part of the pillar.

Nigel led the first pitch of the traverse which involved the use of two pegs and a rope move. The situations were already beginning to get exposed as we slanted out through the bulges. The next section provided exciting work using slings on blunt spikes and large angles thumped hopefully into the rotten interior of the fault-line. It was at the end of this pitch that I realised that we couldn't abseil off. The traverse would have to be reversed—an appalling thought. I remembered Hinterstoisser and blanched beneath my sun tan.

Another short artificial pitch took us onto the granite where free climbing could be resumed. The big roof was still nowhere in sight, and we had already been climbing for four hours when we stopped and had lunch in a shady niche. A complicated and exciting pitch led from the niche up a diagonal crack which required two pegs and a sling for aid. This ended in a shallow niche surrounded by several wet bulges. It took us some time to realise that the water was coming from the outfall from the hanging couloir which separated the two pillars. We were nearer the roof than I had dared hope. The bulges yielded to the use of a fat angle and a strenuous heave landed one on a slab, below the roof, which led to a series of large ledges, the presence of which we had never suspected.

A strenuous diagonal crack and a narrow gangway led up to the roof, which proved very similar to Dwm, though on a rather bigger scale. The groove move still needed pegs and was awkward and constricted. After 30 feet in the groove I was so short of pegs I belayed on a good foothold. Nigel came up rapidly, having to leave a couple of bongs in the roof, and led on up the innocuous looking groove above. This, however, was anything but innocuous and required several pegs until the crack widened to a short overhanging chimney. Here Nigel waged an ineffectual struggle for several minutes, but even after removing his sack he failed to make any progress,

so he swung round the arête using a bugaboo, which I later removed one-handed, and climbed an elegant slab to regain the chimney where the angle ceased.

The roof and the pitch above it had consumed much time, and we began to think of bivouac sites. Unfortunately there were few. There were even fewer with water. The central couloir gurgled merrily about 150 feet away, torturing us with the music of its cool waters. Above, the chimney steepened into an overhanging groove. It seemed that there might be a small cave at the foot of the groove, and anyway, there was nothing else. It would have to do. The pitch up to the cave was hard and not without its share of doubtful rock. For some reason the rock here would not take pegs and I arrived at the cave with one runner on a spike which Nigel later broke off.

The cave proved a bitter disappointment. It was no more than a deepening in the chimney which at this point was about 18 inches wide. The only alternative was to abseil 200 feet to the ledge below the roof, in the gloom, and from dubious belays. We elected to stay in the cave. Getting organised in such confines would have provided our friends with much amusement. However, the situation was so serious we found it anything but funny. It took me half an hour to get my duvet on, and a similar time to loosen my boots and get my gloves on. Nigel, sitting on my feet, had similar difficulties, but he did manage to get his Long Johns on, a remarkable feat in the circumstances.

After what seemed an eternity of standing up, I decided to try to obtain a more comfortable position. By removing my crash helmet I found I was able to wriggle into the depths of the cave until only my legs were unsupported. This was remedied by the use of a couple of slings. Changing position, to relieve the agonising cramp which was a natural result of trying to sleep in such a place, was chaotic, as first I had to alert Nigel that my feet would drop into the vicinity of his head. Of course sitting up to get food was a similar process, so I didn't eat much, and gave up trying to eat altogether when I lost half a tin of sardines inside my duvet. For compensation the view was absolutely marvellous, with Monte Disgrazia forming an impressive background lit by startling lightning flashes. As dawn approached wraiths of mist swept up the Rasica Glacier and over the Col Loreni.

Eventually it became light enough to move. Circulation was restored to cramped limbs, rucksacks repacked and the epics

of donning duvets and cagoules reversed. All this took time, and when I was ready to start climbing the sun was already well above the horizon.

The groove above the cave overhung considerably and required four pegs till it opened out into a smooth vertical V chimney with a crack in the back too wide for either fists or our largest bongos. This provided me with a pitch unique in my experience for its strenuous character. Several times I felt I couldn't go on, but the protection was so bad I didn't dare fall off, and the prospect of reversing such a pitch was, to say the least, unrealistic. The last 70 feet were easier and led up to a large ledge on the crest of the pillar. Nigel, very ill from lack of water, climbed the rope. The sacks of course jammed on a roof (this was the only time we sack-hauled on the whole route).

Above, things looked a little easier, and although this was not so, at least we had a choice of line, the first time on the whole route. The pitch still had some grade VI, and involved a wide exposed and strenuous crack. This led to another ledge on the crest, from which it seemed just possible to descend to the snow patch in the central couloir. The last of our water had gone, and it seemed essential to try. Nigel was thirstier than I, so he volunteered to go down. Fortunately the descent proved easier than we anticipated, and soon he was back with his precious load of ice-cold water. Having quenched our raging thirsts, we both were able to eat again, and duly set about attacking our remaining sardine tins in great humour. The mirth quickly dissipated as first one key then another broke under the strain. However, the tins did not resist for long and soon we were on our way again. The standard definitely dropped for about 400 feet being of mainly short, but strenuous cracks between huge blocks. There were some moves of V, but this proved to be the least sustained section of the pillar. The easy ground took us to the foot of the final tower, a rather sinister object littered with overhangs, and smooth-looking grooves.

All the grooves looked much the same, so, selecting the nearest, I quickly jammed up it to the inevitable overhang, using a couple of pegs to pass a loose flake. At the overhang it seemed necessary to swing round the corner into another groove, although I couldn't see much of it. I duly swung and landed on a loose flake which groaned protestingly under my weight. More overhangs loomed above, so I belayed on the

first available ledge, as by now the ropes were dragging alarmingly.

I was pleased to find my companion found the pitch hard even with a sling to go for after the swing. He then led through over more bulges. I could see nothing from the stance, and more and more rope ran out without a word of explanation from above. Eventually the rope went tight at my waist and I started the pitch. The bulges proved strenuous, even with a couple of slings for aid. A step round a pinnacle followed. I expected to be confronted by more steep rock, but instead I nearly stepped off the horizontal crest which linked the top of the pillar to the main summit. Nigel was already at the top, looking as pleased as I felt.

Summary

Route: Cima di Castello—South Pillar.

Length: 2,000 feet.

Grade: E.D.

Climbing time: 22½ hours.

First ascent: I. Roper and N. A. J. Rogers.

THE FRIGHTFUL FIFTY-SECOND

F. Alcock

In common with most of the well-established climbing clubs, the Fell and Rock possesses a useful hut or two, strategically situated amid the hills, where members and friends can rough it in comfort for week-ends or longer holidays, without having too much of a slog to reach their crags or mountain tops. Each hut has its Warden—a functionary whose duty it is to keep an eagle eye on the hut and all that therein is—its goods, chattels, members, guests—the lot. A kind of C.S.M. cum C.Q.M.S., unpaid.

Now, by and large and on 51 weeks out of the 52, these Hut Wardens are extremely likeable chaps, exercising a benign authority over their domain and generally beloved by all law-abiding hut users. Mind you, if you happen to be one of those unspeakable yahoos who, for example, stub out their dog-ends on the carpet or spit in the fire and miss, you've only yourself to blame if the eagle eye referred to above turns somewhat jaundiced. My own conscience is clear—I smoke a pipe and I never miss. In fact I would go so far as to say that I palter not with the truth when I assure you that there is no member of this Club more universally respected. I can always be relied upon to do my utmost for . . . eh? The 52nd? What 52nd? Oh, you mean the 52nd week-end when Wardens are not extremely likeable chaps exercising a benign authority and not generally beloved? Ah yes! Well, you see, on a given week-end each year the Hut Wardens hold what they call a Maintenance Meet which all hut users are urged to attend, the object being to give the old homestead a thorough spring-cleaning and to carry out necessary repairs to the fabric. 'And a very laudable object too,' I hear some members murmuring into their tankards. They've obviously never been to one of these fearful affairs. 'Many hands make light work,' croons the Warden obsequiously when extracting from you your solemn promise to be among those present. 'All one big happy family,' he assures you gaily when the extraction is completed. Dreadful liars, these Wardens. Let me tell you the dreadful tale of one of these orgies.

Having feebly succumbed to the oily blandishments of a certain Warden, I found myself scheduled to put in an

appearance at a well-known and, for 51 out of 52 week-ends, a well loved Lakeland hut. Engineer, Toothwright, Secretary, Chorister, Geologist, Rector and Curate, good climbing companions and fellow members, were also likely candidates for hut-scrubbing and Bob had deserted his Scottish fastnesses to spend a week in Cumberland with me. It was with blithe anticipation therefore that I awaited the approaching Day of Maintenance. 'All one big happy family,' was about right, it seemed to me, just as the Warden had said. Some days prior to the jamboree under review, things began to happen. Nasty, unpleasant things. Toothwright and Secretary found themselves strategically tied up with domestic affairs: Geologist was living in the Midlands and made the paltry excuse that the journey would be too long and too expensive. Rector and Curate cunningly contrived to organise a funeral apiece, and Chorister craftily got himself booked to perpetrate some beastly solo somewhere. This left Engineer and Bob as the only remaining candidates upon whom I could reasonably foist any unseemly job that the Warden, in his infinite guile, might shove onto me. I was thinking in particular of that nauseating business of emptying the grease trap which had come my way the year before, when not previously having met the Warden on the lethal 52nd week-end, I presumed upon my erstwhile friendship by flippantly requesting of him a nice quiet occupation requiring no brains and the minimum of brawn. Even yet I show signs of distress and am inclined to break out into a clammy sweat when I recall the leer with which he handed me an odd-looking kind of metal scoop on the end of a yard-long handle and led me gently in the direction of a very grubby manhole cover dingily situated at the rear of the hut. Over the ensuing harrowing hour, I shall draw a decent veil. Suffice it to say that for the rest of that malodorous meet there was a great gulf fixed 'twixt me and my fellow workers.

Still, reverting to this latter occasion, perhaps all was not yet lost. Bob and Engineer were a couple of healthy, willing lads, for whom stinking manholes should hold no great terrors. I said as much to Bob as we sat at home waiting for Engineer, but he maintained a dour Scottish silence and continued greasing his climbing boots with the air of a man mentally counting up to ten in lieu of saying something a bit blistering. Shortly afterwards a car drew up noisily outside, the front door crashed open shuddering upon its tortured

hinges, and a well-known voice brayed an uncouth greeting. Engineer had arrived with the transport. Purposefully, I loaded my kit aboard and came back into the house to find the other two pouring over a map, in earnest converse on the subject of where to climb. Peevishly I reminded them that we were due to report at a hut for a stint of hard graft and were already running late. They looked at each other and then at me, seemingly nonplussed. 'We?' enquired Engineer truculently. 'We? dammit, I've already done my whack at more than one ruddy hut this year, and even you can't be such a stinker as to expect poor old Bob here, not even a member of our blithering Club, to waste a precious day of his holiday helping to repair a hut he hasn't even had the pleasure of damaging.'

Well, such fathead clichés as 'One big, happy family' and 'Many hands make light work' may sound like rallying trumpet calls when uttered in dulcet tones by importuning Hut Wardens, but they get you absolutely nowhere as persuaders against such dedicated non-starters as these two were turning out to be. With my last two rays of hope so finally extinguished I was rapidly going under for the third time in a veritable ocean of self-pity. There was, I confess, some logic in Engineer's caustic comments. The blighter really had done more than his fair share. He'd been a Hut Warden himself for 10 years, poor devil. And it was a bit thick I suppose, expecting a non-member to . . . My penitent musings were suddenly cut short. I had been vouchsafed a brainwave. 'Righto. Fair enough,' I conceded, nonchalantly leaning over the outspread map. 'We'll scrub the Maintenance Meet. Where shall we climb?' Engineer was horrified, which was just what I expected him to be. 'Look mate,' he squawked in righteous indignation and jerking an outraged thumb in Bob's direction, 'We're going climbing.' Then, poking a forceful forefinger into my ribs, 'And you are going cleaning.' Here I played my trump card with what I hoped sounded like profound regret. 'I would if I could, you know that old friend,' quoth I, 'but you see, I can't.'

'CAN'T? Wotcher mean, CAN'T?' roared the two of them more or less in unison but in different keys. 'Because,' I continued smoothly but with a triumphant undertone creeping in, 'I have no transport. You two will be using the car for your own jaunt and, dash it all, I can't tramp 20 miles to the dratted hut and then do a day's work, now, can I? So come on

and stop messing about. Where shall we climb?'

I turned back to the map and sensed rather than saw my companions exchange glances. No more rude remarks came my way. They accepted the situation without further demur. Well, after all, it was far too nice a day for scratching about in a mucky hut. Not that I begrudged doing my bit of course, but if through no fault of my own I couldn't get to the hut why waste the day in hopeless recrimination?

Lightheartedly the three of us piled into Engineer's car. My friends, obviously understanding my dilemma and accepting my inability to get to the Meet, brightened up considerably. Gone was their former truculence and, if anything, they were even lighter of heart than I was myself. A cheery half-hour was passed in mutual badinage as the car scudded along the Cumbrian by-roads, until, suddenly noticing the general direction in which we were scudding, I found myself afflicted by a vague unease, which became less vague and more uneasy as a mile or two more were left behind.

'Hey,' I quavered at last, turning to my smirking fellow-travellers, 'where exactly are we making for?' As one man they gave me the name of a delectable dale—a dale with but one serious drawback—a dale, dammit, with a hut at its foot where a Maintenance Meet was even now being held.

As we drew up outside that confounded hut I was rendered practically inarticulate with utter disgust at the foul treachery and downright duplicity of my so-called friends. However, they waved cheerily as, having donned boots, they sped off up the valley towards the sunlit, beckoning hills. For a few sandbagged seconds I stood there pondering on the depths to which man's inhumanity to man can sink, and in those few seconds all was lost. Pulling myself together I made as if to follow the traitors. Too late. Far too late. The familiar figure of a 52nd Week-End Warden came inexorably toward me, arms wide in joyful welcome. In his right hand he clutched an odd-looking kind of metal scoop on the end of a yard-long handle. The yard-long handle was pointing my way. Resignedly I took the proffered implement and moodily waved away further offers of help from the Warden. I knew exactly where to find a very grubby manhole cover dingily situated at the rear of the hut.

HOME OF THE GIANTS

Jim Duff

After two weeks we are still debating whether the name Jotunheimen, home of the giants, refers to the clouds or the puddles. Two solid weeks of foul weather have reduced us to staying in bed until mid-day, and mouse-hunting. The amount of venom which four climbers can generate for twenty or so mice, with whom they have shared the floor for a fortnight, has to be seen to be believed.

At this moment, John, seated on an old log in the middle of the room, is drawing a head on a Norwegian mouse using the poker for ammunition. Wham! A severely shaken mouse heads for home, whilst Garth silently nurses his bruised ribs and hands back the poker. They are looking at me again. I'm sure they imagine it's my head on the floor when they let fly, lying as I am on the only bed and mattress in our log cabin. I can't really blame them, I didn't have to share the floor with them all and can stick it in bed until four or even five o'clock.

Perhaps when I enticed my joint companions back in Liverpool, with slides and tales of unclimbed rock to be had in Jotunheimen, I should have warned them that we had spent a month tent-bound on the previous occasion. Then the locals had said it was the worst weather for 50 years. It's funny that they are saying it again this year.

Bill and Dave have almost finished cooking, and so the beverage is a good excuse to 'wake up'. This ruse is wearing a bit thin judging by the reception I receive as I hop across to the table in my sleeping bag. Next week perhaps, if I cook a meal, they will forget for a while and then they will not mind so much. We all sit gazing over the five o'clock stew at the lashing rain that even Seathwaite would be proud of. A week ago we might have enthused over our luck in not having to camp, but now we are all too apathetic. No point in going up because the cloudbase is a thousand feet below. Even though the Turtagrø hotelier has generously put a roof over our heads, his beer prices are sky-high, so there is no way out there.

Down we go on the twice weekly shopping trip to Fortun, 3,000 feet below. Dripping vegetation and great wreaths of mist encircle improbable steep valley walls which career by as

the unladen landrover makes its way down the 27 hairpins to the valley. The wild village social life is still here: a group of kids chanting Bawbee Charlton and hurling pebbles and the same two jam-hands leaning against the store.

The main items on the shopping list are bread, milk and cheese because we brought more than a hundred cans of meat with us to chisel down the cost. Two varieties are available, an 'A' stew and a 'B' stew, going by price. This freedom of choice throws great strain on the chefs and they have capitulated completely.

Garth silently wrestles our 15-year-old landrover back up the bends, when to our amazement, Storen, the highest peak in Hurrungane, juts out of the clouds—a sugar-cake mountain in the evening sun. By the time we are back, the clouds are fast disappearing and a gentle steam rises from the miles of undulating reindeer moss. Pulling on highly-polished boots and cramming duvets and bags into the sacks, we rush off into the evening to go up to Bandet Col. Even though we have carried food and equipment up previously and are travelling light, the pace is far too hot and an hour later we have slowed down and can now admire the scene. Blood-tipped fangs and blue-cold glacier lakes stand out in the crystal air as, far away over Jostedalsbraen ice-cap the sun dips to an icy grave. By the time we reach the glacier it is frozen up and 'jun' is had (if 'jun' describes the ludicrous, crablike progress of those who have left their crampons on the col) before we gain the hut. Luckily Garth has a pair and a bit of wheedling persuades him to share with me; we clomp up together, arms around each others shoulders, like a pair of long lost pals at an army reunion. The Bandet Hut, rechristened Bandit's Hut, was built in 1896, and though lined with wood in 1962, it is small and damp, but tonight a brew and candles transform it into heaven.

Phlegmatically, Garth doles out the 8 a.m. brew, whilst John and I look anxiously at the clouds building up outside. Faced with realities of cold grey daylight and iced up rock, last night's excited talk about new lines suddenly seems ridiculous. A while later, feeling awkward, cold and very small, we cross the glacier below Storen's north-west flank. Cottonwool clouds spew flakes with increasing frequency as we solo up snow-laden rock for 300 feet to the foot of the chosen buttress. Normally a rock pillar 600 feet high, today it is an ivory tower. Roping up at the first surge of steep rock,

we start to tackle the crack and groove system on the face of the buttress. Chipping and burrowing up the next 400 feet of verglas and powder, we make haste slowly, the worsening weather adding those two wings, tension and apprehension, to our heels. Amidst snow showers we arrive at the final barrier, 200 feet of vertical and finally overhanging rock before the ridge crest. From below we had spotted a slab spectacularly circling out round the prow, but now we can see that, inches deep in loose snow, it is hopeless. The only way lies straight on, leading off up a sloping verglassed crack. I can't progress with the sack, so it is left hanging on a sling, much to John's disgust. A desperate swing and mantelshelf, head buried in a snow-filled crack I climb rapidly up to a perfect swallow's nest in the middle of the overhangs below the ridge. John follows and nearly falls off the mantelshelf, so up comes the sack then the 'hobbit' himself. My warm glow of vindication slowly evaporates over the next hour as he tackles the crux. An overhanging exit crack in the roof of the nest, iced and choked with snow, leans out three or four feet in ten. Grunting and burrowing, John inserts a peg alongside a chockstone and stands upon it. Luckily the nut below holds and he only falls a few feet. The peg was between rock and frozen moss; alarmed I check my belay pegs, only to find that two of these suffer the same defect. Still I am so wedged in and frozen solid, that I doubt that I can get out now anyway. Shaken but undeterred the 'hobbit' tries again and again, until he can rest in a sling just on the lip of the overhanging section; with a strangled cry of 'watch the rope' he disappears into the gloom above. Jerks and powder avalanches mark his slow progress up the next 40 feet to the top. Unable to hear a thing above the wind, I watch the rope disappear, count to ten, unbelay and put both sacks on. Hammer and tongs, climbing like a jack-in-the-box who hasn't been out for a long time and yelling tension all the way, I flounder after John. No time for finesse with the weather brewing another storm, coil the rope and away down. When we are well down I tell John that his sling is still in the exit crack.

Back in the hut, endless brews celebrate our first new route, while outside it is sleeting again.

We hung on for another night, but the weather had broken completely, so we retreated the long miles to the valley. Life returned to its humdrum pattern. In the next three weeks this sort of thing was repeated seven times, various teams putting

up four more new routes and failing on three. Notably, Bill and Dave climbed a fine slab face only to be held off 50 feet from the top by a loose overhanging wall. They retreated by moonlight down 1,500 feet of ice. The same day John, Garth and myself climbed a 1,000 foot rock buttress on Midtmaradalstind, very steep and of a high standard. We called it the Presidents' Route because we all had been presidents of the Liverpool Mountaineering Club at some time.

John and I made routes on the N.N.W. face of Storen and a nearby unnamed peak. The former was on the impressive wedge-shaped face of Storen, looking down into the valley. Route finding was very complex in the centre, with large overhangs being avoided by free climbing. Although 3,000 feet, we were on the summit at 7 p.m., after 10 hours climbing.

The other two failures are worthy of mention. The Midtmaradal Wall, four kilometres long and 2,500 feet high, at the highest wall is vertical or overhanging. The only route is at the extreme end of the wall, and was climbed by Ralph Hoibakk. We met him one day in the village and told him of our plan to climb the centre of the wall. 'Yosemite technique or siege tactics,' was what his reply boiled down to. As we had planned to free climb his opinion was rather off putting. Several days later, having trekked over the col and into the remote Midtmaradal, we still thought it possible, and climbed the slabs to the start of the difficulties. We got no further. The rest of the wall soared up like a breaking wave, actually overhanging for the top 500 feet.

The other failure was upon Riingstind's massive northern flank. Still with only one route up it, Ringstind had attracted a German team the previous year, and they had climbed a third of the way up a natural rake running for 5,000 feet across the north face before retreating. Garth and I climbed to the German high point and found why. The rake suddenly became a fault in a vertical wall for a couple of pitches. On the first pitch we found eight karabiners and twelve pegs, one of which let Garth down and he fell off, breaking his habitual silence to say he was OK, and would prussik back up to me. The next pitch wasn't on. A crumbling band between faultless walls, it resembled a coal seam, rapidly abandoned by a gang of miners. So back we went collecting our booty on the way.

Eventually the weather won and we lurched north to Romsdal, much to our furry friend's relief no doubt. There

we joined the English jungle camp. A clearing in the woods below H.T. wires, it had a population of about 20, its only attraction being the price, nothing. We managed to sell some of our cans of meat and varied out our diet with whale-beef steaks.

Luck was with us here and five days after arriving, we were pulling out of the top of the Troll Wall at eight-thirty in the morning, after three nights on the face. The sheer size and steepness of this fine British achievement, back in 1965, defies description, so I won't. Sitting upon the summit in the early morning sun, gazing down the mile of rock to the valley, even Garth was moved to rhetoric. Well, he said that it was long and hard and now he was up he enjoyed thinking that nothing on earth would get him up it again.

Returning to the valley to a hero's welcome from Dave and Bill, who had waited faithfully all night at the bottom of the descent route with the landrover, we felt like alien beings as we strode through the chattering tourists photographing the Stygfoss Waterfall.

One more new route on Adelsfjell and a failure on Mongejura and enthusiasm and money were running low. Three days later we were sitting in the Albert, wondering how we had survived seven weeks without beer.

LEADER'S EYE VIEW

I. Roper

The editor asked me to write an article describing my feelings when engaged in the ascent of some of today's modern routes on the 'sharp end' of the rope. However, since a leader who is pressed to his absolute limit on a V. Diff., experiences exactly the same feelings of fear and commitment as the hardest of hard men on the latest X.S., my comments could apply equally to all climbers. I assume that when he asked me to write this, the editor really meant me to describe the state of being scared, or what have you. Unfortunately fear, like love or any other human psychological state, is a rather nebulous idea and one which is very difficult to define. Like most emotions, fear varies in degree—from the butterflies in one's stomach before setting out on a hard route, right through to the terror which has seized me on occasion when parting company with the rock. It is the control of this fear that most people would admit to being one of the chief attractions of climbing—to do a difficult and potentially dangerous task and to do it by the safest possible means.

Fear has been described as a safety valve. It tells us when a given situation is becoming too difficult. If the safety valve is set too delicately, the climber must forfeit the possibility of doing climbs above his self-imposed limit, which is likely to be low, unless he is able to exert a great amount of self-control, when his own personal determination to succeed will overcome his doubts about his own ability. Surprisingly this class of climber is the one least likely to be involved in a serious accident, since he will usually push himself only in a well protected situation. Conversely, the supremely confident and able climber will feel that his strength and ability will see him through almost any situation, and he will push himself regardless of the circumstances in which he finds himself. The latest extreme school of soloing in Wales is an example of this; there has already been one near fatal accident, and we can expect more. As Joe Brown said when asked if he ever felt scared, 'It would be dangerous not to be.'

What then are the situations which give rise to this emotion we call fear, when the adrenalin flows, the senses are sharpened, and quite possibly the limbs start to tremble?

Quite briefly it is when anything unpleasant is likely to happen to one's person, be it injury, a fall into space or being struck by lightning, or any of the many other mishaps which can occur in the mountains. However it is the first two cases, which really concern us here and they are of course very closely interwoven.

A few well chosen examples may well serve to illustrate my own personal experiences of fear when on the crags. Having a fairly well developed sense of self-preservation, I get scared quite frequently. It is the quelling of this fear and exertion of self-control which gives me so much satisfaction from doing routes on which I am pushed to my absolute limit. This is not to say that I am in a state of near panic all the time I am on hard rock (some people might say otherwise) but that I am genuinely scared that my ability to deal with the problems with which I am faced, might not be equal to the task. To test my ability, to overcome my doubts about myself is one of the chief pleasures for me in climbing. For me the point at which I know whether or not I will get up a pitch is often at the point of commitment. Some very well protected climbs have no point of commitment—one just climbs from runner to runner knowing that if life gets too hectic one can always bale out. On other climbs though, one must embark on a long series of difficult moves with few resting places and little possibility of retreat. A minor example of this is Poacher on Gimmer Crag. The second pitch starts with a difficult and committing move round an undercut rib. The climber moves round only to be faced with a steep wall provided with an assortment of inadequate holds. To tremble or panic in such a situation would almost certainly result in a fall. When I arrived at this spot I well remember how tense I felt and the conscious effort I had to make to keep my nerves in order. More insidious perhaps than this kind of situation is the pitch which starts easy and progressively gets harder. The climber unconsciously commits himself and arrives at a move which could be too hard for him when he hasn't had a chance to examine it first. A classic case of this is the second pitch of Ichabod on Scaffell. One arrives within jumping distance of the stance having made a long series of moves, none of which is too hard individually, but which would be impossible to reverse. I think this is the one time in my life I have seriously considered jumping off. I tried to place a peg, but it fell out. I crouched on a little sloping ledge and looked enviously at

the stance only five feet away, and then at the rope, its line unbroken by runners, vanishing into the mist below. I felt lonely and very, very scared. It has been said that a person in an extreme emotional state is incapable of making decisions. In that case I think I was at that time frightened into rationality. Since there were only two real alternatives—either to jump or to climb and have a slim chance of success. I chose to climb for it. This was one occasion when I did not shout down afterwards, 'It's not too bad really.'

It is interesting to compare the effect of the above situations or ones of a similar nature on myself, with the way a really good climber would perform in a similar situation. Allan Austin, for example, would probably feel he could stay at the point at which he had arrived for hours. His only vision would be of his next objective on the way up. His determination to succeed would carry him through where my own determination to succeed would be subordinated to my self-preservation instinct (which exhibits itself as fear). I think Allan gets just as scared as most people, but his determination is so great that few climbs, however committing, would stand in his way. Other climbers, such as Bill Lounds or Joe Brown, are so technically proficient, and know it, that it would take a very hard move indeed for them to be stopped for very long, and an even harder one to make them doubt their ability to do it.

All I have said so far applies with greater force on new routes. It does not take a very hard move to make me stop when on new ground. The difficulty of knowing what is coming makes the fear/confidence balance that much more delicate. There are times when you move up expecting jugs to arrive in your grasp. They turn out sloping and useless. You glance around hurriedly, and move up again, and again. The tension on this kind of pitch is acute. Ultimately the climber either gets up, becomes unstuck, or else finds a runner which provides a base for further operations. If someone has been there before, it is possible to do such a pitch in a much more orderly fashion and you wonder just what all the fuss was about. I don't think I would ever repeat any of my own routes, just in case I should be disappointed in my previous performance.

As I said at the beginning, this article was supposed to be about fear, but perhaps it has turned out to be no more than a discourse on my own personal attitude to hard rock climbing. It has been said that climbing wouldn't be much fun if you

didn't get frightened; perhaps there is some truth in that. Whatever ones attitude, climbing and what one gets out of it—be it thrills, prestige or just plain satisfaction—is an intensely personal thing. It really is all in the mind.

LONG JOHNS ON THE EQUATOR

Eric Arnison

This little adventure began, as do so many good things, in the bar of a pub: but unlike that pint on a Sunday morning, it was not anticipated.

Sitting at the bar was a young English schoolmaster, who, I subsequently learned, was earning an honest penny or three in his holidays, by guiding parties up Point Lenana.

He said to me—‘Have you been out long, Sir?’

Me — ‘Oh, it is only about four days since I left England in thick snow.’

Him— ‘Which part of England, Sir?’

Me — ‘The Lake District.’

Him— ‘You don’t happen to know a family in the Lake District called Arnison?’

Me — ‘What christian name?’

Him— ‘Tim.’

Me — ‘He is my younger son.’

It turned out that Keith Smith and Tim had been at school together at Rannoch; later on I was able to borrow a sleeping bag and ice axe from him, but forgot a karabiner and sling.

This was at Naro Maru River Lodge, whither I had come with Malcolm Milne in his Cessna ‘Golf Whisky 140.’ After a search he had found the so-called airstrip, landed with care lest there should be grazing wild animals on it, and departed, on an arrangement to pick me up at Nanuki in five days’ time.

I had read in *Climber* that Willy Curry, the manager of the Lodge, organised ‘foot safaris’ by providing transport, porters, tents and food to take you up Point Lenana. I gathered this was only a fairly long walk without very much snow or ice work and that at 16,355 feet one could expect a wonderful view.

Well, from Keith Smith, I learnt that there was a safari going out next morning, consisting of two American doctors and a French Ambassador. Not being too fussy about the company I keep, I wished myself onto this party, at a price.

For his memorable first ascent of Mount Kenya in 1899 Sir Harold Mackinder, with his Courmayeur guides, Cesar

Ollier and Joseph Brocherel, and 157 native porters spent several weeks forcing a way through the dense forest and driving off hostile natives. Our party went up through the forest in a Land Rover and trailer, until it petered out, as also did the road, at about 10,000 feet. There was then about half an hour's walk before coming into the extraordinary country of giant heath, giant lobelias and groundsel, which seem to flourish on this peculiar terrain. As you know, Mount Kenya and also Kilimanjaro are the remains of ancient volcanos, where the firm lava rock has remained, and the cinders deteriorated or crumbled away; it may be that the volcanic nature of the soil is specially suitable for the growth of what normally are quite small plants, but here they are impressive as Eric Shipton's photographs show in *Upon that Mountain*.

The Naro Maru Lodge management provided one porter to each individual, plus a head porter and a cook. The cook was a magnificent fellow, a splendid cook of rice and, perhaps I should add, tea. We had rice for every meal—sometimes decorated with sardines or stew or curry or jam—but always rice; indeed, progression was in a ratio of one grain of rice to one foot of altitude. These porters, despite the heavy loads they carried, were ahead of us at the tented camp in a beautiful alp and we were greeted with the first of very many cups of hot, sweet, strong tea.

On the second day we walked up to Top Hut, reaching there in time for a meal of rice; and then, because we were in good form, we went up Point Lenana—which is the normal third day trip to 16,355 feet. It was very cold that night: water froze inside the hut, and I was glad to have my Long Johns, with a woolly vest I had been wearing under my tropical suit when we left the cold of England.

The two American doctors, Bruce Mayer and Al Straner, had had Himalayan experience, but that evening the latter developed mountain sickness. This is pretty prevalent on Kenya, because people are rarely properly acclimatized. On a walk onto the glacier that night, Bruce and I discussed the prospects of getting up the mountain. We decided to team up.

An Alpine start at 4 a.m., across the Lewis Glacier, and at the foot of the scree slope of the mountain at 5.30, onto the rock at 6.00. The climbing was comparable to Bowfell Buttress, 4 or 5 pitches up to V. Diff. standard on sound rock, and between were sections of scrambling comparable to Jack's

Rake. Route finding was at times tricky, but when in doubt there were fixed loops to give a clue: the ridges were dramatic.

On the way up one could make out Kilimanjaro, particularly when the sun glistened on the permanent snowfield 280 miles away. We celebrated our arrival at the top of Nelion at mid-day by draining the gourd, then we considered the way down.

Abseiling down seemed to be the order of the day; possibly Bruce felt that this was safer for the old gentleman, although, with hindsight I would have preferred to have climbed down many of the easier pitches. Also, through not having a karabiner and sling I had to rope down in the traditional manner with consequential wear and tear to the posterior (although encased in said Long Johns and khaki shorts). However, the result was that we got down off the rocks just as darkness clamped down, but we had no great difficulty in crossing the Lewis Glacier and the moraine to Top Hut. Perhaps this is not strictly true, for there was the difficulty of tiredness—the present generation have a word ‘flaked’ and this certainly fitted my condition.

In the hut three things occurred:—

1. Al Straner had recovered, or recovered sufficiently to produce a wonderful half-bottle of Tanzania Gin, which fairly sizzled down;
2. I could not face up to that rare delicacy—rice, and
3. the chaps did not believe me when I said that, although a modest fellow, I and my Long Johns were entitled to credit for having climbed the mountain in my 69th year.

THE TIGER AND THE DODO

Brian Davidson

A profane commentary on the pitch rose from the depths below me, followed by a crash helmet and a wiry, slender young man who joined me at the belay. I was perched at the foot of the Yellow Slab on Maurice Linnell's variation to his own Great Eastern Route, feeling more than satisfied that I had been able to summon the 'strength and skill'—still specified, even in the new Scafell Guide—to overcome the previous pitch with pleasure and in reasonable comfort. There was time only to exchange brief compliments with the new arrival, before it was my turn to climb the delightful and incredibly dry Yellow Slab.

This was purest pleasure: freedom of movement in a superb setting. In as far as I am capable of flowing, I flowed upwards. As I reached the top of the slab, he was there again, breathing down my neck. He stood nonchalantly on nothing, as he watched my tentative movements to the left to the foot of the steep and strenuous crack that completes the pitch. The crack inspired considerable awe, but even more impressive were the plunging depths between my feet—there was no foreground, only a backcloth of scree and steep grass running down into the combe. I started a layback move. The Tiger was at my shoulder:

'I'll just clip on here and relax while you go on up.'
I admired him rather in the way I admire our coalman for the effortless and careless ease with which he throws hundred-weight sacks about. There was little grace in his movements, but the economy of effort and efficiency of a skilled man doing a job thoroughly and well.

About half-way up the crack there was a welcome resting place; I panted awhile and examined the twenty feet that separated me from Graham, hidden round a corner to the left at the top of the crack. I could not feel secure in the layback position and resorted eventually to jamming, a technique that I have never mastered satisfactorily. The commentary resumed:

'Straightforward jamming crack, you'll enjoy this, dozens like it in Wales, it's a doddle.'

My feet scabbled, my leaden body threatened to detach itself from the crag, my chest was bursting. A final desperate effort of levitation, a lunge at the sling runner, and I was floundering beside Graham on the belay ledge.

'Starting again now; this is never hard VS; perfect hand-jamming; easy; tying on now; right, come on!' Graham and I had hardly made room for him, before his partner arrived and confirmed the Tiger's judgment of the climb thus far. Both our companions, festooned with gear of all sorts, were dressed in jeans and sweater; like athletes stripped before a race, they were almost austere. Breeches and anorak felt suddenly quaint as the Norfolk jackets in the Abrahams' prints.

'We don't get to the Lakes much; Wales most week-ends; I've led about fifty Welsh 'Extremes'; camping at Wasdale Head; this is a lazy day for us, didn't arrive till two this morning, so we've only done Gremlin's Groove so far.'

My limbs had settled; my breathing was restored to normal. We were perched high in a magnificent sweep of steep crag, looking over Eskdale and beyond to the Helvellyn range. The effort and the fear of those last few feet had been worth it to be here.

'Useless season in the Alps last year; only did the North face of the Badile; took us thirty-two and a half minutes; this summer I'm off for some real rock climbing to Yosemite.'

The final pitch, a delicate rising traverse of exhilarating steepness and exposure, felt easier. I followed Graham left over a couple of difficult moves—my friend was there of course to offer a hand or advice, had I needed it—and we were at the top of a super climb, the best and, incidentally, the hardest of my life.

The monologue continued in earnest as they coiled the ropes:

'It was a good climb, but very easy. Pal of mine was here last week-end. Did Phoenix, Hell's Groove, Ichabod, Leverage and The Nazgul in the day; now in Wales . . . Woubits, The Troach, Llithrig, Spectre, Vember, November, December, January, February . . .'

A pipe had seldom tasted so good as I lay back in the soft grass and through half-closed eyes watched the cloud shadows play over Yeastyrigg Crags and Bowfell.

PERHAPS NOT

Anonymous

There were a lot of things wrong that day—our form, for a start. Over Easter we had not been climbing well, nothing seemed easy any more, the rock always had the edge. Getting old, at 25. It was raining in the morning too, temporary comfort to doubting minds, only it eased off by midday. Deprived of a solid excuse, we fell to contemplating a worthwhile expedition for a damp afternoon. We seemed to be gaining little in confidence by keeping the standard down; perhaps a breakthrough could be made by attacking an outstanding problem instead.

It was a hard climb we settled on, probably as hard as anything we'd done before. But there was only one crux pitch, about half way up; the rest after all could only be mild VS. And we could always abseil off if it wouldn't go. Besides, I was not going to lead it. Nobody said so, but it was definitely his sort of pitch—a long stretch, a pull-up past overhangs, a bit of brute force. There was no escape for him on that score, and as we climbed up to the crag the weather settled the issue. Funny how the hope of a shower becomes a mental escape-route when nerves are getting tight with anticipation, but the rain had stopped, and the rock was drying; having got this far, we were going to have to try it.

He led up the first pitch, easy rocks trending right up a line of weakness. Then it was my turn, a horizontal traverse across to the left. I'd done this bit before, part of the girdle, a nice delicate pitch. Must have been in better shape then. Now it was awkward, exposed, unprotected, unnerving, overhangs above, overhangs below, just a steep band of rock in between, and nothing in 80 feet that looked like staying on. I fumbled along to the end—a tiny ledge directly below the crux pitch where the climb broke through the line of overhangs above. Out with the hammer! What did we do in these situations ten years ago, when hardly anyone carried pegs in the Lakes? There was nothing to belay on, and the guide-book, normally so helpful at pointing out the obvious spike, had never a word of warning.

I hammered in a thin blade, then spotted a beautiful horizontal piton crack out to the right, a little higher up. I tied in to both for good measure. This ledge wasn't quite the

resting point it looked from below. The whole cliff seemed to be overhanging, you couldn't stand without being pushed off. Sit down instead, facing out, legs dangling over the undercut edge, shoulders pushed forward by the impending rock, quite a comfortable little perch, eventually.

All the runners came off as I pulled in the slack. Not a very good lead. He looked rattled as he came across, climbing shakily, bellyaching about the protection. It would have been a fine pendule if he'd come off—straight into the scree. There was nowhere for him to stand on my ledge, either. But directly above, the rock did give into a slight recess, with a couple of holds to rest on. At the back of the recess, a bollard of broken rocks wedged in a groove took a good tape sling, and gave him something to lean on.

It was not a pretty pitch at close quarters. You had to work up out of the recess directly onto the overhangs for a few feet until a roof barred further progress, then escape out right, where the angle of the wall eased back. All a bit strenuous on the wrists, not a place for hanging around. He moved up to have a look at it, then hurriedly backed down for a rest, I guiding his feet onto the holds. No easy business, reversing overhanging rock. I shifted position on the belay ledge, to make sure I was in tension on the pitons. There had been an earlier occasion, an ill-advised expedition to Iron Crag, when he had slipped coming down off a pitch and I got a badly strained back through being out of position.

He was moving up again, got to the roof, managed to whip out a nut and stuff it into a crack, down again for another rest. There was a limit to this game, each move taking a bit more energy than the last. The third time he was up past the nut, moving out to the right, when suddenly it popped out. 'Coming down again to get the nut in better' came the grunt, as he edged back across towards the top of the recess.

You must need a very fast mind to be able to think during a fall. I can remember a gasp as he lost his footing, then a jumbled chaos in the mind as rocks rumbled, ropes jerked, and he shot past, all too quick to register. Next thing he was hauling himself back up with the aid of the rope, none the worse for wear. At least you fall free off an overhang.

'Are you all right?' he yelled out. No, I wasn't. I could hardly choke out any words, I was too busy staring at my right leg. It was shattered above the ankle, the bone poking lazily out of the sock, a fragment of it already mingling with the

sheep skulls on the scree below. My foot was dangling limp, blood trickling out over the shoe, and I had an irresistible urge to bend down and untie the laces. Yet no pain, just numb shock everywhere, and the mind working double time, figuring out what had happened and frantically chewing it over again and again.

He had fallen onto the runner fixed round the bollard of rocks in the recess directly above me. The rocks had come straight out, smashing into my leg as they journeyed scree-wards. I couldn't remember the strain, but I must have held the fall, and the pitons held us both. Somehow the rocks all missed him—probably because he was clipped through the second belay piton, out to the right, which must have swung his fall away to one side.

Twelve weeks in hospital, five months in plaster, nine months before the shakiest step back onto rock again. For the drop-outs, it can never be quite the same, the reality of life is so arbitrary. We had climbed there before, for over five years in fact, without any feeling of impending doom. We made mistakes, probably should never have been on that route; but we had made mistakes before and got away with it. Things could have turned out differently; the rocks could have hit him, or missed us both, or done me much greater damage. But what happened happened. On a damp April day our luck had finally turned foul—just once.

And I was in the safe position, securely tied in, solidly positioned, helmeted, gloved and second. Had we not known each other so well, climbed together so long, perhaps there would have been resentment—he fell, he put the runner on bad rock, I got hit. But that was only half the story. I suggested the route, with no intention of leading it. And we were not high-risk climbers, we tackled it fully assuming that normal precautions and solid belaying would cope with any situation. We were wrong. For one thing, the pitch was too committing—overhanging, hard to protect, hard to back down off, and the particular set of circumstances—a fall onto a dubious runner positioned directly above the second—had just never occurred to us at all.

So there is no safe position. Now that I am back on the rock, my instinct is to demand to lead all or nothing. At least on the sharp end it is me versus the rock; that much is in my own direct control. How often do you think, standing there at a belay: 'What would happen if he came off now?'. Not much

of the time; the nerves will not put up with it. They stack the dangers away at the back, not the front of the mind, creating an implicit bond of trust from second to leader. How many times, if that question were asked, would it still emerge that belays are inadequate to take the sudden, upward pull that a leader-fall is likely to bring?—too often. Frequently now I find myself insisting on improving the leader's belay so that I too regard it as adequate. Still climbing, still striving for complete protection, perhaps even I have yet to accept the moral of the story.

BIG HEAD

W. A. Barnes and A. D. Elliott

The authors start with a word of thanks to those persons who have given advice and information concerning St. Bees Head, and also with an apology where we have failed to accept their comments. When two writers conspire to produce a single article it is difficult to know how to phrase things as obviously all is not, and can never be, a completely shared experience. Though we are both contentedly married, it is not to one another, and we have the occasional difference of opinion—such as whether to join the fishermen at the base of the cliffs or to actually climb. From here on we shall refer to ourselves as Barney and Doug, assuming agreement, but again we proffer an apology—this time with regard to inconsistencies in gender, grammar, composition and the like. Barney has now climbed most of the two dozen or so recorded climbs on St. Bees Head and Doug has done the half-dozen most ‘popular’ routes. Local climbers, including the writers, have various lines under siege so the exact number of completed climbs is an unknown quantity. However it is hoped that this article will help members to visit and enjoy St. Bees climbing and yet give away no secrets to rival groups.

Barney and Doug are not ‘men of vision’, as both visited the area over 10 years ago and though numerous boulder problems were tackled, and some conquered, it was never seriously thought feasible to tackle such rotten manque choss as was to be found between St. Bees and Fleswick, and further north. In recent years the Egremont/Seascale climbers have been most active and the magnetism of first ascents, spurred on by the amateur production (no disrespect intended) of outline guides by Ian Angell, has attracted climbers from far away places. St. Bees Head offers vast quantities of rock, dirt, grass and seaweed, but the actual number of natural lines is fairly limited. Most routes follow cracks and grooves, though the artificially aided ascent some months ago of the large wall just south of the lighthouse, Iron Horse (250 feet A2) could be just the start of a new era.

Because of the general crack nature, it follows that many routes are dirty, but the pioneers have executed remarkable Mrs. Mopp feats and many climbs are most pleasant—even in the wet. On this last point, mention must be made of the

magnificent friction offered by this sandstone in all types of weather, perhaps compensating for looseness. Doug has a deserved reputation for enjoying a good trundle, and certainly the area offers many opportunities. For this reason, Geoff Cram, well known for first ascents in nearby Lakeland, has expressed a desire to stay away until someone else has completed the 'gardening'. On the other hand, Joe Wilson, with possibly more first ascents to his credit than any other on the Head, is reputed to class the entire Lake District as second best to St. Bees.

The climbs are grouped in two main sections—the 'St. Bees end' and the 'Lighthouse end'. From St. Bees beach a 20-minute boulder-hopping expedition leads climbers to the South Head. Routes here include Gypsy (450 feet V.S.), Sandman (300 feet H.V.S.), Drain (300 feet V.S.), Outrigger (280 feet V.S.), Whitsend (375 feet H.V.S.), Argo (280 feet V.S.) and MMT (350 feet V.S.). The gradings should not deter parties, as with subsequent ascents the climbs become safer and more straightforward than they apparently appeared to the original climbers. A recommended route is Gypsy—a magnificent climb of no great technical difficulty and fairly easily recognised. This starts close to a large boulder and takes the second big buttress reached from St. Bees—it combines groove and crack climbing with easy but airy traverses and a gloriously exposed 'bolt move' near the top. For a second recommended climb Whitsend is a more serious undertaking, taking a line of cracks and corners with the best and hardest rock pitches being unfortunately divided by difficult earth. Sandman is of a similar standard with more continuous rock—every pitch 'a good un'. The second group of climbs is reached by a hair-raising descent of the fishermen's steps below the lighthouse. One wonders what performances on good rock with P.A.'s could be expected from fishermen capable of climbing these chiselled holds with a large fish in each hand and heavy waders from feet to thighs. To the north of the steps lies Harmony (150 feet V.S.), a pleasant climb taking the obvious cracks running up the buttress. To the south of the steps there are numerous routes. The first of these are fairly short—Sobriety (150 feet H.V.S.) and Satin Sky (150 feet H.V.S.). Sobriety was to be one of Barney's secret first ascents—but the services of St. Bees veterans Joe Wilson and Brian Smith were required to force the route. It starts about 20 yards down from the fishermen's steps and

in two equal pitches takes a steep crack line.

The next section of rock, up to the very obvious tower known as Lawson's Leap, caters for BZ (200 feet V.S.), Gay Trip (260 feet H.V.S.), Go Go Groove (200 feet H.V.S.), Frustration (250 feet V.S.), Jimarten (250 feet V.S.) and Pot Luck (350 feet H.V.S.). Of these, BZ is to be recommended though its large stances rob it of the real St. Bees seriousness. The climb takes the first big buttress to the south of the steps and combines cracks and grooves with a pleasant artificial move on an exposed wall to finish.

The other climbs mentioned all lead to a large grassy promenade some 50 feet below the cliff top. One of St. Bees most attractive pitches takes a corner at the left end of the promenade. In poor weather Jimarten is perhaps the best climb to tackle though only the first two pitches are clean and worthwhile. Frustration meets this route at half height and is the better line, but for sheer enjoyment the first section of Pot Luck will take some beating.

Ossicle (300 feet H.V.S.) takes the line formed by the junction of this latter stretch of rock and Lawson's Leap. It is the most recent route at the time of writing and it still requires a direct finish.

Climbs on Lawson's Leap itself include Velvet Underground (500 feet H.V.S.), also with some mild V.S. wanderings, and to be originally graded XS it must have scared to death its pioneers. Tashunca-Uitco (540 feet H.V.S.) makes a better climb, both aesthetically and technically. Just right of this starts Bedford Jump (350 feet V.S.)—so named after what should have been the most fantastic trundle of all time—imagine the despair when a lorry dumped over St. Bees Head lodges behind a pinnacle and fails to make the beach. Further right still, lies Black Pearl (320 feet XS)—previously named Nightmare of Black Pigs.

Almost a quarter of a mile further south is Coprophagism (250 feet V.S.) and as the name suggests this is a filthy route—a line of wide cracks full of sea-bird droppings. True to the fairy tale, the next route has yet to be found—Babes in the Wood (370 feet XS). The last large buttress before Fleswick Bay harbours The Auk (200 feet V.S.), a fine looking chimney and crack climb. Fleswick Bay itself offers possibilities for a multitude of varied climbs of outcrop proportions.

This article is being thrown together in December, 1970, but by the time it appears in print there should be many more

new climbs. However, the estimate of 14,000 routes by Ian Roper is surely based on an assumption that all available rock is climbable and therefore the ultimate network would resemble a guide-book sketch of Shepherds Crag. This is far from true and would-be pioneers must be warned that all is not what it may first appear. Even route finding on existing climbs can be difficult as easy-looking sections can be awkward (and vice versa), and often lengthy horizontal traverses lead one to demanding decisions as to where to continue vertically. It may be prudent to mention that sea spray causes rapid deterioration of metals, and bolts only a few months old can be corroded beyond recognised bounds of safety. Also it is unwise to use freely the odd slings left behind by previous parties—as discovered by Doug (but not Barney!) on the crucial move at the top of Gypsy.

We finish with a final apology to those named in the text where our version of their ideas, beliefs and convictions has been distorted. This is partly due to the localities chosen to discuss matters—ale houses—and partly to the St. Bees atmosphere where local fishermen endlessly discuss the ‘big uns lost last week.’

A MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER

O ALMIGHTY GOD, who was before the mountains were settled in their place, whose majesty is shown in all thy works, and whose love is as a rock which cannot be moved;

Be present, we pray thee, with all who venture among hills and mountains; protect them from all perils, guide them in their journeying, and bring them in safety to the haven where they would be, with a grateful sense of all thy mercies;

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Reverend I. H. Bowman wrote this prayer for the Service of the Committal of Ashes of the late J. B. Wilton,—he writes! 'The late J. B. Wilton, an O.M. of the Club, requested in his Will that Club members should scatter his ashes on Scafell Pike. A party of some 20 members, including the President and the Secretary, attended to this at the Wasdale Meet on September 12th. It was my privilege to assist by officiating at the Committal of Ashes.'

AN EMBARRASSMENT

It's nothing to laugh at, let me tell you now.
Here I stand on slender green suede feet
Balanced on nothing much. Head back, hands low;
Responsive but relaxed; cool; giving
It plenty of daylight; sensing the warm dry rock,
The sun on my back; properly helmeted.
The speckled rope, the best that money can buy,
Runs further perhaps than I could honestly wish
To a staunch observant second well belayed.
The move protected by a threaded tape
Inserted neatly where nothing else would fit.
Ready to go . . . not dreaming I have clipped
The runner's crab in the bight of my Tarbuck knot.

George Watkins

ON RECEIVING MUNRO'S TABLES FROM A FRIEND

What strange book this! This close-writ, tabled press
Of 'Names, and Heights, and Counties', may not be
Read in idle fashion. These lines express
A Climber's diligent, years-long quest. He
Wrote these pages, not in fire-side comfort,
Nor fiction-writer's dreaming atmosphere.
Each separate entry recollects stern effort,
The boot-trod trophies of a Mountaineer.

Schichallion's picture on my study wall
First gently called with distant clarion-sounds.
But now that single, far-off Rannoch call
By myriad mountains taken up, resounds
Imperative. Ah, MUNRO! who is free
When the bugles number five-four-three?

Ian H. Bowman

ON MOUNTAIN MUSING MUNROVIAN

(With apologies to John Milton.)

When I consider how my time is spent!
Not half those Munros climbed in Highlands bleak and wild,
And that one talent ('tis 'Peak-Bagging' styled)
Profitless; useless; 'though my soul's intent
To climb them all, strong-booted, and present
A full account, five-four-three neatly filed.
'Why am I so besotted, so beguiled?'
I fondly ask. But Munro, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'It does not need
Sir John Hunt's work or Joe Brown's gifts. Who best
Cross moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent tear,
Will conquer! Thousands at my bidding speed,
And trudge o'er half of Scotland without rest.
They don't deserve who only stand and stare.'

F. Alcock

MOUNTAINS

The mountains beckon;
Raising their lofty heads over mysterious horizons,
Drawing one ever upwards towards their summits,
Filled with longing inexplicable.

So much they have to give!
Wild symphonies of rain and wind,
The soft, sad whisperings of dwindling streams
Fast held to silence by an icy chill
That steals through space on frosty star-lit wings;
Then stir again to chatter as the Dawn,
Melting with rosy flush the binding thongs,
Soon fills the air with laughter.

And hours of sunshine, where the clouds,
Float like dreaming thoughts
On a mind serene.

Harold Adam

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

I. Roper

The past year has seen few major developments within the Lake District proper. Langdale continues to yield the odd secret. The best of the new routes here is probably Austin's Bracken Clock, though *The Hobbit* is probably the most serious route in Langdale, with loose rock and poor protection on its first pitch. Elsewhere major developments are a few mainly contrived lines on major crags, with the exception of Gable where Rod Valentine's *Jabberwock* is the most notable addition.

The year's most interesting development has been on St. Bees Head, where the rotten sandstone cliffs, between St. Bees itself and the Lighthouse, have been the scene of some epic first ascents by local climbers. I am very grateful to Ian Angell for supplying the Club with details. It is too early yet to evaluate the routes at St. Bees, but they are certain to become a wet weather alternative to Wasdale at least.

BORROWDALE

BLACK CRAG

The Mole 220 feet. Very Severe. This route starts on a buttress to the far left-hand side of the crag. Although a little mossy the climbing is quite good.

- (1) 120 feet. Climb the buttress for about 6 feet (piton used for handhold). Move slightly left then climb straight up to a shallow corner beneath the overhangs. Move left. There is an awkward move on the steep heather. Move right to a groove.
- (2) 100 feet. Climb the groove for about 8 feet then traverse diagonally right to an awkward little corner. Climb the bulge onto the slabs above. Piton belay well back and to the right.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, P. Phillips, 29. 9. 68.

The Gravestone 120 feet. Very Severe. Although only a short route it is well worth doing as it is quite a good pitch. Start about 20 feet right of *The Mole* at a cleaned-off groove. Climb the groove for about 10 feet. Move right behind a big oak tree. Climb the steep shallow corner with difficulty to a small tree. Move right, then back left up a short gangway. An awkward move over the bulge onto the slab. Up the slab to tree belays.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, M. Cavendish, 14. 6. 68.

QUAYFOOT BUTTRESS

The Mound 140 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts at the left-hand side of the crag and is very obvious as it has been cleaned-off thoroughly.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the easy rib to tree belays.
- (2) 100 feet. Climb the steep slab behind the belays to the foot of a short undercut groove. The groove is more difficult than it appears. At

the top of the groove move left to the narrowing gangway. Pull onto the steep wall above on good holds. Slightly left to the foot of a shallow groove. Tree belays.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, P. Phillips, 13. 4. 69.

The Girdle 210 feet. Very Severe (Hard). This route is one of the best routes on the crag if not the best and is sustained at a good V.S. standard. There are two pitons in place. One as a runner and one for direct aid. The peg for aid is not too good.

- (1) 40 feet. First pitch of The Mound.
- (2) 40 feet. Climb the wall to the undercut groove which is harder than it looks. Move up the gangway on the left. Pull onto the wall above. Traverse right to join the traverse of the ordinary route then the traverse of the ordinary route is followed into the overhanging corner. A belay can be arranged a few feet lower on a spike.
- (3) 110 feet. Climb the overhanging groove with difficulty, mainly by bridging until a very strenuous and difficult swing can be made onto the right rib. Good runners can be arranged here. Make a descending traverse right on good holds into a shallow scoop (piton runner). From the scoop reach across to a piton and sling in place. Using the piton swing across right onto better holds and into the foot of the chimney of Abberation. Continue the traverse of Mandrake onto Irony. Piton belay in place at the foot of the last pitch of Irony.
- (4) 30 feet. Last pitch of The Creep, or a variation to the right of this has been climbed by Mike Burbage and Alan Quay and makes a more interesting finish.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, P. Phillips, 27. 4. 69.

The Crypt 120 feet. Very Severe (Hard). This route takes the obvious shallow groove in the mossy wall left of Mandrake.

- (1) 60 feet. Starts behind a silver birch tree at the lowest point of the crag. Climb diagonally left to an awkward bulge. Make a difficult move over the bulge then up to the tree belay above.
- (2) 60 feet. Move onto the ledge on the right then move slightly left on small holds until a good hold on the right can be reached. Make an awkward move onto this. Climb the narrowing scoop with difficulty until a piton runner can be reached. Traverse left for about 10 feet on good holds onto the rib. Climb the rib to tree belays.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, J. G. Alderson, 1. 5. 69.

REECASTLE CRAG, WATENDLATH

This crag lies on the right-hand side of the valley.

The Buzzard 130 feet. Very Severe (Mild). Starts in the centre of the crag at an obvious cleaned-off slab.

- (1) 90 feet. Climb the short wall onto the slab above. The slab is climbed diagonally leftwards on good jug handholds to a small tree. Move round left into an obvious corner. Climb onto the ledge on the left wall. Climb past the tree. Move rightwards onto a shoulder and tree belay.
- (2) 40 feet. Move left into the groove. Climb the groove to the overhang. Traverse left onto a ledge to the left of the overhangs. There is a rather awkward move onto easier rock. A belay has to be taken well back.

First ascent: B. Henderson, R. McHaffie.

LINING CRAG

Solitaire

240 feet. Very Severe (Mild). A pleasant route up the centre of the left-hand wall. Start a few feet left of

Gorgoroth.

- (1) 110 feet. Move up into a rightward slanting corner. Follow this then move back left to ledges. Move straight up the slab to a dead tree, pass this and belay on pegs below the left end of the overhang.
- (2) 130 feet. Climb the cleaned groove for 10 feet until it is possible to move right round the exposed rib (delicate). Continue diagonally right to grassy ledge. Climb the slab to the top.

M. A. Toole, 30. 5. 70.

GREAT END CRAG

**Great End
Pillar**

300 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts in the centre of a pillar formed by the groove of Redberry Wall on the left and Styx Gully on the right. A route with

continuous interest.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the wall and step left to a small groove. Up this and continue to a ledge.
- (2) 80 feet. Go straight up the steep wall above, past a sapling. Above this use a peg high up to gain a sling (both in place). Go straight up for a few feet then step left to a spike and continue up the arête to a large stance.
- (3) 60 feet. Above are three grooves. Charon takes the left-hand heathery one. Climb the obvious right-hand groove which has little protection, to a stance and belay.
- (4) 110 feet. Straight up a layback flake to a ledge with an embedded flake. Surmount this and climb a short corner. Pull out left, move up steepening rock, then pull out leftwards to the arête and up this to the top. Belay well back.

First ascent: B. Henderson, R. McHaffie, J. Adams, C. Read (alternate leads) 19. 4. 69.

CONISTON

RAVEN CRAG, YEWDAL

Cobra Direct

Very Severe. (2a) from the belay block climb the steep wall direct to the end of the rightward traverse.

E.G., E.N.C.

DOW CRAG (B BUTTRESS)

Silence

370 feet. Extremely Severe. The route finds a way through the overhangs at about mid-height on the right-hand side of the buttress.

- (1) 40 feet. Pitch 1 of Eliminate 'A'.
- (2) 75 feet. Pitches 2 and 3 of Eliminate 'A'.
- (3) 100 feet. Traverse left for 15 feet, then move up beneath some overhangs and traverse right into a short corner (abandoned nut runner). Bridge up high and pull over the overhang and gain the slab up on the right with difficulty. Follow a line to the right, round a corner, and step up to a peg (in place). Use this to gain a handhold high on the left. Step left then straight up to a stance and peg belay.
- (4) 50 feet. Continue easily to a grassy bay and chockstone belay.

- (5) 35 feet. Climb a short wall on the left to a ledge. Step left and pull into a groove. Climb this and step left to a stance and belay.
- (6) 70 feet. Continue straight up to a ledge leading left. Go straight up the pleasant wall above, then trend right below a small overhang and back left to finish.

First ascent: C. Read, R. Lake (alternate leads), 31. 8. 69.

Eliminator 180 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Takes a direct line up two cracks, below and above the left-hand side of Abraham's Cave. Start as for Murray's Route, pitch 1a.

- (1) 90 feet. Climb the crack direct to the Cave. An overhang at half-height is awkward.
- (2) 90 feet. Leave the Cave by a crack (as for Murray's Route, pitch 3) and move up to the roof above. Climb this (sling and peg used) and then move right into the corner-crack. Follow this to its end on a grass ledge. Easy Terrace can be reached by a scramble.

First ascent: J. Harwood, G. Evans, 17. 8. 69.

DUNNERDALE

SEATHWAITE BUTTRESS—DUDDON

Ant 135 feet. Severe. Starts 30 feet to the right and round the corner from Pop.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the mossy slab to an overgrown ledge. Belay on left.
- (2) 35 feet. From right-hand edge of ledge, climb the corner for 20 feet, then traverse right to a sloping ledge. Belay.
- (3) 20 feet. Climb onto block at right edge of ledge and step round the corner. Finish up a short steep crack on good holds.
- (4) 30 feet. Climb the slab on the left.

R. Bennett, Miss M. Hudson, G. Cowan, 20. 6. 69.

Girdle Traverse 150 feet. Severe (Hard). Starts at a slab 40 yards to the left and round the corner from Snap.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb the slab on small holds. Tree belay.
- (2) 40 feet. From right edge of ledge, traverse right on good hard holds. Belay in gully.
- (3) 50 feet. Scramble across the gully and traverse to the corner. Step round and down using a good handhold and continue up diagonally right to belay on pitch 3 of Pop.
- (4) 30 feet. Pitch 3 of Pop.

G. Cowan, Miss M. Hudson, R. Bennett, 29. 6. 69.

ENNERDALE

HASKETT BUTTRESS, MIRKLIN COVE

The Delectation Sinistrorse 330 feet. Very Severe. A girdle traverse of Haskett Buttress giving enjoyably sustained delicate climbing. The right-hand edge of the Buttress bears a great slab capped by a pronounced roof; the route starts a few yards up Western Gully, just right of the first break in its left wall, and follows, at first, the right edge of the slab.

- (1) 85 feet. Steep rock steps lead onto the slab proper. Climb directly up the right edge to the overhang, then, keeping as high as possible,

traverse the entire length of the slab to a poor stance at its top left corner. Piton belay.

- (2) 40 feet. A tape sling over a knob high on the left facilitates a rope move across and down the small smooth slab on the left onto moderate holds in the groove of pitch 3, The Detrital Slide. A short delicate traverse left then leads to a smooth-walled sentry box; the exit from this (still delicate) is via the rib on the left. A block belay lies on the cramped overhung rock ledge above.
- (3) 55 feet. An awkward movement is necessary before the ledge can be quitted on the left to an overhung groove, then step left again to the steep slabs of pitch 3, The Devious Slash. Ascend these a few feet, then traverse 6 feet right into the corner crack, pull up out of it (not easy) then follow slabs up right to a grassy ledge bearing a large block. A fairly safe belay can be arranged round its base.
- (4) 90 feet. Traverse left along a diminishing ledge, and cross the top of a bottomless groove to the left edge of the buttress. Climb up over slabby rock to a rounded blistered nose, and ascend an exposed crack on its left side. A grassy bay containing a pile of large, rather doubtful blocks is reached.
- (5) 20 feet. Cross the blocks, swing left across the gully wall, and descend slightly to the rock crevasse below the last pitch of The Dolorous Stroke. Moderate belays.
- (6) 40 feet. Traverse 10 feet left and gain a higher small grass ledge, then climb the fine, open impending corner above. Belays. (Pitch 6, The Dolorous Stroke.)

First ascent: D.N.G., G. Jennings (alternate leads), 29. 5. 70.

The Dominic's Scrat

230 feet. Severe. A pleasant climb that makes the most of the rather grassy buttress lying to the east of Haskett Gully. Starts from a central position at the lowest point of the buttress, some 25 feet left of the gully.

- (1) 60 feet. The short green slab, then bear slightly left up steeper terrain to mount (awkward) a broad rib which is climbed to a ledge. Ascend nice rock diagonally left, then go straight up a slab which soon steepens into a wall. Exit via the small scoop on the right. Grassy ledge, and belay to the left.
- (2) 30 feet. Straight up behind the belay. Good holds lead to another ledge below a smooth stretch of slab. Nut and tape belays.
- (3) 55 feet. Make for a small bracket on the slab by climbing the thin central crack. From the bracket, bear left up a steep groove, then move right again up easier rock to a wide grassy bay. Pinnacle belay 10 feet above the ledge.
- (4) 65 feet. An enjoyable pitch. Mount the pinnacle block, step left, and climb up the centre of the fine wall. Pass a small ledge and continue in a similar line until the angle eases into a slab, where the holds diminish. Follow a thin crack up the slab to block belays on a ledge.
- (5) 20 feet. An easy short rib. Scrambling remains to the top of the buttress.

First ascent: D.N.G., 16. 5. 70.

The Devious Slash

250 feet. Very Severe. The most obvious feature of Haskett Buttress's lowest band is a vertical corner-groove, centrally situated. The following climb starts some 30 feet below this, and about 70 feet up and right from the start of The Dolorous Stroke.

- (1) 30 feet. An indefinite rib and grass to a sloping terrace below the imposing vertical corner. Small belays.
- (2) 50 feet. The corner groove is hard. At the top, scramble diagonally

left for 20 feet to a terrace. Small belay, or peg. Above is a great mossy depression in the face.

- (3) 50 feet. Surmount two ledges to where the rock steepens. An awkward pull up to the left permits access to steep slabs which lead to a wall. Traverse 6 feet right into the corner crack, pull up out of it to the right (not easy), then move right up slabs to a grassy ledge bearing a large block. Peg belay advised.
- (4) 120 feet. From the left end of the ledge, climb a steep wall to another ledge. An overhanging wall with good holds is next, followed by a pleasant ridge which leads to the crag summit. This pitch can be broken if desired.

First ascent: D.N.G., A. McGregor (varied leads), 6. 9. 69.

The Detrital Slide 250 feet. Very Severe. Start 5 feet right of The Devious Slash.

- (1) 30 feet. Broken rocks to a sloping terrace. Small belays.
- (2) 40 feet. Ignore the corner-groove (pitch 2, The Devious Slash) and climb straight up an enjoyable wall some 15 feet to the right. Ledge, peg belay advised. Immediately above is a smooth-looking V-groove with an undercut start.
- (3) 50 feet. A fine pitch, sustained in standard. The overhanging groove is awkward to enter and is climbed for 10 feet or so until a short delicate traverse left leads to a smooth-walled sentry-box. Leave this niche via the rib on the left to reach a good runner and resting place. The steep slabs above require delicate climbing and two difficult pull-ups before a grassy ledge bearing a large block is gained. Peg belay advised.
- (4) 130 feet. The wall behind the block for 10 feet, then a simple traverse right along a ledge for 20 feet to a clean small buttress. Ascend this on fine rock, then continue easily, left of a chimney, to a short wall on the left. The wall (delicate) is followed by scrambling to the top of the crag. This pitch can be divided, if desired.

First ascent: D.N.G., G. Jennings (varied leads), 29. 8. 69.

The Ductile Slant 160 feet. Severe (Mild). Haskett Buttress is bounded on the right by a deep scree-filled cleft; this is the Western Gully. About 100 feet or so up this, and some 20 feet below a steep rib which divides the gully, is the following climb:

- (1) 65 feet. The left wall of the gully is climbed diagonally left, crossing the foot of a break in the wall and continuing left to doubtful flakes and blocks. Some 10 feet after a small rock finger is passed, step right and ascend the blunt nose on good holds to a block belay on the ridge. The break previously crossed is now immediately on the right.
- (2) 35 feet. Step up and left on to a pedestal block, swing on to the wall and gain the crest of the rib on the left. Climb this to a small ledge, then traverse left across a rib to a good ledge. Thread belay.
- (3) 60 feet. The wall behind the ledge, then follow the excellent and open slab on the right to the crag summit.

First ascent: D.N.G., 15. 7. 69.

BLACK SAIL BUTTRESS

The Cat Run 250 feet. Very Severe (Mild). The climb makes for the enormous overhang in the centre of the cliff and avoids it by a long traverse left.

- (1) 90 feet. Climb the shallow gully in the centre of the face. Start just to the left of the buttress on the right and eventually traverse across

- left to a turf patch below a wall which is climbed directly on good holds to belays.
- (2) 60 feet. Continue in the gully to the grass band.
 - (3) 90 feet. From the left of the great block go directly up a grassy groove and a slab to the huge overhang. Traverse left just below the overhang until it ends, then continue to the arête. Finish easily up the arête to a good belay.
 - (4) Scramble a few feet to the top.
- C.T., J. Taylor, A. Kelly, 27. 5. 69.

LANGDALE

PAVEY ARK

Little Corner 120 feet. Very Severe. The prominent rightward facing corner to the left of Roundabout Direct. A slab runs up to the right into the right-hand of two grooves. Climb the groove for about 25 feet then move onto the left-hand groove. Follow this until a good flake crack in the left wall leads to a pinnacle and a swing left. Up a further 20 feet to a belay.

J.A.A., M. Bebbington, S. Wood, 21. 6. 70.

**Alternative
finish to
Chequer
Buttress**

130 feet. Very Severe. From the belay above the second pitch, take a rising traverse line out to the rib on the right. Step round the corner and follow the rib pitch to the top.

First ascent: M. Bebbington, J.A.A., S. Wood, 21. 6. 70.

Bracken Block 345 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Start a few feet left of Stickle Grooves.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb a very shallow groove past a difficult little bulge to the right-hand end of a grass ledge. Belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Walk down the ledge to belay at the left-hand end. Climb up into a shallow niche and follow a thin crack line using a peg to reach the obvious traverse line beneath a bulging wall. Step left to belay.
- (3) 70 feet. Traverse right for 12 feet, then go up over a difficult bulge and slant rightwards into a groove overlooking Stoats Crack. Follow this to a ledge and belay.
- (4) 20 feet. A smooth little scoop (as for Stoats Crack) to the next ledge.
- (5) 60 feet. Step off from the right-hand end of the ledge and climb up trending rightwards past a ledge at 30 feet to a belay below the last pitch of Stoats Crack.
- (6) 85 feet. The front of the prominent rib 20 feet left of the belay.

J.A.A., N.J.S., Miss A. Faller, 14. 6. 70.

The Hobbit 200 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts 50 feet up the gully on the right of Stoney Buttress.

- (1) 130 feet. Follow the pillar for 40 feet to some white rock and a good thread. Slant right over the bulges to a resting place. Gain the obvious ledge on the left, continue leftwards along a semi hand-traverse and the crack above to a stance on a bush covered ledge (poor belay).
- (2) 70 feet. Original finish went off left. Second ascent straight up. Steep, and grassy for 30 feet then scrambling to belay.

J. Fullalove, R. Wood, 1969.

HELM CRAG

Rainbow 260 feet. Very Severe (Hard). A girdle traverse of the crag from left to right. Start at a rightward sloping gangway round to the left of Beacon Rib.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the gangway over a block. At the end swing round onto Beacon Rib and a good ledge and holly on the right.
- (2) 40 feet. Move behind the holly and cross the wall to Holly Tree Crack. Follow this to belay at the tree.
- (3) 60 feet. Climb up past the tree and cross the mossy slab on the right to join The Grouter below the mantelshelf. Continue up this to a good ledge and peg belay on the left.
- (4) 50 feet. An obvious horizontal break crosses the wall on the right. Follow it past some jutting blocks to a niche. Peg runner in place on the right. Step down awkwardly and traverse beneath the overhang to a ledge and excellent thread belay.
- (5) 50 feet. Traverse right and finish up Bentley.

First ascent: R. D. Barton, J. L. Cardy, July 1969.

BOWFELL

B.B. Corner 130 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Follow a line of corners just right of Flat Crag Corner.

- (1) 85 feet. Start from the left and step round into the corner. Up the right wall for a few feet (good runner) then step back left into the main corner. Follow this to a grass ledge at the top. Belay as for Flat Crag Corner pitch 2.
- (2) 45 feet. Climb the corner to the top, surmounting the bulge with difficulty.

K.W., F. Booth, 17. 8. 69.

SPOUT CRAG (WEST)

This is the unpleasant looking crag between Oak Howe and Spout Crag Quarry. Descend on the right.

Crossword 180 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Start about the centre of the steep lower face just left of a big brier.

- (1) 50 feet. Pull up an overhang into a niche. Climb the crack until a ledge on the right can be gained. Traverse the ledge to a recess with small belays on the right.
- (2) 45 feet. Climb the overhanging wall from the left of the recess past two projecting blocks (safe) to a ledge. Traverse right to a birch tree belay.
- (3) 60 feet. Climb the easier wall above, trending left then right, then go right to a big oak tree.
- (4) 25 feet. The steep wall behind the tree to a tree belay at the top of the crag.

E.N.C., N.J.S. (alternate leads).

Gurt Gardin Stuff 180 feet. Very Severe. Start 25 feet right of Crossword at a leftward facing corner.

- (1) 45 feet. Move up into the groove and climb its right rib to ledges. Pull up the steep wall and gain a flake on the left. Traverse left to a stance on Crossword.
- (2) 55 feet. Regain the flake and go up the steep groove above. Cross pitch 2 of Crossword and continue up to trees. Go left to a birch below a steep wall.

- (3) 90 feet. (120 feet to a belay). Move up and right to a mossy corner. Climb this then traverse left on an obvious line. Mantelshelf onto a higher line, traverse right and pull out onto easier rock. Continue steeply up left then right to the top.

E.N.C., N.J.S. (alternate leads).

ESKDALE

CAM SPOUT (Scafell Group)

The Spout 200 feet. Very Severe. Scramble up Peregrine Gully for several hundred feet until the gully widens out. On the right wall of the gully (ascending) is a series of grooves which appear deceptively easy-angled from below. Start off bilberry ledge, a few feet above the bed of the gully.

- (1) 40 feet. The slanting groove-cum-gangway is climbed to a stance underneath the hanging crack.
- (2) 40 feet. Climb the hanging crack direct. Exit left via a detached flake (careful handling) to a good ledge and belays.
- (3) 80 feet. Climb up the chimney behind the belays, taking care with loose blocks, and swing right into the bottom of the steep groove. Step left out of the groove and round onto the slab. Climb this direct to a large flake. Attain the top of the flake and step delicately right into the groove again and climb this to good ledges and belay.
- (4) 40 feet. Easy scrambling leads to broken ground. Easily to the top of the crag.

First ascent: D. Musgrove, D. D. Gray (alternate leads), R. J. Cummaford, 31. 8. 69.

Existentialism 400 feet. Very Severe. Climb the buttress to the left of Blarney. Start about 30 feet left of the large spike which marks the start of Blarney.

- (1) 100 feet. Scrambling leads to the foot of the buttress proper.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb the groove in the nose, finishing up a flake crack. Belay on a grassy ramp.
- (3) 80 feet. Strenuously up the corner moving out left on good holds. Continue up to a good stance and belays.
- (4) 40 feet. Move left and up.
- (5) 100 feet. Easily to the top.

First ascent: M. A. Toole, 29. 8. 70.

DEMMING CRAG

Finale Slab 100 feet. Severe. A short route on sound rock, 15 feet right of Demming Slab, which starts at the toe of the slabs, is another obvious slab with a crack up the centre which peters out after about 20 feet.

- (1) 100 feet. Climb the crack until it ends, then the slab direct on good small holds to a grass ledge. Scrambling remains.

P.L.F., A.W., September 1970.

The Late Parrot 125 feet. Very Severe. A pleasant climb taking the crack right of the central groove.

- (1) 45 feet. 20 feet right of Barbarian is a grassy crack. Climb the wall on its right-hand side. Direct to the large grass terrace. Belay.

- (2) 65 feet. Traverse right into the crack and climb past a small overhang to another grass terrace. Belay.
- (3) 15 feet. The steep crack on the wall behind.

P.L.F., A.W., September 1970.

KENTMERE

TONGUE SCAR

Megohm 100 feet. Very Severe. A steep and direct little route of varied and enjoyable climbing which starts as for Central Gangway.

- (1) 70 feet. Climb the initial slab of Central Gangway but instead of traversing right at the top continue up a steep crack to a small tree. Above a wider crack leads to a stance behind a pinnacle.
- (2) 30 feet. Mount the pinnacle and step into an open groove in the wall above. A thin layback crack leads to the top.

G.E., E.N.C., 4. 7. 70.

RAVEN CRAG (Keldas)

Schepe 80 feet. Severe. Start at the foot of the rightward sloping gangway on the wall to the right of Draconic Groove.

Go up the gangway to an overhang, then traverse left under it and climb up to a grassy ledge. Continue ascending the gangway to join Draconic Groove just below its crux. Either continue up Draconic Groove, which is Hard Very Severe, or traverse left along a brambled gangway and then up a loose groove to a tree belay.

First ascent: R. J. Kenyon, K. King, 13. 8. 68.

UPPER THRANG CRAG (Martindale)

Southern Slab 80 feet. Very Severe (Mild). Start at the foot of a steep slab about 80 feet left of Thrang Slab. Climb the slab to a small overhang, then ascend leftwards on small but sufficient holds to the top of the slab.

First ascent: D. Hodgson, R. J. Kenyon, 18. 4. 69.

Bomber Wall 115 feet. Very Severe. A good varied route starting 30 feet right of Mole, below a prominent overhanging arête.

- (1) 25 feet. Climb the shattered wall and step right round the edge to a small grass stance.
- (2) 50 feet. Step back round the flake and move up left to a small rock ledge. Traverse left to a tiny leftward facing gangway. Move up awkwardly and swing left to a rocky recess.
- (3) 40 feet. Climb rightwards up the slab and step across to a small rock ledge. The top is immediately above.

First ascent: R. J. Kenyon, D. Hodgson, 17. 5. 69.

THIRLMERE

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMALN

The Eliminator 330 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts to the right of Overhanging Bastion at a cleaned groove.

- (1) 35 feet. (3c). Climb the groove and step left to a platform. Tree belay as for May Day Cracks.
- (2) 75 feet. (5b). (It is advisable to fix a runner on the tree to protect the next pitch.) Climb the pillar left of May Day's chimney to a grass ledge. Move left to junction with Overhanging Bastion. Belay.
- (3) 45 feet. (5a.) Climb the wall behind the belay diagonally rightwards to a blunt flake. Ascend the steep wall above until it is possible to step right to a grass ledge and piton belays.
- (4) 80 feet. (5b). Step left from the belay onto the arête (Agony). Continue diagonally leftwards to the foot of a smooth overhanging corner. Ascend this (sling for aid on flake) until a piton can be reached on the slab above. Using the piton for aid pull onto the slab and step left. Continue upwards to a large flake. Move left to a tree belay.
- (5) 30 feet. (3c). Move back right and pull onto a big slab (Zigzag). Cross the slab and move down to the foot of a yellow groove. Piton belay.
- (6) 55 feet. (4b). Pull into the yellow groove and follow it to the top.

First ascent: W. Freeland, K. Budd, 24. 6. 69.

The Loop

100 feet. Very Severe (Hard). An alternative to the crux of The Ghost, climbing the wall between the

latter and Rigor Mortis.

- (1) As for The Ghost.
- (2) 100 feet. Climb the right-hand side of the cone until level with, but a few feet right of the peg on Rigor Mortis. Step up right onto the overhanging wall and traverse right, crossing a large groove, until the groove on the last pitch of The Ghost is reached. Follow The Ghost to the stance in the chimney. A serious pitch.

First ascent: R. Matheson, G. Fleming, 24. 9. 69.

WASDALE

BLACK CRAG (Scafell)

Geodesic

275 feet. Very Severe. Start at the same point as Plumblin.

- (1) 110 feet. Climb the left-hand groove to a flake on the arête on the left. Traverse left below the overhang and regain the arête above it at a small ledge. Climb straight up on good holds, then trend slightly left to a narrow ledge and nut belays.
- (2) 50 feet. Climb the thin crack above till it peters out then up a steepening slab on the left to a ledge. Pull up a short wall to another ledge and belay.
- (3) 55 feet. Move up slightly and traverse left across the steep open groove to a good foothold. Climb the groove, with a difficult finish to a large grassy ledge and poor belays.
- (4) 60 feet. The arête on the left leads to the top.

I.R., C.H.T., Whit. Alternate leads. 1970.

EAST BUTTRESS (Scafell)

The Girdle of the East 1,210 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts at Gremlin's Groove and follows part of Holy Ghost. A complete and independent girdle.

Buttress

- (1) 100 feet. Pitch 1 of Holy Ghost.
- (2) 80 feet. Holy Ghost to the nut runner. Descend the wall below, first to the right then move left and down a shallow groove until moves down to the right lead to a small sloping ledge overlooking Hells Groove. Peg belay up on arête.
- (3) 50 feet. Move round into the groove, traverse right to join Hells Groove and up this to the stance.
- (4) 100 feet. Move right over a grass ledge, down a groove a few feet until moves right to Morning Wall can be made, and down the gangway to the base of a pinnacle flake. Climb up its left-hand side to the top. With tension from a nut traverse the narrow ledge to the rib, pull up and climb to the stance on Phoenix at the top of pitch 2.
- (5) 50 feet. Follow the Direct finish to the arête. Belay.
- (6) 60 feet. Descend the steep wall for about 25 feet. Move right round into Ichabod, above the 'awkward move left' on pitch 3. Step down and hand traverse right, pull up and continue to a ledge. Peg belay.
- (7) 60 feet. Cross the slab and descend the bottomless groove for 6 feet to a small ledge. Move round the arête to join Yellow Slab variation and descend this to the awkward stance. Peg belay.
- (8) 30 feet. Descend pitch 4a of Yellow Slab to belay on Great Eastern.
- (9) 80 feet. Follow a descending ledge line on the right until the 'obvious line of holds' of Centaur are reached. Follow these to the stance at the top of pitch 2.
- (10) 80 feet. Follow Centaur for 15 feet then go straight up the steep wall (peg runner down to the right). Pull up onto a small sloping ledge with difficulty (peg runner above to safeguard second). Traverse right gradually descending then move up and across to a small yellow sloping ledge. Peg belay.
- (11) 20 feet. Climb the groove above to a large ledge on Armageddon. Belay.
- (12) 50 feet. Follow the line of the large ledges right, round the corner to the large block at the top of pitch 5a White Slab.
- (13) 50 feet. Descend to the foot of the slab.
- (14) 100 feet. Round the rib on the right, move down and step right then up and follow a descending line to a rib. Round this to the 'friction stance' at the top of pitch 2 May Day.
- (15) 80 feet. Pitch 3a May Day Direct.
- (16) 50 feet. Reverse pitch 5 of the old Girdle.
- (17) 30 feet. Reverse pitches 4 and 3 of the old Girdle.
- (18) 140 feet. Pitch 3 of Mickledore Grooves.

First ascent: J. Adams, C. Read (alternate leads): 14-15. 6. 69. The intersection was made at the belay on Great Eastern.

SHAMROCK (Scafell)

Guilt Edge Eliminate 560 feet. Extremely Severe. Start 30 feet left of Silver Lining, beneath an overhanging bulge split by an overhanging groove.

- (1) 60 feet. Ascend the wall below the groove to a recess (thread runner). Back up the groove and gain an unobvious handhold high on the right. Step left then straight up to a ledge and peg belay.

- (2) 25 feet. Move right to a crack. Climb this and traverse right to a ledge and belay.
- (3) 75 feet. Ascend the chimney, then continue up a rib until a step right leads to a stance and peg belay below a thin crack.
- (4) 50 feet. Climb the crack until it bulges slightly. Layback up until some awkward moves are made to a small stance. Peg belay.
- (5) 80 feet. Move up diagonally left until a series of cracks lead to easy ground.
- (6) 100 feet. From the left-hand end of the ledge climb the wall to a small overhang. Surmount this and trend left to the edge. Move up then step right and up a short gangway to the foot of a thin crack. Straight up, then continue to a large block belay.
- (7) 100 feet. Easy ground leads to the foot of the final wall.
- (8) 70 feet. In the centre of the wall, just left of a thin crack, is a series of bulges. Layback the first to a good handhold on the left. Straight up the wall for six feet, then step right, move up and trend leftwards to the top.

N.B.—On pitch 4 a rest was taken on a nut below the finishing moves to facilitate gardening.

First ascent: R. Lake, C. Read (alternate leads) 16. 8. 69.

GREAT GABLE—GABLE CRAG

The Jabberwock 250 feet. Very Severe (Hard). An excellent climb which takes a direct line up the right edge of Engineer's Slabs. The route starts below and to the right of Engineer's Slabs, almost at the lowest point of the slabs.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb the cracked wall to join pitch 1 of the Unfinished Arête route for the last few moves. Stance and pinnacle belay as for the Unfinished Arête.
- (2) 55 feet. A finger jam crack runs up the wall parallel to the arête and a few feet to its left. Climb this to a small rock stance with a belay on the arête.
- (3) 40 feet. Continue up the crack to a grassy nook on the arête. Block belay.
- (4) 75 feet. A splendid pitch. Climb the short slab on the left to an arête. Step round the corner and enter a steep groove, which is climbed on good holds to the top of the crag.

R.V., J.W., 4. 6. 70.

The Bandersnatch 150 feet. Very Severe. An interesting climb on steep clean rocks. The route starts at the right edge of the buttress, some 30 feet to the right of Mallory's Right-hand Route.

- (1) 70 feet. Climb diagonally left for a few feet to enter a steep groove, which is climbed, making an exit on the right. Go diagonally right, up steep slabs, to the edge of the buttress, then traverse left, below the overhang, and ascend to a grass ledge with a thread belay.
- (2) 80 feet. The arête above is climbed first on the right, then on the left via a huge block and straight up to the top.

D.M., J.W., 13. 6. 70.

Trundle Ridge 230 feet. Very Severe. A pleasant climb, which runs up the left-bounding ridge of the Central Gully. The route starts a few yards up to the left of the lowest rocks of the ridge,

in a grassy corner below a steep wall, which is split by a thin crack.

- (1) 45 feet. Climb the wall to the right of the cracks to a stance and belay on a grass saddle.
- (2) 75 feet. Climb the slab behind the saddle and continue up a steep crack to the top of the huge pinnacle.
- (3) 30 feet. Descend a few feet and cross a chimney by a jammed block; then scramble up to a grass ledge with a large block belay on its left.
- (4) 80 feet. From the right end of the stance, step right and move to the arête, which is climbed for a few feet. Move left and climb the pleasant cracked slab; then go back to the arête and continue to a large stance and belay on the ridge. 200 feet of easy scrambling up the ridge leads to the top of the crag. Alternatively, after about 100 feet it is possible to make an easy descent into Central Gully.

R.V., J.W., 4. 6. 70.

Potheon

130 feet. Very Severe (Mild). The climb starts in an open grassy chimney some 30 feet above and to the right of the start of the Bandersnatch, and runs up the same buttress.

- (1) 35 feet. Climb the easy grassy chimney and the crack at its back. Stance and thread belay as for pitch 1 of Bandersnatch.
- (2) 95 feet. A good pitch. Descend for 5 feet and traverse the slabs to the right to an arête. Ascend directly to below a steep crack which is climbed. A short groove above leads to the top of the buttress.

D.M., J.W., 13. 6. 70.

KEY TO INITIALS

J. A. Austin	D. Miller	R. Valentine
E. N. Cross	B. Peay	J. Wilkinson
P. L. Fearnehough	I. Roper	K. Wood
D. N. Greenop	N. J. Soper	A. Wright
E. Grindley	C. H. Taylor	

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. A. B. BATEMAN	1918 - 1970
F. BIRD	1925 - 1970
Miss M. R. FITZGIBBON	1927 - 1971
E. W. HAMILTON	1943 - 1970
J. HIRST	1920 - 1970
G. W. JACKSON	1917 - 1970
E. B. JOHNSON	1928 - 1970
C. H. LUCKMAN	1957 - 1970
H. B. LYON, Original Member	1906 - 1970
T. M. OLDHAM	1942 - 1970
Mrs. F. SANG	1923 - 1970
W. J. SKINNER	1961 - 1970
Mrs. C. E. SMITH	1927 - 1970
G. A. SUTHERLAND	1942 - 1970
H. P. SPILSBURY	1945 - 1970
J. P. WALKER	1934 - 1970
J. B. WILTON, Original Member	1906 - 1970

EDWARD WATLING HAMILTON 1943 - 1970

Ned Hamilton, who died on 9th December, 1970, was born in Murree, India, in 1904. He was not, however, left there long enough to develop an interest in the Asian mountains but was brought to England when only one year old. It was the English Lake District which first awakened his love of the mountains and kept first place throughout his life. He was twelve when he first went up Sca Fell Pike with his father in 1916, and from then on the Lake District was in his blood. He always kept a diary and the entries for the inter-war years particularly reveal the intensity of his passion for the hills of north-west England. He records too, his pleasure when, in August 1928, Claude E. Benson, of the Climbers', Yorkshire Ramblers', and Rucksack Clubs, as well as of the Fell and Rock, and author of several books on mountaineering, took him up his first rock climb. Ned also saw much of Wales and Scotland and from 1949 he and his wife, Kath, spent their main holidays in the mountains of Austria, France, Switzerland and the Dolomites, but nothing replaced the Lake District in his affections. Many of us would make a similar claim, but the depth and strength of the feelings which show in Ned's writings might surprise even those who knew him longest and most closely.

Naturally enough this devotion imbued his connection with the FRCC of which he became a member in 1943. As Ned lived in London, the London Section was the main beneficiary of his Fell and Rock loyalty. He not only took part consistently in walks and social activities but was for thirteen years, until December 1961, Walks Secretary, Chairman for the two years 1963/64, and had since

November 1968 been Hon. Secretary and Treasurer. He was especially delighted that this latter office gave him the chance to play a major role in organising the fiftieth anniversary dinner of the London Section and he threw himself into ensuring its success with an excitement and a determination which nobody he approached could resist. In the event, this splendid occasion became an animate memorial to his efforts, both immediate and over the years. It is hard to think of anything more fitting.

These, as it is proper to set down in this journal, are the bare essentials of Ned Hamilton's record in mountaineering and contribution to the Club to which he was so proud and grateful to belong. But he also made an impact through his personal qualities. For anyone who knew him there is no need to extol all of these, but it seems right to single out perhaps the most important in any man, in the words of another member of the London Section: 'Of all the members he is the one who most epitomised the true spirit of friendship of the Club'.

J. S. Whitehouse

H. P. G. SPILSBURY 1945 - 1970

Harry died as the result of a fall on Beinn Alligin, while attending the Club's Scottish Meet at Achnasheen in May 1970 and from the nature of his head injuries death must have been instantaneous.

Although I knew him from very early years it was not until we were members of the Musical Society at Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, where he was a 'Harrison Scholar', that I received my first impression of his personality at a school concert when he and two of the old Boys sang a song from 'The Mikado'—'I am so proud'.

He could only have been about fourteen at the time but he sang with perfect assurance—he and his very much older companion enjoyed themselves—there were the gestures, expressions and clear diction, which in later years were to give so much pleasure to us all when he sang either alone or in company with the late John Hirst at various club meetings. He loved music and for nearly thirty years sang as boy and man in the choir of Christ Church, Waterloo; he was also a Life Member of the Waterloo and Crosby Amateur Operatic Society in whose productions he often took a leading part and in which over the years he had served as Secretary/Treasurer, Chairman and President.

After leaving school I saw very little of him and then came the war of 1914-1918 during which he was taken prisoner in the German offensive of 1918 and sent to work in the coal mines. Our next real contact came when he joined the Wayfarers' Club, in 1928, of which I was already a member. It was about this time that, following on the death of Robertson Lamb, a generous gift in his memory from his sister enabled that Club to buy the then derelict cottage, now known

as 'R.L.H.', for conversion into a climbing hut. At school Harry had taken the class-prize for woodwork two years in succession and now he came forward with various suggestions for fitting out the cottage and found himself more or less in charge of the work. It was during this period that we came to know the real Harry, who paid close attention to detail, who was patient and tolerant of the shortcomings of his helpers and who was willing to spend hours at home in his garage (he had no car then) making furniture for the hut. In addition he also gave up part of his holidays to install fittings or carry out some much needed alteration. Thus over the years he gradually increased his knowledge of the requirements of hut users and huts and his advice on these matters came to be widely sought.

He was also a very efficient cook, as those who have been on a working party will remember, and if there was one thing that annoyed him more than the careless use of huts and their fittings, it was the waste of food that sometimes happens in them. He told me that he sometimes wished that the culprits could have been taken prisoner with him in 1918—they would never have wasted any food again. Harry enjoyed working at huts, not just as an exercise for his skill but as a form of service to others. He liked to see huts being used to capacity, particularly by the younger members and his interest in youth was emphasised when in 1955 he was invited to join the Board of Directors of the Outward Bound Mountain School, Eskdale. In 1959 he became its Chairman, from which post he retired in 1968.

It was in 1945 that he and Ruth joined our Club and he was soon involved in the conversion of Raw Head Barn, a difficult task, which under the Chairmanship of the late Leslie Somervell, was successfully completed, to be followed a few years later by further work on the newly acquired Birkness. It was perhaps during the conversion of the Salving House that Harry showed how adapt he was in using his powers of persuasion to bring the Hut Committee to his way of thinking about providing maximum accommodation, although in later years he admitted that it had been over-bunked.

Harry had great strength of character and this coupled with his capacity for detail made him either a 'tower of strength' or a 'doughty opponent'—it depended which side he was on, but he knew how to accept defeat with a smile and to come back again more formidable than ever. Like many people of his calibre he was sometimes inclined to be assertive but never dogmatic—doing something a certain way because it had always been so done meant very little to him. His mind and thought were ever ready to explore new ways and means.

In 1953 he was elected a Vice-President of the Club and in 1958 became its President. By a happy coincidence he was also awarded the O.B.E. in the 1959 New Year Honours List for his work as Senior Tax Inspector for Liverpool. Following his retirement in

March of that year he and Ruth left Ainsdale and came to live in Bowness. It was during his Presidency that a generous legacy of £1,000 from the late T. R. Burnett, enabled Harry to carry out a long cherished programme of alterations to Raw Head Barn.

Plans were drawn up by Jonathan Stables for the extension of the upper storey over the out-building at the western end of the Barn, but 'unfortunately' an old but vital wall collapsed before it could be strengthened and the plans had to be altered at a moment's notice. The result is well known and in Raw Head Barn we have a climbing hut second to none.

Harry was a very fine mountaineer having both strength and endurance and the latter stood him in good stead when he took up high level ski-ing. He climbed and ski-ed extensively in Switzerland and Austria but I think his visits to Norway and the Lofoten Islands gave him his greatest pleasure. Even now these remote northern areas are not really well known and in the Lofotens he was able to pioneer several new routes. He wrote excellent articles on some of his expeditions and these he illustrated with his own very fine photographs; the one on the Lofotens is particularly informative (*Wayfarers' Journal*, No. 5, 1937).

Perhaps Harry's finest effort was in carrying through the British Mountaineering Council's project for a 1939-1945 War Memorial Hut at Glenbrittle. This had hung fire owing to the difficulty of buying a site that would satisfy all concerned, but finally one was obtained and Harry was asked to take on the task of supervision. It was a most difficult job—the remoteness of the site made builders unwilling to give estimates; the long transport haul for all materials, apart from local stone; adequate supervision when he lived some 400 miles away; these were some of the difficulties he encountered and it took all his courage, tact and patience to bring the work to a successful conclusion. Harry and Ruth made many journeys to Glenbrittle and their car was always loaded so heavily as to be almost 'springless'. I still have vivid memories of such a journey there and the following fortnight in March 1965, when we worked to get the hut ready for opening on the 5th June by Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod.

It was a wonderful effort for a man in his middle sixties and the B.M.C. made him a 'Freeman' of the Hut as a token acknowledgment of his services to mountaineering. In this connection it is perhaps significant to recall that in addition to being a past President of this Club, he was also a Past President and Honorary Member of the Wayfarers' Club as well as being its Hut and Fixtures Secretary since 1928; he was also an Honorary Member of the Y.R.C., Past President of the Rucksack Club and had served on the Lake District Committee of the B.M.C. since its inauguration in 1945.

R.G.P.

Harry Spilsbury joined the Fell and Rock in 1945. He already had an established reputation as a climber not only in this country but also in the Alps and particularly in the Lofoten Islands of Norway, at the time little explored. His knowledge and writings on Norway have given inspiration and guidance to many younger climbers since those days.

His reputation was also established in several of our kindred clubs where he gave great practical service and attained Presidential office. He was the presiding genius of the Wayfarers' Robertson Lamb Hut, the layout of which had a marked influence on our own later series of huts.

As soon as he joined the Fell and Rock he pursued his energetic progress to our advantage, both at club meets and in the huts where his mark is made in the additional comfort of Raw Head Barn, Birkeness and the Salving House. There is lasting evidence of his practical skill as a woodworker in the monumental bunks and other joinery where his insistence on accuracy and smooth finish are exemplified.

No one individual can know of all the many kindnesses and help given to others. His expertise in his professional work brought him temporal honour. What would bring him even more pleasure would be the personal affection and esteem of his many friends. He was a doughty fighter for the causes in which he believed and inevitably the conviction and tenacity with which he pursued his opinions brought him into argument from time to time. No worthy opponent would doubt his integrity of purpose, and when the expression of almost pained surprise on his strong face changed to that charming smile all rancour evaporated and friendship was more strongly cemented.

He served as Vice-President in 1953-1955 and as President in 1958-1960 when his prodigious drive and meticulous attention to detail were again put to the club's service.

Harry attended many Scottish meets where his knowledge of the district was as evident as his love of mountains. I had a distinct feeling through that fateful week in May this year, that he was more relaxed than I had ever known him. He was content to take his time and enjoy the full flavour of the surroundings. He was a great companion. One moment he was enjoying the dramatic organ music of mountain thunder, another moment, blessedly instantaneous, and his life had slipped from us. He now lies in the peaceful vale of Foderty. His courageous spirit will inspire us always.

J.A.K.

GEORGE A. SUTHERLAND 1942 - 1970

'Jock' Sutherland, as he was known to so many of his friends, was a man of great and varied gifts. The facet of his life, which Fell and Rock members knew best, was his abiding love of the hills. It was one of the strong yet simple things which, with his Quaker faith,

sustained Jock through his long and purposeful life.

This life was one of vivid contrasts. He had a fine academic record, being at one time Lecturer in Physics at the University of the Cape, and, after the first world war, at University College, London. He was, among other things, a world authority on acoustics.

But the chief area of his activities and influence lay in Manchester, where he was for thirty-four years the Principal of Dalton Hall. There Jock found scope for his fine abilities, both of administration and of leadership. He was for a time President of the Manchester University Mountaineering Club. From there he brought his family to the Lakes. Buttermere, and above all his beloved Brackenclose, saw them as often as a busy life would allow. In his years of retirement there was a steady stream of ex-students towards his Hawkhead home, confident of their welcome, responsive as ever to his wit and wisdom. Above all, it may be said of Jock that he had a gift for inspiring affection and respect.

He died in a uniquely fitting manner, at the close of Meeting for Worship in Colthouse, on 1st March, 1970: a man of courage, of vision and integrity, whose deep love of mountains had an influence upon all he did, and on all he was.

Kathleen Leonard

J. B. WILTON 1906 - 1970

I first met Jack Wilton about the time of the Club's formation; I think he was then living in Barrow. He was an original member of the Fell and Rock, served on the Committee, was Hon. Secretary 1920-22 and Vice-President 1923-25, and was later a worthy Honorary Member. During his term as Secretary, the Club's war memorial to those members who died serving their country in the 1914-18 war was being considered. Various projects were proposed, such as huts, the purchase of Napes Needle or of Row Head farm, Wasdale, to mention some I remember. In the memorial Jack took a deep interest and did much secretarial work for it. About the end of 1922 or shortly after he left Barrow. He felt he should resign as Secretary, as he would not in future be near his work for the Club. He mentioned to me many years later his deep regret that he did not see the memorial negotiations through to a successful conclusion, but was very happy that it was carried forward by his successor, and a few other equally interested members early in 1923. Another of Jack's great pleasures was to have been a member of a group of climbers in Barrow and district from whom the idea originated to form a climbing club; together with a Kendal group of climbers, they formed the Fell and Rock.

It was a great shock to me last year to receive a letter from his daughter to inform me that he had passed away. Only shortly before, in February, I had a letter from him; and I have had so

many. Jack Wilton was a great lover of the Lakeland fells and of the Fell and Rock, and was loved by all his friends. For myself, to have had his friendship for so many years is one of the joys of my life.

Jonathan Stables

J. B. Wilton, or 'J.B.', as he was known to his friends, was one of the band of local climbers who bridged the First War gap in the Club activities. Walking and climbing from the formation of the Club, he was a very active member until he left the area in 1922 to live in the south. From that time on little was seen of him, until in the 1960s I prevailed on him to come to the Annual Dinner, and this he continued to do with great enjoyment until about a year before his death, meeting old friends and making new ones among the younger members. He once told me that after the election of the first Officers and Committee he was No. 1 Ordinary Member of the Club.

J.B. was never one of the great climbers. He rarely led, but was a second any leader delighted to have behind him. An untiring fell walker, he had a great knowledge of the technique of movement on the hills, and wrote more than one article on fell-walking for the *Journal*.

He was not quick to admit one to friendship, and was very pronounced in his personal likes and dislikes. I well remember a number of occasions when in the politest manner he silenced someone he thought was throwing his weight about. A great trencherman—I remember with amusement the huge amounts of rice pudding (his favourite sweet) he disposed of at Mrs. Harris's in Coniston, where it was always served to the hungry mob of twenty or so climbers in bedroom wash-hand basins. He was, I think with the exception of H. C. Diss and B. L. Martin, the last of the band who assembled there most week-ends during and immediately after the war.

J. C. Appleyard

THE LONDON SECTION

1969 and 1970

If it had ever occurred to me that I should have to provide a note on the London Section's doings in 1969 and 1970, I would have done something to make the task easier; like keeping a diary. Without written reminders a full account is beyond me. It may not be in this case, as it was once said to be for the poet, emotion which has to be recollected in tranquillity but the tranquillity part is still vital even to the recall of facts and there is precious little of it in London these days. The *Journal's* biennial cycle compounds the problem. It is harder to think back two years than one.

Painted with a broad brush then, the picture must look unchanged. Membership is not significantly different and activities are still Sunday walks and evening lectures at the Ski Club. The latter provide something nearer to mountaineering excitement than do the Chiltern and Downland tramps. Frank Solari has shown us Kashmir and Ray Colledge has taken us with him up the Eigerwand and Eperon Walker (Valkair as they say around Chamonix). The altitude of Leith Hill however imposes no serious strain on most of us, although the view across to the Sussex Downs can be breathtaking. We always manage to get down from the heights or out of the forest between 1200 and 1400 and again in time for tea and cakes. But even if the terrain is not taxing we are still a bunch of mountaineers and the chat is often of past expeditions and plans for the next trip and much useful information is passed on. We do arrange meets outside London too. In 1969 we went to Edale and Brecon Beacon, in 1970 to Dovedale (with actual climbing) and again to Brecon. Understandably however we chose home ground (Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park) for Miss M. Sargent's 90th birthday walk in May 1970.

For sheer strenuousness it would be hard to beat the unshaded acres of Ashdown Forest on a broiling August day. Like many Scottish forests, this one has lost most of its trees. Happily Peter Ledebøer, whose walk it was, found that he had to get back to London early to catch a plane to Zurich that evening . . . and so cut the route mercifully short. In contrast, there was Margaret Darvall's winter walk over the North Downs on a crisp day with new snow sparkling in the sun under a clear sky.

The most important event for many years was of course the 50th anniversary dinner. Ruth Gelber and Ned Hamilton shared the organising of a most impressive occasion. Margaret Darvall presided over 120 diners who included distinguished members such as Walter Poucher, and many guests from the north and from the London region: the President, John Wilkinson, Francis Falkingham, Ron and Lillian Brotherton, Howard Somervell and his wife, Lord

Chorley, Hilary Moffat, Lyna Pickering, and many others. Mike Ward responded to the toast of the guests. There were visual attractions too: a remarkable display of photographs going back to the earliest days of the London Section and covering Dr. Hadfield's long reign; the flaming, while the dining room lights were dimmed, of a mountain of meringue coated ices; and the Needle sculpture from Raw Head, which graced the table in front of the Chairman.

It will be clear that the London Section continues to be an active group, self-contained but still of, and indeed contributing to the main club.

John Whitehouse
(*Hon. Secretary*)

EDITOR'S NOTES

The Journal is late! Efficient Journal Editors seem to have disappeared since the retirement of Muriel Files. The hills, or the river seems to beckon each time I am about to tackle the Journal—the Journal is late!

The year has been marked by the London section's 50th Anniversary; our sincere congratulations are extended to all who constitute this section—indeed, anyone who can survive for fifty years in London deserves more than congratulations. Our new President is Dr. John Wilkinson, an active climber who is probably the only president to have climbed Hell's Groove during his term of office. He and Tom Meredith played a big part in organising the Club New Year dinner at Raw Head; there were many others who worked hard behind the scenes and to these we are most grateful for making this unusual event such a success.

Conservation is still much in the news, and litter and refuse are still very much in evidence from Monteners' squalid camp-sites to Scawfell's littered peaks. However, the most alarming intrusion on the Lakeland environment is the planned new road, which, like some cancerous growth, has been gradually spreading westward from Penrith for several years under the label of 'road improvements'. Opinion about its desirability is divided between those who wish to see no further man-made intrusions on the tranquility of Lakeland, and those who consider that ten minutes gained over a fast road is a fair exchange for the amount of disturbance to the natural beauty such a road would cause. One prominent member of a Midland mountaineering club has labelled those who oppose the scheme, as 'Busy bodies'—he apparently thinks he has a right to bring the city with him on his Lakeland visits. There are economic aspects too. However, if the proposed airport of Cublington has been resited, perhaps it is not asking too much to want the new road to be routed north of the hills.

Each year we lose several members through death. Owing to the great age of some, and because of their inactivity for many years, it is not always possible to find members who knew them sufficiently well to write an obituary notice. All our members make an important contribution to the club, and though the work of some is evident to a great extent, it is man himself whom we appreciate and the presence of each member has enriched the club and added to the lives of his particular friends. To the next of kin of our deceased members, we express our deepest sympathy and record deceased's names with respect.

The club has been most active this year: it is pleasing to see young people, who set a very high standard of mountaineering, joining the club; it is also interesting to see that older members have also been active, most notable is the ascent of Mt. Kenya by Eric Arnison in his 70th year. (If any lady of this vintage wishes to repeat the performance I can assure her that her age will not be disclosed.)

The dinners of 1969 and 1970 under the presidency of Jack Kenyon, were most enjoyable occasions; both were preceded by quite brief Annual General Meetings. Ray Colledge was the chief guest in 1969 when he gave us an insight into his climb of the North Wall of the Eiger. On the Sunday we were entertained by Horace Baxter who showed us some delightful slides of the Lakes. The 1970 dinner followed a brief A.G.M., which turned quite humorous when the ladies insisted on having a suitable garment embroidered with the club badge as a counterpart to the proposed club tie for men. The dinner was most enjoyable and the speeches dealt mainly with the development of the club huts, whose secretaries and past and present wardens were honoured guests. The initiators of 1933 were also represented by J. C. Appleyard, W. Clegg, A. B. Hargreaves and H. M. Kelly. Again Jack Kenyon gave an eloquent speech and, as he has now retired from office we offer him our most sincere thanks for the splendid work he has done over the last two years. I mention this in connection with the Annual Dinner, because I feel that this occasion belongs to the President above all. The Sunday following the 1970 dinner was wet and miserable. However, many of our members took to the Fells, and many more found their way to one of the local bars.

The articles are varied, both in content and literary standard, but this is the essence of all art—it is the imperfections which give it its human qualities. The photographs have been chosen for their variety and interest and are not necessarily connected with the articles. It is always good to receive articles or photographs for the Journal and I hope that it is understood that some material received will necessarily be rejected—this should not cause offence.

I must now thank all contributors to the Journal and those who have worked hard behind the scenes, especially, Morely Dobson, Dave Roberts, Ian Roper and of course Muriel Files.

JUNE 1970

GORDON DYKE

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1969 - 1970

President

J. A. KENYON

Vice-Presidents

R. BROTHERTON

J. WILKINSON

Secretary

F. G. FALKINGHAM

Treasurer

W. B. HARGREAVES

Assistant Secretary

R. BROTHERTON

Huts Secretary

H. BAXTER

Editor of Guidebooks

J. WILKINSON

Editor of Journal

G. DYKE

Chronicler

MARY PEARSON

Assistant Editor

D. ROBERTS

Meets Secretary

HILARY MOFFAT

Librarian

MURIEL FILES

Dinner Secretary

C. P. PICKLES

Custodian of Slides

F. H. F. SIMPSON

Hut Wardens

H. H. B. BERRIE

E. IVisON

T. MEREDITH

E. N. A. MORTON

H. S. THOMPSON

Elective Members of Committee

J. CARSWELL

P. MOFFAT

D. N. GREENOP

P. J. NUNN

J. A. HARTLEY

D. G. ROBERTS

W. E. KENDRICK

MRS. M. THOMPSON

J. P. LEDEBOER

C. S. TILLEY

D. MILLER

D. WAGSTAFF

MEETS, 1970

<i>Dates</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
C Jan. 24-25	C. E. Arnison	Beetham Cottage
Feb. 6-8	P. F. Williams	Glan Dena (Joint Meet M.A.M.)
M Feb. 28- March 1	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
C March 14-15	Mr. and Mrs. H. Ironfield	The Woolpack Inn, Eskdale
March 27-30	A. Hall	Birkness
M April 11-12	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
M April 25-26	T. Meredith	Raw Head
L April 25-26	Mrs. M. Venning	Brecon Beacons
May 2-3	I. Roper	Raw Head
May 8-18	R. Cook and R. G. Plint	The Ledgowen Hotel, Achnasheen
May 23-25	E. N. Walker	The Salving House
May 23-25	C. S. Tilley	Glen Etive—Camping
L June 13-14	Miss M. Darvall	The Roaches, Staffordshire
June 20-21	P. J. Nunn	Brackenclose
C July 4-5	P. Fleming	The Sun Hotel, Coniston
L Aug. 29-31	G. Ward	Raw Head
C Sept. 12-13	The Vice Presidents	The Wastwater Hotel
M Oct. 3-4	H. H. B. Berric	The Salving House
Oct. 24-25	The President	Annual General Meeting and Dinner
M Nov. 7-8	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
C Nov. 28-29	Miss A. Plint	The Salving House
L Dec. 4	London Section 50th Anniversary Dinner	
Dec. 31-Jan. 1	The President	Raw Head

L—London Section Meet

C—Committee Meeting M—Maintenance Meet