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RETURN TO GARHWAL

John A. Jackson

Gorphwysfa means a halting or a resting place and Gorphwysfa Peris is the resting place at the head of the glaciated valley of Llanberis in Snowdonia. There, at the 'Gorphwysfa Inn' during the early part of the century, Winthrop Young and many others used to meet to share hill days and pioneer rock routes on the Welsh crags. The Inn is now a Youth Hostel and the Lloyds who run it and who retain its traditions of welcome and friendship also ensure it is the home of the present day Gorphwysfa Climbing Club. It was whilst guests at their annual dinner that Eileen and I were invited to join them in going to the Garhwal Himalaya and later I was particularly pleased to be asked to lead the expedition.

We were to go to the Nanda Devi-Trisul region and initially the venture came about because several Gorphwysfa members had a strong desire to climb Trisul using similar equipment to that used by Longstaff during his ascent of the mountain earlier in the century! This did not come about because permission to climb the mountain had already been given to the Japanese; and would not have come about because, during the expedition's organisation, ideas rapidly changed to using plastic boots, jumars, dead-men, ice-screws, C-B radios and a thousand feet of fixed rope! It was this remarkable evidence of flexibility that assured us both we were going with the right kind of people.

Most members came from the Oxford area (Jim Murray, a Professor of Zoology, came from Charlottesville, Virginia) and were either doctors, solicitors, professors or senior lecturers of one kind or another. They proved to be a fine bunch of 'boffins' to be with, splendid mountain people, and their youthful enthusiasm (most were aged between 40 and 50—though two were but 24 years) very refreshing.

It was 30 years since I had last been in the Garhwal Himalaya and during the flight out to Delhi I reflected that at that time, despite climbing my first twenty-thousand foot mountain (Avalanche Peak), the area had also dealt with me harshly!¹ In 1952 I had been swept away in an avalanche that fractured my femur (this knitted together, self healed, and the break was only discovered 17 years later) resulting after many years in a painful arthritic hip and shorter leg. Still, I thought, now after 30 years I have a new, if artificial, hip and the mountains might well take me back in more kindly fashion. They did.

We started the trek into the mountains from Suriatota on September 9th 1981 and six days later, following a superb walk to

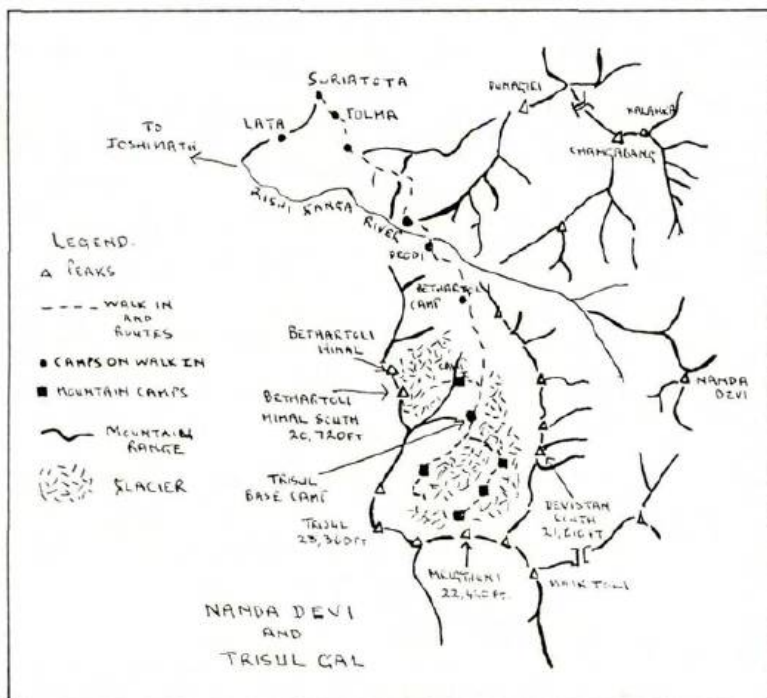
the Rishiganga which provided us with magnificent views of the sanctuary wall and peaks, we finally set our base camp at 15,600 ft. in the Trisul Gal.

Our aim was to climb two peaks, and in addition I had a personal ambition to ski at 20,000 ft. Initially our plan was to attempt one of the few peaks in the wall of the Nanda Devi sanctuary which was believed to be still unclimbed (Devistan South 21,810 ft.). Unfortunately, the Indian Mountaineering Foundation through circumstances that could not have been foreseen had given permission for both the Gorphwysfa expedition and an Italian party to attempt the peak by the same route at the same time. As the Italians had permission only for the one peak and as we also had permission for Mrigthuni 22,490 ft. it was agreed in discussions involving the leaders and liaison officers that we would tackle the latter first, leaving the Italians the first attempt on Devistan South. Eventually we abandoned Devistan altogether and switched to Bethartoli Himal—South Peak.

The Sanctuary and Nanda Devi from Rishiganga.

J. A. Jackson





From base camp, we established a Camp I at 16,400 ft. on the prow of the moraine below Mrigthuni and Devistan. From this camp Brian Smith and Mike Leask ascended to 19,000 ft. on the North West ridge of Devistan (this before the arrival of the Italians) and during a two day reconnaissance Jim Murray and Stephen Simpson worked out a route to a Camp II on Mrigthuni. On September 20th, with the help of two H/A porters, John Rowlinson, Stephen and I established this Camp II at 18,600 ft. Weather at this time was improving day by day and at these two camps we all remember the crisp, cold and starry nights to be followed by days of brilliant clarity and superb views of Trisul, the Devistan wall and Dunagiri at the far end of the valley. On September 22nd whilst the rest of the expedition carried supplies to Camp II, John and Stephen with Govind Singh established Camp III at 20,500 ft. and I thought that with one more fine day, I would have the expedition reaching the summit within three weeks of leaving Heathrow. Hopefully all expedition climbing members would reach the summit within twenty-three days! Sadly, this was not to be, for during that night snow fell silently and deep and at



Mrigthuni, 22,420 feet. Route and sites of camps II and III from Base Camp, Trisul Gal.

J. A. Jackson

Camp III the deteriorating conditions were becoming dangerous. The climbers at Camp III started down at 7 a.m. in poor visibility and after struggling through the waist deep snow, reached Camp I just as a rescue party was setting out at 2 p.m. It was a bitter blow but John's report of conditions and the continuing poor weather left me in no doubt that we should immediately return to base camp to eat better, sleep warmer, save fuel and conserve our meagre H/A rations. Storms continued for several days with much snow falling in high wind and thereby developing slab avalanches—a most trying time for all but one we didn't waste. Because of our endeavours, we snatched opportunities during lulls in the weather to set up a Ski Camp I at 18,650 ft. on Trisul and later, when the weather improved, occupied this Camp I for two days. During these two days, Eileen gave Stella and Paul Barczak, the two doctors of the expedition, their first ski lesson at 18,700 ft! (a record they now share with Sirdar Dawa Tenzing whom I taught to ski at a similar height in the Everest area in 1976.²) Also on ski, I had a strenuous ascent on the lower flanks of Trisul to around 20,000 ft. and in addition to checking out avalanche dangers also achieved the ambition I had had for many years. Unfortunately,

the ski back down to Camp I over convex slopes had to be made in long gliding traverses because of breaking crust—the leg breaking kind—and remembering Garhwal of 30 years before, I took my time. I shall remember Ski Camp I for reasons other than that it was the coldest camp in which I have ever slept. I felt it to be a particularly satisfying and carefree break though all too short. Stella, Paul and Eileen provided welcome sustenance and cheer, Mike remained his usual imperturbable self whilst quietly filming our manoeuvrings on ski and Ajay Thanka our Liaison Officer was, as always, huge and friendly and enjoying being amongst his mountains.

On return to Base Camp, we learned that Jeremy Naish, Jim and Brian had successfully worked out the route to a goat herders' pass across the Sanctuary wall. We called it 'Bwlch y Geifr' (Pass of the Goat) and I'm sure it will be a route much used by travellers in the future. Many different sorties were being made during the week of bad weather and on one of them during a break in a snowstorm, Brian, Eileen and I saw Bethartoli Himal South looking promisingly accessible.

Following this discovery, other useful 'recces' were made to this mountain by Stephen and John so that once the weather improved, and following abortive attempts to again reach Camp III on Mrigthuni, they set up a Camp I at 18,000 ft. en route to Bethartoli. From this camp it was necessary to traverse a snow dome, cross a rocky ridge and descend to the Bethartoli glacier. On October 7th John and Stephen left this Camp I and made the ascent of Bethartoli Himal-South, 20,720 ft. in excellent weather but having to progress laboriously for many hours over the glacier in breaking crust. The final seven or eight hundred feet was steep and crevassed providing tiring cramponing for them on blue ice. This was a great day and a success that the expedition richly deserved for everyone had put in much hard effort throughout the good weather and the bad.

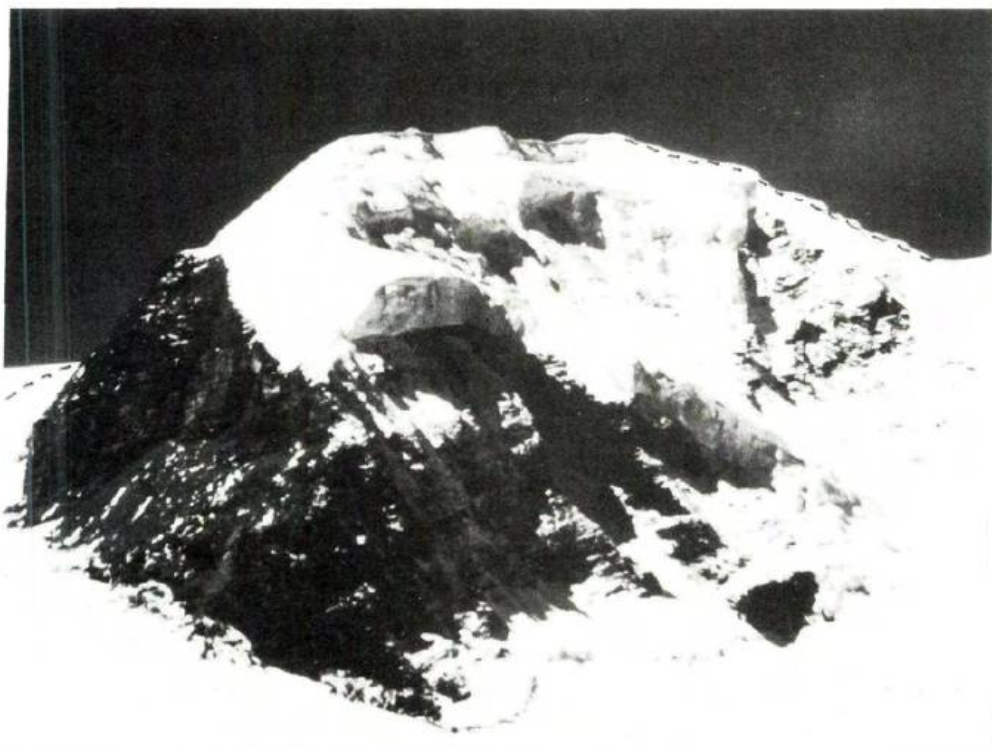
Brian and Mike made a second attempt at ascent on October 8th and early on that same day, Ajay and I left Base Camp to reach Camp I, then cross the snow dome and the rock ridge to the glacier. There we watched the two tiny figures of Brian and Mike ascending to the col at 20,000 ft. and having reached it they disappeared from view so we turned away to photograph the surrounding peaks, Dunagiri, Changabang, Kalanka, Nanda Devi East and West and many others. These peaks and those of North-West Garhwal, which include Avalanche Peak of thirty years before, were breathtakingly crisp and clear following the many days of storm. It

is so often the way. We descended to Camp I and returned to base feeling sure that, quite deservedly, Mike and Brian would reach the summit but again the fates decided otherwise. Brian, the summit within his grasp, became violently ill and the two returned to Camp I, then to Base Camp late in the day.

Mrigthuni remained in bad condition after the storms. We did have two attempts to reach Camp III but the mountain was finally abandoned when following an ascent to over 19,500 ft. by Jim and Jeremy, they confirmed that the camp appeared to be wiped out by avalanche. This we had seen earlier when viewing the camp site through binoculars from Trisul. Slab avalanches were numerous everywhere following the week of storms and the two other expeditions in the Trisul-Gal—the Italians on Devistan and the Japanese on Trisul—abandoned their attempts and returned home.

There has been no space to write of the fascinating walks into and out of the mountains which were sufficient unto themselves, but one incident I must mention. Habib Cheta, our Kashmiri base camp cook suffered partial paralysis following thrombosis. At Bethartoli camp (that used by Longstaff and others) he was cared for with great skill and kindness by Paul. At this remote site, it was

Bethartoli Himal South, 20,720 feet, from above camp I. — — — — marks route to summit.
J. A. Jackson



good to have the whole expedition having a final work out as a team as they vigorously attacked the tufted vegetation and prepared a landing pad for the Indian Army helicopter. Habib and Paul were lifted out to Joshimath two days later. It was whilst walking out to Joshimath that the porter grapevine told us of many accidents in the Garhwal Himalaya and this was confirmed when in Delhi we reported to the Indian Mountaineering Foundation. During our few weeks stay in Garhwal, over twenty mountaineers and H/A porters had lost their lives in the storms and subsequent avalanches—this by far the worst disaster year anyone could remember in that region.

Yet the mountains of Garhwal were kind to me in 1981. It had been pleasing to lead a modestly successful team and more important, Eileen and I had filled our days with many enriching experiences in the company of many splendid people. Post-monsoon flora had proved to be richer and more varied than expected and after almost forty years of Himalayan travel I had at last seen large flocks of Bharal—the blue sheep (goat-antelopes) of the high Himalaya. As we left the Rishiganga Gorge on the way back and I took a last look at Nanda Devi and the Sanctuary wall, I thought of the poem written by Winthrop Young and the lines written possibly when he frequented ‘Gorphwysfa Peris’:

‘I may not grudge the little left undone,

I hold the heights, I keep the dreams I won’

and I hoped the rest of the expedition members would feel that ‘we’ could fittingly be substituted for ‘I’ in the quotation.

- (1) *Return to the Himalaya* Tilly and Jackson, F.R.C.C. *Journal*, 1953.
- (2) Sirdar Dawa Tenzing of Kangchenjunga—*Kangchenjunga*. Jackson, F.R.C.C. *Journal* 1957.

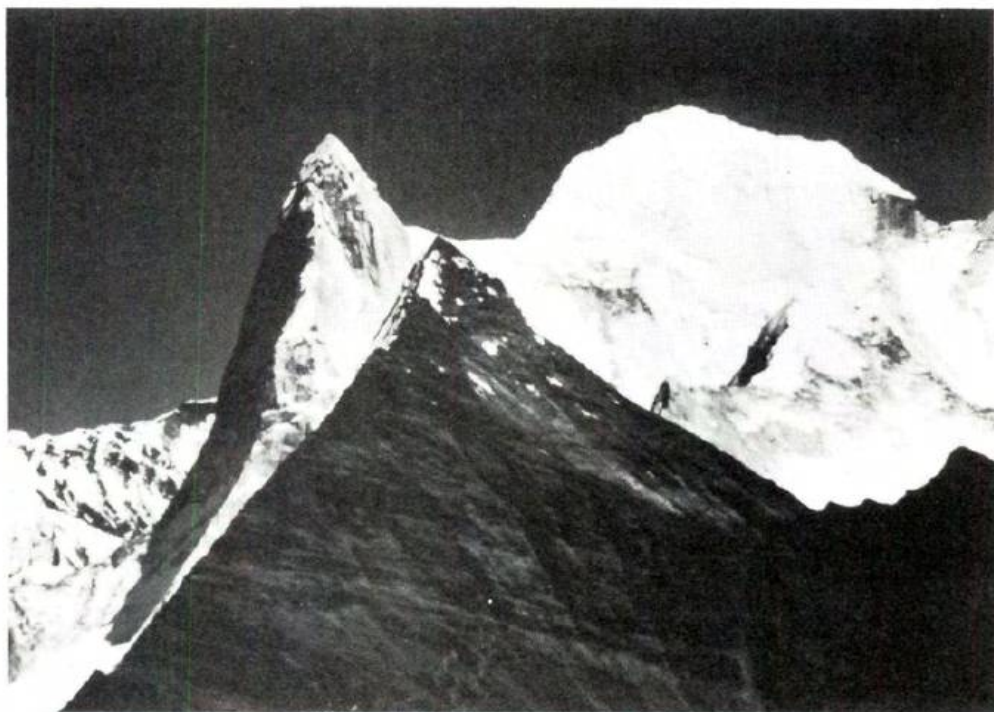
Note on Skiing in the Himalaya

Ski journeys have been made in the Himalaya over a very long period of time and the Ski Club of India was formed in the 1930’s. As yet the most definitive book on skiing in that part of the world is *Skis in India* by Capt. Charles Bagot (now Baron Bagot of Bromley). Charles was Chief Ski Instructor at Gulmarg in Kashmir during the winter of 1944/45 whilst I was Chief Instructor of Mountaineering in the Sonamarg area during the same period. Wilfred Noyce became a particularly fine ski instructor whilst with Charles Bagot. In 1976 whilst in the Himalaya with my wife Eileen, we skied in many areas including Kashmir where having skied in the

Thajiwas area we also revisited many climbing and trekking areas and were able to revise and re-edit a climbing and trek guide that had been written by Noyce, Tilly and me in 1945. In 1976 we also had the interest of skiing with the India/Tibet Border Police on the Rhotang La in Kulu and where even in mid June the snow lay all the way down to Koksar in the Chandra Valley of Lahoul. We also taught sherpas to ski in the Everest area—on the Chola Kola glacier and up to the col—Nimagawa La. Later the skiing took us to the Ngojumba where we skied with Lakpa Thondup and Ang Norbu on the Changu glacier. They became quite good basic swing skiers. Having skied in Nepal, Kulu and Kashmir, we were particularly pleased in 1981 to ski in an area we had to miss out in 1976 i.e. the Garhwal or Central Himalaya. Post monsoon is not the best time for skiing, the snow having receded so much and the lower stretches of glacier being dry ice. However, we enjoyed our ski on Trisul but I would stress that as that mountain has now been ascended (and descended) several times on ski, it would be quite new and practicable for a party to ascend Anand Peak and other peaks of the Bethartoli area which is extensively glaciated. Access to the glaciers is good, and even post monsoon they are high enough to hold much snow and provide excellent ski mountaineering.

Changabang and Kalanka from the snow dome on Bethartoli Himal South.

J. A. Jackson



A CLIMB IN CAPPADOCIA

P. J. Mullington

"Y'know, we've not seen an English August for ten years!" I said. "Yes" she replied, "let's go to the Lakes for a fortnight, then perhaps fester in France for a week?"

On the road through Yugoslavia some four months later we had cause to ponder on these ideas and wonder if she really had been right after all. Anyone who has driven the 400 miles of road from Ljubiana through Zagreb and Belgrade to Nis, with its potholed two lanes of flaking tarmac, and endless stream of migrant worker Turks in clapped out B.M.W.'s will know what I mean. For those without the experience it can only be recommended as a means of providing a new and different view of motoring techniques, where headlights and horns supersede brakes and steering as agents of safe progress.

Somehow between March and July the idea of a Lakeland holiday had given way to a trip to central Anatolia in Asian Turkey. I suppose the germinal idea had been sown by Lynne's winter working cruise with 1000 school children on S.S. Uganda, from whence she had returned with tales of Antalya and the fantastic mountains inland of it which come straight down to the sea. These, the Taurus mountains, were to the south of what had become our objective, Erciyes Dagi, Mount Argaeus, famous in classical Roman times as Mons Argaeus and the highest point in Cappadocia.

At our pause in Nis for psychological recuperation from two days of driving from Austria, we wondered if we should ever have left the Alps. The idea had been to do some routes in the Bernina Alps first, then to go on to Turkey acclimatized. We had left England on 25th July and arrived in Pontresina with the front suspension of our Citroen Dyane modified, ironically by a Turkish "guest worker" driving a Public Works van, on 28th July. Our delay in Strasbourg had been of no consequence, the weather was bad anyway. It remained fitful for the next fortnight with a few good days interspersed with days of damp cloudiness, or outright storm and wind. However, we managed to get up high on sufficient occasions to achieve the objective of acclimatization.

From the Boval hut we climbed Piz Morteratsch in cloud and wind, descending to the Tschierva hut hoping to attempt Piz Roseg the following day. Instead at 10 a.m. we left the smoky winteraum and hurried down to Pontresina chased by hail and thunder. Two days later we traversed Piz Palu from the Diavolezza hotel, but instead of continuing over Bellavista and the other frontier peaks as

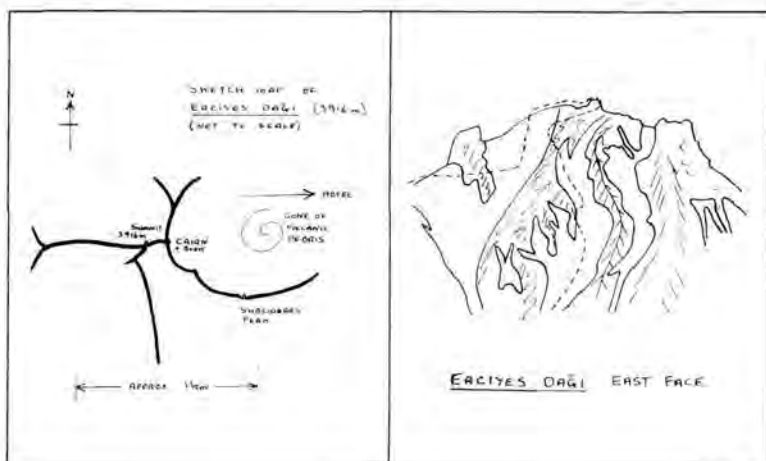
we had planned to do we scurried to the damp comfort of the Marco-e-Rosa hut in the teeth of a gale. A day of drinking tea was broken only by watching a Dutch party, who had followed us to the hut, fight it out in a "let's go down in the whiteout, no, I want to stay here" argument.

A day later we attempted Piz Bernina by the Spallagrat but returned from La Spalla in a whiteout: everything was plastered with snow and ice. We returned to Diavolezza via the Bellavista ridge (during a gap in the cloud) and the Fortezza ridge in time just to miss the rain and catch the last telepherique down. Two days more of rain sent us scuttling into the arms of the Ljubliana to Nis main road, and our dilemma.

The debate about driving on came to a conclusion when we agreed that under no circumstances were we going back along "that" road: as it was the only way back without a long detour, the problem was resolved. We proceeded as planned, crossing the border into Bulgaria at Dimitrovgrad. Then, as if by magic, all the migratory Turks started to obey the rules of the road! Speed limits and white lines took on meaning again and the crux of the driving was, it turned out, over. Our thirty-hour transit visas just allowed time for pleasant visits to cobblestoned and tree-lined Sophia then to Plovdiv.

The innocent looking arch over the two-laned road inscribed "Turkiye" belied the acres, if not square miles, of tarmaced customs area beyond. It took an hour of stamping passports, getting it wrong and going back for more stamps, before the frontier guard waved us through with his machine gun. The mountains of 'fridges, furniture and other goods piled round vans and lorries in the customs area told something of the experiences of those who enter Turkey with larger vehicles.

We stayed in Edirne that night and drove to a campsite within rail commuting distance of Istanbul the next day. The frenetic atmosphere of Istanbul you might think is the last place to solve a mountaineering problem; however, we had to attempt it. One day before we left England I had received a letter from a company based in Istanbul called Dag tur. This was in response to an enquiry for maps and guide book or route descriptions which I had made of the Turkish Mountaineering Federation in Ankara. The Dag tur letter said that under the "new regulations" we had to take a guide and a professional mountaineer with us on any Turkish mountain. It so happened, of course, that they could arrange the same and throw in a trip round Istanbul, for just 1650 Deutschmarks (£400) plus expenses. The British Consulate were helpful, but could throw



no light on the “new regulations.” The Turkish Tourist Office said “there is a law” but they didn’t know what it was; though they suggested we would need to obtain permission from the local military governor to climb Mount Argaeus. Istanbul, it turned out, was the last place to sort out a mountaineering problem.

Two days later in Kayseri, at the base of Erciyes Dağı the information office sent us to the local Directorate of Sport. Within fifteen minutes of arriving in Kayseri in the late afternoon, we were being ushered into the office of “The Director.” This Dracula figure, like an advert for Brylcreem, in his wing-backed chair behind an acre of desk, peered inscrutably at us. “So you want to climb Mount Argaeus eh?” “Yes” I said in trepidation, as his henchman leered round the door. “O.K.” he shrugged, writing something unintelligible to us on a piece of paper. He stamped the paper—our permit—and said we could go the next day. By six o’clock the same evening we were pulling up at the mountain hotel at Kayakevi which is at the start of the walk into the east side of Erciyes.

There were only two problems now, firstly finding a route and secondly climbing it. After six compulsory glasses of cay (tea) the hotel proprietor, Mehmet, agreed to show us a route on the hill. I

drew a diagram, he stuck some dotted lines on it so indicating a traverse, six hours up the east face and eight hours along the south east ridge. Thus armed we prepared to do the climb the following day starting, on his recommendation, at 5 a.m. "A bit late for an east face snow couloir at this latitude" I thought, but then the guy said he'd been up there 43 times, so who was I to argue?

The walk to Erciyes started up the trail of a winter ski track below a chairlift which was lying mostly on the ground in wind-tossed disarray. The weather, as always it seems, was perfectly clear. It had frozen overnight but was rapidly becoming warm as dawn broke with no cloud. The track continued awhile after the top of the ski-lift, but soon ended by a wooden bivi hut with broken windows. From there we had to find our own way, which we did, crossing the north side of the cone of volcanic debris mainly consisting of loose scree. From the base of the east face a scree slope rose steadily to the bottom of the snow couloir indicated on our diagram. The névé was hard with a veneer of sun-softened snow, good in crampons, and we made fast progress between the gradually narrowing walls of the couloir. The snow in this couloir had deep runnels in it from top to bottom but little evidence of debris lying on the surface; just a few, mainly small, stones. By 8.30 the sun was quite warm and I happened to look up from the steep solo plod to see distant specks first against the sky, then against the snow. "Stones" I yelled, we watched, trapped, spellbound, as they bounced in erratic unpredictability. "Phew! the biggest missed me" but "Hell" I thought, "it's going to hit Lynne." She ducked, it whistled above her hair and continued its splatting, wabbling descent amongst its smaller brethren. 5 a.m. start "is gut" he'd said, I should have known better! But this was no place for such luxurious cognitive idleness, and we made for the rocks on the south side of the couloir. Rocks I call them: the reason for the fusilades of stones soon became apparent. Both sides of the couloir were composed of stones embedded in mud, they rolled out at the touch, or broke, sending cascades below. It's just as well we were alone here. However, the rocks were not steep up to a pinch point in the couloir where we were forced back onto the snow. Choosing the moment, we moved back into the runnels and exited steeply from the narrowing couloir by a route on the south side. We put the rope on here, belatedly. Most of the stones were coming from the north wall of the couloir, so we headed for a snow shoulder to the south and out of the firing line with some relief. Across the shoulder was a wide 150m. snow slope rising amidst columns of mud embedded with stones and capped by car-sized

boulders. The ascent of the snow put us on a tottering ridge of loose rubble above the source of our earlier peppering. Ataturk's mask leered from beside the cairn which hid the summit book, and a narrow 20m. pinnacle of mudrock formed the actual summit on a ridge a few metres west. We rested after the climb taking in the view and the sun and looking at the book. A team from Lincoln College, Oxford, had been up here in June but we saw no other English writing. Turks, with some Germans, seem to be the only people who make occasional ascents.

A descent of the couloir was rejected in favour of making a traverse round to the south east, and this necessitated traversing over—or descending below—a high fez-shaped pinnacle of mudrock on the S.E. ridge. We chose the latter and dropped into the top of the south couloir of the east face then traversed across very quickly in the firing line of stones from the fez. I slipped in our haste whilst jumping from *névé* to mudrock on the ridge. Fingernails and skin stopped a 600m. bouncing *bolas*; we were still roped but with no belays. At 1.45 p.m. we settled for food and bandages on a level part of the S.E. ridge below the fez. The view through the heat haze was superb, to the south west the edge of a flat salt lake, to the south east smaller volcanic cones; behind us looking north into our route of ascent and east to the descent route, a moonscape of shattered pinnacles of volcanic debris. If the ancient gods of Mons Argæus gave the whole lot a shake, it would fall down.

At 2.45 p.m. we left our lunch place and scrunched our way over a Lliwedd ridge of large cinders (it sounded like walking on piles of broken unfired crockery) to join our ascent route at the top of the ski piste. By 6 p.m. we were at the hut, being questioned by an eager party of Germans with guide and two English students, the first people we'd seen since leaving the hotel in the morning. (The students were the only English people we met in Anatolia.)

Later in the evening the only unpleasant occurrence of our trip involving Turkish people happened. The hotel proprietor, effusively friendly, gave Lynne two melons and some glasses. She accepted, thinking that to refuse would give offence. Instead old Mehmet became grossly over-friendly and eventually his gifts were returned firmly leaving him sulky and us in our room with the hat-stand jamming the door shut. There were no doorlocks, and he had a pistol stuck in his belt. We left next morning, somewhat relieved to be away, but feeling a little sad at the unfortunate misunderstanding which would not have occurred if we had been able to speak Turkish.

The rest of our trip was spent exploring troglodyte towns and churches dating from the sixth century in Cappadocia and visiting Ephesus, Pergamon and Troy on the Aegean coast. Then it was back to England via Greece. We avoided "the road" by taking a remarkably cheap car ferry from Dubrovnik to Rijeka which enabled us to cover 600 miles into Austria in less than 24 hours for £50 including an overnight cabin. That's the way to travel through Yugoslavia!

We still haven't seen an English August for eleven years now, and as this year's "trip to the Lakes" turned out to be 6,080 miles long, perhaps she'll settle for the more normal 200 miles to Beetham Cottage if I suggest staying at home for our holidays next year.

Erciyes Dagi, 3916m.

Erciyes Dagi (Mount Argaeus) is situated at the eastern end of Cappadocia, the highest point of the Anatolian plateau of central Turkey. To the south lie the Taurus mountains and to the west the isolated volcanic cones of Hassan Dagi. The mountain stands alone south of Kayseri surrounded by steppe and a few small volcanic cones. It is an extinct volcano and the main mountain mass is a system of rock ridges to the west of the main cone. There is a subsidiary peak to the south east of the main summit situated on a ridge which curves round the south side of the cone. To the east of the mountain is a valley and meadow leading down to the pass (2150m) between Erciyes Dagi and Koc Dagi (2,500m) at Kayakevi.

The rock is soft volcanic tufa, brittle, friable and in places held together by compacted volcanic ash. The effect of erosion on these rock ridges has produced a fantastic rockscape of pillars and gendarmes, some more solid than others. Between the ridges, on the faces, lie broad gullies of permanent snow. There is a glacier on the north side called Sütöndüran.

There appear to be numerous routes on the mountain but there is no guidebook and no information forthcoming from the Turkish Mountaineering Federation, who prefer to send requests for information on routes to a commercial company which offers expensive guiding services. The easier routes, it appears, are on the eastern side of the mountain. Large scale maps of this, and any other area of Turkey, are not available to the general public. Maps of many areas of Turkey have been made by American surveyors, presumably including Erciyes, but we could not obtain them through the normal suppliers in the U.K.

Valley bases and accommodation.

Kayseri is the nearest town and has a population of 167,700. A pleasant place built round the old citadel of Caesarea, there are two hotels on *Mayis Caddesi*, *Turan Oteli* and *Divan Oteli* and *Mimar Sinar Oteli* on *Sanayi Caddesi*. Suitable as a base for making an ascent on the east side of the mountain is the hotel on the pass at *Kayakevi*. To reach this latter place, leave Kayseri on *Talas Caddesi*, fork right to *Hisarcik* which is reached in 14 km. and continue for 11 km. more up the windy cobbled road to the pass. The Hotel is on the right and provides beds but not much else. It is also possible to camp here, but there are excellent camping and bivouac sites near the volcano cone about 1½—2 hours walk from the road to the west of the top of the chair lift (unoperated in summer). There is an irrigation channel which carries snow melt down the valley from the cone area and this, even at the end of summer, supplies sufficient water. For visitors without cars it is possible to take a *dolmus* (communal minibus) up to the hotel from Kayseri.

Erciyes Dagi by the East Face—Central Couloir

1000m. from foot of climb to summit, P.D. An early start is advisable as when the sun is on the upper part of the mountains the couloir collects considerable numbers of falling stones.

From the west side of the hotel follow the piste track below the chairlift to the upper kiosk (1¼ hours). Continue on an obvious track N. then W. to a dilapidated bivouac hut near the junction of two irrigation channels (½ hr.). Follow traces of a track past good bivouac sites keeping right (N.) at first near an irrigation channel into the cairn below the East face (½ hour). Climb scree directly to snow at the base of the central of three shallow couloirs in the face (50 mins.). Climb the couloir direct, or if stonefall is bad, the loose rocks on either side. At the top of the couloir it is possible to traverse left (S) across a rocky ridge into the upper part of the south couloir. Ascend this to finish over loose rocks at the summit cairn and book (2 hrs. 45 mins.). The true summit pinnacle lies 50m. along the west ridge. Say 5½—6 hours from hotel to summit. Descend by the same route if early enough, but a traverse along the Southeast ridge and over the subsidiary peak is more pleasant. It is possible to avoid the large tottering fez-shaped pinnacle on the ridge by descending into the upper part of the South couloir on the east face, and joining the main ridge where it levels below the pinnacle. The round trip takes about 12 hours.

Climbing Permits.

We were told at Istanbul that we needed permission to make unguided ascents of any Turkish mountains. At Kayseri the tourist bureau knew nothing of this but sent us to the Directorate of Sport who gave us a signed, stamped paper which presumably authorized us to climb the mountains. There was no inspection of equipment or cost involved.

TRAINING FOR THE HAUTE ROUTE A REMINISCENCE

Tom Price

'Great' said Dick Cook when Eric Arnison and I arrived at Zermatt with one day to spare before starting on the Haute Route, 'We've got a good training day laid on for tomorrow!'

The rest of the party had already been out five days, lost their northern pallor, and found their ski-legs. We on the other hand were still tired from pushing our way through the various obstacles that in those days separated the English third-class traveller from his destination in the Alps, viz: the discrimination shown by Southern Railway staff against anyone carrying ice-axe or skis; the Customs (Are you carrying more than £25 sterling, sir?); the Channel; Paris, that hostile tract full of sarcastic natives which had to be traversed to the Gare de Lyon, preferably by means of a free bus concealed in a back alley near the station; the French language; and the long night sitting bolt upright on shiny green upholstery, hounded in one's dreams by the thudding of the wheels and that occasional long-drawn-out high-pitched banshee howl emanating from the rails which was a feature of the C.F.F. rapides.

We lodged in the attic of the Bahnhof Hotel run by an Anglophile Swiss guide called Bernard Biner. Dick Cook's training day hinged on our catching the first lift up to the Schwarzsee at eight o'clock in the morning. The Bahnhof was placed about as far from the start of the Schwarzsee lift as it was possible to be while remaining in the same canton, so the forced march thereto, after a rudimentary breakfast of bread and coffee, made a harsh start to the day.

From the Schwarzsee we made a short but eventful descent on frozen rutty snow to a drag-lift. At the top of the drag-lift a small group of people was gathering round a snow-mobile. We were each

supplied with a rope's end from the rear of the snow-mobile, and stood with skis pointing in the direction of the Theodulpass, the Matterhorn looking impassively down upon us. When the machine lurched into motion we all converged upon the same point, fell down, and formed a drogue which eventually brought the snow-mobile to a standstill. After one or two such false starts, however, we got the hang of it and rode higher and higher through the splendid Alpine morning towards the top rim of the huge snow bowl.

We stood on the Theodulpass, surveying the grandiose scene. Southward we looked into Italy. Breuil lay about a vertical mile below, and who knew how many stem-christies away. We had skied on Ben Lawers and on Cairngorm, but without benefit of lifts, and our stock of expertise was small and first we had to gain access to those huge snow-slopes. A narrow wooden snow-covered ramp had been constructed, with Latin insouciance, slanting downwards across the face of some crags. It had a ramshackle railing on the outside, lined with old striped mattresses so stained with use that one shrank from coming into contact with them. The modern skier would no doubt go down such a place in a series of tiny turns on his four-foot combi skis, but we were simply spat out of the end of it like peas from a peashooter on to the broad slopes below.

We fought our way down the endless slopes. It was not so bad high up where the snow had never melted, but before long we were in the frozen crust and had to win through that to the granular stuff below, and finally to the resort itself, which was full of girls of a disturbing beauty. So many terrors and excitements had been crowded into the descent that we found it hard to believe it was as yet hardly midday. We sought out the Ristorante Pirovano and Dick asked for the owner. The waitress's gaze held no hint of distaste for our climbing breeches and balaclavas; on the other hand it held no warmth. Piero was not here; he was somewhere on the slopes, she told us.

We ordered a flask of wine. As we took our ease in the hot sunshine of the terrace one of us drifted over to a panel of glossy press photographs that stood in the entrance of the restaurant. They recorded the expedition to Amadablam in which Piero Vano and Dick Cook had taken part.

'Look at this' he exclaimed, and there, in a row of bearded, baggy-trousered expedition men, was unmistakably Dick Cook.

Dick took the waitress over to the pictures.

'Mi' he said, stretching his Italian to the limit.

Two minutes later a big, handsome Italian burst on to the terrace, fell upon Dick, and kissed him on both cheeks. Dick turned to us as though wishing to explain, but Piero Vano was already wringing our hands with crippling force. His eye caught our flask of wine.

'What do you drink?' he groaned, in deep mortification. A short burst of Italian and the girl replaced it with new bottles and glasses. He sat among us, laughing and expansive, but with a keen eye for an empty glass, which he instantly filled. He re-lived the Amadablam expedition with Dick, who kept a wary eye on him at first in case of further kissing on both cheeks, reminisced about Signor Gighlione, introduced us to a bewildering number of his friends, including numerous spectacular girls, and generally caused the midday sunlight to take on a shimmering, unreal and altogether superior quality.

Presently waitresses began removing some of the bottles and shuffling ash-trays to one side. Crusty bread and butter and plates of charcuterie including that finest of all alpine foods, air-dried raw beef sliced paper thin, were brought on. This made an excellent meal in itself but turned out in fact to be only the beginning. Next came two fried eggs on a bed of asparagus tips, dressed with the oils of Italy and spices of the Orient, followed by fillet steak supporting a pat of butter flecked with parsley, with radishes and spinach on the side. Richly garnished salads and cheeses came next, then finally fruit. Bottle after bottle of chianti helped us through these viands, and at length we sat grossly back in our chairs in the afternoon sun with cigars and Courvoisier three star brandy.

At the centre of the feast, surrounded by empty bottles, sat Piero Vano and Dick Cook, in joyous reunion.

'Che contento sono' Piero kept repeating, and

'Eeh! Shoot me while I'm happy' beamed Dick Cook.

Every so often, through the golden alcoholic haze, rose the spectre of that high col of the Theodulpass and the long descent to Zermatt; it seemed an impossible task, as in our overfed state we had difficulty in heaving ourselves out of our seats. We would at intervals take Piero's arm and explain with ponderous earnestness that we had to get back to Zermatt to start the Haute Route. He roared with laughter.

As the afternoon wore on we even began to express anxiety about catching the cable-car before it stopped for the day. Piero brushed it all aside.

'I will personally see you back to Zermatt. Have faith. I am a qualified mountain guide.'

Dick Cook then insisted on hiring him then and there for the job, at a fee of a quarter of a Swiss franc. This deal called for further drinks to clinch it.

Another of my misgivings was that I had not yet sent a post-card home. It is one thing to be prevented from writing home by the exigencies of ski-mountaineering, but when the silence is caused by silken dalliance in a fashionable resort the conscience is apt to stir. I touched on this to Piero.

'Carte postale' he roared, and the whole post-card stand was trundled our way. Piero distributed post-cards: pens appeared. We wrote to everyone on the Amadablam expedition, including Alf Gregory, Gighlione and John Cunningham. We then wrote to any common acquaintance we could discover. Everybody, including the girls who came and went ceaselessly round Piero, signed everything. A mound of cards accumulated on the table among the brandy-glasses and cigar-butts and at Piero's command it was cleared and sent to the post.

As the afternoon shadows lengthened not even Piero could resist the corporate pressure to get back to Zermatt to start the Haute Route. We got heavily to our feet and made our incompetent way to the cable-car, scything passers-by with our skis.

'Mama Mia' they said, and 'Piano. Piano.'

There was a large queue but at a word from our guide various carabinieri forced it back to make way for us. The immense cable-car filled instantly, the doors clanged and we were swung upwards at high speed to the middle station. We lurched across to a second car, and finally debouched in the thin astringent air of the high mountain, quite disoriented.

We were on a fairly exiguous rocky platform, connected to the Swiss snow-slopes by a narrow and stony bit of piste. We stepped into our rat-trap bindings, feeling that life had suddenly become real and earnest again. But Piero's spirits remained undimmed. He rhapsodised over the immense shining panorama, the valleys already showing dark and vague in the afternoon.

'Bellissima!' he breathed, and launched boldly off down the piste, to fall flat on his ear after ten yards.

If the slope scared us before it terrified us now. But Piero picked himself up with a laugh and swept off in a series of parallel turns, many of which were successful. Occasionally he scooped up a handful of snow to staunch the blood that flowed from his temple.

'It is like a holiday to me,' he said. 'Che bella la montagna.'

His elation infected us all, and even improved our ski-ing. At the Schwarzsee we stopped for another bottle of wine, laced this time

with quantities of water, and on arrival in Zermatt the laws of hospitality seemed to decree that we should take Piero out to dinner in some grander establishment than the Bahnhof. This turned into another party and during it Piero became bent on visiting a certain Mr. Somerfeld, resident at the Schweizerhof.

Dog-tired, we went over there.

Mr. Somerfeld was having dinner with a German girl about one third his age. He accepted our intrusion into his tête-a-tête with admirable suavity and cordiality, had chairs brought round his table and pressed us to drink while he continued his dinner. He knew London. In fact he had a flat in Park Lane. He recommended not the Haute Route but the Basse Route which he had completed in one day. It involved making a special arrangement to have the Schwarzsee lift opened early in the morning. One then travelled by sno-cat to the Theodulpass, skied down to Breuil, took a taxi to Entrèves, cable-car to the Col du Géant and skied down the Mer de Glace to Chamonix.

The party continued, given a new boost by Mr. Somerfeld. A flash-photographer was brought in to record our pleasures. We danced with Mr. Somerfeld's companion, who danced divinely. We must finally have said our adieux to Piero and somehow made it back through the snow to the Bahnhof, for that is where we woke up next morning.

We held a meeting to attend to last minute details, but it was not a success as we kept falling asleep in mid-sentence.

So we went straight round to Saas Fee and started the Haute Route.

ON FELL BECK FISHING

C. E. Arnison

After one abortive attempt involving some bushwhacking and very cold bivi, we got Monte Cinto (8891 ft., and the highest in Corsica) on the second attempt by a different route and after a more comfortable and warmer night under a huge boulder.

On the way down we saw a pair of partridges, which was unexpected at that height.

Looking back at the mountain Charles Tilly said 'Well, that's my last mountain, Eric—it's small hills from now on!'

This set me thinking.

Pasture Beck, Hartsop, Patterdale, with Gray Crag in the background.
Geoffrey Berry ▶

When you are part way between a 'Toothless Tiger' and a 'Geriatric Eccentric' (A.J.79 p 274, and A.J.81 p 125) and unable to manage the high hills, some form of outdoor sport is clearly indicated: and to those who qualify and have not yet tried it, I commend fell beck fishing.

Fell becks are everywhere, they all hold trout, albeit small ones; and you don't need permits, although in theory at all events, you require a Water Board Licence costing about £5 (O.A.P.'s pay less!) Shuddering from that outlay, or if you feel like it, ducking it, the remainder of your gear should be as cheap as possible—a long rod (at least 11ft.) reel, line, a yard or two of fine gut, and a few hooks, Stuart (2 hooks) or Pennal (3 hooks) my own preference being for the former.

And, of course, worms: none of your great long red snake-like creatures but a brandling about 1½ inches long, is the ideal. In the long dry summer of 1976 worms were far more difficult to find than were the trout, but generally a compost heap or middenstead yields up the treasures, which are toughened up by being kept in moss for a week or so.

You need a small lead shot on the gut trace about 9 inches from the hook, and the worm should be impaled with its head up towards the rod tip.

When ready for action you fish up stream—and it will surprise you how far up the beck, in fact almost at its source, you will be able to catch fish. Using a length of line which with the gut cast is no longer than your rod, so that if you hold the shot in your left hand, the line is taut, you lob the worm forward into the "white" water at the head of the pool, and bring it back towards you at the same rate as the water flows; when you feel a click, perhaps ever so slight, strike by swinging the fish onto the bank at your side. More often than not he will drop off the hook, so you have to watch him as he describes a parabola.

Dog Bob is useful in searching out and finding fish in the rushes and thick grass, and is rewarded with trout too small to keep, which he eats and apparently enjoys whilst they are still alive!!

To begin with you will not catch any trout, the only catch will be your hook in the moss on the beck bottom, and the reason for this disappointment is quite simple. You are breaking the Golden Rule. The Golden Rule is that you must keep out of sight of the fish; 'Beckies' are far more timid than their sophisticated brethren of the Kennet or Dove rivers, and the least sign of anything strange—moving sheep, shadow cast by your rod or—worse still—brightly coloured clothing, surmounted by a 'pudden face';

sends them off out of sight and feed instanter,

Your climbing training will be helpful: often the only progress up the beck—that is without showing yourself to the fish in the next pool—is by scrambling up the rocks in the bottom or sides, and a well-hidden approach pays dividends.

The fishing season is March through September, and the best time is when a flood has run off, but you will catch quite big fish at the end of the season when the river fish are running up the smaller streams to spawn.

Beck fishing is not quite such fun as climbing, but you will find it has its moments, particularly for those who have to take life more slowly or who have had to give up big mountains: I hope you will enjoy it as much as I do.

Dow Crag from near Torver

F. H. F. Simpson



TURRIER RACIN'

D. Lyon

'As ter ivver bin turrier racin'? tha's not?—well tha's missed a rare treat!

Ah 'appened to be skiddin' on mi backside down t' front o' Lingmell for it was gey slape on t' Sat'day when it was t' Wasdull Head Show. Ah cud see t' cars parked all ower t' spot an' tents, t' sheep an' t' fowk all millin' about an' sich like.

Ah saw t' hounds gaw fleeing' ower t' fell and back tull t' show field and blow me, about ten minutes efter t' last was in, there's a girt snufflin' at t' back on mi in t' brackens and an owd hound plods up to gi' mi a sniff. "Nay mi lad," ah ses "thous med a gey mess o' this job, t' others is long sin in—ah hope there's not much money on thee." He didn't seem ower bothered an' lowped off up t' fell in t' wrong direction altagidder.

Ah got down to t' valley bottom an' went across t' fields an' cum out at t' lile church. Show field was just at back o' that. Ah thowt ah'd hev a lewk in an' ah just got theer as t' fella on t' mike ses "Now then we're startin' t' turrier racin'! We've not many rewles but what we hev must be observed. Fust rewle—all t' spectaters must stop behint ropes and no whistlin' at t' runners. Second rewle—no fightin' among t' dogs. Third rewle—any dog interferin' wi anudder during t' racin will be shown t' yellor card, second offence or fightin'—sent off and barred fra further par-tic-ipation. Apart fra that, all is welcum—if it'll ga in t' trap it's a turrier!"

They had fower traps at yan end o' t' course an' a fox's brush on a lang length o' string wi a chap to wind it in at t' other end. Tha cuddn't say t' course was smooth nor was it rough, it was just a middlin' bit o' grazin' ground like.

Well up cum t' turriers on bits o' string, halters, binder twine and t' posh uns on leads. There was ivvery type o' small dog ah'd ivver sin an sum ah'd not. There was wire haired, smooth haired, some wi not much hair and yan Yorkshire wi ower much, Jack Russells, Cairns, Borders and even a Pomeranian. What a damn commotion, some were fightin'; some were barkin'; some were piddlin'; some were rushin' about but most on 'em seemed to be doin' all t' lot at yance. Yan fella wi his dog under his arm larnt t' quick way how high a Jack Russell can lowp to git at anudder! There was a grand pedigree Lakeland turrier that stood all t' time quiverin' wi eagerness to do summat but his boss had him well ordered. He lewked as tho' he'd love to ha' bin in on it all, his head cocked fra side to side watchin' ivvery move.

Semingly it needed "Jacky" to git 'em started and ther were no signs o' Jacky. T' announcer shouted 'im a few times and said "If anyone sees a chap stood wi' 'is 'ands in 'is pockets doin' nowt—it's Jacky?" Anyway at last someone giv a shout in t' beer tent and Jacky appeared. Ah don't know about yon drink that reaches parts that others can't but whativer he'd 'ad certainly reached his face. He'd a reet boozers' tan. He wasted no time an' dived in t' middle o' t' lot an' rammed fower dogs in t' traps. Some went in frontwards, some backwards an' some upside down; as long as Jacky kept clear o' t' bitin' end he didn't greatly what care about their chances.

Just to mek sure there was enough row Jacky wanged t' fox's brush along bars o' t' traps and t' dogs went mad. "Reet" shouts Jacky to t' winder-in, up went t' doors an' out shot t' dogs. Yan kept its mind on t' job and belted off down t' field after t' brush. A white Jack Russell came out like lightnin' an' nivver thowt about t' race, it straight way grabbed its trap neighbour by t' scruff o' t' neck. This was a black 'un an' when they got stuck intull each ither an' rolled about all mixed tergidder it looked like a lickerice allsort gone daft. T' fourth dog, a tan border cum back fra hayf way down t' course to dive in on t' winner or t' loser.

"They're barred, they're barred" shouted t' announcer, "stop 'em Jacky!" Jacky gi 'im such a lewk. Anyone would hev needed a suit o' armour an' a crow bar to.

To get on wi it Jacky shoved anudder fower in t' traps, two Borders, a Heinz 57 varieties an' t' Pom. They got off in fine style, yan Border and t' Heinz belted up t' course but t' Heinz had ower much speed for t' ground. He'd 'a bin grand on level goin' but on yon field his lile legs suddenly fund nowt as t' ground dipped an' he went a— ower tip. Winder-in was slackin' and t' Border got across t' line ahead o' t' brush! T' other two—well ah don't know if t' rewles classed it as "yan dog interferin' wi anudder"—just say they'd no more interest in racin'.

Time had gone on, so after a quick meetin' o' t' Wasdull section o' t' World Turrier Racin' Association it was declared that t' next race ud hev to be t' Final.

T' only two dogs that hed finished were obviously in it, so in t' traps they went, an' t' nearest two to Jacky that weren't fightin' were grabbed an' pushed in to mek t' number up.

Fowk were shoutin, dogs were barkin' an' Jacky ses "Gi 'em a smell o' t' brush"—so t' brush was browt down to rattle along t' front o' t' traps—t' dogs nearly went daft an' it was ower much for t' pedigree Lakeland. He brok away, dashed in, grabbed t' brush

an' set off in ter t'crowd. Jacky tried to grab im an' fell on t' trap lever, out cum t' dogs and shot after t' Lakeland. T' crowd was as excited as t' dogs, shoutin' cheerin' and fallin' about laughin'; some tried to catch 'em and some tried to hit 'em, but shepherds' crooks is ower lang for close quarters work in a crowd so more fowk than dogs felt 'em. T' dogs wi ever more strays joinin' were in an out o' fowks feet like rats at a threshin' and there was just no hope o' gettin' t' brush, dogs or owt back.

After anudder emergency meetin' o' t' Wasdull section o' t' World Turrier Racin' Association, t' announcer said "T' jobs bugged, trap handles brokken, wi've neither brush nor dogs, a sheep dog's pinched turriers prize of a marrer bone an' if we're not careful t' beer tent 'll shut for lack o' trade!"

T' crowd knew how to handle that crisis an' ah went yam.

DOVE CRAG—NORTH BUTTRESS

Bill Birkett

A personal introduction to the following first ascents and a description of our first route on the North Buttress of Dove.

- 1980 *Broken Arrow*. 240ft. E5, 6a, 5c (2 pts. aid) (Birkett/Graham alts.).
Fear & Fascination. 170ft. E4, 6a (Graham/Birkett shared leads).
 1981 *Asolo*. 290ft. E3, 5B, 6a, 5c (Birkett/Graham alts. & Lyle).
North Buttress. 190ft. E4, 5c, 5b (1st free ascent) (Graham/Birkett alts. & Lyle).
 1982 *Fast and Furious*. 170ft. E5, 6a (Graham/Lyle shared leads & Birkett).

Years ago, when I was 17, I climbed Dovedale Grooves, the Brown/Whillans classic extreme. Even from this first visit to Dove there was something binding between us. It's a feeling difficult to explain. I was certainly very frightened by Dove, but it was a fear with a difference. There was an immediate and unique fascination and I knew I would be back.

Now the North Buttress is rather steep and keeps you snuff dry even in heavy rain. It draws your attention like a magnet and wherever you climb on Dove you feel its presence. Chris Woodhall and Chris Jackson, two Teessiders, first breached its defences in 1969 using pegs and expansion bolts.

In the white heat of the 70's Pete Livesey focussed his attention on the obvious aid ladder but he floundered and went. Next came Martin Berzins and Chris Sowden, who hung and cleaned, and

Mike Mortimer on Tarkus, Dow Crag.

R. F. Allen ►

reduced the aid to only two in-situ pitons. This was made possible by a cunning variation up a natural groove right of the main bolt ladder. They renamed the North Buttress Hurricane, gave it an E4, 5c, 5b grade and went.

Early in 1980, Ken Forsythe, Andy Hyslop and I arranged to 'suss out' the North Buttress by abseil. Ken and I were late and we met Andy running down the path away from Dove. He'd soloed down to a grass ledge just above a small tree, and abseiled off a solitary moac behind a great big detached block on a single 9mm. rope. He hadn't touched rock from top to bottom and had spun continuously on his thin nylon link to survival. The discussion wasn't long: we laughed in the sunshine as he said he wasn't ever going back. Funny though, he never has.

As evening drew in it was my turn to dangle in front of the North Buttress, and as I spun round, as the double ropes writhed to release the strain energy, I looked hard on every turn. By the time I reached the bottom I knew the North Buttress could be climbed by at least one line other than the old aided route. Ken shrugged. Yes, it probably could be climbed but the effort and the time were for him too demanding. 'I'd rather do a few good quality routes in a day than waste time on that' I swallowed hard, but for me, this one was not getting away.

Rick Graham and I were two very hungry wolves. I'd pinched his line, with his permission, on Esk Buttress and we had climbed together off and on since 1972. When I suggested the North Buttress we immediately shared a common ambition.

It's no exaggeration to say the rock overhangs 30 ft. from bottom to top, and it's a complex buttress with no immediate soft option. Now North Buttress (Hurricane) used two points of aid in an obvious slanting peg crack. It then moved up a groove followed by a long, long horizontal traverse back left for 50 ft. This gave access to a natural ramp and was the key to climbing the upper half of the buttress.

I couldn't get interested in attempting to eliminate two points of aid to achieve a free ascent. That route, in my opinion, belonged to someone else, and the natural line to climb lay elsewhere.

Broken Arrow was our first route. A line attempted by John Adams in the early 70's, it seemed the easiest way up the buttress. In fact this was an illusion, as it actually took the most overhanging part of the crag. Unfortunately I resorted to aid (2 pts.) to overcome a rather holdless overhanging pod breaking through the final overhang, barring access to the easier upper half of the buttress. We thought the climbing was good, as good as anything

we had ever climbed, and apart from ten holdless feet it gave 240 ft. of natural progression. It certainly introduced us to the crag and made us realise what was possible. Our subsequent climbs, Fear & Fascination, Asolo, North Buttress (original route free climbed) and Fast & Furious were all free, which was the only way we would do another route on the North Buttress.

The following, then, is a rather stifled account of our first route, Broken Arrow. We followed John Adams' line up a flake crack through a roof to where he stopped, then over another small roof and up the gently overhanging wall to a flake and an ancient chopped bolt. A rising traverse left got lonelier and lonelier, culminating in technical and precarious climbing on pumped arms to an in-situ nut, below a pod, nestling beneath the greatest overhangs. The nut we had fixed by abseil (stopper 5), and I knew it to be poor and on a very short sling.

Breathing quickly, slight body movement saw the nut rotating, fulcrum too high on its wedge for comfortable stability. I clipped it. Unable to free climb past this point, I knew there was a very thin crack high on the right of the pod, and after much heart-searching I decided to insert a knife-blade peg. Heart-searching soon changed to heart fluttering as I strained at full stretch to insert the piton. Absolutely at the limit and beyond, the peg was part pushed, part tapped in. No way would it take a fall, but would it take dead weight? If it popped, so would I, and the fall would be long and damaging.

Angry with myself and the North Buttress for using aid, I wanted out. Moves looked technically hard and continuously strenuous and I had already sinned, using aid. It would have been very easy to yield to the North Buttress at the point. Many, I'm sure, would think that using the aid already spelt failure. Acutely aware of and very sensitive to this opinion I felt my resolve to climb the pitch was being undermined.

Out of the mists of pain from physical effort and spiritual indecision a crystal clear voice cut through. 'Go for it!' exhorted Rick, and I went. Up on the peg bridging left, and suddenly arm-wrenching and mind-testing moves made me forget any doubts about climbing. For 30 ft. or more until the bottom of the ramp was reached there was no choice.

Hanging from the dilapidated bolt belay of the original North Buttress was good. Rick arrived blown with the top pitch to do. The light was fading and we felt insignificant and threatened. No Alpine face perhaps, but the North Buttress of Dove was still not climbed.

Off he went following ramps shared with North Buttress for 25 ft., and then the line went naturally around the edge of the buttress via a sloping, bare rock ledge suspended in space. On over a great bottomless groove (which was to become Asolo) and up to the penultimate belay of Hangover.

That was it. On the top Rick held out his hand and I was taken aback because these days you're supposed to be impersonal and rush to a new routes book and extend your ego. I shook hands and lay back on the rough fell grass and felt we had done something.

THE LOTUS FLOWER TOWER WITH TOM

John L. Hart

A couple of evenings with telephone and address book and I had a climbing partner fixed for Yosemite in May, August looked set up with another mate in Colorado, the gap had to be bridged. Three weeks from our departure date I was speaking to Tom Herley.

"Where's Lotus Flower Tower, Tom?"

"Don't know. Do you fancy it?"

I rummaged through some old Mountain mags and found a picture of a beautiful granite spire. A couple of long 'phone calls to Tom and a weekend at Malham to pool our information followed. We knew where it was! I had found it on a concise atlas of the world. Luckily, three days before departing for the U.S.A., I spent an evening with Guy Lee who bombarded me with lots of information, the three most important bits of which were; take some mosquito repellent and take some mosquito repellent, thirdly Take Some Mosquito Repellent!

A 'phone call to Tom from Gatwick airport didn't get through. A confused postcard arrived in Yosemite, plus a message from a ranger to say that Tom had 'phoned when I was on El Cap, would I 'phone him? What was wrong now? Not much! Instead of arriving in Calgary, he would be at Vancouver a week later. Well, what's a week and 600 miles?

Kit, (my wife) and I evacuated earthquake- and rain-bound Yosemite and wandered through the volcanic ash of Mt. St. Helens and the mudpools of Yellowstone to Vancouver. An extremely pleasant and relaxing time, regaining lost strength, was spent with Robin and Gill Barley and family. At least it was relaxing until Robin took me on a kayak trip and tried to drown me. I must have

been eating too much grub. Tom 'phoned at 1.30 a.m. to ask if you can get decent tea in Canada!

Our Buick died on the way to the airport but we managed to catch Tom before he disappeared into the fleshpots of Vancouver. A couple of days for Tom to enjoy the marvellous hospitality of the Barleys, lose his wallet, discover he would miss his plane home, discover he hadn't any climbing trousers, discover the gaz cylinders he had brought from the U.K. were empty, and we were off.

We parked the revived Buick at the "bottom" of the Alaska Highway and stuck out our thumbs. Two days later Tom was 800 miles further north in Watson Lake having been given a lift through the night with a mining gang: en route they killed a fully grown moose by bending a large truck in half. Kit and I followed more sedately. One of our lifts was in a fifteen geared construction truck, the driver stopped at 10 a.m. for rye whiskey, coke, beef butty and a joint. I developed pneumonia though Kit will tell you it was a cold. We were taken in off the road by a friendly young couple just as a storm turned the road to mud. We enjoyed their hospitality of a well balanced meal (which they followed with 30 vitamin pills) and a dry warm bed. Bacon and eggs and toast (we declined the pills for a second time) and we were back on the road.

Our lifts were many and varied but always in a hurry. Eventually a schoolteacher with six pupils in a mobile caravan crawling along as fast as it would go deposited us at Watson Lake. No sign of Tom, though we knew he was ahead of us as he had been noted in each little town or cafe we stopped at.

We slept by the runway; the lake itself! Next morning the airport mechanic arrived: he fetched Tom from the bar, bundled us into a plane and the pilot flew us to Glacier Lake, 150 miles away.

Tom was like a little boy at a party. He jumped up and down and delighted in the aeroplane and the truly staggering scenery. Forests, lakes, rivers, and mountains, huge replicas of half Dome and vast unclimbed granite walls were scattered everywhere and there in the distance the "Cirque of the Unclimbables." I felt airsick.

After a brew at the lakeside the pilot left, not to return for ten days. We were a long way from anywhere. The mosquitoes descended and stayed three inches from skin, kept at bay by copious dousings in mosquito repellent, liquid, spray, cream and tablets!

"What ever you do don't lose the path" Guy's words echoed in my travel-fogged brain. The trouble was that the path was doing its best to lose us; a faint suggestion, blocked by fallen trees, obliterated where it fell into a beaver dam, obscured by brambles

and all the time pestered by mossies. Several streams were crossed excitedly by balancing on fortuitously bridged logs, and then came the scree.

An immense rockfall from Mt. Harrison Smith had cluttered the hillside with horrendously large chunks of granite, many of them larger than the average semi-detached house. A long gruelling struggle through these elephant traps ensued. If a change is as good as a rest I'll drink mosquito repellent.

And then suddenly you're there—Tombstone Meadows. Nature's own best Persian carpet covered the floor; myriads of delicate, gently coloured, alpine mosses and flowers. It seemed an act of destruction just to stand; walking created havoc. We rested, ate, just sat and looked, chatted and slept.

I was hanging from the belay looking down at the glacier. Kit was a dot disappearing in the distance back to the tent. Tom was grunting down below, wrestling heroically with the sac, soggy moss and a badly placed "friend;" water was trickling down my neck and arm, the tower loomed above reaching high into the sky. We had started, or had we just started the last chapter? It seemed a long way to Stoney cafe, and I remember saying so.

The corner was soggy for three full pitches but then broke out onto a dry wall. Reasonable, thoroughly enjoyable chimney and crack climbing followed for the rest of the day and delivered us to God's version of a bivouac ledge just as a storm threatened. The storm provided us with enough hailstones for an extra cocoa. Tom grinned, pulled on his cigar and looked happy. We settled down for the night which didn't arrive because we were so far north.

When we thought it was a reasonable hour we continued. What a day lay ahead! A full rope length saw us on top of a pinnacle with nothing but the world famous "ski-tracks" above. Thin finger cracks soar skyward for pitch after unbelievable pitch. Protection was excellent if you had brought along twenty number four (or is it number five) stoppers (which we hadn't); there were only about four in situ runners/belay; the climbing was unimaginable. The whole of the upper tower was covered in "chicken heads"; these rugosities stuck out everywhere as though the mountain had a very bad case of Von Recklinghausen's disease like the Elephant man. Even so there are many and repeated 5c moves on the early pitches of the ski-tracks.

Six glorious pitches of "skiing" and we were cowering under a small overhang. All hell broke loose. Lightning flashed and hail fell. An hour of miserable indecision followed.

"How far's the top?" "It may be another six pitches." "It may

“How far’s the top?” “It may be another six pitches.” “It may only be one or two!” “Where’s the descent?” “Don’t know!” “How long’s this storm going to last?” And more unanswerables. “Give it another half hour and see what happens.” It became worse. “Right that does it!” “Shall we go down?” “We could do!” “What about going on?” “We could do.” “But the storm’s getting worse.” “We’d better go down!” “But we’ve come all this way and it might only be two more pitches?” “Perhaps we should go on!” BANG! CRASH! Little more was said, we started down! Miraculously and with great speed a rent appeared in the clouds and the storm stopped, I was jumaring back up to Tom.

Water was now coursing down the face and we used aid on the roof. The crack above. . . well, it’s at the top of a 2000-foot tower, vertical, and given its final touches of exposure by the small overhang below; it sports perfect hand and fist jams and threatens worryingly to become off-width but doesn’t, and it lasts for 165 feet if you stretch it out to the next belay. Would “superb” be understatement? A pitch of horribly frightening balanced blocks landed us on the top. Shadows were long with the arctic sun dipping in obeisance to the far stretching land of lakes, mountains and glaciers. Tom’s grin was still there.

2500 ft. PLUS

Barry Johnson

‘List the number of hills over 2500 ft. you have ascended!’

I recollect a question similar to that when I made my application to join the F.R.C.C. some thirteen years ago. I had no trouble at that time listing rock climbs. I was on the rocks every week, and grades, moves, names and location of crags came easily to mind. Listing the names of hills was a different matter. Except for the obvious ‘big’ hills, I had to refer to the O.S. map to pinpoint the actual names and heights of peaks over 2,500! If I were applying for membership now, I could base my answer to the question in the title on a single expedition I undertook this year.

My interest in fell running started, I am pleased to say, before the current ‘jogging’ boom. I had long admired the lean, fleet-of-foot fell travellers, but I preferred the two or three hills a day excursion with a sack full of sandwiches and a flask of coffee.

In 1977 I was invited to present the prizes at the Ennerdale Horseshoe Fell Race. This involves twenty-four miles and 7,000 ft.

of ascent over Bourne, Red Pike, Green Gable, Kirk Fell, and Pillar. I could hardly believe the winner's time of just under three and a half hours. Most of the field were back in under six hours—and they seemed to enjoy it! Amongst the runners were a few familiar faces from my climbing days. All these old friends looked lighter, fitter and more youthful. I was sold. I had to have a go at fell running. Early the following year I did a six hour, ten minute training run over the Ennerdale course, and ran my first Ennerdale race in June 1978 in five and a half hours.

I was beginning to discover the 'real' Lakeland, obscure peaks, isolated valleys, wild country, hills without paths. Navigation and compass bearings took over from instinct. A whole new world revealed itself within familiar surroundings. I learned to enjoy the training, travelling light and covering the ground considerably faster than with mountain boots and a big sack. I don't suggest that running replaces that kind of mountain travel. It is just another way of enjoying the hills.

In 1981 I completed the daunting 'Bob Graham Round' with Peter O'Neill and Ian Heys—seventy-two miles, forty-two peaks and 27,000 ft. of ascent in twenty-four hours. All three of us suffered physically, but we were mentally stimulated, in my case to such a degree that I set about planning a second extra-long run immediately.

Two people have previously completed ascents of the Lakeland 2,500 ft. fells and recorded the route, distances and heights. That attempt was completed in a horseshoe, starting at Kentmere and finishing at Coniston with an overnight rest at Buttermere, a distance of 114 miles with 61 peaks and 42,000 ft. of ascent. I set to and devised a circular route, Keswick to Keswick, which would add a further fourteen miles and 1,200 ft. of ascent and would be completed within 48 hours. Initially the exact number of 2,500 ft. peaks had to be established, and, based on 'Bob Graham' conditions, Munro specifications and Wainwright observations the following definition was adopted: All main peaks over 2,500 ft. are included, but those 'satellite' peaks over 2,500 ft. are included only if a descent/ascent of 50 ft. is achieved within .25 mile of the main summit. For example, Crag Hill in the Buttermere range has the second summit of Eel Crag but does not involve 50 ft. of ascent/descent so is not traversed. Conversely, the peaks of Ramsgill head, Kidsty Pike and High Raise all qualify and are traversed, despite their close proximity to each other.

My training for the attempt involved covering all the route in various sections. I had to simulate the actual attempt by running

some of the training sections in the dark to obtain a realistic schedule. Fatigue and weather conditions were also important in arriving at the final schedule. A long run like this also requires a fairly substantial amount of support from pacers, fellow runners who run sections of the route with you, generally carry supplies, help with route-finding and recording of times and are there for safety reasons. Time, distance and fatigue on the fells can result in an individual's judgement being suspect. I was, unfortunately, to experience the results of such a decision on the second of my three attempts at the round. Other essential help comes from friends who take food, drink and changes of clothing to specified points on the route. An attempt like this can turn into a logistical nightmare unless it is planned well in advance.

My first attempt was made on the weekend of May 1st and 2nd and I am sure that anyone who was in the Lakes then will agree the weather wasn't fit for anything but the fireside guidebook. It snowed and rained with gale force winds from the start. I missed out 10 peaks on the first day, started well on the second day but had to abandon the attempt at Kirkstone after experiencing white-out conditions. I was disappointed, but convinced that given better weather the route would go, and I was satisfied with my own fitness.

The second attempt was made with a fellow club member, Jim Loxham, who had already done the 2,500 ft. 'horseshoe' some years earlier. We decided on a lightweight round without pacers, doing our own navigation and relying on a small number of friends to bring food and clothing to specified points. We hoped that if individually we had bad spells of fatigue they wouldn't coincide.

The first 19 hours went well. We were twenty minutes up on schedule. Bad weather came in around Bowfell and stayed with us over the Coniston Fells. Just before 11 p.m. we made a navigational error. Instead of dropping off Swirl How by Prison Band we descended over desperately steep ground to Great How Crag and down to Coniston Youth Hostel. We had missed Wetherlam and lost too much time to make it worthwhile to continue. We resolved to have pacers with us the next time, particularly at the end of each day and in the dark.

I had learnt a great deal from the first two runs. Sustained cold and bad weather drains your resources rapidly. With up to five or six hours continuous bad weather you need to question any further progress, particularly the first day. Eating and drinking regularly is vital, as is keeping to the schedule.

July 17th/18th—the third attempt. Three of us set off from

Keswick Moot Hall at midnight. Braithwaite reached, we climbed steadily to reach our first summit, Grisedale Pike, in 75 minutes from Keswick. Using torches we jogged over Hobcarton Crag to Hopegill Head, down to Coledale Hause for a water stop and up in mist to Grasmoor. We were 15 minutes up on schedule. Down the col, up to Wanlope, over to Crag Hill, down steeply and on to Sail. Jim was chatting constantly, I was finding out more about our third man, Roman Halenko, a friend of Jim's and a good fell-runner. We settled down to an acceptable pace as we ran down to Buttermere. Not much happening at 3.20 a.m. in the village. We located and ate our hidden sandwiches and yogurt and drank our tea.

Across the valley bottom, past the lake edge and up the Red Pike path. Branch off steeply up to High Stile. Morning light, misty but warm. We descend into Ennerdale at Gillerthwaite for a change of clothing and breakfast, provided by Jim's wife Liz, who also replenishes the sacks we carry for the next section. I leave before the other two for a leisurely climb through a forest break to open fell and back into mist for the push up to Haycock.

Cagoules, hats and gloves on; compass bearing to Steeple; over Scoat Fell; down, and up Red Pike. The wind is searing, the rain light, the visibility poor. Roman shows signs of fatigue over Black Crag. We climb up to Pillar. The weather gets worse. Down to Wind Gap, where someone has stolen a drink of orange and some chocolate biscuits we had cached. The rocks are greasy up to Kirkfell, but we move quickly onto Beck Head, slip and slide onto Great Gable and over to Green Gable. We keep to the scheduled ten minutes between these two peaks. We run down the scree and gill to Sty Head at 10.10 a.m. where it is good to see my wife, Valerie. The rescue box lid is covered with food sufficient, it seems, for twenty people. Two of us consume enough for ten, Roman calls it a day and goes down to Seathwaite and dry clothing. Jim and I jog steadily up the Corridor Route to Lingmell.

On long runs like this it is essential that you replace energy at the same rate as you use it. I find that shorter runs require only instant energy sources such as glucose and sugar, but long runs deplete the body much more seriously and I have to be careful to take in a whole range of nutrients. Anyway, you soon get sick of chocolate and sweets. I like savoury food, sandwiches with easily digested fillings, moist cake, fruit and, above all, a drink which contains a mixture of essential body salts. If you eat too much or too often you sicken and slow down; if you don't eat enough you can literally run out of energy, a condition runners refer to as 'hitting the wall';

and that's what it feels like. It can take a while to recover from this condition, which means loss of pace and vulnerability to cold and exposure.

We are fortunate. We recognise the signs of fatigue so we eat regularly and drink often. We talk constantly on any subject, since it eases the strain. We pass under Pikes Crag, up dirty Deep Ghyll, over to Scafell summit, a greasy descent of Broad Stand. Wet mist, but no wind. Across Mickledore, steady up to Scafell Pike, slip and slide to Broad Crag where there are a few people about now. Over Ill Crag and the rough rock of Great End, past Esk Hause, up to Esk Pike, retrace our steps to Esk Hause, across to Allen Crag. The sunshine breaks through now, so cagoules are off for the first time since Haycock. An undulating run brings us to Glaramara and the long descent into Langstrath, where friends wait at the bridge with a change of clothing, hot drinks and encouragement.

With fifteen hours running in our legs we become weary, but there is still a long way to go. Eleven more hours will see the first day completed. The ascent to High Raise is long and hard and the summit appears to be farther away every time you look up. Forty-five minutes from Langstrath we reach the top and cold wind and rain, so it's cagoules on and more drinks before we drop quickly to Black Crag. The clouds clear, so we strip off to shorts and vest in warm sunshine and carry on under Rossett Pike to Rossett Ghyll. Roman has come up from Langdale with food and hot tea—good lads, these fell-runners. He must have been disappointed to have dropped out at Sty Head, but here he is, fully recovered and encouraging Jim and me up Bowfell front. We meet some lads attempting the Bob Graham Round. I hope we don't look as bad as they do. Bowfell summit, terrible weather: Three Tarns, compass bearing to Shelter Crag; legs feel wobbly; the last Crinkle. Our fell helper Grant Edmondson keeps us going with weak jokes and verbal diversions. Two more friends, Pete Nelson and Ray Phillips, meet us and, recovered a bit now, we run companionably down to the Three Shires Stone and welcome hot drinks, a change of clothing and much chatter. From here we are accompanied by new pacers for the last section of the first day.

Just ahead of schedule we climb up to Grey Friars and over the rough going to Dow Crag. We are feeling good now, both running fast. We run up to Coniston Old Man, the clouds lift and we see the setting sun over the coast. The light effects are superb. Once over Brim Fell we can see the full length of the ridge to Swirl How—very different from the last attempt.

It is going dark now as we cover Great Carrs and come back onto

Swirl How. We are encouraged to hurry so that we can navigate Prison Band without torches. I force down two bars of chocolate, a chunk of cake and more Staminade.

Torches on, we trudge up Wetherlam. Jim suffers. He has neglected eating in the hurry to get off Prison Band. For the first time in twenty-four hours he stops talking. The descent of Wetherlam is rough in daylight, but in the dark, with twenty-four hours of running and 26,000 ft. of ascent behind you it is nightmarish. We zig-zag down to avoid the mine workings. The bracken is long but the weather is perfect. The clouds have gone, the stars are out, the prospect of good weather for the second day encourages me. Down on the road near Skelwith we meet the transport. Jim's bad patch has slowed us down. We are now two hours down so we cut short the first day by two road miles, but all the peaks are climbed.

To start the second day on schedule where we finished the first would allow us one and a half hours' sleep which is, we agree, too little to be realistic, so, reluctantly, we decide to allow ourselves three hours and miss the road section which links the two days' routes. This means, of course, that the run is no longer the "round" we wished, but will allow us to achieve the objective of ascending all the peaks.

Next morning (or rather, later the same morning), the weather is perfect, and the drive from my parents' home in Grasmere to Hartrigg Farm in Kentmere is peaceful. A run across dew-laden fields ensures instantly soaking feet. The skies are blue and a pine marten scurries away from us. We have a happy ascent of Harter Fell, steep up the front but worth the effort. Down to Nan Bield Pass, jog onto High Street, run, run, run over Kidsty Pike, High Raise, Ramsgill Head, back up to the Beacon, steeply down to the col, up and over to Candale Head, traversing run to Kirkstone Pass summit. Here we have a breakfast stop, change shoes, socks, shorts, vest, replenish stocks of Staminade, meet friend Ian Heys who is to act as pacer to Threlkeld and subsequently stays with us to Keswick. He looks like a Sherpa, his heavy sack full of our gear, and his jovial sense of humour entertains us for the rest of the day.

Up Red Screes in 26 minutes, to Dove Crag a further 38 minutes, Hart Crag 9 minutes. I go from peak to peak concentrating on each minute taken recording the pace at each check. The weather is perfect so the pace is good and route-finding is easy. We cut corners, negotiate scree runs, take lines of least resistance and marvel in the fantastic country. There is time too to laugh and talk.

We contour Fairfield for the short ascent of Great Rigg Man. Ian

lays out refreshments on the summit rocks. We pick out our personal requirements, swill down food with liquid. Back to the top of Fairfield. Ian catches up, runs on to wait at next summit. We are travelling in just shorts and fell-running shoes. Traditionalists may disapprove, but I can honestly say that neither of us slipped, tripped, fell over or had bruised feet. We always carry thermal underwear and complete waterproof cover. There are risks, but they are calculated risks.

Fairfield is busy; Cofa Pike is hot; St. Sunday Crag is a long way out. We now have three pacers. Good conversation down to Grisedale Tarn for a drink. We cool down our legs in the beck, then there is a hot climb onto Dollywagon and a steady run to Nethermost. An easy push brings us to the top of Helvellyn and masses of people out for the day. A steep descent to Catsty Cam. A flask falls out of the sack and bounces down to Red Tarn. Jim and I feel the heat of the day as we climb back to Helvellyn. Our pacers pause on the summit; we shout for a drink; they don't hear us—as soon as we appear they run off. We don't know whether to laugh or cry. We run on—Lower Man, White Side, Raise. Out of water now. Pacers run to Sticks Pass to replenish supplies. We arrive to meet pacer Barbara Nelson and a lovely long drink and more food. Easy up Stybarrow Dodd, running well, Watson Dodd, Great Dodd, by-pass Calhew Pike, contour Clough Head, down delightful track to Newsham, into Threlkeld and a waiting van full of friends, food and drink.

A twenty-minute stop, then up Hall's Ridge, Blencathra, which feels vertical tonight. It wasn't this steep in training! I should eat but I can't. I should drink, but I can't bear the thought. The schedule is intentionally slow now. We have allowed 75 minutes for this climb, and we need it. One consolation is that the ridge comes out bang on the summit—there's no trudging across rounded tops.

Slow running from the summit over rough tussocks that jolt every joint. The hills are characteristic Lakeland blue, the sun is brilliant, my back is burning. The penultimate hill relents after a long fight and affords some spectacular views. More friends meet us on the summit of Skiddaw. There are photographs, and slaps on the back which reverberate through the spine. Barbara continues to encourage us to keep running. Only at this stage did I really believe it was in the bag.

The last one, Skiddaw Low Man. All downhill now, Jenkin Hill, back of Latrigg, Spooney Green, Fitz Park, over the bridge, past the gas works, across the car park, run, run, run to touch the Moot Hall precisely as the clock chimes 11 p.m.

A DAY IN MAY

Ian Woodburn

The screech of a tern
Silent rocks
The cry of a gull
Restless wind
The call of a cuckoo
Rippling water
The song of a wren
Cascading streams
The drone of a bee
A burning sun
A mirrored moon
The silent rocks
Coruisk

A MEET ON RHUM

Ian Woodburn

IN May 1982 a group of sixteen members and guests of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club spent a week of good weather on the Isle of Rhum camping on the shore of Loch Scresort. The island, owned since 1958 by the Nature Conservancy Council, is run as a national nature reserve. One of its strangest features is Kinloch Castle built of red Arran Sandstone at the turn of the century by a wealthy textile machinery manufacturer.

In addition to the Cuillin of Rhum there are many other fine hills with interesting names of Norse origin. During the week all of the higher summits were reached and a night was spent in a mountain bothy. The approach to Rhum is usually made on the Caledonian MacBrayne passenger ferry 'Loch Mor' operating out of Mallaig.

A fuller account of the week's activities is included below, with apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

By the shores of island sea loch
By the shining big sea water
Stood the wigwam of meet leader
With his warriors grouped around him

There they planned their expeditions
After dancing at the ceilidh

First the glen to old Kilmory
Past the red deer sanctuary
Round the coast with views of Canna
And of Bloodstone's mighty cliff face
Watched by deer in many places

Up the heather on to Black Hill
Back to camp on stony footpath
There to rest in downy duvets

Off again to mountain bothy
Heavy laden down with rucsacs
Glad to leave them inside shelter
For the scramble on the Cuillin

Up to bealach an Fhuarain
Over Ainsival and its neighbour
Known as Youngival to warriors

Down big slope to icy water
In and out like flashing silver
Later bedding down on floorboards
Wondering where the rats are sleeping

Up at dawn to greet the sunrise
And escape from snoring cohort
Mist enshrouds the Cuillin summits
Plans are made for gentler pastimes
Watching birds upon the cliff side
Throwing stones upon the seashore
Painting flowers and rocky coastlines

Now it's time to leave the bothy
And return along the cliff path
Eager now to meet the warriors
Who have joined us from the mainland
Prior to settling down in wigwams

Off again up peaty corrie
On to Hallival and further
On to Askival and Trollvall
Jewel among the rocky hill tops
There to see exciting vistas
Ere the sun sets over island

Then again up stony footpath
Over bealach on to Bloodstone
There to witness ravens mobbing
Hungry eagle seeking breakfast

On to Orval in warm sunshine
Views of Cuillin cast in shadow
Views of Canna over seascape
Cloud descending; group fragmenting
Back to wigwams for more resting

Eerie sound of wailing seabirds
Sitting up in mountain burrows
Wakens tired and sleepy warriors
Momentarily from slumbers

Just as well next day is rest day

After breakfast taken slowly
Warriors visit stone built wigwam
Owned by chiefs across the water
Run by braves with dedication

Meanwhile leader settles bread bill

Evening ends with special pow wow
Taking place in village centre
Making use of magic lantern
To reveal that white tailed eagle
Has begun to make his home there

Back to wigwams for a nightcap
Ceilidh plans wrecked by a rainstorm

On the morrow warriors breakfast
Then dismantle group of wigwams
Pay respects to island chieftain
Say farewell to Arthur's chaffinch
Say farewell to Arthur's cuckoo
Board the steel canoe of Calmac
Leave the island mists behind them
Sail away to mainland carpark
Ending with an Auld Lang Syne.

EXPLORING LAKELAND MINES

Geoff Cram

Some of the Lakeland fells are not quite as solid as they appear. Large volumes of metal ore have been removed, over several centuries, from the tough country rock in the search for iron, copper, lead, zinc and other metals. There is even a tungsten mine (at Carrock fell; still in care and maintenance) and the well-known labyrinthine graphite (wadd, plumbago) mine near Seathwaite. The mines are sometimes very noticeable, as on Raise, while elsewhere just the faintest traces remain of the old levels, crushing sites and smelt mills.

Many of the original plans have disappeared, but re-exploration of these once busy excavations is providing a fascinating insight into the mining industry of the past, then a most important part of the life and work of the region.

New clubs have been formed to explore the mines. One of these is the Cumbria Amenity Trust, based in Furness, and a member of NAMHO (National Association of Mining History Organisations). Peter Fleming is the current Chairman.

The size of some of the excavations has to be seen to be believed—consider Hodge Close Quarry and imagine something 100 or more times as large underground. The techniques used borrow from both climbing and caving, with the increasing use of abseiler, prussiks and SRT (single rope technique). A recent visit to Coniston (part of the search for Cobblers Hole) involved abseiling into the Red Dell holes in wet suits carrying a dinghy!

Apart from the exploration, the interest lies in history, geology and industrial archaeology. Some of the sites, such as Goldscope, Stoneycroft in Newlands, Ellers in Borrowdale, Coniston and Caldbeck, were first worked in the sixteenth century, and original hand-cutting of the hard rock can still be seen. Other sites, such as Greenside on Helvellyn and Force Crag were worked in more recent times and are impressive for the sheer size of the workings, complete with clog-marks, wooden and metal rails, trucks and the occasional engine or wheel pit. The overall impression is that original working conditions were often unpleasant, and we can only admire what was achieved.

West, Gibson, Collingwood and other writers were pleased to describe their visits to the mines—in the days when the ladders were still new. Visits in 1983 (with suitable precautions) are more likely to involve the use of the climbing rope.

A hand-cut Elizabethan 'coffin' level (ca. 1575) in Goldscope Mine.

Peter Fleming ►

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SURPRISE ABOVE GLENCOE

Angela Soper

One day in my formative years I stood across the gully beyond Ossian's Cave and watched Allan Austin on a steep wet slab with socks over his P.A.s. It was not apparent how he had reached that position above an overhanging wall. With great deliberation, removing one fist at a time from the corner crack, Allan transferred the socks from his feet to his hands—and climbed on. His second cringed under the overhang. On that occasion lots were drawn among a strong F.R.C.C. party, the loser to second Allan.

Now, many years later, I understand even better why Allan needed socks on his hands. Those wet jams are as slippery as can be. It is June, 1982. The Pope is visiting Glasgow, Allan is presumably sailing round the Western Isles, I am stuck on the first pitch of Yo-Yo, Stella is belayed in the gully, and the last combination of circumstances is all Stella's husband's fault. As we scrambled up to the north face of Aonach Dubh to keep the men company we expected to climb a route. But even after Trapeze and Hee-Haw yesterday, Yo-Yo was beyond our ambition.

John, however, had other ideas. Before launching out on 'The Clearances' he applied psychological pressure. 'It's not as wet as when we did it . . .'; 'if you can just get up that first bit it'll be dry . . .'; 'the protection's brilliant! And so on until, not convinced, I changed my shoes to have a look. The move to leave the ground is probably the hardest on the whole climb. It goes left and the gully floor drops well away. Committed already, I go for a peg at twenty feet. But it's rotten, no retreat from that, must get up to a decent runner. The eye of experience sees possibilities not

obvious to the beginner who once watched Allan. If I settle for wet handholds, the feet can touch dry rock. Thus I find myself on the slab with hands in jams that would be superb without the lubrication.

Now I remember the old towel in my sack. Stella sends it up and John swings out from his route to take a photo featuring the ooze and the towel. Eventually I'm happy about the protection and by precise climbing make it to the foot of a layback and a rude awakening—the crack is still extremely wet though it no longer weeps. But I reach the stance and bring up Stella while the men gain height on their harder climb, still calling encouragement.

The second pitch is a bridging corner at first, hands wet, feet dry, runners good. Then it turns into a slimy, strenuous chimney. Facing left I struggle up, trusting a fang of rock stuck in the back. I'm on the point of being squeezed out, hands wet, feet wet too, no purchase, nothing to reach but slime. Hopeless. This won't go, I tell Stella, sliding down. The cruel disappointment on her face is my incentive to try again; the approach has to be wrong. Facing right makes all the difference and I overcome the constriction by keeping out, in a fantastic situation. Climbing faster now up the foreshortened corner I overshoot the second stance and belay on nuts. Stella, small and steady, stops at the correct place.

On the third pitch I nearly follow a left-trending scoop which looks deceptively feasible but the advice to remain in the corner comes just in time. Getting tired now, physically and of wet holds, this pitch doesn't seem any easier than the other two. A do-or-bust pull on suspicious holds brings me to Pleasant Terrace. Surprise, nay, amazement is the reaction at leading this route I'd have been apprehensive to second. Stella arrives and euphoria takes over. Thanks, Stella, great route. Thanks, John, for making us try. And thanks, Allan, for all the good example. Would you still be impressed?

Ascent of Yo-Yo, E.1 (5b, 5b, 5a), north face of Aonach Dubh, Glencoe. Angela Soper and Stella Adams, June 1st, 1982.

MIDDLE ROW, WASDALE

E. Wood-Johnson

Accommodation in farmhouses and small hotels was extremely important to the Club in the days before Club huts. Parkgate, at Coniston, Middlefell, Thornythwaite and Middle Row were welcoming places with many happy memories. In this short article edited from longer reminiscences, E. Wood-Johnson describes Middle Row, Wasdale, which he visited first at Easter, 1925.

Easters at Middle Row were very special occasions to us, and to many others. Our connection with climbers, and in particular the Fell and Rock Club, began when we attended the Memorial Service on Great Gable at Whitsuntide 1924. We were very impressed by this simple dedication of the climbers' faith. To make the hills free for ever seemed to give permanence to those transient moments when the hills appear to reveal the essence of things. After years of hill wandering our direction was now clear. I wrote to Abraham's shop asking them if they could give us advice on how to start real climbing: George Abraham's friendly reply told us all that we needed to know. His new little book, *First Steps to Climbing*, became our bible. We bought boots from Mr. Harden at Keswick and, before he used them, George kept his on the dressing table in our bedroom, so that they would be the first thing he saw when he wakened in the morning. Later still, a friend put us in touch with Jock Eden-Smith who lent us club *Journals* and suggested that we book at Mrs. Wilsons, Middle Row, Wasdale Head for the following Easter—1925. Until then we had known nothing about graded climbing and very little about the Fell and Rock Club.

When we entered Middle Row for dinner that first night we were surprised to find that we were in the company of some of the elite of the immediate post-war climbing world. Until then they had been simply names in the *Journals*.

The table was covered with a white cloth and there were pots of flowering currant along the middle. They looked beautiful in the soft lamplight. The others were at table and had thoughtfully left us three seats at the far end near the fire. They were all climbers and obviously old friends, and it was with great pleasure that we listened to their quiet and unassuming conversation.

At the far end sat H. M. Kelly, who was lord of all he surveyed at Middle Row. He was a very powerfully built man, about average height or perhaps a little less. He had a russet-red face adorned with a dark, upturned moustache, which made him look like a brigand out of *Carmen*—especially in hot weather when he wore a red handkerchief on his head. For some years he had done no paid work and lived for climbing, music and literature, in that order, I

think. He was the most regular visitor to Middle Row, which had been his headquarters when he wrote the Pillar Guide. It was said at that time that if he was not careful his boots would run off to Pillar without him in the mornings. Next to Kelly at the table came his great friend J. H. Doughty, of Pickwickian appearance and manner. He was a man of serene mind and his quiet wit was a joy to listen to. It was said that after dinner he would entertain the company to Beethoven's sonatas and describe how they followed definite mathematical formulae—he was mathematics teacher at Manchester Grammar School. The masterful Editor, R. S. T. Chorley, who had climbed the longest rocks to the 1924 Gable Memorial service, was across the table, half left from me. He was a short-sighted, scholarly looking young man wearing thick spectacles. His appearance belied his toughness and ability for he was a first class and resolute climber, as instanced by his climb of the famous Black Wall on Dow Crag whose intimidating appearance had put off many of the best climbers of his day—and after. There was Mrs. Eden-Smith, whose elfin looks, Eton cropped dark hair, bright eyes and gentle charm made her look more like Jock's sister than his mother; but she had accompanied Kelly on many of his hardest climbs, including those for the Pillar Guide. Directly opposite me was a powerfully built man of saintly face, R. B. Graham, who should have gone to Everest in 1924. Michael Wilson and Ted Robinson (the cellist) who joined us in Skye the next year were also there. Ted was a man whose sense of humour did not desert him when he was very tired indeed; he was a grand companion.

That cosy room with the soft lamplight, the bright fire and the wall covered with prize cards for Herwick sheep seemed a perfect setting for this meeting of old friends. After five years of crossing the trackless Bowland fells and meeting nobody it was a revelation to us to find so many kindred spirits together. We had seen a new world and hoped that we had entered it for good.

Middle Row was the unofficial Wasdale headquarters of the F.R.C.C., but was by no means dependent upon visitors for its existence. It was a small house but the biggest and most efficient farm at Wasdale Head. In addition to over two thousand sheep it had cattle, pigs, a horse and poultry to care for. At the same time the Wilsons and their helpers provided accommodation for visitors, particularly climbers, and looked upon them as their friends—and had done so for many years.

Dick Wilson once told me about going out with the rescue party when the four men fell from Scafell Pinnacle in 1903—he knew

them and it was as if he were talking about members of his own family. Dick was a very big, quiet man, well over six feet tall and big boned with it. For many years he was champion heavyweight wrestler for Cumberland and his son George (fourteen stone on his fourteenth birthday), took after him and was schoolboy champion. The Wasdale boys won the County Shield when I was there during the period of this article. Mrs. Wilson was the perfect counterpart of her husband—in a very attractive motherly way. She was tall, well built and portly: her gaze met you more than half way and, like Dick, she had the well-mannered, quiet and amusing ways that belong to hill people. She had been a girl when the four climbers were killed on Scafell in 1903 and told us how she had ridden her bicycle pell-mell down the valley to raise the alarm.

One morning she asked us if we had slept well and we said that we were awakened at dawn every day by a crowing cock. That night we had chicken for dinner and she said she hoped that one would not waken us again at first light. It did not.

Whereas young George was a born sheep farmer and preferred to talk in Cumberland dialect, his younger brother Jack was mechanically minded and went to Newcastle to study engineering. Young Dick was about four years old at this time. He seemed to be another farmer. One morning he dragged a heavy iron poker out of the house and his mother said, "Where do you think you are going with that?" "I'm goin' to get t'pigs" he said, and his mother told him to get along then and make sure he did it properly.

Another member of the household was Ella, Mrs. Wilson's niece, a young girl in her late teens.* She was the daughter of the schoolteacher. Ella was maid of all work and could do it easily. She usually looked after the Vicarage, which Mrs. Wilson used as an overflow dormitory, and at Easter did not reckon much of cleaning and oiling eleven pairs of climbing boots every morning before going to Middle Row to help her aunt with the breakfast. Then returning and making the beds and cleaning the Vicarage. These were the days of the jug and bowl in the bedroom and no baths. After a time we thought we had a better shave in cold water than in hot.

There were two young shepherds of about my age—the middle twenties—Joe and Albert. Joe was the quiet one, fresh faced and fair. He spent most of his time with the sheep and became an authority on the Herdwick breed. He was a Caldbeck boy. Albert, from down the valley, and Ella's cousin, was much darker and the

* Many members will remember her as Ella Naylor of Middle Row, who kept the Brackenclose key. She retired to Nether Wasdale, where her son, Joss Naylor, farms.

complete opposite. He was a good shepherd but did other work like ploughing the potato field on the other side of the Vicarage. "There's more stones than owt but it grows grand spuds." We saw most of Albert as he was often about the farm when Joe was out on the fells with the sheep. My brother, George, and I soon became friends with this pair and during our first long holiday (1925) we began our wrestling bouts with them on the Vicarage lawn. It was great fun. Joe was the clever one who could throw you apparently without trying. Albert was much rougher. We were all a little under six feet tall and about the same weight so on that score were evenly matched. The first time Albert and George were set, George ran Albert clean off his feet. They got up and Albert asked if George could do that again. George was full of himself and said he could—we did not play in the front row of the scrum without knowing how to push. Anyway, the next time Albert threw George all over the place before he could break his grip. George was up like a flash and dashed in again, only to have the performance repeated. This went on until they were tired—and so were the rest of us, exhausted with laughter. In all our later matches covering over two years, George did not win again. (In 1980 Albert still remembers those wrestling bouts!)

Dick Wilson's father lived at Middle Row. I remember him sitting on the left of the kitchen fireplace—a very big old man who said very little; but I believe he was pretty vociferous if he did not get his porridge at six o'clock in the evening. One night, when the old man had gone to bed, the youngsters decided to play a trick on him. They waited until he was asleep. Then the boys put a cockerel to sleep and Ella wrapped it in her apron—so that their elders could not see it as she went through the kitchen and quietly put it under the old man's bed. The boys slept in the same room. About two in the morning the cockerel awoke and began to herald the dawn in great style. Albert jumped out of bed and put the bird on the bannister rail and then went back to bed. The bird was not to be silenced and continued its paean of praise. Albert nipped out again and threw it outside and went back to bed. All was quiet for a short time then the thing flew into the bedroom through the open window and continued its din. Old Mr. Wilson said it was the first time he had tried to sleep in a henhouse and he reckoned nowt on it.

The hound pack was in Wasdale shortly after one Easter. It was lambing time and Dick Wilson had brought his prize Herdwick ewes into the field across the lane from the house for safety. Very early one morning we were wakened by the hounds making a great din in the barn where they were kept at night. When we went down

for breakfast Mrs. Wilson said that the men had been out since the early hours after a fox and would we take their breakfasts to them. She thought that they would be up Mosedale. From the bridge over Gatherstone Beck we saw them high up Kirkfell under some rocks. The fox had gone to earth and Albert was dragging out a badly bitten terrier which I wrapped in a scarf and put in my rucksack. Then he tried to enlarge the hole; but suddenly the boulder began to tilt over. Albert shot out of the hole and fell down the steep hillside but was not hurt. The men then decided to wall in the fox. It was a big destructive dog fox which they knew well. Back at Middle Row I went with Mrs. Wilson to look at the lambs. It was a dreadful sight with damaged lambs lying all over the place and others hobbling about on bitten legs. Mrs. Wilson did what she could for them but none survived. The men were as quiet as usual—no sign of anger or swearing—it was part of life to them.

On one occasion two of the prize ewes had been brought down with very bad attacks of the wicks. When they were cleaned up their backs were devoid of wool, so Mrs. Wilson made them suits out of old blankets and they recovered very well. Another time Ella's favourite cow had a prematurely born calf. So she fitted it up with a fancy jumper and it, too, thrived despite its almost hairless beginning.

The residents looked upon the day trippers with amused tolerance. On some days there would be quite a crowd of these day trippers in the hotel yard—gents in natty suits and ladies in high heels. This was Albert's chance. He had an old faded, pale green beret into which he had cut a few holes. He would pull his long, curly dark hair through the holes and, setting his mouth in a fixed grin and looking cross-eyed, he would go amongst the trippers, peering into their faces. We would watch them shrinking away from the Wasdale idiot. "That'll give 'em summat to talk about when they get home." There was more to Albert than all his larking about. On warm evenings we would sit on the flat topped garden wall and chat or be silent as the mood took us. One evening when Gable stood up sharp against the gathering night sky, Albert said, "You can go as far as you like but you'll never see owt better'n that."

Mrs. Wilson once said to me that she would not go up the rocks where we boys did for a gold watch as big as a frying pan. I did not realise the full force of this remark until I went into the kitchen one morning at breakfast time. On the hob was the biggest frying pan I have ever seen. No ordinary handle would bear that weight. The handle was a semi-circular bar over the top and well secured to the

pan. In it was the boiling fat. Mrs. Wilson stood in front with a large basin of eggs at her side. She was cracking eggs and dropping them into the pan at a speed that would put modern mass production factories to shame. No wonder we never had to wait for the next course after the porridge. Her method was to put the pan with the fat on the fire and when the fat boiled she would draw the pan on to the hob and the eggs would go in at a fast rate before the fat had time to cool. The cooking at Middle Row seemed to be the result of generations of farmers' wives who had to keep their men fit and strong for the arduous work on the hills, all through the year, and we benefited from their inherent skill. One Easter dinner was devoted to roast pork, whose excellence I have never seen equalled. That rich brown, fragile, crisp and luscious crackling was a gourmet's dream—and a day's climbing in the Easter sunshine on Napes Ridges with that pork in prospect would have made a gourmet out of a dyspeptic. We used to say that the aroma of the roasting pork would, in the right conditions, waft up Gable as far as the climbs. However, there was a magnificent scree run from the top of Great Hell Gate to well below the crags—then a short move to the right to a narrow run of small stones which brought us almost to the pass, not far from the Garnet Stone. We would join the scree run and go bounding and skating down and in a short time were on the field path which went in a straight line from Burnthwaite to Middle Row. So our descent from the climbs to the roast pork was very fast indeed.

Ella's father told her a great yarn about Wasdale Head in the old days. Owd Will Ritson seems to have scooped up all the publicity for being the Wasdale comedian. However, there were others. At Christmas tide Owd Will used to make a great pan of toffee which, as the uncrowned king, he gave to his subjects as a token of his affection. However, one night when he had the toffee boiling on the kitchen fire, two men he had offended dropped a large stone down the chimney and it dropped right into the pan, accompanied by a goodly heap of soot. The story goes that it was no trouble to remove the stone but the soot beat them and they abandoned the toffee for that year. It might have been poetic to have the photos of these two gentlemen, one each side of Owd Will's, from where he gazes in perpetuity from above the fireplace in the Hotel sitting room. Although, perhaps it is as well that they should remain anonymous as the perpetrators of the longest laugh that has come out of Wasdale from those days.

The shepherds of the Lakes valleys have an intimate knowledge of the fells that can never be approached by people like us who

come from the outside. For instance, when sheep have the wicks (which are maggots which eat away the flesh of their backs) they seek solitary places where they can hide. Each sheep of the thousands belonging to Middle Row farm was known as a separate animal and, to the shepherds, no two were alike. When a sheep was missing it was an education to hear the shepherds describing it and discussing odd little corners—say in Mosedale—where it might be hiding. Searching would have been impossible without their wonderful dogs, which were the most varied collection of mongrels imaginable. Joe told me that they bred only from the best dogs and they were quite satisfied if they got one good dog from each litter. While the detailed knowledge of these men can never be ours, it was a compliment to us that they should take us into their friendship and treat us as equals—with no hint of the lack of knowledge in us that they took as normal in themselves.

Middle Row became our base and it was against this background that we learned to climb. It was the home to which we returned after a hard day to bask in the warmth and comfort provided. It did not matter how late we arrived—which was often—there was always a welcome and a hot meal. If we arrived unexpectedly late at night, having walked from Langdale, there was always the same cheery welcome and a bed.

A RETURN TO THE JULIAN ALPS

Colin Snodgrass

My first and previous visit to the Julian Alps was in 1938, the year before I became a member of the FRCC. This may help to explain the somewhat pedestrian routes that my wife and I followed in the summer of 1973, in contrast to the mountain tour which I undertook in 1938 with two fellow members of the Imperial College Mountaineering Club, and some Yugoslav students, when we climbed several peaks along the range of the Eastern Julian Alps.

In this age of package tours to Lake Bled, Lake Bohinj and Kranjska Gora, the outlying areas of the Julian Alps in Slovenia are becoming better known to British tourists; we took advantage of such arrangements to fly to Ljubljana, spend a week by Lake Bohinj and to tour by "Rent-a-car" to explore as much of the rest of the Julian Alps as possible.

The Eastern Julian Alps run from Jalovec — the view of which from the Planica valley must surely be one of the most beautiful

mountain prospects — eastwards through Prisank and Razor, to the highest and central point of Triglav (9393 ft.), then turn south to swing round the west side of the lonely Valley and the Seven Lakes, merging into the peaceful and richly floral foothills of Crna Prst. To the south-east of Triglav and bounding the other side of the Valley of the Seven Lakes is a vast wilderness of rock, and this plateau drops steeply to Lake Bohinj.

The Western Julian Alps, westward from Jalovec, comprise the massive groups of the Mangart (lying on the Italian-Yugoslavian frontier), the Montasch and the Wischberg (both in Italy).

Travellers and mountaineers through the years have paid tribute to the special character and beauty of the Julians, and perhaps this may be partly explained by the fact that they do not cover an area very much different from that of our own Lake District. From a valley base of 1500 to 2500 feet the peaks rise to 8000 to 9000 feet in this concentrated area, and in the same manner that we greet the hills from different points in the Lakeland fells, the traveller in the Julian Alps soon begins to recognise the important peaks, in spite of the often confusing topography. The district is ideally suited for range wandering — huts are situated in, or near the head of, each lateral valley from which the adjacent summits can be climbed, or the passes crossed to the next hut.

The Julian Alps have an honourable pedigree, and no one should visit them without reading the chapters on the exploits of Gilbert and Churchill in the *Dolomite Mountains*, followed by H. E. G. Tyndall's inspired translation of Dr. Kugy's book *Alpine Pilgrimage*. Gilbert and Churchill refer to an even earlier visitor to the Julian Alps — Sir Humphry Davy — who found in the 1820's pleasure and consolation in the valley of the Save (the northern boundary of the Julians) in the later years of his life.

From the valley of the Save there run southward several great valleys presenting imposing views — Planica is the first on the east of the Italian frontier, leading up to Jalovec and the long north wall running between it and Mojstrovka. Then from Kranjska Gora the Vrsic ravine runs into the cirque of Prisank, Razor and the red cliffs of Skrlatica; between Razor and Skrlatica, in the southern corner of the cirque, a fine "protected" route climbs the Kriz-Wand to the plateau, and leads over to the Aljazev Dom in the Vratatal. The alpine road passes to the west of Prisank, to the great Trenta valley.

Continuing along the main valley, the striking peaks of the Martuljek group present themselves boldly to the traveller. Not so Triglav; the Vratatal runs from Mojstrana, a little further along the

Save valley, in a south-westerly direction for several kilometres, to the mountain hotel of Aljazev Dom. From here, at last, the majestic north face of Triglav is seen — nearly two miles across and 5000 feet high.

All these superb north walls of the Julians have attracted the best of climbers, and there are many routes of high degrees of severity. On the other hand most of the peaks have so-called "protected" routes and attract the less experienced climbers to the enjoyment of the summits. Is it that one's view of such protected ways mellows with age — regarded as desecration of the mountains in one's youthful days?

The *Freytag — Berndt Wanderkarte No. 14* covers the Julian Alps very well, and a comprehensive list of mountain huts and hotels is printed on the reverse side of the map. Only paths and trails are shown, but for those prepared to study a German guide, Hellmut Schöner's *Führer duch die Julische Alpen* is invaluable, and gives much information on approaches and passes as well as descriptions and marked photographs of the routes on most of the peaks. Miss Fanny Copeland's charming little guide book, although published before the war, is still remarkably accurate and suggests perhaps that not so many changes — apart from the frontiers — have taken place in the district.

Donald, Nancy and Janet Murray wrote of their visit to this area in the 1957 Journal; apparently due to bad weather they were only able to climb in the Martuljek group and on the Triglav north wall. In the former group they climbed a new route on the west face of Velika Ponca from one of the official bivouacs, the location of several of which is described by Schöner. The Murrays also gave some details of the organisation of the Yugoslavian Alpine Club. It is interesting to note that foreigners cannot now become members as such, as they formerly could. My old and treasured badge of the Slovenska Planinska Društvo is now a rarity.

We spent a week at Zlatorog at the western end of Lake Bohinj, which is surrounded by the mountain plateau. In the furthest corner of this broad corrie the river Savica issues straight from the mountain wall, to flow into Lake Bohinj and become the Bohinjska Save, to join the main Save beyond Lake Bled. The colour of this river and most of the Julian rivers, is indescribable — as Dr. Kugy wrote, "crystal, transparent, mermaid opal . . . once seen it can never be forgotten."

Standing sentinel to the west, on the edge of the plateau and at the entrance to the high Valley of the Seven Lakes, is the modern hut of Dom na Komni. To the south the Ski Hotel Vogel is perched

on the extreme edge of the plateau, to which a cable-car takes one in a few moments. Here indeed is a fairy garden of alpine flowers and dwarf pines, traversed by two chairlifts giving only a short climb to the peak of Sija (pronounced Sheea) and Vogel. From the top of Sija, which we reached with little effort — finding edelweiss on the way — we looked south to the Adriatic, east to Crna Prst and west to the Skrbina — a wanderland of mountain paths and a floral paradise. In the distance to the west we could see the massive forms of Mangart, Wischberg and Montasch, and to the north, across the wilderness of the Debeli Vrh, the Father of the Julian Alps, Triglav.

From Stara Fusina at the other end of the lake we walked some way up the Voje ravine which is one of the traditional approaches to Triglav, but the mountain is not visible from here, being hidden by the Draski Vrh. Gilbert and Churchill were equally frustrated in trying to get a view of Triglav from this side. They described this area, looking across it from the ridge above, as “a fearsome region, a confusion of the most ruthless looking precipices, peaks, white wastes and dismal abysses . . .” Such is the impression of the great rock wastes between Triglav and the Lake of Bohinj.

After a week by Bohinj we were transported by the tour operators back to Ljubljana by taxi and bus, and there we picked up our hired car and drove westwards along the main valley of the Save to Kranjska Gora. After a night's rest we drove to the top of the Vrsic Pass, which is a well engineered road built by Russian prisoners in the First World War. There are fifty hairpin bends which are excellently paved, but in between these the road is rough and rutted with a loose gravel surface. There is a Russian chapel just above the eighth hairpin, recalling the terrible tragedy when four hundred of these prisoners were killed in an avalanche.

Near the top of the pass is the beautifully situated hut of Erjavceva Koca, looking across to the towers of Prisank and the cliffs of Skrlatica. From here my companions and I had climbed Prisank in 1938. This time my wife and I continued to the top of the pass, where we parked the car, and then made our way up and round the base of Mojstrovka, on the other side of the pass to Prisank, and over a small pass. We were now entering the Planicatal high on its eastern side, and through dwarf pine and alpenrose we traversed an airy pathway to Alp Sleme. After about two hours we reached Sleme, and the longed-for view of Jalovec burst upon us at the last moment. From here it appears as a slender pillar, bounded by the long north couloir on the left and the north-west ridge descending on the right to the Veliki Kot saddle. I sat

and worked hard on a watercolour sketch that I had so long wanted to make — the view which on a photograph at home had sustained me through many difficult hours of sickness. As we made our way back we were greeted by the sunlit precipices of Prisank through the pass under the north ridge of Mojstrovka and could see clearly the great “eye” in the west ridge of Prisank.

From Kranjska Gora we drove to Mojstrana and tackled the road up the Vratatal to Aljzev Dom to see again the magnificent north wall of Triglav. The road deteriorated considerably — and cannot be recommended as it is narrow and deeply rutted; we did not escape unscathed! Parking the car in the shade of the trees around the hut we walked further up the valley along paths lined with dwarf cyclamen until we reached the striking memorial to the Partisans — a real mountaineers’ memorial, consisting of a giant ten foot-high piton and karabiner embedded in a massive boulder. Eventually, after passing another memorial to the many climbers who have fallen on the north face of Triglav, we sat for a long time exploring through the binoculars the complicated network of routes on the face.

The ordinary route to the Triglav plateau and the Kredarica hut winds its way up through the woods on the left-hand side of the north wall, and then steeply up the final rocky stages on a protected route. As Schöner says — “nur für Schwindelfrei” — only for those who do not suffer from giddiness! In 1938 I had climbed this way with my companions, but at the Kredarica hut the after effects of a risotto had proved distressing. The perhaps fortunate result of this was that I did not leave the hut early with the others to climb Triglav (about an hour from the hut over the Klein Triglav on the east ridge) but, following on later, was rewarded with summit to myself for a little while — a rare occasion on this popular peak.

As we returned to Kranjska Gora we realised that the idea of a good road in Slovenia is far from ours. The main roads are good, but even on these detours can be encountered which may be — as we found near Mojstrana — merely rough embankments twenty feet high with no protection at the edges and hardly wide enough for two cars.

Several modern hotels have been built in Kranjska Gora but it is to the credit of Yugoslavian architects that they are not high-rise and are either in traditional alpine style or designed cleverly to echo the shapes of the surrounding mountains.

Our journey over into the Trenta was made in heavy cloud, so the main impression was of unending hairpin bends — twenty-five up and twenty-five down; but at the last bend on the Trenta side we

were able to see the fine memorial statue of Dr. Kugy, erected in 1953 by the Slovene Alpine Club, looking towards his beloved Jalovec above the Trenta. Further down the valley lies the little church of St. Maria and beside it the home of Albert Bois de Chesne (a great friend of Kugy's) and also of Anton Tozbar, the descendant of one of Kugy's most famous guides. Nearby is the more recently established Trenta Museum, which has many mementos of Kugy, his guides, and other pioneers of the Julian Alps. Up until now Kugy's book had been an inspiration, but here were some of the realities of his life.

The good road down the Trenta valley, beside the roaring Soca torrent, brought us to Bovec, where we stayed at the recently completed and excellent Hotel Kanin. I had an introduction to, and received a warm welcome from, Boris Ostan, a well-known mountaineer in the Julian Alps. Bovec, formerly Flitsch, was on the front line in the first World War, and Boris showed me some photographs of his elder brother with Dr. Kugy; the latter, when nearly sixty years old, joined the Austrian army in 1915 to contribute his great and intimate knowledge of this mountain zone and advise the mountain troops.

We made various enquiries about the road to the Mangart pass, and were assured that while it was suitable for cars, there were a few "Kurven". This word must be interpreted with care, there being apparently no equivalent word to the more descriptive word "hairpin bend." There were in fact fifty such, and in addition four tunnels, the road rising dizzily from side to side of an outlying ridge. It climbs to a height of 6500 ft., to a broad col about 1500 feet below the summit of Mangart. Protected paths lead from here to the summit, one on the Italian side and one on the Yugoslavian side, for this col is on the frontier. Northwards we looked down to the Laghi di Fusine some four thousand feet below, and beyond these lakes to Austria. Low cloud drifted across, and we returned down the hazardous and precipitous road to Bovec.

Our route now lay northwards over the Predil Pass into Italy. On a well surfaced road we passed with some relief the turning for the Mangart pass, noticing that there was no indication of the rough nature of that road. As one drives up into the Koritnica valley magnificent views of Mangart and Jalovec — now seen from the west — appear. At Strmec the road begins to climb and near the top of the pass are the remains of the Napoleonic fortress — another reminder of the turbulent history of the area. Before crossing into Italy we looked back at the great line of cliffs forming the Loska Stena or Breterwand, which run south-west from Jalovec.

Passing the Lake of Predil — a deep emerald green — we continued northwards to Tarvis, a busy town on the main road coming across from Austria and on to Udine and Venice. We drove west until we were able to turn south to Valbruna, at the entrance to the Seissera valley, at the head of which are grouped the giants of the Western Julians — Montasch and Wischberg. Valbruna is associated more than any other places with the later years of the life of Dr. Kugy, for he came here each year to spend the summer months. H. E. G. Tyndale in his book *Mountain Paths* describes eloquently how he stood with Kugy beneath this circle of precipices "in reverent amazement". A fine view of this panorama, which one can view with the same feelings, is obtained from the out-lying northern ridge on which stands the pilgrimage chapel of Lussari — a shrine for several hundred years. We did not take the true pilgrims road from Valbruna, nor did we descend in the hair-raising manner described by Gilbert and Churchill, on wooden sledges, but glided up and down on the modern cable-car. Nevertheless, if the contemplation of that magnificent panorama is a worthy object in itself, we were indeed pilgrims and it was an appropriate moment to give thanks for this return to the Julians.

One quieter excursion remained, to the Laghi di Fusine (the Weissenfels lakes). The upper and lower lakes lie beneath the northern wall of Mangart, and we had already seen them from the Mangart pass four thousand feet above. We had completed the circuit by returning to Kranjska Gora, driving back across the Yugoslavian frontier from Tarvis. The road up to the lakes is a new "Strada Turistica". Here is yet another of the broad north walls of the Julians. From the upper lake the view was described by Gilbert and Churchill — "a very solitary strand, and then you have the grandeur all to yourself — an expanse of water, vivid as emerald and smooth as a mirror, but for the circles of rising fish; beyond it the receding woods, and above them the sheer impending mass of the Mangart, casting its mighty image into the water at your feet, as itself soars into the sky." My painting could not equal these picturesque words. Sir Humphry Davy himself spent many days here; on his first visit he said he had ". . . seldom viewed a scene of more savage and peculiar splendour."

We visited Lake Bled once more on our return to Ljubljana, as the evening sun silhouetted Triglav in the distance against a warm yellow sky. We had a noisy night in Kranj, through which, seemingly, all the traffic to the Adriatic passes, and then flew back from Ljubljana. We had accomplished our pilgrimage.

I mentioned earlier Miss Fanny Copeland's guide to the Julian

Alps. She also wrote a book about her climbs in the Eastern Julians, called *Beautiful Mountains*, of which I was unfortunately unaware until I saw a reference to it in Cicely Williams' book *Women on the Rope*. I embarked on a search for a copy, and found that Muriel Files was also searching. Thanks entirely to her vigilance, the Library now possesses a copy of this rare and lovely book, published in 1931 in Split, Yugoslavia.

The great love which Miss Copeland had for the Julian Alps is wonderfully expressed in a poetic and unrestrained manner, and the opening chapter of her book explains very clearly the reasons which made a return to the Julian Alps so important for me. "—our Beautiful Mountains. Upon these confines of his kingdom the Genius of the Alps has lavished every highland charm, romantic beauty of crag and river and lake, of forest and fell, exceeding that of many of his prouder strongholds; so that the hearts of those that dwell there may cling to them with every fibre, and the last sight of soaring peaks above green foothills haunt the memory of the traveller and call the wanderer back."

THE CLUB ARCHIVES

Muriel Files

The survey of the Library in the 1981 *Journal* includes a brief note on the Archives, but their importance for the history of climbing in the Lake District and for the history of the Club seems to justify a more detailed account. It is hoped, too, that knowledge of what is already in the Archives will encourage the deposit of further items which may be lying forgotten, among members' papers.

The Archives accumulated gradually in the Library and were listed in successive Library Lists under the heading Records. Those that originated before the foundation of the Club are strictly Lake District rather than Fell and Rock archives, but most of them, such as the Wastwater Hotel books, are of great interest to the Club because they record the climbs of pioneers who joined it on its formation. Most of the other Records are true Club Archives. The terms records and archives are used interchangeably in this article. Experts disagree as to how (or whether) they should be distinguished; and, after all, the national archives are kept in the Public Record Office!

I have found no mention in the minutes before 1959 of the transfer of the Records from the Library to the bank and, in the 1981 Library survey, I suggested that it was because of the removal in 1959 of the Library to Eskdale. However, further evidence has now emerged. In a letter to Dick Flint dated 26.2.57, the Librarian (Molly FitzGibbon) wrote: "I sent the Records in three parcels to you at 1 Town View by Kendal Carriers last Wednesday and hope they arrived safely". It was not, however, until 1st January 1959 that Dick reported to the committee that he had obtained "a large tin trunk for keeping records at the bankers". On 14th February it was agreed to leave to him the decision as to what should be placed there. As he was chief

accountant at the Club's bank (Martin's, now Barclay's) at Kendal he was well placed to look after the Archives and did so for over twenty years, numbering and listing the items before placing them in the Record boxes.

Historic Records — Wasdale Visitors' Books

The earliest record acquired by the Club is the 1857-1863 visitors' book of Row Foot, Wasdale Head. The committee agreed to buy this and four Wastwater Hotel visitors' books, 1879-1901, when they were offered for sale in 1921. According to George Seatree in his article on Auld Will Ritson in the 1911 *Journal*, Ritson first obtained a licence for his farm, Row Foot, about 1856; so the visitors' book marks the beginning of tourist accommodation in the dale. Ritson retired in 1879 and the hotel books cover Daniel Tyson's tenancy during which Haskett Smith's historic first ascent of the Needle and other notable climbs by pioneers took place from the hotel. The whereabouts of the original hotel climbing book, 1863-1919, is now unknown. Fortunately the Club possesses a typed copy though this lacks the diagrams and photographs which evidently adorned the original. Although the opening date of the book is 1863, the preface states that it was started in January of 1890 to relieve the pages of the ordinary visitors' book; the few notes of expeditions prior to that date were transcribed from the visitors' books.

Fell and Rock Climbing Books

In the undated first prospectus issued late in 1906 the Club's intention of providing climbing record books "at various places" is stated. By early March 1907 "official quarters" (later often known as "centres" or "headquarters") had been established at the Sun Hotel, Coniston; Middlefell Farm (soon transferred to the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel) Langdale; Scawfell Hotel (soon transferred to Thornythwaite Farm) Borrowdale; and Buttermere Hotel. The Coniston climbing book (which has recently been expertly rebound by Geoff Cram) begins with an account of the opening meet of the Club on Sunday, 11th November 1906. The weather was indifferent and only Alan Craig, Charles Grayson and Edward Scantlebury set out for Dow; Craig and Scantlebury climbing Great Gully while Grayson carried their "rucksack, etc." to the top. The Langdale, Wasdale* and Borrowdale books all have entries for 1907, but the Buttermere book begins only in 1910 with descriptions of two impressive fell walks, followed by a disapproving comment by the Editor: "these entries do not represent the activities of our climbers". The hint seems to have been taken and thereafter, as in the other books, the entries are mostly of climbs. The climbing books were deposited in the Archives when the "centres" ceased to be operational in the 1940's and early 1950's.

Other Climbing Books

The Club climbing books, which were for the use of members, were kept in locked bookcases at the "centres"; and some hotels and guesthouses had their own books. The original Wastwater Hotel book has already been mentioned. The New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel book, 1893-1920, and the Parkgate, Coniston book, 1907-1928 are in the Archives. Parkgate was very popular with our members (and those of other clubs) under Mrs. Harris's management. She died in 1928 and there is a tribute to her in the 1929 *Journal* by W. T. Palmer. The Parkgate book was presented to the Club by her family in 1952.

A Wasdale hotel climbing book, dated 1920-1939, for recording first and second ascents (a successor to the 1863-1919 climbing book?) was purchased by the Club in

*In the 1981 *Journal* (The Library, p. 169) the reference to the Wasdale book implies that it was the F.R.C.C. book started in 1907 that was missing; the reference was in fact to the original Wasdale book, 1863-1919. The F.R.C.C. book is at the bank.

1965 for the Archives after it had been spotted in a Kendal bookshop by a member. A successor to the original Club Wasdale climbing book, which was completed in 1938, was presented that year by the President, G. R. Speaker. It is a handsome volume which was used for Easter and some other meets (Speaker's funeral in Wasdale after his fatal accident in Eagle's Nest West Chimney in September 1942 is recorded); but only about a dozen pages were filled and recently the committee decided on a new use for it. It is to be in charge of the President who will produce it at the Annual Dinner and on other special occasions for the signatures of members and guests.

Hut Logbooks

The Hut Logbooks have now replaced the "centre" climbing books of earlier years. They are being preserved in the Archives as completed, and the Brackenclose book which spans the years 1937 to 1960 has already been deposited.

Pillar Records

Among the Club's historic mountaineering records, the largest group concerns Pillar Rock. Many which relate to the period before the formation of the Club were collected by George Seatree (Vice-President 1907-08, President 1908-10), himself a pioneer whose explorations go back to the 1870's. During 1874-76 he carried on an interesting (often entertaining) correspondence with the Rev. James Jackson, "Patriarch of the Pillarites". The Club has received from Lady Katharine Chorley a recent notable gift of the manuscript originals of James Jackson's letters* describing "his wonderful octogenarian . . . exploits". In the packet containing them, which is addressed to R. S. T. Chorley, are cuttings from the *Whitehaven News*, 1874-76 consisting of letters from George Seatree; the vicar of Wasdale; James Jackson; and Tom and Ned Westmorland (Rusty Westmorland's father and uncle) concerning their ascent of Pillar Rock with their sister Mary§ (May) on the 27th July 1873. James Jackson doubted that a woman could have made the ascent (she was in fact the second to do so) though later he recanted.

Another Pillar relic was presented recently by Mrs. Josephine Wilson. It is a card sent to her father, George Seatree, on 1st June 1875 by the Patriarch, being a copy he made of a card, "written without spectacles" in Greek, which he had left the previous day on top of the Rock. The history of the card is told in the 1940 *Journal* by W. T. Palmer in an article "Patriarch of the Pillar," an interesting account of all he could discover about a remarkable character.

The Pillar Records also include the originals of the H. G. Willink sketches of Great Chimney (reproduced in the 1928 *Journal*) given by Lady Chorley. The originals were displayed in the 1981 exhibition. There is, too, in the Archives a tin containing cards left on the Rock, 1881-86, and a bound booklet of signatures of Pillar climbers, 1906-11.

Coming to more recent times, of great interest is H. M. Kelly's manuscript of the first Pillar guide published in the 1923 *Journal* and subsequently in the "Red Guides" series. It is a model of neatness, the climbs being set out much as in the printed guide. With the manuscript are notes on Pillar history and correspondence with some of the pioneers: W. P. Haskett Smith, G. A. Solly, H. C. Broadrick, George D. Abrahams and others.

*The letters were reprinted as a pamphlet in 1906 from the *Penrith Observer*. There is a copy in the Library. Unfortunately Seatree's letters have not survived.

§The name found by George Seatree in the summit bottle (1910 *Journal* p. 15) was Pollie Westmorland. In Tom Westmorland's rhyming account (1938 *Journal* p. 232) May is on the Rock with her brothers. Rusty maintained that it was his aunt Mary (May) who made the ascent (1959 *Journal* p. 316: correction to obituary of Mrs. W. A. Woods).

Climbing Reminiscences

Among personal reminiscences in the Archives are records of John Wilson Robinson, a noted pioneer of Lake District climbing. He made first ascents with Haskett Smith, Norman Collie, Geoffrey Hastings and O. G. Jones; and there are many entries over his initials in the Wasdale climbing book in the 1890's. He was a Vice-President of the Club from February 1907 until his death in August of that year. His photograph album, press cuttings book of the Lakeland fells and a copy of his diary were bequeathed to the Club in 1935 by Richard W. Hall.

A fascinating record of climbing at the turn of the century was compiled by Claude and Guy Barton, regular climbers in the Lake District, Derbyshire and Wales. Their climbing book, 1893-1906, was presented to the Club in 1956 by George Abraham at the request of Mrs. Claude Barton. It includes letters from well-known climbers, press cuttings, photographs and diagrams as well as descriptions of the brothers' own climbs which include the first ascent of Savage Gully. Guy Barton was an Original Member of the Club*.

A more recent acquisition is Blanche Eden-Smith's climbing diary which was given by Mr. Anthony Gough of Ulverston through the good offices of Peter Fleming in 1981. It covers the period 1916 to 1934 and describes many climbs with Kelly including the first ascent of Moss Ghyll Grooves in 1926.

Fell and Rock Guide Books

Since guide writing has been an important activity of the Club for 60 years, it is surprising that the Guide Book Archive is a small one. Kelly's Pillar manuscript is the sole record of the First Series ("Red Guides"). The Second Series is represented by letters written in 1936 to Ernie Wood-Johnson on first ascents in Borrowdale by George Abraham, Ralph Mayson and Bill Heaton Cooper. Bill Peascod was approached by Kelly in the early 1940's about the preparation of a supplementary guide to the Second Series. On 31st December 1946 the committee resolved to enquire from Kelly about progress on the proposed supplementary guide; and on 1st February 1947 Kelly wrote to Bill agreeing to a suggestion Bill had made that, because of the great number of new routes to be recorded, some help from other climbers would be useful. Kelly enclosed copies of letters he had written to Arthur Dolphin and Bentley Beetham inviting them to co-operate in the project. The letter to Arthur Dolphin is particularly interesting as Kelly concludes it with a statement of his philosophy on the "classification" of climbs. On 8th March 1947 Kelly reported to the committee that he was prepared to edit a supplementary guide and that, "some time ago," Bill Peascod had agreed to collect material for it. However, on 24th May, the committee abandoned the idea and resolved that the existing guides should be reprinted with the addition of new climbs. Along with Kelly's letters, Bill presented his descriptions of new routes for the Third Series Pillar guide published in 1952 of which he was joint author with Kelly.

There is another record of the Third Series, a file of documents connected with the 1959 Eastern Crags guide, received from Harold Drasdo. As this was the first separate guide to that area, the notes, letters from Kelly and the correspondence on first ascents with George Abrahams, Rusty Westmorland, Jim Birkett, Alf Gregory, Charlie Wilson and others are of particular interest. The deposit of this material is greatly appreciated, but clearly it is only a small proportion of a Fell and Rock Guide Book Archive and further contributions would be very welcome.

*John Appleyard in his note in the 1960 *Journal* p. 98 mistakenly suggests that both Barton brothers were Original Members.

Mountain Rescue

As far back as 1913 the Club concerned itself with mountain rescue. At the Annual General Meeting that year "a vote of thanks was accorded to Dr. Mason for . . . superintending the purchase of Ambulance outfits for the various headquarters of the Club." Each ambulance outfit consisted of one stretcher and one "surgical haversack". In the late 1920's the committee showed renewed interest in first aid equipment, especially in securing an improved type of stretcher. In 1932 a Joint Stretcher Committee was formed with the Rucksack Club. A file of documents in the Archives contains reports of the stretcher committee dated 1933 and 1934; invoices; and correspondence during 1933-36 between our Club and the Rucksack Club; and with other kindred clubs. In an article on First Aid in the 1938 *Journal*, Dr. C. P. Lapage reported the formation of a First Aid Committee with representatives of nine clubs. Our Club was responsible for the Lake District equipment, in the provision of which it received the co-operation of other clubs. In December 1946 Dr. Lapage reported to the F.R.C.C. committee that the First Aid Committee would in future be known as the Mountain Rescue Committee; and in November 1948 it was decided that the Fell and Rock equipment and stretchers should be handed over to the Mountain Rescue Committee which would in future be responsible for them.

Lake District Amenities

Another interest of the Club which is represented in the Archives is the preservation of the Lake District from undesired development. Concern about a proposed "carriage" road over Sty Head was aroused before the 1914-18 war and again immediately after it. A leaflet in red type dated May 1919 and headed Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District is signed by the Hon. Secretary, Darwin Leighton. Whether it was actually despatched is uncertain because, on 17th May, the committee decided to postpone action as the scheme was likely to fall through. However, throughout the pre-1939 period, anxiety recurred because of rumours of a revival of the proposal.

Undoubtedly the Club's main contribution to the conservation of the Lakeland landscape was the purchase of the fells around Sty Head as a memorial to the members who fell in the 1914-18 war and their vesting in the National Trust "for the use and enjoyment of the people of our land for all time". The photograph of the tablet, the dedication service held on the summit of Gable on 8th June 1924, Geoffrey Winthrop Young's notes for his speech at the dedication, correspondence, and two well-arranged books of press cuttings have been preserved in the Archives.

Co-operation with the National Trust continued, particularly in the Trust's efforts to make the Buttermere area safe from the development which was threatened as a result of the sale of the Marshall estates in 1934. The Club issued its own leaflet under the title "Three Lakes for Sale" and, with the help of individual members, made a worthwhile contribution to the Trust's Appeal Fund.

The Club strongly supported the movement for the establishment of National Parks and in 1930 published a pamphlet: *Lakeland: a Playground for Britain*, edited by Katharine Chorley. It was adapted from an article by H. V. Hughes in the 1929 *Journal*. Lack of space prevents a detailed account of the Club's support for the amenity organisations in the protection of Ullswater, Wastwater and Ennerdale and its successful opposition to the "improvement" of the A66; these matters are still fresh in people's minds and are well documented in the Archives.

Secretaries' and Treasurers' Records

Turning to what might be termed domestic matters, it is fortunate that many secretaries' and treasurers' records have been preserved. The complete set of original

minute books is in the bank. This can claim to be the most important Archive of the Club. Lists of Members (from 1966 renamed Handbooks) are also very useful for reference. A few are lacking for some of the years during the two world wars* when it seems likely that none was issued. 1924 is absent, probably because the issue date was changed from November to January. The Annual Reports and Balance Sheets as presented to the Annual General Meeting lack only 1908, 1914 and 1916. The agenda for the first Annual General Meeting, held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal on 23rd November 1907, and the Balance Sheet to 31st October 1907, have survived; as have also Balance Sheets signed by the Auditors from 1922 to the present time, except for 1956-66. The Secretary holds applications for membership dating from the 1920's. These important records, though unfortunately incomplete, are often consulted.

Club Foundation and Early Days

In addition to those already mentioned, several other early records have survived. There are two prospectuses, one issued towards the end of 1906, the other early in March 1907 when there was also circulated a leaflet headed: Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District. First Season 1906-07, which lists the Officers, Committee, Hon. Members, followed by the List of Members, Rules, Official Quarters and Meets for 1907. It is those named on this list who were designated Original Members of the Club. Another list for 1906-07 was issued later in the year (probably August) but the committee decided on 3rd April 1926 to "adhere to the first list (preliminary) published in March 1907". Also preserved are a light green membership card for 1906-07 and a dark green one. This seems hard to explain, but there is evidence to show that the light green card was superseded by the dark green.

In the 1955 *Journal*, "Documentary Evidence" by the Editor, Geoffrey Stevens, recounts the research involved in his effort to establish beyond doubt the founding date of the Club which was confirmed as the 11th November 1906. The detailed notes on which the article was based are in the Archives as well as correspondence on the subject with some of the Original Members. Their letters throw a fascinating light on the formation of the Club and its early days.

An interesting document which has survived is a duplicated (hand-written) draft headed "The Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Notice. At a general meeting held on Nov. 11th at the Sun Hotel, Coniston concerning the formation of the above club the following resolutions were passed." These resolutions are set out virtually unchanged on page 2 of the first minute book under the heading: general aims or rules suggested. The hand-written draft is in an envelope addressed to Mr. John Wilton, Highfield Road, Barrow. The postmark, partly lacking is: --- in Furness 5.45 PM No/12/06, the day following the historic meeting on 11th November. On the back is a pencilled note: "I wish to become a member of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club. J. B. Wilton." In the obituary notice in the 1970 *Journal* John Appleyard wrote that J. B. Wilton had told him that, after the election of the first officers and committee, he was No. 1 Ordinary Member.

Club Events

Of the principal events of the Club recorded in the Archives, the 1914-18 War Memorial dedication has already been mentioned. The 1919 Peace Celebrations on Scafell Pike and the 1926 Pillar Centenary as well as the two War Memorial dedications (1939-45 as well as 1914-18) are commemorated in the book of signatures of those who were present. The 21st Birthday Celebrations are represented by an enlargement of a group photograph (the last of its kind) which

*It has been ascertained from the minutes that no List of Members was issued for 1917, 1941 and 1943; others lacking are 1914, 1916, 1919 and 1945.

appeared in the 1927 *Journal*. From his long memory, and in consultation with others who were there, John Appleyard managed a few years ago to name most of those who were present. The Jubilee records consisted only of the Dinner menu and service sheet until 1976 when John Appleyard handed me a set of excellent full plate photographs by W. Cowen which are now in the Archives. The Brackenclose 21st Birthday party in 1958 is represented by the text of the speeches made by H. M. Kelly and W. G. Milligan at the dinner at the Wastwater Hotel, as well as a menu signed by most of those who were there. This event and the Needle Jubilee of 1936 along with other occasions mentioned above were illustrated in the 1981 75th Anniversary exhibition, the historical part of which (listed on pages 1-31 of the exhibition catalogue) has been kept as intact as possible, copies having been obtained of important photographs borrowed for the occasion.

Club Meets

Of special interest is a first-hand account of the 1936 Easter meet when W. P. Haskett Smith made his Jubilee ascent of the Needle. This has been provided by Charles Pickles who was with Haskett's party on both the Saturday and Sunday and who has sent a photocopy of the portions of his diary which describes the historic weekend. Other meet records include detailed logs of some of the Scottish meets from the first (Arran, 1946) to the 1959 Sligachan meet; and the log of the well-attended 1947 Arolla meet, a revival of the successful Alpine meets of the 1930's. Post-war circumstances did not seem favourable for a permanent revival and only one Alpine meet was held after 1947. The Annual Dinner meets are represented by a complete set of menus, beginning with the first Dinner held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal on the 23rd November 1907. Many of them bear the signatures of well-known members and other distinguished mountaineers. There is also a representative collection of the detailed records Lyna Pickering kept when she was Dinner Secretary. Harry Ironfield's eventful term of office as Huts and Meets Secretary produced some interesting records. He arranged a special series of meets to commemorate the Jubilee year, 1956; was concerned in the preparations for the Brackenclose 21st Birthday celebrations in 1958; and made arrangements for the visit of the Russian mountaineers in 1960.

Club Huts

Although Harry was Huts as well as Meets Secretary, most of the records concerning Brackenclose, Raw Head, Birkness and the Salving House were received with the papers of Dick Plint and Harry Spilsbury. They include negotiations regarding purchase and conversion; plans; prospectuses; lists of subscribers; hut booking cards; records of equipment; agreements as to water rights and to rights of way over Club property, etc*. There are bulky files for each hut and also Hut Subcommittee minutes, 1957-1962. An interesting Beetham Cottage file has recently been received from Neville Morton. In it is traced the development of the project from the original specifications, through correspondence about the conversion and a series of detailed plans, to the acquisition of equipment. Neville's diaries from 31st January 1965 to 19th December 1966 record his visits to the hut, jobs accomplished, equipment purchased, working parties, the commissioning meet of 13th-15th September 1965 and the Opening on 31st October 1965.

The Journal

There is a variety of what might be termed "literary Archives". The earliest *Journal* relic is a leaflet announcing the first number which was issued in November 1907. Also preserved are an advance copy of No. 1 in a tattered envelope, given to the Club by Charles Grayson to whom it was addressed; and a bound copy of the

*The Deeds of the huts are held in the bank in Kendal. The Secretary and Archivist have photocopies.

first volume, signed by many distinguished mountaineers, which was presented at the third Annual Dinner to Edward Scantlebury, the Editor, on its completion. It was given to the Club in 1975 by his daughter, Mrs. Remnant. A file of documents has survived relating to a controversy which arose soon after this presentation, over Scantlebury's proposal to alter the title, format and style of the *Journal* to make it appeal to a wider public. An Extraordinary General Meeting on 16th April 1910 decided in favour of no change; and W. T. Palmer succeeded Edward Scantlebury as Editor.

Retained in the Archives is a complete set of *Journals* as issued, containing the circulars which were often enclosed, especially in the 1930's; and also Volumes 1-13 in the distinctive Club binding. An interesting item is what appears to be a special hardback issue of the 1936-37 *Lakeland Number*. It is entitled *Fell and Lake** and is in a wrapper decorated with the Needle. No reference to it has been found in the minutes and any information as to how it came to be issued would be welcome.

An interesting file has been preserved from the 1950's. It consists of detailed schedules of all the processes in the production of a typical *Journal* from the receipt of copy to the finished article. Geoffrey Stevens (Editor 1950-56) who was a systematic, meticulous and neat worker, drew it up for my guidance when I succeeded him as Editor. Today, in changed circumstances, it could not be followed in detail as I tried to do in the production of six *Journals*, but the principles are still valid.

The Library and Club Publications

The Library Archives is scanty for the early years. A notice circulated in 1910 inviting members to suggest books for purchase by the Library, signed by Charles Grayson the first Librarian, has survived. And there is a strongly bound Library register, presented by G. R. Speaker in 1935, which records books borrowed from that date until 1978. The six Library Lists issued to members from 1931 to 1972 have been preserved along with the special limited edition of the 1972 List entitled *Catalogue of the Library*§ which was on sale to the public. Also in the Archives are the 1978 List of Maps§, the 1972-79 Additions to the Library, *Mountains in the Eye of Man*§ (the catalogue of the 1980 Library exhibition) and the catalogue of the 75th Anniversary exhibition§. There are too, records dating from the 1950's which illustrate the rise, decline and fall of the hut libraries; the vicissitudes of the main Library; and its organisation after it was accommodated in the Library of the University of Lancaster. Agreements with the University regarding the deposit of the Library and the Lantern Slides and with Abbot Hall regarding the deposit of the Abraham negatives are in safe keeping at the bank.

The Chronicle§ is well represented in the "literary" Archives (five copies of each issue are in stock from No. 1, March 1965); there is a full set of guides§, all series, and new climbs booklets; Katharine Chorley's *Lakeland: a Playground for Britain*§; George Basterfield's *Songs of a Cragsman*, the words-only edition published by G. R. Speaker in 1930 for the London Section, and the 1935 privately printed edition§, with music. There is also a *Fell and Rock* booklet of songs, compiled by John Hirst, of which 1000 copies were printed in 1928. They were presented to the Club by P. D. Boothroyd. Mrs. Wakefield's nostalgic article in the 1956 *Journal* entitled "Melodious Memories" recalls pre-1939 meets when the Wastwater Hotel, Thornythwaite Farm and the Windermere Hydro re-echoed to the Club's songs. Very few copies remain of Frank Simpson's last list of Lantern Slides in which there are over 1700 items. Fortunately a copy has been preserved in the Archives.

*The title page is that of Volume XI, *Lakeland Number*. The title *Fell and Lake* is on the spine of the volume; and on the spine of the wrapper below *Fell and Lake* is a summary of the contents; on the front, below the Needle, is printed: G. Hayhurst-France.

§These publications are in the Library as well as in the Archives.

The London Section

The earliest record of the Section in the Archives is a postcard announcing a dinner at the Villa Villa restaurant to celebrate its formation in 1920; the chairman was W. P. Haskett Smith. Two or three years ago Mrs. M. Garrod, Secretary of the Section from 1942 to 1947, sent some most interesting records. There are letters from well-known members (including Haskett Smith, Darwin Leighton and Howard Somervell); photographs of members climbing on Harrison's Rocks at a Section meet in 1930; and menus of many London Section Dinners from 1925 to 1948. An outstanding menu card is the one for the 1936 Dinner held in honour of Haskett Smith's Jubilee ascent of the Needle; on the cover is a photograph of the event showing Haskett descending the arête with R. S. T. Chorley and G. R. Speaker. The guest list includes, as well as Haskett himself: General Bruce, Hugh Rutledge, Frank Smythe, Graham Brown, N. E. Odell, Kenneth Mason, Sir Claud Schuster, Sir Edwin Herbert and Sydney Spencer. The menu of the 1970 London Section Jubilee dinner is the last of the set; and with it are Mrs. Garrod's notes for the speech she made about the early days of the Section.

Club Scrapbooks

There are two scrapbooks in the Archives. One was compiled, probably in the 1940's, by George Anderson (Vice-President 1943-45). It consists largely of press cuttings from the period 1906-13 which relate to Lake District amenities, mountain accidents and new climbs. Later items include an obituary notice of Herbert Cain; reports and photographs of Speaker's funeral in Wasdale; and the obituary notice of Haskett Smith which appeared in *The Times* on 13th March 1946. Various other items such as Club leaflets, Dinner menus etc. are duplicated elsewhere in the Archives.

The other scrapbook is a loose-leaf one compiled for the Jubilee exhibition in 1956 when it could be freely examined. It had to be partially dismantled for the 1981 exhibition so that historic photographs, documents and press cuttings could be displayed. It now partly supplements and partly duplicates the exhibition record and is being reconstituted. Most of the scrapbook material has been given by members; and photographs, press cuttings and other items considered of interest to the Club, its members, Lake District climbing and the Lake District generally would be welcome.

It has been possible to describe only a selection of the treasures in the Archives. Historic photographs, of which there is a good collection, mostly in the exhibition record, have been mentioned only incidentally. A few items of correspondence have been recorded in their appropriate sections, but some others which could not easily be pigeonholed but are of great interest should be noted. There is a photocopy of a letter written by S. W. Herford from his camp at Wasdale Head on 16th July 1913 to George Sansom describing his exploration of Central Butress with Jeffcoat. The original was unfortunately lost after it was returned to its owner, but there is a good reproduction of the photocopy (which we supplied) in George Sansom's recently published diary: *Climbing at Wasdale Before the First World War*. There is also some interesting correspondence with Herford's sister, Mrs. Braunholtz, between 1973 and 1976, recording the efforts she made to find a permanent home for the Memorial window to her brother which had to be removed from the redundant Unitarian Chapel in Manchester. Happily she saw the successful outcome of her search when the window was unveiled at Eskdale Outward Bound School in her presence on 14th May 1977. Lastly, a notable gift from Lady Chorley of two letters written to her in September 1919 by Cecil Slingsby must be mentioned. They describe climbs with Geoffrey Winthrop Young in Birkness Combe (Mitre and

Oxford & Cambridge), on Pillar (the North by the Nose) and on Gimmer where Geoffrey Young followed a "young Barrow Vickers engineer, Bower" on A route. Geoffrey Young's technique with his artificial leg is graphically described.

Archives by their nature present a storage problem. Printed books, however rare, are not unique and might conceivably be replaced if lost or damaged even though at great cost. Manuscript records are irreplaceable so they have to be stored in great security. This is why the Fell and Rock historic Archives are kept at the bank. The question of facilities for consultation naturally arises. Official record repositories overcome the problem by providing supervised reading rooms where documents can be studied, but for our Club this is impracticable. Another solution is to have the Records copied. The advantage of this was recognised many years ago and typed copies were made of the climbing books and minute books. Now that photocopying is readily available the problem is more easily solved; use has already been made of this facility and there is a photocopy of Blanche Eden-Smith's diary in the Library.

Many of our Club's Archives are typed, duplicated or printed; but even though copies may exist, the replacement of the originals might prove difficult or impossible so they must be stored securely. This applies to some records which had been kept at Dick Plint's house. In October 1980 accommodation had to be found for them quickly. In consultation with the outgoing and incoming Presidents, it was decided at the Dinner weekend to place them in Beetham Cottage attic, with the blessing of the warden. They consist mainly of Treasurers' and Hut records; and spare copies of the minutes. They are securely stored in locked vermin-proof metal boxes which will solve the problem of storage for some time to come.

It was hoped to issue a new and comprehensive list of the Archives during the 75th Anniversary year. The preparation of the exhibition and its catalogue prevented this, but preliminary work on classifying, describing, indexing and numbering the Archives is in progress and, when this is complete, a list will be compiled. In the meantime it is hoped that this article will serve as an interim report. If further information is needed, enquiries would be welcome and I shall do my best to provide the answers.

ANNUAL DINNER 1981

Andrew Hall

Members who attended the AGM in 1981 as well as the Golden Jubilee AGM must have had a sense of *déjà vu*. Comparing the report of the 1956 meeting with the proceedings of 1981, it is interesting that subscriptions were increased at both, though the latest increase of 20% from £10 to £12 let members off lightly. The increase in entrance fee in 1956 was over 100% (from 10/- to one guinea). So much for the effects of inflation. Apparently the 'Club Tie' was also under discussion 25 years ago, similar lack of enthusiasm being shown then as now. However, it is possible that the 1981 AGM set one record by completing 90% of the business in 15 minutes. Fortunately the President realised his reputation was at stake and managed to extend the final items sufficiently to avoid the necessity of members having to do a further climb or two to fill in the time before dinner.

The dinner, as befitted a jubilee celebration, introduced the new variation of a dual function. Following grace composed and said by the Reverend Turner about 200 members and guests sat down to the main dinner held as usual in the dining



The President, Peter Moffat, with Past Presidents at the Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick, on Saturday 31 October 1981, on the occasion of the 75th Anniversary of the Club. Left to right:

Back row: Sid Cross, Donald Murray, Bobby Files.

Middle row: Dick Cook, Charles Pickles, Jack Carswell, Charles Tilly, John Wilkinson.

Seated: A. B. Hargreaves, Peter Moffat, Eric Arnison.

W. A. Comstive

room at the Royal Oak, while as an innovation and to enable maximum participation by members and guests, a buffet was held in the ballroom. Both events were fully patronised and although for obvious reasons one could not attend both, reports indicate that both were highly successful and our thanks go to Bill Comstive for the organisation.

In accordance with usual practice, the Club combined for the speeches, given this year by The President, Tom Weir from the SMC, and Billy Pape.

The President reviewed some of the highlights of the anniversary year of the Club and gave a number of quotations from early journals pointing out the superficial changes in approach of the last 75 years. However, he and the following speakers all indicated that such changes are only apparent and the underlying reality of rock and

fell is constant. The President also referred pointedly to the practical applications of the highly theoretic approach to risk analysis by a past President who had increased his accident rate presumably to justify his statistics in his journal article. Following an introduction of the Club's guests the President called on Billy Pape the most senior member present to propose the health of the Club — though it was obviously very sound.

Billy Pape joined the Club in 1921 and was an ideal choice to exemplify the theme of his speech — that youth and enthusiasm are a matter of attitude of mind and not of chronology.

One assumes that our chief guest, Tom Weir, maintains his diary well ahead, since he was also our chief guest at the diamond jubilee dinner — has he been booked for the centenary? In his speech Mr. Weir reminded us of the close links between English and Scottish climbers from the earliest days of the sport and dealt with recent developments in the Highlands in a way that made not a few members envious that such possibilities no longer exist in Cumbria.

Prior to the speeches (which a number of guests considered were over too quickly — praise indeed), the superb anniversary cake made, iced and decorated by Pat Andrews, Enid Comstive and Jill Aldersley was cut and distributed having survived a simulated ice axe attack by the President and Alan Hargreaves, the most senior ex-President present.

A further innovation, a disco, was held to allow excess (what excess?) energy to be worked off and to enable members old and young to get fit for the morrow or alternatively to have an excuse for not climbing — "Sorry, can't climb today, slipped a disc at the Disco!"

Sunday, the weather settled to a fairly steady drizzle which allowed everyone to start late and spend adequate time at the exhibition which had been organised in the Moot Hall.

Sections of the exhibition covered the Club's history both formal and informal; mountaineering literature and equipment of historic interest were on display, geology was represented by Peter Fleming's display of minerals from home and abroad and a superb display was mounted of paintings and photographs by Club members.

Grateful thanks go to the organisers Jill Aldersley, Jack Carswell, June Parker, Muriel Files, Peter Fleming, Tom Price and all the other willing helpers. Only those who have organised such a function know the amount of work that they must have put in.

The exhibition subsequently moved to Kendal where it gave much pleasure to the general public.

The slide show to round off the Meet was given by Tom Weir. This, despite some confusion over starting time, was given to a full house, covering highland regions in most continents, but naturally concentrating on the Scottish Highlands and diverting to side interests such as ornithology and geology. Tom Weir had something for everyone and a lot for most. He was thanked on behalf of the Club by Eileen Clark.

Finally, a second anniversary cake was cut and distributed to any member who had missed out the previous evening. Afterwards signed menus and cake were sent to all the oldest members.

Overall the Meet was a demonstration of the health of the Club and certainly one can look forward now to the centenary with confidence.

Derwentwater and Cat Bells.

◀ E. A. Shepherd

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

Dave Armstrong & Pete Whillance

The steady stream of new routes has continued, particularly during 1981, with many climbs at the highest standards of difficulty. Important developments occurred on previously neglected crags such as Raven Crag (Threshthwaite Cove), Iron Crag and Buckbarrow (Wasdale). There has also been a rediscovery and development of many small outcrops for example Middle Scout Crag, Millbeck Crag, Thrang Crags and Parrock Quarry. Development on major crags has been mainly in the form of variations and aid eliminations, though some very good and hard routes have been made. Of particular note are those on Scafell, Dove Crag, Bowderstone Crag and Eagle Crag (Borrowdale), with some short but very hard problems climbed on Shepherds Crag. Ed Cleasby and friends found a number of new routes in the Dow and Eskdale areas during preparation work for the forthcoming guide.

GREAT LANGDALE AREA

GIMMER CRAG

Ash-Tree Corner. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Takes the pleasant corner right of Ash-Tree Slabs. Start as for that route.

- 1 120 feet. 4c. Follow the corner throughout, joining Ash-Tree Slabs at easy ground near the top.

R. Graham, J. Graham. 23/4/81.

Crystal. 130 feet. E1.

Climbs the wall to the right of Ash-Tree Corner.

- 1 130 feet. 5a. From the foot of Ash-Tree Corner, scramble up right a few feet to below a wall. Climb up and slightly left, then direct alongside a slim groove, to reach easier ground.

B. Birkett, A. Atkinson, D. Lyle. 1/6/81.

Langdale Cowboys. 150 feet. E3.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Start 15 feet left of Intern and climb the diagonal crack to an in-situ nut. Pull out right onto Intern and move right into a parallel groove. Up this to Intern's stance.

- 2 80 feet. 5b. Gain a thin flake system on the wall above and up to a standing position on a spike at its top. Pull up the arête to a junction with Joas near the top.

R. Graham, B. Birkett (alts). 17/4/81.

(Pitch 1.—M. Danson, I. Williamson. Oct. '80.)

Midnight Movie. 250 feet. E3.

Start as for The Crack.

- 1 80 Feet. 5b. Climb The Crack for 40 feet, then continue up twin cracks in an overhanging wall. Belay on a grass ledge.
- 2 50 feet. 6b. Up a thin crack in the middle of the slab, direct, to belay half-way along the Kipling Groove traverse (or better move off right).
- 3 120 feet. 6a. Pull over the overhang and up a scoop for 20 feet (as for Equus). Move right and follow a bulging crack up to the crux moves of Kipling Groove. Finish as for Kipling Groove.

R. Graham, B. Birkett (alts). Spring '82.

WHITE GHYLL

Sahara. 100 feet. E2.

Takes the slim groove line between Laugh Not and Man of Straw.

Start as for Laugh Not.

- 1 100 feet 5c. Gain the groove on the right of Laugh Not and up this to a square cut overhang. Move right around this and follow the groove above to a junction with Man of Straw. Up the laybacks of this for a few feet to a resting foothold level with the overhang on the right. Take the thin crack leading leftwards to the cave of Laugh Not (crux). Straight over the roof to finish.

S. Howe, C. Dale, D. Kay. 23/8/81.

Antarctica. 120 feet. E2.

Start at a cleaned wall, down and left of Laugh Not.

- 1 120 feet. 6a. Climb the wall to reach the thin crack on Do Not—Direct Start. Up this and cross right to the ledge of Waste Not—Want Not (P.R.). Climb a thin groove and directly up the wall above (crux). Step right and climb a groove to finish.

R. Graham, S. Hubbard. 5/11/81.

The Palestinians. 125 feet. E1.

Takes the groove and crack in the blunt arête between Moss Wall and Slip Knot.

- 1 125 feet. 5b. Start just left of Slip Knot and gain a sloping ledge below a groove leading to the first overlap. Climb the groove and pull past the overlap, continue up cracks to the large top overlap and through this to the easier slab. Finish up Slip Knot.

A. Hewison, C. Robinson. 10/8/81.

Titus Groan. 130 feet. E1.

Start as for Moss Wall.

- 1 40 feet. As for pitch 1 Moss Wall.
2 90 feet. 5 b. Climb the chimney for 15 feet, as for Moss Wall. Continue up the groove moving right then left through the overhangs to regain Moss Wall near the top.

R. Sager, J. Hartley. 31/8/75.

Fine Art of Surfacing. 60 feet.

- 1 60 feet. 6a. Climb the undercut arête right of the first pitch of White Ghyll Chimney.

R. Graham, B. Birkett. 18/5/82.

The Horror—Not climbed since part of the roof came away in a rockfall.

PAVEY ARK

Sixpence. 110 feet. E4. (Several rest points).

The wall and hanging groove left of Eclipse.

- 1 110 feet. 6b/c. Climb the corner of Eclipse for 20 feet to a ledge on the right. Make one move up the open corner above, then traverse left onto the wall. Climb directly up to a good hold below and right of a P.R. at the base of the groove. (Rest on sling). Gain a standing position in the groove and make difficult moves to reach a small ledge on the right. Continue, strenuously, to a ledge and belay at the top. (Some rests taken in the groove).

A. Atkinson, K. Forsythe. 12/7/81.

Black Hole. 50 feet. E3.

Starts 15 feet left of Fallen Angel, below a water-worn groove.

- 1 50 feet. 6b. Climb the groove until moves left can be made to the spike on Astra. Step right and layback up the arête to the belay on Astra.

B. Berzins, M. Berzins. 2/8/81.

RAVEN CRAG

The Watch. 285 feet. E4.

A traverse of the central wall, originally climbed with much aid. Start as for Holly-Tree Direct.

- 1 115 feet. 4c. Pitches 1 and 2 of Holly-Tree Direct.
- 2 30 feet. 5c. Climb up 15 feet to a glaciis and traverse right around the rib into the corner of Trilogy (at half-height).
- 3 80 feet. 6a. Traverse right and down slightly to join R 'n' S Special and follow this to Fine Time. Belay.
- 4 60 feet. 5b. As for Fine Time—climb up to the roof, turn this on the left and up slabs to the top.

I. Dunn, R. Graham (alts). 4/10/80.

Centipede—Direct Start. 35 feet. E2.

- 1 35 feet. 5c. Start to the left of Centipede, below the centre of the small buttress/pinnacle. Climb the middle of the face via a hairline vertical crack.

P. Freyburger, T. Walkington. 16/7/80.

Barman's Saunter. 75 feet. H.V.S.

Takes a direct line up the centre of the left hand gully wall—opposite Ornithology.

- 1 75 feet. 5c. Move up to a small bulging overhang at 10 feet, which is surmounted on the right, using a small undercut to reach holds above. Continue via a large triangular niche to the top.

M. Furniss (solo). 14/8/81.

Finger-Swing. 90 feet. E2.

Takes the thin crack in the overhang just left of Sign of Four.

- 1 90 feet. 6a. Climb the slab left of Sign of Four to the overhang. Pull over via the thin crack line (old P.R.) and up to easy scrambling.

T. Walkington (unseconded). 5/5/81.

Warlock. 100 feet. E4.

Free climbs an old peg route through the roof, right of Babylon.

- 1 100 feet. 6a. Any of several easy ways up to a tree below the roof. Traverse right and climb into a corner, then take the overhang direct, just left of the old in situ pegs. A long reach is useful.

B. and M. Berzins. 18/6/81.

MIDDLE SCOUT CRAG.

This compact overhanging wall lies just below and left of Upper Scout Crag and can be identified by a prominent tree at its base. The climbs are short but very strenuous. They are mainly the work of Tom Walkington and were top-rope practised prior to leading.

From left to right:—

Abba. 50 feet. E3.

Start immediately left of The Beatles, some 12 feet left of the tree.

- I 50 feet. 6a. Climb up on good holds, then make a difficult move up left to a hidden pocket. Reach up for a flat spike, stand on it, and continue up the good but shattered looking rock above.

(Beware of large unstable block at top of gully.)

T. Walkington (unseconded). 19/5/82.

The Beatles. 60 feet. E4. (Several rest points).

Climbs the wall just left of centre of the crag. Start 10 feet left of the tree.

- I 60 feet. 6b. Climb up to a triangular jug at 15 feet and make a long reach to another good hold. Layaway moves lead to incut holds, followed by a long reach up to the right. Go up on fingery holds to another jug, then easier climbing to the top. Poorly protected.

T. Walkington (unseconded). 8/9/81.

Elvis. 60 feet. E3.

Start 10 feet right of the tree.

- I 60 feet. 6b. Climb straight up to an undercut flake and make a long reach up left to gain the obvious layback crack. Climb this and continue steeply up ledges to the top.

T. Walkington, A. Trull. 2/4/81. (2 rest points); N. Dixon, I Dunn. April '82 (1 pre-placed nut).

Blondie. 60 feet. E3.

Start as for Elvis.

- I 60 feet. 6a. Climb up to the undercut flake, as for Elvis. Traverse right on the undercuts and continue right on good holds till moves can be made up to the foot of a corner. Pull out and follow the small overhung groove to an overhang. Pull over this to the top.

T. Walkington, D. Mounsey. 21/5/82.

Tenderfoot. 45 feet. E2.

Start 20 feet right of Elvis.

- I 45 feet. 6a. Climb up on good holds till layback moves lead to a hard pull up left into a corner. Move up rightwards to the top.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. April '81.

SIDE PIKE

Two routes have been climbed on the leaning wall about 20 yards left of Spider Crack.

Margot Fonteyn. 100 feet. E1.

Start at an obvious crack near the centre of the wall.

- I 100 feet. 5b. Climb the crack to a ledge. Continue up narrow corners, then straight up the crack above to a ledge (possible belay). Easier rock to the top.

T. Walkington, R. T. Hamilton. 12/6/81.

Rudolf Nureyev. 100 feet. E3. (Several rest points.)

Start immediately left of Margot Fonteyn.

- I 100 feet. 6a/b. Climb straight up to the ledge with difficulty, then follow twin cracks up the left side of the wall to gain a niche. Move onto the left edge and up to a ledge. Easier climbing to the top. Belay well back.

T. Walkington (unseconded). 3/6/81.

MILLBECK CRAG (G.R. 294 070)

This little crag lies half a mile up the hillside behind the New D.G. Hotel, facing West across a beck which runs down to Millbeck Farm. It is composed of steep slabs and has a distinctive overhanging nose at its top. Left to right:—

Zebedee. 70 feet. H.S.

Start 40 feet right of a tree at the left end of the crag; below the first clean groove.

- 1 70 feet. Climb straight up to the obvious groove at 20 feet, and follow it to its top. Step left and climb the shallow groove to the top.

A. Sattenstall, T. Walkington. 18/4/81.

Sweep. 100 feet. H.S.

Start 10 feet right of Zebedee.

- 1 100 feet. Climb small slabs and overlaps for 30 feet then straight up the smooth slab above. Gain the shallow chimney behind the tree via an undercut slab (to left of tree). Exit left and continue to top.

A. Sattenstall, T. Walkington. 18/4/81.

Sooty. 100 feet. V.S.

Start a few feet right of Sweep at a groove system.

- 1 100 feet. 4c. Climb the groove, then straight up a slab and step right to a tree. Climb the broken chimney, right of the tree, then up slabs to the top.

T. Walkington, A. D. Murray. 14/4/81.

Andy Pandy. 110 feet. E2.

Start 20 feet up to the left of the lowest point of the slabs, beneath left to right slanting fault lines.

- 1 110 feet. 5c. Follow the fault line to top of small ledges/blocks. Step up right, then straight up to a small groove above the overhang. Up the groove to a ledge and continue direct up the blank looking wall above. Up slabs to belays.

T. Walkington (unseconded). 18/4/81.

Bill. 120 feet. E1.

Start at the lowest point of the slabs.

- 1 120 feet. 5b. Climb up to an obvious flat-topped spike at 40 feet. Move up and right to a shallow scoop, then straight up to the narrowest point in a line of overhangs. Move up and left over the overhang and follow the steep corner to the top.

T. Walkington, A. D. Trull. 10/4/81.

Ben. 110 feet. E1.

Start 15 feet right of Bill.

- 1 110 feet. 5b. Climb up to a little ledge via a small corner (level with the flat spike on Bill). Step up right and up to a flat-topped projection. Step up right again, then climb to a junction with Bill at the narrowest point of the overhangs. Move up and round the overhang on the right and then around the next overhang to the right finishing up a corner crack.

T. Walkington, E. Penman. 9/4/81.

Variation Finish. 30 feet. E2. (1 pt. aid).

Climbs directly over the centre of the nose.

- 1 30 feet. 5c. From beneath the last overhang on Ben move left under the nose using a small side hold. Use the sling for aid and pull over to the top.

T. Walkington (unseconded). 20/4/81. (Pre-placed nut and sling.)

Old Man's Crack. 60 feet. H.V.S.

Start 15 feet right of Ben.

- 1 60 feet. 5a. Climb slabs to a vertical crack and follow it strenuously to the top. E. Penman, T. Walkington. 9/4/81.

The Girdle Traverse. 160 feet. V.S.

Takes the obvious line beneath the band of overhangs. Start at a tree at the left end of the crag.

- 1 70 feet. Climb across the slab on the right and then across to a tree.
- 2 60 feet. 4c. Traverse below the overhangs to a tree by Old Man's Crack.
- 3 30 feet. 4a. Traverse right to a large block using large high holds. Belay at the block or around the corner.

T. Walkington, J. Metcalfe, J. W. Garnett. 15/4/81.

TODD CRAG, AMBLESIDE (369039)

Just outside Ambleside on the Coniston/Langdale road is a notorious hump-backed bridge (Rothay Bridge). When crossing this bridge the crag lies directly ahead on the hillside, shrouded in trees. Turn right immediately over the bridge and follow the road a few hundred yards to where a footpath slants leftwards up to the woods.

Several short routes have been climbed, easily the best being a prominent thin crack in a steep wall on the left side of the crag:—

Crack of the Woods. 60 feet. E3.

- 1 60 feet. 6a. Move up to the crack and follow it to a difficult pull out onto a glacia. An easy corner leads to the top. (An old peg route.)

E. Cleasby, M. Danson. 1981.

DEER BIELD CRAG

Desperado.

The final easy pitch no longer exists due to a rockfall. Finish as for Deer Bield Buttress.

Take it to the Limit.

Likewise, the final easy pitch has gone. More important, however, the large block which protruded from the chimney and provided a rest and a runner on the main pitch has also disappeared.

Age Before Beauty. 190 feet. M.V.S.

The arête to the right of Pearls Before Swine.

- 1 120 feet. 4b. Follow Easedale Groove until just above the first overlap, then move right across the wall to the arête. Follow this to the tree belay at the top of pitch 2 of Easedale Groove.
- 2 70 feet. 4b. Gain the ledge on the right wall and make a high step up onto the arête. Scramble up to top and poor belay. (Tree belay 40 feet further back).

R. Wightman, S. Stean. 14/5/82.

SCAFELL, DOW AND ESKDALE AREA

SCAFELL EAST BUTTRESS

Strider. Now free. H.V.S. 5a.

P. Botterill, J. Moore. 31/5/82.

Lost Horizons. E4. 6b.

The aid move is now free.

B. Berzins, M. Browell. 2/6/82.

Zeus—Direct Start. 40 feet. E3.

1 40 feet. 6a. Climb a short difficult crack, then an easy groove leading to the niche at the top of pitch 1 of Morning Wall.

C. Sowden, M. Berzins. 15/5/82.

The Almighty. 80 feet. E4.

The prominent overhanging crack midway between Hell's Groove and Lucius. Start at a large block.

1 80 feet. 6b. Climb the strenuous crack direct to join Pegasus at the end of pitch 2. Finish up that route or abseil off from a peg (in place).

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 28/8/81.

Hell's Bells. 225 feet. E4.

Takes a line of flake cracks in the wall right of Hell's Groove.

1 105 feet. 6a. Climb a strenuous flake crack just right of Hell's Groove, to a resting place. Step right and follow flakes up the wall to gain the last few moves of Hell's Groove pitch 2, and so its belay.

2 120 feet. 5b. Pull over the bulge at the break above the belay and continue in the same line to finish up Hell's Groove.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 10/8/81.

Incubus. E4. 6b.

This route has lost its final aid point.

M. Berzins, C. Sowden. 15/5/82.

DOW CRAG

Lemon Tide. 140 feet. H.V.S.

Start as for Crock's Crawl.

1 50 feet. Pitch 1 of Crock's Crawl.

2 90 feet. 5a. Climb the right slanting crack, as for Crock's Crawl and continue up to the overhang. Pull directly over this, step right, and then climb the slab to the top by way of a short groove.

A. Phizacklea, S. Harry. 18/7/82.

Security Risk. 100 feet. E.2.

Start as for Catacomb below the wide crack.

1 100 feet. 6a. The shallow square runnel on the right is climbed with difficulty to a ledge. Move left onto Catacomb and climb the steep crack directly to a natural thread. Swing immediately leftwards across the steep wall and climb direct to the final bulges. Pull through these finishing on the ledges above.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson (var). Summer '82.

Astrakhan. 140 feet. E2.

An eliminate line between Murray's Route and Murray's Superdirect.

Start immediately below the initial moves of Tigers Traverse.

1 30 feet. 5c. Climb rightwards into the centre of the wall until directly beneath a slim overlap. Ascend directly up the wall, over the overlap and gain Tigers Traverse by an awkward move. Continue to a belay on Murray's.

2 40 feet. 5c. Move easily up into the base of the obvious corner and as soon as possible traverse left to gain the obvious leaning crack. Follow this to a belay on Murray's.

- 3 70 feet. 5c. Climb easily up the chimney/ramp and near its top pull into the overhung niche (as for Murray's Superdirect). Pull directly out of the right hand side to gain the blunt rib above; follow this to easier ground and the top.

E. Cleasby, M. Morrison, A. Phizacklea. 17/4/82:

Madam. 140 feet. H.V.S.

Starts just left of the steep arête left of Abraham's Route.

- 1 50 feet. 5a. Climb to the arête on side holds and move up the steep wall leftwards into a groove line. Follow this to belays.
 2 60 feet. Follow walls and ribs to a long ledge on Woodhouse's Route.
 3 30 feet. 4c. An interesting left slanting groove in the steep wall on the left.

Close to Critical. 130 ft. E4.

Climbs the steep groove behind Woodhouse's Pinnacle.

- 1 90 feet. 6b. From the pinnacle pull onto a good flake and climb the steep groove with difficulty, passing two P.R.'s. Continue more easily exiting leftwards onto a large sloping ledge as for Hesperus.
 2 40 feet. 5b. Step off the right hand block above onto the steep wall and climb directly through the traverse line of Hesperus to ledges and belay.

E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. Summer '82.

Easter Rising. 160 feet. E1.

Ascends the wall between Hopkinson's Crack and Black Wall.

Start at the foot of Hopkinson's Crack.

- 1 85 feet. 5c. Climb the wall on the right directly to the overlap (thread runner). Move left and surmount the overlap and smooth quartz wall above into an easier crack line. Climb the wall on the left of the crack line, moving leftwards, and belay on the ledges above.
 2 75 feet. 5a. Move left into the vague crack line on the upper wall and follow it to the final hanging rib. Step right into the groove which leads to the top.

A. Phizacklea, R. Matheson. 30/5/82.

KERNEL CRAG (COPPERMINES VALLEY)

K.P. 80 feet. E2.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Start 10 feet right of Pinnacle Route, below a groove in a steep wall. Climb the wall to a niche and P.R. Up the groove above to an overlap, pull over, and so to the top.

I. Cooksey, D. Taylor. 19/5/82.

HODGE CLOSE QUARRY

A large rockfall has removed the first 70 feet of Secret Affair and Blind Prophets. A more recent route, Alternative Ulster, likewise lost its first pitch. Its second pitch is therefore described as follows:—

Stiff Little Fingers—Variation Finish. 50 feet. E3.

- 1 50 feet. 5c. From the resting footholds, 10 feet below the roof, climb a crack leading leftwards through the centre of the roof to holds on Live Theatre. Follow the continuation crack and ramp leftwards with difficulty to finish at the top left edge of the wall.

P. Clarke, J. Kenyon. 9/8/81.

Play For Today. 170 feet. E2.

Start to the right of Sideshow.

- 1 50 feet. 4c. Climb the lefthand of two grooves for 25 feet. Traverse right into the main groove and follow it to a stance on Sideshow.
- 2 120 feet. 5c. Climb the arête on the right of the main groove line above, until it merges with the groove itself. Follow the groove to the second of three saplings, cross the wall on the right to an obvious ledge, and then up to finish by Live Theatre.

P. Clarke, J. Giblin. 2/5/81.

Mirror, Mirror. 160 feet. E3.

Climbs the wall and overlaps right of Through the Looking Glass. Start as for Dan Dare.

- 1 160 feet. 5c. Climb the initial short crack of Dan Dare and then traverse left across the wall for about 25 feet. Move up and left to good footholds below a thin right slanting ramp. Gain the ramp (awkward) and follow it to a good runner at its top. Pull up and left to below the final steep wall P.R. Straight up the wall on improving holds to the top.

M. Danson, R. Wightman, I. Cooksey. 1/6/81.

Guilty. 120 feet. E1.

Start at the foot of Sasquatch.

- 1 120 feet. 5a. Climb Sasquatch for 40 feet, then make a delicate rising traverse rightwards to gain a small ledge with a sapling. Climb directly up the clean slab to finish.

B. Wright, M. Lynch. Summer '80.

Mad Alice. 100 feet. E3.

Takes the second rib of Sasquatch. Start to the left of the rib and just left of a big blank scoop.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Move up into the scoop and cross it to its right hand corner. Move up and step round the corner to a groove, which is followed to good holds and some runners. Gain the start of the rib above and climb it, first rightwards and then back left to a doubtful flake. Finish directly up the rib.

M. Danson, I. Cooksey. 2/5/81.

PARROCK QUARRY

This is the quarry which provides the access approach to routes in Hodge Close Quarry (the two being adjacent and connected by a huge archway). The pathway down lies at the North end. All climbs are on the west-facing buttresses and walls, to the left of the track. Right to left:—

A Girl Called India. 110 feet. H.V.S.

Some 50 yards left of the huge archway, a prominent pillar leans against the face. Start in the vegetated corner on the left of the pillar.

- 1 110 feet. 5a. Climb cracklines in the slab, avoiding the vegetated corner, to beneath a roof. Pull round and hand traverse right to a small platform on the arête. Climb up till possible to step left across the slab to a good crack through the overlap. Finish up the slab.

Flakey Slab. 90 feet. S.

- 1 90 feet. The next obvious large slabs left of A Girl Called India. Takes the cleanest line up the slabs.

J. White, P. Carnforth. 20/2/82.

Some 50 yards left towards the descent path is a short wall with some good lines.

One Arm Bandit. 40 feet. H.V.S.

1 40 feet. 5a. Start at the foot of the obvious right hand cleaned groove which contains a small birch near the top. Climb up to a block, move left into the main groove and follow it to the top via the tree.

A. Tilny, I. Williamson. 14/2/82.

The Model. 50 feet. E1.

1 50 feet. 5b. To the left of One Arm Bandit is a cleaned slab. Climb the slab direct to a P.R., then the groove on the right direct to the top.

I. Williamson, A. Tilny, J. White, P. Carnforth. 20/2/82.

Showroom Dummy. 50 feet. V.S.

1 50 feet. 4c. Climb the pleasant arête to the left of the previous route, and the leftwards trending groove to finish.

J. White, I. Williamson, P. Carnforth, A. Tilny. 20/2/82.

G.F.I. 50 feet. E3.

1 50 feet. 6a/b. Takes the blunt rib left of Showroom Dummy. Two difficult mantle shelves lead to the crux (P.R.). Continue with a hard move near the top.

Celica Groove. 40 feet. E1.

1 40 feet. 5b. The short groove left of G.F.I. is climbed direct. Poor runners. I. Williamson, J. White. 30/3/82.

Left of the previous buttress the quarry steepens up and the lines become more complex. The most obvious feature is the steep groove line of Master Blaster.

Blind Nigger. 75 feet. E1.

A good route.

1 75 feet. 5c. Start 15 feet right of the groove of Master Blaster at a small rib below a rightward slanting slab. Climb the rib to a good foothold on the slab above (P.R.). Move rightwards up the slab to a short crack. Follow this, then move leftwards across the overhanging wall (below a gnarled tree) to a spike on the arête. Climb the slab direct to finish.

A. Tilny, I. Williamson. 7/3/82.

Master Blaster. 75 feet. E2.

1 75 feet. 5c. Start at the foot of the obvious steep groove. Climb the groove to a roof, make a hard move right to gain the main groove line, and follow it to a P.R. Move rightwards to the arête and a good spike (junction with Blind Nigger). Climb the slab as direct as possible to finish.

I. Williamson, A. Tilny. 7/3/82.

Hotter than July. 70 feet. E2/3.

1 70 feet. 5c. Climb the groove 15 feet left of Master Blaster, then pull onto the hanging slab with difficulty. Traverse right, then step across a wide gap, below a P.R. Straight up the wall above on small holds.

I. Williamson, A. Tilny. 3/4/82.

Jive Turkey. 60 feet. E2.

An interesting variation on Hotter than July.

1 60 feet. 5c. Climb Master Blaster to runners below the roof. Move slightly down and left, then swing left and move up onto a ledge. Pull over onto the slab of Hotter than July and up this to finish.

M. Danson, A. Wiggans, I. Williamson, M. Carnforth, P. Caton, S. Docherty. 10/4/82.

BLIND TARN CRAG

Sneak. 100 feet. E1.

Follows the obvious shallow groove on the right hand side of the compact section. Start below the groove, just left of the crack of Snatch.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the wall leftwards to below the overhang and pull directly into the hanging groove, moving left above the bulge. Follow the obvious line to the top, finishing as for Snatch.

E. Cleasby, M. Lynch. 13/5/81.

GREAT BLAKE RIGG

Rumour. 165 feet. E3.

Start at the large detached pinnacle about 40 feet left of the white coloured gully at the right-hand end of the crag (the white buttress taken by Thor and Odin).

- 1 95 feet. Climb the pinnacle, step left and follow a rib to a spike. Up to the obvious square roof and belay under it.
- 2 70 feet. 5c. Avoid the roof by climbing left to the foot of a slab. Up this for one move and traverse right to gain a small ledge at the right hand edge of the slab. Step back left and up to a ledge (crux). Follow the arête to the top. (Poorly protected.)

I. Greenwood, A. Greenwood. June '81.

STONESTAR CRAG, DUDDON VALLEY (202912)

Lies alongside the road, 3 miles South of Ulpha.

Columbia. 90 feet. H.V.S.

Start just left of centre of the black wall.

- 1 90 feet. 5b. Climb a shallow groove, then up a thin right slanting crack. Finish direct up to top.

A. Phizacklea, M. Lynch. 13/4/81.

The Breach. 70 feet. E2.

- 1 70 feet. 6a. Finds a way up the centre of the blank-looking black wall. Start at a large block. Move up left a few feet, then up right slanting crack to finish direct.

E. Cleasby, A. Phizacklea. 8/2/81.

HOLLINHEAD CRAG (157006)

A rather broken granite outcrop on the hillside above Spout House Farm; some 2 miles East of Eskdale Green. The main feature is a large steep slab bounded on the right by a vegetated corner.

Mister Jive. 110 feet. H.V.S.

- 1 110 feet. 5a. Start a few feet left of the vegetated corner and climb up slightly leftwards to gain the obvious thin crack line up the centre of the slab. Follow the crack, which peters out near the top to give an awkward finish.

M. Danson, E. Cleasby, A. Wiggans, N. Roberts. April '82.

(An old peg route of 1958 vintage.)

Doctor Heckle. 100 feet. E2.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Climbs the left hand side of the large slab, alongside a blunt rib. Start up a thin crack, move left to the edge and follow it to easier climbing.

E. Cleasby, M. Danson, A. Wiggans, N. Roberts. April '82.

The obvious deep groove to the left of the large slab (80 feet. S.), the long broken ridge (180 feet. Diff.) and several other scrambles were climbed during the late 50's.

HERON CRAG

The Patriot. 220 feet. E2.

Takes a line between Gormenghast and The Yellow Edge. Scramble to a birch tree beneath the corner of Babylon.

- 1 60 feet. 5c. Climb a short corner on the right, traverse right, then up the wall (on Gormenghast) to an old P.R. Step down and move left to the edge, then a difficult move to gain a groove in the edge. Easily up to good ledge and nut belays.
- 2 50 feet. 5c. Directly up behind the stance and over a bulge and up to a poor ledge. Holly tree belay on right.
- 3 110 feet. 5b. Move up left to the second ledge then step right and climb a steep groove exiting right at the top onto a ramp. Go up to a spike then up right and back left to reach the arête. Follow this to the top.

A. Phizacklea, E. Cleasby. 9/5/82.

Flanker—Direct Start. 70 feet. E2.

1a 70 feet. 6a. Start mid-way along the undercut wall between Flanker and Freak-Out. Climb the initial boulder-problem overhang, then continue directly to the stance of Flanker (top of pitch 1).

E. Cleasby, A. Phizacklea. 15/5/82.

Assassin—Direct Finish. 120 feet. E2.

2a 120 feet. 5c. As for Assassin pitch 2 for 60 feet as far as the second P.R., then continue direct up the wall to the right side of a long roof. Pull directly through this and up to the top.

E. Cleasby, A. Phizacklea. 9/5/82.

CAM SPOUT CRAG

Eskdale Grooves. 230 feet. E1. 5b. Now free. B. Birkett, G. Tinnings. 1974.

Danegeld. 270 feet. E1.

Takes the nose in the upper part of the crag, between Cam Spout Grooves and The Orc. Pleasant, but with little independent climbing. Start as for The Ent.

- 1 100 feet. As for The Ent, then up left for 20 feet to a long grassy ledge beneath a short clean wall.
- 2 140 feet. 5b. Climb a short rib on the right till beneath the long groove bounding the left side of the rib. Pull steeply into the groove and follow it for 20 feet. Cross the wall on the right to gain a short crack which leads up right to the arête. Follow the arête to a sloping ledge below the final bulge.
- 3 30 feet. 5a. Pull steeply through the bulge into a slim tapering groove. Follow this to grass ledges.

E. Cleasby, A. Phizacklea. June '82.

UPPER CRAG

Above the descent ramp is a large rambling buttress.

High Board. 150 feet. H.V.S.

Start 40 feet down from the top of the ramp at a small bay on the right.

- 1 100 feet. 4c. Climb the short corner/groove behind the bay, traverse right and move up past the left side of a large block. Continue up right to belay below a short overhanging wall.
- 2 50 feet. 5a. Pull onto the steep wall above and traverse left; climb directly up the slab above and finish up a steep crack on the left.

E. Cleasby, A. Phizacklea. 10/9/81.

ESK BUTTRESS**Microbe.** 230 feet. E1.

Takes the wall above and left of Amoeba. Start from a ledge level with and left of Frustration Chimney.

- 1 130 feet. 5a. Up a short chimney to gain the arête on the left edge of the buttress. Climb this until moves left lead to a steep chimney/crack and up to a ledge. Climb the wall above on its left arête till moves right lead to a belay below the right edge of a big wall.
- 2 100 feet. 5b. Climb the wall on its right edge; gained by first climbing right then up and back left along a flake to reach a crack in the wall. Keep to the wall all the way avoiding possible moves right around the arête.

R. Graham, B. Birkett. 18/4/82.

Far From the Maddening Crowd. 260 feet. H.V.S.

A route up the little-frequented right hand side of the crag. Start on grass ledges 30 feet up and right of the juniper trees (top of pitch 2, Right Hand Route). Reached by scrambling across the gully.

- 1 130 feet. 5a. Climb up and rightwards over garden ledges to a steep 30 foot corner. Climb this and belay on the right (on Flake Climb).
- 2 130 feet. 5a. Walk right around the corner. Pull up a short steep corner and climb the left-hand crack of the alcove above, pulling out left at the top. Step right across the top of the alcove and climb diagonally right to finish up the right hand of three cracks in the steep head wall.

B. Birkett, R. Graham (alts). 18/4/82.

HARD KNOTT CRAG**Powerglide.** 110 feet. E3.

Climbs the steep wall between Bonington's Route and Copenhagen. Start at the left side of the wall, some 20 feet below a short open groove.

- 1 110 feet. 6a. Climb up right a few feet then back left to a small slab beneath the bottomless groove. Climb the groove, exiting right, and continue steeply up the wall past a good spike to an undercut/side hold. Use this to reach left to a thin crack, which is followed to better holds on the left edge of the wall. Cross the final wall rightwards to the top.

E. Cleasby, K. Gibson. June '82.

Earl Boethar. 140 feet. E2.

Takes the obvious groove between Storm Groove and Intrusion. Start at a platform 20 feet left of Intrusion.

- 1 140 feet. 5c. Climb a hand-crack in the right wall of a wide corner to ledges at 30 feet. Follow the groove above to the final roof, turn this on the left, then up a corner to a ledge and more easily to the top.

E. Cleasby, M. Lynch. May '82.

The following route was left out of the Gable guidebook.

Brantrake. 115 feet. E2.

A worrying climb up the bulging wall and ensuing groove left of Storm Groove. Start at the foot of the dirty corner.

- 1 115 feet. 5b. Climb the corner 15 feet, then make an ascending traverse of the wall on the right. Step up right and pull up into the base of the open groove. Follow the groove to its conclusion exiting left, then back right a few feet higher to a rib which is followed to the top.

M. Goff, N. Bracegirdle (1 peg for aid). 3/7/69.

E. Cleasby, M. Lynch (free). Summer '82.

GATE CRAG

Hybrid. 150 feet. E2.

An eliminate up the wall right of Left Hand Groove.

- 1** 150 feet. 5c. Start up a crack 15 feet left of Left Hand Groove. Cross a ledge to gain thin flakes on the right wall, and up these to a scoop below a small roof. Pull round this on the right, up and back left on good holds. Swing left round a steep nose (resting place further left), step down and right to a thin crack and up this direct to the top.

T. Stephenson, J. Wilson, B. Young. 11/9/82.

The Eye of the Falcon. 100 feet. V.S. 4b 4c.

Climbs the largest crack left of Intake Ridge. A. Wilson. 1982.

BRANTRAKE CRAG—L.H. BUTTRESS

Art for Art's Sake. 70 feet. E4.

An interesting exercise in granite face climbing up the middle of the wall between the two prominent V.S. cracklines.

- 1** 70 feet. 6b. Start below the centre of the wall and pull up to reasonable holds. Step up left to reach and climb a very thin crack (crux) leading to a good break in the middle of the wall. Directly up to a small chicken head, step right then up left to another break near the top. A short layback crack on the right to finish.

(Grade assumes no use of hold or runners in either neighbouring route.)

P. Whillance, J. Lamb. 3/7/81

The wall just left of the two prominent V.S. cracklines contains a hairline crack. It was climbed at H.V.S. (5b) by J. Lamb and B. Allen—Summer '81.

WABERTHWAITE QUARRY, MUNCASTER (113944)

A somewhat overgrown granite quarry, lying alongside the A.595, a few miles South of Ravensglass. Right to left:—

Witch Hunt. 95 feet. E2.

Takes the groove system left of the arête bounding the main wall.

- 1** 95 feet. 5c. Climb the groove into a large niche. Pull out leftwards to a good hold and up to a ledge. Climb the right-trending groove to the top.

A. Phizacklea, I. Greenwood. 4/7/81.

Dynamite Slab. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Starts some 40 feet left of Witch Hunt and just left of some big drill holes.

- 1** 120 feet. 5b. Climb up to the slab and cross this rightwards to a block. Follow the wall above, then traverse right to finish. Alternatively move right from the block and finish direct (easier).

A. Phizacklea, D. Mackintosh. July '81.

Direct Start. 30 feet. 5c.

Start 20 feet left of Witch Hunt and climb the steep slab direct to the block.

B. Phizacklea, K. Phizacklea. Summer '81.

Original Route. 80 feet. V.Diff.

- 1** 80 feet. Climb the corner to the left of Dynamite Slab. D. Holiday, D. Phizacklea. 1981.

The slabby corner, further left again, has been climbed at H.V.S.

BUTTERMERE AND EASTERN CRAGS

YEW CRAG KNOTTS

Spring Fever, 130 feet. E1.

Takes the steep corners 20 feet left of Eternal Spring (about 20 yards left of Hearth).

- 1 130 feet. 5b. Gain the corner via a ramp from the right and climb it until a glaciis on the right can be gained with difficulty. Continue up the steep corner above on excellent holds to the top.

R. Graham, B. Birket (var.). 26/3/81.

Eternal Spring, 130 feet. H.V.S.

Takes the groove to the right of a small square overhang and the overhanging chimney directly above, in the centre of the crag.

Start just left of Garden Wall.

- 1 70 feet. 5a. Up to a thorn bush. Move up and gain the groove via a large detached flake. Up the groove and exit right to a tree belay.
- 2 60 feet. 5a. Step left then straight up the wall to join the overhanging chimney. Up this to the top.

B. Birkett, K. Forsythe (alts), B. Peascod. 15/3/81.

A route named Substitute, which climbed the first 100 feet of what is now Spring Fever, and finished up Eternal Spring, was climbed by A. Greig and J. Moore in August 1977.

Hearth Direct, 100 feet. E1.

Straightens out the rather devious direction of Hearth.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the groove and continue straight up through the overhang, up a short wall and directly up a groove to the top.

R. Graham, B. Birkett. 26/3/81.

ROUND HOW

Tambourine, 100 feet. H.S. 4b.

Climbs over perched flakes and a short wall 20 yards right of the sweep of slabs dividing the western half of the crag.

D. Craig, B. Peascod. 1982.

Tuning Fork, 100 feet. V.S. 4c.

A steep wall and blunt nose near the west end of the continuous rock are climbed, passing a vibrating finger.

D. Craig, B. Peascod. 1982.

RED CRAG (BOLSHOI BUTTRESS)

Bolshoi Ballet, 200 ft. E1.

Takes the slim grooves just right of Bolshoi Buttress.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the obvious smooth groove and its right arête to a resting foothold at the foot of the main groove (good runner down left). Climb the groove to the overhang, continue up and rightwards to easier ground. Follow the wall/arête to the pinnacle at the top of Bolshoi Buttress pitch 2.
- 2 100 feet. Climb the arête above then walls/heather.

S. Howe, A. Davis. 4/4/81.

MINERS CRAG (TERRACE WALL)

Clementine. 90 feet. E2.

The left wall of a big corner (left of Jezebel) contains a thin slanting crack. Start at a large block at the left edge of the wall.

- 1 90 feet. 5c. Climb the wall and crackline diagonally rightwards to a niche below an overhang. Climb the crack/groove through the overhang and up to easy ground.

J. Lamb, P. Whillance (var.). 1976.

(Missed out of Buttermere and Eastern Crags guide.)

DALE HEAD CRAG

The Butterfly Collector. 250 feet. E2.

- 1 80 feet 5c. Climb the front of the Pillar, first up to an area of quartz crystals and move left to an obvious hold, then hard moves lead to the slab above. Straight up to the ledge.

- 2 30 feet. 4c. The arête on the right leads to the top of the Pillar.

- 3 140 feet. 5a. Diagonally out rightwards to the centre of the main wall of the crag where indistinct cracks lead to the top.

P. Clarke, J. Perry. 1980.

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

Reward. 130 feet. E1.

Climbs the arête to the right of Scoop and Crack.

- 1 50 feet. 5b. Start at the bottom of the undercut arête, and climb up to a good spike at 30 feet. Move onto the ramp then pull over an overlap into a short groove. Up this to a ledge and yew tree belay.

- 2 80 feet. 5a. Move right and up the wall. After the second ledge make directly for an obvious scoop then straight to the top.

B. Birkett, N. Robinson. 6/5/81.

(Pitch 1—D. Armstrong solo. 11/3/78.)

RAVEN CRAG—THIRLMERE

Stir Crazy. 235 feet. E1.

The main pitch follows a series of grooves between Empire and Anarchist.

- 1 60 feet. The easy groove right of the first pitch of Empire to a thread and P.B.

- 2 110 feet. 5b. Follow a rightwards sloping ramp to a short wall and pull over this onto easier ground. Follow a groove to a bulge and pull over steeply left into another groove which is followed direct to a pocket (good thread). Move left and up to a steep wall exiting left, continue to P.B.

- 3 65 feet. 5a. Climb diagonally left to reach a short groove, up this to reach a good flake crack and swing left into the steep corner of the direct finish to Communist Convert and up to the top.

R. Graham, C. Downer (alts), S. Kyson. 11/6/82.

IRON CRAG—LEFT HAND BUTTRESS

The general comments in the guide about looseness and friability etc., refer to the main buttress and as such are justified. This crag lies up to the left and the routes climbed are clean and sound. The most obvious feature is a prominent right slanting chimney called **Rust** (M.V.S.).

The routes are described left to right: the first two routes take the obvious diagonal breaks slanting up to the right.

Marshal Law. 140 feet. E1.

Climbs the higher traverse line above The Steel Band.

- 1 70 feet. 5a. Start 10 feet left of Steel Band at a loose looking break and follow it rightwards to a belay on Granolithic Groove.
- 2 70 feet. 5b. Follow the obvious break rightwards across the crag to the grassy gully (Rust).

R. Graham, C. Downer. 20/3/82.

The Steel Band. 160 feet. E1.

Takes the lower right-slanting break.

Start 20 feet left of Granolithic Groove at a small sapling.

- 1 65 feet. 5a. Climb rightwards up a green slab, then straight up for 15 feet until good holds lead right across a wall to a rib. Move right into Granolithic Groove, step down and right to a small ledge and belay.
- 2 95 feet. 5a. Climb up right to the obvious horizontal break and follow this to a flake crack (on Marble Staircase). Step down and hand traverse right to reach a sloping ledge. Climb the middle of a wall to the upper break and continue directly up the wall to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (alts). 18/7/81.

Granolithic Groove. 130 feet. E1.

12 yards left of Rust are two obvious groovelines converging near the top. Take the left hand groove line starting from a large block, 20 feet left of Solidarity.

- 1 130 feet. 5b. Climb the groove for 10 feet, then its right hand wall. Continue up the steep groove and wall above to finish up a cleaned rib.

P. Whillance, J. Loxham. 12/6/81.

Solidarity. 130 feet. E1.

Takes the right hand groove, starting a few feet left of the corner of Marble Staircase at a small bush.

- 1 130 feet. 5b. Climb a thin crack rightwards to a small overlap and pull up steeply into a groove. Follow the groove passing a small overhang and where it ends continue up a short wall and finish up a short rib on the left.

P. Whillance, J. Loxham. 12/6/81.

Kryptonite. 120 feet. E3.

- 1 120 feet. 6a. Start up Solidarity but move right to a steep crack. Up this to a junction with Marble Staircase then up and left to a thin crack splitting a steep wall. Follow this directly to the overhang on Marble Staircase, and up this to the top.

R. Graham, C. Downer. 17/4/82.

Marble Staircase. 120 feet. E3.

Starts 15 feet left of Rust below a steep corner.

- 1 120 feet. 5c. Climb the corner to an overhang and pull out left to a sloping ledge. Step back right, pull up into a groove and follow it to a prominent horizontal break. Traverse right 15 feet along the break to a flake crack. Up this then awkwardly leftwards to reach the upper break below an overhang. Pull over into a short groove which leads to a large tree and the top of the crag.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 14/7/81.

Hiddenite. 120 feet. E2.

Takes the green groove and wall right of Rust. Scramble up right over blocks until about 20 feet right of the groove.

- 1 120 feet. 5c. Step up and traverse left along sloping ledges to below the green groove. Climb the groove to an overhang then move right to a faint groove in the wall. Climb the right wall to a small overhang, pull up and continue slightly leftwards to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 16/7/81.

Black Gold. 100 feet. E4.

Climbs the orange wall and black curving groove on the right hand side of the crag, right of Hiddenite. Scramble up right over blocks to a tree belay.

- 1 100 feet. 6a. Step off the highest block, (a few feet left of the tree), onto the wall and pull up to a sloping ledge. Climb up rightwards to good holds, then traverse left across the wall to below a steep groove. Climb this, exiting left at the top to reach easier ground.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 13/7/81.

SANDBED GHYLL

Child in Time. 110 feet. E1.

Climbs the corner/groove right of Sandbed Corner.

- 1 110 feet. 5c. Climb the corner to where it steepens below a hanging groove. Pull into this using the jamming crack (crux) and continue up the groove to the top. Belay well back.

P. Carnforth, J. White. May 1981.

All The Way From America. 110 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs the obvious arête on the right of Sandbed Corner (not much protection).

- 1 110 feet. Start at the bottom left of the arête, up to a good hold and swing right onto the arête proper. Up this to the top.

J. White, P. Carnforth. May 1981.

YEW CRAG—THIRLMERE

The following routes are on the large compact buttress at the left hand end of the crag.

Lost Arrow. 150 feet. E3.

Start at a large block left of a gully.

- 1 150 feet. 5c. Step left off the block past flakes. Climb the wall right of the tree to a ledge. Up slightly right then back left to a shallow groove. Up the groove (P.R.) then diagonally left to a crack line. Follow this past a niche to easier ground.

K. Telfer, G. Telfer, S. Kennedy. Feb. 1982.

Longbow. 150 feet. E2.

Start at a large block as for Lost Arrow.

- 1 150 feet. 5b. Step right off the block and climb a wall and groove step left to another groove and up this. Move slightly left and up to a small ledge. Up and slightly right to ledges on the edge of a gully. Step back left onto a wall and climb a bulge to easier rock and so to the top.

K. Telfer, S. Telfer, A. Winter. Feb. 1982.

Agincourt. 150 feet. E2.

Start just right of a gully beneath a hanging groove in a steep wall.

- 1 150 feet. 5c. Climb the wall then left edge of the groove, P.R. Move right at the top to a grass ledge and up to another grass ledge. From right end of the ledge move up and right to a shallow left curving groove. Climb this to the head wall and move left to a spike on the arête. Move diagonally up and

right across the headwall to a break with good holds. Up this to easier ground.

K. Telfer, G. Telfer, A. Winter. Feb. 1982.

Free Flight. 175 feet. E1.

Start 30 feet right of a gully beneath a tree at a right angle groove below a small overhang.

- 1 40 feet. 5b. Step off a small block, up to the overhang. Step right and climb the steep wall and corner to the tree.
- 2 135 feet. 5a. Climb the short corner behind the tree then move up and right to a groove system. Follow this to a groove/chimney, climb this and easier angled rock to the top.

K. Telfer, G. Telfer (alts). Feb. 1982.

BIRK CRAG

Technical Maze. 80 feet. E3.

Climbs the tapering wall and groove on the right side of the crag.

Start at a flake on the right side of the wall.

- 1 80 feet. 6a. Step left onto the wall and follow a crack diagonally up left for 15 feet, back right and pull up to resting ledges. Traverse right to a sloping hold, (loose spike on the right). Back left and up the wall (P.R.) to enter the upper groove: up this to the top.

E. Cleasby, B. Wightman, M. Lynch. 12/5/82.

EAGLE CRAG

Poisoned Arrow. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Left of Morning Slab.

- 1 120 feet. 5a. Climb a cleaned crack and slab line left of Morning Slab to a ledge. Finish up the short slab above.

J. White, I. Williamson. 14/5/82.

Summit Crisis. 80 feet. E3.

Takes the striking arête right of the last two pitches of Doctors Grooves.

Start as for Doctors Grooves pitch 4.

80 feet. 5c. As for Doctors Groove then straight up to a small overhanging flake. Pull straight over the overhang on layaways then right to a rest and runner. Continue up the wall slightly left of the arête with difficulty to gain a glacis below the final sharp arête which is climbed strenuously and precariously to the top. Belay well back.

I. Williamson, J. White. Spring 1982.

Bloody Tuesday. 105 feet. E1.

Situated on the buttress right of the main crag.

Start at the same point as Friday The Thirteenth.

- 1 105 feet. 5b. Climb straight up the slab to the foot of a steep crack. Climb the crack direct to where it fades (thread runner), hand traverse right with difficulty to a small ledge. Up a flake crack then back left into a dirty groove. Belay near a detached flake.

I. Williamson, P. Carnforth. 1982.

ST. SUNDAY CRAG

Ocelot. 140 feet. H.S. 4b.

Climbs the arête left of East Chockstone Gully.

D. Craig, B. Kenton-Smith. 1982.

DOVE CRAG

North Buttress. variation start. 120 feet. E4.

A free variation to the first pitch of North Buttress.

- 1a** 120 feet. 5c. Up the layback to a spike and good horizontal crack. Step right and up then traverse left to a P.R. at the base of the shallow groove. Climb the groove and continue until a move left enables a prominent spike on the original route to be grabbed. Climb a few feet up left to the start of the ledges. Traverse left 40 feet to a bolt belay. (Good nuts 15 feet higher.)

R. Graham, D. Lyle, B. Birkett. 27/6/81.

Fast and Furious. 170 feet. E.5.

Takes the faint hanging groove right of the original North Buttress route.

Start from the boulders up a thin flake below the groove, as for North Buttress variation start.

- 2** 170 feet. 6a. Up flake crack, move left to gain a groove (P.R.) Up this, and continue up the impending wall following a line of spaced spikes. Gain a short chimney and up to belay.

R. Graham, D. Lyle, B. Birkett. Summer 1982.

Asolo. 250 feet. E3.

Climbs the large groove on the left of the North Buttress.

Start left of Hangover at a cleaned slab.

- 1** 60 feet. 5a. Straight up the wall and climb a groove to a junction with Hangover just below its crux. Up Hangover a few feet then traverse the wall rightwards at the level of an old peg to a stance at the base of the large groove. (Belay on Friends).
- 3** 120 feet. 5c. Climb the groove to a glaciais on the right. Traverse right a few feet then climb directly up the break. Pull out left at the lip. Finish on the right over a pointed block.

B. Birkett, R. Graham (alts), D. Lyle. 29/5/81.

LOWER THRANG CRAG

Return of the Native. 110 feet. E3.

Start at the centre of the crag at the lowest point.

- 1** 55 feet. 5a. Climb the obvious cleaned crack to the terrace.
- 2** 55 feet. 6a. Up a short groove behind the belay, then climb the overhanging wall first leftwards to a pocket then rightwards to the top.

P. Botterill, P. Whillance. 3/4/81.

The Dynasts. 130 feet. E1.

Climbs the right edge of the buttress.

Start at the right hand end of the crag below a clean white groove.

- 1** 40 feet. 5a. Climb the groove to a ledge and belay below on overhang.
- 2** 90 feet. 5b. Pull straight up over the overhang, step up rightwards then climb the slab and overlap to below a crack in the right hand edge of the final wall. Up the crack/groove to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance (alts). 4/4/81.

Far From The Maddening Crowd. 120 feet. E1.

Lies on a wall about 50 ft above and to the right of the Lower Crag.

Start at the foot of a slab.

- 1** 80 feet. 5b. Climb the slab to below a prominent thin crack in the middle of the wall. Up this to a ledge and belay.
- 2** 40 feet. 4c. Pull up the left hand side of the rib and continue more easily to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (alts). 4/4/81.

UPPER THRANG CRAG

Desperate Remedies. 120 feet. E4.

Climbs the centre of the steep face 20 feet left of Microcosm.

- 1 120 feet. 6a. Climb directly to a large hanging flake at 30 feet. Take its right-hand side and go over a bulge to sloping ledges. Climb the slim groove above to where it ends at an undercut flake. Pull up to a ledge then follow a hand traverse line rightwards into a shallow groove. Step right and pull up onto a slab. Easily up to belays.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 25/5/81.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy. 90 feet. V.S.

Takes the large open groove of The Mole, but finishes direct up the obvious groove/crack.

Start 20 feet right of Microcosm.

- 1 15 feet. Gain the vegetated ledge at the foot of the wall.
- 2 75 feet. Climb a shallow groove above passing a frightening finger of rock to a ledge. Ascend the groove/crack above left of the ledge to the top.

R. Kenyon, M. Roper. 17/5/80.

Big Dick Lustrum. 100 feet. H.V.S.

Starts between The Mole and Bomber Wall on top of a small pinnacle.

- 1 100 feet. 5a. Climb up right and up shallow corner grooves, and gain a ledge from the right. From top of ledges move up rightward sloping crack until a move left can be made along a crack. Awkward moves left under a prow then finish up a groove to good holds at the top.

R. Kenyon, S. Wilson. 30/3/81.

Night of the Long Knives. 100 feet. E1.

Takes the line of faint cracks in the wall immediately right of Responsibility.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Climb a short corner and then a groove to a spike. Move up and use layaways to reach better holds (crux). Continue to horizontal cracks, then move up and left, using a thin crack into the top of Responsibility. Up this to belay on ledges below the top.

S. Howe, R. Kenyon. 30/6/81.

GOWBARROW CRAG

Valicide. 50 feet. E2 5b.

Climbs a large bulge on the central buttress.

A. Bowman, R. Bowman, F. Cope. 1982.

SHEFFIELD PIKE

A small crag about 20 minutes from the road. Approach from halfway up Greenside Mines road or from Seldom Seen. The crag is plainly visible from Glenridding Village.

Tip Off. 70 feet. E1.

Climb the wall on the right by a steep crack leading to a groove.

B. Birkett, B. Peascod. 7/3/82.

Pinnacle Flake. 80 feet. S.

- 1 40 feet. Climb the front of the pinnacle to a scoop, move right and climb a knife edge arête and belay on the top.
- 2 40 feet. Step down and step across onto the wall: up this to the top.

B. Peascod, B. Birkett. 7/3/82.

RAVEN CRAG—THRESHTHWAITE COVE

Top Gear. 140 feet. E4.

Takes a diagonal line across the impressive "shield-like" face right of Grand Prix. Start mid-way between Grand Prix and Redex.

- 1 140 feet. 6a. Climb a thin ragged crack, step right and up a groove to ledges below the overhang barrier. Move right and climb a short flake crack until a pull up left can be made into a steep groove. Pull up left to gain a sloping foothold on the bottom right hand edge of the shield itself. Step up and follow an obvious line of holds trending leftwards across the face to reach a slight groove. Up this then traverse right and mantleshelf onto a glacis. Step right and climb the corner to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 30/5/81.

Overdrive. 110 feet. E3.

Climbs the upper groove between Top Gear and G.T.X.

Start as for Top Gear.

- 1 40 feet. 4c. As for Top Gear to the ledge.
- 2 70 feet. 6a. Follow Top Gear up the flake crack into the groove but where Top Gear moves left onto the face stay in the groove climbing up rightwards to the roof. Pull over on a sloping hold and follow the groove above to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 9/7/81.

Running on Empty. 120 feet. E4.

Climbs the stepped groove right of the first section of G.T.X. then the wall above to the groove right of Redex's final groove.

Start off the left end of the easy ramp.

- 1 120 feet. 6b. Climb the groove moving out right at the top to the first break. (Good resting place on the left.) Gain the wall above the spike (crux) and follow it to the groove between Redex and Boy Racer. Up this to the top. Peg and block belays.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 9/7/81.

Boy Racer. 120 feet. E3.

Starts at the right side of an arch between High Performance and an easy ramp. Climbs up to the right hand end of the ramp then the wall above to reach the groove right of Running on Empty.

- 1 50 feet. 5a. Climb up the right side of the arch. Pull into a slim groove on the right then up to a good ledge. Up to a belay where the ramp meets the break.
- 2 70 feet. 6a. Climb up above the belay to a quartz crack. Move up left past two more short cracks, then up to the groove right of Running on Empty. Up this to the top.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb (alts). 21/6/81.

High Performance. 140 feet. E4.

Climbs a thin crack in the lower right hand wall of the crag, and an undercut groove above.

Start 25 feet left of the easy groove on the right of the crag.

- 1 80 feet. 6b. Climb into a niche below and left of the thin crack. Up to the crack and follow it to a slab. Up this to belay by the side of a huge block.
- 2 60 feet. 5c. Up into the groove above the belay and traverse right to a big hold on the right arête. Step up and back into the groove which is followed to a

ledge above the capping roof. Up a wall above to a stance and small nut belays.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb (alts). 2/5/81.

A Lap of Honour. 300 feet. E4.

A high level girdle from right to left.

Start on a ledge at the righthand end of the crag level with the top break.

- 1 80 feet. A pleasant stroll along the ledges.
- 2 80 feet. 6a. Follow the break crossing Boy Racer to reach Running on Empty. Climb down this a few feet then cross the slab on the left to belay by the tree on Redex.
- 3 100 feet. 6a. Climb up left to beneath the roof of G.T.X., left into Overdrive beneath its roof, left again onto Top Gear and follow this across the wall continuing into Grand Prix. Nut belay, poor stance.
- 4 40 feet. 5c. Up and traverse the wall on the left to finish.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill (alts). 29/7/81.

GOUTHER CRAG (NORTH EAST BUTTRESS)

Wilt. 190 feet. H.V.S.

Start at a steep cleaned pillar 20 feet left of the start of Garm.

- 1 70 feet. 4b. Climb directly up the steep pillar and easier rocks above, moving left to a large holly belay.
- 2 90 feet. 5a. Scramble up leftwards to an obvious corner. Climb the steep corner for 15 feet to a ledge. From the right end of the ledge step onto the slab and climb it direct, moving right to the arête at the top. Move up on good holds to an obvious belay.
- 3 30 feet. Follow the obvious crack.

D. Kay, A. Davis (alts). 11/7/81.

TRUSS BUTTRESS

The Snip 120 feet. V.S.

Start 50 feet up to the left of the toe of Truss Buttress and to the left of Zhivago Sassenach.

- 1 70 feet. 4b. Climb to a tiny overlap just to the right of a grass ledge. Straight up the mossy slab to a small grass ledge with a sapling and embedded flake.
- 2 50 feet. 4b. Climb straight up behind the belay for 10 feet to a small tree. Step left and follow a slab and groove to the top.

A. Hewison, C. Robinson (alts). 5/5/82.

Scabby Horse Direct. 70 feet. E1.

Climbs the steep wall directly below the upper groove of Scabby Horse.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Climb straight up the steep wall to the ramp and finish up the groove above.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 18/6/81.

BUCKBARROW CRAG—LONGSLEDDALE.

The Blunder. 80 feet. H.V.S.

Takes the overhanging crack left of Express Crack.

- 1 80 feet. 5a. Climb the rib 20 feet left of the corner with difficulty until the crack is gained. Follow this to the top of the crag.

S. Hubbard (solo). 13/3/82.

BORROWDALE

FALCON CRAGS—THE UPPER CRAG

Stumble Bum. 160 feet. E3.

Start up route 2 and continue to the left hand end of a large ledge. P.B. in place.

- 1 100 feet. 5c. Climb a groove to a triangular overhang, P.R. Pull up then move right to a groove/crack line, up this to ledges on the Girdle Traverse. Up rightwards to belay below the top pitch of Dry Grasp.
- 2 60 feet. 5c. Start up the corner of route 1 and climb diagonally left to an in-situ thread on Dry Grasp. Straight up for 20 feet, step right to a sentry box just left of Route 1. Diagonal crack back left to the top.

R. Graham, D. Lyle. 6/9/81.

FALCON CRAGS—THE LOWER CRAG

The Raging Bull. 120 feet. E3.

Attacks the groove below the traverse of Wuthering Heights.

Start as for Spinup.

- 1 120 feet. 6b. Climb easily up the back of the bay to a ledge below the groove. Climb the groove (P.R.) to the traverse of Wuthering Heights. Climb the bulge directly above, step right and finish up the rib.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 12/2/81.

Dangler. Variation start. 40 feet. H.V.S.

Start 15 feet right of Spinup at the back corner of a grassy bay.

- 1a 40 feet. 5a. Climb a wall and small bulge. Move diagonally right (over a small bush) and then straight up to block belay.

J. Anderson, R. McHaffie. 1962.

Cyclotron-direct variation. E3. 6a.

Where Cyclotron traverses right, climb direct from the small ledge to rejoin the original route below the top overhangs.

R. Fawcett. 1979.

Stretch. Direct Finish. 80 feet. E2.

- 2a 80 feet. 5b. Climb up as for pitch 2 of Stretch. From the top of the groove (junction with the Girdle) traverse right to a block (ordinary route goes left). Climb the overhanging groove, exit left and climb to the top via a sapling.

D. McDonald, B. Wilson. 27/5/80.

Premonition. 150 feet. E4.

Climbs the wall and overhang between Interloper and Dedication.

Finish up the variation finish to Dedication.

- 1 50 feet. 4a. As for pitch 1 of Interloper to block belay.
- 2 100 feet. 6a. Easily up left until it is possible to pull onto the wall above just right of a slim green groove. Climb the wall to P.R. beneath roof. Pull over (thread runner) and up to join Dedication. Follow this and finish up the right hand groove above.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 14/2/81.

Lamplighter Eliminate. 140 feet. E3.

Free climbs the original aided start to Lamplighter then the bulging wall left of Extrapolation.

- 1 45 feet. 6a. Climb a blunt rib for 15 feet, step right and pull over a bulge at a hairline crack, P.R. Move up and right to belay at the foot of a groove.
- 2 60 feet. 6b. Follow Lamplighter until just above the old peg. Pull up the wall above to a ledge. Step right and use a side hold next to a thin crack (old nut in situ) to reach tiny holds above. Climb up the wall to a tree belay.
- 3 35 feet. 5a. Climb up left to a small holly in the corner. Make an airy traverse left (thread runner) until on the wall above the big roof. Finish easily up the wall above.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb (var.) Pitch 1, 8/2/81; Pitch 2 and 3, 4/4/81.

RECASTLE CRAG

Penal Servitude. 100 feet. E4.

Climbs the overhanging wall left of White Noise.

Start 15 feet left of White Noise below three horizontal quartz breaks.

- 1 100 feet. 6c. Climb straight up to a P.R. in the top quartz break. Pull up, then leftwards using tiny finger pockets to a resting place. Step left into a slight groove and climb it more easily to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance (var.). 12/5/81.

The Rack. Finger Flake Finish. 100 feet. E2.

- 1 100 feet. 5c. Climb The Rack to where it traverses left. Step up right into a white scoop and follow a thin flake crack. At its top, move left onto a wall and pull up to a large sloping ledge. Straight up to a large tree at the top of the crag.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 9/7/81.

Water Torture. 90 feet. E1.

Starts 40 feet right of The Noose.

- 1 90 feet. 5c. Scramble up to spikes below twin cracks in a bulging wall. Climb the cracks and continue more easily up slabs trending leftwards to the top.

P. Botterill, P. Whillance. 10/4/81.

BROWN DODD, WATENDLATH (265178)

This is the crag containing the route The Buzzard. Its location is somewhat vague in the Borrowdale guide book. It is the last crag on the west side of Watendlath valley overlooking Derwent Water. A dry stone wall runs up to the rock face.

Kes. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs the right hand of three shallow grooves above a large holly at the foot of the crag, approximately 30 feet right of the stone wall.

- 1 120 feet. 4c. Climb up behind the holly and step left into the groove. Climb this, then leftwards up the slab to a small tree. Step right and continue to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Willance. 16/5/81.

Poxy Brown Crows. 130 feet. S.

Start at the large holly as for Kes.

- 1 130 feet. Climb up behind the holly and follow ledges leading diagonally leftwards to reach the base of a prominent groove. Up this to two small trees and exit leftwards.

P. Whillance solo. 14/5/81.

Hawk Wing. 110 feet. E1.

Climbs the groove and rib at the left hand end of the crag.

Start 8 feet left of the dry stone wall at a groove.

- 1 110 feet. 5a. Climb the groove, pull up left at the top to ledges and move up to another groove. Climb this to a ledge with a large block. Pull up left and climb the blunt nose to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 16/5/81.

GOWDER CRAG

Side Line. 280 feet. H.V.S.

Start left of Warlock.

Follow the gardened rock. Second pitch is quite hard! !

R. McHaffie, B. Sutton. 11/6/81.

Polymer. 145 feet. E1.

Start between Lodore Buttress and The Neb at a tree.

- 1 70 feet. 5b. Climb the wall to a scoop and up this. Keep right of the first tree and continue to the next one.
2 50 feet. 4c. Climb the broken chimney to an old tree, traverse left and up to blocks by the pinnacle (Lodore Buttress/Gowder Face).
3 25 feet. 5b. Climb the ramp line on the left to the arête and up.

D. McDonald, D. Rawcliffe, B. Wilson. 14/2/81.

Little Pig. 180 feet. M.V.S.

Start at a tree 10 feet right of Hog's Earth.

- 1 140 feet. Climb the wall right of Hog's Earth via a square cut niche and ancient P.R. to a small tree branch. Up the wall behind this to the arête right of the yew. Up a groove in the arête to ledges. Up these to a blocky ledge.
2 40 feet. Move right to a crack through on overhang. Climb this and the pleasant slab to the top.

K. Telfer. Spring 1982.

Temporary Beauty. 120 feet. V.S.

Starts 100 yards up the footpath at an obvious brown slab (slab variation start to Hog's Back).

- 1 90 feet. 4b. Climb slabs direct in centre through small overlaps and across a wide diagonal crack. Continue straight up to meet obvious line of holds leading left to tree belay.
2 30 feet. 4c. From the tree make moves right onto a slab and surmount the overhang (strenuous).

D. Garner, J. Hilton. 9/4/82.

SHEPHERD'S CRAG

Parlophone. 120 feet. E2.

5c. Now free and P.R. gone. P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 28/6/79.

American Beauty. 75 feet. E4.

Start below and right of Vesper.

- 1 75 feet. 6b. Climb directly up to the traverse of Vesper, follow this then move up and left to a good jug over the roof. Pull over onto the arête and straight up to a tree belay.

M. Wilford, C. Downer, J. Lamb. 15/7/80.

Rough Boys. 75 feet. E4.

6c. The boulder problem roof of Dire Straights.

M. Wilford, K. Lindhorne. 13/7/81.

Parting Shot. 50 feet. E4. 6c.

Takes the overhang left of Brown Crag Grooves Direct immediately behind a tree.

Runner 40 feet up tree—preplaced!

J. Lamb. 20/8/81.

True North. 130 feet. E2. 5c.

A direct line up the crag between Adam and North Buttress, starting at a split block just right of Adam.

J. Lamb, R. Allen. Summer 1981.

P.S. Direct Finish. 50 feet. E3.

2a 50 feet. 6a. Climb the crack as for pitch 2 of P.S. for a few feet. Step onto the wall on the left then straight up to a short crack. Finish direct.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 20/6/81.

Shanna. 70 feet. E1.

The arête between M.G.C. and Fishers Folly.

1 40 feet. 5c. Climb the arête to a block belay on a ledge.

2 30 feet. Move left along the ledge and climb a corner to a tree belay.

R. McHaffie, K. Eyer. 20/8/81.

(Pitch 1 climbed by M. Wilford, K. Lindhorne, C. Downer on 13/7/81.)

The Devil's Alternative. 50 feet. E4.

The short leaning wall left of Devil's Wedge—pitch 1.

Start below the centre of the wall.

1 50 feet. 6b. Step up to a ledge and use a thin crack to reach a good ledge. Move up left a few feet, then hard moves up to good pockets above. Pull up to the large yew tree belay.

J. Lamb, P. Whillance. 7/5/81.

The wall immediately right of The Devil's Alternative has been top-roped by J. Moffatt. 40 feet. 7a. Summer 1982.

Exasperation. 160 feet. E3.

Start as for Monolith Crack.

1 55 feet. 5b. Up the first few moves of Monolith Crack then follow a thin crack left to a niche on Porcupine. Move out of the niche on the right and follow a layaway crack to another niche. Move out left and climb direct to a ledge at the top of Porcupine pitch 1.

(Walk down ledges leftwards to pitch 2 which starts approximately 30 feet left of pitch 2 of Black Icicle at a short corner left of the large yew tree.)

2 105 feet. 6a. Climb the corner for a few feet to an in situ wire in the right wall. Hand traverse right to a rib and pull up onto the slab above. Climb this to an obvious overhanging crack and up it directly to the top.

I. Dunn, R. McHaffie. 29/3/81.

BLACK CRAG

Bush Doctor. 310 feet. E2.

Starts at the lowest point of the crag at the problem arête between Raindrop and Troutdale Pinnacle.

1 50 feet. 5c. Climb the arête to the top of the block, cross Troutdale Pinnacle and climb the arête directly above to the belay at the end of pitch 2 of Raindrop.

- 2 40 feet. 4c. Move up left to a crack in the arête. Climb the crack on good holds, round a small bulge then go diagonally right up the scoop of Raindrop to a small belay.
 - 3 80 feet. 5a. Traverse 15 feet right and climb direct onto a narrow slab (above and parallel to the slab of pitch 3 of Troutdale Pinnacle). Climb this until possible to step right again onto the sandwiched slab of Gleaned Groove. Follow this route to the thread belay on Troutdale Pinnacle.
 - 4 140 feet. 5c. Traverse left until below a crack which splits the overhang and goes through a 'V' notch in the upper roof. Pull round the first bulge and follow the crack. Once above the overhang follow a direct line to the top passing just right of the tree covered ledge.
- S. Miller, R. Kenyon. 26/6/80.

Cloudburst Finish. 65 feet. E1.

An alternative finish to Raindrop which takes the steep wall to the right of the top pitch of Troutdale Pinnacle.

Start at the top of pitch 4 of Raindrop.

- 5a 65 feet. 5b. Traverse mossy slabs rightwards to a cleaned corner below a steep slab. Pull onto the slab and traverse left and up to a ledge. Above and to the right is a jug which is difficult to reach. From this reach a large block (loose), and finish above this.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 1/8/81.

Roach Clip. 115 feet. H.V.S.

Start from the thread belay on the slab at the end of pitch 4 of Troutdale Pinnacle.

An alternative finish to Black Crag Eliminate or High Plains Drifter.

- 1 80 feet. 5a. Move up and left and traverse horizontally left along the lip of the bulge above the slab of Troutdale Pinnacle. Follow the obvious finger traverse and swing onto the fin of rock. Climb this and directly up the mossy slab above to a belay on the tree covered ledge.
- 2 35 feet. 5b. Up and left and climb the vegetated corner for a few feet until it is possible to swing left into a groove in the arête. Pull over the small bulge to the top.

S. Miller, D. Bowen. 10/7/80.

Wack. 90 feet. E4.

6b. now free. The third pitch of Scrutineer climbed direct and free via the original aided crack at the right hand side of the overhang.

J. Lamb. 12/7/81.

Last Rites. 190 feet. E1.

A line up the right arête of Mortician.

Start at the top of the first pitch of Troutdale Pinnacle Direct.

- 1 40 feet. 4c. Move right and climb a flake crack 10 feet right of the corner of Troutdale Pinnacle Direct, to a ledge and belay.
- 2 100 feet. 5a. Climb diagonally leftwards then up thin cracks to a junction with Black Crag Eliminate. Cross this to enter a hanging groove/pod on the arête, exit right (crux) and climb up to a belay at the base of the jam crack of Mortician.
- 3 50 feet. 5a. Climb cracks in the right wall for 20 feet until a move left gains the top of Mortician; up this to finish.

R. Graham, S. Hubbard. 15/10/81.

Tumbling Dice. 325 feet. E1.

- 1 100 feet. As for Obituary Grooves to tree belay.

- 2 50 feet. 5b. Climb up to the left below the crack splitting the overhang. Pull up and swing right to gain the groove. Traverse immediately left across the steep wall to the arête and up to belay on a ledge. (Junction with Obituary Grooves.)
 - 3 45 feet. 5c. Move up to below the roof above and step round onto the front face. Climb this trending left to tree belay on Obituary Grooves.
 - 4 90 feet. 5a. As for Triptych to P.R.; continue up to groove. Up this pulling out right and follow Obituary Grooves to the holly tree belay.
 - 5 40 feet. 5a. Move back right and climb a steep wall to the top.
- C. Downer, A. Brown (alts). 8/4/81.

Triptych. 300 feet. H.V.S.

Starts left of Obituary Grooves at a cleaned wall above the scratched slab of Troutdale Pinnacle Direct.

- 1 50 feet. The steep wall to a ledge: from the left end climb cleaned rock to a grassy ledge on the right. Crack belay.
- 2 110 feet. Move back left to a groove splitting the overhang and climb this to a junction with Obituary Grooves. Climb the overhanging corner direct to a tree belay. (Top of pitch 2 of Obituary Grooves).
- 3 50 feet. Above and left is a wall with an undercut groove. Bridge up to an obvious foothold on the lip (P.R. on right in place) and swing round into the groove. Follow the crack across the wall to the arête and easily up to belay below a holly tree.
- 4 40 feet. Continue past the holly tree and move left across the wall below the top overhang finishing up its left arête.
50 feet of steep scrambling to the top.

C. Downer, N. Halls (alts). 11/8/79.

The Dice Man. 320 feet. H.V.S.

Start as for Triptych.

- 1 25 feet. Easily up wall to tree belay on ledge.
- 2 120 feet. Follow Triptych to the overhang, move left into the groove and up to below the large overhang. Belay on right.
- 3 125 feet. Move across left under the roof and swing out onto a ramp, moving left and round a small rib. Straight up the wall above to a small bulge. Pull over this and step across right into the obvious groove in the arête. Belay on top of pinnacle.
- 4 50 feet. Easily to the top.

C. Downer, A. Brown (alts), S. Kyson. 5/4/81.

Astral Weeks. 185 feet. E3.

- 1 40 feet. Pitch 1 of The Lastest.
- 2 75 feet. 6a. As for The Lastest to a weakness in the overhang 10 feet right of Vertigo. Surmount the overhang (crux) (poor runner in slot above roof), move right as for Grand Alliance to the good block. Step up and left onto a narrow slab and pull over onto the stance of Vertigo at top of pitch 3.
- 3 70 feet. 5b. Follow Vertigo to the bulge and continue over this onto a cleaned wall which leads to easy ground and tree belay on the right.

C. Downer, S. Kyson. 19/9/82.

GREATEND CRAG

Exclusion Zone. 300 feet. E2.

Start as for Great End Pillar.

Start as for Great End Pillar.

- 1 45 feet. 5b. As for Great End Pillar but climb the wall direct to a ledge and follow the layback crack above.
- 2 65 feet. 5c. From the block on the right of the ledge, gain the wall above and climb it with difficulty to the tree. Continue up the rib behind to a short crack and the ledge above.
- 3 90 feet. 5a. Step down to the right and using undercuts gain the groove above, (last good runners here). Move right into the next groove and follow it to the ledge above.
- 4 100 feet. 5a. Follow the last pitch of Endless Summer for 45 feet, then move right into the fine corner which is followed to the top.

C. Downer, S. Kyson. 6/5/82.

No Holds Barred. 220 feet. E1.

Start below The Corner.

- 1 150 feet. 5b. Start at The Corner and move right and climb the obvious line to join Big Sur and follow this to the tree belay.
- 2 70 feet. As for Big Sur to the top.

C. Downer, S. Kyson. 13/5/82.

QUAYFOOT BUTTRESS

Loitering With Intent. 80 feet. E4.

Climbs the rib between the last pitches of The Crypt-Direct Finish and Catafalque. Scramble up to belay on the tree below the rib.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Enter the groove below the steep section of rib from the left (old peg down on the right). Climb the rib on pinch grips and layaways to the top.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 2/7/81.

The Go Between. 120 feet. E2.

The wall between Aberration and The Crypt—Direct Finish.

Start on the easy lower rocks left of the central groove line at a short crack in a steep little wall.

- 1 40 feet. 5b. Pull up the crack then more easily up grooves to belay on a large sloping ledge 15 feet right of some trees.
- 2 80 feet. 5c. Climb up onto the wall above and follow a vague crack line in the middle of the wall to a horizontal break. Continue in the same line to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 20/6/81.

Brain Stain. 140 feet. E4.

An eliminate line left of Mandrake.

- 1 140 feet. 6a. Start up the short wall as for The Go Between. Move up to the large heather ledge 15 feet right of Crypt's belay tree. Step right and up the cleaned slab to the traverse of Aberration. Step left and surmount the overhang at its largest point. Climb up right past the sickle shaped flake on the hanging crux slab to the second overlap. Over this and up the short groove above finishing at the same point as Mandrake.

(Grade assumes no runners in Aberration.)

N. Dixon, S. Walker, P. Whitfield. 10/8/82.

Lucifer. 100 feet. E3.

Climbs the steep groove in the wall round the corner to the left of Hell's Wall (previously an old peg route). Start 20 feet left of Hell's Wall.

- 1 100 feet. 6a. Climb up into an open groove and up to a ledge; easily up left to the next ledge. Pull up right into the slim hanging groove (P.R.) and climb it, exiting left at the top. Easy slabs to tree belays.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (var). 19/5/81.

De Quincy. 100 feet. E5.

Climbs the impending wall right of Lucifer.

Start beneath Hell's Wall at the toe of the buttress.

- 1 100 feet. 6b. Climb directly up the left side of the wall past an old peg until moves round left gain the ledge of Hell's Wall. Climb straight up above the ledge to a P.R. Continue in the same line just left of the arête. The final thin crack is passed on the left.

J. Moffatt. June 1982.

The Bulger. 120 feet. E4.

Free climbs the old aid route.

Start as for Valhalla.

- 1 60 feet. As for Valhalla pitch 1 to the belay in a corner.
2 60 feet. 6b. Step down right and climb the vague crack in the wall above until a pull out right can be made below the roof. Pull up to the thin crack above and follow it rightwards to the top.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 30/5/81.

Heavens Gate. 60 feet. E2.

Climbs the arched groove right of The Bulger.

Scramble up to belay on a large tree below the groove.

- 1 60 feet. 6a. Enter the groove above and follow it until forced out right at the top onto the rib. Climb the wall on the right of the rib direct to a ledge on the left and belay.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 1/6/81.

LINING CRAG

Shemezim Grooves. 200 feet. H.V.S.

Starts at the lowest point of the crag and follows a line of grooves parallel to the righthand skyline of the crag.

- 1 30 feet. Climb up slabs to a grass ledge with a small tree.
2 90 feet. 4c. Climb the leftward slanting gangway to a smaller grass ledge. From the lefthand edge of the ledge climb the fine crack until level with the belay ledge of Orthang and traverse left to a nut and thread belay.
3 80 feet. 5a. Traverse left and climb a steep wall behind a fir tree to a clean groove. Up this to the top.

S. Miller, R. Allen. 30/5/80.

EAGLE CRAG

Flying Circus. 130 feet. E4.

Climbs the thin crack in the wall between Trapeze and Dumbo Cracks.

Start 20 feet right of Dumbo Cracks at the foot of a slab.

- 1 70 feet. 5a. Climb the righthand side of the slab, move left a few feet, then up a green crack rightwards to a good ledge. Pull up left over a slight bulge, then up to a narrow ledge and P.B. (in place).
2 60 feet. 6b. Follow the thin left trending crack and finish on the left.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (var.). 29/7/81.

Final Diagnosis. 160 feet. E3.

Start 10 feet right of Icarus below a slim groove/crack.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Climb the groove/crack to ledges and move right to a tree on Green Wall. Up the short corner crack above to a sloping ledge on the right. Step up right to belay in a corner below a thin overhanging crack.
- 2 80 feet. 5c. Climb up leftwards to a down-pointing spike. Up the crack above to a large ledge. A short corner above to another ledge then up right into a shallow groove which leads to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance (alts). 29/7/81.

Dead On Arrival. 150 feet. E4.

Start at some large blocks, below a short groove, a few feet right of Green Wall.

- 1 70 feet. 5c. Climb the short groove and wall on the right to reach good holds. Up the thin crack on the left until a pull up left can be made onto a ledge above an overhang. Easily up to the highest ledge and belay (as for Final Diagnosis).
- 2 45 feet. 6b. The thin overhanging crack above the belay, started on the right and followed to a sloping ledge.
- 3 35 feet. 5a. Climb up rightwards into a large open groove (right of Final Diagnosis). Up this and a short groove on the left to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (var.). 17/8/81.

Coroner's Crack. 140 feet. E4.

Start just right of Green Wall, as for Dead on Arrival.

- 1 80 feet. 5b. Up the short groove and wall on the right to good holds (as for Dead on Arrival). Step right and climb the wall to the left hand end of a small overhang. Up flake crack rightwards to large ledge and belay on Post Mortem.
- 2 60 feet. 6b. Start off a pedestal and climb the crack left of Post Mortem to good jams at the bulge. Up the very thin crack in the wall above to reach a good slot. Pull up right to finish up the final part of Post Mortem.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (var). 18/8/81.

Necroscopy. 150 feet. E2.

Takes the slim pillar between Inquest Direct and Postern Groove.

Start as for Inquest Direct.

- 1 150 feet. 5b. Move up and right to an obvious flake crack in the nose and follow it to a good ledge on The Girdle. Take the right edge of a white wall to gain a slim groove/crack leading to the belay ledge of Inquest Direct. Directly up the thin crack and rib above to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 2/8/81.

Postern Rib. 140 feet. V.S.

- 1 40 feet. Pitch 1 of Postern Gate to a large tree.
- 2 100 feet. 4c. Traverse right to a ledge on the rib. Follow the rib to the top.

P. Whillance (solo). 29/7/81.

EAGLE CRAG (LOWER)**The Last Fairway.** 160 feet. E3.

Start in a tree bay, below a large open corner 30 feet down to the left of Eagle Cracks.

- 1 130 feet. 6a. Climb the left wall of the corner to below the overhang at 30 feet. Move right into the corner and up to a ledge on the right (crux). Up the slab above to below a steep groove. Climb left wall of groove to a ledge. Up the

arête until a traverse right leads back into the groove. Pull over the bulge and up a thin crack to the terrace.

- 2 30 feet. Climb the middle of the slabby wall left of corner of Eagle Cracks to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 23/8/81.

Eagle Cracks. 150 feet. E1.

5b. Now free. FFA D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 2/8/81.

Double Bogy. 120 feet. E1.

Start at a corner 20 feet up to the right of Eagle Cracks.

- 1 80 feet. 5b. Climb the corner for 25 feet, then move right and up a flake crack onto a large block. Up the steep wall, slightly leftwards to reach a thin crack and follow this passing a small square overhang to the terrace.
- 2 40 feet. The thin crack in the slab left of the easy corner to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 2/8/81.

Pitch and Putt. 120 feet. E2.

Start 10 feet up to the right of the corner of Double Bogy.

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Easily up a wall and slab above where the angle steepens. Move up to a thin crack. Climb this and the twin cracks above to the terrace.
- 2 40 feet. 5b. Move right a few feet and climb the wall to reach a steep thin crack in a rib. Up this moving right into a scoop at the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 23/8/81.

GILLERCOMBE

Senior Citizen. 150 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs the same buttress as Gillercombe Bastion, but to the left of that route. F. Crosby, S. Thompson. 1982.

CASTLE CRAG

Green Wall. 140 feet. H.V.S.

Starts 20 feet left of Castles in the Air.

- 1 140 feet. Climb the green groove, move left into a crack and climb it for 20 feet. Traverse left across a very steep wall and climb to a mucky ledge. The groove above to tree belays.

R. McHaffie, M. Taylor. June 1981.

STEEL KNOTTS

Strawberry Fields Forever. 70 feet. E1.

The obvious thin vertical crack on the south facing wall halfway between the pointed block and the holly tree.

Start 15 feet left of Route 1.

- 1 70 feet. 5b. Climb the crack (ledge and holly bush at half height).

B. Davison, D. Armstrong. 14/8/81.

Paint It Black. 100 feet. E2.

15 feet right of route 2 and a tree.

- 1 100 feet. 5c. Climb the closed corner onto a large ledge. Climb the obvious black crack until it becomes thin. Move left onto the wall then make a hard move right and up to a large hold by the crack. Stand up on the hold (crux) then continue to a ledge. climb the wall and crack to right of holly tree.

B. Davison, D. Smart. 24/7/82.

GOAT CRAG

Day of the Jackals. 200 feet. E4.

Starts below and to the left of Point Blank.

- 1 100 feet. 6b. Climb the overhanging crack to join Point Blank at a ledge. Move left and climb the arête/wall to a tree belay.
- 2 100 feet. 5c. Follow the second pitch of D.D.T. until it traverses left below a steep corner groove. Make a hard move up this groove to reach a good jug, stand on this and swing right round the arête onto a steep slab. Follow this keeping left to the top and a tree belay.

Pitch 1: M. Wilford, K. Lindhorne, C. Downer. 14/7/81; Pitch 2: C. Downer (unseconded). 5/8/81.

Mirage-First Pitch. 80 feet. E4.

Start 10 feet right of Athanor.

- 1 80 feet. 6a. Climb the groove and up to the obvious undercuts. Follow these up left and make a hard pull out right. Straight up to a large jug, (wire placement up left), step right round the rib then up rightwards to a good Friend 2 placement level with the peg on Bitter Oasis (resting bridge on Bitter Oasis). Traverse left a few feet then thin climbing up gains Voyage a few feet below the bolts on Footless Crow.

R. Graham, D. Lyle. 15/4/81.

Blind Faith. 80 feet. E2.

Climbs the wall and arête to the right of Urn and left of Heretic. Best reached from the abseil tree above Heretic. (?)

- 1 80 feet. 5c. Climb the corner on the left of the wall to a hanging flake. Layback right past this and cross the wall to a good hand hold (No. 2 Friend placement). Move up and swing right to gain the arête (crux) and continue up the arête to a heathery finish and tree belay.

C. Downer, S. Kyson. 18/6/82.

KNITTING HOW

Easter Monday. 75 feet. H.V.S.

- 1 25 feet. Climb up easy rock to ledge and yew tree belay.
- 2 50 feet. 5c. Ascend the obvious crack directly to the top. Climbing eases after small sapling in crack.

I. Whittaker, D. Airey. 20/4/81.

GREAT GABLE

KERN KNOTTS.

A huge block in the corner to the right of Innominate Crack has fallen out leaving a small cave. The block, which had a crack on each side, provided the first pitches to The Cenotaph and Sepulchre. These routes, and their variations, as described in previous guides are no longer possible. The walls of the cave have been climbed to connect with the original routes and are described below.

Cenotaph—Left Hand. 110 feet. E3.

Start just right of Sepulchre Direct.

- 1 110 feet. 6a. Climb a short wall and move left to below a steep corner. Up this (care required with rock) to a short groove above. Pull out leftwards onto the wall and climb up left to a peg runner. Move left to a crack which is followed to the top.

P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 28/6/81.

Sepulchre Direct. 75 feet. E3.

Start in the cave to the right of Innominate Crack.

- 1 75 feet. 6a. Up the easy angled groove to the roof. Move left across the wall and up to a resting foothold. Left again to reach the foot of the corner which is followed to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill. 28/6/81.

Misfit. 110 feet. E2 (1 point aid).

Starts as for Buttonhook and takes a direct line through the overhangs via a thin crack, finishing by the rib on the right of Buttonhook.

- 1 110 feet. 5c. Climb 10 feet of Buttonhook to below the bulge. Over this using the thin crack and pull out right at the top on good holds. Step back left (as for Buttonhook), up the groove for a few feet and step right onto the rib. Follow this to a flake and finish by the thin crack on the left of the rib.

T. Stephenson, B. Young. 9/8/81.

Triffid—Righthand Finish. 80 feet. E2.

Start at the top of pitch 1 of Triffid.

- 2a 80 feet. 5c. Climb up slightly rightwards to a bulge (as for Triffid), climb up and take the righthand of the two crack lines to the top.

J. Lamb, P. Botterill (var). 28/6/81.

Sylvester. 75 feet. E2.

Climbs the blunt arête left of Kern Knotts West Chimney.

- 1 75 feet. 5c. Climb up to the obvious spike, move right and up the wall to the foot of a groove (runners and resting place on the right). Climb the groove to the top.

T. Furniss, P. Rigby (var). 28/6/81.

THE NAPES

Time and Place. 130 feet. E2.

Climbs a slabby wall situated on the left side of a scree gully to the left of Eagles Nest Ridge. There is a leaning block at half height on the left of the wall.

- 1 130 feet. 5b. Start in the middle of the wall and ascend bearing left making thin moves past pedestal block on left, but not using it! Traverse diagonally up right to within 6 feet of the right edge and climb direct over bulge to jam crack which is followed 6 feet from right edge. Follow traverse line left when about 20 feet from top and ascend a thin crack in the middle of the wall.

M. Learoyd, H. Griffiths. 29/5/82.

BUCKBARROW

Imagine. 120 feet. E1.

Takes the overhanging groove and continuation corner to the right of Mysteron. Start as for Mysteron.

- 1 80 feet. 5b. Climb onto the slab as for Mysteron and pull into the steep groove from the left. Up the groove to the roof, pull over on undercuts and good jags (thread runner) and up the continuation corner more easily, trending right to a good belay below an under-cut crack.

- 2 40 feet. 5a. Make some awkward moves to reach the crack, up this to the top.

T. Stephenson, J. Wilson. 15/4/81.

West Side Story. 130 feet. E4.

Takes the groove line in the buttress between Imagine and Harmony.

Start as for Imagine.

- 1 90 feet. 6a. Up left to a flake below the steep corner of Imagine. Pull up right across a wall onto a sloping ledge. Climb a rightward slanting gangway to gain a shallow groove and up this to a small overhang. Step left and follow a crack and easier rib to the sloping ledge and belay of Imagine.
 - 2 40 feet. 4c. Step left and climb the crack and rib above to easy ground.
- P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (alts), M. Hamilton. 4/5/81.

Agent Orange. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs the left wall of Harmony via a rib and thin crack.

Start as for Harmony.

- 1 120 feet. 5a. Up the wide crack of Harmony until it is possible to pull onto the blunt rib on the left. Follow the continuation crack to a ledge. Finish by the short crack on the left.
- C. Sice, T. Stephenson, J. Wilson. 2/5/81.

Wild West Show. 130 feet. E4.

Takes the sharp arête which forms the left side of the huge detached pillar.

Start below the arête a few feet right of Harmony.

- 1 90 feet. 6b. Climb the arête for 40 feet. Move up right onto the wall for a few feet, regain the arête and continue more easily to a belay ledge at the top of the pillar.
 - 2 40 feet. The rib and groove above to the top.
- D. Armstrong, P. Whillance (var). 24/5/81.

Too Many Hands. 125 feet. E2.

To the right of Witch is a large wedged block 45 feet from the ground. A thin crack leads up to the righthand side of the block and through the overhang above. Start 12 feet right of Witch.

- 1 125 feet. 5b. Gain the thin fault/crack line from the left and follow it to the large wedged block. The continuation crack leads to a good pinnacle. Step off this into the hanging corner. A long reach enables a pull to be made into the next short corner; pull out of this onto a ledge on the left. Step right onto the steep slab; traverse right and up the arête to the top.

T, Stephenson, C. Sice, J. Wilson, B. Young, T. Edwards. 2/5/81.

Pace Maker. 120 feet. V.S.

Start up the prominent corner 15 feet right of Too Many Hands.

- 1 120 feet. 4c. Up the corner to a bulge. Step left and up into the next long thin corner. Where this corner becomes difficult pull rightwards and up the rib to a ledge. Diagonally leftwards to a spike, step right then direct to the top.
- J. Wilson, T. Stephenson. 2/5/81.

Fowl Play. 160 feet. E1.

15 feet right of the obvious chimney/crack left of the Needle is a dirty crack. Start 7 feet right of this.

- 1 45 feet. Climb steep wall via obvious bracket and continue up until a move is made right to a terrace via a scoop.
- 2 70 feet. Easy climbing over ledges leading left leads to the foot of an obvious triangular groove capped by a roof. (Chicken climbs the groove then escapes onto the left wall below the roof.)
- 3 45 feet. Climb the groove and move through the roof onto the delicate wall which is climbed to finish via a steep whitish wall and mantelshelf. (Serious pitch.)

S. Yearsley, V. McDonald. 23/8/81.

Mainline. 75 feet. E2.

Start left of Junkie.

- 1 75 feet. 5c. Climb direct via a thin crack line left of Junkie.
T. Stephenson, H. MacDonald. 3/10/82.

Junkie. 75 feet. E1.

Starts in a steep corner right of Buckbarrow Needle.

- 1 70 feet. 5b. Climb the corner to where the angle eases, move left to a groove and up this to the top.
P. Botterill, J. Lamb. 17/5/81.

Cretin Hop. 75 feet. E2.

Arête to the right of Rob's Groove.

- 1 75 feet. 5c. Climb the arête mainly on its slabby left hand side. After entering an obvious niche on the right of the arête a pull is made out left (crux) to gain good holds and the top.
G. Smith, M. Morrison. Sept. 1982.

Sidewinder. 100 feet. E1.

Climbs through the bulges right of Midsummer Madness.

Start below a shallow corner 15 feet right of that route.

- 1 100 feet. 5b. Up the corner to its top and pull right onto the small hanging slab. Step right below a bulge. Holds over the bulge enable a hidden jug on the rib to be reached. Up the rib and step back left into a recess. Straight up to the top.
T. Stephenson, J. Wilson. 9/10/82.

PILLAR ROCK

NORTH FACE OF LOW MAN

Tapestry—First pitch. 65 feet.

- 1 65 feet. 5b. Start out of Walkers Gully and ascend the centre of the huge pinnacle of Black Widow pitch 1. Finish by the left edge.
T. Stephenson, B. Young. April 1982.

Cunning Stunts. 200 feet. E2.

Takes the prominent corner and arête between Black Widow and Sheol.

Start a few feet left of Sheol below a short grassy corner.

- 1 85 feet. 5b. The grassy corner leads to a steep jamming crack (the right side of a huge flake). Up this and the continuation ramp to a large detached block (thread). Step onto the right wall of the leaning groove (PR) and make an awkward move onto the next ramp. Up this and the finger crack to a good ledge and belay. (Junction with North East Climb.)
2 45 feet. 5b. Step left across the overhanging wall to gain a flake crack on the arête. Pull strenuously onto the exposed ledge and up twin jamming cracks to a grass ledge and belay below the final pitch of Tapestry.
3 70 feet. 5a. Climb the thin groove in the arête (as for Tapestry) to an overhanging wide crack containing 2 chockstones. Up this strenuously to the top.

(Scramble 55 feet right over ledges to the decent path which traverses left to the top of Walkers Gully.)

- T. Stephenson, B. Young. 22/6/81.

Klingsor—variation start. 120 feet. E2.

Takes the arête immediately right of pitch 1 of Klingsor via a thin groove.

- 1a** 120 feet. 5b. Start as for Klingsor and pull onto the ramp on the right. Follow this to a spike runner and pull round left onto the steep wall, up this for 10 feet and step right into the thin corner. Follow this to the belay.

S. Miller, T. Stephenson. 13/5/81.

Roraima. 440 feet. E1.

The lower part of the route takes a crack up the wall right of N.N.W. Climb and the upper part lies between N.W. Climb and Charybdis.

- 1** 80 feet. As for N.N.W. Climb. Scramble to below a hand jam crack in the right wall.
- 2** 70 feet. 5b. Climb the crack (sustained).
- 3** 40 feet. Scramble to the terrace (junction with N.W. Climb).
- 4** 80 feet. 4b. Up the short groove behind the stance and then up the cracked stepped arête above. Step left to belay below a cracked groove (just right of N.W. Climb).
- 5** 120 feet. 5a. Up the cracked groove to a ledge below another groove capped by an overhang. Avoid this by swinging onto the right arête. Follow the arête direct to a stance (serious but easy). Belay as for Charybdis.
- 6** 70 feet. 5a. The shallow groove behind until it is possible to step right to a leftward slanting crack that is followed to the top (as for Charybdis).

J. Girdley, B. Thompson (var). 9/8/81.

ANGLER'S CRAG

Dan's Groove. 60 feet. D.

Start 15 feet left of Dan's Mine.

- 1** 60 feet. Ascend the easy wall and move left into a groove. Ascend the groove to the top.

K. Ball. 16/3/80.

Cow Pie. 120 feet. S.

Start as for Dan's Mine.

- 1** 120 feet. Follow Dan's Mine to the grassy ledge, then transfer to the right wall. Climb until a swing into a groove can be made and follow a crack in the groove to the top.

K. Ball. 16/3/80.

Desperate Dan. 120 feet. V.S.

Starts to the right of Dan's Mine below a short overhang.

- 1** 120 feet. 4b. Ascend the overhang and climb the centre of the wall, crossing Forgotten Wall, to the top. (Poor protection above Forgotten Wall).

K. Ball, D. Martin. 16/3/80.

Aneurysm. 50 feet. V.S.

Climbs the reddish buttress starting 15 feet right of Gog.

- 1** 50 feet. 4b. Ascend the centre of the wall to a resting place at mid height. Trend leftwards to the top. (Poor protection.)

K. Ball, D. Martin. 13/3/82.

Round the corner from Aneurysm is a large downward pointing flake/block with a greenish crack on the righthand edge.

Lucifer's Cage. 40 feet. 5b. Ascend the lefthand crack which is difficult to enter and strenuous.

Weight Watchers Crack. 40 feet. S.

Climbs the green crack right of Lucifer's Cage.

- 1 40 feet. Climb the crack. (Awkward.)

End of the Day. 100 feet. V.D.

Climbs the arête of the buttress up and right of Weight Watchers Crack.

- 1 100 feet. Ascend the cleaned arête to block belays on the top.

Nice 'n Neat. 60 feet. V.S.

Starts a few yards up the scree on the right of End of the Day.

- 1 60 feet. 4c. Ascend a narrow left slanting ramp until a small hold on the arête allows a swing to be made onto End of the Day. Finish up this.

Diamond Centre. 50 feet. M.S.

Climbs a diamond shaped buttress up to the right of the buttress containing End of the Day.

- 1 50 feet. Ascend the crack in the centre of the buttress until it peters out a few feet from the top. Move right or left to a ledge at the top.

Last five routes: K. Ball, D. Martin. 13/3/82.

Catalepsy Corner. 130 feet. V.S.

Starts at the lowest point of the buttress containing Hook, Line and Sinker.

- 1 80 feet. 5a. Ascend the slab trending rightwards until a clump of greenery is reached. Move left to below a reddish overhang. Traverse left under the overhang and up to a small tree on undercut holds.

- 2 50 feet. 4a. Ascend the obvious V-groove to good belays on the top.

K. Ball, D. Martin. 13/3/82.

Hook, Line and Sinker. 100 feet. E1. 5b. Now free.

BOWNESS KNOTT

Wall Street. 140 feet. E1.

Takes the overhanging walls to the right of The Marriage.

Start as for Hailstorm.

- 1 50 feet. As for pitch 1 of Hailstorm. Belay in a clump of trees 25 feet right of the Marriage.

- 2 45 feet. 5a. Climb the green wall by a ramp leading up leftwards. Where it ends follow the steep groove directly to a tree belay below a bulging wall.

- 2 45 feet. 5a. Climb up and right until it is possible to pull back left onto the bulge. Over this to a good jamming crack which leads to the top.

B. Young, T. Stephenson. 13/4/81.

Variation to pitch 2. 50 feet. H.V.S.

Start 30 feet right of the clump of trees below a steep jamming crack containing a wedged block.

- 2a 50 feet. 5a. Up the strenuous crack past the wedged block. Diagonally left to the tree belay.

T. Stephenson, C. Sice. 8/4/81.

THE LAKES "TECHNICAL" TOP 50

The list opposite of fifty of the technically hardest Lakeland routes, all of which are '6b' or harder, has been included for general interest.

THE LAKES "TECHNICAL" TOP 50

Route Name	Crag	First Ascent or First Free Ascent and Year	Number of known Repeats
Group 4			
Hells Wall	Bowderstone	Fawcett	(79) 1
Exclamation	Shepherds	B. Berzins/M. Berzins	(79) 0
Penal Servitude	Recastle	Armstrong/Whillance	(81) 1
High Performance	Raven(Threshthwaite)	Botterill/Lamb	(81) 0
Rough Boys	Shepherds	Wilford/Lindehorne	(81) 0
Wild West Show	Buckbarrow (Wasdale)	Armstrong/Whillance	(81) 0
Coroners Crack	Eagle (Borrowdale)	Whillance/Armstrong	(81) 0
Ataxia	Flat Crags	M. Berzins/B. Berzins	(79) 0
Group 3			
Das Kapitol (Pitch 1)	Raven (Thirlmere)	Livesey/Gomersall	(78) 1
Dead on Arrival	Eagle (Borrowdale)	Whillance/Armstrong	(81) 0
Das Kapitol (Pitch 2)	Raven (Thirlmere)	Gomersall/Livesey	(78) 0
Flying Circus	Eagle (Borrowdale)	Whillance/Armstrong	(81) 0
The Almighty	Scafell	Botterill/Lamb	(81) 0
The Bulger	Bowderstone	Botterill/Lamb	(81) 0
Incubus	Scafell	M. Berzins/Sowden	(82) 0
Devils Alternative	Shepherds	Lamb/Whillance	(81) 2
Dequincy	Bowderstone	Moffat	(82) 0
S.O.S. (Pitch 2)	Scafell	Lamb/Botterill	(78) 0
Caradhras (Pitch 3)	Scafell	Botterill/Lamb	(78) 0
S.O.S. (Pitch 1)	Scafell	Lamb/Botterill	(78) 0
Heartsong	Pavey Ark	Fawcett/Gibb	(78) 4
Dynamo	Deer Field	Whillance/Botterill	(80) 3
Group 2			
Fine Time	Raven (Langdale)	Botterill/Lamb	(79) 6
Footless Crow	Goat	Livesey	(74) 9+
Relayer	Raven (Thirlmere)	Lamb/The Berzins/Botterill	(79) 1
Polytruk	Raven (Thirlmere)	Cleasby/Matheson	(78) 4
Art for Arts Sake	Brantrake (Eskdale)	Whillance/Lamb	(81) 2
Peels of Laughter	Raven (Thirlmere)	Gomersall/Livesey	(77) 6+
Wack/Scrutineer	Black Crag	Lamb/Botterill	(81) 1
Close to Critical	Dow	Cleasby/Matheson	(82) 0
American Beauty	Shepherds	Wilford/Lindehorne/Lamb	(81) 0
Black Hole	Pavey Ark	B. & M. Berzins	(81) 0
RingWraith (Pitch 1)	Scafell	M. & B. Berzins/Sowden	(77) 0
Caradhras (Pitch 1)	Scafell	Lamb/Botterill	(78) 0
Golden Calf	Tophets Wall (Gable)	Lamb/Botterill	(78) 1
Group 1			
1984	Flat Crags	M. & B. Berzins	(80) 0
Lamplighter Eliminate	Falcon	Lamb/Botterill	(81) 1
Technician	Long Band	Botterill/Whillance/Armstrong	(78) 0
Raging Bull	Falcon	Lamb/Botterill	(81) 1
Wilkinson Sword	Neckband	Fawcett/Gibb	(79) 3
Midnight Movie	Gimmer	Birkett/Graham	(82) 1
Limbo	Dear Field	Botterill/Armstrong	(80) 5
Last Laugh	Castle Rock	Pasquill?	? many
Lost Horizon	Scafell	B. Berzins/Browell	(82) 1
Elvis	Middle Scout	Dixon/Dunn	(82) 0
Hiroshima	Great End Crag	Livesey/Gomersall	(78) 1
Tonsor	Neckband	Whillance/Parker	(80) 2
Nagasaki Grooves	Great End Crag	Livesey	(74) many
Day of the Jackal	Goat	Wilford/Lindehorne/Downer	(81) 3
Running on Empty	Raven (Threshthwaite)	Lamb/Botterill	(81) 1

This list of fifty of the technically hardest Lakeland routes, all of which are '6b' or harder, has been included for general interest.

The climbs have been grouped together which seem to require about the same degree of technical competence. This resulted in the four groups shown with Group 1 representing the lower end of the scale. Some effort has been made to keep the harder routes towards the top of each group, but this cannot be guaranteed.

It should be stressed that all the routes/pitches are completely free and their positions based solely on technical difficulty with no other 'E' grade factors taken into account.

Dave Armstrong, Bob Berzins, Martin Berzins, Pete Botterill, Jeff Lamb and Pete Whillance produced individual lists which formed the basis of this consensus opinion. Each of these climbers has done about half of the routes listed, and their collective thoughts probably represents the best overall insight currently available. Nevertheless, it is only an approximate guide, so tread warily!

THE LIBRARY

June Parker

Since the last *Journal* the Library has continued its growth unabated with books, maps, guidebooks and journals being added to stock by gift, purchase and exchange. One important gift from Peter Williams was a long back-run of the journal *Mountain* and the only number of this now needed to complete the set is no. 14 (March 1971). An unusual purchase is a relief map of Mont Blanc on a scale of 1:50,000 and one which measures about four feet by three feet. A suitable method of mounting this for protection and display is being sought.

The following rare books have been purchased with some of the money kindly donated by Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. I. A. Richards):

J. H. D. Browne: *Ten scenes in the last ascent of Mont Blanc including new views from the summit*. Slatkine, 1980. (A facsimile reprint of a large folio first published in 1853.)

Charles Packe: *Guide to the Pyrenees*. 2nd ed. Longmans, 1867.

Thomas Pennant: *Tours in Wales*. 3 vols. 1810.

J. H. B. Pyne: *Lake Scenery of England*. Day & Son, 1859.

Ramond de Carbonnières: *Travels in the Pyrenees*. Longman, 1813.

H. B. de Saussure: *Voyages dans les Alpes*. 4 vols. Slatkine, 1978. (Facsimile reprint, first published in 1779-96.)

Walton, E.: *Vignettes: Alpine and Eastern*. The descriptive text by T. G. Bonney. Thompson, 1873.

Walton, E.: *Welsh Scenery: chiefly in Snowdonia*. The descriptive text by T. G. Bonney. Thompson, 1875.

IN MEMORIAM

G. BARRATT.....	1933 — 1983
N. T. BROWN.....	1959 — 1982
D. J. CAMERON.....	1933 — 1981
REGINALD CASE-NEWTON.....	1941 — 1983
LAURA CHATHAM.....	1944 — 1981
B. J. COOKE.....	1942 — 1981
MARJORIE GARROD.....	1921 — 1981
RAYMOND GREENE.....	1920 — 1982
ROBERT LAWRIE.....	1926 — 1981
SIR LESLIE LAYCOCK.....	1928 — 1982
DOROTHY LEE.....	1944 — 1983
W. MANSFIELD.....	1931 — 1982
A. WALMSLEY.....	1931 — 1982
MISS G. WALMSLEY.....	1925 — 1982
E. WOOD-JOHNSON.....	1926 — 1981

JIM CAMERON, 1933 — 1981

Duncan James Cameron died peacefully at his home at Dow Crag House, Coniston, on Sunday April 5th, a few minutes after he had been gardening and playing with his grandchildren.

He was born in 1898 at Barrow-in-Furness, and was apprenticed at Vickers Shipbuilders, where he eventually became a foreman. He spent some years in British Columbia and in 1933 was introduced to rock-climbing on Pillar Rock, Ennerdale, a sport at which he showed immediate aptitude and at which eventually he became a rock-climbing guide, approved by the British Mountaineering Council, and took parties to Scotland, Wales and the Alps. He joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in 1933. At the outbreak of war he returned to boiler making at Vickers. In 1941 he married Elizabeth Ivens at St. George's, Hanover Square. Over the years he worked with the Youth Hostel Association, joined the Lancashire Caving and Climbing



Jim Cameron.

Club and was instrumental in obtaining for them the Trancarth Climbing Hut, Torver. He started the Coniston Mountain Rescue Team, the first to be organised in the district, and happened to be their first casualty on Dow Crag. He became very well known through working with Sid Cross at the Old Dungeon Gill Hotel, Langdale. For many years until his death he was President of Barrow Mountaineering Club.

Jim was as good a companion as one could wish for on a rock, always cheerful and optimistic in the face of difficulty and in matters of health. He cherished his old friends and was good company with young and old.

Besides his wife, he left two sons, Alastair and Hugh.

W. Heaton Cooper

REGINALD CASE-NEWTON, 1941 — 1983

Reg's ancestors were Mancunians, in Ashton-under-Lyne, from far back. A Manchester Grammar School boy, he served an engineering apprenticeship at Metro-Vicks., and ran his own garage business in Bury and Salford for some years. For several years he held a roving commission as supervisor in the installation of machinery and electrical equipment in pumping stations, aerodromes and the like. This drew him to the hills in many places. A vigorous walker, he knew the Pennines end to end, Derbyshire, Scotland and above all the Lake District. Forty years ago he settled for work at Drigg and Sellafield because it was near Wasdale. Resident for some time at Wasdale Head, then at Netherwasdale, he later built his own house there, for some years dividing his time between work, walking, building and sleep in roughly equal proportions. He served as Voluntary Lake District Warden from 1941, being found on the Wasdale Fells in all weathers.

He suffered a severe stroke four years ago, preventing further days in the hills, which he found hard to endure, and died on April 2nd at Whitehaven.

A. J. Howarth

The Club is very grateful to Reginald Case-Newton for the gift of £5,000. He will be remembered by many as the Brackenclose tree-planter. Ed.

LAURA I. CHATHAM, 1944 — 1981

Laura Chatham spent all her life in Kendal, apart from the early years of her marriage. Her love of the countryside and the fells was fostered by her early upbringing and when physical disability denied her the high peaks, she returned to the country walks of her earlier years; a few months before her death she introduced me to the falls and meadows of Stenkrith.

She worked for Somervells in Kendal, for many years as their Credit Controller, and was a member of the Fellfarers and the C.H.A. In recent years her fellwalking was done almost entirely with the Fell and Rock. A regular member of the Scottish Meets of the late fifties and early sixties, she was also to be found at the O.D.G. at New Year and at Wasdale in September. She attended the Dinner regularly.

The range of her interests was amazing. Dogged throughout her life with bronchitic trouble, she spent as much time as possible in the open air during fine weather. She took up driving again in her sixties, and her Baby Fiat was always at the disposal of her many friends if they were in need of transport. "Corrie Linn" was a base for many of us over the years — the door was always open. Her friendships spanned the generations and her real interest in meeting people meant that she continued to make new friends as well as to cherish old ones.

Laura belonged to many local societies — the Lakeland Doll Club and the

Horticultural Society among others. She could always be found at the Kendal lunch-time recitals, and was a tireless worker for Dr. Barnado's — serving on the fund-raising Committee for Barrows Green. She never allowed her ill-health to limit her interests, and only reluctantly did she let it restrict her activities. She lived life to the full, and will be sorely missed by her many friends.

Elsbeth A. Smith

B. J. COOKE, 1942 — 1981

Brian's death on 4th October, 1981, was very sudden and unexpected. I had seen him only a week before when he was full of good cheer and plans for the future.

Like some other members of this Club, he started climbing at Newcastle R.G.S. in the mid-Thirties, almost certainly on Middlefell Buttress on a school camp. We became friends when he was at another school camp in Easedale at Whit 1940 when we did a few routes on Pavey Ark. (We were lucky enough to be evacuated to Penrith at the beginning of the War.) Until we went off to the wars in 1942 we had weekends on the Northumbrian crags (in those happy days when there were lots of new routes — so far as anyone knew — to be done) and he got over to the Lakes as often as he could, doing enough routes and meeting enough people to join the Club just before going into the Army.

He was a Bombay Sapper and a captain when demobilised in 1947, having been mentioned in despatches for something he never revealed to me. I seem to remember him climbing Olympus with John Hunt, who was his Brigadier, and I have some photographs of him climbing some rocks near Poona with his jemadar. Less romantic, we had some weekends at Harrison Rocks while he was awaiting demob at a Sapper depot in Brighton.

After the war he went to Derby where he embarked on a career as a road and bridge builder during the week and a frequenter of the Edges at the weekends with Marion and their twin girls. From this time on, most of his climbing was with the Oread, even after his return to the North-east in 1964.

Climbing and civil engineering became most closely inter-twined (apart from a splendid fire-watching night on Kings College in the middle of the war — there is a stupendous high-level traverse of the Queen Victoria Road face) when he became Resident Engineer for the Keswick By-pass. Despite formal protests by, among others, this Club, he felt that the best man for the job was a long-standing member of the Friends and the District's senior climbing club. The elegant Greta Bridge which, I think, had much technical interest, gave him much satisfaction and received one of the annual Concrete awards. After its completion, he returned to the North-east as Resident Engineer on the Styford Link near his home at Riding Mill and had almost completed the Felton By-pass when he died.

He was a splendid companion, very steady and an excellent route-finder in the mountains and the most generous, reliable and good-natured friend.

R. B. Conn

MARJORIE GARROD, 1921 — 1981

Marjorie Garrod (née Pierce) died on November 22nd 1981. She had been a member of the F.R.C.C. for sixty years and though there are now few left who climbed with her in the Lake District, she will be remembered by anyone who has ever belonged to the London Section and to many Past Presidents who came to the London Section dinners.

She was born in 1894 in York; her father was a keen walker and their holidays

were often spent mainly walking in this country or on the continent. From 1911 until she was married in 1922 nearly all her holidays were spent in the Lake District. She was a close friend of the Edmondson family at the Buttermere Hotel, and was to return there for holidays in later years with her own children.

Marjorie was one of the original members of the London Section and its secretary and treasurer from 1946 to 1948. It was in this capacity that she organised the Appeal which enabled the London Section to purchase the freehold of the barn at Raw Head as a memorial to G. R. Speaker in 1947. Some seven years later it was again Marjorie who organised (and did the lion's share of) the making of the rug for Brackenclose, the London Section's next gift to the Club.

Despite these considerable contributions to the Club, she will probably be remembered most for the hospitality which she and her husband, Paul, gave to the London Section. For many years it was almost an annual event for a walk to be organised to end up at the Garrods' house for tea, when thirty or more walkers (frequently very wet) would be given an enthusiastic welcome.

She continued to have occasional holidays in the Alps until late in her life, but the last time she climbed with the Club was in 1947 when she and Paul stayed at the same hotel as the F.R.C.C. Meet in Arolla, which included two of their sons, one of whom had become a member of the Club in 1944.

She never lost her interest in the F.R.C.C. and only fifteen months before she died she had given the Club a fine collection of photographs taken by her father and A. P. Abraham at the beginning of the century.

Pamela M. Waterworth

ROBERT LAWRIE, 1926 — 1981

Robert Lawrie will be remembered by many members, especially by the old ones who were in their hey-days between the World Wars, when mountaineering equipment was simple and mountaineering clothes were no more elaborate than those used for ordinary country pursuits, and at best were based on Grenfell cloth. For instance there were no special anoraks then. Robert Lawrie supplied this basic equipment, particularly nailed climbing boots, which could be bought from him by bespoke order, including your own preference for nailing. In those times there were no outdoor sports shops of the kind we see in most towns today. He was one of the very few reliable suppliers, when demand was relatively small.

A. B. Hargreaves writes:— "My first recollection of him is way back in 1929 when he was running a small family business making boots and shoes in Burnley. At that time the climbing boots in use were heavy wide welted things, very good for 'fell crushing' and Alpine climbing. Now some of us who were climbing at that time wanted something lighter, narrower and particularly stiffer in the sole, which were not obtainable from local bootmakers or firms. During the period I was playing rugby there came out a new kind of boot called a Cotton Oxford with a thin metal plate incorporated in the sole which made them better for kicking and I had the idea which I mooted with Rob Lawrie that something like this might be incorporated in boots specifically for rock climbing. The idea took shape with him and he began making boots much lighter, which had not the wide welts needed for ring clinkers, but would take tricounis right at the edge. Some years later when the craft of making climbing boots in England began to fade away he started offering boots made in Italy specifically to take the vibram sole and these were very successful.

"I think the main point about Robert Lawrie as a developer of climbing equipment generally was that he was a very intelligent man who had done a bit of climbing and fell walking himself, and who quickly appreciated the needs of the

active climbers of his time, and this helped him to quite considerable success with his business.'

Just before or at about the beginning of World War II, he moved his business to premises in Seymour Street, Marble Arch, where you found a door bell and a plate inscribed "Alpine and Polar Equipment Specialists" on what looked like a private house. On ringing the bell you were courteously admitted and your requirements given careful and personal attention. Many members of the Fell & Rock will have appreciated this friendly and efficient service. Rob also both supplied and helped to develop equipment for Everest, Himalayan, and Arctic expeditions of those days.

Alas, in later years, and mainly due to a long period of illness after a motor accident, the business did not prosper. On his death it was closed and the stock sold. There will be no successor. We shall see no more of that intriguing advertisement of a climber wearing plus fours and a balaclava, tied to a thick rope and using a very long ice axe. It is a truism that we build on past endeavour. So let us salute the endeavour, the service and the courtesy of Robert Lawrie.

A. B. Hargreaves, W. E. Kendrick

SIR LESLIE LAYCOCK, 1928 — 1982

I first met Leslie Laycock in the early nineteen twenties when we were fellow students at Leeds University, and it was he who introduced me to rock climbing at that time. During the next ten years we had many happy and accident-free ventures, sometimes along with others such as Arthur Down and my brother Norman Gaunt.

Leslie was a very safe climber, who did not take unnecessary or foolhardy risks, and one had the greatest confidence in climbing with him whatever may have been our respective positions on the rope.

Our first venture together was on Simon's Seat near Bolton Abbey in Wharfedale, but our main venue was Almscliffe Crag near Harrogate, and occasionally Brimham Rocks. We also had many happy visits to the Lake District — Scafell, Great Gable, Pillar Rock, Langdale Pikes, Dow Crag etc., and occasional visits to Glencoe and to Pen-y-Pass at Easter, coming into contact, and sometimes climbing with, such characters as George Basterfield, Page Dickinson, Conor O'Brien, who climbed in bare feet, and Geoffrey Young. Later on we simultaneously initiated our fiancées and wives into rock climbing, but ere long family responsibilities put an end to such activities.

Reginald W. Gaunt

MISS D. I. LEE, 1944 — 1983

Dorothy Lee, who was a member of the Club since 1944, died on January 15th 1983. Though partly incapacitated for the last few years of her life by a damaged hip joint, she had been an active member of the London Section and continued to serve on its Committee after she could no longer join its walks. In addition to her activities in the Lakes and Scotland, she had visited mountains in various parts of the world including Turkey, Zimbabwe, South Africa and Canada as well as the Alps and Pyrenees.

Dorothy was a very kind and considerate person and therefore a very good companion to be with when things went wrong, when she preserved her philosophical calm. Seldom have I seen her ruffled, and I have been with her on many holidays, mostly among mountains.

Her working life was spent in the service of the then National Provincial Bank where she became Lady Superintendent until her retirement.

She was a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club and after the merger with the Alpine Club, she served on its Committee, and also of the Pinnacle Club, taking an active part in the affairs of all these clubs. She was a keen gardener and flower arranger. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Joyce Lancaster-Jones

E. WOOD-JOHNSON, 1926 — 1981

Ernie Wood-Johnson, to many known affectionately as Uncle Ernie, joined the Club in 1926. He and his brothers, George and Arthur, made a strong, keen partnership. In the late twenties Ernie and C. J. Astley Cooper joined forces on the crags. They climbed extensively in Lakeland and Scotland, particularly in Skye, where they pioneered some magnificent routes and introduced a new piece of climbing equipment, the fishing line (see 1981 *Journal*). This great partnership produced the guide to Great Gable in 1936.

Ernie and Astley were tremendous company, radiating an atmosphere of good humour, wit and friendliness. Whatever the circumstances, Ernie would have a word for it. I remember him patiently enduring hours of gardening on Scafell with earth and sods flying all around him. Although we had got from bottom to top of the crag, the climb was not worth recording, but Ernie was keen as he had a name; Fell and Rock—more fell than rock!

Ernie was a great "Fell and Rocker," a very keen but quiet worker on the committee. All his work with H. M. Kelly on the format of the guides was done quietly and without fuss, like his work on Brackenclose, where he spent days helping to get the hut fitted out.

When he retired from I.C.I., he and Anne came to live at Arnside, where he had a view of the Lakeland hills and easy access to them. He also had his fishing and his boat. The 40-footer he had built was too big to sail at Arnside, so he bought a 16-foot dinghy. He spent many happy days "messaging about in boats" and was elected an Honorary Member of the Arnside Sailing Club.

I first met E. W.-J. in Wasdale. I was walking past Middle Row where a group of real climbers was gathered. The more informed member of my party quietly named them: "that fellow with the moustache is H. M. Kelly; Heaton Cooper the artist is on the left; the tall one is Astley Cooper; and the other Wood-Johnson." Years later Ernie remarked to me: "I knew thee when thou was nobbut a lad. I little thought then that I should be privileged to enjoy so many glorious days on the hills and so many years of friendship!"

Wasdale was Ernie's great love. He felt, like his friend H. M. Kelly, that Middle Row was his Lakeland home, and Joe and Ella Naylor his great friends. He loved not only the mountains, the crags, the becks and the tarns, but the people at the dale heads. He spoke their language. The Wasdale meet was one of his favourites. He was a regular at the Coniston meet; he liked the Sun Hotel and it was here that he attended his last meet in July 1981.

For many years Ernie, Anne and Kate were very much part of the Scottish meet. He also travelled extensively in Ireland, enjoying the mountains, the fishing and his evenings in the local pubs getting to know the people.

E. W.-J. was Vice-President of the Club in 1963-65. Many would have liked to see him President to reward him in some measure for the good he had done for the Club, but he would not agree to be considered. He did not like the idea of the top table and having to speak; he preferred to be quietly in the background.

As we stood outside the church in Grasmere after the funeral service of a much-loved member of the Club, Ernie remarked, "You know, Sid, we've known some lovely people." To many of us he was one of those lovely people.

Sid Cross

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1981-82

President	P. Moffat
Vice-presidents	T. Price, D. G. Roberts
Secretary	A. D. Lawson
Assistant Secretary	R. Brotherton
Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Assistant Treasurer	K. D. Andrews
Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
Chronicler	Miss P. Linton
Guide Books Editor	D. Miller
Librarian	Mrs. M. J. Parker
Assistant Librarian	P. Fleming
Dinner Secretary	W. A. Comstive
Meets Secretary	S. Clark
Huts Secretary	W. E. Smith
Hut Wardens	B. A. Butcher, S. R. Charlton, J. S. Huddart, D. Rhodes, C. J. Wright.
Elected Members of Committee	Miss J. M. Aldersley, I. R. J. Angell, Mrs. F. Fearnley, R. Hamer, G. N. Higginson, J. Lagoe, R. Leather, M. G. Mortimer, P. L. O'Neill, T. C. Pickles, J. L. Sutcliffe, A. L. Thwaites.

Meets 1982

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 9/10	J. Evans	Beetham Cottage
	Jan 24/28	M. Birkhill	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
CD	Jan 30/31	M. J. Westmorland	Salving House
	Feb 13/14	S. Roberts	Raw Head
	March 13/14	G. R. Greenwood	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe
C	March 20/21	J. Carswell	Birkness
	March 27/28	D. Rhodes	Northumberland
	April 9/12	Mr. & Mrs. D. Hamer	Brackenclose
	Easter-		
M	April 17/18	J. S. Huddart	Birkness
M	April 24/25	B. A. Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	May 1/3	R. Valentine/S. Clark	Raw Head joint Climbers Club)
	May 8/15	F. G. Falkingham/ Mrs. D. Hamer	Glen Spean Lodge Hotel
	May 15/22	I. Woodburn	Isle of Rhum (Camping)
	May 29/31	K. D. Andrews	Inveroran—Bridge of Orchy (Camping)
	Spring Bank Holiday		
C	June 5/6	T. C. Pickles	Birkness
	June 19/20	J. Wilkinson	Brackenclose
D	July 3/4	S. H. Cross/A. H. Griffin	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 18/19	C. J. Wright	Brackenclose
	July 31/1 Aug	P. Williams/J. A. Waddams	Rawhead
	Aug 28/4 Sept	Mr. & Mrs. S. R. Charlton	Pembrokeshire (Camping)
C	Sept 11/12	The Vice Presidents	Wasdale
M	Sept 18/19	D. Rhodes	Rawhead
	Sept 25/26	J. W. Bowman	Beetham Cottage
M	Oct 9/10	S. R. Charlton	Salving House
D	*See below	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner
	Nov 13/14	W. Peascod	Brackenclose
CD	Nov 20/21	P. L. O'Neill	Salving House
	Dec 11/12	Mr. & Mrs. R. Precious/ E. Hambly	Glandena. Joint Meet with M.A.M.
	Dec 31—Jan 1	The President	New Year Meet

C=Committee D=Dinner M=Maintenance Meet

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1982-83

President	H. Ironfield
Vice-presidents	F. Falkingham, D. G. Roberts
Secretary	P. L. O'Neill
Assistant Secretary	R. Brotherton
Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Assistant Treasurer	K. D. Andrews
Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
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Huts Secretary	W. E. Smith
Hut Wardens	B. A. Butcher, S. R. Charlton, J. S. Huddart, D. Rhodes, C. J. Wright.
Elected Members of Committee	R. Atkins, Mrs. E. Clark, Mrs. F. Fearnley, R. D. Hamer, G. N. Higginson, G. Lamb, Mrs. R. Leather, P. Lord, J. Lagoe, Mrs. R. Lyon, W. Peascod, A. L. Thwaites.

Meets 1983

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 15/16	Mr. & Mrs. B. Cosby	Beetham Cottage
CD	Jan 29/30	M. J. Westmorland	Salving House
	Feb 12/13	G. Lamb	Raw Head
	Feb 20/24	S. Clark	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
	Mar 11/12	J. Wild	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe
	Mar 26/27	B. Butcher and D. Rhodes	Northumberland
	Easter		
	April 1/4	Mr. & Mrs. DeCourcy	Brackenclose
C	April 9/10	Mr. & Mrs. D. Miller	Raw Head
M	April 16/17	J. Huddart	Birkness
M	April 23/24	B. Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	April 30/2 May	I. Dobson & A. J. Wardropper	N. Wales (Joint C.C. Meet)
	May 7/14	R. Atkins & Mrs. R. Precious	Onich Hotel
	May 14/15	Mrs. S. Clark & Mrs. Fearnley	Duddon Valley (Camping)
	May 14/21	T. O. Gerrard	Isle of Arran (Camping)
	May 28/30	F. G. Falkingham and	Kinlochourn (Camping)
	Spring Bank Holiday	J. Carswell	
	June 11/12	R. Hamer	Brackenclose
C	June 25/26	E. Ivison	Birkness
D	July 2/3	W. A. Comstive	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 16/17	C. J. Wright	Brackenclose
	July 30/31	Miss J. M. Aldersley	Raw Head
	Aug 13/14	R. Brotherton	George & Dragon, Garrigill
	Aug 27/29	G. Lewis & P. C. Shone	Cowarch, Wales
C	Sept 10/11	The Vice Presidents	Wasdale
M	Sept 17/18	D. Rhodes	Raw Head
	Sept 24/25	Mrs. R. Valentine and Mrs. W. Young	Beetham Cottage
M	Oct 8/9	S. R. Charlton	Salving House
D	The President	A.G.M. and Dinner	
	Nov 12/13	Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Pickles	Brackenclose
CD	Nov 19/20	J. Huddart	Salving House
	Dec 9/10	M. Birkhill	Raw Head (joint meet with M.A.M.)
	Dec 31/1 Jan	The President	New Year Meet

C = Committee D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet