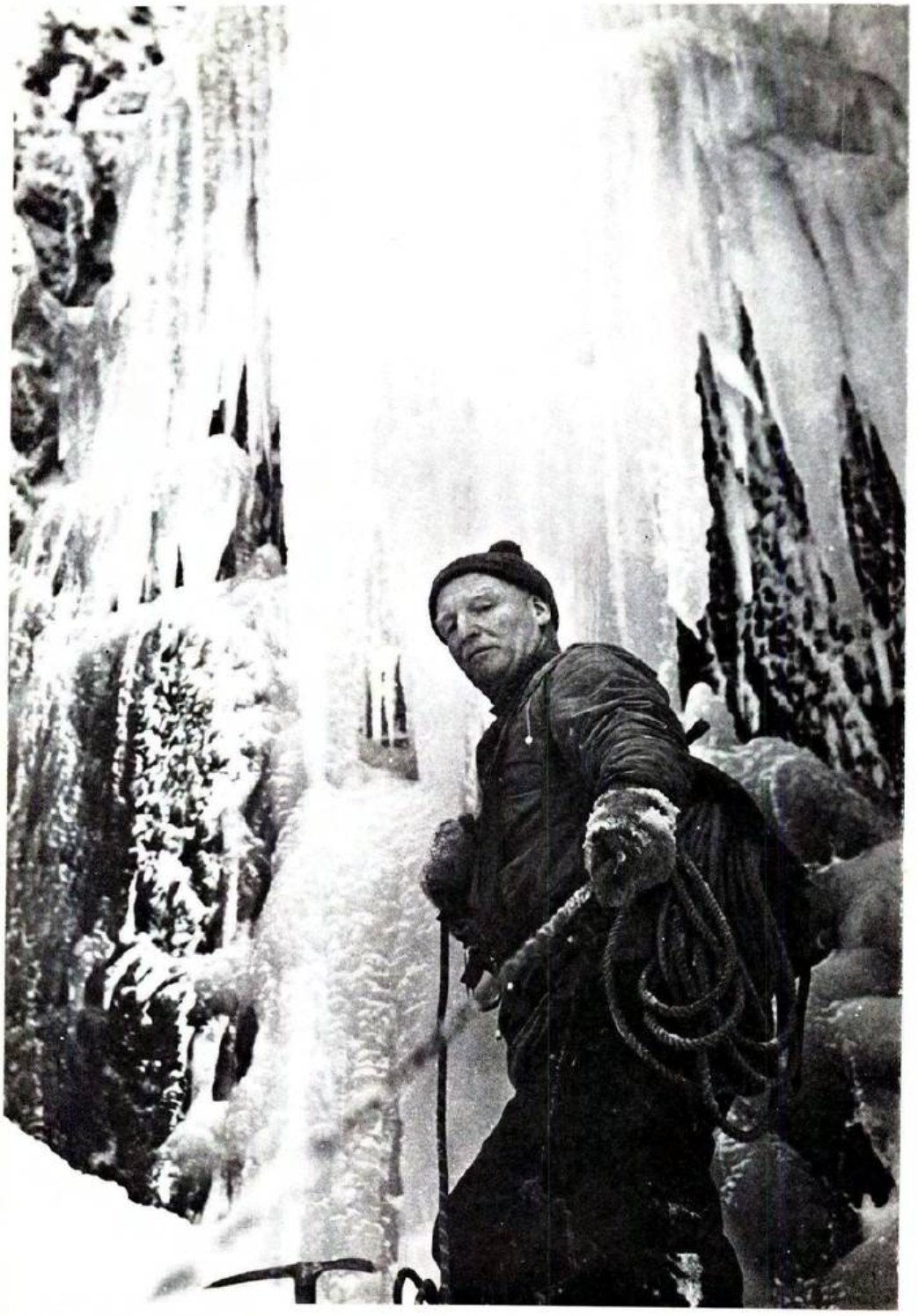

THE MASTER — J. Carswell, Central Gully, Great End

R. F. Allen

THE

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TERRA NOVA?

Ian Roper

1972 was the worst summer in living memory, everyone said so and my climbing diary of the year bore witness to the fact—not a visit to Scafell, freezing fingers on Gimmer in June. The major crags hid their heads in cloud-cuckoo-land while we mortals played at climbing on the valley outcrops, fighting to gain form for the brief spells of sunshine. This was particularly frustrating as Jack and myself had (you've guessed it) a secret crag. Unfortunately someone else shared the secret, and we didn't know who. If we were to snatch the plums, we would have to get in fast, but the weather continually frustrated our plans. Early visits produced a couple of reasonable routes, but the line of the crag remained to be done. However, I'm putting the cart before the horse, I'd better go back to the beginning.

The beginning, for me at any rate, was a fine spring day on Buckstone How in 1971. Bob Allen was there, recovering from abdominal surgery, and was strictly grounded while the rest of us disported ourselves on Cleopatra. Anyway, Bob had brought with him a new toy, a pair of ultra miniature Zeiss binoculars, which were seized upon by each of us in turn to wonder at this marvel of modern optics. Falcons were observed, car number plates read and so forth. Finally the wonder was in my hands, and I idly scanned the huge face of Honister crag opposite, at first merely examining the quarry inclines and other evidence of man's activity; suddenly the turning of my head stopped as I focused on a steep wall of rock, indistinguishable from the rest with unaided vision, but there, where I had long suspected, was a new crag. I stifled an urge to chortle out loud and the next evening I rang Jack in Sheffield. Mrs. Soper answered the phone and careful hedging took place before she muttered that they'd been and it wasn't too good. Himself reiterated the point a few moments later when he roused himself from his geologising. 'They are trying to put me off' I thought, 'crafty beggars'. At last my insistence won through, an expedition was arranged and a week later, Jack, Neill Allinson, Colin Taylor and myself met at the top of Honister.

The approach was not as terrifying as I had expected, and quite soon we found ourselves at the foot of the steep and liberally vegetated wall of the crag. Here a rude shock

awaited us; for at the foot lay great uprooted turves and masses of defoliated moss. The amount of gardening was incredible. We resolved to climb a route anyway, to investigate the matter further, so Jack and Neill set off up an innocuous-looking corner. On closer acquaintance it proved anything but innocuous, and soon both members of the A team had retired from the fight. I was elected to lead the next assault and within minutes I found myself on overhanging rock, clinging on to a none too secure looking piece of grass. I moved and wailed, getting scant sympathy from the trio down below, and eventually extricated myself, having avoided the main difficulty by a devious move to the left. The others came up the straight way and we assembled on the ledge below a large corner. Once more Neill was pressed into the lead, but found himself forced back from each likely-looking line. By this time we were all cold and thoroughly fed up, and he was ordered to get us off the crag, which he proceeded to do with almost indecent haste. Round one to crag X.

A couple of months later we returned, having concluded that our mysterious competitors had either abandoned the crag, or else intended to return at a later date. It was important therefore, that we should keep our own visits as inconspicuous as possible. The rumour was put about (even in print) that the new in-place was a gully wall on Haystacks, and gardening activities on the crag were restricted to a minimum. The objectives of a second visit were the easier-looking walls and corner to the left of our previous attempt and so the two teams embarked on parallel lines. The crag was not in the best condition and I had a bad time leading the second pitch of the corner. This certainly had never been done before, as the deluge of moss and mud, which descended on Colin, bore witness. I even had to use a peg, above which the difficulties eased somewhat. The A team abandoned their line and traversed in to join us, the last man trundling great blocks which reached two thirds of the way to the road. The top pitch continued, moist and strenuous to the top of the crag, a fine lead by Neill in the cold conditions. We named the climb Seraph (270 feet Very Severe (hard)). The significance of the name will scarcely escape even the most incompetent crossword fan. (Phrase?—Ed.)

A discussion followed the ascent of Seraph, as the victors divided the spoils. The lines were distributed between the two teams, confident that we had the measure of the place.

The line which attracted me was the long middle corner of the crag, to which I was duly assigned, so Colin and I returned later in August, only to find the corner exceedingly wet. Somewhat half-heartedly we returned to the scene of our former explorations and considered a route up the arête of the right-hand corner. It looked apallingly steep, and so it proved on closer acquaintance. Colin led an easy-looking groove, some distance to the right of our original pitch, which like all easy-looking grooves on this crag was wet; this one was good Very Severe and very loose as well. An easy traverse left brought us to Neill's point of exit on our escape route of two months previous. Above was the unknown. A bulging groove led to a small overhang, avoided on the right. On the left an impending V groove split the arête. Gaining this with surprising ease, I blessed our mysterious benefactor for removing the worst of the grass and moss. However, the tinies still had to be cleared and it was some time before I committed myself to the steep bridging that the pitch entailed. Halfway up the groove I tweaked out a small block to be rewarded by a magnificent runner spike; I gave a whoop of joy and progressed rapidly but steeply to an overgrown gangway on the right. I thumped home a solid piton and brought up my companion who made complimentary remarks about the pitch, and then proceeded to shower me with moss and lichen from the wall above. A small tree marked the end of the difficulties but proved decidely difficult to attain. The leader then disappeared from sight and the rope twitched out, stopped as something big flew through the air (only a turf) twitched out again, then it stopped. The traffic roared past on the road below and people, tiny as ants, frolicked by the stream. The rope tightened at my waist and I attacked the wall above. It was not an efficient performance and I was glad to reach the small tree. Above, a vertical field and loose arête led to a final grass cornice where Colin's winter experience had obviously proved useful. Remembering the nearby Paper Tiger, we called this one Straw Dog (260 feet Very Severe (Hard)).

Winter came, and went, and the dreadful summer of '72 set in. Form, clearly won in Cornwall, was lost again in the June rains. Eventually a fine week came and I snatched a cheeky week's holiday from a co-operative boss. Jack was there geologising, and I suddenly found form on Dovedale Groove. Honister was bone dry, as dry as we'd ever seen it as we gazed upon it that fine Thursday. Jack hadn't been on rock

that year, so I suggested a girdle traverse, mentioning that it would give us a chance to inspect the crag more closely, and that success was certain. It would go, I assured him, at ordinary Very Severe, 'just the thing for getting some form back'.

With Jack firmly tied to a tree, I set off up a likely-looking groove; ten feet higher and it looked a good deal less likely and I was soon seeking a way out. Once more earth and moss showered down as the holds were denuded for inspection. Above a small overhang the climbing became more pleasant, as it took place mainly on rock. There was even a delicate move across a slab, except that Jack on following, removed the finishing hold and rendered it impossible. Eventually I found myself on the ledge at the top of the second pitch of Seraph. Jack led through, having very firm ideas about where the route should go. His ideas may have been firm but his resolve wasn't, and before long he was back on my ledge. We changed places and I had a look. Jack was right, I concluded as I made my second semi-controlled descent (Jack's phrase). If not up, then down was the way. Asking Jack for a bit of tension I reached down and placed a nut in a thin crack and stepped across and down into the sling. I know I have long legs, but when I came to a halt 10 feet lower down, I came to the realisation that even my legs won't stretch that far, and that something was sadly amiss. It was. The sling was looped loosely and foolishly around my foot while the white rope, through a runner some feet above, was tight as a bow string. I managed a feeble grin and proceeded to extricate myself from the ridiculous situation. Fortunately my feet had come to rest on a traverse line which proved surprisingly easy and I quickly reached the big central corner. Above on my right was the ledge I had long planned to reach, but alas the intervening rock overhung something tremendous, and Jack is a purist, so on up the corner I went. It was unfortunate that the configuration of the ropes was such that all my runners kept falling off as I moved up. This was perfectly all right as long as the good holds kept coming, but it was patently obvious that they wouldn't last for ever, and they didn't. Shock number one came when a potential stance proved sloping and inhospitable. Shock number two immediately followed. I was forced back on to the steep wall near the stance five feet higher than either Jack or I had reached. I had climbed 60 feet to get there. The wall was steep

and compact and a hour and an half later I was still perched on the same small holds, unwilling to admit defeat, but quite baffled by the combination of holds with which I was confronted. Jack was growing restive, and I made as if to come down, but again a tiny voice insisted on one last try. This time, with a cry of 'watch the rope', the move was made and a huge spike came to hand. Enjoyable, delicate climbing followed to a minuscule grass ledge and a variety of loose piton belays. I surrounded myself with steel men and Jack came up over the bulge which we had previously failed to lead muttering that it was definitely Extremely Severe. It was now obvious that the girdle traverse was a doomed project, and therefore it was necessary to find an exit through the appallingly steep rock above. With this in mind, we regained the corner and proceeded upwards, impressed with its steepness. An overhang barred progress, and here we waged an ineffectual struggle before embarking on a long traverse to the right. After about twenty feet the words of failure floated down. Utterly spent after leading the pitch below, I was past caring whether we succeeded or not. Up or down all I wanted was to get to the pub before closing time. He came back and then horrible visions arose as I looked at the pathetic pitons, all loose in their respective cracks and thought how ignominious it would be to be rescued from our own secret crag. Eventually I espied a decent-looking piton crack, and fifteen minutes later we were on the ground, five and a half hours after leaving it. We had gained just 130 vertical feet. On the way back I collected one of my old slings and a karabiner, dropped, judging from the corrosion, on our first visit a year previous. Our predecessors had not returned.

A week later we were back, determined to climb the central corner. Jill came to take the photos, and we set off in high spirits. Jack was delegated to find the exit, so I ensconced myself on the little grass ledge and whiled the time away counting cars and discussing F stops and shutter speeds with the photographer. Jack was a long time at the overhang, and again abandoned it for the rightwards traverse. This proved spectacularly exposed, as I found out upon following, and not at all easy,—tricky steps down made more tricky by the abundant lichen. Jack was belayed below the final arête of Straw Dog, which gave an impressively loose finish. The climb we named Black Star (320 feet Very Severe (Hard)). That night we 'went public'. No one was impressed when we

told them we'd done three Very Severe (Hard) routes on Honister. 'There isn't any rock to climb on Honister,' they insisted. May be not, but the grass certainly poses problems when it fades out. (The writer informs me that he has discovered that Black Star had been climbed previous to his ascent by another party. In fact there is doubt about how much of this crag *is* new ground—Ed.).

DAMP DAYS ON THE WEST SIDE

John Wilkinson

'Aye, it's a fine soft day.' Expression frequently used by the denizens of the Western Isles.

Slumped in the car at Kyle of Lochalsh after an all-night drive and waiting for the first ferry of the day to Skye, I was prepared to dispute that often quoted Chinese proverb, 'it is better to travel than to arrive'. An hour or two later, having driven across Skye to observe a grey and heaving Minch from Uig, I confess I was looking forward to the journey's end in Harris.

The wet-look was once again prominent among spring fashions of 1972, and as MacBrayne's car ferry, the *Hebrides*, entered East Loch Tarbert, we could see that the hills of Harris were wearing it with dignity. Fortified by a few flagons of Laughing Cavalier obtained at Tarbert's only hostelry, our small convoy set out to find a camp site as close to the crags as possible—provided we were not obliged to carry the gear more than five yards from the car. The S.M.C. District Guide to the Islands states: 'it is difficult to find camp sites that are not boggy and midge-infested'. Fortunately it was far too cold for the midge this spring bank holiday, but boggy, that I could agree with. We took the Husinish road, and drove mile after weary mile, way out past that monstrous Victorian erection at Amhuinnsuidhe whose owner, rumour has it, is just itching to add a few brace of climbers to his annual bag of wild life. It was a fruitless quest, no sites were to be had, and the rain was coming down. We decided to retreat to South Harris where acres of smooth grass run down to some of the finest beaches on the west side of the island.

Established at last, we took stock of the situation. The weather was foul and clearly getting worse. Our main objective of Strone Ulladale was going to be soaking wet for some time to come, so we decided to have a look at the crags in Glen Scaladale, the nearest rocks to the road. Dodging the rainstorms, which swept the glen at frequent intervals, we made for the nearest crag, Creag Mo, a 300 foot high crag about a mile from the road. Water was sluicing down everywhere, except over the central section of the crag where it dropped off the huge overhangs. The 'bergführer' Austin,

whom I had conned into joining us with the promise of a new route every day, pronounced that he could see several good lines. All he needed was the weather and he'd make a killing. We tried to persuade him to climb up the relatively dry rock below the overhang to what appeared to be an eagle's nest, but he said his galoshes wouldn't grip, and in any case he didn't fancy being carried off in a pair of tallons. We made a damp retreat but had a great night on the malt in Ed Cross's dad's Landrover.

A couple of foul days later, we ventured forth again, Allan and Ed to Sgurr Scaladale, a superb 700 foot crag, which was still far too wet for big new climbs, whilst Rodney, Joe and I decided to have a look at Strone Ulladale. Why we carried all that gear with us I don't know for we never seriously thought there would be any chance of using it. There wasn't. The crag was sodden wet, and even if it had been snuff-dry I for one would have probably reneged. It was the most impressive crag I had seen in Britain—700 feet of largely overhanging rock, a great place for the young lads with all their hardware. Joe and I lounged on a sunny boulder and watched Rodney make a closer inspection of the crag: we could hear him grinding his teeth half a mile away at the sight of all that wet rock. Still, the golden eagles soared overhead, deer bounded across the glen and mountain hares, big as kangaroos, sprang from the boulders. An impressive spot—and so near the road too, only an hour and a half from car to crag. (A motor bike could be driven to within a few minutes of the crag.)

We decided to give Harris a rest and headed north to Stornoway for refreshment. The weather looked distinctly better from the inside of the Star Inn and, after a suitable pause, we decided to become tourists. Having crawled all over the Pictish Broch at Dun Carloway and been suitably impressed by the great standing stones at Callernish, we headed for Uig, to the far end of western civilisation, as represented by a deserted R.A.F. camp at Mealista. Allan and Ed thereupon decided that, despite the fact that the sun was shining brightly, any crags in the area were bound to be wet and that they would depart forthwith to the mainland, a grievous tactical blunder, because Ben Nevis, like all the rest was covered with new snow.

It was a fine day, not a bit soft, as we squelched our way over the bog towards a low pass on the ridge of low rocky hills running parallel to the coast. A short descent followed by

another brief climb led to the grassy col between Teinnasval and Tamanaisval. Down the glen we could just see the head of Loch Dibadale, and below and to the right, the S.M.C. guide promised us, we should find the most impressive crag on the island after Strone Ulladale; this was Creag Dubh Dibadale, over 400 feet high and half a mile long at an average angle of 85 degrees—and with only two routes on it. We geared up, and trying to keep our P.A.'s dry, descended the fellside and contoured below the crag. Were we impressed! We could see the lines of the two routes climbed previously, both chimney-cracks, one at each end of the steep central section of the crag. Between them, the wall rose in a series of great grey walls and overlaps and it was fairly dry. We simply could not believe our luck. Surely we could find a way up all that acreage of rock. Closer inspection gave me a dry mouth and I suspected that we could be in for a tough time. Eventually we settled on a line roughly mid-way between the two existing crack-lines. At least we could see our way up to the first overhang about 100 feet up. Joe decided that a view of St. Kilda from the top of Cracaval was preferable to a slow-moving rope of three and elected not to climb, so Rodney launched off up a deceptively awkward crack and, at 60 feet, took a stance. The route above, a bulging wall to the left of a big holdless groove, looked very steep and not at all well endowed with holds. Furthermore it seemed to head straight for the overhangs. I persuaded Rodney that it might be a good plan to conserve the energies of the ageing second and try something a bit easier, so he sidled off to the right, down and round below an overhang. A few moves up the corner to a good wedge runner and a long stride across the wall to the right led to a fine slab with good holds. Encouraged by Joe's reassurance from the screes that, in his opinion, the route was as good as in the bag, I followed the leader, with some trepidation, up what proved to be the best pitch of the climb, 80 feet of no more than medium Very Severe. A 130 foot long diagonally ascending traverse was then made to the right over steep rock, but with plenty of holds and small ledges. The rock was very solid and did not seem to provide many natural runners—we had to use piton belays on some of the stances. A steep wall led up towards a crack but we broke back diagonally left for 100 feet, below a band of overlaps. There was an obvious break in the overhangs and it looked as if we were going to get up: I was distinctly cheered

as I reached Rodney, perched on a particularly exposed stance which was dripping with water. Above was a steep crack with some nasty-looking blocks at the bottom. Rodney treated them with caution but they didn't move when I tried to kick them off. The crack was excellent, with good sharp holds, and led, in about 100 feet, to easy ground. A few rope lengths of scrambling brought us to the summit of Tamanaisval. A very pleasant climb indeed which, for the lack of any more constructive suggestion, we named The Dibadale Wall, 470 feet, Very Severe.

An hour's easy walk took us back to the camp at Mealista and although it had hazed up in the west and we missed the view of St. Kilda, the Flannan Islands, 22 miles away, still looked deceptively close.

Of course we had to pay for our route. The wind swung round to the south-west during the night and the force of the driving rain was more than my South of France-type tent could stand. The poles broke and there we were in the middle of the night clinging to the wreckage.

Still, the island had shown us a little of that which lies in store for those who wish to escape to crags where they can virtually guarantee having the place to themselves. The potential of these crags in Uig and North Harris is enormous and there is no doubt that the best is still to come.

LIGHTNING

Colin Taylor

Each year lightning kills several climbers in the Alps. A mountain is always a highly dangerous place in a storm, but there are one or two things you can do to reduce the chances of being struck. How do you know when you are in immediate danger?

What do you do if you are committed to a sharp ridge? Are you really safer if you throw ice-axe, pegs, and crampons down the mountain? An American electrical engineer from the Bureau of Standards, Alvin E. Peterson, wrote an article in the 1962 American Alpine Club Journal, to answer some of these questions (a French version was published in *La Montagne* of February 1967). My article is based on a number of unwanted opportunities to apply Peterson's advice experienced by Alan Wedgwood and me over past Alpine seasons.

'...It is safer to sit out in the open...'

For those interested in the physics of lightning I recommend *The Flight of Thunderbolts* by Sir Basil Schonland, published by the Oxford University Press; however, a short and highly simplified description will perhaps be useful. As hail and rain drops form internally, the huge characteristically anvil-shaped thunder cloud becomes electrically charged, generally negatively over its base and positively on its upper surface. This negative base-charge induces an equal positive charge on the ground, resulting in a potential difference of up to a thousand million volts between the cloud and the ground. Normally air is a poor conductor of electricity. If, as a

laboratory experiment, a gradually increasing potential difference is applied across two plates (one carrying a spike), first an intense current will begin to stream from the spike making a hissing noise until finally the air will break down as a spark leaps between the plates, neutralising the charges on them. This hissing ionisation current glows faintly blue in the dark and provides the physical explanation to St. Elmo's fire. Lightning is the result of a similar process. The potential difference between the cloud and the ground increases until a small ionisation current, called the pilot streamer, moves down from the cloud in roughly fifty metre zig-zags. When the streamer is some 50 metres from the ground, a small ionisation current streams usually from a pointed object on the ground. The streamers meet, the ionisation path is complete, and the main current passes from cloud to ground forming the stroke of lightning. Most of the energy released by the neutralisation of the charges of cloud and earth is dissipated, as heat, to the air. As the whole process takes but a few milli-seconds, it appears instantaneous. The cloud will take a minute or so to re-charge itself and repeat the process. The energy released in a stroke is in the order of a thousand million Joules. Some idea of the effect of its release can be obtained by looking at such examples as the Madonna on the Dru, or the cross on the Géant. In both, numerous holes a few centimetres across have been punched, as the metal, at the point of impact of a stroke, has just vapourised. The stroke heats up the air in its path to a temperature of 25,000 degrees centigrade, causing the brilliant flash. The thunder roll is generated by the rapid expansion of air, which is sufficient to raise the pressure in a small cavity to seventy atmospheres. It is hardly surprising that trees and rocks near the zone of impact literally explode. The voltage gradient near the point of impact is very high, and the electric current from the stroke tends to travel along the surface of the ground taking the line of least electrical resistance following flowing water or human bodies if present.

In practice, only about the last fifty metres of the stroke's path appear to be influenced by the detail of the ground surface and the precise point of impact tends to be the sharpest, highest object within a fifty metre distance. This is the theory behind the lightning conductor, which is well earthed to provide a line of low electrical resistance and so attract the lightning stroke. It appears that if a pilot streamer

is directed towards an inverted cone of semi-angle forty-five degrees centred on the conductor, then the stroke will earth through the conductor (diagram 1 should clarify this). The zone protected by the conductor is the lightning shadow. In high mountains there is some hope that pointed rock summits and gendarmes on sharp ridges will act as fairly effective lightning conductors. The hissing ionisation noise then provides some warning of imminent danger of a stroke. A climber inside the shaded zone in the diagram is pretty safe from a direct strike. It is, however, important that they are not too close to the conductor to avoid a secondary stroke from the conductor. In an Alpine hut with adequate lightning protection, a storm may well be an awesome experience but will not be very dangerous. Four of us were lying in the Mitellegi hut when a stroke earthed, apparently, down the conductor in the centre of the hut. The noise was staggering and the after-images seemed to last for several minutes, but none of us felt any shocks.

Diagram 1 (Cone of Safety)

Obviously when a storm is approaching it is important to get off sharp ridges and pointed summits. If the visibility is good, and if the weather is not coming from the other side of the mountain, then there will be about an hour before the characteristic barrier of thick black clouds arrives—although if the wind is high this time could be less. These cloud barriers always mean storms somewhere. In August 1967 five of us were climbing the Jungfrau by the Rottalgrat, when a cloud barrier approached. Misled by daily tests the Swiss Air Force were then conducting in the Lauterbrunnental, we persuaded ourselves that, as the sky above was so blue, the rumbling noise was just another series of sonic booms. The ionisation noise from the ferrule of a long ice-axe was the first real indication of danger. The storm caught us fortunately low on the ridge on the fixed ropes so we were out of much danger. The storm clouds cleared after some minutes

'you can test this by raising a finger carefully and listening hard.'

to reveal a further line of heavy clouds another hour away which turned out to be rather more serious when the second storm surprised us on the Hochfirn. As the clouds envelope the party there are still a few moments to take action. The first sign of imminent danger will be a tingling feeling and the characteristic quite unmistakable ionisation noise, particularly from any long ice-axes strapped to sacks. Then you do have to get into the lightning shadow of the ridge or a pinnacle (One thirty feet high will do, otherwise the biggest one you can reach in a few seconds). When the immediate danger is past the ionisation noise will stop—you can test this by raising a finger carefully and listening hard. In August 1970, Alan Wedgwood and I, with five Swiss, were out on the Mitellegi ridge for five hours in almost continuous storm, winching two Swiss lads two hundred metres up the Alpiglen face of the Eiger a hundred yards along the ridge from the hut. There was no alternative to staying close to the crest of the ridge and we used the ionisation noise to indicate when to stop heaving and get down just below the ridge. There were no strikes within a hundred metres as far as I could tell, but clearly several not much further away and we all suffered

mild secondary shocks. It is the only time I have seen the hair on my balaclava standing on end!

It is very important to tie each member of the party to the mountain. A lightning stroke close by can induce a strong potential difference which, quite apart from causing a painful shock, can trigger muscular contractions powerful enough to flick a body centimetres into the air. Neil Allinson suffered several such shocks on the North Ridge of the Badile a few years ago and was lucky to escape a serious fall as a result. In August 1971, Alan Wedgwood and I were caught just at the top of the Ferpècle Ridge on the Dent Blanche. We took

'...powerful enough to flick a person a few inches into the air...'

shelter under an overhang formed by a small gendarme right on the summit ridge and put in a good peg. A few minutes later our gendarme was struck and we were both lifted two to three centimetres from the small ledge on which we sat. Without the peg, one of us would almost certainly have disappeared down the mountain. In several cases these induced shocks have left the victims exhausted.

Do you throw away the ironmongery? The answer must be no—after all you still have to get off the mountain. If placed on the ground the attractive effect of crampons and axes will be negligible compared to that of even a small pinnacle close by, despite all the sharp edges. So strong is the belief in throwing away ironmongery that on occasion I have had to conceal gear in a rucksack for the peace of mind of others.

When rain or melting hail falls during a storm then it is important to keep out of the line of flowing and falling water streams, particularly on Aiguilles and Dolomite towers. Quite apart from the dangers of a direct strike near the summit you are liable to suffer a shock due to the surface current from the stroke. This current decreases in intensity with distance from the point of impact, but the voltage gradient is so high, particularly close to the impact point, that you are not entirely safe from shocks even hundreds of feet below a summit. Four summers ago after doing the Scarf Arête, Alan and Janet Wedgwood and I were traversing the roughly triangular face of the Cime della Madonna along the Via Ferrata leading to the Pradidali Hut, about two thousand feet below the summit. Rain had been falling heavily and the entire face was running with water when lightning struck somewhere near the summit. My hands were jerked off the iron ladder I was climbing and I had to catch a lower rung as I teetered backwards. Alan had a similar experience while Janet, holding a polythene covered cable between the ladders, felt nothing. There will be of course no ionisation noise warning of an imminent strike that far away. If therefore, only poor cover from the rain is available, it is safer to sit out in the open hunched up with the feet together away from falling water (along which any surface current will remain high) to keep the potential difference across the body as low as possible.

Very briefly then!

1. Look out for storms—particularly in July and August.

2. After spotting a storm use the time to get off a ridge or to get close to a big gendarme.
3. Listen out for the ionisation noise and take immediate cover when you hear it—beside the largest object within a few yards.
4. Everyone should be tied securely to rock and the ironware put down as low as possible a few feet away. Sit hunched up a few feet away from your lightning protection out of the line of water falling from it.
5. Wait for the ionisation noise to stop, even after a stroke, before moving at all—even to better protection.
6. When moving off remember one storm is often followed shortly by a second and sometimes a third so it is usually worth planning accordingly.

Even if you do take all possible precautions you will not necessarily be safe, but at least you are reducing the chances of a severe shock.

'...It is the only time I have seen
the hair of my Balaclava standing on end.'

EAST GREENLAND SUMMER

P. E. Brown and R. D. Brown

The most difficult part of any East Greenland expedition is getting there in the first place. We managed by combining our resources with those of an American party who had different objectives but in the same area. The Sheffield team of Jack, Pat, Rod and myself met from time to time to discuss our plans, appropriately enough in the bar of the South Seas, and in January I made a visit to Norway to charter the 130 ton wooden sealing ship *Signalhorn*. Being financially restricted I took the minimum charter time of 45 days and we decided to start in mid July.

Among the equipment we began to gather together, one item, a radio transmitter-receiver, was particularly difficult to come by and yet I could not reconcile myself to the reasoning of the leader of a previous expedition which was roughly as follows:

'If we have a radio it will go wrong and then when nobody hears from us they will come to rescue us'; and then emphatically, 'we shall not want rescuing'. On that occasion we didn't, but nevertheless when our ship was delayed coming to take us off we should very much have liked to communicate with someone, particularly when the cupboard was bare except for our last migratory duck.

When Nigel Robinson joined our party he brought with him a pretty well fool-proof radio and also personal knowledge of part of the area we were to visit. Our sixth member was Frank Moseley who joined in at a later stage when plans were virtually complete.

We had two objectives, the Lilloise Bjaerge and the Borgtinderne (see sketch map), both selected for geological reasons, and which we approached by Wiedemanns Fiord and the very large Kronborg Glacier which streams directly off the ice cap. Lawrence Wager attempted to reach the Lilloise in 1932 when carrying out a geological reconnaissance of the East Greenland coast; lack of time and the complexities of the approach across the Kronborg Glacier defeated his party. A second attempt by an Oxford party in 1966 was also unsuccessful, so it was evident that we could expect something difficult in attempting to follow essentially the same route

The Borgtinderne, about thirty miles inland up the Kronborg Glacier, was an unknown quantity, although oblique air photographs and Nigel's observations from the nearby peak of Ejnar Mikkelsens Fjaeld indicated something quite formidable. In our planning we were limited by the comparatively short period our 45 day charter would allow us to spend ashore; also bad ice conditions in the Denmark Strait, or even just bad weather with a ship so small as the *Signalhorn*, could drastically upset our timetable.

Tied up in Bergen docks on a very wet July 15th everything about the *Signalhorn* looked small, except the enormous look-out mast. We crowded in thirteen expedition members plus eight crew and the first stage of the journey around Iceland was very uncomfortable. The Club party was accommodated in something like a garden shed built as an afterthought high on the rear end of the ship. The motion up there was violent and we were all ill, so that when the temporarily erected bunks began to collapse and Nigel's thirteen stones plus iron bedstead landed square on Frank beneath, our responses varied from nil to a small voice (Jack?) asking, 'are you alright Frank?' Which he obviously was not, being unconscious and unable to reply. When he came round, Frank did not seem to know that anything had taken place other than his normal level of suffering. My secret fear was that the garden shed, complete with whole party, would disappear over the side, an unexpressed thought which I found later had occurred to several of us.

On the fifth day out from Bergen we were in thick pack ice and the *Signalhorn* came into its own environment. Still we were only about fifty miles off Iceland and in pack ice so thick that for three days we made little progress. Boredom and frustration set in as each valuable day of charter time went by and our chances of success receded a little. Time was marked by turns in the galley punctuated by the occasional excitement of a passing whale or yet a more exotic iceberg than the last one.

Eleven days out from Bergen we arrived in Wiedemanns Fiord after stalwart work by the Skipper in ice conditions which hardly eased at all. The last few days, in sight of the Greenland mountains, provided more diversion and interest, and the crow's nest was a popular vantage point. We soon learnt to time the final stages of the ascent to the nest so as not to coincide with the ship bumping an ice flow, though this was

not always easy when the mate took the wheel from the skipper. He was a small-boat man, and by his standards the *Signalhorn* was evidently big and certainly indestructible; indeed on one occasion he attacked a piece of ice so vigorously that the list of the ship nearly had Jack out of the nest!

On unloading our boxes the ship's motor boat was found to be non-operational, and the only alternative, an ancient wooden dory, carried as deck cargo, filled with water immediately it was launched. Several hours work with tar and canvas followed accompanied by much ribald comment, but we got our gear ashore reasonably dry and Camp one was soon established on a convenient outwash fan from a tributary of the Kronborg glacier.

Signalhorn meanwhile threaded her way among the icebergs at the fiord entrance and was on her way to act as permanent base to the American party about one hundred miles to the south-west.

We arrived in the fiord in low cloud and drizzle but this soon changed to the usual blue sky and bright sunshine. There is no vegetation in this part of Greenland, apart that is, from rare patches of Alpine campion and a species of willow herb, near sea level, and the rugged scenery of bare rock and ice produces an almost sterile, clinical atmosphere. The feeling of isolation is strong and we were conscious of the fact that apart from our American colleagues our only visitors were likely to be polar bears. The region is dominated by innumerable pyramidal peaks cut from basalt lava flows and protruding through the ice to a height of over 12,000 feet on Gunbjorns Fjaeld, the summit of the Watkins Mountains. The smaller summits in the immediate vicinity of the camp were between three and four thousand feet high, and though nice to look at were as appallingly loose and rotten on close inspection as they appeared from a distance. Significantly our objectives on the Lilloise and Borgtinderne were composed of a different rock type, somewhat younger than the basalts, and which we thought might give climbing akin to British granite or gabbro, a false hope as it turned out.

From Camp one we spent three days establishing Camp two, eight miles up the glacier, and transporting sufficient food and equipment to make a return to Camp one unnecessary before our final withdrawal to meet the *Signalhorn*. The labour of load shifting was somewhat eased by our one-man sledges which we were able to use almost immediately we

had crossed the lower moraines of the glacier. The sledges we used were of lightweight wooden construction and had a shallow boat shape which enabled them to be pulled over very rough ground. Certainly the lower parts of our tributary glacier were rough, resembling in places the peat cloughs of Kinder fashioned in ice, but crevasses were few and obvious.

Camp two, at an altitude of about 2,000 feet on the east side of the Kronborg glacier, was uncomfortable. The tents were pitched on bare snow-ice and continuously shaken by cold winds funnelling down the glacier off the ice cap. We thought the camp would only be a staging post but as things turned out it was occupied for the duration of the trip and became less hospitable as time went on. Some seven miles across the Kronborg we had an impressive view of the Lilloise with its main 8,500 foot summit tower guarded by gendarme-strewn ridges and steep ice falls. Our immediate objective, assuming we could cross the glacier, was a nearer 6,500 ft. rock summit which looked much more approachable and we christened this the Signal Horn.

From Camp two Jack and Rod pushed on up the Kronborg to the Borgtinderne. They departed with a schedule based on a ten man-day food box each, but in the event they were away for fifteen days without experiencing any real hardship—at least as far as food was concerned. As I was responsible for the rations I was relieved to find that they met with general approval and even acclaim and there is no doubt that freeze dried foods make lightweight expedition catering very different from the old days of porridge and pemmican.

'The steam pig will have you across the glacier in no time' said Jack in a parting unkind reference to Pat. Just how soon surprised us all because, having set out initially for a reconnaissance of the state of the glacier, we found ourselves the same day on the lower rocks of the Signal Horn. In fact crossing the Kronborg, although always potentially dangerous, proved to be a question of route finding rather than of technical difficulty. Two intersecting crevasse systems formed a maze of ridges and trenches, some of enormous size, through which it was virtually impossible to trace the same route twice. Obviously carrying heavy loads across to establish a camp on the west side would be a difficult and lengthy job and we decided to work for the time being from Camp two. This, however, meant a two-way crossing of the glacier and put much of the ground we hoped to visit out of range.

In an attempt to traverse the main ridge of the Signal Horn to its 6,500 foot summit we took a stove and some food across the glacier and prepared to make use of our virtually unlimited daylight. While Pat and I set off up the Signal Horn, Frank and Nigel continued the reconnaissance of the east flank of the Lilloise range. Once off the glacier we found the ridge easy although piled with loose blocks. We unroped for rapid progress and Pat's progress being more rapid than mine I eventually came up with him again about 3,500 feet higher sitting beneath a large gendarme which was obviously the only real obstacle to the final part of the ridge. The flanks and upridge side of the gendarme were uncomfortably steep, the rock bad and all ledges abundantly strewn with debris. We tried three or four lines. On the last one I sat without any possibility of a belay, surrounded by tottering rubbish, while Pat edged off down an icy ramp. About sixty feet of rope went out before movement ceased. 'What's it like?' I asked. 'It'll frighten you' came the reply. But Pat came back up and we decided that we were not going to get around the obstacle that day. 'Slesser was right then' said Pat referring to an article with opinions on the generally rotten rock in this part of Greenland, 'I've never seen such a load of rubbish.' Taking time off to look at our surroundings and eat a tin of sardines, we had a superb view of Ejnar Mikkelsens Fjaeld and the Borgtinderne about twenty-five miles away. 'They will have climbed that' said Pat, referring to Jack and Rod, and his voice a bit envious. And he was right because the Borgtinderne has a snow and ice summit and the best rule to route finding in this area must be to avoid the rock where possible.

Retreating down our ridge I made a satisfying collection of geological specimens until Pat, noticing how heavy the collection was becoming, decided that we had enough for one day, picked up my collecting hammer, and disappeared downwards at his usual uncatchable speed. Again he was right because returning across the Kronborg glacier, twenty hours after leaving Camp two, a combination of the heavy sack, tiredness and a careless step on the lip of a crevasse led to a brief slide and my dislocating a shoulder. Back in Camp two the advice of our first aid manual, illustrated by multi-coloured pictures, was to go to the nearest hospital. The nearest hospital was a very long way away and Frank's rugby field medical practice only seemed to likely to bear out the first aid book's advice.

Pat gave me a sleeping pill and Nigel set off for Camp one and the radio to see what assistance he could muster. Maybe the pill was a mistake because as long as I sat up with my arm supported across my legs it was not too bad, but everytime I started to sleep I slipped back so that the arm fell to one side and I was jerked awake again. I spent the night going up and down like a Goofy bird. Meanwhile Nigel had been able to contact a Danish prospecting camp operating about 120 miles away complete with helicopter and doctor. Escorted by Frank and Pat, I reached Camp one about twenty hours after the accident at just about the same time as the chopper with the doctor. Coming round from what seemed to be a very powerful anaesthetic I have a hazy recollection of Pat asking if I had any message for Jack before I was lifted back to the *Signalhorn*, but I cannot remember my reply, which is alleged to have been 'Yes, tell him to . . . . . .*. Perhaps I was feeling a bit disgruntled at the turn things had taken, but in any case Jack and Rodney's end of the expedition was a real success, as Rodney describes below!

At mid-day on 29th July I terminated an extended friendship with my sleeping bag and steeled myself at the prospect of chasing Soper up the Kronborg glacier. Jack was an expert at pulka sledging and, with twenty miles of rough ice on the menu, both he and sledge were unmarked and eager for combat.

As my sledge dragged heavily across a belt of sun-softened sastrugi the distance between us increased geometrically. Eventually the human speck stopped. Highly relieved I pressed on only to find, to my dismay, that the view rather than fatigue had punctuated his progress.

Looking straight ahead it was hard to believe that the giant pyramid of Ejnar Mikkelsens Fjaeld was still fifteen miles away. Eight miles westward across the glacier a low and jagged basalt ridge framed a magnificent portrait of the Watkins Mountains. Long crenellated spurs extended south from a vast rampart of stratified basalt. North of this snow-streaked wall an undulating snow plateau rose from 10,000 feet up to a multitude of icy domes, of which all but Gunnbjorns Fjaeld remain virgin. Close at hand on the eastern side of the Kronborg, crumbling heaps of shattered basalt seemed to be propped up by the glacier. The reality of this awesome rock left little doubt that the black walls of the Watkins will await some other species.

After a further half mile I discovered that my camera was still enjoying the previous view. Incredibly peeved I began to retrace my steps. A sharp voice penetrated my gloom, 'You had better take this with you'. An ice axe crossed the gulf between us. On rejoining Jack and the sledges I took over the supervision of cooking some soup. I became distracted; as the shutter clicked the stove melted itself over. My respect for Soper grew as his lips curled into the smile of a sardine.

Jack's desire for leadership began to pay dividends. Not only was I able to capitalise on any errors in route finding, but also he began to discover some book-width crevasses which were filled with water. I realised that as his feet became damper the extra weight and discomfort slowed him up! However, all good things must end and we camped on ice some six miles from Camp two.

Despite delaying our departure from Camp three until 02.00 hours, unfrozen snow bridges provided some initial nightmares. On quite a few occasions the body harnesses on the sledges proved their worth by suspending us over blue voids. Thankfully, we gained good crusty surfaces which led up to and alongside an uninviting meltstream. On the tacit assumption that such channels subdivide into more easily crossed specimens, we sledged hopefully along the east bank. Gradually it became clear that we were being forced into the apex of a triangle between the rotting basalt walls and the meltstream. Suddenly we reached the source; a large partly frozen melt lake nestled in a depression at the edge of the glacier. After a gruelling struggle across a scree fan below the ruined face, Jack played the winning hand. In a few tense minutes we escaped across a hundred yards of bubbly lake-ice at the ends of one hundred and fifty feet of perlon. Exhausted and chastened we camped at 3,800 feet close to the lake.

Seventeen restful hours later, at the top of a bulge in the glacier above the site of Camp four, a close-up view of the west face of the Borgtinderne nearly blew our minds. Quite distinct from the stepped basalt pyramids, the steep syenite walls could have been a bit of unknown Bregaglia. Said Jack, mouth a twitch, 'I wish I'd brought my P.A.'s . . . '. Having provisionally graded the best lines we trended towards a friendly spur which dipped a scree-clad extremity into a small blue lake at the glacier edge.

Geological work occupied us for three days at Camp five as we explored the spurs subtended by the mountain. On one

occasion, after sledging heroically up a steep glacier to a false pass at 6,000 feet, we attempted to climb an easy-looking satellite peak. I tried to insert a piton into the hollow boiler plates. On failing, Jack exclaimed impatiently, 'we might as well solo'. He took one upward step towards eternity, retrieved himself, if not his pride; and then we scurried away. In consolation we traversed a ridge of instant scree to a minor eminence of 6,300 feet. I remember a moment of rapid acceleration when the crumbling crest began to disintegrate beneath my trembling trousers. I soon had my revenge in a bout of violent trundling which became rather frighteningly ambitious upon the application of combined tactics.

We were about to depart on a lightweight sortie to the north when a helicopter buzzed into our scene. Jack abandoned his breakfast and rushed off to satisfy himself. It transpired that this was the 'bird' that had rescued Peter. We brewed up and rationalised our new responsibilities.

After the decision to continue our programme, we completed a twenty-five miles round trip to the north in twelve hours. Such rapid sledging was possible because at this altitude all but the largest crevasses were buried deep beneath consolidated snow-ice. On the basis of this reconnaissance we decided to establish another camp in a superb snow basin that lay beneath the north face of the Borgtinderne.

At midnight we stood once more in the snow basin gazing south at a replica of Mt. Blanc. The Borgtinderne's whale-back summit rose above an extensive snow plateau into a cirro-stratal sky. As the cold began to bite we continued an interminable march S.S.E. across the basin towards a rock spur which lay close under the north face. We were about half way to our objective when an ice cliff silently avalanched from the ice wall. Then the sound arrived and Jack became mildly agitated. 'Are you sure we are safe here?' he asked. As the cloud of powder snow settled on the distant debris the question seemed now rather foolish. For a moment or two the barren terrain had given rise to an uncanny deception of scale.

We camped at 6,400 feet in the most magnificent mountain situation I had ever been in. Pure white powder snow curved gently into the walls around us. On the east, a jagged basalt ridge merged southward into the cascading ice-cliffed glaciers of the north face. To the west, shapely syenite peaks completed the mountain semi-circle. Amidst this gigantic panorama a ramp of snow-clad glacier slanted diagonally across a part of

the north face. Since this appeared to be the only feasible route to the plateau, we resolved to sample it after a few hours rest.

As we moved rapidly across firm snow to the base of the ramp, all systems were looking good. Then, as the ramp steepened, Greenland started to fight back with a deep carpet of powder snow through which we waded miserably. After an hour of sweating progress the mother and father of all the many crevasses we had passed so far brought us to a halt. Stupified, I stood gazing through the gloom at the jagged entrails within this cruel wound. A hundred feet below, jumbled blocks of ice filled the floor of the chasm. Ant-like Jack jerked about on the overhanging lip as if in search of a random solution. Out of the proverbial blue a drawbridge descended. Jack had located a point at which the corner of an enormous serac almost spanned the gap. The crest of the serac stood some twenty feet higher and its layered snow had deformed to produce an undercut nose sloping towards us at seventy-five degrees.

Decisively Jack took the initiative and thrust in an axe belay. Fortunately the soft powder had long since slid off the nose and I was able to drive in my axe up to its hilt and then I pulled across into some kickholes. Depriving Jack of holding a spectacular and extremely serious peel into the void I scrabbled onto the crest and bayoneted the snow. Immediately ahead a wafer-thin snow bridge withstood our spreadeagled forms and we wobbled on up the ramp. Suddenly, a convex slope yielded a view of the cloud strewn whaleback. Bare ribs of basalt showed through the left-hand flank of ice, whilst on the right a broad snow couloir led towards an inflexion on the summit ridge. Then this vision vanished as we were engulfed in a veil of mist. Occasionally, as we struggled across the plateau, the mocking image briefly fused to re-assert the purpose of our suffering. Once in the couloir breakable crust contributed to a torture in which white-out assumed the dominant role. We progressed by a series of overbalancing prods at infinite space.

At the inflexion on the ridge the mountain displayed its final defences. Beyond a small bergschrund a splendid ice crest sliced into the grey-blue mists. Believing the summit to be close at hand we foolishly dumped the sacks and surmounted the bergschrund. The combined effects of isolation, exhaustion, altitude and bad weather crystallised at

a belay point below a steeper section of the crest. We argued bitterly on whether to attempt the crumbling ice edge or its steep flanking face. In rage I forfeited the pitch and watched miserably as Jack fumbled and chopped out onto the face. Humour returned to me as he crept back and cramponed up the edge. On the next pitch I began to enjoy the lovely exposure and the relative finesse of the climbing. Then the crest levelled and we lost sight of the sacks as we pushed on over a series of false summits. Suddenly Jack stopped at last, and I knew that the Borgtinderne was ours.

A break in the mist revealed a sombre view of the Watkins Mountains some thirty miles away and half-submerged in black boiling cloud which was sweeping in from the coast. Closer at hand downward glimpses of the summit of Ejnar Mikklesens Fjaeld confirmed our impression that the Borgtinderne was indeed a higher peak. We remembered to read the altimeter and after suitable corrections at Sheffield, determined an altitude of 11,150 feet for our peak.

Deep tracks channelled a rapid descent of both plateau and ramp. Even the formidable chasm did not detain us for long for we reached the tent at 10.30 just four and a half hours after leaving the summit. In contrast the ascent had taken twice that time and about ten times the physical effort. As we rested in tranquillity the snowfall, which had begun on the snow plateau, continued for several hours. That evening a glorious orange sunset heralded an improvement in weather and we escaped from the snowbasin the next morning.

Three days later the tension ended as we burst into the first tent at Camp two and swamped the occupants with a cascade of news. That night the katabatic wind demolished our tent and stimulated a hasty retreat to base camp across the melt-soaked lower glaciers.

The unmistakable thud of *Signalhorn's* engine ended our brief seaside sojourn and we watched the crew row the hapless Peter ashore once more. At 19.00 hours, on August 17th, a forbidding wilderness of basalt capes merged into the darkening rain-drenched sky and we were homeward bound.

FOR THE GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS?

(A Mountain with a difference)

Hazel Meredith

'Sarda, sarda, api enda'—the chant breaks out around, above and below. Slight dark figures in sarongs and sarees, babes in arms, toddlers, grandmothers and grandfathers, great grandmother carried by her relatives, all move to its beat, upward through the night.

The 'big white sisters', clad in slacks, who have outpaced their 'big white brothers' and hence appear unaccompanied, are the butt of much good humoured bandinage, and village girls dissolve into helpless mirth when spoken to.

From January to April, in buses and lorries bearing the palm flower as a sign of pilgrimage, from villages and towns all over the island, they travel for many hours and converge in their thousands each night at the foot of the mountain. They make ready to climb the peak venerated by many faiths —to gaze on the footprint implanted in the summit rock by Buddha, or Shiva, or Adam—who according to Moslem tradition did penance standing there on one foot for a thousand years after having been cast out of Eden.

Step upon step upon step stretches before the pilgrim—over three thousand feet of them on the one side and six thousand feet of them on the other—some a thousand years old or more, others twentieth century concrete. Later, hushed and huddled together shivering on the summit, the pilgrims will wait for dawn. Latecomers for whom there is no room make obeisance at the shrine and are hustled down again by the police. The bell tolls again and again as it is struck, once for each time the pilgrim has ascended the mountain and so acquired merit—seventeen, eighteen, twenty two times . . . . . Once dawn has come and the ceremonies are over the hundreds of people make their way down the steep stairway past more hundreds still coming up, and the scene is repeated daily for many weeks, the numbers rising to a maximum on the nights of the full moon and at the April New Year.

Six degrees from the Equator and over seven thousand feet in height, the distinctive and striking pyramid of Sri Pada or Adam's Peak rears out of the jungle above the tea-lands

of Ceylon. It sometimes claims an elderly victim, ill prepared with only a scarf or cardigan for the exertion and the occasional frost. No longer, however, are there falls from the chains placed as handholds up the steep parts as in olden days; concrete stairways have replaced them. Now a tarmacadam road reaches to within a few miles of its foot, so that the majority of Ceylonese today have been up the mountain at least once, but it has been a place of pilgrimage for centuries. Devotees walked for days along the jungle tracks, smeared with lime juice to discourage leeches, in order to climb Sri Pada. King Nissankanella made the journey in the thirteenth century, but it is known that Abu Abd Allah had established the Moslem pilgrimage as early as the tenth century, and descriptions of the footprint appear in writings much more ancient than this.

I doubt if any mountain of its size in the world has been climbed by more people, or has more steps inserted in its sides—any contenders for this doubtful honour?

A MATTER OF LOOK

Frank Alcock

Apart from a few pointed comments a couple of years or so ago I haven't told you a great deal about my mountain peregrinations in Toothwright's company, have I? Let me then remedy the omission, and where better to begin than on that fateful day when he and I headed cheerfully northwards on the first of our many safaris together to the Scottish Highlands?

The few fell wanderings indulged in up to then with this chap hadn't told me the half. To the best of my knowledge and belief he was just another run-of-the-mill, slightly off-centre specimen like myself who for some obscure reason got a great deal of perverse delight from flogging up and down mountains at the expense of much blood, toil, tears and sweat. In short, a normal hill-wandering type of a lovable nature, like me. Ha-blooming-ha! (Which is the best I can offer in cold print to indicate a mirthless, disillusioned, graveyard laugh).

Our destination that cold October day was the Youth Hostel in Glencoe, and thither we made our way, full of beans, in Toothwright's commodious car. The object of the exercise was to tread underfoot as many Munros as possible in the time allowed. Now the time allowed wasn't very much—a long week-end towards the end of October, when daylight hours are rather restricted.

Being myself of a placid, easy-going nature I look upon the trip northwards, with somebody else driving, as part and parcel of the holiday, to be undertaken at leisure viewing the landscape o'er and gradually getting up steam for the hard labour of the morrow. In my placid easy-going way I had assumed Toothwright would look upon it likewise. I was in grievous error.

Gossiping volubly of this and that, pipes going beautifully, the journey from Carlisle, over Beattock, through Glasgow and along Lomondside was most enjoyable. It was not until we were well on our way the other side of Ardlui that a certain indefinable kind of restlessness seemed to affect my companion and transfer itself to the car. Already going at a air lick it began to go even greater guns and continued to do so until we pulled up at Bridge of Orchy, ostensibly to buy

bread. The weather was dull and the afternoon was upon us.

Toothwright began to go all coy and charmingly diffident. He had the local map outspread in a jiffy, enquiring in a beautifully contrived off-hand manner if I'd ever climbed Beinn an Dothaidh, 3,283 feet. I hadn't and said so. Neither had he, and he said so too, pointing out in that oily, persuasive manner of his that I now know and fear so much, that the peak under review was but yonder, only about as far away as one could throw a piano, and we could be up and down the thing comfortably before dark. Horrified at the very thought I vetoed his ridiculous suggestion with outraged vigour. He notched up the persuasive charm a bit. I remained uncompromisingly adamant. He notched up the p.c. to full power and all I had to say was 'Tchah!' What? Me up that thing at my time of life and at this time of day? The man must be joking!

And that, I thought, would be that. We would obtain the bread we sought and proceed in comfort in a warm car to our Glencoe base with no further mention of such a preposterous notion. Not knowing my fiendish friend all that well at the time, I considered that I'd handled a ticklish situation extremely well and was on the point of re-entering the car with the general idea of getting warm again and enjoying the remainder of the drive, when it struck me that Toothwright was making no move to do likewise. Just standing there, he was, with a kind of Look on his face. How can I best describe it?

Have you ever brutally snatched an ice-cream from the trusting grasp of a small, innocent child? No, I don't expect you have. Or perhaps inadvertently kicked a favourite pup in the ribs when rushing to the door in order to get one in before closing-time? You have? Right, well you'll know that stricken expression of dumb, acquiescent anguish with which the faithful hound reproaches you? Deeply hurt, at a loss to understand, yet still loving you.

Just standing there, Toothwright was, with that kind of Look on his silly face, confound the man. Resignedly I turned my back on the longed-for creature comforts and glumly donned boots and anorak, reflecting for the first of many, many times that something would have to be done to cut this perisher Toothwright down to size. I would be everlastingly grateful to any reader of genius for suggestions.

It's that Look, you know, that does it.

Being on new ground and time being in short supply we

approached a passing kilted gentleman with a view to enquiring diligently of him the best and quickest way to our goal. 'Pardon me, sir,' Toothwright began, in the clear, well modulated tones of the cultured English mountaineer, 'Could you kindly indicate to us the best approach to Ben an Doh-thay?' I couldn't have put it clearer myself. Enunciation perfect. There was only one snag—it didn't appear to register with our new-found friend. He looked upon us with what seemed to me distinct loathing and for a frightening moment I thought he might even reach for that lethal looking knife these chaps carry around in their stocking-tops, where the out-door Sassenach stuffs his off-duty pipe.

My fear was groundless. The apparent loathing cleared from his face to be replaced by a grin—somewhat patronising, but a grin none the less. 'Aha!' he chuckled, 'I presume you mean Ben Doe?' (My spelling being as close to his pronunciation as I can contrive to make it).

Toothwright and I exchanged nonplussed glances. Obviously this chap and ourselves were thinking of two different mountains. Ever the quick thinker, Toothwright spotted a way of circumventing the impending impasse. Bringing forth the map he stabbed a triumphant finger on Beinn an Dothaidh, 3,283 feet. 'There y'are!' he hooted, allowing the cultured tones to skid a little in his excitement, 'Ben an Doh-thay! Up yonder, t'other side o' t' railway!' He pointed vigorously with his pipe in the general direction of the 3,283 feet top. 'Precisely,' replied the kilted one, still smiling his superior smile, 'Ben Doe'. And bidding us a polite but frigid farewell he left us, with the brief addendum that we'd be lucky to get up and down before dark, but if we felt we must, then our way lay across the railway via the station.

We proceeded as directed, shaking our heads in wonderment at the great gulf fixed between us and the vagaries of the Gaelic language. 'Ben Doe,' the man said. Ah well, we live and learn. Still, when you pause and consider, I suppose there are many place-names in England that give the Scots furiously to think. What about own Cumbrian Aspatria, 'Speatri' in the vernacular, or Torpenhow, 'Trappenna' to the initiated? But enough of this idle dreaming or we'll never reach the top of Ben Thingummy.

Crossing the railway via the station in good order we resolutely faced the awful lot of up'ards ahead. We were shivering when we left the car, but this initial attack quickly

removed that discomfort.

We differ in many ways, Toothwright and I. He is a menace, universally acknowledged, to mountaineering mankind; no respect whatsoever for sex or age when on the hills. It matters not one jot to him if his companion be of the gentler species or well stricken in years. He scents his summit as the bloodhound scents his quarry and seldom rests until his peak is attained. I'm all for frequent health-giving pauses for rests and smokes en route up hills. Restorative halts every couple of hundred yards up anything but the gentlest of gradients are, to me, essential, but my frequent attempts to pause health-givingly (if that's the word I'm after) got me nowhere on this particular safari. On each and every occasion, my indecently fit friend would glance anxiously heavenward, muttering ominous warnings concerning shortness of daylight hours in October. To these gloomy forebodings I had no answer. My pipe perforce remained cold and empty and breath continued in short supply. So it continued until we reached the col, where even Toothwright deigned to call a halt, long enough, I hoped, for one of those morale boosting smokes of which I spoke so feelingly.

I was beginning to think, mistakenly, that Toothwright was human after all as I lay with my back against one accommodating boulder and my feet up on another, placidly puffing the pipe of peace. The few precious moments of contentment ended abruptly as my loony friend leapt lissoly to his feet, knocked out his dottle and yelped yet again on the subject of diminishing daylight. My pipe of peace could well have become my piece of pipe as it plummetted from my mouth, involuntarily opened by the shock of the rude awakening. A thoughtful tuft of grass prevented what could have been a major disaster, but I lost a good half-pipeful of the fragrant weed, and tobacco is an expensive hobby in these hard times. I had a few trenchant comments to make on this subject so dear to me, but the intended recipient heeded them not, nor even heard. He was purposefully plodding up the last long pull to our summit. I plodded after him, going pretty purposefully myself—it was getting rather darkish.

Soon, to my undisguised relief, the gradient eased and I enjoyed the unaccustomed novelty of ambling along reasonably level ground. This was the summit plateau of Beinn an Dothaidh. (Pronounced 'Doe.' Remember what the man said?) Scratching around for a few bewildered minutes I finally

located the topmost cairn on a large lump of rock not far from the edge of some fearsome cliffs. As I drew nigh, this small cairn put me in mind of an embryo Vesuvius, but only because Toothwright was sitting on the only comfortable spot on the lee side of it, smoking his beastly pipe. He removed it briefly from his face on my approach to enquire nastily where I'd been all this time. Ignoring the man, I reached expectantly for my own pipe and tobacco, prepared to enjoy a contemplative few minutes on the summit of this our first Munro together.

'Got your torch?' demanded my dratted companion as I began lovingly to rub up a flake or two of tobacco, fairly drooling in anticipation of an uninterrupted smoke. 'A torch?' I snorted, ceasing to rub as a feeling of distinct unease came upon me at his ominous words. 'A torch? Of course I haven't got a blasted torch! Whose daft idea was it, may I ask, to come bounding up blithering bens at this time of day? If I'd known I'd have brought a tent and a couple of sleeping-bags as well!' I was going strong, working my way to heights of splendid oratory and something of a frenzy, yet somehow the still, small voice of Toothwright percolated through. 'In which case,' it quietly urged, 'I think we'd best get a move on because it'll soon be too dark to continue without one.'

Half-rubbed tobacco spilt unheeded from nerveless fingers. The unease assumed the proportions of total demoralisation. In next to no time I had taken the lead for the first time that day and was clattering down that mountainside fully twenty yards ahead of Toothwright. What little breath I had to spare was used in coaxing him into overcoming his apparent fatigue and begging him to summon up the will-power to match the speed with which my own fitness enabled me to cover the rapidly darkening ground.

We foiled complete darkness with nothing at all to spare that night. Gasping like a landed fish I groped my way thankfully on to an obvious track leading down to Bridge of Orchy station and sank down wearily to regain lost breath and composure. Toothwright soon joined me, showing no signs of the tiredness which afflicted him on the descent, and we returned companionably to the car enthusing over yet another top to be ticked off in Munro's Tables.

Later, warm and comfortable in the car with pipe going well, I took my friend to task concerning his gross carelessness in forgetting to take his torch. I excused my own lapse in

this respect by pointing out, reasonably you must agree, that I had not envisaged such a jaunt anyway. The blighter was quite unabashed. He just sat there, twiddling the steering wheel as required and grinning like a Cheshire cat.

The floodgates of that same splendid oratory were fast opening again when, dash it, the same still small Toothwright tones interrupted me. 'Hey, half a minute,' they said, 'Who says I forgot to take my torch?' I was almost inarticulate with exasperation. 'Why, you did, you chump, up on the summit there when you asked me if I'd brought mine!'

'Oh, no, no, no,' went on that self-satisfied little voice, 'You clearly misunderstood me. I had mine—in fact I used it quite a lot coming down behind you. You must have been looking elsewhere or you'd have seen it. I merely asked you if you had yours.'

I spluttered a bit, deeply indignant. 'Then hell's bells, man, why the Dickens did you let me slutter down yonder like a falling star, in imminent danger of doing myself a serious mischief, when I could have descended at my own speed with the aid of your perishing torch?' 'Ah, yes,' replied my scheming chauffeur, nonchalantly going through the wheel-twiddling routine as we negotiated those twisty bits over the Black Mount on to Rannoch Moor, 'but at your speed, mate, we'd still be stopping for smokes half way down Ben-Bally-Doh-thay!'

You will appreciate the point I made about this Toothwright chap being a universally acknowledged menace to mountaineering mankind? And the one about his having no respect for friends well stricken in years? Not to mention the purple passage with reference to the Toothwright Look? With such men as this the simple, god-fearing man cannot cope, hence my plea for succour from those of genius.

Nevertheless, one small sop of comfort was vouchsafed to me on this fateful day—just one wee bit of a retaliatory gesture. We duly reached our Hostel, and after the activity on our Munro we were ready for a meal. Poor old Toothwright expected the preparing of this to be on a fifty-fifty basis but rapidly found out to his chagrin that as a cook I'm a complete non-starter. Boil water, yes, reasonably efficiently. Open a tin, yes again, albeit messily. Beyond these culinary accomplishments—nothing. 'Twas not unpleasant, therefore, during the ensuing few days, to return to base, boil the odd pan of water and sit back with the air of a man who has done all that is

required of him. Give Toothwright his due, he can cook beautifully when hornswoggled into it!

FACE NORD

Geoff Cram

'I think we ought to warm up with some practice on ice—How about having a look at the North Face of the Plan?' This was my suggestion and as John Burslem, my companion, is a snow and ice addict anyway, he agreed immediately. Our first attempt at a route had been a financial disaster—we had stayed in the Couvercle Hut, where we were overtaken by bad weather, and ended up having a long argument with the warden over increased C.A.F. fees and a bill of £1.35 for warming some stew! So the only factor in choosing our next route was that it avoided all huts.

In accordance with our fitness campaign we took the afternoon téléphérique to the Plan de l'Aiguille; while the tourists looked out of the windows, John and I admired the mechanics of the trapdoor and swivel crane which might be used to lower all the people 200 feet in an emergency!

The sun shone mercilessly as we plodded up the moraine, but as soon as we gained the glacier a thick afternoon mist prevented our finding the foot of the route! Eventually we located, in order: an enormous cone of avalanche debris; a rock ridge; and a plaque to the memory of four who had fallen from the Plan. Well, at least we had found the route! In actual fact had the weather been clear we could have turned the first buttress on the left—instead it kept us occupied for several hours. Once the crest of the ridge was gained, Grade Three rock interspersed with snow led pleasantly upwards to a superb bivvy ledge. As Dr. Burslem practised his drip-feed techniques to get us some water the mist dropped away leaving a perfect alpine sunset.

Following a reasonably effective pre-dawn start (a rare event), we finished the route ridge and arrived at the foot of the huge hanging glacier, complete with large serac walls, which constitutes the North Face. At this point we were overtaken by Allan Fyffe and Bill March, two Scotsmen who were obviously using the Alps as good training for Scottish winters! After a brief greeting they flashed by with only a line of front-point-holes to mark their passing. The first pitch was 150 feet with a steep ice wall in the middle and an ice chimney to finish. Not to be beaten, the English too cut no steps! A long snow slope led to the first serac barrier which, in spite

of Scottish attempts at a Direttissima, was obviously going to require a long traverse left.

So we went round to the front of a large serac (about a 100 foot cube) commencing the traverse to the left and suddenly, to my horror, I found myself belayed under this tottering edifice while John started what was obviously going to be a long, slow traverse on hard ice. However, with the aid of curses of encouragement and some tension from ice screws, John once again front pointed across and I followed in a frenzied hurry. 'Hope we don't have to go back across that' said John, lighting his pipe. I did not reply and felt an urgent incentive to get to the top.

Four long pitches up steep snow were almost relaxing and we then did a short diagonal abseil onto the centre of the hanging glacier. Softer snow and some crevasses led to the next serac barrier. The only break in this was an ice chute on the left-hand side going up steeply for several hundred feet. John set off up the ice wall, this time taking a craftman's delight in hewing a high step occasionally. After 200 feet we had the choice of continuing up ice or breaking onto a mixed ridge on the left—there was no obvious opportunity to go right, as is normal here. By this time I had seen enough steep ice and took off up the first possible crack line on the perfect Chamonix granite. John thought that that pitch was grade 7, but it soon eased and we climbed rock and icing sugar (it was now 4 p.m.) to a small ledge.

'I fancy a prolonged rest' said John. Compared with previous rests this could have been ten minutes; in fact, we stayed on the ledge for twelve hours! The persuading factors were the soft snow and the continued good weather. Although we could see our way to the top of the Plan the descent down the Envers glacier would have been nasty, so we stayed on the ledge and got amazingly sunburnt.

The first pitch after the bivvy was a mixture of nausea, cramp and arthritis (or frostbite?) and it took an hour for the delights of dawn-climbing to set in. Three ice pitches, four superb rock pitches and we were on the summit—of the Dent du Crocodile . . . . . ! This discovery caused considerable map and guide reading and was followed by a discussion on the merits of the left-hand finish compared to the 'ordinary' traverse right (mentioned earlier). We decided the left-hand finish was best! Being on the wrong Aiguille did not complicate the descent to the Requin hut.

'Shall we have a cup of tea at this nice C.A.F. Hut?' said John.

'Yes! I'll buy a litre of water and we'll make our own', I replied.

'Three francs' (30p), said the Warden!

We had completed the first route of the season—it turned out to be the best, and the hardest!

PUNTA GUGLIERMINA

Ted Howard

Tyres scuffed up dust as 'Phine expertly turned the van round, and headed back down Val Veni. A wave at the van's disappearing rear doors and Alan and I were already on our way, packs shouldered, before the dust settled.

The weather forecast from Chamonix was not good, a storm was given for the following day, but these forecasts had been so unreliable before that we had decided to review the situation once we reached the bivouac ledge at the foot of our route. It was two hours to the Franco Monzino, two hours forty-five minutes to the Col de l'Innominata, thirty minutes descent to the Frêney glacier, and two hours to cross it; seven hours fifteen minutes guide book time—we should be at the bivouac by eight-thirty.

We crossed the Doire by the old wooden bridge and turned right, off the Combal Lake road, onto the track leading (as the pointing ice axe sign said) to the Franco Monzino hut. The van's engine was already a distant fading clamour; the time was then 1.00 p.m.

The next hour and three quarters were spent steadily ascending slopes of juniper slabs festooned in chains, and a final stony slope to the hut.

'How's it going Al?' I asked. Alan had been on the hill only once since leaving England a few days before.

'Not bad youth,' he replied, his sack thudding onto the concrete veranda. We donned gaiters and filled the water bottles before ascending the little Châtelet glacier, a rock band, and a little snow slope to the foot of the couloir leading to the Col de l'Innominata. Ascending rotten and loose rocks in the couloir we arrived at the col amidst worsening weather and gathering gloom.

'I don't like the look of this Sorrell,' I said. Alan peered down the descent couloir onto the extremely crevassed Freney glacier.

'They look like the Preacher man's tracks down there, just under that big square serac,' replied Al.

'Seems to be going dark early,' I ventured.

'There's the Bivvy ledge, above that rognon, the sloping ramp —about half way along it, see it youth?' asked Al. I traced a

line from the front of the descent couloir, weaving across the glacier, past the rognon, to the aforementioned ledge.

'Long way back from the bivvy ledge if this storm breaks Sorrell, it could be a bad crossing in a white out.' Al turned and gave the timid member of the team an encouraging smile. 'How about bivvying on this Col and leaving early in the morning if all is well?'

We started the descent onto the glacier at 7.00 a.m., and raced, as best we could, ahead of the sun striking over the Peuterey ridge, drenching the ice in brilliant hues behind us. Sweating and panting we clambered, in crampons, up a few feet of rock onto the bivvy ledge before turning and smugly eye-ing the sun rapidly approaching along our tracks to the foot of the face.

It was then I noticed a line of footprints, high up the glacier, which ended under a huge avalanche cone. 'Hey, Al, look there, can you see those tracks? I can't see any out of the other side; it's to be hoped they are old ones and not the Preacherman's.' Al turned and looked before questioningly exclaiming, 'How can he fail!'

We stowed our sleeping bags in a 'poly' bag, fastening the bundle to a stone on the bivvy ledge, dumped axes, crampons, stove, and set off straight up the face, climbing easily, enjoying the wild surroundings and remote position.

'Come on youth,' from above, the rope took in, and I arrived alongside Al at the very foot of the impressive-looking pillar. The difficulties started here, and the next eight full pitches followed the very crest of the pillar. Pitch after pitch, crack following groove, beautiful, steep technical climbing with a peg exactly every one hundred and fifty feet.

At the end of the eighth pitch the pillar ran out, merging into the overhanging walls, and it was at this point in time that thunder crashed, and snow incredibly swiftly flurried around. We had become so engrossed in the magnificent climbing on the pillar that we had failed to observe the rapid deterioration in the weather.

Scurrying behind a provident flake we pulled cagoules on amidst cracking lightning and howling wind-driven snow. 'Too far down Sorrell, let's get across the diagonal abseil before its all iced up,' I shouted. 'Okay youth,' I think Al said. He led off, I followed—a pitch of A1 and the abseil was before us. The position now was anything but good, it was really gloomy and icing up fast. Feet skidding about, leaning

far to the left against the rope trying to outdo gravity, I located another peg and clipped in. Five such moves, and forty feet later, I scrambled onto an ice glazed ledge, noticing with growing anxiety it was nearly dark.

'Okay Al, come on.' Al wasn't to be seen, and the storm swept my shout away, but the safety-pull line came steadily in. What wonders of ballet he was performing on the ice, were shrouded in swirling obscurity. A snow-covered figure appeared a few feet away and inched over the ice, along the sloping ledge to join me at the foot of a chimney. Without a word he led off, surmounting at twenty feet a chockstone jammed in the chimney. 'This will have to do youth,' he cried down. Joining him after a fearful struggle over the icy chock, I agreed with him entirely—this would have to do.

The following bivouac was the worst I have ever had. The chimney was too shallow to get in, and the two of us could not sit on the chock. The situation was eased by my standing in my rucksack hung over the chock leaning back on Al.

My eyes jerked open, I must have nodded off, but how could I? the hours of fidgeting, easing cramped aching muscles would not allow such a luxury. With gloved hand I pushed my duvet hood and bivvy sheet apart, to be met by icy snow, whirling, funnelling up as if from the Freney glacier far below. Through the flakes, a tall, motionless figure stood on virtually one foot, exposed to the full icy blast. Hooded and sheeted he stood while I lay and dozed!

'What's up Al?' I said, struggling up off his share of chockstone.

'Just letting you have five minutes youth,' he replied. The rest of the night passed.

At 6.30 a.m. Al led off; there was no chance of the sun penetrating the clag so there was no point in waiting. Still in duvet and cagoule, climbing on elbows, knees and back of head, I struggled after Al. How he got up that ice coated chimney on the sharp end remains a mystery.

Muttering 'easy, piece of cake' I passed him, traversing left and in ten feet rounded a vertical corner. I peered up at a smooth wall with a line of about twenty pegs ending at fifty feet, then nothing but blank, sheer rock disappearing into swirling cloud.

Up the pegs, hammering home a leeper in a blank section, I found myself standing in a sling on the last peg. Now where —the ingenious balance move mentioned in the guide, this

must be it! No time for finesse now, hammering a chock into a fault followed by a pendulum leftwards to a hidden flake solved the problem. A few more moves up the flake revealed a thin ramp leading steeply up to the left, across the wall.

This proved to be the last of the major difficulties and five more pitches of steady climbing up slabs and ribs saw us on the summit.

Half an hour on the needle-like peak was spent in munching figs and glucose tablets, and peering into the wind-driven cloud. Occasionally we were rewarded by unparalleled views of the west face of the Noire below us, seen through huge rents torn in the clouds, or behind and higher, the pillars of Frêney, with the Brouillard pillars peering over the Innominata ridge to the left.

At times like this, one wonders at man's inability to live in harmony and peace.

The first abseil took us to the Epée, a needle-like pinnacle in a brèche to the north-west. After retrieving the jammed abseil rope, we carefully picked our way down the descent couloir. Peering through the clag we found a way through a niche in the left bank, down, round and under, to re-cross the couloir joining the south-west ridge above the Dames Anglaises.

'Reckon this is it youth,' Al proclaimed, squinting down a couloir on the far side. Steep, loose and dangerous ground followed until an abseil landed us in the top of a very steep snow couloir slanting down to the right. Fresh snow on the ice was in a dangerous condition, so we abseiled the full length of the couloir until we could traverse off rightwards at its junction with the bivvy ledge. Here I assembled the stove while Al nipped off to fetch some water from a snow melt.

Instinctively I dived to the back of the ledge, as a high pitched whine briefly heralded the stones. Pain came first, then Al's face swam into view as I groped back to consciousness.

'How is it,' he asked anxiously.

'Not bad,' I wheezed, feeling gingerly at the ribs under my left arm, everything seemed okay, but I couldn't breathe right. Al made the brew and a few minutes later we were cramponing our way up and back across the glacier. At the avalanche cone, the disappearing footprint mystery resolved itself. At a point where they were not blown in, it could be seen clearly they

led away from the debris.

'Even the Preacher man's not blasé' enough to walk backwards under an avalanche,' observed Al. Not being able to fault the wisdom in that statement I led off down the seracs, followed by Al, to the foot of the couloir ascending to the Col de l'Innominata. Here the going was too much for the stone molested ribs, so Al led to the Col in three pitches, hauling yours faithfully unceremoniously after him. The descent on the other side proved little better, there was nothing to choose between being dragged up and lowered down. These proceedings so slowed us up that darkness was closing in as we descended the little Châtelet glacier, and even P.L.F. would have admitted the going was rough down the steep moraine above the Monzino hut. (Though on reflection, perhaps not).

A further bivvy was inevitable in the circumstances; neither of us wishing to stay in the Monzino (or part with the seven hundred lira required to stay in the winter quarters) we chose the old Gamba hut site. Not quite as resplendent, no roof, and no walls, but adequate. Old bits of shelves and spar provided a huge blaze to bring water, drawn from the Monzeno's header tanks, quickly to the boil. Corned beef in soup, as a stew, followed the tea, before we settled in under a clear star-splashed sky in the lee of an overhanging rock.

Snug in my sleeping bag, breathing the cold sweet air, the previous two days' events passed through my mind, much had been learned on that journey. The milky way was the last thing I remember.

I awoke Al at dawn to steaming tea which we drank with oatmeal biscuits, watching the brilliance of a new day suffuse the sky in indescribable colour. As the sun appeared over the far-away hills, down past the Gran Paradiso, we left for the valley, back down stone slopes, chained slabs, and juniper slopes we strode.

'That Ratti and Vitali route on the west face of the Aiguille Noire looks good youth,' said Alan.

'Not half,' I replied (this adventure was nearly over I mused to myself). We entered camp in time for breakfast.

'Where's the Preacher man?' we asked.

'Went boozing down Aosta last night,' was the reply. We drank the offered coffee with more than a hint of a smile.

CLUB PORTRAIT

John Appleyard

T. R. Burnett

At the Dinner Meet the Editor asked me to write a short article about some well known member of the Club past, present, or for all I know, future. Editors are very difficult to refuse so here goes.

I have chosen T. R. Burnett as one who has not become merely a legendary name but was personally known to a large number of the present members and as one who certainly left his mark on the Club in many and diverse ways.

Burnett was the youngest but one of a family of seven brothers and two sisters and one of the six brothers who lived beyond three score years and ten. In their later years these six used to foregather, together with their families, for a reunion somewhere in the Lake District, usually at Patterdale. To join this party for a day was the privilege of my wife and myself on more than one occasion; one had the feeling that one had returned to the days of *The Gem* or *The Magnet* with all these elderly gentlemen, of between seventy and ninety years plus, becoming schoolboys again with all the gusto for living to be found in the average boy of fourteen years, full of the joy of living, playing tricks on each other and everyone else and completely leaving the cares of this world behind for a few days. With such a family background no wonder T.R.B. remained young to the end.

What a capacity for friendship he had, especially with young people, and, though a schoolmaster by profession he had none of the habit of so many schoolmasters of his era of considering himself a rather superior person to the ordinary man or woman. Many present members can probably remember coming to their first Club meet feeling shy and rather lonely and knowing no one, then being welcomed by Burnett who, leaving his own friends, would come and talk to the newcomers and probably ask them to join his party on the fells next day. No doubt they look on their first day with him as a landmark because no one had such a capacity for making strangers feel at ease and such an ability to talk with some authority on nearly any subject, and to make clear in words of one syllable quite abstruse scientific problems. Burnett's final professional appointment was Director of

Education for Dumfriesshire, a position he looked on with some pride when he used to inform people that he was the only Englishman to be appointed a Director of Education in Scotland.

History does not relate the feelings of members of Dumfries County Council when, shortly after he took up his duties, Mrs. Burnett came north, partly by road, complete with Gipsy caravan pulled by a large piebald horse and accompanied by a friend, pony, parrot and assorted dogs.

Though not outstanding in any way as a mountaineer or rock climber, Burnett was exceedingly sound in both branches of the sport. Starting his Alpine experience as a student in Zürich he had a number of seasons in the Alps and Norway and walked and climbed in Great Britain all his life. He hardly ever led on rock but one felt as safe as houses with him as second. He had very definite views on what he regarded as good or bad climbing and had no hesitation in telling off any person he felt was letting the sport down, though, unless the offence was very flagrant, in such a charming way that the recipient would feel amost complimented. It was perhaps as a member of Committee on many occasions and later as the only man to be President twice that he gave his greatest service to the Club. Always tolerant of the views of all members and never stifling discussion on any matter which came up, he still kept members to the point and soon clamped down on any side stepping.

An enthusiast for the club hut idea he helped in many ways both financially and practically in acquiring and altering the huts and was tremendously pleased when he was asked to open Birkness. He had a great affection for the Club, which was the only climbing club he joined and gave of his best to it from joining in 1908 to his death in 1956 on a caravanning holiday, which is how he would have wished his end to be. After fifteen years, how often does one hear the remark 'How T.R.B. would have enjoyed that'. In my fifty odd years as a member I think that H. P. Cain, F. L. Cook and T. R. Burnett are the three names I would give as having done more than any others to bring our Club to its present position as one of the leading climbing clubs of the country. Young to the end, the following will give an indication of his zest for life to those who never knew him and revive memories to his friends.

A dozen of us coming down Honister Pass one New Year Meet, an Austin Seven stuck in the snow, T.R.B. assumes

command, assures the owner he will soon get him out of trouble, stands on a boulder whilst the rest of us like little boys await orders. At his command we heave, strain and lift the car round. T.R.B. then accepts the thanks of the driver with the air of a conjuror who has just done a rather good trick.

On holiday in Galloway a tent collapses in teeming rain T.R.B. produces a spare tent and instructs the party how to erect it over the collapsed one which is then pulled out leaving the contents dry and the boss smiling in a very self-satisfied way.

Celebrated in an article in the Journal as 'The Conflagrationist', meet T.R.B. about lunch or tea time, he sets his myrmidons to gathering vast quantities of firewood, he merely lights the fire and looks round in triumph as if he had used magic whilst more distant members, seeing smoke, smell T.R.B. and his lunch, or tea party, and arrive to partake. Yes he had a great capacity for inducing others to do any job of work.

SUMMER OF SEVENTY-TWO

Jill M. Aldersley

August in the soft September rain . . . . .
Remember June? —
Those cold, relentless rains of March persisting till July?
A green-grey mistiness enveloped us,
Filtered into us,
Disheartened.
Fingers numbed on chill and slimy rock.
Then the sun shone — was it for a week? —
A week of dust and tanning-skins and flies,
Of sun-hats and ice-creams and tourists on the fells;
A week of toiling cragwards in the heat,
Of climbing sweaterless, and sweating, on dry but
wet-streaked rock,
Craving for rain to clear the air . . . . .
Was that a dream?
No dream —
That was summer, the sustenance of our survival:
On such do we subsist through rains and winds and sleet,
Through power-cuts and frost and fog and snow.
A thought, a glimmering primeval hope,
Draws us ever on —
'Spring will bring the sun.'
Sun?
Sunshine?
What's that?

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

E. Grindley

Last summer gave quite a large crop of new routes and although many are on out-lying crags, climbs of considerable importance have been recorded. The extreme development, especially of minor crags raises a couple of points: *a.* 'The character of existing climbs is partly defined by the spaces existing on either side of that climb' (T. Parker), and *b.* is there any point in forcing these spaces with aid as exemplified by Rasputin on Wallabarrow and the two routes on Ern Nest Crag? The wetness of this summer (predicted as long ago as Easter by F. Cashin 'This one will rain and rain') has severely reduced the number of routes, both old and new, climbed so far this year, and so next year's section can be expected to be short.

This year's layout of the new climbs section has been altered slightly, from previous years, in that it is now based on the guide book series and not on the individual valleys.

BORROWDALE

WALLA CRAG

Ichor 210 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The climb starts behind a big beech tree, about 30 feet left of White Buttress.

(1) 100 feet. A rising traverse to the right above the overhangs is made to a small ledge on the arête. Mantelshelf on to this and move along the ledge into a corner to a piton runner in place. Climb the corner with difficulty. Continue the traverse right over loose rock to the piton belays on White Buttress.

(2) 100 feet. Climb leftwards to a ledge below the loose overhanging wall. Climb the wall with difficulty on to a ledge. Move left round a corner into a groove. Up the groove to tree belays.

First ascent: R. HcHaffie, A. L., 1965.

NATIONAL TRUST CRAGS

Strawberry Fields 180 feet. Very Severe. Starts to the right of Marijuana at a steep fault.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the fault with difficulty (sling used to rest).

(2) 20 feet. Scramble up to tree belay of Marijuana.

(3) 110 feet. Climb the wall behind the tree to the bulge. Move to the right and climb the arête to the overhang. Move right below the overhang and climb the steep (loose) wall and pull back left into the groove. Climb the open groove to the top.

First ascent: K. Rudd, M. Lomas, December 1970.

GOWDER CRAG

Ragged Crow 220 feet. Very Severe. The climb starts to the left of the start of Fools Paradise at the vegetated groove.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the vegetated groove (care is required with loose blocks). Block belay.
(2) 70 feet. Climb the short corner behind the belay. Traverse right about ten feet. Move back left and climb the wall above into the corner crack. Climb this to tree belay.
(3) 40 feet. Climb onto a sloping ledge to the left of the tree with difficulty. Climb up the steep rock above until a delicate traverse left can be made onto a sloping ledge. Climb the rib on the right to tree belay.
(4) 80 feet. Traverse right to the prominent rib on the skyline and climb this to the top of the crag.

First ascent: A. Greig, R. McHaffie (alternate leads), 30. 4. 71.

Gosh 170 feet. Extremely Severe. Start at the foot of the right-hand buttress.

(1) 90 feet. Climb slabs or groove to the obvious V-groove. Enter the groove, exit right to the arête and move up, trending right to a stack of blocks. Peg belay.
(2) 60 feet. Move right from belay, climb the obvious overhang using peg on right (in place) for aid. Traverse right to cleaned groove. Climb the groove moving left to a ledge and peg belay.
(3) 25 feet. Climb the wall behind the belay, trending right to a niche. Move left from niche to top. (Care with loose spike at 10 feet). A peg was used to place the one left in.

First ascent: P. Maughan and A. N. Other, 22.4.71

Kaleidoscope 270 feet. Very Severe (Hard). A good route starting just right of Lodore Groove.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the vegetated rib, then over blocks to belay on tree.
(2) 80 feet. Climb the short slab to reach the small tree on the traverse of Fool's Paradise. Climb delicately up the wall to a sloping ledge beneath the large overhang. Move left and climb the steep groove over a bulge then more easily to a large block belay on the left.
(3) 60 feet. Move right up a shallow groove in the arête then up the wall to the tree belay.
(4) 70 feet. Climb the thin crack in the wall then easy rock to the top of the crag.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, 1971.

BLACK CRAG

Moonraker 155 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The climb starts at a cleaned buttress to the left of the Wreath.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the steep wall (strenuous) and the crack above to a tree belay.
(2) 60 feet. Traverse right past a piton. Move right to the foot of a steep groove. Climb this and the clean crack above then move right into the final chimney of the Wreath. Flake belay.
(3) 50 feet. Follow the chimney to the top.

First Ascent: R. McHaffie, R. Allen (alternate leads), 1971.

GREAT END CRAG

Sauron 230 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts at a cleaned buttress at the right-hand side of the crag, about 50 feet right of Great End Pillar.

(1) 80 feet. Start on the right and using a sling for aid move up to the left to gain a V-groove (peg runner). Move up and left then step across the top of the groove to gain a gangway. Climb this, then

avoid an overhang on the right before an easy groove leads to a ledge and tree belay.

(2) 150 feet. Climb the wall behind the belay for 20 feet then move left round the arête. Continue up via peg runner to prominent groove. Follow this to the top. It is possible to split this pitch by traversing right after 125 feet to a block belay on the arête.

First ascent: A. Greig, R. McHaffie, 14. 5. 71.

The Girdle 600 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The Girdle goes from right to left with much vegetation but good climbing.

(1) 120 feet. The first pitch of Sauron.

(2) 120 feet. Climb 30 feet up the second pitch of Sauron, then traverse horizontally left for 100 feet, crossing a treacherously loose gully, to an oak tree belay on The Fields.

(2) 50 feet. Cross the back of the gully by a diagonal abseil to a ledge on the left. Climb the vegetated rock above to join Charon and go up it to the flake belay above the second pitch of Great End Pillar.

(4) 50 feet. Descend the crack on the left of the ledge. Follow ledges easily to tree belay at the foot of the long corner on Undertaker.

(5) 120 feet. Climb the corner of Undertaker to a belay over to the left.

(6) 120 feet. Climb the groove to the left of the belay. There is a belay at 120 feet and (better) tree belay 20 feet on.

First ascent: A. Gregg, R. McHaffie, M. Miller (alternative leads), 1971.

UN-NAMED CRAG above and right of Great End Crag

Crack and Chimney 200 feet. Very Severe. The climb starts on the right-hand side of the crag at an obvious crack.

(1) 120 feet. Climb the steep crack and scramble to a pinnacle belay.

(2) 80 feet. From the pinnacle make a very difficult move (loose rock) into the foot of the chimney. Climb the chimney past a tree, moving onto the left wall.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, C. Spool, August 1971.

BOWDERSTONE CRAG

Abednego 110 feet. Very Severe. The climb starts about 50 feet to the right of Valhalla at a cairn beneath a crack.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the crack, which is more difficult than it appears, then traverse left to the foot of an overhanging chimney.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the chimney until it is possible to back and foot up the overhanging section. The rock in the chimney should be treated with respect.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, Peter Downes, 30. 9. 71.

The Bulger 130 feet. Very severe and A2. Starts to the right of Valhalla and takes the overhanging arête.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the groove to a tree belay.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the chimney for a few feet then move right onto a flake. Use 7 pegs to climb the right-hand groove and move over the overhang. The continuation of the crack was climbed using slings for aid.

First ascent: S. Clark, R. McHaffie, 4. 9. 71.

The Right Wall 130 feet. Very severe (mild). The climb starts on the right wall at the foot of the gully.

(1) 100 feet. Climb the green wall to a yew tree. Move slightly left up the wall behind the tree, then back right to a tree belay below a steep groove.

(2) 30 feet. Climb the groove to the top of the crag.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, B. Sutton, June 1970.

RAVEN CRAG, COMBE GHYLL

Ibis 390 feet. Very Severe. The climb starts at the lowest point of the crag to the left of Corvus and takes the walls above and below the traverse of Corvus.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the short buttress and wall above to a big grass ledge below a steep wall. Tree belay.

(2) 40 feet. Climb the cleaned-off crack to a groove. Traverse right a few feet (crux). Make a difficult move on to the ledge above. A short groove leads to the traverse of Corvus.

(3) 40 feet. The wall above the traverse looks intimidating but is much easier than its appearance. Climb diagonally right until some steep moves lead onto the ledge and spike belays.

(4) 50 feet. Climb up vegetated rock to belay at the same point as Corvus above the chimney.

(5) 120 feet. Follow the 3rd pitch of Raven Crag Grooves. Traverse right a few feet to below the hand traverse of Corvus. Belay.

(6) 100 feet. Follow Corvus to the top of the crag.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, J. Glen and P. Denning, 11. 4. 71.

Gorgon 240 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Start a few feet right of the grass-filled gully in the centre of the crag.

(1) 100 feet Climb the wall easily to a cleared ledge at 50 feet, then move left up a steep gangway to a small overhang. Surmount this and continue up to a large cleaned ledge (difficult). Traverse right to a small tree and belay.

(2) 60 feet. Move back left along the ledge until it merges into the wall, continue left and up to gain the groove of Gorgoroth at the overhang. Climb Gorgoroth for a few feet until a move can be made onto a ledge. Piton belays.

(3) 80 feet. Climb directly up the wall behind to the top. Good belay well back.

First ascent: R. McHaffie, W. Freeland, April 1968.

GOAT CRAG

Great Buttress Direct 200 feet. From a belay in etriers on the first bolt of the ordinary route the party climbed the overhang direct with the aid of 12 pegs, 4 bolts and 1 skyhook move.

First ascent: W. Freeland and G. Sims, 12. 12. 71.

Tarkus 220 feet. Very severe. Starts left of the Queer Thing at a shallow groove leading to a large tree.

(1) 80 feet. Climb the groove and belay on the tree.

(2) 80 feet. Climb a slab and move right into a groove. Climb this moving left, then up heather to belay.

(3) 60 feet. Climb the wall moving into the corner crack and follow this to the top. Belay well back.

First ascent: K. R., R. McHaffie, Autumn 1971.

BUTTERMERE

EAGLE CRAG

Fiesta 190 feet. Very severe (Hard). Start as for the Gurner.

(1) 50 feet. Go straight up the groove on the right of the slab of Gurner for 30 feet. Traverse left along a prominent flake and step around to a belay.

(2) 140 feet. Climb a slab leading right. Step across a groove onto another slab. This leads via a groove to a recess. Exit by a mantelshelf on the right to a glacis. Follow the groove on the left finishing up ribs and slabs above.

First ascent: G. T., P. Fleming, 12. 9. 71.

Visions of Julie 210 feet. Very severe (Hard). Start 40 feet below the pinnacle of the Gurner at a fine groove.

(1) 80 feet. Pull into the groove from the right and up with difficulty for 20 feet. Move left for 10 feet and climb another groove to a recess. Continue up the groove and exit right on to a rib and so to a stance.

(2) 80 feet. Continue up the groove to a steep slab. The corner above is climbed to a finish on the left.

(3) 50 feet. Step back into the groove and continue up this for 25 feet. Finish up pleasant slabs.

First ascent: G. T., D. Cook, 27. 8. 71.

GREY CRAG

Grey Wall 130 feet. Very severe (Hard). Takes a direct line between Suaviter and Fortiter. Starts at the same point as Suaviter.

(1) 20 feet. Climb the corner direct to the left-hand end of the "Long Ledge".

(2) 90 feet. From the left end of the ledge climb the slim corner, pass the overhang and continue to below a large perched block. Step right to beneath a short cleft. Climb this then the twin cracks above to a small ledge. Continue more easily straight up to a large ledge.

(3) 20 feet. Easily to the top of the crag.

First ascent: J. Adams, C. Read (alternate leads), 19. 2. 72.

WATERFALL BUTTRESS, NEWLANDS

The Knutt 340 feet. Severe (Hard). The climb starts on the extreme left-hand corner of the crag on a grassy terrace at the foot of a prominent waterworn slab.

(1) 85 feet. From the centre of the slabs climb gradually leftwards on small holds to the left-hand edge and follow this to a heather covered stance and nut belay on the right.

(2) 65 feet. Move back left from the stance and ascend the steepening slab on its left edge. Climb the rounded arête to a sloping ledge and belay.

(3) 40 feet. Continue up the arête to reach a jammed flake below an overhang. Step right and make a hand traverse across a huge detached flake to belay in the corner on the right.
(4) 50 feet. Climb the corner over blocks and scramble slightly leftwards to below a steep buttress with a loose pinnacle at its foot.
(5) 100 feet. Climb the buttress starting at a scoop on the left and then trend right into a groove which is followed to the top of the crag.
First ascent: K. Jardine, R. Rutland (alternates), 31. 3. 71.

HONISTER CRAG

The only feasible approach is from the summit of Fleetwith Pike. A small col just west of the summit contains a small tarn, which marks the top of a break in the crags known as Brant Scarth on the 2½ inch O.S. map. Descend from the col for about 150 feet until a terrace leads towards the top of Honister Pass and a shoulder, where the main crag comes into view. Most of the features of the crag are visible from this point. At the point of arrival is a large bay topped at 60 feet by a large grass ledge, above which the corner continues to the top of the crag. An impending groove up the right arête gives the line of Straw Dog. Left of the corner is an impressive wall, bounded by another leftward facing corner which is utilised by Black Star. A third corner some 30 feet to the left and invisible from the point of arrival gives the line of Seraph.

Straw Dog 270 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Start in the bay at the point of arrival.
(1) 65 feet. Climb the corner until it is possible to pull into a crack on the left wall. Climb the crack and continue up the corner to the large grass ledge.
(2) 100 feet. The corner on the right is ascended to a small overhang. Pull out right to a small ledge, then move left under another overhang to the foot of a second groove. Climb this to a grassy gangway on the right. Peg belay at the top of the gangway.
(3) 65 feet. Climb the steep wall above with difficulty, trending left to a small tree. Easy climbing on grass and some rock leads to a niche and flake belay on the right.
(4) 40 feet. The arête above leads to the top.
First ascent: C.H.T., I.R. (alternate leads), 13. 9. 71.

Black Star 305 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The best route on the crag, taking a line which uses the central corner, before the difficulties of the upper crag force a long excursion to the right to effect an escape. The second pitch is one of the best in the valley and the climb as a whole one of the most serious. Start at a cleaned rib 25 feet left of the corner.
(1) 65 feet. Climb the rib and steep rock above until a traverse right gives access to the corner. Cross the right wall to a grass ledge and peg belay.
(2) 100 feet. A superb pitch. Return to the corner and climb it until the left wall can be gained. Climb the wall on excellent holds until a few feet of steep ascent in the corner leads to a sloping ledge. Traverse left around a blunt rib onto a steep wall. Go up this over a slight bulge (crux), until it is possible to step left to a small grass ledge and poor peg belays.
(3) 100 feet. Move right into the corner and climb it steeply past a prominent hole. Move right above the hole and continue the traverse to the edge of a steep white wall. Step down and cross the wall space to gain a big corner. Exit from this via a short groove in

the right wall to emerge above the tree of Straw Dog. Scramble up into the niche of Straw Dog.
(4) 40 feet. The last pitch of Straw Dog.
First ascent: N.J.S., I.R. (alternate leads), 30. 7. 71.

Seraph 245 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Start directly below the left-hand corner.
(1) 35 feet. Up to a stance and peg belay below the corner.
(2) 90 feet. Enter the corner via a move on the right arête and climb it to a niche (peg used to enter the niche — probably not necessary if the corner is dry). Move left from the niche and go up on big holds to a ledge and peg belay.
(3) 120 feet. Climb the corner to an easy area at 80 feet. Continue via an awkward move to finish over a bulge.
First ascent: C.H.T., I.R., N.A. (alternate leads), N.J.S., 15. 5. 71.

DOW CRAG AREA

DOW CRAG (B BUTTRESS)

Holocaust 210 feet. Extremely Severe. An audacious line taking the vague depression in the wall just right of Nimrod. Start on the grassy shoulder above Easy Terrace at an embedded flake a few feet right of the base of Nimrod's crucial groove.
(1) 120 feet. Climb a shallow groove and traverse right until below a smooth overhanging wall blocking access to the depression. Using a peg and then a wire nut sling (both in place) reach for good side holds and pull up strenuously in a committing manner. Move diagonally right until small sharp finger-holds enable a nut runner to be reached, where the wall steepens once more. Above and to the left a narrow ledge leads into Giant's Crawl. Gain this with difficulty and finish with a superb jug. Follow Giant's Crawl for 30 feet to nut belays.
(2) 45 feet. Follow a horizontal traverse left to a large grass ledge in the middle of the face. Climb to the overhang and traverse with difficulty to a recess. Step down and then up to another recess (peg runner). Move awkwardly round the rib to the ledge. Peg belays.
(3) 45 feet. Step up awkwardly right and using a peg surmount the overlap, moving left at first, then right following an obvious traverse line to the arête. Up easily to belays on Giant's Crawl. Finish down this to Easy Terrace.
First ascent: R. M., G. Fleming, J. Poole, 20. 7. 71.

Catacomb 240 feet. Extremely Severe. Follows a line below the overhangs high on the Nimrod-Holocaust wall, finishing directly up the buttress above Giant's Crawl to the right of the obvious flake crack. Start at the top of Hyacinth Terrace (see p.22 Dow Guide—Ed) at the base of a broad corner crack.
(1) 120 feet. Climb the crack to a grass ledge. Pull awkwardly into the overhanging crack above to fix a runner on a high chockstone (used to rest). Move onto the overhung gangway and move left with difficulty to a small ledge. Hand-traverse to a resting place. Step up, and in a more delicate fashion, traverse left to Giant's Crawl and belay at the point of arrival. (pegs)

(2) 70 feet. Step into the shallow groove just to the right of the smooth overhanging wall. Using a hidden hold swing onto the left arête and pull up. Move left round the corner and follow the quartz-ridden slab to a good ledge. The large grass ledge above is best gained by moving rightwards on good holds. Peg belays-better to continue.

(3) 50 feet. Traverse the ledge leftwards to the base of a steep crack, overhung at the bottom. Surmount the bulge strenuously and follow the crack steeply to the top.

First ascent: R.M., M.R.M. (varied leads), 15. 4. 72.

Tarkus 180 feet. Extremely Severe. A worthy sister route to Leopard's Crawl taking a parallel line to the right, exiting up the obvious crack line. A steep and bold pitch with a serious entry. Start on the grass ledge below the 'bridged block' of Leopard's Crawl.

(1) 110 feet. A difficult move is made rightwards onto the wall, and using a good finger flake, step right to a short crack (remains of ancient peg). Ascend directly to better holds at the horizontal break and traverse right to a sloping rock ledge below the main crack line. This is followed strenuously and the wall above delicately to where the angle eases. The slanting crack above leads to belays on Murray's Route.

(2) 70 feet. Pitch 2. Leopard's Crawl.

First ascent: R.M., M.R.M., 18. 4. 72.

D BUTTRESS

Snibbo 140 feet. Very Severe. Starts at the pinnacle belay at the top of the first pitch of D Ordinary below an obvious curving groove.

(1) 120 feet Climb the groove, easy at first, but getting progressively harder, until after about 70 feet an awkward move left enables a deeper, leftward slanting groove, to be entered. Climb this and easier grooves and ribs to a grassy stance.

(2) 20 feet. Scrambling to Easy Terrace.

First ascent: R.M., S.A. Colvin, 15. 4. 71.

The Cage 150 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts at the same point as Snibbo.

(1) 130 feet. Follow Snibbo for 30 feet until the groove steepens. Traverse left across a steep mossy undercut wall and pull round onto the edge. Climb strenuously above into an overhanging groove (peg runner). Continue in the same line, still strenuously, until easier ribs and grooves lead to a grassy stance. Nut belays.

(2) 20 feet. Scramble up to Easy Terrace.

First ascent: R.M., S. A. Colvin, 15. 4. 71.

LONG CRAGS, YEW PIKE, CONISTON (298982)

Nameless Route 130 feet. Severe. On the upper crag. Follows a direct line, starting a little to the right of the centre of the crag. It ascends by way of a flake and a steep wall on large but well spaced holds, to finish by way of a crack cum chimney on the summit of the cliff.

First ascent: D. D. Gray, Spring 1970.

White Wall 80 feet. Severe (Hard). Start in the centre of the lower crag directly under the White Wall.

(1) 45 feet. Climb directly to a stance at a grass bower under the White Wall (peg belay).

(2) 35 feet. Pull into the steep groove above and to the left of the White Wall, climb the groove direct to the top of the cliff.

First ascent: D. D. Gray, T. Green, Spring 1970.

WALLABARROW

Cleft Palate 120 feet. Very Severe. Lies on the very steep crag high up Wallabarrow Gorge on its west side. Starts up the buttress but evades the main challenge — the prominent overhanging chimney — by a traverse left into a similar chimney. A climb of character.

(1) 60 feet. In the nose of the buttress is a ten foot chimney. Climb this and step left round a bulge and up onto an insecure looking spike. An obvious traverse line leads leftwards across a small slab and then on a series of slanting ledges to a ledge at the foot of a deeply cut chimney.

(2) 60 feet. Climb the chimney passing a birch tree at 20 feet and continue to a resting place below the final overhang. Fine thread runner. Surmount the overhang in traditional gully epoch style (?—Ed).

First ascent: M. Thompson, A.H.G., 21. 9. 71.

WEST BUTTRESS

Rasputin 180 feet. Very Severe (Hard). A fine route directly up the central wall of the crag, steadily increasing in difficulty to the final steep and technical pitch. Start up the broken buttress just right of and above the start of The Plumb.

(1) 60 feet. Climb directly up the buttress and belay on the grassy terrace beneath an obvious flake in the centre of the wall.

(2) 60 feet. Climb the groove formed by the flake, stepping left at the top. Move up more easily to a small stance and peg belay beneath the steep wall.

(3) 60 feet. Climb the steep wall on small holds slightly left of the belay for 15 feet to a small overlap and step right to the foot of the steep obvious line. Using a peg (in place) for aid, enter the steep, shallow groove and climb with difficulty for another 15 feet to a small bulge. Use a peg (in place) for a handhold to surmount the bulge then continue more easily up the wall above.

First ascent: K. Jones, B. Barret, 2. 5. 71.

SEATHWAITE BUTTRESS

Chef 100 feet. Severe. Start on the left of the crag facing a stream in the trees.

(1) 40 feet. Follow an obvious mossy slab trending right to a tree belay.

(2) 60 feet. Move to the right of the ledge to the foot of a large groove. Climb to the top of this and onto the left wall. Follow a further slab and rib to the top.

First ascent: A. Wild, D. D. Gray.

Variation finish to Cornflake 100 feet. Severe. Start at the same point as the flake pitch. Climb up into the chimney on the right until a traverse left can be made across the slab directly above the flake. Follow the slab until it ends and then up slabby rock to the top.
First ascent: M. Thompson, A.H.G., 1968.

Weetabix 220 feet. Very Severe. A companion route to Cornflake but not as worthwhile. Starts 40 feet left of Cornflake at an unvegetated section of rock.

(1) 40 feet. Easily to an oak tree belay.
(2) 40 feet. Rightwards to an obvious overhung traverse line, which leads right to a ledge. Large block belay.
(3) 50 feet. From the extreme left-hand edge of the ledge enter an overhanging groove with the aid of a nut, then move easily to grassy scrambling and an oak tree.
(4) 40 feet. Just to the right is a steep blunt arête, with an oak tree at its foot. Step off the tree onto this and move rightwards on rounded spikes onto a stance below a corner with a crack. Step up right to another stance and thread belay.
(5) 50 feet. Either crack to the top.

First ascent: M. Thompson, A.H.G., 23. 9. 71.

The Mad Monk 130 feet. Very Severe. At the extreme right-hand end of the crag, just before a steep, grassy, gully and buttress, is a steep wall with an obvious impressive crack system.

(1) 70 feet. Climb the wall on good holds, then step right using a flake/pinnacle. Climb the steep crack above to a niche. Move right then back left to a short wide crack. Climb this easily to a peg belay where the angle eases.
(2) 60 feet. Move left and climb the easy slab, slanting left and up to a belay.

First ascent: K. Jones (second did not follow), 2. 5. 71.

STONESTAR CRAG (205912)

Brantwood Groove 110 feet. Very severe. The route starts below the large pinnacle on the left of the crag, facing the road.

(1) 40 feet. Climb up the large pinnacle and belay.
(2) 70 feet. Traverse left from the pinnacle to a steep rib, then climb this until it is possible to move left into a groove, which is then followed to the top.

First ascent: A. Wild, D. D. Gray.

EASTERN CRAGS

RAVEN CRAG, THIRLMERE

Blitz 260 feet. Extremely severe. Ascends grooves and walls up the back of the cave.

(1) 40 feet Pitch 1 of Delphinus. Belay below a steep groove forming the back of the cave.
(2) 70 feet. Climb the groove strenuously to a spike runner. Move right immediately and pull up to a resting place. Move right round the corner past a doubtful block to another peg. Continue hand traversing past an ancient peg to the recess of Delphinus. Peg belays.

(3) 80 feet. Return to the doubtful block, then pull into the niche above and climb the steep flake crack to the overhang. Move left to a peg and then use 4 blade pegs to climb the bulge leftwards. Use a rurp to reach a peg in the groove on the left. From this reach the tree and free climb leftwards round the overhang and up the wall above to ledges and belays.

(4) 70 feet Follow the grassy gangway leftwards and finish up the open corner as for Delphinus.

First ascent: R.M., J. Poole, G. Fleming, 22. 9. 71.

STANDING CRAG, THIRLMERE (297135)

This north-facing, triangular crag overlooks the broad col at the top of the track from Harrop Tarn to Watendlath. The main feature in the centre of the crag is a tapering slab above an overhang.

Standing Slab 115 feet. Severe. Climb to the grass ledge and tree, right of overhang (15 feet). Move left onto the slab, climb it to its limit and pull round to the grass ledge on the left. Crack for chockstone belay only (40 feet). Climb the groove above, then follow diagonal crack rightwards to front of buttress and up past perched flake to the top (60 feet).

First ascent: D. Chapman, J. R. Sutcliffe, 17. 11. 68.

ERN NEST CRAG, DEEPDALE

Bad Penny 100 feet. Very Severe (Mild). Starts 20 feet left of the obvious crack (Ern Nest Crack) at the right-hand side of the crag, and takes the easiest line up this part of the face. An excellent little route.

(1) 100 feet. Climb a rib on the right of a shallow recess (arrowed) until a move can be made onto the face. Climb straight up for a further 30 feet to a hand-hold shaped like a diagonal letter box. The following move was done with the aid of a peg, but will probably go free when dry. From the foot-hold so gained, make a rather wild swing left. Easier rocks then lead to a V-groove which is climbed direct until one is forced to bridge out over a loose block. Trend rightwards to the top. Piton belay. There is little or no natural protection on the first 60 feet of this climb; two pegs were used for the purpose.

First ascent: A. D. Marsden, K. Lowe, 25. 9. 71.

Prodigal Son 125 feet. Very Severe. Starts 30 feet left of Bad Penny and slightly to the left of a wet corner/groove. Arrowed. A fine, steep, open climb which is not as hard as it looks.

(1) 125 feet. Climb straight up for 15 feet. On the first ascent, a peg and sling were then used to reach a good hand-hold high up on the left, but this will probably go free when dry. A further stirrup enables a small side-hold to be reached. Step back right and mantelshelf onto a resting place. Move left and climb straight up on superb holds to within 10 feet of the top. Traverse delicately right (left might be better when dry) and mantelshelf onto a small ledge. The finger-crack to finish is devoid of holds and too greasy to jam; a bong and a high right foot-hold bring one to the top. Tree belay. Two pegs were used for protection, one reluctantly left in. The best way down, for both climbs, is to the right.

First ascent: A. D. Marsden, W. T. Foo, R. Casey, 3. 10. 71.

DOVE CRAG

North Buttress 160 feet. Extremely Severe and A1. The route climbs the impressive right-hand buttress. Start just right of a pile of large blocks at the foot of the crag.

(1) 100 feet. A layback leads to a spike. Traverse horizontally left to pegs and follow these (A1). Climb free onto ledges, traverse left and down to a poor stance in the bottom of the Niche.

(2) 60 feet. Climb to the top of the niche and to a peg, then go left round the corner to a gangway. Up this to a spike (sling used to rest) then pull up steep wall to another spike. Move right to a groove (peg for aid); step across the groove and continue the traverse to a gangway leading left. Up this (difficult at first) to top.

First ascent: C. Woodhall, R. Clarke, April 1969.

Girdle Traverse 545 feet. Extremely Severe. Start at the foot of Innaccessible Gully.

(1) 120 feet. Climb up for a short distance then traverse right. At the end of the traverse climb up diagonally left to gain a gangway. Follow this to join Westmorland's Route at top of pitch 5.

(2) 90 Descend the gangway on the right for 15 feet then pull up the steep wall and traverse right round some perched blocks to gain a small ledge. Climb the wall until it is possible to move right into a V-groove. Traverse right to gain another small ledge. Peg runner. Descend for 10 feet and continue to junction with Dovedale Groove above pitch 2.

(3) 40 feet. Stride across the crack and pull up to a grass ledge. Descend the grass ramp to a peg belay.

(4) 50 feet. Move right to the stance of Hiraeth. Peg runner. Descend pitch 2 Hiraeth.

(5) 100 feet. Descend for 10 feet then traverse right to join pitch 2 of Mordor. Follow this to a stance and continue traversing until forced to descend; move into the chimney of Extol and follow it to belay on Hangover.

(6) 40 feet. Step down and cross above the bulge of Hangover to reach a doubtful wedged flake. Reach across to a peg and use it to gain another wedged flake. Continue the traverse right to a small bay. Peg belays.

(7) 35 feet Step down and traverse right to pegs below an overlap. Use 4 pegs to traverse round the corner then a sling to gain a green spike. Belay in etriers.

(8) 70 feet. Traverse right to gain the gangway on North Buttress and follow this to the top of the crag.

First ascent: J. Adams, C. Read (alternate leads), 3. 10. 71.

GOUTHER CRAG, SWINDALE

Bambi Variation Finish

(4a) Traverse left under the undercut rib and to the short wall to a grass ledge. Climb the corner using crack and exit left at top.

First ascent: R. J. Kenyon, M. Ferguson, 19. 9. 71.

BIRKS CRAG, HAWESWATER

On the upper buttress, to the right of, and higher than the listed routes, is a prominent corner with a big overhang on its right and a clean rib on its left. The following climb visits both the rib and the corner. It has some good situations, notably on the third pitch. Some blocks of doubtful security can, and should, be avoided.

Chicken 200 feet. Severe. Start below the mossy lower part of the corner.

(1) 50 feet. Scramble up leftwards to the foot of the rib and climb the shallow groove which leads to a rock ledge leading into the corner.
(2) 50 feet. Gain the crest of the rib, passing a poised pillar, then trend leftwards below the steep wall and climb a chimney.
(3) 60 feet. From the top of the chimney, traverse right below overhang and move delicately round the exposed rib to enter the corner. Climb it to the roof and escape across the right wall.
(4) 40 feet. Up the slab to the top of the crag.

First ascent: J. R. Sutcliffe, P. W. Green, J. Forder, 2. 5. 71.

GOWBARROW CRAG, ULLSWATER

Gravy Booby 105 feet. Severe. Start a few feet right of Susan, at the obvious groove/V-Chimney.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the groove/V-Chimney. Exit to the right at the top (awkward). Belay on trees.
(2) 75 feet. Follow the last pitch of Birkett's View for about 10 feet until it is possible to trend left to an obvious flake below a steep wall. Traverse left past the flake and step down until it is possible to cross Susan above the crux. To the left again is a huge flake. Use the base of this as an undercut and traverse left. Move round into a vague groove and then follow the obvious wide crack to the top.

First ascent: Graham Rigby, Neil Stuart, 8. 4. 71.

GREAT GABLE GUIDE AREA

GABLE CRAG

Spirit Level 310 feet. Very Severe (Hard). A traverse of the main wall. Start up Engineers Chimney.

(1) 70 feet. Climb Engineers Chimney moving out left up a short groove to ledge and peg belay.
(2) 40 feet. The route crosses under the overhang on the right (sling used for aid) onto the edge. Follow a crack up for 20 foot then move right to the ledge and belay of Troll.
(3) 80 feet. Go horizontally right for 20 feet, then up slightly to join Interceptor. Follow this across and down to join Engineers Slabs. The blank slab on the right is crossed by a delicate traverse to the stance at the top of pitch 2 of the Tomb.
(4) 40 feet. Easily right and up to the large ledge on Unfinished arête.
(5) 80 feet. The groove on the left, ascending through the overhangs (this is both Ross's Finish and pitch 4 Jabberwock) provides an excellent finish.

First ascent: A.G.C., W.Y., 11. 9. 71.

WEST FACE ESK PIKE (234077)

300 yards west of Esk Hause col and only slightly higher is a cluster of short, stepped buttresses of excellent rock (similar to Esk Buttress). The main, central one gives three good pitches up the edge above a gully on the right.

Esk Edge 180 feet. Severe. From the foot of the gully, an obvious chimney-cave is ascended by bridging till possible to step out left onto a pedestal. The wall above and some slabs lead to belays below the second vertical wall (60 feet). On right edge of wall is a block separated from the main mass by a deep crack. Gain the crack and surmount the block with difficulty. Airy climbing up the wall above leads to easier ground and belays (60 feet). The grooved arête above (60 feet).

First ascent: J. R. Sutcliffe and D. Chapman, 30. 10. 66.

HERON CRAG, ESKDALE

Last Exit 200 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts under overhang between Spec Crack and Bellerophon.

(1) 60 feet. Reach the overhang from the left and climb it (1 peg in place) and the wall above, followed by a step left to spikes.

(2) 40 feet. Climb the mossy wall above, first right and then left to join Bellerophon.

(3) 100 feet. The groove on the right is climbed to reach a spike on the left wall. Step back right and use a sling to leave the groove for a slab. Go up the slabs and step left into a groove to join the direct finish to Bellerophon.

First ascent: T. Martin, B. Smith, J. D. Wilson (alternate leads), 22. 8. 71.

The Perfumed Garden 200 feet. Hard Severe. Left to the unpleasant gully adjoining Kama Sutra, etc., is the stepped western buttress. The route makes the most of it and starts at the lowest point.

(1) 45 feet. An overhanging rib is climbed direct to a mossy wall which has good holds to start with, but provides a nasty finish on steep vegetated slabs. These peter out onto a terrace. Large nut belay.

(2) 75 feet. The short wall ahead, then climb steep mossy slabs via a fault. To the left are perched flakes. After a thin grassy ledge, easier, cleaner slabs lead to the foot of a fine arête. Belay on arête edge about 10 feet up.

(3) 35 feet. Straight up the edge of the steep arête with a hard move at 20 feet. Ledge, with a flake belay, or a spike further right.

(4) 45 feet. Mossy, but rough, slabs ascended diagonally right. Block belay down on left.

First ascent: D.N.G., T. Baldwin, M. Wood, 6. 3. 71.

HARD KNOTT CRAG

Intrusion 150 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Starts just left of Bonington's route.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the steep buttress to a stance and belay.

(2) 65 feet. Traverse right and pull over an overhang into a shallow scoop. Climb straight up to a narrow ledge leading left to a stance and belay.

(3) 40 feet. The rib on the right.

First ascent: B. Smith, J. D. Wilson (alternates), 5. 7. 69.

GREAT LANGDALE

WHITE GHYLL

White Ghyll Eliminate 190 feet. Extremely severe. A very direct route up the obvious crack line above the first pitch of Gordian Knot. Start as for Gordian Knot.

(1) 65 feet. As for Gordian Knot to the cave belay.
(2) 50 feet. From the right-hand side of the cave, climb the overhang into an obvious ragged crack splitting the steep wall above. Using a sling at the start, climb the crack on jams and long reaches to a good resting ledge in a niche. Step right and climb direct to the belay of Haste Not.
(3) 30 feet. The crack splitting the overhang just left of the belay is climbed with difficulty. Then move up left to a grass ledge and nut belays.
(4) 45 feet. The steep clean slab directly above the belay is split by a thin crack, follow this to a good ledge then directly to the top. A pleasant pitch.

First ascent: Al. Evans, Dave Parker, Graeme Miller, May 9th 1971.
Climbed without the sling: J.A.A., D.M., R.M.

Continuation to Haste Not Direct 70 feet. Extremely Severe. Belay in the groove on the traverse of Haste Not.

(3) 30 feet. Move up to the overhanging crack above. Climb this with difficulty to a good hand jam at the top of the crack, then reach up to a flake above and climb up to a stance 15 feet higher.
(4) 40 feet. Climb the slab behind the belay to the top of the crag.

First ascent: J.A.A., R.V., 2. 5. 71.

Paladin 155 feet. Extremely severe. Takes the impressive overhanging groove to the right of Chimney Variant. The climbing is very strenuous and slings are used both to make progress and for resting. Start as for White Ghyll Chimney.

(1) 45 feet. Pitch 1 of White Ghyll Chimney to the block belay.
(2) 80 feet. Move up rightwards for a few feet, then follow a slab on the left up to the bulging wall. Pull up the bulge (piton) then climb the wall moving rightwards into a groove. Climb up passing a good spike to the roof (piton). Move right round the roof then climb up until below a niche. Using a sling for aid, gain the niche. Exit on the left arête or pull over the bulge at the foot of the groove and continue to belays 20 feet higher.
(3) 30 feet. Easy rocks lead to the top.

First ascent: R.M. (second did not follow), 26. 9. 71.

PAVEY ARK

The Ragmans Trumpet 355 feet. Extremely severe. The route follows the curving crack on the gully wall on the right of Stony Buttress. This is a steep and serious route with some loose rock, but with good protection. Start at the same point as The Hobbit.

(1) 65 feet. Climb the black groove to a slight recess. Nut belays in the corner up on the left.
(2) 100 feet. Climb up the corner for a few feet then move right to the foot of the curving crack. Follow the crack in its entirety, then at the end exit by traversing right to a good spike. Belay a few feet higher on the left, piton advised.
(3) 50 Scramble up leftwards to the foot of a corner with twin cracks in the right wall.
(4) 140 feet. Climb the twin cracks to a grassy terrace. Climb the slab on the right and move left at the top, then continue directly up to Jacks Rake.

First ascent: R.V., J.A.A., 2. 5. 71.

Variation Start. As the black groove on pitch 1 is often wet the climb can be gained by scrambling up the gully on the right for about 100 feet to a cave. From the cave climb onto the wall and move diagonally left into the corner at the start of pitch 2.

Variation Finish.

(1) 35 feet. From the belay at the end of pitch 2 make an awkward rising traverse right into the big diedre. Chock and peg belay on the creeping grass ledge.
(2) 135 feet. Climb straight up the corner until a large detached spike is reached. Step right to rest. Move back into the corner and follow it with increasing difficulty until in the niche below the final overhanging crack. Use the sling above for a hand-hold to move up and left onto the ledge. Up easily over ledges to a large spike belay on Jacks Rake.

First ascent: P. Livesey, B. Rogers.

The Sun 345 feet. Extremely Severe. Start 20 feet left of Hobsons Choice.

(1) 85 feet. Move up and left onto the slab and climb slightly leftwards to gain a shallow groove. Move right where it steepens, then back leftwards to a ledge. Traverse 15 feet right and down to a grassy ledge.
(2) 80 feet. Move up onto the belay flake and pull up left onto the slab. Climb the shallow groove (near the arête) which steepens near the top. Move left to a grass ledge and piton belays.
(3) 80 feet. Bridge up the corner and make a long reach to a piton (in place). Use this and two more pitons (second in place) and move up to where the angle eases. Continue up the corner, initially awkward, and exit left round the corner which is overhanging at the top. Grass ledge and nut belay.
(4) 100 feet. Ascend the rib on the left and scramble up easy slabs to the top.

First ascent: P. Long, A.D.B., 11. 9. 71.

BOWFELL FLAT CRAGS

Flat Iron 150 feet. Very Severe (hard). Start just right of B.B. Corner.

(1) 75 feet. Make a rising traverse right, to a small ledge. Climb the wall above to another small ledge on the corner. Step left and up a short wall for 10 feet to another ledge. Belay 10 feet above.
(2) 75 feet. Above on the left is a line of three corners. These are followed to the top.

First ascent: J.A.A., F. Wilkinson (alternate leads), 18. 7. 71.

Mary Ann 120 feet. Very Difficult. Start 20 feet right of the mossy cave two thirds of the way up the slanting terrace.

(1) 70 feet. Climb either of the two cracks which merge into a single crack. Continue up this on good holds for 30 feet to a small overhang. Move left for 12 feet and go up a short chimney. Continue up a slab on the right to a flake belay.

(2) 50 feet. Step down to the left then go diagonally left up a line of cracks and grooves to the top.

First ascent: J.U., P.R.G., J.S., Summer 1971.

PILLAR GROUP

BLACK CRAG, WINDY GAP COVE

Ode to Boby 210 feet. Very Severe. A varied route of considerable character. Starts 25 feet left of Tower Buttress in a triangular recess.

(1) 55 feet. Easy steps, then an awkward wall on the left followed by a fine slab trending up right. A grassy rake is reached. Small spike belay on wall ahead.

(2) 60 feet. Mount the steep mossy gangway; climb it and a subsequent groove to the right corner below the prominent rectangular roof. Good thread runner. Make a semi-hand-traverse left under the overhang, step round the edge to small footholds, then continue the delicate traverse left to a triangular niche and small stance. Nut belay on left.

(3) 40 feet. The imposing corner crack on the left, a strenuous pull being required to surmount its bulging top. Grassy ledge with low thread belay.

(4) 55 feet. Follow the grassy ledge left until it ends. From this point, the greenish steep slab trending up to the left is followed on very small holds. Bear left at first, then, above the hard section, move back right to gain easier rock which leads to the crag summit. Belays.

First ascent: D.N.G., H. Thomas (varied leads), 11. 9. 71.

HIGH BECK CRAG, MIRK COVE

The north pointing spur of Steeple separates two great hanging valleys! Mirklin Cove to the West, Windgap Cove to the East. In the westerly corner of Windgap Cove is a subsidiary hollow, Mirk Cove. Here, High Beck Crag faces North just below Scoatfell's summit, and can be identified by its gully and enclosing tower-like buttresses. Further right, the cliff develops ledge systems. Twin Ribs and Octopus use the right-hand buttress; the following climbs lie on the buttress to the left of the gully.

The Dream Merchants 170 feet. Very Severe (Mild). A fine open climb taking the prow of the buttress. Starts at the left-hand corner of the crag where two short, though deep, chimneys are divided by a vertical rib. Do not confuse with the gully's first pitch (a similar situation) which lies further right.

(1) 40 feet. By using the left chimney for 10 feet, attain a ledge on the rib by stepping right. Climb the difficult shallow groove, then continue more easily up the ridge to a ledge and little bollard belay.

(2) 45 feet. The thin crack above is awkward to approach and strenuous to quit. Continue up the airy arête to a grassy ledge and belays.

(3) 85 feet. A delightful pitch. A short, steep crack on the ridge to small ledges, then bridge up the overhanging scoop immediately above. Move slightly left on to a wall, which is ascended direct to a right-sloping gangway. Aided by this, it is possible to return right to the arête and climb, in fine position, passing a huge block, to the top of the crag. Low chock belays.

First ascent: D.N.G., A. Baldwin (alternate leads), 2. 5. 71.

The Faux Pas 200 feet. Very Severe. A superb and varied climb up the right-hand side of the left buttress. Starts just right of the previous climb's initial rib in a mossy chimney.

(1) 60 feet. Old-fashioned stuff up the deeply cut green chimney. 20 feet up steep grass after a cave pitch, belays will be seen on the left wall at the foot of a left-slanting fault line.

(2) 40 feet. The crux. The magnificent gnarled wall on the left is ascended on small holds, first via the fault line for 15 feet, then straight up using two thin and shallow cracks. Ledge and low bollard belay to the left.

(3) 30 feet. The fine steep corner crack at the right end of the ledge. Grassy niche and chock belay.

(4) 40 feet. A rough slab on the left; at the top bear right up a groove to a thin grassy ledge. Belays.

(5) 30 feet. The exposed wall. Bear slightly right on good holds to the top. Low belays.

First ascent: D.N.G., A. Baldwin (alternate leads), 2. 5. 71.

Travesty Cracks 190 feet. Severe. Follows the prominent line of cracks up the left side of the buttress. Start as for The Dream Merchants up the left of the twin chimneys.

(1) 45 feet. The chimney, past a capstone to steep grass. Pull right on to a ledge on the rib, then climb a little slab right to a large spike. Continue up the short wide crack, moving left to a ledge and little bollard belay. (Top of Pitch 1, The Dream Merchants).

(2) 75 feet. The crack immediately left of the vertical crack on The Dream Merchants. Ledges are reached permitting entrance to an obvious left-trending system of short grassy grooves and cracks. Follow this line to a corner with a chock belay.

(3) 20 feet. The imposing chimney-crack ahead has an overhanging top. Doubtful chockstones need careful treatment. Small ledge and several small belays.

(4) 50 feet. Traverse left 8 feet to a rough steepening slab. Climb this and veer up the final wall to the summit slabs. Low chock belays.

First ascent: D.N.G., A. Baldwin (alternate leads), 2. 5. 71.

SCAFELL GROUP

SCAFELL CRAG

The White Wizard 330 feet. Extremely Severe. The climb takes a direct line between Botterill's Slab and Nazgul. Start at the foot of Botterill's Slab.

(1) 50 feet. Pitch 1 Botterill's Slab.

(2) 80 feet. Climb the corner for a few feet until a long stride to the right leads to an impending crack. Up this with one nut for aid to a small ledge. Continue up the left-hand crack (1 peg and two nuts for aid) to a good ledge.

(3) 75 feet. Make an awkward mantelshelf onto a ledge on the arête to the right, then another mantelshelf onto a narrow ledge, which leads rightwards to a crack. Climb this to the gangway that leads diagonally left to another good ledge.
(4) 50 feet. Step back down the gangway a few feet until it is possible to move right and then up to a very narrow ledge which is followed with a delicate move back left to the bottom of a prominent overhanging crack. Up this to a square-cut ledge.
(5) 75 feet. Pull up round arête on right with aid of peg (still in place), continue up groove to right (nut for aid) to small ledge, then step up delicately round bulge to right till easier climbing leads to top.

C. Bonington, N. Estcourt (sharing lead), 11. 9. 71.

Last Stand 300 feet. Extremely Severe. The climb is only difficult for a few, well-protected feet. The climb takes the crack which falls from the left-hand side of the recess at the top of pitch 1 of Narrow Stand, and is an alternative to that pitch. The route starts as for Tradesman's Entrance, which was an attempt on the line and is now redundant.

(1) 100 feet. Follow Tradesman's Entrance until the steep crack is reached. This lies in the right-hand side of the recess containing the direct start to Moss Ghyll Grooves in its left corner. After a few easy feet the crack becomes narrow, overhanging and most awkward. It soon eases, however, and may be followed to a ledge and no belay. Use a peg belay or continue.
(2) 20 feet. The continuation of the crack, which proves much easier, leads quickly to the stance on Narrow Stand.
(3) 180 feet. As for Narrow Stand pitches 2 and 3.

H. I. Banner, M. P. Hatton, September 1971.

Girdle of the Central Buttress 600 feet. Extremely Severe. Starts as for Botterill's Slab.

(1) 50 feet. Pitch 1 Botterill's Slab.
(2) 80 feet Follow Botterill's Slab to the point where it traverses into the chimney and then move out right to a spacious ledge. Peg belay.
(3) 60 feet. Bridge up the overhanging corner until a ledge on the extreme right can be reached. Swing across and mantelshelf onto the ledge. Move up to a similar ledge 10 feet higher and then follow a horizontal traverse right to join C.B. at the stance before the traverse.
(4) 70 feet. As for Central Buttress. Traverse right to a pinnacle and continue rightwards to a right-angle corner. Climb this to a ledge and go easily right and downwards to a spacious ledge. Low down rusty peg belay.
(5) 50 feet. Climb onto the slab on the right and descend the bottomless chimney for 20 feet. Traverse horizontally right to a sloping ledge. Peg belays. (Junction with Moss Ghyll Grooves. This pitch is partly variation 7c of Central Buttress).
(6) 70 feet. Descend the first groove (Moss Ghyll Grooves) for 20 feet and step right into the second groove (Long Stand). Climb this until it is blocked by an overhang and hand traverse right into the third groove (Narrow Stand). Descend this groove for 20 feet to a sloping ledge.
(7) 30 feet. Step down a few feet and move round the corner to the right, then rightwards to a small ledge and block belay (junction with Slab and Groove).
(8) 70 feet. Traverse horizontally right along a sloping ledge to a recess. Bridge out and round the corner to the right to another recess.

Continue more easily below some overhangs and out onto a huge slab. Climb the slab to a stance directly above the crux.

(9) 120 feet. Follow the left edge of the slab joining the Collie Exit to Moss Ghyll near the top.

First ascent: C. J. S. Bonington, M. Thompson, 23. 8. 71.

PISGAH BUTTRESS

Pisgah ya Bas 170 feet. Very Severe (Hard). The route starts from Steep Ghyll, 10 feet left of the start of Steep Ghyll Grooves.

(1) 40 feet. Climb an open groove and at the top make a high step to the right to finish on a rock ledge.

(2) 130 feet. A poorly protected pitch. Move a few feet to the right, past the stance at the top of pitch 2 of Steep Ghyll Grooves; then climb a short steep wall. Move to the right below a holdless V-groove and climb the steep rib on its right. Move right again and climb steep rocks and a grassy groove to reach the ridge of Pisgah.

First ascent: R.V., J.W., B. R. Fuller, 22. 5. 71.

The Gripe 190 feet. Very severe (Hard). High on the left edge of the buttress, overlooking Moss Ghyll, is a huge crevassed block. The climb starts from the top of pitch 8 of Moss Ghyll (below the cave) and ascends grooves to reach the prominent crack-chimney on the right of the block. A good climb.

(1) 40 feet. From the bed of the gully move to a ledge on the right below a groove which is climbed to a good grass ledge on the right. Nut belays in the crack at the right end of the ledge.

(2) 110 feet. From the right end of the ledge continue up a groove for 20 feet; then traverse left for 10 feet below a small overhang. (The route crosses pitch 4 of Moses Trod at this point). Break through the overhang and ascend directly to below the steep crack at the right edge of the block. Climb the crack, which widens to a narrow chimney at half-height, to the top of the crevassed block.

(3) 40 feet. Climb the centre of the steep wall behind the crevasse. Scrambling leads to the top of Pisgah Buttress.

First ascent: R.V., J.W., D.P., 12. 9. 71.

EAST BUTTRESS

Doomwatch 230 feet. Extremely Severe.

(1) 70 feet. From the foot of May Day Climb move left to reach a peg (in place). Make a long reach to a second peg (in place) and continue directly to the stance of Overhanging Wall. Continue up the crack above to a grass ledge and nut belays.

(2) 70 feet. The steep crack above is climbed. Continue up a rib to a small stance on the slab on the left.

(3) 90 feet. Move up to the foot of a very steep crack. Climb it strenuously and exit left onto a glacis at the top. Slings were used for aid and resting at 10 feet, 15 feet and just below the shallow chimney. From the glacis climb the corner of the arête on the right to the top of the crag.

First ascent: P. Long, A.D.B., A. Roche (varied leads), 12. 9. 71.

ROUGH CRAG, SCAFELL PIKE (217071)

Facing east across the head of Little Narrowcove is a considerable area of rock split by a deep-cut scree gully. On the right of the gully is a steep but rather broken face with a detached pinnacle and on the left is a well defined ridge culminating in a steep tower. The rock is inclined to be dirty and has outward sloping holds but, in dry conditions, the ridge gives an interesting climb.

Narrowcove Buttress 250 feet. Severe. Gain the crest of the rock ridge from just right of the base and climb via short corners and cracks to the platform with block belays below the steep final tower (200 feet). A line of holds slants leftwards across the wall to reach a groove which leads up past some loose blocks to finish on grass ledges (50 feet).
First ascent: D. Chapman and P. W. Green, 6. 7. 68.

ESK BUTTRESS

Amoeba 265 feet. Very Severe (Hard). Follows a line parallel to and just left of Red Edge.

(1) 90 feet. Pitches 1 and 2 of Frustration.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the steep crack on the right side of the chimney to a grass ledge on the left. Pull out awkwardly to a stance. This pitch is often wet.
(3) 70 feet. Traverse right and climb the impressive groove and crack *continuation to the pile of flakes on Bridges Route.*
(4) 45 feet. Climb the mossy groove above to the top, as for Bridges Route.
First ascent: R.M., C. A. Morton, G. Fleming, 18. 7. 71.

KEY TO INITIALS

N. Allinson	A. Liddel	N. J. Soper
J. A. Austin	M. R. Matherson	C. H. Taylor
A. D. Barley	R. Matherson	G. Tough
A. G. Cram	D. Miller	J. Umpleby
A. H. Greenbank	D. Pogson	R. Valentine
D. N. Greenop	I. Roper	J. Wilkinson
P. R. Grindley	J. Slockett	W. Young

Reliable? information indicates that the first ascents claimed on Honister Crag were in fact *second* first ascents. They should read as follows:

Roper's Name	*True Name*	*First Ascent*
STRAW DOG	UN-NAMED	M. Burbage and party.
BLACK STAR	INTIMIDATOR	M.B., G. Oliver.
SERAPH	EXCAVATOR	M.B., A. Jakman, W. Barnes.

Perhaps the guide book editor can sort it out!—Ed.

IN MEMORIAM

F. T. K. CAROE	1920 – 1971
Miss M. R. FITZGIBBON	1927 – 1971
L. GLAISTER	1928 – 1971
J. HIRST	1920 – 1970
G. W. JACKSON	1917 – 1971
SIR C. B. JERRAM, K.C.M.G. ..	1925 – 1971
H. B. LYON, Original Member ..	1906 – 1971
T. M. OLDHAM	1941 – 1971
Miss D. L. PILKINGTON	1925 – 1971
E. S. RAVEN	1960 – 1972
W. G. STEVENS	1945 – 1971
R. J. STOREY	1937 – 1972
J. P. WALKER	1934 – 1971
E. S. WILSON	1928 – 1972
R. T. WILSON	1944 – 1971
J. WOODS	1949 – 1971

F. T. K. CAROE 1920 – 1971

The death of F. T. K. Caroe at Cambridge in January 1971 has removed a senior member of the Club whom failing health had of recent years prevented from making more than very occasional visits to his beloved Lakeland.

Born in Liverpool in 1896 he came of Danish and Scottish parentage. Many of the family friends were Lakeland enthusiasts and from an early age he spent many holidays there, or in the Highlands. Though not of robust constitution he was tireless on the fells, and I have spent many long enjoyable days with him wandering over them—his sensitivity to scenic beauty, both on the tops and at lake level, made him a most agreeable companion—also his enthusiasm for flowers was infectious.

A librarian at the Cambridge University Library, he played an important part in the transfer of that institution to its new home during the interwar years. And as a collector and student of postage stamps he had an international reputation, being in particular a foremost authority on the stamps of Denmark.

Chorley

MARY ROSE FITZGIBBON 1927 – 1971

Molly Fitzgibbon was a Vice-President of the Club from 1945 to 1947, but most members will remember her as Librarian. She was almost an institution, having done the job from 1935 until 1966 when, following a major operation, she decided to take things more quietly. Indeed, until her death in 1971, many members thought that Molly was still Librarian.

Fewer people will remember her climbing career. In the last few years of the 1930's Molly made many alpine ascents, some of outstanding quality; and she combined her interest in mountaineering with a real love of mountains. She greatly enjoyed life in alpine huts, which she always referred to as *la belle vie des cabanes*, and she also took a keen interest in the life and customs of the people who live in the mountains.

On most (if not all) of her *grandes courses*, Molly was accompanied by Joseph Georges, the well-known guide of the 1920's and 30's. Had it not have been for the 1939-45 wartime gap and the fact that Joseph had retired by the end of the war, Molly might have had several more good seasons. As it was, apart from two or three post-war climbs, her alpine career virtually ended in 1939. After her first season in 1931 with Joseph Georges she did many classic climbs with him. The two routes which stood out most in her memory were the Scheidegg face of the Wetterhorn and the Ryan-Lochmatter route on the Aiguille du Plan. The latter she described in an article in Vol. 55 (1945), of the *Alpine Journal*, ten years after she made the ascent. Among other notable expeditions were the traverse from south to north of the Dents des Bouquetins (Molly was probably the first woman to make this traverse) and the first complete traverse of all the peaks of the Eiger Hörnli from a bivouac at Bonern to the Mittelegi hut. Her classic routes included the traverse of the Drus, the north face of the Aiguille du Géant, and, in the Dauphiné, the traverse of the Meije, the Écrins, the Aiguille Dibona by the south face, and the traverse of the Pic Nord des Cavales by the south and east ridges. There are accounts of most (if not all) of these climbs in the Journals of the L.A.C. and F.R.C.C.

However, Molly's climbing was not confined to guided expeditions. She made a number of guideless ascents *en cordée feminine* with Dorothy Thompson and Dorothy Pilkington who, like herself, were members of the Ladies' Alpine Club as well as the Fell and Rock. Molly joined the L.A.C. in 1933 and was a member until her death; she was also a member of the Pinnacle Club for some years.

Molly was greatly devoted to Scotland, where she was born, and spent many climbing holidays there. She much valued her membership of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, where she had many friends. She greatly enjoyed staying in L.S.C.C. huts and regularly attended L.S.C.C. meets.

But the Lake District held a special place in Molly's affections.

This is apparent in *Lakeland Scene*, the volume of articles, reprinted from the Journal, which she edited in 1948. She was appointed to the Lake District Planning Board by the Minister as one of the original members, and was most conscientious in attending its meetings. She served on several of the Board's committees, including that for the National Park Centre at Brockhole.

In the years before the war Molly was an enthusiastic skier and was a founder member of the Lake District Ski Club in 1936. She was the first secretary and treasurer (the offices were combined until after the war) and, when a treasurer was appointed, continued as secretary. She retired after completing 21 years in this office and, in appreciation of her service to the club, was then elected an Honorary Member.

When I first knew her, in the late 1940's, Molly was still climbing and often came out with us; one of her last rock climbs was Gimmer Crack at Easter 1948—she had not done the route before and it gave her great satisfaction. She enjoyed week-ends at the huts and was a hard worker at maintenance meets.

Molly had a real and absorbing interest in the Library, whose book stock increased steadily during her term of office; and in her quiet and determined way she fought several battles for its retention by the Club. She was fully aware of its value, and I think she may have felt responsible to the many donors who had made the establishment possible.

During her 31 years of office the Library passed through many vicissitudes. Early in the Club's history books and bookcases were provided at each of the dale 'centres', and when Molly became Librarian in 1935 the 'centre' libraries still formed an important part of the Club's stock of books, although a small central library had already been collected and accommodated at Herbert Cain's house when he was Librarian. There were about 300 books in this when Molly issued her first List of Books in 1938, and the stock had almost doubled by 1962, the date of her last list. Meanwhile the Library had to be removed several times: from Ambleside to Windermere, back to Ambleside (where Molly had it in her house for a number of years), then to Eskdale, then to Kendal. Molly supervised all these removals, the closing down of the 'centre' libraries, and the establishment of the five hut libraries—all this without a car. Ironically, since a car would have been such a help to her as Librarian, she got one and learned to drive only after she had given up the Library. When, shortly after her retirement, I was able to arrange for the Library to be accommodated at the University of Lancaster Library, Molly was delighted, largely because this meant that there was every hope of its being kept intact.

Among Molly's non-mountaineering interests were art, music, and Scottish dancing. In her later years painting gave her much pleasure and she was an active member of the Kendal Art Society.

For a time fishing was one of her enthusiasms and, although only a beginner, she confounded the experts at the 1957 Ullapool meet by catching the largest fish.

Molly's last service to the Club was a generous bequest of £500 and the pick of her mountaineering library, which must have been one of the best private mountaineering collections in the country. Many of the books were already in the Fell and Rock Library, but I was able to select more than 200, a considerable number of them rare; so that the Club now has a very good collection indeed. The mountaineering collection was only part of her extensive library (which she put at 3,000 volumes), and when all the bequests had been dealt with a large number of books remained which her executors decided, appropriately, to give to Gordonstoun, where one of her cousins is a member of the staff.

Molly continued to attend Club meets (particularly the Dinner, New Year, and Scottish meets) until her last illness, which she faced with fortitude and calm. Throughout the many months in hospital she retained her interest in and liked to talk about the Club and the mountains—particularly the Lakeland hills—which meant so much to her.

Muriel Files

A member writes:

Molly was born at Grandtully, in Perthshire, and was proud of her Irish descent from the great clan of the Geraldines. For most of her life she lived at Ambleside, but took little part in small-town social activities, and did not trouble to own a car until her late sixties. Her friends were all from the world of mountains. Though she was not a tiger, her Alpine record was creditable, and included the Route Ryan and the Wetterhorn face, and articles by her will be found in the Journals of the Ladies' Alpine and Pinnacle Clubs. As Librarian of the Fell and Rock she gave, over many years, a great deal of service of the sort that is so often unappreciated. After the death of some of her Alpine friends, such as Dorothy Thompson and The Sage, she transferred her enthusiasm to Scotland, and enjoyed many meets of the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. Among her friends there were Mabel Jeffery and Ilse Bell. In her quiet and determine way she collected about half the Munros. Up to her death she was a Government-appointed member of the Lake District Planning Board. After a year in the United States, during which she visited the principal national parks, and also Mexico, she returned a warm admirer of the American way of life. Though her enthusiasms were sometimes uncritical, she had immense basic strength and stability, and reliance upon the wisdom of instinct. She was a keen gardener, and had also an excellent library, part of which she left to the Club. She also edited a volume of articles about the Lake District hills and people.

H. B. LYON, Original Member 1906 – 1971

I first met Harry Lyon in Kendal, his home town, in 1896. With him and a few other friends I commenced to ramble the hills during weekends. Our introduction to rock climbing came a year or so later on the easy climbs. Pavey Ark to start with; then followed visits to Dow Crag, Scafell, Gable, and Pillar, giving us experience in the art of rock work as we went along. Our equipment consisted of a rope, nailed climbing boots, with an ice-axe for winter time, and any old suit—how different today with all the special equipment for the climber! We, with our simple outfit, and including the most important element of all, our climbing friends, Harry and others I remember so well, enjoyed our days on the hills and crags. During the ten years after 1896 we had climbed most of the standard rock climbs in the Lake District. One date I remember, Whitsuntide, 1897, was that of our first ascent of the Needle. Another date I don't remember was our failure in Walker's Gully. We just failed at the top pitch, and as night was near we had to pass it in the gully; but we reached Wasdale Hotel in time for breakfast.

1906 was an important year, for the Fell and Rock was formed as a club towards the end of it. Also the name of 'Gimmer' came along. Gimmer Crag had actually been climbed in 1903 by Rigby, Sandison and Leighton; the climb was named Gimmer A. We thought that our new club should have some new climbs and that Gimmer Crag could provide these. In the summer of 1907 a party of three, Harry Lyon, Andrew Thompson and myself, set off to climb Gimmer A. We reached the top of Forty Foot Corner, Lyon leading. From this point we went across the face of the crag into what was later to be known as Gimmer B, which we followed to the top. On July 7th, 1907, the first ascent of B was made by the same party of three.

H. B. Lyon was a great climber, an Original Member and Honorary Member of the Fell and Rock. He was also a member of the Himalayan Club and during his stay in India made several trips to the Himalaya. He was serving in the 4th Border Regiment when the 1914 war began, and went to India with the battalion before the end of the year. Later he was commissioned in the Indian Army and saw service in Palestine. After the war he returned to England for a while and did some climbing before going back to India, where he started a stained glass window business in Calcutta.

He retired to England in 1960 and lived with his daughter at Martley near Worcester. During his retirement he attended several Fell and Rock dinners at Keswick. He had organized the first Dinner which was held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal. I don't remember the date, but it was just before the first at Coniston. His death early in 1971 was a great shock to me. To him I am sure it was a relief, as he had lost his eyesight and was very lame.

Jonathan Stables

DOROTHY LAWRENCE PILKINGTON 1925 – 1971

Dorothy Lawrence Pilkington came of a distinguished mountaineering family. Her father Lawrence, whose climbing days were cut short by a stone fall in Piers Ghyll (1884), and his elder brother Charles, President of the Alpine Club (1896), were outstanding members of that small group of pioneering guideless mountaineers who first proved that amateurs could climb great and difficult mountains safely without professional assistance.

Dorothy had done a good deal of fell walking in the Lake country and also in the Highlands of Scotland before she joined our Club in 1925. My wife and I then introduced her to rock climbing, in which she achieved a good degree of proficiency, though severe routes never appealed to her. From joining the Club until the outbreak of war she was a regular if not constant attender at meets, more particularly at Buttermere at the New Year, and at the Dinner Meets. I have particularly happy recollections of the New Years at Buttermere, when she often accompanied me on my ritual ascents of the Pillar Rock to welcome the New Year in; and a wonderful day in Fleetwith Gully, deep with snow, and ice, stands out in my memory. After the war she was not so often present, especially of recent years when her health began to fail.

When she graduated into Alpine mountaineering, in which she had a short, though not undistinguished, career it was often with friends made in the Club, such as Dorothy Thompson and Molly Fitzgibbon, that she made her expeditions; with the former she made an ascent of the Brenva route on Mont Blanc which is described in D.E.T.'s well-known book. She had climbed most of the great peaks in the Pennine Alps, and made good expeditions in other districts—she was particularly elated by a traverse of the Meije made in 1938; the first guideless ascent of this difficult mountain had been one of the most noteworthy achievements of her father and uncle Charles. She also had one season in Norway in the Jotunheim.

Dorothy Pilkington was a good goer, strong and tough. Her Lakeland experience proved of great value on the long rock arêtes of the Pennine Alps, while her steadiness and balance enabled her to cope successfully with the long sections of snow and ice which are characteristic of these peaks.

Her keenness as a mountaineer, which to a degree was founded in family pride, was certainly equalled if not excelled by a deep appreciation of natural beauty; something of an amateur water-colourist, she was highly sensitive to light and shade among the fells, and to the subtleties of tone and colour for which the Lake District is famous, so that she could enjoy valley walks almost as much as the longer expeditions among the higher fells.

In the great world Dorothy Pilkington led a full and very worthwhile life. The National Trust—she and her sister presented the

Edge at Alderley and its woods to the nation in memory of their parents—and the C.P.R.E., of which she was Hon. Secretary of the East Cheshire branch for many years, were among her main interests. Again she was, as Chairman of the Manchester Girls' High School, a leader in education. Also she worked hard in both branches of the family business, the colliery and the tile company, of which she was a director. These are but a few of the activities which made her life so full and valuable to the community.

This is not the place to attempt a portrait of Dorothy Pilkington's attractive personality, which was one of deep interest. It would not indeed be easy to draw: she was of a reserved disposition and not easy to get to know well, but her friendship, when given, was of a very precious quality. Her characteristics of courage, integrity firmness, sympathy and self-sacrifice, were subtly blended—possibly her impulsive outbursts against shams and pomposity, often couched in terms of a puckish wit, come most readily to mind—these are qualities which come out and are most valued on a long and trying expedition among the mountains. And it is by these that I like most to remember her.

Chorley

JOS. WOODS 1949 – 1971

I first met Jos just before the war—he had then been hill walking and rock climbing for many years. He was, if not a founder member, a very early member of the Preston Mountaineering Club. Alf Gregory tells me that Jos accompanied him on his first rock climbs.

I didn't know Jos well till after the war. He had then only a few years to run as a mountaineer before he was to suffer the imprisonment of a heart condition, but during this period every week-end and holiday was spent on the rocks or in the mountains. He climbed a lot with Alf Gregory, sometimes as second on new routes. On the fells he was a very fast mover; there were at that time not many people who could keep pace with him on a descent.

When he was forced to retire from the hills he joined the Archaeological Society at Durham and spent much of his time in this new pursuit. He left all his books on this subject to the Club.

N. A. Baggaley

WILLIAM GEOFFREY STEVENS 1945 – 1971

Geoffrey Stevens died in a Cambridge nursing home on 14th November, 1971, aged 85 years. He was by profession a mining engineer. His career started before the first war. After a period in private practice he joined the United Alkali Company, and subsequently he held the post of engineer at the Salt Mines and Brine Wells at Preesall in the North Fylde. He was still there in 1926, when this undertaking merged with others to form Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.

After a spell of duty at Billingham, he was transferred to Liverpool in 1935 as a consultant. In the home of the Wayfarers Club, which he joined in 1935, his long-standing affection for the hill country developed, and he was elected a member of the Fell and Rock on 19th May, 1945, sponsored by F. Lawson Cook and Raymond Shaw.

He soon became a regular attender at Club meets, and he and I found a common interest in the exploration of the less frequented fells and a liking for the solitude of deserted huts (in those days they were often empty) and the remote farmhouses. I found for myself, as did so many others, a quiet, thoughtful, and generous friend, with an infinite capacity for enjoyment. I shall remember him for his addiction to crossword puzzles; for his imaginative catering for a Hut week-end, his detailed shopping list, his precise statement of expenditure and apportionment of the total, credit being given for '1 pint Castrol, ½ lb. bacon'; for his cheerful response to the challenge of continuous torrential rain, when I might expect to be shamed into dashing up and down the nearest ridge to qualify for an evening meal; for his good-humoured acceptance of my proposal, in a deep mid-winter frost, that the thin farmhouse blankets be supplemented by the bedroom carpet.

Above all, I recall his kindness. Late on a Sunday at a Wasdale meet, news came to the hotel that a stretcher party was bringing down a young casualty from the Napes. A doctor member suspected a cracked bone and strapped up the limb. Geoffrey volunteered to drive the youth to Whitehaven Hospital, and conscripted me as navigator and gate-opener. Whitehaven, in darkness, was deserted. Misdirected, we arrived at the Maternity Hospital and were received with sympathy and some merriment. At our proper destination the casualty department provided X-rays, plaster, coffee and toast at an hilarious party. We got into bed at 2 a.m., but not until Geoffrey was satisfied that parents had been informed, the next day's arrangements perfected, and the youth comfortably settled.

In 1950 he was appointed Editor of the Club Journal, a task which he performed with the greatest skill and patience. His enthusiasm infected his contributors, and the publications which he produced bear the unmistakable stamp of his high standard of workmanship. The Jubilee Journal in 1956 was his greatest triumph,

and, unfortunately, he was obliged to make this edition his last. For some years thereafter he applied himself to the production of the Handbook and List of Members, again with great effect.

Following his move from the Wirral to Cambridge, and the tragic death of his wife, he lost touch with many of his friends in the North. We knew from his beautifully written letters that, although infirm and cruelly handicapped by arthritis, his memories of the hills and the friends he had found among them remained bright and constant. We shall remember him as a man who valued alike the warmth of companionship and the tranquillity of solitude, and who was good and kind.

F.H.F.S.

Although Geoffrey Stevens held offices in the Club during eight years from 1950 to 1958, he was so unassuming that he may have been only a name to members outside his own generation. Happily for me, as we were both officers of the Club together, and as we both then served on the committee of the Friends of the Lake District, these two interests breached his diffidence and also bridged the difference in our ages, bringing the beginning of a friendship which grew in value to me over the years. His great success in all work that he undertook, both for the Club and for the Friends of the Lake District, was due to a combination, not only of ability, but of a capacity for taking pains and for meticulous exactitude. No doubt, as a successful editor of the Journal, he must have possessed persistence and tact—persistence in obtaining articles from the writers, and tact in editing the articles to his high standards of written English. His exactitude showed itself in the use of his hands. He helped in the carpentry work needed in the conversion of the Salving House from a restaurant to a climbers' hut and in similar work at the other existing huts. My son still has a wooden box for putting things in, made and given to him by Geoffrey several years ago, perfectly finished and still surviving after much hard usage. These qualities of manual skill and precision were used again over a long period of exacting work in providing for the Friends of the Lake District, on a set of 6 in. maps, all the definitive footpaths in the Lake District National Park. He undertook this task in his retirement, and it necessitated long hours of work away from home in the local authorities' offices in Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland. Another work which he undertook was the revision of the Club's Handbook, into which many errors and inconsistencies had crept over the years. He ensured that these were all eliminated, that the addresses agreed with the Post Office Directory, and that unnecessary personal irrelevancies of degrees and qualifications in a mountaineering club's list of members were expunged—a tedious job, but one appropriate for a man whose modesty eschewed any references to his own attainments.

Increasing physical disability from arthritis influenced him in his decision to continue his retirement in his native Cambridgeshire within reach of his daughter. Soon after this move he lost his wife in a tragic and simple accident, and he then moved again, into Cambridge itself, where he had started life as a schoolboy and college student. Even then he maintained his connexions with the Club and with the Lake District, and continued to edit the list of members for some years.

I expect an older member, who has known Geoffrey longer than I have, will write of his active days as a walker and mountaineer. My wish is to make known those qualities not easily seen, the work he did which was not obvious, and which he would be the last to reveal himself; and to acknowledge the friendship of a man of great charm and depth of character.

W. E. Kendrick

RICHARD T. WILSON 1944 – 1971

In climbing clubs generally some attain prominence, and possibly office, by reason of steady work for the club over a period of many years. There are others who rise meteor-like from obscurity to comparative fame, in a short time, by reason of some special quality. Dick Wilson was one of these. Except in the Scottish meets, which were his forte, his activities in the Club were not great, though he was Warden of Raw Head from 1946 to 1948.

Dick lost an arm in the Austro-Italian campaign in 1918, and there are few men, following that handicap, who would have tackled the quite rocky mountains as he did. He rarely asked for help, and his scrambles in Skye were a revelation.

I first met him in Arran in 1946, then an almost unknown quiet member feeling his way. His modesty on that occasion was misleading, for his self-confidence was really boundless.

From 1950 to 1957 he took over the undisputed leadership of the Scottish meets, to everyone's approval and benefit, and his word was law. His interviews with hotel proprietors and managers were composed of a judicious mixture of flattery and cajolery, which invariably left the bemused official wondering how it came about that he had agreed to give quite substantial benefits which had certainly not been incorporated in the original Club terms.

Dick was always anxious to organize sea trips, keenly bargained for, and usually they were successful. He would have done very well in the old days as an Elizabethan merchant adventurer solicitous for the welfare of his company, with plenty of initiative and drive, but not averse to bending the rules a little if common sense showed this to be for the benefit of all.

He was a very fast car driver, and his ability to change gear

through the steering wheel, when at speed, was a source of admiration and terror to his passenger.

Dick's final and greatest triumph was undoubtedly at the 1957 meet at Ullapool, when, because of petrol rationing after the Suez crisis, he hired a very large motor coach. This coach, with one Sycamore, at the wheel, and spurred on by the adventurous ambition of Dick, performed unheard of feats on the narrow roads at that time of the district.

In ordinary life Dick was a director of a company connected with quarries and peat moors in North Lancashire. In 1957 he went to Melbourne and joined a financial trust company. He soon became a prominent member of the Limbless Soldiers' Association, and eventually was made Chairman of the Local Hospital Board and a magistrate. He, and his wife Eileen, were always delighted to entertain any F.R.C.C. members who visited Australia. By his letters, it is certain that his period with the Club stood out as one of the major and most enjoyable events of his life.

Dick was unique.

George H. Webb

LIONEL GLAISTER 1928 – 1971

By the death of Lionel Glaister the Club has sustained the loss of one of its older members. He joined in 1928 and he was over 80 years of age when he died.

For most of his life he walked and climbed his beloved Lakeland fells until his health failed. Lionel was always devoted to the hills, and, although he repeatedly visited the Alps, Scotland, and Wales, the Lake District was always his favourite ground. He had an intimate knowledge of the region, for many years before the war he had a house on the shores of Windermere where he and his family loved to spend their week-ends and holidays.

Lionel was President of the Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club for 1951, and Vice-president from 1952 until his death. Their secretary tells me how he will always be remembered with affection by their Club—he was responsible for establishing and fitting up their climbers' hut near Coniston. He gave much encouragement to the younger members. Each Christmas he organized their supper walk, and even after his health failed he arranged their Christmas meal.

During the 1914 war Lionel lost two brothers on active service. He himself served overseas in H.M. forces. Perhaps because of this, he particularly liked to climb Great Gable on every Armistice Day to attend the simple service for the fallen at the memorial on the summit. He usually provided and carried up the laurel wreath. After the impressive two minutes' silence, we each put our poppies in the wreath. The red poppies made a contrast against the surround-

ing snow at the foot of the F.R.C.C. plaque. Then the small party usually descended to the Cove, built by Ralph Mayson, above Taylor Ghyll. Here Lionel and Ralph used to light a camp fire, cook kippers, and make coffee, which was appreciated by us hungry climbers. I remember one Armistice Day Lionel left the party after the Gable service, determined to climb Scafell Pike to pay his tribute and leave some poppies at the memorial tablet 'dedicated by Lord Leconfield as a tribute to the heroism of the men of the dales who fought in the Great War'. So, on the same day, Lionel remembered the fallen at two of England's highest shrines. He did not continue to go after the last war when Remembrance Day was no longer kept at 11 a.m. on the 11th day of the 11th month.

He always attended the Annual Dinner, and scarcely ever missed the New Year's meet at the O.D.G.

After the last war he set himself the task of doing 200 peaks in one year—just to prove to himself that he still had the strength and the stamina. Having done 198, he fulfilled his ambition by doing the last two tops, Dale Head and Robinson, alone in a howling gale and blizzard—no easy task in the ice and snow conditions prevailing that day.

When one went to his home in Bolton it was as if one was visiting Lakeland—everywhere were reminders of his favourite spots. He had some splendid water-colour sketches, and his rock-climbing photographs were quite outstanding, as was his library of mountaineering books. He was proud of his souvenirs from Katmandu recalling the earlier Everest expeditions and given to him by some of the climbers.

It was a source of great sorrow to him when his wife died suddenly in 1970. They had celebrated their golden wedding only a few months previously.

On the 14th June, 1971, forty members of the Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club fulfilled Lionel's last request. He had expressed the wish that he be cremated and his ashes scattered from his beloved Gable.

The sympathy of the Club goes out to his family, with whom he spent so many happy days amongst the hills.

Mary E. Heaton

JOHN HIRST 1920 - 1970

> As I was lying awake in bed,
> One early morning down at Wasdale Head,
> I heard the voice of the farmyard cock
> Singing, 'Come and climb with the Fell and Rock'.

The above lines—the first verse of *Fell and Rock*—will arouse a host of memories amongst the older members of the Club.

In the period between the wars there were no huts (apart from Brackenclose, opened in 1937), and the meets were concentrated on the valley hotels and the neighbouring farmhouses. These meets

were fewer in number but perhaps more important than they are now, especially the Annual Dinner meet. Transport was difficult in those days; cars were scarce and most members came by train. An escape to the fells was something of an occasion and plans had to be made in advance. Climbing still had the air of an adventure—one had to be initiated—the dawn of the guide-book was only just breaking. After dinner, members would gather in the lounge of the hotel. In due course a sing-song would start, and the popularity of this form of relaxation after a day on the crags and fells was largely due to members like John Hirst, who had the gift of writing songs, and to Lawson and Winnie Cook, to whom Gilbert and Sullivan were almost second nature. There can be no doubt that the songs John wrote did much to promote a strong feeling of fellowship amongst the members. In many of them he gently debunked the Club and made it laugh at itself.

He joined the Club in 1920, and at the Annual Dinner *Fell and Rock* was sung for the first time; later, when the Club came of age in 1927 he gave us *The Rock and Fell* to celebrate the occasion.

During the years that followed World War II he and the late Harry Spilsbury teamed up together and for many years provided the entertainment at our Annual Dinners; I think we must all have happy memories of them standing on a table and singing in their inimitable way.

John Hirst was born in 1884. He won a scholarship to Oundle and later became head boy; another scholarship took him to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained his B.A. Later, with two partners, the firm of Hirst, Ibbetson and Taylor, wholesale electrical suppliers, was founded, and his advice was much valued when the time came for equipping club huts with electrical appliances. He was twice married; first to Jean Hunter, who died leaving him with two small sons (one son, John, now head of the firm, followed in his father's footsteps when he became President of the Rucksack Club in 1962; John senior had held that office in 1944). In 1922 he married Paddy, the eldest of the three Wells sisters, with whom he had climbed at Saas-Fée in 1921. In 1925 they spent a holiday in Scotland and climbed several Munros; a year or two later they set about collecting in earnest. Almost all their holidays were planned with this end in view, and their collection mounted steadily until interrupted by the war years of 1939-1945. They were, however, becoming impatient at the delay, and, as petrol was unavailable, bought bicycles, which they took with them by train and then rode to the mountains. In June, 1947, they climbed their last Munro—Ben More in Mull—and their last top—Carn Dearg on Ben Nevis—so becoming the first married couple to climb all the Munros and 3,000' tops; Paddy was the first woman to do so.

John was a sound mountaineer and particularly good at instructing beginners. He spent a number of seasons in the Alps, and likewise was at home on our British crags. I have a vivid recollection of him

on the Cioch at the age of 70. During the last few years of his life physical disability prevented him from walking, but he never lost his patience or sense of humour, and he retained his interest in things right up to the end. He died in his sleep at the age of 86.

O I love to scramble among the crags,
But it grieves the wife when I tear my bags,
And though I've been known to use a thread
It's a lady's game when all is said.
So I leave the wifie to darn my trews,
But there is a needle we both can use,
Ideal for girls and boys as well;
And it's on the badge of the 'Rock and Fell'.

R.G.P.

SYD WILSON 1928 - 1972

With the death of Syd Wilson at his place of business in February of this year, the Club has lost another of its worthy characters.

He was not, as many thought, a native of Cumberland, but came with his family from Liverpool shortly before the Great War; they established a retail business which, together with a market garden, remained in the family until Syd's death.

Until his father died he was never very active in Club affairs, but afterwards he turned to the Club more and more for recreation, and hut wardens have cause to be grateful for his considerable D.I.Y. talents. No job was too difficult; he had a knack of reducing each job to its basic elements and his favourite remark when asked for his opinion was 'nothing to it, all you need do is . . .', and he would probably be found in the thick of it the following weekend with some of his apparently inexhaustible supply of helpers.

In 1970 he was appointed Assistant Warden at Birkness, a job which gave him great satisfaction.

He brought the same refreshing simplicity of thought to economic and social discussions and his opinions, delivered with an under-the-brows, but straight-in-the-eye look, were difficult to refute.

In his heyday he was an accomplished rock climber usually demanding sunshine and rubbers. It was his great delight to spend such a day at Kern Knotts, which he knew intimately, either lying on his back giving instructions or elegantly demonstrating.

Conversely no more abject sight can be imagined than to see him huddled in Sephulcre Corner, long legs sticking out of his shorts on a cold wet day—always assuming that it had been possible to lure him from tea at Seathwaite.

He was always utterly independent and a great individualist which probably accounted for his climbing attire: boots often shod with nails of his own design; an incredibly ragged jacket; and a motor-bike which, outwardly at least, was equally scruffy, but was in fact

mechanically immaculate. I have seen him de-carbonising it on the pavement in front of my home if the day did not suit him for climbing.

I met him quite by accident. I was recounting to a party on the top of Pillar Rock, my seeing a man in rags at Kern Knotts, when a member of the party on Shamrock shouted across to enquire as to who was talking about his jacket. On finding that we were neighbours, more or less, we joined forces and formed a friendship which I valued highly for many years.

For me he formed a link with a previous generation of which he knew everybody and his experience came at a time when our party was ready to go for bigger things.

It was his lasting regret that he never climbed C.B.—he went once with me to the top of the Flake (actually on my first ascent) but complained of feeling ill and unselfishly went off by the easy way on his own leaving us to finish without him.

He and Mabel Barker between them sponsored my application for membership of the Club, in what order I neither know nor care, they were both grand folk. He will be greatly missed.

Jack Carswell

EDITOR'S NOTES

Difficulty in obtaining articles for the Journal is still the major problem the editor has to face: delay is again primarily the result of this problem.

Accidents on mountains, especially amongst young people, are again causing distress; a certain Lancashire M.P. thinks that climbers and cavers should have to pay for their rescue. Can we ever count the cost of saving human lives? Does a coal miner come under the category of caver, or is a steel erector a climber? In the interests of safety, some years ago, the Mountain Leadership Certificate was introduced; however, since then many children have been killed on British hills, mostly as a result of some degree of negligence on the part of the teacher in charge. In all cases the teachers held Mountain Leadership Certificates or were considered to be experienced. Notwithstanding, this did not prevent these tragedies and unfortunately the negligence was played down by the mass-media. We must ask: can we teach experience; can we test a leader's sensitivity to the dangers confronting a child; do we expect a leadership certificate to spread out like a parachute or a fireman's blanket and save a falling victim? These questions may sound facetious, if so, think of the children who might die in the future because such questions are not answered.

During the year there have been many notable events. As always the Langdale meet was well attended and led. There have been good attendances at most maintenance meets, however, a greater effort is required from all our members—believe me, I know exactly how you feel if you hate maintenance meets. The Loch Laggan meet was very good and, as usual, the recent Wasdale meet was most enjoyable—I am sure that we are all most grateful to those who led the year's meets and made them possible.

The President has been active, making his climbing days long and his committee meetings short. Added to the work of this office he has not only upheld the standard of the guide book editing, but he sat down and wrote an article for the Journal, I'm told, in ten minutes flat.

We have again elected some strong candidates for membership including both walkers and climbers, and upholding the academic intrusions, Geoffrey Wilkinson, a Fellow of the Royal Society, has become an associate member.

The Annual Dinner was a very enjoyable and successful occasion for which we must thank primarily Charles Pickles, whose organising ability is efficient without being obtrusive. However others worked behind the scenes and amongst these we must include the management and staff of the Royal Oak, who always make us feel most welcome. Our guest speaker this year was Ian McNaught Davies, alias *Mac the Telly* (I was to have written a Limerick about him, but the only word I could think of to rhyme with *Telly* was *belly*, which seemed too near the bone). Mac gave a delightful speech which took

up too much drinking time, and, although supposedly about pollution, revealed the pornographic undertones of the B.B.C. climbing programmes. The President gave a fine opening address in his peculiar amusing vein, whilst the wine flowed freely. Most members had a good time out on the hills and the editor enjoyed climbing with Tony Moulam, the President of the B.M.C., who, along with Don Whillans and his wife, graced the top table at dinner. I am told that the Murrays gave a fine slide show about their hippy safari to Katmandu, but as they failed to write an article for the Journal, and would not share their profits from the sale of hashish with me, I did not attend.

I have decided to alter the layout of New Climbs and notes; the routes will now appear under the relevant guide book sections instead of valleys as before; the suggestion came from E. Grindley.

Each year brings many losses to our membership list and again we record the deaths of several of our members. The obituary notices in themselves form a historic record of their own, especially when about the activities of original members. Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to our deceased is to say that they live on as part of the history of the Club. It is, however, not always possible to find someone to write obituary notices, nevertheless, it is with regret that we record the names of our late members, and our sympathy is extended to their families and friends.

I am left with my usual thanks to my assistants, without whose help my task would be more difficult, and to Miss Lynn MacFarlin and Miss Eileen Gray of the Whitley High School, Wigan, who helped with the typing.

OCTOBER 1972 GORDON DYKE

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MEETS, 1971

	Dates	*Leader*	*Venue*
C	Jan. 23–24	M. V. McKenzie	The Salving House
	Feb. 6–7	E. Hambly	Beetham Cottage (Joint Meet M.A.M.)
M	March 6–7	E. Ivison	Brackenclose
	March 27–28	Mr. and Mrs. Ironfield	The Woodpack Inn Eskdale
	April 9–12 (Easter)	O. A. Geere	Brackenclose
M	April 24–25	E. N. A. Morton	Beetham Cottage
C	May 1–2	P. L. Fearnehough	Raw Head
	May 14–24	W. G. Pape and G. Webb	The Stage House Inn Glenfinnan
	May 29–31	Miss D. Walden L. S. Coxon	The Salving House Glen Nevis
M	June 12–13	T. Meredith	Raw Head
	June 19–20	A. G. Cram	Beetham Cottage
L	June 26–27	Mrs. M. Venning	Brecon Beacons
C	July 3–4	J. C. Lagoe	The Sun Hotel Coniston
C	Sept. 11–12	R. Brotherton	The Wastwater Hotel
M	Oct. 2–3	H. H. B. Berrie	The Salving House
L	Oct. 2–3	Miss M. Darvall	North Yorkshire Moors
	Oct. 30–31	J. Wilkinson	Annual General Meeting and Dinner
M	Nov. 13–14	H. S. Thompson	Birkness
C	Nov. 27–28	W. D. Brumfitt	Birkness
	Dec. 31–Jan. 1	J. Wilkinson	Raw Head

L—London Section Meet

C—Committee Meeting M—Maintenance Meet