



Harry Ironfield (President 1982—84)

THE FELL AND ROCK JOURNAL

Edited by A.G. Cram



VOLUME XXIV (1)
No. 69

Published by
THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
1985

Editor

A. G. Cram
23 Kingsley Avenue
Adel
Leeds 16

Librarian/Reviews

Mrs. M. J. Parker
University Library
Bailrigg
Lancaster

New Climbs

D. Miller
31 Bosburn Drive
Mellor Brook
Blackburn
Lancashire

Obituary Notices

R. Brotherton
Silver Birch
Fell Lane
Penrith
Cumbria

The Editor would like to thank Jean Cram, Ron Kenyon, and Muriel and Bobby Files for their extra help, as well as all those who sent articles and photographs.

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Two Weeks in the West	<i>Mike Johnson</i> 1
Langdale — a Day to Remember	<i>Peter Fleming</i> 7
No Raised Hat	<i>Alan Phizacklea</i> 11
The Tour of Mont Blanc	<i>W. A. Comstive</i> 20
Celebrations at Saas Fee	<i>George Watkins & A. B. Hargreaves</i> 20
Ice Warriors	<i>Tony Greenbank</i> 27
Coledale Force, 1985	<i>Bill Peascod</i> 31
The Other Thirlmere	<i>Ron Kenyon</i> 34
Homage on Great Gable	<i>A. Harry Griffin</i> 41
Three Presidents	51
Annual Dinner 1983	<i>A. H. H.</i> 52
Early Scramblers on Scafell	<i>Muriel Files</i> 53
Some Yesterdays	<i>F. H. F. Simpson</i> 63
Beyond the Bob Graham Round	<i>Steve Parr</i> 77
Coniston Copper Mines Rediscovered	<i>Peter Fleming</i> 80
Annual Dinner 1984	<i>J. W.</i> 95
New Climbs and Notes	<i>Al Phizacklea & Ron Kenyon</i> 96
In Memoriam	134
Reviews	147
The Library	<i>June Parker</i> 168
Club Officers and Meets	169

TWO WEEKS IN THE WEST

Mike Johnson

“What you guys need is the Burgundy Sedan!” After five minutes of blandishments we gave up and relinquished our ordered and paid for cheap-but-adequate car and settled for the Burgundy Sedan (air conditioning and auto shift, only 1½ bucks a day more). Jet lagged, we struggled out into the San Francisco evening traffic jam and headed across the Bay Bridge (not as spectacular as the Golden Gate but three times longer) to Hayward and Highway 120, all the way to Yosemite. Learning is always a complex business, particularly when your mind is firmly stuck on Greenwich Mean Time but your body is in Western Standard Time. It took ten minutes to discover how to get petrol into the tank and 14 days to fail to discover how to turn off the interior light.

The thing about the one way system round Yosemite is that if you go past your cliff, it’s a long way round again. With this in mind we parked fully two miles from Manure Pile Buttress and ended up climbing Commissioner Buttress by mistake. This pleasant 5.9, which somehow fitted the description of Nutcracker on Manure Pile perfectly, provided our introduction to Yosemite and the first of many abseils. We finally found the car park 200 yards from Manure Pile Buttress and joined the friendly hordes. Manure Pile is the most accessible of the short buttresses, only 600 feet high, good for an evening climb! Nutcracker was an excellent climb, four good long pitches, layback, slabs and overhangs. As I approached a fine exposed stance I was greeted by a friendly Southern drawl of “Hi, y’all!” It was difficult to take the climbing seriously after that but we “topped out!”

The next step after “topping out” is “rimming out” so the next day saw us climbing interminable scree towards Arrowhead arête, an obvious line which promised to be not too hard, but a classic. Some loose rock, tricky route finding and a superb exposed traverse led to a huge hanging flake suspended over a steeply shelving unclimbed wall, perhaps 800 feet high. This was followed by a knife-edged ridge and the top. The descent involved three 80 feet free abseils from enormous chockstones and a few anxious moments on gravel covered ledges.

We enjoyed Glacier Point Apron but due to crowds and inexperience didn’t actually finish any routes. We climbed several fine pitches including the first pitch of Coonyard. This involved slab climbing in which the only “holds” are colour changes in the rock. I developed a habit on Glacier Point which was to scare Frank again during the holiday. I contracted an unusual form of

blindness in which I was unable to see the protection bolts even when I looked directly at them. I suppose this made the pitch seem longer and more difficult than it actually was.

We have a lot to learn from the Americans. I watched a climber gazing at his rope lying on the ledge, a mass of knots and felt my blood pressure rising at the thought of it. He merely shook his head ruefully and murmured "Gee, I guess I gotta work at my coiling technique."

A rather lazy day made us keen to try harder so the Central Pillar of Frenzy was next on the list. The most popular way of doing this climb is to do just the first five pitches and then abseil back down. This seemed the soft option so we took it. The first pitch was a rather smooth chimney diedre which, because of the marble-like quality of the water-washed rock, felt insecure. This led to the crux. A step onto a belay on the face followed by steep face climbing up perfectly protected twin cracks to a beautiful exposed stance below a roof. After the fairly straightforward roof came a crack just too wide for any of my protection, extending 50 feet to the next stance. Although the climbing was straightforward jamming, the prospect of 100 ft. fall concentrated the mind wonderfully. Two more steep pitches led to our personal summit and we prepared, with some apprehension, to abseil back down. The bolts looked good with several new looking tapes tied between them. One felt that back in England all the tapes and probably the bolts too would have been confiscated by passing climbers. As I prepared to abseil Frank idly twisted at the nut holding the hanger on one of the bolts and managed to tighten it half an inch. This incident heightened our awareness of the capricious nature of fate.

It was bound to happen, we knew it would happen, and it did. The abseil rope gently and unerringly dropped into the crack above the overhang, twisting itself malignly round the many feet of abandoned rope resting there. Eventually Frank climbed back, re-climbed the overhang, released the rope and fell off. Fortunately he had placed some protection just under the overhang so the incident merely added more spice to our already interesting day.

After a day of rain spent exploring Fresno (makes Barnsley look like Sin City) and on the recommendation of every American climber we met, we decided to climb Half Dome by way of Snake Dyke. The problem with Half Dome is that it requires a long walk in and an even longer walk out. I wondered why, over the map of Little Yosemite, which is the approach to Half Dome, was superimposed a large cartoon of a bear, when on other parts of the map only small cartoon bears appeared. No, it wasn't that the adult



Yosemite Buttress with Arrowhead Arête on the far right and Lost Arrow Spire sunlit in the centre.

M. A. Johnson

bears lived in Little Yosemite and the cubs elsewhere; it was an area of frequent bear contact. As we rushed up the path in the pitch darkness next morning, this fact loomed rather large to both of us and there seemed to be rather a lot of unnecessarily loud chattering and flashing of torches. We wondered why we kept having to climb over ropes stretched across the path (thoughtless people these Rangers!) till we noticed a sign, 'PATH CLOSED, PRESCRIBED BURN!' The penny didn't drop and we continued up the path arguing heatedly about the possible interpretations of this enigma. The walk up into Little Yosemite by way of a magnificently engineered path which cuts almost across the face of the Vernal Falls and then passes the Nevada Falls by way of zig zags as well made as the terraces of Machu Piccu, is one of the most beautiful walks I have ever made. In Little Yosemite we turned off the path over a shoulder and the backside of Half Dome came into view. It is an extraordinary piece of rock rather like the upper half of a great solid wheel sticking vertically upwards out of the ground, utterly bereft of any vegetation, with similar peaks stretching out to fill the horizon on all sides. We came down to earth with a bump as

we noticed that clouds were descending and there had obviously been recent snow. At this time too, the meaning of the prescribed burning became clear as we saw quite plainly a pall of smoke on the opposite hillside. We dismissed the fire at this stage and turned our anxieties to the weather till I pointed out to Frank that the smoke neatly and almost obsessively covered a large section of the descent route and our anxieties returned to the forest fire. As is common in mountaineering circles, we managed to rationalise both these constraints by means of an argument that all climbers recognise — “It’ll be all right” — and carried on across Lost Lake and up steep slabs to the foot of the South West Face. The climbing was delectable; initially balance and friction climbing for two pitches then up and across the foot of a quartz dyke which soared towards the summit for several pitches. There wasn’t any protection apart from belay bolts (always 2, sometimes 3) neatly and regularly placed at 150 feet intervals. Ah, yes and I forgot the protection bolt on the crux traverse which I managed not to see, thus condemning Frank to quite unnecessary angst as he frictioned across towards this perfect bolt with the rope dangling tantalizingly underneath it almost as though it were attached. Although the remaining pitches were straightforward there was always tension due to lack of protection, not knowing whether there would be a bolt at the next belay and knowing that if it did rain descent would be inevitable and very exciting, the exposure being extraordinary for a slab route. Gradually the angle declined and we were able to solo just as the rain started. The shower was very light and we moved on, convinced we were the only people climbing that day. Just as we crested the summit plateau, two figures in jogging kit appeared over the top, “Gee, did you guys climb that?” It was with some relief that we saw them because it meant that the trail through the forest was passable, but the relief was tempered with nark that our solitary splendour had been disturbed. The summit was stark and flat but it was easy to resist the temptation to lean too far over the North West Face. The descent via cables and wooden slats felt at least as exciting as the ascent although one felt a little shamefaced as 12-year-old children galloped up in front of their inappropriately dressed parents. As we stopped to sunbathe during the long walk back I suddenly realised it was my birthday. A fine start to a new decade.

During the course of extensive gossiping in Sunnyside Campsite it became soon apparent that of all the climbers camping there, from headbanded Japanese to methodical and quiet Swiss, running the whole gamut of climbing nations, the only people gainfully



The Valley after storm.

M. A. Johnson

employed were Frank and I. Everyone else, including several British lads, was a student or a bum or both. Some of the Americans who lived full time in the valley exploited their environment to the full. We discovered this when we were unable to remove a nut from Sacherer Cracker, even on abseil (due to too enthusiastic resting). As soon as my feet touched the ground an American climber, who had been very supportive as I struggled the last few feet of vertical à cheval onto the belay ledge, abseiled past the nut, removing it with a practised flick in one swift movement. We waited to receive our nut with words of thanks on our lips as he sold it back to us. We managed to drive a hard bargain though, and for a 50% reduction in price, revealed two other sites where nuts had been left.

We had to do East Buttress of Middle Cathedral because everyone said we had to and anyway, it's in *Fifty Classic Climbs of North America*, but for the first time we overslept. We found ourselves waiting on the ledge below the bolt ladder with two German lads watching, open-mouthed, the phenomenon of Amanda, hanging from the lowest bolt, totally immobile apart from her lips which appeared to be muttering a mantra. Our

incredulity grew as her progress became slower and the queue on the ledge became longer with the addition of two whiz kids from Los Angeles, one of whom was called Scotty. It didn't take long for him to be inundated with requests for beaming up but Amanda steadfastly ignored them.

The bolt pitch turned out to be full of interest: the first two bolts, having no hangers, had to be threaded by wire nuts. After 30 ft. of bolt climbing a swing leftwards on fingerholds led to an overhung undercut V-groove which led via a difficult pull into a magnificent flake crack, climbed for 70 ft. on finger jams and laybacks. We should have known then and abseiled off. The Germans forced their way past Amanda and her companion, Ralph, on the next big ledge system but by the time we got there, Ralph was involved with the famous V-slot pitch and we settled down for the duration. Scotty and his companion passed in a blur, previous knowledge of the climb enabling them to overtake Ralph and Amanda, whilst we apprehensively noted the lengthening shadows across the valley. We finally moved and pressed hard at Amanda's heels up the last two good pitches till I was able to scramble over her in a wide diedre and we were free, running for the cat walk descent, which, of course, we missed. Following a verbal description given in the bar the night before we debouched onto a wet slab just under the col between Middle Cathedral and Higher Cathedral Rock and realised we'd blown it. "If you get into roped climbing you're wrong." These words rang in our ears after our third 150 ft. free abseil from muddy chockstones. Finally we made it to the cat walk where we found Amanda immobilised by the friction of her karabiner brake. I watched fascinated as Frank, not a violent person by nature, picked her up with one hand and placed her gently on the ledge as though he were lifting a day-old chick. Within seconds she was fitted out with my descender and pushed gently but firmly down the rope whilst her companion recommended that she be allowed to sort out her own problems. As we clattered down the gully at full speed it became very dark and we still had to get all our gear from the foot of the climb which was over to the left on a wooded pedestal. It is best to draw a veil over the next hour but suffice it to say that I, at one point, threw my brand new rope, which had become tangled irretrievably, into the blackness with a feeling of delight that I was finally rid of my tormentor. We retrieved all our gear ultimately and arrived at the car with an uncanny accuracy due entirely to Frank's pigeon-like ability to home in on a full can of Budweiser from any distance.

After that the weather broke and we fled for the coast.

LANGDALE — A DAY TO REMEMBER

Peter Fleming

The last Saturday of July 1983 was ideal for a day on the fells. The heat of the previous weeks had tempered and the clarity of the air was remarkable with no sign of thunder storms. I arrived at Rawhead to find the last parties had left for the fells and crags, so I set off alone to renew acquaintance with Crinkle Crags and Bowfell.

Setting off up Oxendale and Hell Ghyll, I made a deviation straight up the steep slopes towards Gunson Knott, pausing on the way to examine the remains of Lakeland's first aircraft crash on the central fells, which happened on the 4th June, 1937 (the second happened three days later near Thornthwaite Crag). There is not very much left now, just a few engine parts and struts of a Vickers Wildebeest III in which two men died.

On reaching the base of Gunson Knott I plotted a line up the crag which would give a good scrambling route without being too difficult. Near the top I came to a small ledge with a sheep stuck on it. No vestige of greenery remained anywhere near the ledge, and it would appear the sheep had been there a long time, possibly two weeks. Nor were there any droppings to be seen. Would it have eaten them? My first thought was to rescue it, and the second that it could be risky on my own, so I finished my scramble up to the summit ridge in the hope of finding assistance, but not a soul was to be seen. I shed my rucksack and returned to the ledge to weigh up the problem. It would have to go back the way it had come, via a series of ledges, the first of which was 5 ft. high. The sheep was very weak and offered no resistance, nor did it attempt to leap off the crag, which would not be unusual in these circumstances. I was very conscious of the vertical drop behind me as I gripped the rock face with my left hand and grabbed the thick wool of the sheep's back with the other. To my amazement it was as light as a feather and I was able to lift it with one hand straight up the 5 ft. ledge. It must have been just wool and bones. The rest was easy, but it did not seem interested in eating when confronted by fresh grass, it seemed only to want to hide its head in the darkest corner it could find. It was possibly badly dehydrated.

Good deed completed, I continued my way to Bowfell.

Just above Three Tarns (only one, actually, due to the dry spell) I met with a geologist who was intent on studying, sketching and measuring the distinctive rhyolite banding in the locality. What he said was interesting: if true, history would have to be re-written — again! The latest theory, he said, is that this stone, from which



Near Pike O'Stickle, January 1983.

Patsy Mayers

Neolithic man made his axes across the valley on the Pikes, did not originate from molten lava and therefore is not rhyolite but a sedimentary deposit from a volcano in the form of very fine dust, layer upon layer, some of which were deposited in water, hence the rumpled striations. Ah well, you learn something every day.

I climbed the rocky outcrops to a point high above the Climber's Traverse to the top of Flat Craggs. On a ledge at about 2,600 ft. I came across a fully grown male peacock, dead. Its wing span was four feet and the plumage brilliant blues and greens and with eyes in the tail feathers. A startling and unusual sight. I had previously only seen these birds in the grounds of stately homes and was not aware they could fly so high or far. It appeared to have a neck wound. Two weeks previously I had spotted what I was sure was a golden eagle not far from here on the Eskdale side. Perhaps this had something to do with it.

Very soon I was on the summit of Bowfell amongst jostling fell-walkers and holidaymakers; among them a German couple I had helped earlier in the day when they were parking their car in Langdale. They were enthralled by the clear views and had been on the summit for an hour.

I departed in the direction of Hanging Knotts, for between there and Bowfell Buttress is to be found what I like to think of as one of my "Lakeland secrets," a stone hut complete with roof overlooking Rossett Gill. It is cunningly concealed in the rough broken crags, and its origin and purpose is unknown but obviously it is of great age. I had come across it some years previously quite by accident and I now wanted to study its construction and situation more carefully. It is beehive shaped, built against a rock wall, 5ft. high and 8 ft. wide. However, on squeezing through the narrow entrance one can stand upright as the floor is 2 ft. lower inside. Framed in the doorway are the Langdale Pikes, which are lower than the hut!

Nearby, after careful searching, I found three small caves which had been partially walled up and concealed. I entered each of these, getting rather dirty in the process, but could not see much without a light. Perhaps this is a long forgotten fox's borran and the hut is an adaptation of a fox trap or 'goose bield' such as the well known one above Levers Water, which were used "before the invention of fox hounds." It is an intriguing place. I will be back again, next time with a torch.

I continued over Hanging Knotts to Ore Gap with its rich red deposit of haematite, most obvious where the track cuts across the outcrop. I have often wondered what this place would have looked like if the mining companies who worked the Eskdale Iron Mines years ago had carried out their intentions of extending the Ratty railway via an incline up Throstle Garth and Yeastyrigg Gill to work this deposit. Because of the cost and the falling price of iron it never happened, but they did build a large stone hut under Yeastyrigg Crag, which is still there.

Having climbed Esk Pike I descended towards Esk Hause. Time was getting on but I wanted to visit Calf Cove which is just south of the summit of Great End on the main track to Scafell Pike. It is a little grassy hollow with the last running water before the rocky section over Broad Crag: you must all know it. Did you know, though, that in Victorian times, when you could hire a pony and guide from Langdale for 18s. 0d. or from Borrowdale for 12s. 0d., Calf Cove was where the ponies were left whilst the ascent was finished on foot? The evidence is still there in the form of a ruined shelter and numerous old iron ring pegs set into the boulders for tethering the ponies, which could be watered from the nearby spring. The rings are within a few feet of the track but how many of the people who use it notice them? Very few per thousand I would think.

I remember walking down this section of track on a very misty day, Saturday, 17th September 1966, with a Fell and Rock Party escorting a group of Polish mountaineers in the company of Lord and Lady Hunt, not realising that only two hours previously a light aircraft had crashed only a few yards to the right of the path on Cold Keld Knots, killing the two occupants. It was discovered the following day by Joss Naylor, who was taking part in the annual Vaux Mountain Trial.

However, today, with visibility clear and bright, I headed back to Angle Tarn and Rossett Gill, passing on the way down the old grave of the packwoman marked by large stones in the shape of a cross.

Lower down the Gill I witnessed the Ambleside/Langdale Rescue Team carrying down a young lady who appeared to be suffering from heat/sun stroke. A brisk walk along Mickleden in the evening sunshine, which picked out the climbers still active on Gimmer Crag, brought an eventful and memorable day to an end.

Grasmere, from *Views of the English Lakes*.

J. Garnet, Windermere



NO RAISED HAT

Alan Phizacklea

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND ASCENT OF RINGWRAITH, SCAFELL CRAG, (E5, 6b, 6a)

We came to the end of our 'phone conversation, and talked over the weekend's activities. Several names were suggested, but none excited, until one dropped like a bombshell — Ringwraith. Yes, yes, we must go for it. What a buzz! Still unrepeated after seven years, it held both a challenge of the unknown and the chance of claiming the second ascent of the last major unrepeated route in the Lakes.

George Smith and I walked up Brown Tongue into thick mist on the Saturday, and stumbled our way up to the base of Botterill's Slab. Everything, especially the polished rocks on Rakes Progress, was damp and slippery. We couldn't see any higher than the bottom of the great slab, so we decided to get to the top and go ahead with cleaning the route by abseil. After a lengthy struggle up the mossy confines of the variation start to Collier's climb we emerged at the top, and wandered around in the swirling fog to find a familiar landmark. I set up an abseil and peered over the edge — the top of Nazgul. Were we in the right place? Did the ropes reach the ledge on C.B.? Could I prussik out again if not? Our doubts were answered by the start of a drumroll of rain on my anorak — we pulled up the ropes and dashed off to Borrowdale. Round one to the crag.

Sunday dawned as clear as any summer's morn, and we were soon flogging up towards Hollowstones in the sweltering heat. Before long we were abseiling into space, swinging into the diagonal overhanging corner of the top pitch, cleaning wherever we could grasp the rock. Below, the first pitch stunned us; our ropes hung clear down to the path below without once touching rock. We cleaned as much dirt off the holds as we could, as the route had almost reverted to its unclimbed state. I took out the bottom peg, but as I had none that would fit the shallow crack, I replaced the original, now much thinner where the rust had flaked off!

What do you think George? It looks hard, too damn hard, in any case it was still greasy. We convinced ourselves that a play on the East Buttress would at least guarantee a day's climbing, so we scrambled away much to our relief. That evening, we skipped down the screes and admired the red rock that was tinted by the setting sun. We had defeated ourselves by a negative attitude — so the plans for Tuesday developed as we turned our backs on the crag

that claimed round two.

Round three was a beautiful day, hot in the valleys, breezy on the East Buttress, but calm and warm on Scafell Crag. A swift abseil completed the cleaning work, we were more frightened now than ever, because we knew there were no more excuses — we had to try it.

I led up to the first peg and the welcome resting place just below it, finding the climbing to that point surprisingly easy. We thought this might be the crux, so I tried the moves direct. The fingers were unwilling to crimp on the tiny wrinkles, the good hold seemed a full grade away. After several attempts from the resting place I worked out the sequence by using an undercut on the right to bring my feet high — I was a couple of inches short of a decent hold. The peg held my short flight: it was safe, but hard, and a long reach. I was lowered out into space from the deceptively steep rock, and I handed over the ropes to George after we had both cairned our calls of nature on a ledge below the path.

George, with the wingspan of an albatross, completed the move on his second attempt, and was soon hanging off the 'handrail' by the second peg. (This was still adorned by Ed Cleasby's sling and flaking crab from his 1980 attempt). Bomber rest here, he proclaimed, and cautiously worked out the next hard sequence to the resting place out right. Slowly feeling across, he finally made the move, leaving the runners well behind and stretching up his telescopic arm for a jug.

After a runner and a couple of tentative probes left across the hand traverse, he committed himself on the poorly protected upper wall, and was soon peering over the belay ledge.

I quickly followed, passing the first peg with a sharp struggle to gain the handrail, where I started to pump out on his 'bomber rest'. I tried to rock over rightwards several times; at each attempt I found the sloping hold, but not the strength, and I was soon left swinging on the end of the rope. After eventually finishing the pitch I congratulated George on his lead, and scrambled up a short ramp to a stance on a fine ledge, where we chatted to the Carlisle lads Tony Furniss and Ray Cassidy, who had just completed Saxon.

I handed the rack of gear to George and pointed him at the next pitch with a sadistic grin.

"Oh no, I've done my bit — this is your pitch?"

Now, I'm a coward at heart, and my heart had just sunk to the depths of my sweaty feet. There was no changing his mind — he was grinning like a Cheshire cat. I racked up the gear, and attempted to waste a bit more time by checking my boot laces,

items of clothing and chalk bag, but I knew I had to move.

The top pitch loomed over us like the underside of the eave of a house. Even the 'vertical' wall of the groove overhung slightly and I knew it wasn't going to be an easy prospect. After tip-toeing across a narrow ledge I gained the groove, slotted in some good gear and climbed up to an off-width hand jam. It took several attempts to finally pluck up courage to stretch for a finger-tip jam, which I knew would pop out as soon as I tried to move, so the runner was grabbed as frustration took over.

After a rest on the ledge I gained my high point, overcoming the awkward section by pinching the right rib of the groove and throwing myself into a wide, high bridge. Gasping for breath I lurched for a finger jug on the tip of the roof with my right hand, then slotted my left next to it. It didn't take long to realise that was a bad mistake — my legs were rattling, and with the fingers slowly creaking open I let out one desperate cry before catapulting through the air.

I was furious, kicking the rock and swearing loudly, a far cry from Fred Botterill's gentlemanly conduct on that legendary first ascent of his slab: there would be no raised hat today. Ten minutes later I was back up there, struggling to keep in contact with the rock. George was encouraging me, verbally pushing my weakening resolve for one last move, then another, onto a terrific resting place where I slumped, totally exhausted. After that, the rest of the climbing, even an awkward move at the top of White Wizard, seemed easy.

What a brilliant route. George and I sat on Mickledore and followed the line of chalked holds up the wall with the satisfaction of a craftsman admiring a masterpiece.

"Y'know lad," I mused "It's a bloody shame we put in all that effort for nowt but a second ascent. By hell, it's worth it though!"

THE TOUR OF MONT BLANC

W. A. Comstive

Around the massif of Mont Blanc there is a chain of seven main valleys in three countries, through which a fine thread of footpaths takes the walker on a complete circuit of the mountain. These paths link with each other to form what is generally known as The Tour of Mont Blanc.

Despite its increasing popularity, the Tour can still be regarded as one of the classic treks in the Alps. I prefer to call it a trek rather than a walk because of the duration and the distance covered. Depending upon the time available the basic tour is about 110 miles and takes eight days, but this can be extended to 130 miles and twelve days by including a number of optional variations.

The trek can be covered either clockwise or anti-clockwise from a starting point of your own choosing in either France, Switzerland or Italy. The usual places of departure are Chamonix and Les Contamines in France, Courmayeur in Italy and Champex or Trient in Switzerland. These give a good choice of starting points whether arriving by car, rail or air.

My wife and I chose to start the Tour in late August 1984. Based on our experience it seems that the likelihood of troublesome snow lying as late as mid-July determines the time the Tour can be started. July tends to be wet and August can be humid and muggy, also a large number of French people are on holiday for the first three weeks of August. The days are still long in September, but do not leave it much later than the second week or you will find accommodation difficult as many of the inns and huts will be closed.

Having decided to start from Les Houches we took the short cable car to Col de Voza and got our first view of the mountains on a clear sunny morning. The Bionnassay glacier stretched upwards to the Dome de Gouter. The Voza/le Crozat path descends to cross the snout of the glacier by way of a new footbridge, then goes up to the Col de Tricot. We lunched here in the hot sun reclining on our sacks and dangling our feet over the steep slope which leads down to the Chalets de Miage. Succumbing to the warm sun we were reluctant to leave our lofty perch. On the left the Aiguille de Bionnassay was clear of cloud and shimmered in the midday sun. The steep descent to Miage led on through wooded tracks to reach the valley road. We trudged on into Les Contamines where we easily obtained good overnight accommodation.

It is a long haul from Les Contamines to the Refuge on the Col de la Croix du Bonhomme. The morning was hot and sunny and we were thankful for the shade provided by the woods as far as Nant Borrant. We lunched just above La Balme from where the track steepens to the Col du Bonhomme. Just below the summit of the Col we crossed our first snowfield, dirty snow full of eroded debris from the narrow cleft above. A strong wind was blowing over the Col as we turned off N.E. up the flank of the Rocher du Bonhomme, arriving at the Refuge at 8000 feet just after five. The

building looked as though it was only part of what may have been a larger one. On our descent to Les Chapieux the following morning we passed two graves of Frenchmen killed in the last war which led me to believe that the Refuge may have suffered damage in the fighting hereabouts.

We started early the next morning and reached Les Chapieux just after ten, filled out water bottles and set off for Ville des Glaciers, the Col de la Seigne and the Elisabetta Hut in the Italian Val Ferret. This was the longest and hottest day and we re-filled our water bottles from the stream above le Rocher and reached the Col de la Seigne to be greeted by a cold breeze blowing up from the Italian side, a relief from the heat of the day. The view from the Col was magnificent. An old snowfield sloped up towards the Aiguille des Glaciers, round to the Tré la Tête and higher still to the summit of Mont Blanc protruding above thin cloud. We signed in at the Elisabetta Hut just after four, washed, changed and sat on the balcony of the hut in warm evening sunshine gazing up at the Tré la Tête and the Glacier du Miage.

The walk into Courmayeur the following morning was partly along the road which was not too enjoyable. We did not relish the thought of more road walking from Courmayeur to Arnouva Chalets so we caught the bus only to find that there are now no beds at Arnouva so we retraced our steps along the road to La Vachey and got a bed for the night in the local inn. The establishment was owned by a large Italian who spoke good English and boasted that he had worked as a chef in the Falcon Hotel at Bude. There is good dormitory accommodation at La Vachey complete with showers, but it was all fully booked when we arrived.

The following morning was dull with an overall mist as we set off for the Grand Col Ferret. It had been my intention to collect sufficient photographs to make an audio/visual presentation of the Tour, but this day put paid to those plans. The mist persisted and hid the classic views of the Geant, Jorasses and Dolent from the col. At the summit we were shrouded in cloud which only cleared as we descended into the Swiss Val Ferret — but at least the rain held off. The descent to Ferret was almost without incident except for the sudden appearance of two Swiss frontier guards who demanded our passports. We trudged along the road to Issert with a view to catching a bus to Champex to save six miles of road walking, but the bus did not arrive until we were three quarters of the way up the hairpins. We were very glad indeed of the ride into Champex.

From Champex there are two alternatives, over either the Fenetre d'Arpette or the Col de Bovine to Trient, the next point in the

Tour. We chose the latter as an English couple that we had met earlier reported extensive avalanche debris below the Fenetre which they said was dangerous. The Col de Bovine compensated by giving extensive views down the Rhone valley over Martigny and as far as Sion. The climb up to the Col de Bovine is very steep along a narrow winding path which tried our patience a little as it was hot and humid and we were pestered by swarms of flies. We reached Trient in glorious evening sunshine and found excellent dormitory accommodation in a former converted hotel. It was refreshing to have our first shower since Les Contamines. The Col de Balme is not too hard from Trient, quite a straightforward pleasant path, at first through trees and later on open mountainside to the hut on the summit. On the way up I unwittingly rounded up a herd of about three hundred sheep. The boss ram, who had a bell round his neck, took a fancy to licking my legs (I was in shorts) apparently to obtain the salt from my perspiration. He also nibbled the trailing ends of the straps on my rucksack. Higher up an irate shepherd appeared from a hovel and roundly scolded us for moving his sheep to higher pasture.

At the Col de Balme there are two choices, either to descend to Argentière and bus to Chamonix to finish the Tour if you wish, or to continue on a high path signposted to Trè le Champs. This path keeps high on the western side of the Chamonix valley through Flégère, Planpra, Brévent and descends to Les Houches and completion of the Tour. There is the added bonus by keeping to this higher path of having the best view of the Chamonix Aiguilles and Mont Blanc, a fitting climax to the Tour of Mont Blanc. I would like to conclude this article with the following notes which I hope might prove useful to anyone contemplating the Tour.

When to go

The last week in August or the first two weeks in September.

Accommodation

Inn, refuge or dormitory-style accommodation is available at:— Les Houches, Col de Voza, Les Contamines, Croix du Bonhomme, Les Chapieux, Les Muttets, Elisabetta Hut, La Vachey, la Fouly, Champex, Trient, Col de Balme, Argentière.

Clothing and gear

A change of clothes and footwear at the end of the day is to be recommended. Waterproofs are essential but be ruthless with the rest. My wife and I carried 20 lbs. and 25 lbs. respectively and

considered it to be enough to make the trip enjoyable. A water container is a must despite the fact that it can be heavy when full. In addition to the usual items, food for lunches has to be added. There are no shops between Les Contamines and Courmayeur so three day's lunches will have to be carried.

Backpacking

This is an ideal form of travel where there is no accommodation, but the Mont Blanc area has plenty of places to stay at conveniently placed intervals. After all, one of the objects of the Tour is to enjoy it.

Maps

Didier & Richard — Tour of Mont Blanc and Beaufortin 1/50,000 is probably the best. This can be obtained from Edward Stamford, Ltd., 12, Long Acre, London, WC2 or from most outdoor equipment specialists.

Waymarks

The basic waymark in France is a red stripe with a white line above and below. This is the same in Italy but in Switzerland between Champex and the Col de Balme the sign is a black stripe with a yellow line above and below.

Buses

Long road walks can be monotonous in heat and are best avoided. There are bus services between Argentiere — Chamonix — Les Houches, St. Gervais — Les Contamine in France. Courmayeur — La Vachey — Arnouva in the Italian Val Ferret. Ferret — Orsières — Champex in the Swiss Val Ferret.

Optional variations

Col de Voza — Tresse — Les Contamines, thus avoiding the Col de Tricot. From Refuge Croix du Bonhomme over the Col du Fours to Glaciers which cuts out Les Chapieux. From the Elisabetta Hut over the Checroui to Dolonne and Courmayeur. From Courmayeur to Saxe and La Vachey. From Champex to Trient via the Fenêtre d'Arpette instead of the Col de Bovine.

Alpine huts

The following Alpine huts are easily accessible from the tour path:— The Torino Hut from Entrèves. Albert Premier Refuge from Col de Balme. Refuge de Tête Rousse from Col de Voza. Refuge de Saleina and Refuge d'Orny from Praz de Fort.

HAVE A GOOD TOUR.

CELEBRATIONS AT SAAS FEE

George Watkins & A. B. Hargreaves

During its Alpine meet at Saas Fee, in August 1984, the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club, joined at one time or another by senior members of sections of the Swiss Alpine Club and other distinguished guests, celebrated the 75th anniversary of its foundation and, for sufficient but slightly obscure reasons, the 72nd anniversary of the opening of the Britannia Hut. The people of Saas Fee made a wonderfully warm welcome for the members of the meet, who numbered about 130. For fear of accidental but calamitous omission, I had better say no more than that among those present were Lord Hunt and Lord Chorley, the Bishop of Dulwich and the Bishop of St. Albans, the British Ambassador in Berne and the Swiss Ambassador in London, Sir Anthony Rawlinson and Sir David English, the Central President of the Swiss Alpine Club and M. André Roch, and many others of quite alarming eminence in many aspects of life besides mountaineering. From the FRCC, some of them exercising multiple membership, there were Lord Hunt, A. B. Hargreaves, Peter Ledebor (ABMSAC President), Professor Noel Odell, Bill Peascod, and myself.

Zermatt organised a practical celebration. On a day of brilliant sunshine, long ropes of climbers made the traverse from the Britannia Hut to Zermatt over the Allalin Pass, finding beer at the Tasch Hut, taxis at Tasch Alp, hot showers at the sports centre in Zermatt itself, and clean clothes brought round from Saas Fee in the post bus. There was a service at the English church in Zermatt, followed by an official reception and a grand dinner at the Mont Cervin Hotel.

Saas Fee organised a lavish celebration. In the jam-packed Britannia Hut there was a dinner similar to that of 1912, substantial but frugal, followed by folk-singing, folk-dancing, and other Swiss entertainments; followed by a 2.30 a.m. awakening and a 3 o'clock start for some; followed by a 5.30 awakening and a 6 o'clock start for others. In poor snow and Scotch mist the early risers scampered quickly to the summit, or thereabouts, of the Allalinhorn, then down to rendezvous with the later risers at the Mittelallalin for a breakfast of bread and cheese and cold meats, hot soup, and schnapps. Both groups duly returned to join the latest risers, who had come up from Saas Fee by cable car, for lunch at the Britannia Hut, speeches, a service of dedication, the building of a "stone man" cairn with souvenirs in its base, traditional music, and snow. Then back at the village it was high tea, a procession in the rain

through the streets, to the town hall and an evening of Swiss entertainments. All day, everyone had been dressed in approximations to the costume of 1912 — some of it authentic, some of it just old, but much of it rather beautiful.

The British Members organised a British celebration: mid-day Sunday dinner (called, with some justification, a banquet), at which Sunday penitentials were worn. The reception was dignified. By the middle of the afternoon people were visibly enjoying themselves. It was getting on for 5 o'clock before we finally tore ourselves away.

Of the FRCC members, Lord Hunt and Peter Ledebor had many official duties, which they fulfilled with great charm, good humour, and entertaining wit. They managed to fit some climbing in as well. A. B. Hargreaves was as brisk as they come. I do not know how he resisted the jaunt to Zermatt: he was dreadfully tempted. Professor Odell, at the age of 94, made a triumphal return to the Britannia Hut. The meet was just emerging from the

festivities and settling down to regular mountaineering when I had to return to England for the start of school term; but I did manage to climb one major snow peak, the Nadelhorn, at the invitation of Ashley and Mrs. Greenwood, of ABMSAC — nice snow, poorish visibility, no photographs.

The real gem, however, was a furtive, slightly disreputable rock climb instigated by Bill Peascod, on the SSW ridge of the Egginer. We should have had more sense. It was the sort of thing we could have done at home on the Napes on a typical summer's day: a not very early start, an equivocal weather forecast, and cloud whiffing round the crag. The rock was beautiful stuff, not much affected by the accumulating moisture. Not much. Bill led like an angel — i.e. with wings — on some entertaining variations. We made good time to the top of the final pillar, and the snow held off until we cast off the belay. The book said "scrambling to the summit and easy way off," or words to that effect.

Two and a half hours, in sleet-filled cloud and waning light! I tell you, we might just as well have been looking for the plaque on top of Gable. Then, from the summit, a quick glimpse of the snowfield which marked the start of the easy route down.

The terrain between was not the sort of thing you would find at home; but if Great Hell Gate were 1500 feet long, and filled with self-lubricating wet muesli, you might recognise a resemblance. Darkness became total just as, soaked, at the edge of the snowfield, we comforted ourselves with Kendal mint cake and the knowledge that we were on a trod. We were not going to bivouac after all. We were going to switch on our lamps and make our way down to Saas Fee.

There was no choice, you understand. The path led down; it was clearly shown on the map and way-marked on the ground; all else was darkness. Rain fell ever more heavily. Either we followed that path or we bivvied.

More than five thousand feet below the summit of the Egginer, after interminable zig-zags through darkness like the inside of a cow, we found ourselves paddling in a reservoir that was not on any path to Saas Fee. Just on midnight, as the pubs were letting out, we traipsed into Saas Almagel and passed a vote of no confidence in the universe. Abetted by Bill and assisted by a courteous drunk, I deluged the floor of a telephone box, dried my glasses on the back page of the directory, and rang for a taxi. As I said, we might as well have had a day on Gable. It was just like home.

Bill's big picture of the Egginer was one of the first to be sold at his exhibition in London last autumn. I am not surprised.



The Egginer.

George Watkins

A. B. Hargreaves has dictated a most interesting letter about his visit to Switzerland in 1984, some of which is reproduced here to add to George Watkins's account of the Anniversary. Ed.

Not having been to this most beautiful and interesting country for fourteen years, when my Alpine climbing days came to an abrupt end on Aige. d'Argentiere because my undercarriage failed completely, and I had to be lowered down all the way, I felt the urge to go to Suisse again, probably for the last time, whilst I could still see a bit of it and walk a little bit. I also wanted to give Susan — my faithful guide dog — the chance of a first visit to Switzerland, whilst she was still available to lead me around. I would say here that I could not possibly have done this holiday without Susan, who has become very good indeed at making travel arrangements and finding us our way about strange cities and remote areas, requiring map reading. She has done this for me in Norway, Austria, Hungary and Eire, for which I am very grateful.

I chose to go whilst the A.B.M.S.A.C./A.C. were having their big Meet in Saas Fee to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the Association, and also the opening of the Britannia Hut in 1912 —

which the Association gave to the S.A.C.

This was a really great occasion, attended by upwards of one hundred of the Alpine Club and Association members, much aided by generosity from the Swiss Tourist Board and the S.A.C. itself. This involved a very great deal of organisation, particularly on the part of the Association and the Swiss Tourist Office in London, and much credit was due to the Association President, Peter Ledebor. It all worked out very well, except for two unfortunate breaks in the weather, which, however, did not spoil things entirely.

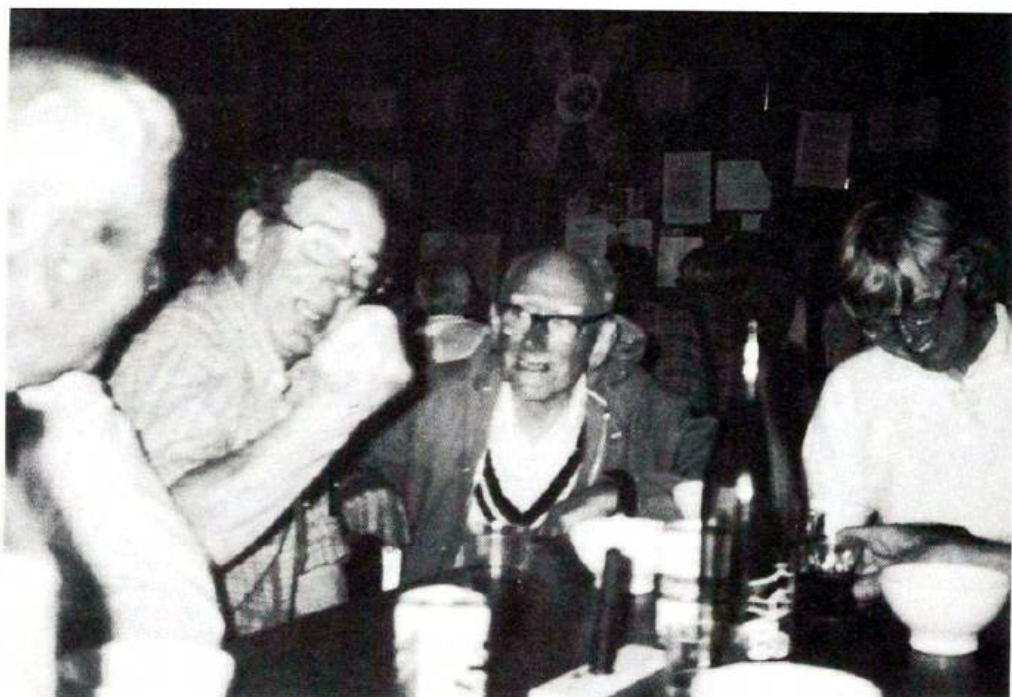
My membership of the Association goes back officially to 1947, but I was also in it from 1928 to 1938, and then dropped out. This contrasts with my membership of the Alpine Club, which only goes back to 1953.

We assembled in Saas Fee on Saturday, 18th August and got together in two hotels owned by the Supersaxo family, who did us very well indeed, at much less cost than if we had been visiting independently.

On the Monday morning, many went up to the Britannia Hut and walked over to Zermatt by the Allalin Pass the following day. I wished I had been able to do that, but I knew it would have taken me a whole day, not just a few hours, to get down all those thousands of feet — some of it on very rough ground.

Susan and I went round to Zermatt with a coach full of Association people and we attended a service in the English Church, addressed by the Lord Bishop of Dulwich and the Rev. Fred Jenkins, and then we went to a reception at the Hotel Cervin where there were a number of speeches from important people in the Swiss tourist industry and the S.A.C., to which John Hunt responded very well indeed, speaking in three languages. John has become very good at this sort of thing, and was highly acclaimed. After the reception (lots of wine!!), we had a good dinner at the hotel with some more speeches and then went back on the coach to Saas Fee.

The next event was the actual gathering at the Britannia Hut, which we pretty well filled up. There was snow at night and it was a poor morning, but some parties did get up the Allalin and were back in time for the Anniversary celebrations. Here we had a few more speeches, including a very good one from the British Ambassador in Switzerland, and the church service was conducted by the Bishop of St. Albans and a Swiss cleric. Then we all tottered along the fairly level track between the Hut and the Felskinn cable car terminal, and so home to Saas Fee.



A. B. Hargreaves and Bill Peascod agreeing violently at the Britannia Hut.
George Watkins

There were a lot of very interesting people at the Meet, some of whom I had not seen for years, particularly Noel Odell, now aged 90 years plus, who was the only person at the Britannia Hut who had been there in 1912 — this remarkable man's mind and speech are still as clear as a bell, and he can still walk strongly. Next eldest was Dr. Riddell of the Association, at 82 years, still walking strongly. The B.M.C. sent their Vice President, Bill Peascod, who did quite a bit of good climbing during the course of this Meet, along with another F.R.C.C. man, George Watkins; and the A.C. man Tony Huddart also did some climbing. The Alpine Club was well represented by President Chorley and others including Rawlinson and Emlyn Jones. Chorley's two young boys were busy climbing. Climbers Club people included Ed Loewy, Harry Sales and Peter Stone. Association members included Frank Solari, Ashley Greenwood, Paul and Virginia French and Maurice Freeman, and the Meet Leader, Harry Archer, did a great job of work as well as climbing. There was also Maurice Bennett, that very senior Member who had done so much for the Association.

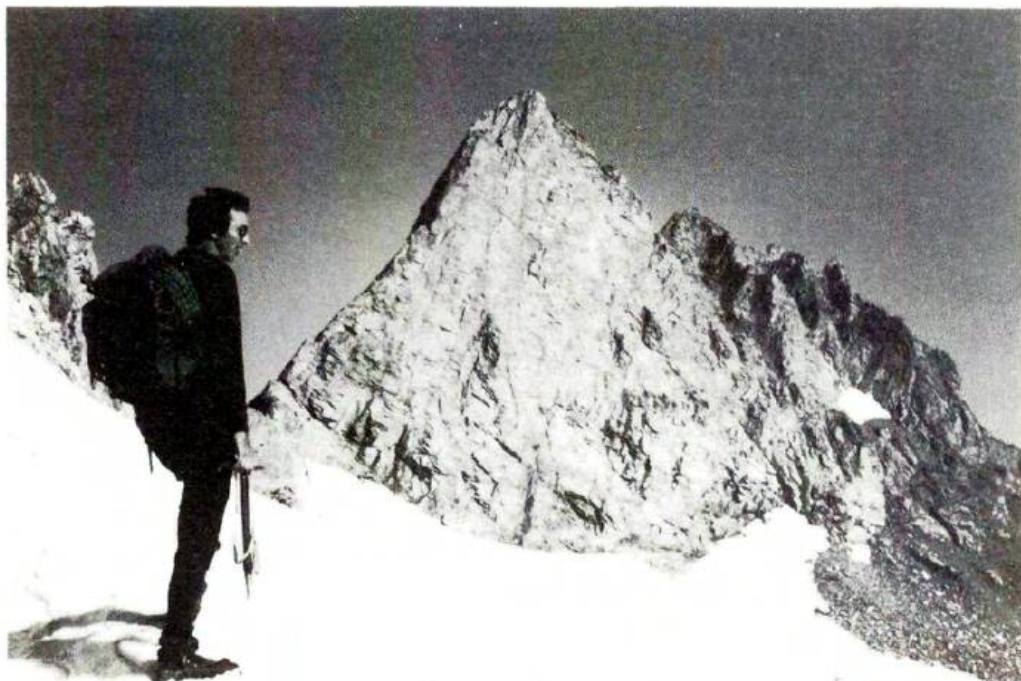
The first week of the Meet ended with a superb banquet at the Hotel du Glacier where we were addressed by a Swiss Federation

Minister, also the President of the Canton of Valais, and there were present numerous people, including the Swiss climber André Roch, President of the Geneva Section which owns the Britannia Hut, and Albert Eggler — and once again, John Hunt made a good speech, followed by Peter Ledebor returning thanks.

One of the main reasons why I decided to go to Saas Fee was that it now has four cable car routes going high up into the mountains, so I knew that if I could walk up, I could ride down and this is what I did with Susan. Saas Fee has completely changed since I was there some twenty-five or thirty years ago. Instead of being a small mountain village, approachable only on foot and with luggage taken by mule, with two hotels and a few farm guesthouses, it has increased ten-fold in size and has a major road leading up to it, accommodating coaches, postbuses and innumerable cars, but the latter, fortunately, are not permitted in the actual town. I think it was said that the capacity for tourists was now about 7,000 . . . amongst nearly fifty hotels . . . and, of course, all this development is "pour le ski," and indeed, it must be a very fine ski resort, with plenty of opportunities for ski-mountaineering, as well as sliding down the tracks.

Dave Miller on the Pic Nord des Cavales, Dauphiné.

Wendy Miller



ICE WARRIORS

Tony Greenbank

The response from Mountain Technology of Glencoe makes my toast and marmalade and coffee. To tune my ice axe handle and give it the same kind of thick moulded rubber grip already turbo-charging its partner, a more recent version of the MT ice hammer: £12. Oh, wow. Cheaper than skiing. Sorry, skiers. Mountains are for climbing (keep prices down for their real protagonists). And seldom were they better than during February, 1985, when 72 hours of bitterly cold north-east winds created unique conditions in the Lake District that brought out those ice warriors who could take immediate advantage.

The gales blew the hills totally clear of snow. They deep-chilled every lake, tarn, beck and waterfall — and even the tiniest lines of seepage weeping down crags. Then 17 nights of hard frost locked all the gleaming smears, shrouds, candlesticks and ribbons of ice into its lovely solid-state down ravines and precipices and even quarry faces. Mill Gill froze into giant tusks, the brightness of their ivory outstanding from as far as the Skelwith Bridge—Coniston road. Every Sourmilk Gill you may know remained totally bottled by the freezing cold. And even Scale Force in lovely Buttermere almost made it — the silence of its thundering jet a real tribute to General Winter. It were grand.

Bill, Hub and me — we feel so good we run (speed also being of the essence as closing time is 90 minutes away). Up the bed of Stock Gill, a ravine so low it's almost **BELOW** sea-level. And completely refrigerated all the way down to the famous Bridge House in Ambleside. We clip crampons to Koflachs in the woods below Wansfell — and also under a notice warning: "Danger! Do not lean over the railings?" Then, at 9 p.m., we begin our race up the bed of the gorge and between soaring walls. Trying to put out of our minds the depth of some of the pools below their frosted surface which flexes and squeals as it takes our combined weights, the Petzl headlamp beams zoom on into the deepest moonshadows. Hang about! There should be three such blinding lances of light. Where's the third? Roars of anger and frustration echo eerily after us from way back down the gill, true, but must keep up with Bill. Already he's crossing the ice on a bottomless pool, then his light bobs higher and higher up the main waterfall (which Victorian tourists paid good money to view from behind the safety of those railings now high above our heads).

I follow gingerly, falling through the ice in three places — and only saved from being swept underneath by having first taken

placements with my axes on the bare rock of the gorge wall. The overhanging cleft gives moments of wild climbing as there is more naked rock among the ice on which placements must be located. A deckout here would mean popping straight down into the 1050 rpm spin-speed of the waterfall's ice hole way below and yawning as accessibly open as a top-loader washing machine. (Right, Hub has the rope). Also, my sodden track suit bottoms keep slipping down past my hips.

We catch Hub in the Golden Rule. His bulbs had blown. He insists we might have waited. But he's soon thinking big. Today he's dammed the stream at the top of Hodge Close to divert it down the quarry face. Tomorrow he plans to add salt and quicken the flow to build up a generous smear.

Approaching Tebay we eagerly scan the cuttings below Jeffrey's Mount and above the M6. YO! There are ice smears galore — great swords of Damocles hanging over the hard shoulder by the zipping traffic below. That means Black Force rules OK. Actually, only just. An easy grade 2 solo with Korngold and Pat up the fastness of Carlingill. But beautiful. We race back down Lingham, and on to the hospitality of both the Barnaby Rudge and the Railway Club in Tebay.

“Is that Hanky?”

“Who?”

“Hanky . . . Hanky . . .”

“Tanky?”

“Uh-uh-H-A-N-K-Y!”

“Hanky Panky?” we wonder.

“No, it's Frankie,” calls my companion to the ice maiden who has posed the question as she tops out on the route high above.

Alleged to have been Bill Peascod's first-ever ice climb with modern tools the day before, Newlands Hause, at easy grade 3, hangs over the valley like some massive aluminium plant pipeline made of chrome.

Korngold surveys the ice scene from Ruthwaite Lodge and shrugs. It's impossible to tell. Everything up there is a uniform etching of unvarying monochrome. All we can do is go take a look. Fuelled by meat pies and Ribena we do. And find, under the overlying spindrift, a fuse wire of water ice that runs from crag-bottom to crag top for 300ft. The Jogebar icfall! Grade 3 going on grade 4. With a crux where succeeding parties the following weekend take fliers on peg runners. We had our moments.

Mark, 15, takes the day off school to visit the ice palace of Raven Crag, Red Screes, where continual drainage and a north-eastern

aspect that looks straight out on to Siberia creates one of the fun places of an English winter. It hardly ever fails to provide. And the same mulled wine available to the skiers in the Kirkstone Inn is available to those who hit the ice here too.

Mark ends up with a dirt-streaked face, his punky haircut even more awry than usual. He has taken two power-glides to my one (where he held me on his sticht plate as, still attached to a monster icicle that sheared, I flew into orbit). Orange Aero helps revive us while a moon like Chinese lantern lights our way down the ridge to my back door. "Not like the wall, Dad," he says tiredly. On Ambleside's climbing wall I can barely leave the deck.

A blaze of red and yellow flickers and flames in the silent woods and draws us off the track for a warm on the way down. Forest workers feeding their bonfire with logs grin as we pass the time of day (conscious how daft white plastic boots look away from the ice). Yet having just climbed Thirlmere's Launchy Gill gives a glow enough.

Like New York (New York, New York — so nice they named it twice), I'd climbed it the day before. Then returned with Frank because it was so good. Four great cascades, all frozen hard.

A candlestick of ice as white as toothpaste rears up high beyond the Oxendale footbridge. 180ft high, Whorney-side Force is deep-frozen from its bottom-most pool right up to its brink. Although you can hear the sound of water running, it is contained deep within the glassy face. Sunlight sparkles down as we climb on and on — up the rift of Hell Gill itself. And to where it finally branches.

We climb one arm of the "Y," then descend by the side and front-point up the other too. Then it's the clumping run back down a rib of iron-hard turf in the dirty white plastic boots which make such a difference. The Human Dynamo dynos for the first shelf below the peg. Chacal ice hammer, Barracuda axe, Footfangs . . .

They're only just winning a purchase on the mirror of ice sheathing the holdless rock wall.

We've had one grip already. Bootprints making for Dove. Fortunately they finally veered away. It's just as well. There's only just enough ice. "Grade 5, this," I hear a voice say, too tensed to shout. Inaccessible was rarely so hard. Reaching the chock in pitch darkness (we didn't start until 4pm), out come the Petzls as the difficulties increase. For 15ft progress is a bare-fingered cling and front point scraping on the bald left wall: the axes dangling from our wrists on their loops clang wildly against the rock at each move. It's not only real; it's surreal. Tubular bells chime out over the deserted valley from deep inside this ancient rock belfry in the still

of the freezing night. We top out at 7pm under the stars.

Footnote 1: I since discovered that during his BBC Desert Island Discs spot, the Human Dynamo selected Cat Stevens's "Moonshadows" as one of his choices.

Footnote 2: The Human Dynamo had to race north. I hitched a lift from the Brotherswater over Kirkstone in the back of a Land-Rover. The passengers were mentally retarded, a little unnerving in the darkness at first — until they realised there was one more of them with me. Hands reached out to touch my face as I said goodbye.

THAT sealed a great day.

I miss out on Force Crag Force. The HD tells me it's one of the best he's ever done with a 60ft pitch of vertical ice. (This turns out to be Bill Peascod's second-ever ice climb, which he then repeats the next day — he doesn't mess about, Bill.) I tell the Dynamo that that's what he said about Inaccessible.

It's a rat race to reach the ice before it's hacked to death and the queues form. Frank and me — we pip a team to the off on Low Water Beck. One of these is a village policeman (must remember to check the tread on my bicycle tyres). It's a deep, steep passage of water ice that offers grade 3 climbing, going on grade 4 up the beautiful direct finish to the main pitch. Running with water, we reluctantly turn aside from this curtain of vertical ice to finish up the left exit. But it's still perfect climbing. And THE winter route which completely wins Frank over to the world of ice warriors everywhere.

No whopping the ice to bits with these winter activists: Rick, Bill and Korngold. We stride out into Combe Gill, Borrowdale, in 30 minutes from the car, reaching the foot of Raven Crag Gully at 9pm. Then straight up and into it — two teams, each in their own world of Petzl beams and the stars of Orion directly overhead.

Rick and me — we bring up the rear. Rick, with his spectacles safeguarded by a cord behind his head; and me in a wool hat. Having forgotten my stonefall helmet, I do wonder about the ice debris that can strafe you from a leading party.

But good ice climbing is neat and gentle. The ice tool picks are hooked softly-softly into existing placement holes chipped by previous teams. It's so cold the ice stands for it.

Not one ice-bomb falls from above during the 510ft ascent. While out there — yes, OUT THERE — in direct line with gully walls float the street lights of Keswick as weightlessly as a UFO.

There were several other good routes we climbed from Cautley Gill (and its 110 ft pitch and celestial staircase of smaller pitches on

up to the rim of the Howgills) to Shoulthwaite where the gills nearby mirrored the hardness suggested by the name Iron Crag.

It was a few bonny days when ice warriors, ice maidens and aging ice wizards revelled in a time that had finally come. And when once, twice or three times during a day or night between climbs the old questions might be asked: "Taking your crampons off, then?" "Are you stashing your axes?" And into the day sack everything would disappear. Just like, in the end, did the ice.

COLEDALE FORCE, 1985

Bill Peascod

The winter of 1984/5 developed into a hard freeze. Elsewhere Britain suffered under heavy blizzards; in the Lakes there was little snow.

For some weeks the roads were relatively clear and free of ice; the sun shone brightly, most days — and water everywhere on the fells froze hard to the valley floor. It became a classic season for ice climbing.

Bill Birkett and I were into it fairly early. I had hacked my way, in other years, up many a snow-ice gully, most times with an ice-axe (once with a sharp stone) — never with crampons! Now it was to be standard 1980's style: front point crampons, ice hammers, ice screws — the full regalia. With such devices the ice we climbed was more vertical than anything I had ever done before.

When I saw the first ice pitch on Newlands Hause I gasped. "We'll never get up that!" I spluttered.

"Rubbish," said Bill, or words similar in sentiment, "It'll be easy!"

And it was! By the time we had reached the crest of the Hause I was completely hooked on this, for me, new-fangled technique — even though the crampons I was wearing had been given to me because they were no good, by a chap who'd been presented with them ten years ago by someone else, for the same reason . . .

At the end of nearly a week of continuous climbing (we were out six times in eight days as it turned out), mostly on ice, Bill rang me:

"Do you fancy Coledale Hause Force up above Force Crag Mine? The 'word' has it that it's the best pitch in the Lakes this year," he said.

“Oh, Aye?”

“Aye! Downer says so!” he declared, authoritatively.

“It’ll be right then — if Downer says so. When are you leaving?”

“I’ll be there in an hour,” he told me, and hung up.

I reached the car park at Whinlatter just a couple of minutes before Bill and his mate, Pat Duffy, arrived.

The ice, when we got to it looked fantastic. The stream was frozen for something like seven hundred feet. In the lower half there was much easy ice scrambling before the bed reared up into a pleasant solid ice wall of 60 feet or so. Above this we entered into a small amphitheatre.

The ice forms were incredible. Huge bosses and corded icicles, a massive chrysanthemum of radiating ice petals (obviously containing a small bush) — all these ringed the cirque: and down the main wall plunged the linked columns of vertical ice, a thick hollow sheet separated from the rock wall to form grottoes and caves of breathtaking beauty. It was up this our route lay.

Bill rampaged up the wall, ice flying, front points and ice hammers banging into the vertical knots of ice. In 80 feet the steepness relented and the thick solidified stream fell back into icy slabs and another small cirque and more grottoes and ice bubbles and blisters. Pat followed Bill; then it was my turn. It was all joy and heave and disbelief . . .

The next day my wife, Etsu, my small daughter and I spent most of the daylight hours skating on Derwentwater and that evening we went to visit Chris and Wendy Bonington.

I told Chris about the icefall.

“Gosh I’d love to do it — but I’m tied up tomorrow and Tuesday,” he sighed. “How about Wednesday?”

“No, it’s out for me,” I answered. “But Friday’s O.K.”

“I’ll be on the way to Everest then — we leave Thursday” he said quietly, “but I’d still love to do it!”

Then suddenly, “I know! What about a pre-dawn start tomorrow morning? I could pick you up at six; we could be back by nine — and still get a day’s work in!”

It was dark as we drove alongside Bassenthwaite Lake, with barely the faintest hint of dawn in the night sky.

By 6.30 we were at the foot of the falls, with just sufficient light to enable us to fasten on our crampons — this time I had swiped Etsu’s good pair and adjusted them to fit my old and massive Galibiers. With these and another second-hand axe, (acquired from Bill) which felt nicely in balance with my own, my confidence ran high.

What light there was bounced off the ice as we soloed up the lower easier slopes — then the dawn leapt across the sky.

By 7.30 we were in the amphitheatre and Chris was leading up the main ice wall in beautiful style. A hundred and fifty feet higher, with all the rope out he belayed. It was my turn. In better crampons, a couple of good axes and (be it said) a comforting firm rope from above, I set off. At one point some sixty feet up the wall I became too confident (or it could have been tiredness!). The right ice pick, inadequately placed, came adrift and the shock loading on the other caused the ice to burst off around its point. I did an exciting “yo-yo” due to rope stretch as all four contact points ceased to become such — but was soon away again.

It was just 8.15 when we were sitting at the top of the climb.

The dawn had reached the valley. Away to the east, over Helvellyn, a rosy pink suffused the sky. Above our heads the east face of Grisedale Pike was tinged with the same warm hue as the shadow-line moved rapidly down the face.

It was all peace and calm and hope. The morning was held in a breathless hush of pinks and hazy blues and a dusting of white in sheltered combs — nothing moved. The only sounds were of our quiet conversation and the tinkle of ice-gear as Chris wound up the rope.

As we sat there I thought of another dawn, nearly fifty years ago, in the early summer above Loweswater — a dawn full of promise and discovery to come — and of the young impressionable coal miner who, coming out of the dark and stink and sweat, off night shift, up into God’s clean air, had felt compelled to ride out on his bike to find it. But this dawn here, even in the winter, held its own wonder. And the promises were still there to nurture the questing spirit.

THE OTHER THIRLMERE

Ron Kenyon

When climbers think of Thirlmere they automatically think of Castle Rock and Raven Crag. These for years have attracted climbers to their steep and impressive faces with routes such as Thirlmere Eliminate, Overhanging Bastion, The Ghost, The Medlar and Gates of Delirium. They must be the finest roadside

crag in the country and tend to overshadow the other crags in the valley. None are as big and impressive, but the Thirlmere area has a number of crags scattered throughout it. In the last few years climbers have started to investigate and develop this Other Thirlmere.

In the Eastern Crags guide these other crags have terse mention — in fact much reduced on the 1969 guide.

Since then much has changed. The first major development was on the most unlikely of crags — Iron Crag. The description in the guide would put off any new route prospector — “One of the loosest cliffs in the Lakes having an abundance of detached blocks and friable holds. There is plenty of unclimbed rock; it deserves to remain so.” Well in 1981 Pete Whillance and Jim Loxham went to the crag and investigated the area around Rust, a route on the Left Hand Buttress. To their surprise they found solid rock, in fact two excellent routes with Solidarity and Granolithic Groove at E.1. Pete returned shortly afterwards with Dave Armstrong to climb Marble Staircase (E.3), Hiddenite (E.2), Black Gold (E.4) and The Steel Band — a traverse line at E.1. The crag obtained instant popularity for its solid routes with reasonable access. In 1982 Rick Graham and Colin Downer climbed Kryptonite (E.3) and a higher traverse line with Marshal Law (E.1).

On the Lower Iron Crag S. Patterson and D. L. Van Meerbeck climbed Cribin (H.V.S.) in 1970, and more recently Rick Graham and Colin Downer climbed Committal Chamber (E.3), a very impressive route up some very steep rock. The Left Hand Buttress seems now to be fully developed but what of the rest of this once neglected crag?

Yew Crag on High Rigg had a couple of routes — Castlerigg Bastion (S) and Myth (M.V.S.) and was all but missed out of the last guide. In 1982 Karl Telfer and his pals had a look at the crag and climbed four routes on the Left Hand end of the crag — Lost Arrow (E.3), Longbow (E.2), Agincourt (E.2) and Free Flight (E.1).

In St. Johns in the Vale Bram Crag has produced some routes which are in a most impressive position just above the quarry. Unfortunately the rock is rather loose and has never been popular (times may change!). Bram Crag Quarry itself has been looked at and climbed in but is very loose and definitely not recommended. Sandbed Ghyll is one of the classic gully scrambles of the Lakes and well worth doing (in the wet!). On the right of the ghyll Sandbed Corner (H.S.) had been climbed but the area was not popular till 1981 when two parties claimed two routes simultaneously. Paul

Carnforth and John White, won the race over Steve Howe and Al Hewison, and Child in Time (E.1) and All the Way from America (H.V.S.) showed the potential of the crag. In 1984 Steve returned to climb Walk under Ladders (E.1) and Sandbed Corner Direct (H.V.S.). Never to be left out on the action Pete Whillance and Dave Armstrong visited the crag and climbed Chimp Dach (E.3), Stingray (E.2) and Pebble Dash at a technique testing E.5. These routes are all around the Sandbed Corner area, on good rock and make the steep approach well worth the effort.

Above Castle Rock a small crag can be seen and many must have thought of walking up to it to investigate it. Al Phizacklea went up in 1984 and was rewarded for his effort with three routes — Pointless (H.V.S.), Less Point (E.1) and A Nasty Fierce Animal in Sheeps Clothing (V.S.) — I wonder what the story is behind that name!

Whilst out for a run over Helvellyn in 1982 Ron Kenyon ran along the fellside from Helvellyn Ghyll to Wythburn Church. Just above the forest wall he noticed a small crag and a little lower on the right a large boulder buttress. A return visit with Christine Eckersall on the day of the Helvellyn Races produced a number of easy grade routes on the Upper Crag with A Day at the Races (M.S.), The Runs (H.S.), Midge Wall (M.V.S.) and Sunset (H.S.). Jimmy Beveridge, Al Davis and Ian Walker climbed two more routes in 1984 with The First One (V.S.) and C.C. Rider (V.S.). Although not very long they provide a pleasant setting for an evening. On the Lower Crag there is an impressive little crack up a steep wall. After a number of attempts Ron Kenyon, Dids Bowen and Chris King climbed this which proved rather awkward but on excellent rock — Californian Weirdo (E.1) is its name. Dids climbed the front arête to produce the deceptively awkward Frank (E.1). The corner to the left of Frank was tried but time did not allow. A return visit was planned but again Pete Whillance and Dave Armstrong came on the scene to climb Hot Dog (E.1) and Burger (E.1) which ascend the corner. American Pie (E.3) which takes a faint crackline to the right of Burger and Breakfast in America (E.4) which takes the amazing wall left of Californian Weirdo. The crag is not very big but with six extremes it is worth the 20 minutes walk.

At the head of Thirlmere near Steel End is Birk Crag which has two routes — Little Buttress and Little Corner which are quite awkward for their grade. This crag was rather neglected until Ed Cleasby came along in 1982 and climbed Technical Maze at E.3 which climbs the tapering wall and groove on the right of the crag.

People have often looked and talked about the area of fellside in the trees on the west side of Thirlmere. This area is rather overshadowed by Raven Crag but people had wondered if there was another Goat Crag or Great End Crag under the vegetation. In 1982 there was a land slide on Rough Crag which is directly above the road. The authorities were worried about debris crashing onto cars and they blocked off a layby near to the bottom of the crag. Alan Stark from Penrith had seen the scars left by the land slide and investigated the crag. A visit with Alan Davis resulted in further gardening but their human efforts were nothing compared to the natural slide that had occurred earlier. Nevertheless they cleaned some lines, climbed part of the routes but Starkie moved out of the area and the routes remained unfinished. In 1984 Al Davis returned with Alan Hewison for further gardening and in due time climbed Rough Trade and Over the Hill — both V.S. and about 200ft long. The rock is excellent but unfortunately there are some very loose vegetated ledges and the routes have a “big” feel to them. They also climbed Stark Naked M.V.S. in honour of Starkie’s earlier efforts. There is still a lot of rock there but much gardening will be necessary to produce routes and also the crag is right over the road so care must be exercised to avoid dislodging boulders onto the passing cars.

Whilst gardening Rough Crag, Starkie and later Al Hewison saw some crags in the woods up to the right of the crag and on closer inspection Bull Crag and Thackmell Crag were discovered.

Bull Crag is closer to the road being about 200 yards along the road and up into the trees. This was first investigated in 1984 by Mike Lynch and Dave Kay after their return from Everest together with Al Hewison. A monster gardening session cleared the right side of the crag to give Rovers Return (V.S.) on good rock but rather spoilt by a large ledge part way up the route.

Attention was then turned to Thackmell Crag, above and to the right of Bull Crag. The first route to be done was on the upper buttress. Several old pitons found on the route indicated that others had been here before. To date no one has claimed these earlier ventures although with the inclusion of the crag in the New Routes Supplement it will be interesting to see if anyone makes this claim. Blazing Saddles (or Siren) is the route — at V.S. — it follows an obvious slab of rock, below and left of a triple roof. The route takes its name from an horrendous motor bike accident which occurred on the main Thirlmere road opposite the crag, whilst they were doing the route.

Chris Dale visited the crag with Al Hewison with intentions on

the triple overhang. They ended up climbing Brave Ulysses (E.3) which takes a very strenuous traverse line just below the second overhang, which gets mean near its end. He later tried the overhangs direct but unfortunately due to lack of prior cleaning and shortage of time was unsuccessful.

Down to the right of the upper buttress was seen a slab of vegetated rock. Al Hewison, Dave Kay, Chris Dale and Mike Lynch set to with great enthusiasm to garden this slab. In time it gave six routes on excellent rock of about 80ft in length. Sticky Jim (H.V.S.) takes a crackline on the left and has an awkward move into the upper narrow crack, Sasquatch (E.1) takes a line just to the right up pleasant cracks and over an awkward bulge and Yowie (E.1) takes a vague crackline in the centre of the slab to an awkward, but well protected, move right. Steve Howe and Ray Cassidy came on the scene with First Blood (H.V.S.) — the blocky groove just right of Sticky Jim — and Space Shuttle (E.3) — a rather contrived but very difficult route up the centre of the slab with some wild moves above the line of quartz holds. Dave Kay and Mike Lynch came back with some more of their Everest team — Ken Rawlinson and John Delamere and climbed the obvious crack on the right of the slab, which they named (and I think wrongly) Disappointment (M.V.S.), and also Gulag Tour (V.S.) which takes an obvious ramp, left of the slab, to finish either up horrendous vertical heather or by abseil from a tree.

On the same day as the Everest team's exploits Chris Dale and Ron Kenyon were busily brushing and cleaning Bull Crag. The centre of the crag has a covering of moss and lichens and what had been a rather dark wall began to gleam as the day went on. Chris had in fact spent the previous day cleaning the crag as well. One worrying moment was when Chris dislodged a large block which went trundling down the hillside but luckily stopped short of the road. Two routes were cleaned and climbed. Blowing in the Wind (E.2) takes a groove just behind a tree and a continuation groove above to a belay. There is adequate protection on excellent rock. The finish is up a short hanging chimney. Idiot Wind (E.2) is a slightly more severe test with sparser protection up a wall and a groove to the same belay as Blowing in the Wind. The last pitch climbed a hanging block on the left. Chris with his 6ft 5in frame and associated reach could reach the crucial hold with his usual ease — a lesser mortal had a little more difficulty!

Steve Howe, Dave Kay and Mike Lynch returned to this crag and finished off a route they had started earlier on the left of the crag — Independence Day (E.3) starts to the left of the crag and finishes up

a very precarious groove just left of Idiot Wind. The name . . . ?? — it was climbed on July 4th.

These crags are a useful addition to the area but with their easterly aspect and surround of trees they could become vegetated again and only time will tell if they will become popular.

The crags mentioned in this article are overshadowed by the neighbouring Castle Rock and Raven Crag, but they are a change from the established crags and I hope this article has given you an insight and encouraged you to investigate these crags of the other Thirlmere.

HOMAGE ON GREAT GABLE

A. Harry Griffin

How many of the hundreds of people who trudge up Great Gable on Remembrance Sunday nowadays realise that the war memorial is not just the bronze tablet on the summit rocks but the freedom of the unchanging Wasdale hills for all people for all time? There were an estimated 700 people on the summit for the 1983 commemoration — most of them not members of the Club — and perhaps even more last November although, in the thick mist and battering gale, it was impossible to guess how many. Some thought there might have been up to a thousand. Certainly, there were probably more cars on Honister Pass — the easiest base for Great Gable — on November 11th, 1984 than ever before, with every possible space filled and the pass almost blocked by parking on both sides of the road for some distance down both the Borrowdale and the Buttermere sides. Some of the pilgrims, it was noticed, had come in coaches. Remembrance Sunday nowadays has — unfortunately, some of us think — entered the tourists' calendar.

In complete contrast, however, there was a smaller, private ceremony on the summit on Sunday, June 10th last year — the sixtieth anniversary of the unveiling of the memorial tablet. Fifty members took part in a quiet commemoration, to be described later, and, remarkable, it so happened there were no other people on top at the time. It was a Club occasion, pure and simple; the modern mass pilgrimages on Remembrance Sundays have become public occasions which, since these fell tops now belong to the nation, is understandable. It is, however, a little strange that the

memorial for the men of the Lake District who fell in the Great War, the summit of Scafell Pike, is not used, so far as I am aware, for any public homage on Remembrance Sundays; whereas the Club's memorial symbol for its dead nowadays attracts the crowds in increasing numbers, no matter what the weather. The easier accessibility of Great Gable — at least from Honister Pass — must be part of the explanation. The Scafell Pike memorial — the highest land in England, 40 acres of the summit above 3,000 feet — was given to the nation, through the National Trust, by the third Lord Leconfield as the war memorial for the Lake District in 1920 — three years before the Club's very much larger gift. There is a slab of Honister slate, recording the occasion, set into the north face of the summit cairn.

Now that the Great Gable anniversary commemorations are over it was thought that a record of the Club's 60 years' special involvement with the mountain — actually, even longer than this since discussions about an appropriate memorial to fallen members began in 1919 — should be attempted. We should all be proud of those early members whose imagination, enterprise and energy enabled the Club, as its memorial to the twenty who fell in the Great War, to purchase the high land on both sides of Styhead Pass and hand it over to the National Trust "for the use and enjoyment of the people of our land for all time." Darwin Leighton, President of the Club during the negotiations for the acquisition of the land, described the handing over as "the most memorable event in the history of the Club" and our startlingly original memorial — the gift of mountains for everybody's enjoyment — must be regarded as the greatest possible service ever achieved by the Club for the public at large. In honouring its war dead the Club made sure that all these wonderful fells in the very heart of Lakeland will remain unchanged for all time and that everybody, not only members of the Club, will always have the complete freedom of all these fellsides and crags.

Some of our younger members may not realise the vast extent of the memorial. The 1184 acres handed over to the National Trust is, mostly, land above 1,500 feet in two huge groups to the north and south of Styhead Pass, embracing the summits of 12 fells — Kirk Fell, Great Gable, Green Gable, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Base Brown, Lingmell, Broad Crag, Great End, Seathwaite Fell, Allen Crags and Glaramara. There is a strip of land running through the pass and up to 1,750 feet that is not memorial land. According to reports at the time this strip had to be reserved in case a motor road was ever built over the pass.

The story of the acquisition of the land and the eventual unveiling of the memorial tablet is a long and interesting one reflecting considerable credit on the handful of members whose clear thinking and hard work enabled the Club to hand over its great heritage. The Journals of 1923 and 1924 (with articles by, respectively, R. S. T. Chorley, later Lord Chorley, and W. T. Palmer) trace the tale very well indeed so that no more than a summary of the facts is needed here. To this I will try to add information gleaned from the Club archives, committee meeting minutes, press reports — massive, country-wide coverage was given to both the acquisition of the land and the unveiling of the tablet — the memories of older members and my own memories of many Remembrance Day pilgrimages.

The first war memorial scheme discussed in committee was for shelters beneath the main crags but this suggestion proved unpopular and the decision of the Club, four years later, to purchase the two tracts of land, was apparently originally inspired by an idea of H. P. Cain in February, 1919. At a committee meeting, splendidly cutting through a maze of side tracks, he suggested, simply: "Let's buy a fell." And, at the annual general meeting of the Club later that year it was Cain's proposal that the Club should enter into negotiations, "with a view to purchasing Pillar Rock or part of Great Gable" and hand it over to the National Trust, that received unanimous support. Cain, later a distinguished President of the Club, could, therefore, be said to have been the prime mover in the project and the others most involved, with him, in the successful dealings and eventual completion of the whole scheme, were Darwin Leighton, honorary secretary and later President during the negotiations, and Wilson Butler, honorary treasurer and later Vice-President.

But Pillar Rock was not for sale. The sum of £50 — mountain land was cheap in those days — was offered to Lord Lonsdale for the purchase of the Rock and a right of way from Black Sail Pass but His Lordship, well known for his sporting interests in other fields, "was not disposed to entertain the suggestion." Negotiations, therefore, continued for the possible acquisition of Great Gable, interrupted, briefly, by an unsuccessful foray to buy Napes Needle upon which, apparently, the trustees of the estate felt themselves unable to place "an agricultural value." This was 1920; four years later the Needle was to become the badge and symbol of the Club. At first the very lengthy Great Gable discussions which went on for three years centred around the possible purchase of Row Head Farm at Wasdale, which includes the mountain, but the



Darwin Leighton's daughter, Betty Leighton.

H. Ironfield

farm was later withdrawn from the sale — after a spirited bid on behalf of the Club — and, soon afterwards, Mr. Herbert W. Walker of Seascale purchased the whole of the (Musgrave) estate. Mr. Walker, an old climber and former member of the Club, showed considerable sympathy and co-operation in the negotiations that quickly followed. These had begun with a telephoned bid for the Needle — still regarded then by many, as the most appropriate memorial — by the President and ended, eventually, with the dramatic request for virtually all the high land in the heart of the district. With benevolent abandon the committee had empowered the deputation to offer anything from £250 to £500 for the land — even if they could only manage to acquire, for this sum, the upper slopes of Great Gable. But Mr. Walker proved in generous mood and, in the end the huge acreage of high fells was bought for £400 and at the annual dinner of the Club at Coniston in October of that year, 1923, the deeds of the gifted land were handed over to Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P., representing the National

Trust — a triumphant ending to three years of hard work. The money for the memorial land was, apparently, easily raised by the Club, a total of £570 having been received by September, 1923 from 345 members — about eighty per cent of the total membership at that time.

Discussions now went ahead about the form the memorial tablet should take and the arrangements for the eventual unveiling ceremony. It was Howard Somervell who proposed in committee that a bronze tablet, suitably worded and bearing the names of those members who had fallen in the war, should be placed "on or within twenty-five feet of the top of Great Gable." There was a suggestion — from the widow of Canon H. D. Rawnsley, one of the founders of the National Trust — that the tablet should be of slate, not bronze, but the committee recommendation went ahead. The relief model of the memorial land to be shown on the tablet was first made in plasticine by W. G. Collingwood and Miss Collingwood and then the whole tablet was cast in bronze by B. S. Harlow, the exact site for its positioning on the mountain selected, and the best method of fixing the tablet to the rock agreed.

It was first decided in committee that the Prince of Wales, no less, should be invited to unveil the memorial tablet but he was "not able to accept the invitation" and so the new President of the Club (Dr. A. W. Wakefield, who had taken part in the previous year's Everest expedition) was asked and accepted and the ceremony was arranged for Whit Sunday, June 8th, 1924. At this point in the story the presence in the Club today of a member who was extremely active in all the war memorial preparations of more than 60 years ago and actually helped to carry up the very heavy bronze tablet should be reported. He is, of course, Billy Pape, a member since 1921, and 94 years young in May, 1984. At his home in Coniston Billy was able to recall for me those distant days, proudly producing his ash tray made from the bronze from which the tablet was cast — one of several given to certain members of the Club by Harlow at the time. W. G. Pape was a close friend of H. P. Cain who had proposed his (Pape's) election to the Club and he had acted as Cain's unofficial assistant or companion in many of the long-drawn out negotiations in the memorial project. "I was out with Cain weekend after weekend" Billy revealed to me "going to see Lord This or That or Sir Somebody or Other about the land. Cain was the moving spirit in the whole thing and most enthusiastic but he was also a very astute man and I think he was glad to have somebody with him. We had to keep things pretty secret at the time for the negotiations were confidential. Before that there had been

the original suggestion about shelters which it was thought would ultimately get into decay and become something of a liability to the Club and then came the feelers about the Needle and Pillar Rock. But Cain always had behind him the big idea of acquiring the high fells!’

Describing the carrying up of the bronze tablet, two days before the unveiling ceremony, Billy said that several of them took turns, including Cain, John Appleyard, probably J. B. Wilton, a few others and himself. ‘It was a very heavy and awkward load and we carried it, in turn, strapped on to our rucksack. I remember we could only carry it one or two hundred yards at a time. We had been staying at Thorneythwaite and we went up the pass from Seathwaite. It was a very humid and misty day. We leaned the tablet against the rock in the position previously decided upon and it wasn’t properly fixed and bolted to the rock until some time afterwards.’

(John Appleyard’s snapshots in the archives, however, show the carrying party leaving Seathwaite with the tablet on what looks like an improvised stretcher. Perhaps they resorted to Pape’s remembered method higher up the mountain. The snapshots show that other members of the carrying party, in addition to those

A. W. Wakefield, President, at the Dedication of the War Memorial, 8 June 1924.
R. W. Hall



already mentioned, were Leslie Somervell, Betty de Fonblanque (later his wife), B. Hafield (Mrs. Stenning) and B. S. Harlow who had cast the tablet).

On the Sunday, in grey mists and drifting rain, came the dedication service on the summit and Billy Pape was among the five hundred people taking part. Before the actual unveiling the bronze tablet was enshrouded in the war-stained Union Jack that had flown from H.M.S. Barham at the Battle of Jutland. Dr. Wakefield spoke of the fallen climbers' great love of the hills, Geoffrey Winthrop Young read out an eloquent tribute, Godfrey Solly recited the Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" and Cain read out the inscription on the dedicatory tablet and the list of names. There were prayers and the sounding of the "Last Post" by two buglers of St. Bees' School cadets, wreaths and flowers were laid around the tablet, and then the crowds, saddened perhaps by the impressive scene, walked quietly down the mountain.

Every November since then — first on Armistice days (the 11th of the month) and later on Remembrance Sundays — there has been a simple commemoration at the memorial tablet — in the early years, a short service with prayers, and later, usually, just the two minutes silence. Many Club members remember the Armistice Day services on the summit — Billy Pape attended several of them and Mrs. R. Stenning (daughter of Dr. C. F. Hadfield, President: 1931-1932) recalls helping to carry "various things" up the mountain when the tablet was taken up and, later, attending the unveiling ceremony itself. This was two years before Mrs. Stenning became a member of the Club. She still has the bronze ash tray given to her at the time. Another senior member of the Club, Mrs. Mary Heaton, was a regular attender at the Armistice Day services and, in a long letter to Mrs. Muriel Files (the Club archivist who has been particularly helpful in the compilation of this rough history), she describes her memories of those occasions. Regular Fell and Rock pilgrimages to the summit service were, she believes, started by two members who were close friends — Ralph Mayson and Lionel Glaister, both of whom had been wounded in the 1914-18 War. Ralph Mayson had invited her to join his party in the late 1920s and she continued her attendances, usually with Lionel Glaister who continued the tradition for many years after Mayson's death, until the end of the last war, missing only two services. The number of people attending these early summit services varied, recalls Mrs. Heaton, from about nine to just over 30 — a dramatic comparison with the many hundreds who have been making the pilgrimage in recent years.



War Memorial, Great Gable; Armistice Day, 11th November, 1937. Top left, Ralph Mayson; bottom left, Lionel Glaister.

Ralph Mayson

Many of those attending the earlier services were ex-servicemen remembering fallen comrades. Either Mayson or Glaister usually carried a laurel wreath — “that grew smaller as the years went by” — and Mayson, a well-known photographer, also took up a heavy plate camera and took pictures of the summit parties. Sometimes there was the Lord’s Prayer, a recital of Lawrence Binyon’s “To the Fallen,” God Save the King and the placing of poppies and wreaths — often in the snow. One year during the last war — when the clocks were put back for two hours, not one — the womenfolk went up the mountain with candles in jam jars to light the way before dawn. Another year a distant snow-clad peak was sighted from the summit — some said it could be Ben Lomond — but, more often than not, the weather was wet and cloudy. Once the party had to rope up in places, the mountain being “treacherous with ice.” Mrs. Heaton has been able to recall the names of many of the members and others who attended the early pilgrimages and her most interesting reminiscences have a worthy place in the Club archives.

My own memories are not nearly so embracing as those of Mrs. Heaton but they do include many of the post-1939-46 war years. I am not sure when the Lionel Glaister summit parties ended but my recollection is that he was succeeded, unofficially, by Eddie Cairns of Preston, a public-spirited mountain man who I knew quite well in another capacity but who was never, I think, a member of the Club. For several years Eddie never missed a Remembrance Sunday, no matter what the weather, and would quietly call together the little summit groups for the two minutes silence each November. When he died his friends asked whether somebody from the Keswick Mountain Rescue Team, which had long been represented at the commemoration, could take his place and Desmond Oliver, who is also one of the national park rangers, has been quietly carrying on the tradition for several years now. Sometimes he has merely taken off his cap to signal the start of the short silence; on other occasions he has said a few words. Like Eddie Cairns Mr. Oliver is not a member of the Club and it may be a matter of surprise to some that for many years, probably since the passing of Lionel Glaister, the Club has not been noticeably involved, officially, in the ceremony and, indeed, might not always have been adequately represented. This last comment does not, however, apply to the last few years when successive presidents, together with past presidents and others, have been present although not taking an active part in the ceremony. Perhaps there is no need to elaborate this situation further here other than to suggest that the Club should be grateful to Mr. Oliver for his freely-given services.

This rather discontinuous history of the 60-odd years of our mountain war memorial must now be completed by a short account of the 1984 anniversary commemoration. The special Brackenclose meet was led by Donald Murray and on the Sunday, June 10th fifty members made their way to the summit by a variety of routes in fine but rather humid weather, with a little early mist. Five past presidents attended the President, Harry Ironfield, at the summit including the meet leader who, using an ice axe to compensate for two artificial hips, had gallantly made the ascent from Honister Pass and, at 78 years of age, was the oldest person present. His grandson was the youngest. After introducing Mr. Lawrence Harwood, regional director of the National Trust, and Neil Allinson, the Trust's chief warden in the area, who is also a Club member, the President spoke of the great significance of the occasion, the sacrifices for freedom made by the fallen and the "exceptional originality and vision" of those early members who



Left to right: Donald Murray, Harry Ironfield and Lawrence Harwood.

had conceived the idea of buying fells as a war memorial. Some of those whose names were on the tablet were still remembered as the finest rock climbers of their day. After briefly tracing the history of the handing over of the land the President referred to the close ties between the Club and the National Trust and thanked the latter for the great care they had shown over the years in looking after this estate. Mr. Harwood, in reply, spoke of the Trust's great pride in caring for the land — the finest memorial that could have been imagined — and said that the whole country had long owed a great debt of gratitude to the Club for its superb gift to the nation. He then presented to the President, for the Club's safe keeping, a photostat copy of the original title deeds that had been handed over to the Trust in 1923.

The old Wasdale climbing book, given to the Club in the late 1930s by G. R. Speaker, used for many years and then placed in the archives — but produced at recent annual dinners — then made its appearance. It was not supposed to be taken into the hills but the President, in view of the importance of the occasion, had dared to carry it up in his rucksack and all the fifty members present signed it. There was a special significance in the fact that two of the four

daughters of Darwin Leighton — all members of the Club — attended the meet. The eldest, Mrs. Mary Cockerton (Club secretary during the war years) had travelled from her home in Calgary, Alberta, walked to the top of Styhead Pass on the day of the ceremony and wrote an appropriate reference to the occasion in the book at Brackenclose. A younger sister, Mrs. Betty Cain, walked up Great Gable on her own and took part in the ceremony on the summit. For this special occasion she proudly wore her late father's Club badge — marked No. 6. Thus was a long-standing Club and family association with Great Gable maintained. We came down in the warm sunshine in little groups, glad we had been able to take part in an important anniversary of a very great event in the history of the Club. Five months later many of us were up there again, in wind and cloud, with the November crowds and no doubt we will join the ascending queues in the coming years but the little private Club anniversary, with so many memories for some, had been something different.

THREE PRESIDENTS

On Saturday June 16th 1984 The President Harry Ironfield together with the Club Secretary Paddy O'Neill arranged for a meeting to be held in the Lake District with the President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, Professor Malcolm Slessor, and Secretary Bill Wallace, and Derek Walker, President of the Climbers Club and Secretary Mike Browell.

After first traversing Blencathra and Lonscale the President entertained the party to a working dinner where discussion ranged over many items that are of common interest to the three Clubs. Some of the matters discussed included mutual problems connected with the administration of Huts, the production of definitive Rock Climbing Guides to our respective Districts, Club Hand Books and Journals. Other matters including Finance came under review.

At the conclusion of the meeting there was general agreement that the discussions and exchange of information had been extremely interesting and useful. It was therefore agreed to hold similar meetings at two year intervals in future. This Meeting of the Presidents was thought to be the first of its kind between our three major mountaineering Clubs.

ANNUAL DINNER 1983

A.H.H.

The A.G.M. and Annual Dinner again appear to have established a number of 'firsts'. The innovation of a mid-afternoon A.G.M. resulted in the shortest ever meeting. Estimates varied between 30 and 32 minutes. If this sort of efficiency continues, habitual latecomers will shortly find they have missed the meeting altogether.

For members who made the most of a shortened day, the weather was kind with sun and fleeting cloud, though cold winds kept parties moving on the tops. There were reports of peculiar antics on ice in Cust's gully by one party who continued over the Pike and a number of members made a concerted attack on Gillercombe Buttress. Most other tops within reach of the huts and Keswick were visited.

The dinner/buffet was almost overflowing with about 220 at the formal dinner and a further 60 at the buffet. Indeed, at one time there were rumours of a possible overflow dinner. Bill Comstive must be very pleased at the success of the function and we are all grateful to him for the work he puts in — early application in 1984 seems to be advisable.

The top table was enhanced this year by the bronze model of the Needle which was sculpted by Una Cameron and presented to the Club by G. R. Speaker to commemorate the Jubilee ascent of Napes Needle by W. Hasket-Smith in 1936.

A further gift by Speaker to the Club in 1939 was the handsomely bound Wasdale Climbing Book, briefly used until 1949. Upon the invitation of the President the majority of members and guests present recorded their signatures in this book. It is intended that it shall be used for this purpose at each Annual Dinner henceforth and at other special occasions of the Club.

The 'theme' this year was Mountain Rescue and most of our guests were from rescue organisations. The President in proposing 'The Club and Guests' seemed to be adopting a new technique for encouraging attendance at meets by cryptic reference — what *did* happen with the Salving House fire extinguisher? Lord Chorley's reminiscences of earlier days in The Club were enthralling and we look forward to the revival of an old New Year day custom at Crummock (it seems that the permissive society started early with the Fell & Rock!). Sid Cross provided even more hilarity with his 'Tales of Mountain Rescue'. There could be a television series there! finally, the disco now seems well established and was well patronised to round off the evening.

Sunday, as in the last few years, was kind by providing low cloud, high wind and occasional drizzle giving a perfect excuse for a late start, or even no start at all. The slide show this year by Noel Kirkman gave some fascinating glimpses of earlier mountain rescue techniques and personalities and this year saw an innovation of the showing of a mountain rescue film. By coincidence, the Windermere marathon was held on the Sunday and three members took part, Monica Shone, Ken and Rob Andrews all completing the course.

All in all therefore another most enjoyable Dinner Meet — thank you again Bill and we look forward to next year.

EARLY SCRAMBLERS ON SCAFELL

Muriel Files

Among the pioneer rock scramblers of Lakeland, S. T. Coleridge has received much attention because of the graphic description he wrote of his descent from Scafell summit to Mickledore on 5th August 1802. Climbers were made aware of this in a letter to the Editor of the 1952 *Journal* from A. P. Rossiter (author of the Yewbarrow section of the 1948 Gable guide) reprinted overleaf. His purpose was to correct a mistake in the early editions of the Scafell guide where Coleridge had been credited, on the authority of W. G. Collingwood, with the probable first ascent of Broad Stand instead of its descent. H. M. Kelly, then Guide Book Editor, added a note to the First Ascents list in the 1956 edition drawing attention to Rossiter's letter. This note was dropped from the 1967 and 1974 editions; but in 1984 the First Ascent entry for Broad Stand was revised to read: 'Thomas Tyson, John Vicars Towers. Probably early in the nineteenth century. Mentioned in Green's guide. Probably descended by Coleridge 5 August 1802! It is hoped that the following notes may throw some light on the original First Ascent entry for Broad Stand with its subsequent revisions; and also on the scramblers, especially Coleridge, who explored Scafell nearly 200 years ago.

Rossiter followed up his letter with an article in the 1954 *Journal*: 'Notes from a Little-Known Coleridge' in which, quoting from the then unpublished *Letters* and *Notebooks*, he introduced readers to Coleridge's excursions on the fells as well as to his imaginative appreciation of Lake District scenery. While he was living at Greta Hall, Keswick (1800-1803) Coleridge's solitary fell walks included the Saddleback-Bannerdale-Bowscale-Carrook region; the Grisedale Pike-Eel Crag-Causey Pike round; and an enterprising traverse of the Helvellyn ridge starting at Keswick and finishing at Grasmere; as well as the 9-days' walking tour of August 1802 during which he climbed Scafell from Wasdale via Burnmoor and scrambled down to Eskdale via Mickledore* These solo expeditions were remarkable at a time when maps, as we know them, did not exist; and when guides were employed for simple ascents such as that of Skiddaw. Even Wordsworth, who was accustomed to walking on the fells, took a guide for Scafell Pike.

* The route is outlined in A. P. Rossiter's letter in the 1952 *Journal*. It is described in more detail in the 1958 *Journal* by E. M. Turner in 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the Lake District: a New Appraisal'. Publication of Coleridge's *Letters* (ed. E. L. Griggs) and his *Notebooks* (ed. K. Coburn) had begun in 1956 and 1957 respectively.

Reprinted from *Journal* No. 46 (Vol.16 No.2) 1952 p.198.

NOTE ON 'FIRST ASCENTS' (SCAFELL)

To the Editor of the 'Fell and Rock Journal'

Dear Sir,

Before the new Scafell Guide appears, may I beg the space to correct an historical error in the 'old'? There, under 'First Ascents' (page 101) you will find that W. G. Collingwood suggested that Coleridge may have ascended Scafell by Broad Stand; and that is the mistake to be corrected. These are the facts:—

(1) Between 1st and 9th August, 1802, S.T.C. made a 'circumcursion' from Keswick by Newlands to Buttermere and St Bees, up Ennerdale, thence by Gosforth to Wasdale Head; from where he climbed Scafell, descended to Taws in Eskdale, and then continued by Ulpha and Coniston to Brathay and so back to Keswick.

(2) His account of this can be read in a long journal-letter he wrote for the Hutchinsons and Wordsworths (Wm. and Dorothy). It was printed by E. L. Griggs in 1939 in a collection of papers entitled *Wordsworth and Coleridge* (Princeton U. Press), but is more easily accessible in Miss K. Coburn's *Inquiring Spirit* (Routledge, 1951), pp. 225-40. The letter survives in a transcript made by Sara Hutchinson, for whom, it may be surmised, Coleridge mainly wrote; he was in love with her.

(3) Some confirmatory evidence can be gleaned from 'Notebook 2'; a manuscript now in the British Museum. It is the pocket-book he carried throughout his tour, and the notes made on the spot were open before him as he wrote his three-part letter (one part from Strands, one on top Scafell, the third from Tawhouse: the rest of the tour being only in the Notebook, and still unpublished).

(4) Coleridge went up towards Burnmoor, and then up Scafell by the side of a 'torrent' which was joined by another in a Y. At his second resting-place he still saw Burnmoor Tarn, and Miterdale. (*N.-bk.*) It follows that, though he scrambled, he did not rock-climb.

(5) Having gained the top, and written 'surely the first Letter ever written from the Top of Sca' Fell; he 'skirted the Precipices' and saw beneath him a ridge of hill, like a hyphen, joining Scafell to 'a most sublime Crag-summit, that seemed to rival Sca' Fell Man in height'. He went that way, and got down by 'dropping' by the hands over a series of 'smooth perpendicular Rock' walls; got 'cragfast' or very nearly so, and finally slid down by a 'chasm' (*N.-bk.*) or 'Rent', as between two walls (*Letter*). The rest enables one to trace him down beside Cam Spout to Sampson's Stones and 'a little Village of Sheep-folds'; and so by the peat-road to Tawhouse.

I think it is clear that Coleridge has a title to the first *descent* of Broad Stand, on 5th August, 1802. But more may perhaps follow from this. It is evident that Thomas Tyson, with whom he stayed at Wasdale Head on 4th August, did not tell him of this way-down; and probable that John Vicars Towers of Tawhouse, his host on 5th August, did not know of it either. In Green's *Guidebook* of 1819 these two Estatesmen are the only persons mentioned 'as having climbed from the Wasdale side of Mickledore to the summit of Scafell'. (I quote Mr Gordon Wordsworth's note dated 1912-13 in E. L. Griggs' book: not having been able to consult Green). Tyson was born in 1760 and died in 1842; Towers, born in 1746, died in 1817; they lie very neighbourly in St Catherine's, Boot. Should they not share the 'first ascent' of Broad Stand?

Jesus College,
Cambridge.

Yours sincerely,

A. P. Rossiter.



Scafell seen from Wastwater.

T. H. A. Fielding, 1822

W. G. Collingwood (well-known Lake District historian, archaeologist and artist; member of the Club from 1913 until his death in 1932) drew attention to Coleridge's descent from Scafell in his *Lake District History* published in 1925. The date is interesting as it may help to explain the incorrect entry for the first ascent of Broad Stand. A First Ascents list was not included in the Scafell guide as it originally appeared in the 1924 *Journal*; it was added later (compiled by H. P. Cain) when the guide was published separately, undated, as a 'Red' guide. No reference has so far been found in the Minutes to the date when the Scafell 'Red' guide was issued, but that it was after the A.G.M. held on 10th October 1925 may be inferred from the Annual Report for 1924-25; and also from the Accounts to 30th September 1926 where the cost of printing the Scawfell [*sic*] guide is listed. According to this circumstantial evidence, it did not appear until after the publication of *Lake District History* in mid-1925*, and Cain may have seen

* A review of *Lake District History*, marked in ink Times L[iterary] S[upplement] 12.6.25, is pasted in the Fell and Rock Library copy of the book, indicating that it was published in mid-1925.

Collingwood's reference to Coleridge before his First Ascents list was printed. 'Ascent' may be an uncorrected printer's error; or Cain may have inadvertently written ascent instead of descent. This is conjecture. The fact that emerges is that Coleridge's descent was already known in 1925, although the Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge states in the preface to his transcription* of his great-grandfather's accounts of his Lake District tours of 1799 and 1802, printed in 1939, that they had not hitherto been published.

Collingwood, who assumed that Coleridge's descent was by Broad Stand, suggested that he might be considered 'father of Rock and Fell Climbers! This view was repeated more recently by Alan Hankinson in *The First Tigers* (1972) where he wrote that "had his career and ill health . . . not taken him inexorably away from the mountains . . . Coleridge might have become the father of rock climbing;" and by Molly Lefebure who, in *Cumbrian Discovery* (1977), went so far as to call him the 'founding father of rock climbing,' thus promoting him to the position normally reserved for W. P. Haskett Smith. In his article in the 1954 *Journal*, A. P. Rossiter suggests less extravagantly, but more accurately, that he has 'some slight claim to be called the earliest of English rock scramblers!

In view of the 1984 revision of the first ascent entry for Broad Stand, Coleridge's full account of his descent from Scafell in the journal-letter mentioned by Rossiter is of special interest. Quotations from it have now appeared in several Lakeland books, but all are selective. The aim here is to include every topographical detail which might help to identify his route.

After describing his ascent from Burnmoor, the views from the summit, and his feelings on reaching it in 'surely the first Letter ever written from the Top of Sca'Fell; Coleridge says: 'I must now drop down, how I may into Eskdale! The letter was continued the next day headed:

'Eskdale, Friday Aug. 6th. (1802) at an Estate House called Toes. (Taw House).**

When I find it convenient to descend from a mountain, I am too confident & too indolent to look round about & wind about 'till I find a track or other symptom of safety; but I wander on, & where

* The title of the transcription is 'S. T. Coleridge Discovers the Lake Country' a contribution to *Wordsworth and Coleridge*, edited by E. L. Griggs. Princeton Univ. Press, 1939. (See A. P. Rossiter's letter in the 1952 *Journal*).

** Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press from: *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, edited by E. L. Griggs (Vol.2, Letter 451) Clarendon Press, 1956.

it is first *possible* to descend, there I go—relying upon fortune for how far down this possibility will continue. So it was yesterday afternoon. I passed down from Broad-crag, skirted the Precipices, and found myself cut off from a most sublime Crag-summit, that seemed to rival Sca' Fell Man in height, & to outdo it in fierceness. A Ridge of Hill lay low down, & divided this Crag (called Doe-crag) & Broad-crag—even as the Hyphen divides the words broad & crag. I determined to go thither; the first place I came to, that was not direct Rock, I slipped down, & went on for a while with tolerable ease—but now I came (it was midway down) to a smooth perpendicular Rock about 7 feet high—this was nothing—I put my hands on the Ledge, & dropped down / in a few yards came just such another / I *dropped* that too / and yet another, seemed not higher—I would not stand for a trifle / so I dropped that too / but the stretching of the muscle[s] of my hands & arms, & the jolt of the Fall on my Feet, put my whole Limbs in a *Tremble*, and I paused, & looking down, saw that I had little else to encounter but a succession of these little Precipices—it was in truth a Path that in a very hard Rain is, no doubt, the channel of a most splendid Waterfall.—So I began to suspect that I ought not to go on / but then unfortunately tho' I could with ease drop down a smooth Rock 7 feet high, I could not *climb* it / so go on I must / and on I went / the next 3 drops were not half a Foot, at least not a foot more than my own height / but every Drop increased the Palsy of my Limbs—I shook all over, Heaven knows without the least influence of Fear / and now I had only two more to drop down / to return was impossible—but of these two the first was tremendous / it was twice my own height, & the Ledge at the bottom was [so] exceedingly narrow, that if I dropt down upon it I must of necessity have fallen backwards & of course killed myself. My Limbs were all in a tremble—I lay upon my Back to rest myself, . . . [After contemplating his position he] exclaimed aloud—how calm how blessed am I now / I know not how to proceed, how to return / but I am calm & fearless & confident . . . —I arose, & looking down saw at the bottom a heap of Stones—which had fallen abroad—and rendered the narrow Ledge on which they had been piled, doubly dangerous / at the bottom of the third Rock that I dropt from, I met a dead Sheep quite rotten—This heap of Stones, I guessed, & have since found that I guessed aright, had been piled up by the Shepherd to enable him to climb up & free the poor creature whom he had observed to be crag-fast—but seeing nothing but rock over rock, he had desisted & gone for help—and in the mean time the poor creature had fallen down & killed itself.—As I was looking at these

I glanced my eye to my left, & observed that the Rock was rent from top to bottom—I measured the breadth of the Rent, and found that there was no danger of my being *wedged* in / so I put my Knap-sack round to my side, & slipped down as between two walls, without any danger or difficulty—the next Drop brought me down on the Ridge called the How / I hunted out my Besom Stick, which I had flung before me when I first came to the rocks—'

Readers of the *Journal* now have the information on which to form their own opinion as to the route Coleridge took. In a note dated 1912-13 which follows G. H. B. Coleridge's transcription of the journal-letter in *Wordsworth and Coleridge* (see footnote p.56) G. G. Wordsworth (the poet's grandson) wrote: 'It was probably down the Broad Stand that Coleridge scrambled despite the fact that the Mickledore Chimney is rather more suggestive of being in wet weather "The channel of a most splendid waterfall!" ' In *Cumbrian Discovery* Molly Lefebure argues in favour of Scafell Chimney (as she terms Mickledore Chimney) basing her opinion on George Abraham's description of Scafell [sic] Chimney and Broad Stand in *The Complete Mountaineer* (1907). There may of course have been topographical changes since 1802; George Abraham mentions rock falls in Scafell [sic] Chimney and, on the authority of Richard Pendlebury, even 'minor blasting operations' on Broad Stand*. Any evidence that would confirm this latter rather surprising statement would be welcome.

The claim of A. P. Rossiter, supporter of the Broad Stand alternative, to be an expert witness is a strong one. In the introduction to her edition of Coleridge's *Notebooks*** Kathleen Coburn expresses warm appreciation of Rossiter's collaboration, especially in checking the Lake District entries; he even went so far as actually to go over Coleridge's routes on the ground, taking the galley proofs of the descriptions with him. One of his notes in Vol. I of the *Notebooks* makes it clear that he tried conscientiously to identify the line of Coleridge's descent to Mickledore, observing that 'he may have exaggerated the drops, both in height and number'. It would be very useful if someone who is interested in what might be termed the pre-history of Scafell climbing would, following Rossiter's example, check Coleridge's description and re-assess the evidence.

If A. P. Rossiter had not died in a car crash in 1957 at the age of 53 more light might have been thrown on the pioneer rock

* See: *The Complete Mountaineer* by G. D. Abraham, 1907. p. 131.

** *The Notebooks of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. by Kathleen Coburn, Routledge, 1957.

scramblers. These include Thomas Tyson of Row Head, Wasdale and John Vicars Towers of Taw House, Eskdale who are credited in the 1984 Scafell guide with the first ascent of Broad Stand. In making the suggestion in his letter in the 1952 *Journal* that Tyson and Towers might 'share the first ascent of Broad Stand', Rossiter quotes from the note by G. G. Wordsworth in *Wordsworth and Coleridge* (see footnote p.56) that in Green's guidebook of 1819* these two Estatesmen are the only persons mentioned as having climbed from the Wasdale side of Mickledore to the summit of Scafell! Rossiter had not seen Green's guide so, particularly as it is mentioned in every edition of the Scafell guide, the relevant passage is quoted below:

'Mickledore. The footing at this door is grassy, and the middle a sharp ridge, from which, through immense rocks, is an opening on the south west to Wasdale head; and on the south east over the heads of Eskdale, and Seathwaite, to the Coniston mountains . . .

'The Crag on the south west, though seeming frightfully to oppose all passage, have been ascended as the readiest way to the top of Scafell, and amongst other adventures by Mr. Thomas Tyson of Wasdale Head, and by Mr. Towers, of Toes: but Messrs. Otley, and Birkett,** contented themselves by proceeding for some distance in the direction of eskdale, to a deep fissure, through which they scrambled to the top of Scafell!

***Haskett Smith, commenting on the passage says: 'It might be thought that this "Fissure" was "Mickledore Chimney" but it is more likely that it was another and easier gully a good way farther down! Did Otley and Birkett make their way past Foxes Tarn? If Haskett Smith's suggestion is accepted they do not appear to be rivals for the first ascent of Broad Stand although theirs was a formidable excursion. Having left Keswick on foot at five in the morning, they descended that evening from the top of Scafell to Wasdale Head; in Green's words: 'a decent days march for a man like Birkett, then 66 years of age!'

Discussing Coleridge's route, Rossiter in his letter to the 1952 *Journal* Editor says: 'It is evident that Thomas Tyson, with whom he stayed at Wasdale Head on 4th August, did not tell him of this

* *The Tourist's New Guide* By William Green, Kendal, 1819, Vol. 2, p.324.

** Green describes Mr. Edward Birkett as 'guide and fisherman! Mr. Otley must surely be Jonathan Otley of Keswick, author of *A Concise Description of the English Lakes*, 1823. Unfortunately no account of this walk has so far been found in Otley's writings.

*** In: *Climbing in the British Isles, 1. England*, 1894. p.132.

way-down; and probable that John Vicars Towers of Tawhouse, his host on 5th August, did not know of it either'; but he provides no evidence for the statement. Coleridge had already slept at Row Head in 1799, so he was known to the Tysons and was again 'welcomed kindly' by them. When he arrived at Taw House 'they begged me to pass the night — which I did & supped of some excellent Salmonlings! The next morning he spent walking in Upper Eskdale with Towers and did not leave until the afternoon. His notebook records: 'Dined at Towers — & quitted him at ½ past one! That he discussed with Towers the signs he had seen of an attempted sheep rescue on the crags above Mickledore may be inferred from an observation he made during his descent: 'This heap of stones, I guessed, and have since found that I gussed aright, had been piled up by the shepherd to enable him to climb up and free the poor creature! Might John Vicars Towers have been the shepherd? Coleridge provided precise details of his own feat. It is regrettable that he left no record of what he may have learned from Tyson and Towers.

A query which has a bearing on the 1984 revision of the first ascent entry for Broad Stand arises from Green's account. This concerns John Vicars Towers who died in 1817 at the age of 70 or 71; he was born in 1746 — Rossiter mentions the dates in his 1952 *Journal* letter. In his guidebook published in 1819, Green refers to Mr. Thomas Towers as being the 'present proprietor' of 'Toes' which was erected by his father, Mr. John Towers. This seems to indicate that the Mr. Towers who made the ascent of Scafell from Mickledore was Thomas. However, much depends on the date when the ascent was made and Green provides no clue as to this.

Green's guide raises also the question of which route the 'adventurers' took. The author makes it clear that they climbed the crags on the Wasdale side of Mickledore, although the obvious way, Broad Stand, like Mickledore Chimney, is on the Eskdale side. The first possible route on the Wasdale side is the North (Penrith) Climb. It was graded Moderate, as were Broad Stand and Mickledore Chimney, in all the editions of the Scafell guide up to and including that of 1974*

In considering the easiest lines from Mickledore to Scafell summit, George Seatree's account of his unroped ascent of the

* In the 1984 edition Broad Stand and Mickledore Chimney are upgraded to Difficult; The North is ungraded and mentioned only in the First Ascents list. In view of Coleridge's own admission that he could not climb what he had 'dropped down' this upgrading does not seem to qualify him for promotion from scrambler to climber.

North Climb in 1874 (he did not then know that it had been climbed in 1869) is of interest. He writes that he and his companion had no more precise information than could be obtained from the 1873 edition of Jenkinson's *Practical Guide* which warned: 'To cross Mickledore Chasm from Scafell Pike to Scafell without making a *détour* is considered, next to the dangerous ascent of the Pillar Rock, as the most difficult bit of mountaineering work in the Lake Country'. Seatree described the occasion in the 1910 *Journal* (pages 11-12) in these words: 'Eagerly we descended to Mickledore and scanned again the cliffs in a line with the ridge. Where was this Broad Stand? . . . We missed the real Broad Stand by not descending far enough down the Eskdale side of the ridge'. After describing his ascent of the North Climb, he continued: 'For anything we knew to the contrary, we had climbed by the Broad Stand!'

In a discussion of the North Climb, Broad Stand and Mickledore Chimney, Haskett Smith's views should be noted. In *Climbing in the British Isles, I, England*, page 13, he wrote: 'Broad Stand — a term commonly but, in my opinion, incorrectly used to denote a particular route . . . There are numerous other places within a few miles of this into the names of which this word "Stand" enters, and a consideration of them leads me to the belief that it signifies "a large grassy plot of ground awkward of access." This is exactly what we find here. A break in the cliffs produces a large open space which is the key to the ascent by the Mickledore (sic) Chimney, to that by the North Climb, and to that which, being the oldest, easiest, and most frequented, has arrogated to itself as distinctive the name of a feature which it should only share with the other two. Really all three routes are merely different ways of reaching the Broad Stand!'

Another possible early ascent of Broad Stand is mentioned by Edmund Hodge in *Enjoying the Lakes* (1957). He says that Professor John Wilson (Christopher North) who, after he settled at Elleray near Windermere in 1808, became a well-known Lakeland character, 'learned from the shepherds the scrambling route up Broad Stand and ascended Scafell from practically every direction'; but Hodge does not indicate where these exploits are recorded. William Rollinson in *A History of Man in the Lake District* (1967) suggests (but he provides no evidence to support his point) that Wilson might be considered 'the first Cragman'. Yet another claimant to the title! However, William Green does not mention Wilson's ascents of Scafell although, in the Wasdale section of his guide, he admirably refers to him as a 'man of spirit!'

A. P. Rossiter's contribution to our knowledge of early Lake District scramblers would, had he lived a normal life's span, surely have included more information about Captain Brown, mentioned in a cryptic footnote to his article in the 1954 *Journal*: 'The title [of earliest English rock scrambler] belongs, I think, to the Captain Brown who climbed Pavey Ark by Jack's Rake in the 18th Century.' It seems unlikely that Captain Brown was Dr. John Brown, author of the *Lake and Vale of Keswick* (1767)* who was so greatly affected by the 'cliffs of stupendous height hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur'. Although Captain Brown is outside the scope of these notes on Scafell scramblers, he is clearly of interest for the general history of scrambling in the Lake District.

While considering the wider aspect of Lakeland scrambling it might be appropriate to mention that the first descent of Jack's Rake has been attributed to Captain Joseph Budworth (author of *A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lake District*)** although his description of the route down which he followed his guide after their ascent of the Langdale Pikes does not justify this interpretation. He wrote: 'We had to pass over a large bulging part of the mountain, across a sward nearly perpendicular, and of an immoderate height . . . by a sheep track! Edmund Hodge*** points out that the descent was 'probably merely over steep grass'. Nevertheless Rollinson*** writing ten years later, argues that Jack's Rake 'comes very close to fitting the description'.

It is hoped that these notes may encourage further examination of the sources for the early exploration of the crags. When, for instance, was Broad Stand first mentioned, or Lord's Rake? †Haskett Smith says that both were known to a writer in the *Penny Magazine* for 1837, and it would be interesting to hear of an earlier mention. Other popular periodicals containing climbing articles referred to by Haskett Smith are the *Saturday Review* for 1859 which carries Professor Tyndall's account of his ascent of Broad Stand; and *All the Year Round* for 1884 which contains C. N. Williamson's articles on Lake District climbing; the last were reprinted in 1907 in the Club's first *Journal*.

A study of the local papers might also be fruitful. Haskett Smith, writing about Broad Stand in Vol.1 of *Climbing in the British Isles*,

* Printed in an appendix to West's *Guide to the Lakes* in all eds. except the 1st (1778).

** Budworth's Langdale Pikes excursion is recorded in the 3rd ed. 1810. It was made during his second visit to the Lake District in 1797 according to Norman Nicholson in *The Lakers*. The quotation is from Hodge's *Enjoying the Lakes*.

*** *Op. cit.*

says on page 133 that 'in the local press scores of descriptions have appeared'; and on page 14 that the first recorded ascent, by C. A. O. Baumgartner in 1850, was reported in the local paper (unspecified). There was an account of John Atkinson's 1826 ascent of Pillar Rock in the *Cumberland Paquet*; and, in the 1870's, the *Whitehaven News* reported James Jackson's Pillar exploits. There may be many important press references still to be unearthed. These notes have raised a number of questions which have so far remained unanswered, and the deadline for the *Journal* leaves insufficient time for further investigation. It is hoped that more information may be forthcoming for publication in a later number.

† In: *Climbing in the British Isles, I, England*, 1894. I am greatly indebted to Jean Cram who, since this article was written, has examined in Leeds Reference Library the *Penny Magazine* for 1837. In the Lake District articles there is no reference to Broad Stand; and Lord's Rake is not mentioned by name although it is clearly described in the passage quoted by Haskett Smith (op. cit. p.81). Jean also found in the *Saturday Review* for 21st May 1859, Professor Tyndall's article from which Haskett Smith quotes (op. cit. p.14). The article is unsigned and the professor does not name the route he took from Mickledore to Scafell summit although the description fits Broad Stand. M.F.

SOME YESTERDAYS

F. H. F. Simpson

'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my
footsteps slip not.' PSALMS xvii. 5.

My introduction to the Lake District happened on a cold moonlit night at Easter 1919. I rode with my father on the blue cushioned upholstery which was then among the trade-marks of the London & North Western Railway Company. Above the seats were sepia tinted photographs of holiday resorts, and chained to the floor, round copper foot warmers. A thin layer of snow lay on the platform at Windermere. Standing at the booking-office was a bald-headed man watching the passing travellers. The musical tinkle of the telegraph receiver was faintly audible. We journeyed on to Ambleside in a horse-drawn waggonette, perched high behind the driver. The air stung our cheeks as the vehicle swayed and rolled on the rough road. Across Windermere, calm and a glossy blue-black, the Coniston fells gleamed in bright moonlight. To young eyes one of them appeared enormous and inaccessible. My father asked the driver its name. 'Wetherlam,' came the reply. I wondered if I would ever climb to that remote summit.

On the first day we went to Patterdale by coach, and on the second we walked by the Rothay to Pelter Bridge, returning by the main road. We were overtaken by a huge yellow motor-car bright with brass lamps and fittings. It spluttered past in a cloud of dust, the veiled hats of two females on the rear seat waving about like distressed birds. On Easter Sunday I walked alone to High Sweden Bridge and gazed enthralled at the rugged snow-crowned skyline. On the last day of the holiday father and son climbed Loughrigg. That strange exciting landscape captivated me in later life, just as it did on that bright Spring day so long ago.

The first sight of snow-covered fells remained at instant recall when other childhood experiences were forgotten, and became a source of dreams of great adventures. My first map was a Bartholomew. There was Wetherlam, and Loughrigg; there too was unknown country to the West, full of strange names, Steeple, Windy Gap, Ladhows, Herdus End. One wet day many years later, sitting in a tent at Seathwaite, I mentioned casually to my tutors Ernie Wood-Johnson and Jimmy Astley Cooper that I was thinking of expeditions by night when the moon was full. The advice was sound. 'Learn the country in daylight first', and a rider, 'I'm not getting up at two in the morning to look for you.'

There followed several years of exploration. Back garden experiments proved how little light might be expected from one candle, and how misleading a torch beam could be. Harold Raeburn writing in the Scottish Mountaineering Club's General Guide described the virtues of 'the square tin folding lantern of Italian make called the Excelsior Lux' and cautioned against the flimsy aluminium model, and the ill-ventilated triangular Swiss type, adding that candles should be hard and wicks not too small. I bought an Excelsior Lux. I have often wondered if anybody ever remarked upon seeing some eccentric marching over the Fylde Coast sand-hills with a lighted candle. A collection of six-inch Ordnance Survey Maps covering the high fells provided absorbing fireside lessons. Out of these preoccupations there developed a liking for solitary wanderings avoiding the beaten tracks and having no settled route or destination. Unfrequented country was reached by following little-known and remote becks to their sources, an activity which earned me the title, bestowed by Jack Wray, of District Inspector of Waterfalls. The Surveyors marked many of their empty spaces with the legend 'piles of stones'. I specialised in hunting for them. Many delectable places were discovered in which to loiter and watch in comfort the silent pageant of the day. Two were special; a rock-girt bield below

Crinkles Long Top overlooking Eskdale, and on Seathwaite Fell what can best be described as a rock sofa. In those days safety precautions in the hills had not become a growth industry, but I was not unmindful of the need for care. I was taught to carry a whistle and I learned from Frank Dutton Walker to include thirty feet of light line to provide a dry seat and an extra hold for uncertain descents. Frank, who was a member of the Wayfarers Club, was killed in action in November 1944. I well remember how he laughed when I told him that in addition to the whistle, I carried a tin of twopenny bangers. My guardian angel saw to it that neither whistle nor fireworks were ever required to announce my whereabouts, but I found another use for the bangers which summoned the most impressive echoes. The still young in heart might enjoy testing Hollowstones, the head of Piers Gill, and most rewarding, Birkness Comb from the lake shore near Hassness. Safety precautions are now of such general application that I have seen helmets and body harness worn in the refreshment room on Preston station, a place I have always regarded as free from risk.

The Club's first all night walk took place on 30th June — 1st July 1934 and the coming of the fiftieth anniversary in 1984 prompted me to read my diary of a first night on the fells. Francis Lawson Cook organised it with the same degree of care which he applied to everything he undertook. His circulated instructions were set out in six columns: points, distances, rises, times, clock times and remarks. The route lay round the Ullswater watershed from Boardale Hause to Helvellyn, with optional extensions to St. Sunday Crag, Catstye Cam, the Dodds and Greenside. Total distance $25\frac{1}{4}$ miles, rises 8,600 feet and time $13\frac{3}{4}$ hours. The Kirkstone Inn would serve hot drinks at midnight. Dick Flint, Billy Pape and I arrived in Patterdale at about five o'clock on a beautiful summer afternoon. Thirty five of us assembled on the hotel lawn amid a forest of awful sun umbrellas. W. G. Milligan, the President, headed a party into the hotel for a repast of ham and eggs. The abstemious fortified themselves with less robust fare. Promptly at half-past-six Lawson Cook led the caravan across the water meadows. In spite of the burden of recent nourishment and the first steep rise, we were ahead of the generous schedule at Angle Tarn. It was suggested by some that strict timing might be ignored by the fastest travellers. The leader stood on a convenient boulder and delivered a rebuke. The party must keep together. He would not leave a halting point before the appointed time, and then only when certain that any stragglers were accounted for. The rebellion was quelled.

On the march above Hayes Water the sun warmed our backs with all the power of noon. Ramsgill Head was reached on time, and the forty-five minute halt passed in visits to High Raise and Kidsty Pike, and in dozing and gossiping on the comfortable turf. I sat for some time by the cairn on Kidsty Pike. From Riggindale already in blue transparent shadow, rose the faint cry of sheep and the murmur of the beck. Two ravens croaked and tumbled. Over Shap fells lay the first hint of nightfall. The sun went down as we laboured up to the swelling top of High Street. During the halt on Thornthwaite Crag the leader renewed his promise of only thirty minutes of true darkness before moonrise. A steady breeze whistled in the big cairn, and as dusk swept in the shadows of the western fells climbed above our heads, and the first stars winked. On the stage to John Bell's Banner the harriers were content to stay with the plodders, and the progress down to Threshthwaite Mouth and the pleasant scramble to Stony Cove Pike was noisy but dignified. Trial and error found the squat cairn. Bog patches encountered in darkness produced many graceful hops and plunges and exclamations of dismay. A cautious canter developed on the long descent of St. Ravens Edge. Bill Clegg startled us by tripping and falling full length with an alarming thud. His rucksack rose in the air and the various solid contents struck the back of his head. Those nearest went to his aid. He was unharmed, as was his camera which caused him most concern. There were boulders on all sides; the canter slowed to a sedate walk. Four hundred feet of scree took up to the top of the pass shortly after midnight. The Inn quickly filled to the door with tea drinkers including several members who had driven up to admire and encourage. All declined the leader's invitation to join in.

The jumble of scree and outcrops on the steep front of Red Screes was presently alive with skipping and weaving torch beams. Yells, screams and groans awoke the local echo. As predicted by the leader, the moon rose as the broad summit was crossed. Being three days past the full, its resemblance to a huge copper tray was heightened by the battered shape of the shadowed edge. The faint glow marking the sundown had swung northwards. The descent to Scandale Head was completed in moonless shadow, and during the fifteen minutes halt the leader assembled and verified his total flock.

In 1933 I had undertaken a labour of love, the ascent of all the separate 2,000 foot contours in the District recorded on the 1 inch Ordnance Survey Map. Two of them lay ahead on Little Hart Crag. Billy Pape accompanied me on this diversion, and after some

scrambling both tops were found. I failed to find the easy way off the western end, and followed shouted directions from Billy who was already down. We searched for a crossing of a formidable bog. Rocks flung into the gloom landed with a sullen squelch. After circling northwards we were quickly on the shoulder of Dove Crag in bright moonlight, and overtook the rearguard at the cairn. A primus roared in a sheltered corner where Leslie Somervell dispensed mugs of tea. It was three o'clock.

Relaxed and refreshed by the hot drinks the party headed for the next objective. A bank of cloud swept in on the strong south wind, the moon vanished and visibility shrank to a few yards. The leader declined to explain why this setback had not been forecast in the remarks column. The old hands plunged into the mist guided by the wall. The beginners took compass bearings. On Hart Crag the leader took another count. All were present. Without any guiding wall the old hands made furtive references to compasses, and on reaching the Fairfield plateau steered boldly westwards at a great pace, vanishing in a few seconds. The beginners gathered at the summit cairn and waited patiently. The old hands could be heard in distant debate. They reappeared heading east. The leader reminded them that Great Rigg was not an optional extension.

A biting wind drove up from Rydal and mist droplets gathered on balaclavas, eyebrows and the few moustaches. Tired legs stumbled towards Grisedale Hause. Suddenly the cloud wavered and broke up, revealing the first sign of sunrise and a glimpse of a pale green sky. Another cloud layer slid across the Hause, spilling into Grisedale, still in dark shadow. In the calmer air the fringes of the broken canopy faltered, curling uncertainly around us. The cloud crests below flushed with a faint rosy glow, the more venturesome cockades flaming bright gold. As we watched in silence the spectacle faded in the meeting of the two cloud sheets. Presently the tarn loomed below, a great grey curtain hanging vertically until a break in the mist restored perspective and waves could be seen.

The tarn was another halting place. Several stalwarts emerged from the scanty privacy of some small boulders, clad in the minimum required for decency, and tiptoed to the water's edge. With the President in the lead they plunged into the tarn. Applause echoed round the fellsides. The President struck out across the water until he was almost lost in the thick mist. A chorus of warnings followed him. His age, the responsibilities of office, deep places and cramp. Someone mentioned the local Rhine maiden. The wind carried our voices away and Milligan stopped to question

the cause of the shouting. He stood up to listen, the water reaching his waist. The exhortations ceased.

A procession headed by the tireless Dick spread out on the zig-zags. All found the steep rise to Dollywaggon Pike a trial to knee joints. Mist boiled and twisted over the long mile across Nethermost Pike to Helvellyn, showing first the brightening sky, and next the floor of the eastern coves. The sting had gone from the following wind. I passed Dick and Billy in the shelter and went on to the humble cairn in its patch of boot-worn gravel. Exactly on schedule the leader appeared, accompanied by a burst of warm sunshine and a party of only seven, the rest having returned down Grisedale. There was an enjoyable stmosphere of superiority. The party scattered to descend by Red Tarn, Keppel Cove and Glen-ridding. In a few minutes I was trotting along Striding Edge. A few yards ahead Mabel Barker moved like a slender sprite in the dazzle of the climbing sun. A sea of bright mist lapped the ridge, fragments breaking away to melt in the warming air. At the gap in the wall Mabel turned down to the valley. I continued alone across the three contours on the undulating ridge of Birkhouse Moor, thence descending straight into Grisedale to join the track at Braesteads. The sweet smell of wood smoke drifted from the farm chimney. Bird song chimed with the chatter of the beck. Dew-spangled spider's webs danced and trembled. It was a morning to remember.

The crunch of nails on the hotel gravel path brought a mask of shaving soap to a bedroom window. Disapproval radiated upon us. Candidates for hotel breakfast removed boots and spruced up. Curious glances greeted our entry. Someone asked where we were going and Lawson Cook, with obvious pleasure, explained where we had been. Breakfast over, farewells were exchanged. Billy, Dick and I adjourned to R.L.H. for a few hours sleep followed by a plunge in the pool in the hot afternoon sunshine. A Sunday newspaper in the hut told of the Night of the Long Knives in Nazi Germany, a sober reminder that there was another world beyond the one in which we had just travelled so happily.

Two months later I was again in Patterdale, housed comfortably at Grisedale Bridge dining before an open fire, and in my own sitting room, an unexpected luxury at eight shillings a day. At dusk hailstones beat a goblin tattoo on the window sill. The window was open slightly and hail bounced in to fall on the brown plush settee. After moonrise I went down to the boat landings. Hail showers, hurried along by the wind, lashed the lake surface into a creamy lace. Lightning flared over Martindale and thunder boomed

grandly. Morning brought continuous heavy rain until mid-afternoon when a dramatic clearance spread in from the west. Lanes of blue sky opened out and the sun spread a pattern of grey green and gold across Place Fell. 'Learn the country in daylight first!' Thus prompted I was soon threading my way through the wet bracken in Glemara Park. A squirrel paused to assess the stranger; his swift prance shook down sparkling beads of water. Out on the ridge of Birks I met the bluster of the west wind. Over the Eden valley lay the retreating rain band capped by great cumulus towers. Gavel Pike was a place to linger, listening to the rise and fall of the voices of the becks, laden with the recent rain. Low broken cloud played over the western fells under a sky ribbed in blue and gold. Sunshafts crawled up from Dunmail as I reached the cairn on St. Sunday Crag, spreading across Dollywaggon Pike and searching enquiringly among the crags of Nethermost Cove. It was, as Katharine Chorley observed in the 1941 Journal of another September day, 'one of those candid blue and white days!' After a brief inspection of the ridge falling to Deepdale Hause I turned for home. Showers pressed eastwards as I reached the shelter of the trees in the company of a group of bright red toad-stools.

I spent the following morning on the lake shore near Silver Hill, from which the route was almost wholly visible. My hostess displayed no surprise on being told of my moonlight escapade, only saying that she would expect me in time for breakfast. I started after midnight in bright moonlight. Beneath the trees in Glemara Park, still in full leaf, it was darker than expected, a fairy-land of black and silver. Owls hooted. In a short time I lost the track. In the thick bracken the lantern proved a handicap, and after being brought gently face down by a tangle of tough fronds I used the torch. So bright was the moonlight on the open fell that much ground was covered without the torch. Absorbed and excited by this new experience I halted many times to look around and try to name the fells visible in the pearly light. The wind fell to a gentle breeze. Somewhere in the blackness below Place Fell one window shone, a lonely yellow star. I wondered what it signified — an early departure? a late home-coming? sickness, or someone on the point of death? It seemed of little consequence in the vast and silent landscape. Most likely someone was reading in bed. Track of time was lost in the long spells of sitting watching and listening, and it was four o'clock when I reached St. Sunday's cairn. Moonlight fell obliquely on the heads of the Deepdale crags, the ridges glinting where wet, the shadowed parts a velvet black. An unhurried descent to Deepdale Hause and the rough traverse to Grisedale

Tarn was completed in the gloom of cloud shadow. As I reached the outfall of the tarn the sky cleared. Having walked round a number of lakes I decided that a circuit of a tarn would be a novelty. In the shelter of Seat Sandal the water was unruffled and the surface had a strange luminosity which faded to a wrinkled blackness where small waves lapped and rustled in the shingle. On the shore exposed to the wind coming up from Dunmail Raise a lively surf was running, wave crests glittering in the moonlight. Some distance below the tarn I found a sheltered turf-floored recess. Cushioned by several layers of newspaper and cocooned in a balaclava, and extra jersey, and a second pair of trousers, I lit the lantern and enjoyed a meal of oatmeal biscuits, raisins and barley sugar with half a flask of coffee. I considered what an odd sight would confront anyone approaching me from below. After being assured that the stranger was neither lost nor injured, they would hasten away nervously, later telling their friends of a meeting with a slightly dotty individual sitting alongside a lighted candle. After a pause a listener would suggest that perhaps the stranger was not of this world, and there would be a thoughtful silence. It must have been over an hour later that I awoke in startled confusion, unable to marshall the events of the night which seemed at first to be part of the fabric of a dream. Reality established that my circulation had stagnated. I finished the coffee.

I climbed some distance towards Deepdale Hause before making a slow and rough traverse rising slightly, until I was below the wall of crag overlooking the valley. There was sufficient light to plot a route to the foot of the rocks. I was drawn to this part of the fell because W. P. Haskett-Smith in *Climbing in the British Isles* published in 1894, described these rocks as a favourite scrambling ground with Major Ponsonby Cundill R.E. who roamed the fells in the 1860s. I searched the foot of the rocks and the scree below the gullies for some scratches or other sign of human presence, even a mark of the Major's making seventy years ago. There was no sign. Perhaps I was the first to trespass on his preserve. From a small rock perch I watched the shower clouds trail grey curtains across the rock amphitheatre below Helvellyn. If the ghost of the gallant Major should pass this way he will notice the cairn I built to his memory. The Eastern Crags Guide records the 'discovery' of this climbing ground twenty years after my cairn was built. A long scree chute and steep grass carried me down amid further showers to the valley at Elmhow. The rising sun was gilding the ridges at the valley head. As I removed the extra trousers a young sheep dog flounced up to greet me. Surprisingly she obeyed my order to sit.

She demolished my last biscuit and watched closely as I laced up my boots. I was in time for breakfast. Porridge, poached eggs, toast and bilbery jam. I reflected on a modest endeavour, and the finding of yet another quiet and lonely place.

In the spring of 1936 I had seen the triangle of 2,000 foot contours on Great Sea Fell from Knott, and had abandoned a traverse of them to run down to Carrock mine ahead of a vigorous thunderstorm. Early in November 1942 I cycled to Thornythwaite from the Fylde. The first snow had come early, and for three nights the waxing moon hid behind unbroken cloud. There was still no sign of a change when I halted by Piers Gill for a late and chilly lunch. Snow fell steadily. Small gaps in the hurrying cloud showed banners of snow drifting down towards the tawny quilt of grass and dead bracken, and the streaks of white water in Lingmell Gill. A searing south-east wind hunted across the Pike and I faced it just long enough to make a ritual circuit of the cairn, before turning down over the snow-masked boulders into the great hollow below Broad Crag. While still in dense mist I was surprised by a shout. I called back and climbed in the direction from which came a second call, and following the exchange of a few more hails, I saw three lads and a girl. The one appearing to be the eldest said they had climbed the Pike by Grains Gill and Esk Hause, and had become lost on the way down. The weather had been fairly clear until they were level with Ill Crag. They were well clad and had a map but no compass. The intention was to continue straight down until clear of cloud. I said I knew of a better way, and together we carried on towards the head of Piers Gill, and picked up the Corridor. It was not easy to follow under snow, and my footprints made earlier were now masked in all but a few places. Progress was slow as the young girl was very tired.

We did not clear the cloud until we reached a point a few hundred feet above Skew Gill, and I was secretly relieved to see Sty Head Tarn and other landmarks in their proper places. Snow had ceased, replaced by a cold thin rain. The girl was showing signs of exhaustion, and after she had had the rest of my coffee, two of the boys linked arms with her. When Stockley Bridge was in sight I asked the eldest boy to go ahead and request tea for five at Edmondson's. The backward view from the top of the pass had convinced me that had my charges followed their intended course they would have become entangled in the Lingmell scree on the wrong side of the Gill in minimum visibility. Under the influence of warmth, bread and jam, and several cups of tea, the casualty perked up, and having earlier dubbed me 'the Guide', insisted that

they paid for my tea. It was almost dark when they said good-bye by the letter-box in Seatoller. I complimented them on a tough day, and urged the use of a compass. So ended my only skirmish with professionalism. After one of Mrs. Jopson's fortifying suppers I walked down to the river. Moonlit cloud piled over High Scawdel, and the valley was alight with creeping shadows.

The next day was clear and cold. Overnight frost whitened the meadows. My plan was for a round of the three contours just before nightfall, and a repeat of a summertime traverse of Knott and Great Calva, descending the Dash valley by the Skiddaw House road. There being no war-time weather forecasts, faith had to be placed in the climate, fortunately beyond the reach of the emergency legislation. Boots and other essentials were packed in the saddle bag for the ride northwards. I left in the afternoon, reassured by the advice of a straight-faced Fisher Jopson that if overtaken by a sudden storm, I should seize an old ewe and lie down, holding her over me until the weather improved. It was November 5th and at Grange the voices of children shrilled as they built a modest bonfire in defiance of the black-out. Skiddaw and its crest of snow glowed in bright sunlight. Across Bassenthwaite a train left a hanging scarf of steam. At the junction of the Orthwaite road I took a breather. The sun wore a tell-tale halo, and long fingers of high cloud were reaching out of the south. Two miles of switchback and mud between high hedges, and a steep climb on foot from Chapel Beck ended in the farm yard at Mirkholme. The friendly tenant and his dogs greeted me amid frozen puddles. I remarked on the early snow and he quoted a Cumbrian jingle:—

‘If there’s ice in November to carry a duck,
there’ll be nowt all t’Winter but slidder and muck!’

I was given permission to leave the cycle in the barn, where I changed into boots and windproof, watched by a gathering of curious hens. In the sky over Skiddaw there were unmistakable signs that a serene and moonlit night was most unlikely. I made fast time alongside the beck and across the intakes, passing the empty and dilapidated buildings of Brocklecrag farm. On the open fell I found a faint track. This entered a steep ravine in which the beck flowed boisterously between walls of distorted slate strata and crumbling moraine. Below the flank of Burn Tod the ravine opened into an area of bog beyond which it branched and narrowed again, turning east and rising steeply to merge in the rim of the plateau. The final five hundred feet were rough, and an escape was made by a shallow gully onto the swelling crown of fell. Ahead lay rolling acres of grass, sedge and peat hags. The rise from Mirkholme is

little more than 1,500 feet, but the two and a half miles to the top, particularly the middle section of the ravine, had taken longer than expected. The wind was strong and cold. As I reached the centre of the highest contour Lonscale Fell was just visible in the spreading greyness. Great Lingy Hill and High Pike, dim and formless, limited the eastern horizon. Mist brushed the cairn on Knott. I looked around. There was something foreboding, almost hostile in the desolation and remoteness of this wild place which would not have been apparent among the higher and more rugged fells in the south. I rummaged round to collect a few rocks and built a small cairn. Three rocks in a triangle and one on top. Alfred Wainwright observes (Book Five — *The Northern Fells*) that Great Sca Fell has no cairn. Mine was easy to miss.

The three contours are roughly a quarter of a mile apart, and that lying to the east was reached last. Cloud had thickened and the light was fading very quickly, bringing an early dusk. As I paused on the final goal mist rags hurried past, swirling into the gloom of Roughton Gill. In moments dense cloud blotted out the whole plateau, and a flying curtain of sleet and soft hail swept out of the deep twilight, bouncing and rustling in the grass. I turned down the balaclava and with my back to the icy bombardment, considered the next move. Great Calva lay over two miles away on a dog-leg course across featureless upland, soon to be wrapped in darkness and driving sleet. Wilson Hey, in the secure warmth of the smoke-room at Wasdale, had described the effects of exposure in explicit terms, and there came to mind an apocryphal Chinese proverb. 'Prudent mouse does not build nest in whiskers of honourable cat.' Prudence, as I like to believe it was, prevailed.

Prudence also suggested that a compass reading be taken. On a south-west bearing I crossed the shoulder of the western contour, and when the ground began to fall, took a second reading due west, aiming hopefully for the shallow saddle below Meal Fell. The fierce snatching of the penetrating wind made it difficult to maintain direction over what seemed an endless three quarters of a mile. A suspicion of having gone astray was dispelled by rising ground ahead, and very much later than expected a cairn stood up in the torch beam straight ahead. I turned southwards down the short drop into the ravine. Near the foot of the steep grass an ice-clogged heel shot away and the descent was completed in a sitting glissade. Sleet turned to heavy snow. Taking refuge in the small sheep fold noticed on the ascent I squatted down and lit the Excelsior Lux. As it warmed snow flakes spat and sizzled. Flakes floating by in the small circle of light had an hypnotic effect. It was neither time nor

place for nodding off. A few feet away a Herdwick skull with a toothy sardonic grin watched as cold fingers fumbled with beef sandwiches — a luxury in those austere days — fruit cake, and a beaker of hot Oxo. In spite of the comparative shelter from the wind, the return down the ravine was quite an ordeal, so thick was the snow-fall. Upstanding rocks and the hollows between them were equally obscure. A measured pace was impossible. On restarting from a halt to clear my face and hands of snow, one foot went in the beck over the boot top. Distribution of discomfort was complete. Beyond the confines of the ravine the wind, though still strong, was less violent, and on the gently falling ground below the intakes I broke into a gallop, pausing for some stamping and arm-waving to stir the circulation. During one of these exercises pairs of bright yellow jewels flashed in the torch beam. In the angle of a wall a group of Herdwicks their backs snow-covered, watched impassively. They made no attempt to move as I passed close by, as if aware that I was too late to adopt Fisher's remedy. In the welcome shelter of the barn I changed into dry socks and shoes, and finished the food and Oxo. The descent to Chapel Beck and the climb beyond was a sea of slush and thick mud. As I reached the end of the by-road the snow began to give way to rain. Travel was easier on the falling gradient of the main road, and at Millbeck the snow had ceased. Keswick, well blacked out, appeared deserted. As I passed through the Market Place a firework exploded just behind me and suppressed giggles sounded in a nearby alley. Snow stripped from the trees slapped on the road along the lake shore. The bonfire at Grange was smouldering, its pungent smoke drifting across the road. Chinks of light at the windows in Rosthwaite hinted at the warmth within. Despite the cold I felt pleased; three new tops in a lonely place, twenty-eight road miles, and a thorough soaking. A good day, but an absent moon.

At Thornythwaite mellow lamp-light signalled a home-coming. I went straight to the pump and poured several buckets of water over the mud covered cycle before putting it under cover. I stripped off my sodden clothing in the dairy, and entered the house swathed in a dust-sheet, a dishevelled Roman senator. In the passage I met Ethel, the Jopson's youngest daughter. She always had a laugh like a peal of bells, and it rang out as I mounted the stairs.

The Jopson family left Thornythwaite in 1947. Fisher and his wife settled in Threlkeld near the home of their daughter Margaret. I called on them during a Dinner Meet. Fisher was his usual self, his rheumatics much improved. Mrs. Jopson was confined to bed and very frail. She was unable to speak, but as I sat beside her holding

her hand, and talked of old times at the farm in the shadow of Glaramara, she squeezed my hand and nodded and smiled. I was not to see that kindly lady again.

BEYOND THE BOB GRAHAM ROUND

Steve Parr

The Bob Graham Round of 42 Lakeland summits is becoming a "well trodden" 24 hour challenge for those who enjoy long days on the fells. In July 1984 I completed a round of all the 61 Lakeland summits of 2500 feet or over, covering 116 miles and 42,550 feet of ascent in a fraction over 43 hours. In keeping with the traditions of the Bob Graham Round, my starting and finishing point was the Moot Hall in Keswick, and my route took me through Buttermere, Wasdale, Wrynose Pass, Little Langdale, Ambleside, Kentmere, Kirkstone Pass, and Threlkeld.

I would like to see this round established with a 48 hour time limit and successful completions and attempts recorded as with the Bob Graham Round. Apart from being a physical challenge, the 2500 Round tests one's mental approach and organisational back-up. The mountain scenery traversed is unrivalled and the section from Little Langdale to Kentmere is a pleasant interlude between two days' efforts.

My completion of the 2500 Round is the fastest to date and the first to be completed within 48 hours covering the whole route on foot. My success was built upon the shoulders of many other people. Barry Johnson and Jim Loxham completed the round in 1983 in 47 hours after several attempts, but bad weather prevented them from covering the whole route on foot and it was this that first gave me inspiration. There have been other traverses of the 2500 foot summits, including Jim Loxham's route from Kentmere to Coniston, and the Rucksack Club's 76 summit traverse from Dunnerdale to Hartsop over about three days in 1968. My success was also due to the tremendous support given by Clayton clubmates, friends and relatives. A support team of over 20 people worked through poor weather conditions and unsociable hours to lend invaluable assistance. I am indebted to them all for helping me to complete an ambitious journey which will give me satisfaction and happy memories for many years to come.

Summit/Stage	Distance (miles)	Height gained (feet)	Interval time	Actual time
Keswick—Moot Hall				1.06 am
Grisedale Pike	3¼	2350	90	2.36
Hopegill Head	1	350	59	3.35
Grasmoor	1¾	900	44	4.19
Wanlope	1	150	21	4.40
Crag Hill	½	300	15	4.55
Sail	½	100	8	5.03
Buttermere Fish Hotel	3	—	30	5.33
depart	11½	4150	Rest 7	5.40
High Stile	1¾	2300	68	6.48
Green Gable	4¼	2050	89	8.17
Great Gable	½	500	12	8.29
Kirk Fell	1	650	31	9.00
Pillar	2	1000	42	9.42
Scoat Fell	¾	350	18	10.00
Steeple	½	50	5	10.05
Haycock	1	450	17	10.22
Red Pike	1½	500	22	10.44
Wasdale Head Hotel	2½	—	35	11.19
depart	15¾	7850	Rest 6	11.25
Lingmell	2½	2400	53	12.18 pm
Scafell	1¼	800	34	12.52
Scafell Pike	¾	500	23	1.15 pm
Broad Crag	¼	250	8	1.23
Ill Crag	¼	150	8	1.31
Great End	¾	250	14	1.45
Esk Pike	1¼	450	17	2.02
Allen Crags	¾	200	15	2.17
Glamara	1¾	550	27	2.44
Langstrath	1¼	—	28	3.12
High Raise	1¼	1800	43	3.55
Rossett Gill	2¾	500	31	4.26
Bowfell	¾	1000	36	5.02
Shelter Crags	1	400	22	5.24
Crinkle Crags	½	300	12	5.36
Three Shire Stone	2¾	—	36	6.12
depart	19¾	9550	Rest 8	6.20
Grey Friars	2	1300	48	7.08
Dow Crag	2¾	400	44	7.52
Coniston Old Man	1	500	20	8.12
Brim Fell	½	50	6	8.18
Great Carrs	1½	150	24	8.42
Swirl How	½	100	5	8.47
Wetherlam	1	550	23	9.10
Greenburn Beck	1	—	25	9.35
Little Langdale Ford	1½	50	17	9.52
depart	11¾	3100	Rest 48	10.40

Summit/Stage	Distance (miles)	Height gained (feet)	Interval time	Actual time
Skelwith Bridge	2¼	300	41	11.21 pm
Waterhead	2¾	100	32	11.53
Troutbeck	3	700	65	12.58 am
Hartrigg Farm	4½	1100	112	2.50
depart	12½	2200	Rest 141	5.11
Harter Fell	2¾	2000	64	6.15
High Street	1¾	800	25	6.40
Kidsty Pike	1¾	200	13	6.53
High Raise	¼	150	22	7.15
Ramsgill Head	½	100	7	7.22
Thornthwaite Crag	2¼	450	39	8.01
Caudale Head	1	500	19	8.20
Kirkstone Pass	1¾	100	45	9.05
depart	12½	4300	Rest 10	9.15
Red Screens	¾	1050	25	9.40
Dove Crag	2	1000	45	10.25
Hart Crag	¾	250	12	10.37
Greatrigg Man	1½	300	28	11.05
Fairfield	¾	450	20	11.25
St. Sunday Crag	1½	550	30	11.55
Grisedale Tarn	1½	—	15	12.10 pm
Dollywagon Pike	¾	1050	34	12.44
Nethermost Pike	¾	350	13	12.57
Helvellyn	¾	250	18	1.15
Catstycam	¾	200	14	1.29
Helvellyn Low Man	1	450	19	1.48 pm
Whiteside	¾	150	14	2.02
Raise	¾	150	10	2.12
Stybarrow Dodd	1	350	18	2.30
Watson Dodd	¾	50	11	2.41
Great Dodd	¾	250	13	2.54
Threlkeld	4½	50	66	4.00
depart	21	6900	Rest 11	4.11
Blencathra	1¼	2450	54	5.05
Skiddaw House	2¾	250	48	5.53
Skiddaw	2¼	1600	66	6.59
Skiddaw Low Man	1	200	20	7.19
Keswick Moot Hall	4	—	43	8.01-40
	11¼	4500		

Total time: 43 hrs. 1 min. 40 sec.

Total distance: 116 miles.

Height gained: 42,550 feet.

All the 61 Lakeland summits of 2500 ft. or more in a continuous round. 28th—29th July 1984. S. Parr.

CONISTON COPPER MINES REDISCOVERED

Peter Fleming

PART I

Since the turn of the century, generations of fell walkers and climbers must have passed by the extensive remains of Coniston Copper Mines on their way to the fells and crags. Some may have been impressed by the huge heaps of waste rock, numerous waterways to feed long-gone water wheels, the tumbling ruins of mine buildings and tunnels and shafts dotting the hillsides. Few of these people would realise the extent of the underground world beneath their feet, now silent, forgotten and sealed by collapses. The Coniston Mines are probably the deepest and most extensive copper mines in the country. In their heyday in the period 1850/60, it is said that over 600 men, women and boys were employed both above and below ground. Coniston Village itself would not be as we know it today but for the mines.

Recorded exploitation of the copper veins goes back almost four hundred years. The mineral was worked at that time by the Company of Mines Royal which was instrumental in bringing in German miners and overseers who were more experienced in tunnelling the hard country rock. Some workings attributed to them can still be seen, but without doubt much work would have been done where the veins outcropped on the surface long before this period.

Final closure of the mines was due mainly to two factors. The falling price of copper was one, the other being the great depth the mines had reached which increased the cost of hauling and pumping. The deepest workings were over six hundred feet below sea level and the deepest shaft, Triddle Shaft, was 1700 feet deep. This shaft was driven from a tunnel adjacent to Kernal Crag in Red Dell. When the water wheels which operated the pumps were finally stopped, so extensive were the workings that it took five years for the water to reach the lowest tunnel to allow drainage to the surface. This is known as the Deep or Horse Level and lies not far from the Copper Mines Youth Hostel by Red Dell Beck. There are now over 1000 ft. of flooded workings below this horizon. Above this level there are still miles of passages, hundreds of feet of worked out, near vertical veins (stopes) and various shafts. Timbers supporting stacked 'deads' (rocks) and false floors have rotted, resulting in collapses and blockages and making the workings dangerous.

It is for these reasons perhaps that until recent years no serious attempts have been made to rediscover the more inaccessible areas

of these mines, but since the closure ninety years ago is now beyond living memory historians and industrial archaeologists are taking an interest, and exploration using modern mountaineering and caving techniques and equipment are making rediscovery possible.

It is the purpose of this article to record and describe some of the exciting explorations and finds that have been made since 1974, but it will be confined to the workings in Red Dell Valley and the Bonsor Vein, which was the richest deposit found in the Coniston Mines. It is hoped to complete the story in a future edition of the Journal to cover the remaining section of workings at Levers Water and Paddy End, which are still being explored at the time of writing.

The cross section of the Red Dell workings used in this article has features which are numbered and are referred to in the text. A little artistic licence is taken in order to give clarity and depth.

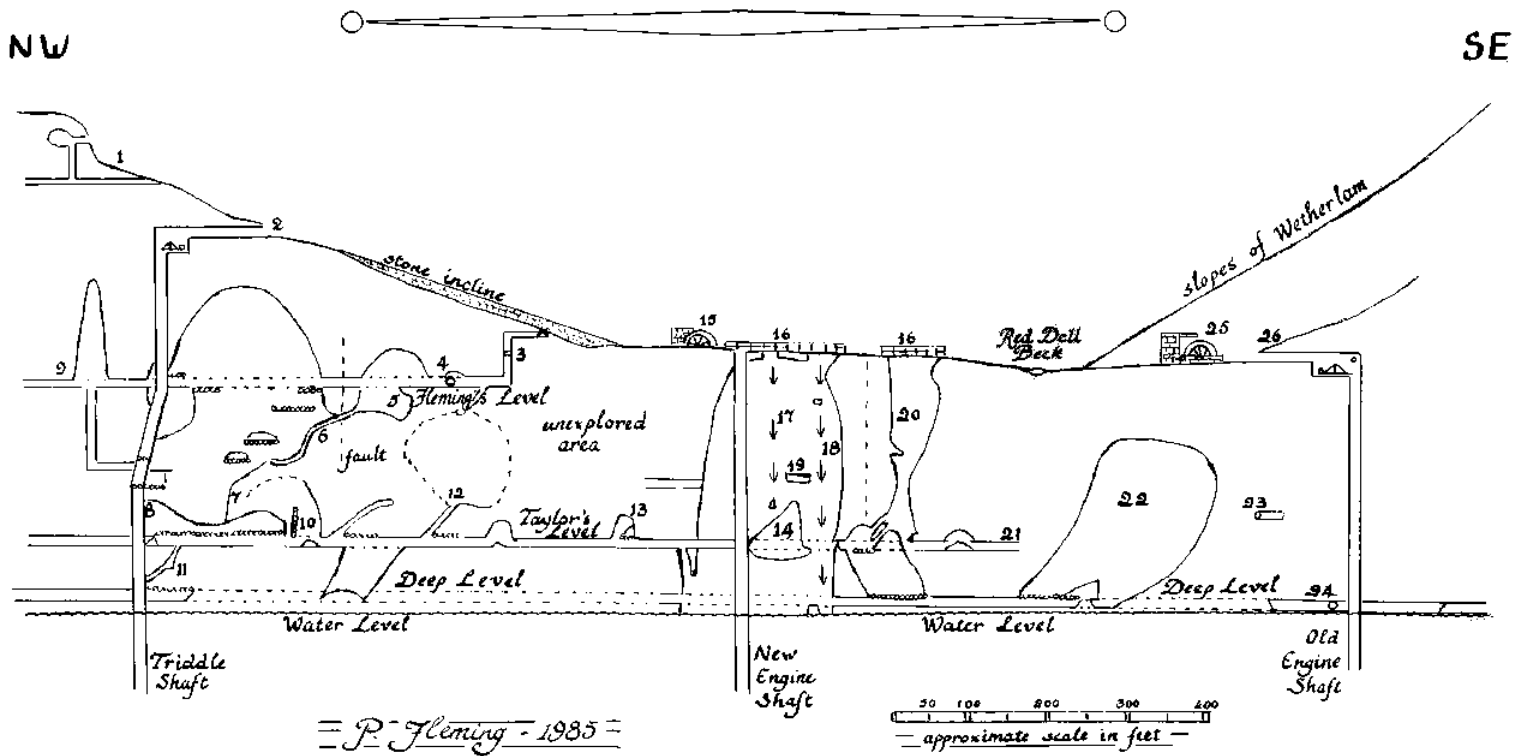
In January 1974, excavation in the floor of the oddly named "Glory Hole" (No. 1 on the Section) revealed, five feet down, a timber-covered shaft. This was descended on 20th January 1974 and found to be 35 feet deep. It connected with a runnel known as Bouncy Level, which extended for a distance of 60 yards, with eighteen inches of water at the end. Some two years previously an attempt to dig open this level from the surface was unsuccessful. This small working, although high on the fellside where the vein is obvious, is not very ancient.

The 26th of January, 1974, was to be an important day in Red Dell. A strong team re-opened the long-blocked entrance to Fleming's Mine (No. 4 on the Section), which dated back to the 1820s. There was a feeling of excitement as it was known to be an extensive mine from old plans which had been examined, but we were unaware at that time how long and difficult it would be to explore it. On entering the tunnel, which is a "cross cut" to the vein, we waded through the wet section passing a flooded sump in the floor. The dry section beyond contained only the imprints of the miners' clogs and the planks along which their wheel barrows were pushed. No one had been in here in living memory. For the next ten years we were to continually find ourselves in similar situations. It was exciting not knowing what would be found round the next corner. After about 130 yards the vein was reached. The tunnel ran left and right along it, with a small stope* overhead. The left branch followed a weak vein for 90 yards, passing a small manhole in the floor and ending at a ventilation shaft which

* Stope — a worked out ore body.

= CONISTON COPPER MINES, RED DELL WORKINGS =

Section through Bonsor Vein showing areas explored - 1974 - 1985



connected with the surface but was sealed at half height. The right-hand tunnel soon ran into a widening vein which was worked out to a great height above and below, which meant we were on a false floor. After 30 yards the floor had gone, due to a collapse from the hanging wall on our left. A gap 30 feet deep and 40 feet across loomed ahead with the tunnel continuing on the other side. The question was how to get there.

The following weekend we returned with electron ladder and ropes. After clearing rubble and loose timber from the end of the false floor we descended the 30 ft. pitch (No. 5 on the Section). At the bottom on the far side was a short slope leading down to a rising crawl on the left, which appeared to be blocked with stone. This was pushed aside and crawling through we found ourselves in the continuation of the vein which was faulted and thrown about twelve feet. Above us were three tiers of false floors. These were rather good examples, set on timbers. One of them would be the continuation of Fleming's Level. Ahead of us the way came to an

KEY TO NUMBERS SHOWN ON THE CROSS SECTION

1. Glory Hole and Bouncy Level.
2. Access tunnel to balance bob platform and Triddle Shaft.
3. Air shaft from Fleming's Mine.
4. Entrance to Fleming's Mine via cross cut from surface.
5. 30 ft. pitch through collapsed floor.
6. 50 ft. pitch down very narrow stope.
7. 55 ft. pitch—site of rock avalanche.
8. Viewpoint of Triddle Shaft from top of unstable boulder slope.
9. Extension to Fleming's Level. Wooden gunpowder cask found here.
10. 30 ft. pitch to Taylor's Level.
11. Descent route to Triddle Shaft Bottom.
12. Manway from Taylor's Level, formerly connected to Fleming's Level.
13. Small stope. Four lb. boring hammer found here.
14. 60 ft. pyramid of rubble (collapsed).
15. Site of New Engine Shaft water wheel.
16. Fenced off open stopes.
17. Line of abseil to Taylor's Level, 200 ft.
18. Line of abseil to Deep Level, 300 ft.
19. Large flat detached block with copper vein running through it.
20. The "American Stope," accessible from Taylor's Level.
21. Taylor's Level via crosscut from the surface.
22. Very large stope, believed to be the upper part of "Cobbler's Hole."
23. 17th Century tunnel from surface, known as "Cobbler's Level."
24. Cross cut from surface (adit) to Deep Level.
25. Site of Old Engine Shaft water wheel.
26. Access tunnel to Old Engine Shaft and balance bob platform.

end on the brink of a narrow stope which seemed to go down a long way. Cross timbers and platforms could be seen (No. 6 on Section). It was a long time before we returned to this point, because of lack of equipment (or maybe nerve). An attempt was made, however, to reach the continuation of Fleming's Level from below the collapsed floor. This was done by using a "maypole" of scaffolding tubes with electron ladder attached. It was successful but not very safe. The tunnel was followed through the fault line and on to yet another collapse in the floor. The bottom was impossible to see and all around it was a scene of collapse and dangerous loose rubble.

It was known that somewhere beyond this impass, Triddle Shaft came down to intersect the workings, but to reach it from here was impossible. We retreated and it was not until 1978 that any further progress was made when fresh timber was brought in to make belay and abseil points. This was done at the top of the previously mentioned, narrow stope. A long ladder was lowered. The first down had difficulty passing down the narrowest section — it was only about 12" wide and yet some ancient miner had actually worked in this space with a hammer and chisel. On later visits it was found to be possible to hang the ladder in a different position to avoid the tightest section. Near the bottom a heavy iron chain hung down, disappearing under the rubble on the floor upon which we landed. The pitch was 50 feet. Ducking beneath unstable platforms holding up tons of stacked deads which looked as if they would collapse at a touch, we came to the top of a steeply sloping chute covered in loose rock. It was not possible to see where it finished. A volunteer was sent down on the end of a safety rope. Taking great care he found after 70 ft. he had reached a black void (No. 7 on Section). The bottom could not be made out and distances always seem greater in the dark, so a second man was called for, two lights being better than one. He had hardly started down when the loose stones began to move under his feet, gaining momentum within seconds, and the slope began to avalanche. With a great roar the flowing rock bore down on the man below, who seemed to have no way of escape. With great presence of mind and agility, however, he did the only possible thing to avoid disaster. The end of the chute was 'V' shaped and with a great leap upwards he was able to bridge the gap, allowing the rock avalanche, some three feet deep, to pass underneath and pour over the edge into the void with a tremendous explosion of noise. Those remaining at the top, unable to see, feared the worst and expected to pull in a rope with a frayed, broken end and it was with considerable relief that he was seen scrambling back up unharmed — he was not so easily got rid of! It

had been a close call however, and we decided the mine had won again and beat a retreat.

These early probes into the mines were carried out by only a small group of friends with the minimum of equipment and little experience. It was obvious that, to pursue these explorations any further, more serious organisation would be necessary with a larger number of willing participants. To this end it was decided to form a new mines research society, and on the 9th October, 1979, an advertised meeting was arranged inviting all interested people to attend, and Cumbria Amenity Trust was founded, which became known by its initials — CAT. The name originated from the group's early attempt to buy some land in the Furness district rich in mining remains, which would be held in trust as an amenity for those interested in the history of the area. The Society went quickly from strength to strength. More equipment was purchased through subscriptions and funds raised. The first year or so was spent in visiting and exploring mining sites throughout the north, finding our feet and assessing our new-found colleagues.

By the spring of 1981 we felt we had a strong enough team to challenge the Coniston Mines once again, and on the 15th March we went into Fleming's Level, noticing how bats were now inhabiting the tunnels. When the point was reached where the avalanche occurred, what remained of the loose rock was cleared and made safe. A belay point was established at the bottom of the chute and an intrepid member abseiled into the blackness. Soon his voice came up from the depth to say he had reached the bottom and would look around before deciding if it was worth anyone else descending. Out of view of the others but quite clearly heard, he climbed the steep boulder slope and found he was standing on the brink of Triddle Shaft (No. 8 on Section). With this news others went down the 55 ft. pitch and joined him at the shaft viewpoint. It was found to be very interesting. Massive timbers still in good condition, spanned the wide roof above our heads and through an opening above the shaft the supporting blocks for a pulley wheel that had once carried a haulage wire could be seen. Looking down the shaft our side was built of stone, otherwise it was driven through solid rock. The bottom was beyond the range of our lights and left us speculating on the secrets down there.

We retraced our steps to the bottom of the steep boulder slope and went in the other direction around a dangerous hanging corner into a widening stope. At the end was a manway with the remains of a ladder. One side of this was formed by a latticework of rock only one stone in thickness (No. 10 on Section). This pitch was

soon descended and we found ourselves in a tunnel which we thought might be Taylor's Level. An old oil can was found at this point. The tunnel was blocked before it intersected Triddle Shaft, and we noticed the floor was hollow at this point. In the other direction the tunnel continued over a small collapse with an open stope above. Beyond this half of the floor had been neatly mined away over a good distance and to a great depth. Further on, wooden water channels were still on the floor of the tunnel and crystal clear pools, stained pale blue by the copper, were crossed. There was a steep manway in the roof (No. 12 on Section) and this was climbed about three years later and found to lead into an extensive worked-out vein and the manway probably formerly connected with the manhole in the floor of Fleming's Level some two hundred feet higher.

The tunnel, which by now we were sure was Taylor's Level, went round in a loop and a very worn waggon wheel was found here. Eventually we came to a collapse on a weak vein which blocked the tunnel, but it did not look a big job to clear it. However, by that time we had done enough for that day and returned to the surface.

We came back in force a month later for a two-day siege on the 11th and 12th April 1981. One team set about clearing the collapse in Taylor's Level whilst another prepared to descend the hole where the floor was half mined away. It was estimated that it would be about ninety feet deep and would bring us to Deep Level, but there was so much collapsed rubble down there that it was not possible to enter Deep Level. The digging team were successful in getting through the blockage and further along the tunnel came to an opening on the left, giving an impressive view into an enormous worked-out stope, with daylight coming down from the surface two hundred feet above. This was the New Engine Shaft Stopes, around which the fences are in Red Dell (No. 16). At our feet a heavy sheaved winding wheel lay partially buried and, beyond, the great stope plunged down over one hundred feet to the water level. The shaft itself came down somewhere in the middle of this great working, and Taylor's Level at this point disappeared under one of the largest collapses we had seen so far. A sixty foot scramble up this huge pile, which had come down from the sides (No. 14) brought us to the edge of another vertical drop into unknown depths. Looking up we could see the heather hanging over the edge of the stope at the surface. Over the years, I had often stood up there looking down these fearful holes and wondering what would be down there, little realising that I would be one of the first to find out.

On our way back along the level, one member went down a shaft we had noticed earlier, which lay close to the New Engine Shaft Stopes. At 110 feet he arrived at a small lake and could see the heavily timbered Deep Level above him, but it was not possible to reach it. Daylight filtered down to give an eerie light on the water even at this depth. Further exploration with a dinghy was suggested for a later date.

Before we left Taylor's Level that weekend, we examined the hollow floor previously mentioned near to Triddle Shaft. On removing some timbers, it looked as if it could be a manway that would take us to the bottom of Triddle Shaft. This too was left for another visit and we returned to the surface very pleased with our discoveries.

The next event worth recording took place on the 24th June, 1981, when it was arranged to take a BBC team into the workings to make a short documentary film for the "Look North" series. Much time and effort went into carrying the camera, lighting, batteries and sound equipment, etc., up the hill and down the mine. We went as far as the bottom of the first pitch in Fleming's Level, and there were some anxious moments whilst lowering twenty-three thousand pounds worth of camera in a rucksack on the end of a rope, down through the collapsed floor. The powerful lights made the whole place as bright as daylight. The film was screened on 2nd July 1981.

On the 27th June, 1981, the club returned to investigate the manway below the hollow floor in Taylor's Level, using an electron ladder. A curious tent-shaped recess was reached thirty feet down, and from there the descent took us into the side of Triddle Shaft, which was very wide at this point. One side was formed of heavy timbers holding back waste rock. The bottom was reached after another 70 feet and we wondered how long it had been since it was last seen by anyone. The first thing we noticed was that Deep Level appeared intact in both directions. We were at another interesting stage of exploration. Vivid blue and green copper stains ran down the walls and stalactites were numerous. There was no sign of Triddle Shaft continuing through the floor: it must be well sealed over. Deep Level was followed in the direction of the New Engine Shaft though we knew it would not go far before the collapse discovered on the 11th April was reached. The roof at this point was in a very dangerous state due to the immense weight on the rotten timbers. Going in the other direction from the shaft bottom the tunnel passed through a fault and continued beyond a deep flooded sump. This was tackled by an intrepid volunteer in a wet

suit. Looking like a porpoise on a string, with much splashing and swinging, he managed to get across this section and continued to follow the tunnel to its end, reached after about one hundred and seventy yards. There was no sign of workable copper. At this point in Deep Level it is over half a mile from the entrance. Being the main haulage and drainage level for the whole of Coniston Mines, it has many branches, the longest extending nearly one and a half miles, almost beneath Levers Water. We were pleased to reach the limit of one of its branches.

The next day it was decided to investigate the fenced off holes in Red Dell with the idea of establishing a through route via Taylor's Level and out of Fleming's Mine. We were not sure at which point the best line of descent lay and it would be a case of trial and error. A long rope was lowered and secured to the fence posts and 'Danger' sign. A member equipped with full prussiking gear in case he needed to return the same way, abseiled down. After over one hundred feet and some awkward traversing movements, he gained the flat top of a huge wedged block, which had dropped six feet out of the roof. It was about forty feet long and ten feet wide. This point became known as 'Boulder Plateau' (No. 19). Running across the top was a strong quartz vein carrying a good proportion of copper ore (chalcopyrite) which the old miners had not known about. From the top of Boulder Plateau it was only a short descent onto the top of the sixty foot pyramid of rubble and a scramble down to reach Taylor's Level, a vertical descent of 200 feet in all, so we had found a route down. The rope was replaced by an electron ladder for those not expert in single rope technique (SRT), but the ladder was secured at the south east end of the stope at the surface, so that it hung at a pronounced angle. During the course of the day nine members of CAT completed the newly established through route going in both directions to clear the equipment left in Fleming's Mine from the previous day.

This was another important milestone in our explorations beneath Red Dell. We had used seven hundred feet of rope and five hundred feet of electron ladder to complete the through route. At a later date, we found a more direct and easier descent line (marked No. 17 on the Section), which took us in one good pitch of 140 feet to a small landing platform, then a thirty foot abseil to a point half way down the rubble pyramid. This has become the standard line of descent or ascent.

After this spate of activity the mine was left in peace for some months while we turned our attentions elsewhere, but in March 1982 we returned and two members abseiled down Triddle Shaft

from the viewpoint in Fleming's Mine to seek the continuation of Taylor's Level on the other side. With difficulty they pendulomed across the yawning shaft on the end of a hundred feet of rope and got into the tunnel. This was cut in solid rock and quite safe. After following it for seventy yards they came across a staggering sight. Pouring from the roof and down the wall was a static cascade of azure blue copper carbonate, which fanned out in a thick layer across the tunnel floor. We had got used to seeing these slow forming, colourful deposits which leached out of the veins throughout the workings, but this was by far the most spectacular. It was photographed and carefully left undisturbed. Fortunately it is in a very inaccessible part of the mine and few people will ever see it. The tunnel was then followed another twenty yards to its end, where, like Deep Level below it, there was no copper worth extracting.

CAT had agreed to act as hosts to a visiting group of Mines Research Societies later that year, and it was decided to take them on the Red Dell through route. Accordingly a lot of preparatory work had to be done to make the trip as safe as possible despite the fact that everyone had a third party insurance cover. Extra abseil points were put in, using bolts and hangers. Small platforms built of timber were established at awkward take-off areas, and loose rock was cleared. The largest job was to re-make the entrance to Fleming's Mine, which for over eight years had been kept open by a forty gallon bottomless drum. This was removed and a fine new timbered entrance was constructed. The weekend of the visit began on the 18th September, 1982. On Saturday we took them through the Levers Water, Paddy End system, and on Sunday the Red Dell system and in addition some of our members made the first descents by abseil of the old Engine Shafts and the Bonsor East Shaft (not shown on Section), both to Deep Level, where they walked out to daylight. Numerous letters were received afterwards thanking the Society for a most interesting weekend and all the trouble taken in preparing it. The Coniston Mines had not seen so many people since the 1860's.

To descend the top section of Triddle Shaft had been the talking point for a long time, usually with bated breath owing to its great depth and the stories we had heard of others trying it years ago using SRT methods and having to return up the rope in a very exhausted and frightened state after what they saw some one hundred and sixty feet down. We knew from calculations that it was about three hundred and fifty feet down to the viewpoint above Taylor's Level. Would it still be possible to reach this point

all the way down the shaft? By now we had a team of hard men, experts in SRT, and what better time to decide to have a go than after the Club's Annual Dinner, when we were full of drink and big talk in the comfort of a country pub.

The next morning, Sunday 5th December, 1982, five members set out laden with equipment and entered the access tunnel to Triddle Shaft (No. 2 on Section). At the end of the tunnel is a platform fifteen feet down. Upon this stands the remains of a balance bob, which was a large weighted pivot device for changing the direction of the pumping rods from horizontal to vertical. It was linked to the New Engine Shaft water wheel at the foot of the incline. From this balance bob the shaft plunges straight down into impenetrable blackness, which in cold weather often belches out steamy vapour from the warmer air in the mine. Secure belays were made and the rope lowered. The first man descended hanging free in space and was soon out of sight. At 144 feet he was able to get into a side passage, where the other four soon joined him. The shaft was cut into solid rock except for the last few yards where it entered a stope with some poised loose rock around. The side passage ran south east to a collapsed floor and an enormous hole which was recognised as being the same one we had viewed from the other side all those years ago. We were in the continuation of Fleming's Level. Returning to Triddle Shaft where it intersects this level, a lot of loose rubble and timber was cleared to try and cross to the other (NW) side. The 12 ft. gap was crossed with difficulty and access was gained to the tunnel again, which we were now eager to explore. In the first few yards there were three short trial tunnels running off, partially backfilled. Here and there original tallow candles were still on the walls. After 30 yards we came to a 'T' junction which was a worked out vein extending upwards beyond the reach of our lights. To the left was a false floor with a ladder sticking out of a manhole (No. 9 on section). Very tempting but dangerously rotten. We followed the tunnel to the right which in places was a riot of colour in blues and greens of all shades caused by the copper carbonates being redeposited during the 150 years or so since this tunnel had been driven. At 70 yards another fork was reached. In the right hand one which went for a further 30 yards we found a small wooden gunpowder cask which had sprung open like the petals of a flower. Other small rusted iron artefacts were lying around. The left hand branch went about twenty yards further and was backfilled. Our examination of the tunnels was hurried because we still did not know what the outcome of our continued descent would be, and time was not on our side.

Returning to the shaft we prepared to descend the next pitch. The bottom was visible about 70 ft. below in a large chamber. The shaft down to this point was inclined at a steep angle, it was not vertical. On landing at the bottom we looked around. This area could have been an important shaft station in its heyday. A large stope was to the S.E., the same one we had seen from above. It was in fact at the far end of this stope around a bend that our normal line of descent lay between Fleming's and Taylor's Levels. In one corner adjacent to the shaft was found a tunnel which led to a deep, clear pool and in it was an almost complete wheelbarrow. Just beyond this a narrow stope went up. We continued our descent of the shaft which was more constricted and timbered over at two points. We had to duck and weave our way through huge timber platforms and manholes which were thankfully in very good condition due to the dampness hereabouts. Soon we came to the one with the pulley supports which we had seen from below in March 1981. We were almost 'home' but not dry! A short abseil led to a slippery plank over the last 200 ft. of the shaft. The end of the plank allowed us to drop directly on to the viewpoint at the side. Had it not been for the plank it might have been impossible to pendule across from the manhole.

We were very pleased to have completed this descent, but we still had to get out, so being on familiar ground we quickly scrambled down into Taylor's and along to the New Engine shaft stopes where we had previously suspended a rope. After prussiking out the 200 ft. to the surface, where it was now dark, we celebrated with a pint or two, probably three, in the Crown at Coniston.

We returned to the shaft again on 30th January 1983 to examine the continuation of Fleming's Level in more detail and on this occasion we lowered a large piece of new timber down to help bridge the 12 ft. gap. The ladderway in the false floor was descended and found to connect with the tunnel below (with the wheelbarrow). A possible alternative line of descent was also noted further down the shaft. Once again we exited via the New Engine Shaft.

A big discovery was made on the 15th May 1983 when a team of five, equipped with wet suits and dinghy, abseiled 315 ft. down the Red Dell stopes to the water level (No. 18 on Section). This line of descent coincided with the line of fall of a 26 year-old walker in January 1978, who did not survive.

With the dinghy it was intended to sail along to the "lake" at the bottom of the New Engine Shaft. However this was not successful due to obstructions and collapses, but in the other direction, some

15 ft. above the water table, Deep Level was entered. It was still intact over a good distance until a heavily timbered roof was reached. A lot of these timbers were square in section, which is unusual. Running along the floor was a good example of a wooden launder. One side of a section of the tunnel was made up of a stone wall, again an unusual feature in Coniston Mines. Through gaps in the roof an enormous stoped-out area could be seen with timber platforms here and there. It was so high it was hardly possible to see the roof, which would be in excess of 200 ft., and the vein was up to 15 ft. wide. It was believed to be the upper part of the fabled 'Cobblers Hole' which was the richest ore body discovered in the Coniston Mines. The lower reaches, now under water, were much wider. According to old plans and cross sections this was the right location for Cobblers Hole, beneath Red Dell Beck. It was a remarkable discovery.

The tunnel ended in a collapse midway along the stope, but on climbing through a gap in the roof it was possible to climb to the top of the huge pile of rubble and view the extensive working. However, owing to lack of equipment they were unable to descend the other side, and returned to the surface after a long prussik to pass on the news of their discovery. Meanwhile another team had been down in Taylor's Level to investigate the small stope (No. 13 on the section) near the New Engine Shaft. Climbing wooden timbers they reached a small recess at 30 feet and in it was found a four-pound single-handed boring hammer, complete with shaft. Twenty feet above this a tunnel appeared to lead off with a wooden trunking sticking out of it. Some time later this tunnel was reached with difficulty but was found to be blind.

A month later on 12th June 1983, a team of two descended the three hundred foot pitch to see the big discovery for themselves, first having to rescue a sheep at the top and remove the body of another from a ledge lower down, where it was in the way. On reaching the Cobblers Hole they climbed the big rubble pile and descended the other side, which was in fact a constructed stone wall with the tunnel underneath, running back into the collapse, but ahead there was a hopeless run-in. This was climbed for about eighty feet until further progress was stopped by the increasing angle. There was nothing further to do so a return to the surface was made.

The fenced-off hole in Red Dell (No. 20 on Section) has also been descended to the bottom at 170 ft. It was down here that an American youth fell on 22nd July 1972, was seriously injured, and was very lucky to survive.

On Boxing Day 1983 the entrance to Taylor's Level at the surface (No. 21) was unblocked and drained. The fine solid tunnel ran almost due north for about 175 yards passing through a slate vein which was tried early this century. The end of the tunnel brought us to a collapse which coincided with the bottom of the Red Dell Hole mentioned above. During the next twelve months our explorations were concentrated on the Levers Water/Paddy End system, so it was not until 26th December, 1984 that we returned to Taylor's Level again and cleared the fall through to the bottom of the 170 ft. "American" stope. Twenty five feet above could be seen another tunnel, and four days later entry was gained by using a "maypole." This tunnel turned out to be more of an ore chute into yet another stope with the continuation of Taylor's Level visible 40 ft. beneath. A couple of bolts were placed and the tunnel was reached with a quick abseil. The false floor was in a dangerous state with the holes dropping away into unknown depths. More assistance was required to negotiate this passage so a larger party returned on the 5th January 1985 and, after some difficult traversing, a line of bolts and a fixed hand line were installed along the wall across a 20 ft. gap. At the other side the tunnel ran right and left: the right branch ended at 30 ft. and the left ran through a fault into yet another stope but alas the floor had gone again.

On the 13th January, 1985, a team returned to abseil down the hole beneath the fixed hand line. At 85 ft. a short rubble pile led down into a large tunnel in which were pieces of old newspaper dated 1907. We soon realised that we were back in Deep Level close to Cobblers Hole where we had been in May 1983. We had found a much easier way to reach it now involving a comparatively short abseil of 85 ft. but the false floor of Taylor's Level will always need great care.

This brings us to the time of writing and is a fairly full account of our explorations of the Bonsor Vein in Red Dell over the past ten years. It is with some relief that we know that the largest part of these mines is full of water and quite inaccessible, that is the one thousand feet of workings below Deep Level, as mentioned at the beginning. There are still many corners and holes to check out before we are finished. I suspect we shall be going back for some time to come.

In the explorations which have led to this report, thanks are due to all those members of Cumbria Amenity Trust who endured the darkness, the danger and the dirt. I recall emerging from the mines on many occasions on bitterly cold winter nights and having to change out of wet suits etc. in thick snow and howling winds, then

washing in icy streams. Tough but rewarding. After all, what else is there to do in our Lake District National Park that has not been done before? I have regarded mine exploration as an untapped source of adventure and a glimpse into Lakeland's history.

FURTHER READING IN PUBLICATION ORDER

- 1894 A. G. Gibson. *The Old Man or Ramblings and Ravings Around Coniston.*
- 1906 W. G. Collingwood. *The Book of Coniston.*
- 1910 C.W.A.A.S.* *Transactions*. Vol. 10. German Miners at Coniston.
- 1913 J. Postlethwaite. *Mines and Mining in the Lake District*. 3rd Ed.
- 1928 C.W.A.A.S. *Transactions*. Vol. 28. Keswick & Coniston Mines in 1600.
- 1930 F.R.C.C. *Journal* No. 24. W. G. Collingwood. Leavings of the German Miners.
- 1969 J. D. Marshall & M. Davies-Shiel. *The Industrial Archaeology of the Lake Counties.*
- 1970 R. Millward and A. Robinson. *The Lake District.*
- 1972 W. T. Shaw. *Mining in the Lake Counties.*
- 1981 E. G. Holland. *Coniston Copper Mines. A Field Guide.*
- 1982/5 Cumbria Amenity Trust. Various Newsletters.

* C.W.A.A.S. — Cumberland & Westmorland Antiquarian & Archaeological Society.

Honister, from *Views of the English Lakes*, J. Garnet, Windermere.



ANNUAL DINNER 1984

J. W.

The blue skies accompanying those travelling to the Lake District on the Saturday clouded over on approach to the hills although the day remained dry in most areas of activity with a little intermittent mist on the tops. Many walking parties covered most of the hills bordering the Borrowdale and Newlands valleys and climbing parties were active in the area too!

The A.G.M. started promptly at 5.00 p.m. under Harry Ironfield's Presidential gavel with a full gathering and with important matters on the agenda. After much discussion and debate it was unanimously resolved that no Club asset (other than guide books) exceeding £5,000 in value could be disposed of without a two-thirds majority vote of those members attending an Annual or Extraordinary General Meeting. The later proposal to abolish Associate Membership was lost after much concern on the issue had been expressed by those in favour and those opposed to the motion. This was clearly a matter on which many Members held strong feelings and whilst a two-thirds majority in favour would have been required for the motion to have succeeded, a majority of ten against at a straight vote suggested that there might be sufficient support for some change to allow a future Committee to re-consider the matter at some stage. A vote of thanks to the outgoing President was well endorsed by the meeting as was the welcome given to the incoming President, Dave Roberts.

Support for the Annual Dinner was again at maximum, with the formal setting being again fully booked and about 60 attending the buffet. Undoubtedly another success for Bill Comstive whose efforts on the Club's behalf in this respect are surely appreciated by all.

This year the theme was "Guide Books," our guests all being past or present guide book writers, illustrators or editors, and in his speech the President paid tribute to their painstaking work over the years. Malcolm Slessor, principal guest, gave away many guide book writing secrets, known by few but suspected by many, and our David Miller continued the theme including material from his own guide book writing and editing experience to the amusement and enjoyment of all present. To follow the more formal proceedings our by now regular disco allowed those still holding a surfeit of energy to entertain other, more relaxed members and so bring the evening to a close.

Disappointing weather on the Sunday failed to dampen the enthusiasm of either our new President or Malcolm Slessor, who, with traditional and pioneering fervour scaled the water-laden rocks of Shepherds Crag, returning later in the day in need of much warm and dry clothing. Other, walking parties graced the Borrowdale fells, the main thrust being the outgoing President's party attempting Great End and beyond in thickening weather. A somewhat wet lunch at the head of Grains Gill allowed time for good sense to prevail and for a modified objective of Salving House via Sprinkling and Sty Head tarns to be decided upon.

The weekend's events were continued in the later afternoon by a fearsome exposition of modern rock and ice climbs introduced at the slide show by Ron Kenyon and Al Phizacklea who clearly demonstrated the full extent of the development of our sport since the first guide books were conceived and written.

The handover of the Presidency, emblems and regalia completed a memorable and enjoyable weekend and we all wish our new President well in his forthcoming term of office. The Club and its affairs and property are surely in good hands.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

Al Phizacklea and Ron Kenyon

This section covers new route activity in the Lake District during 1983-84. The major sources of information have been the new routes books spread around the area. Most routes remain unchecked and the usual care should be taken. The quality of the routes has not been indicated by the usual star system: this does not mean that all the routes are poor quality!

We would like to take this opportunity to list the custodians of these new routes books, namely: Lakes Mountain Sports, Penrith; The Packhorse Inn, Keswick; The Climbers Shop, and Rock and Run, both of Ambleside; and The Lakeland Mountain Centre, Kendal.

It will be noted that there is no information here on the new climbs on Buckbarrow in Wasdale. This is because there will be a 'New West' supplement out soon which will contain a complete revision of Buckbarrow, along with all the new routes done since The Gable and Pillar guides were produced, complete with a graded list of all routes above Very Severe. This is being completed by Bill Young.

Finally, this is an account of all the hard work done by the local lads who have literally 'scraped their way to success' to make this such a hefty total of over 260 routes. Who said the Lakes were stagnant?

BORROWDALE

LOWER FALCON CRAG

Inarticulate Speech. 160 feet. E2.

Start as for Dangler.

- 1 35 feet. As for the Dangler.
 - 2 30 feet. 5b. From the right-hand end of the ledge follow the cracked overhung corner to a holly on Hedera Grooves.
 - 3 95 feet. 5c/6a. Climb through the overlap on the right wall (fixed P.R.) and follow crackline to the top.
- C. Dale (self belay). Nov. 83.

RECASTLE CRAG — WATENDLATH

Daylight Robbery. 90 feet. E5.

6c. Climb the thin crack between The Executioner and Penal Servitude to a P.R. Move right and climb easier ground.

C. Sowden, M. Berzins. 6/5/84.

Squashed Racquets. 90 feet. E3.

An eliminate between Rack Direct and Finger Flake Finish.

6a. Follow Rack Direct to the first ledge. Step left and pull up, move left again and up to Rack Traverse. Climb the wall above to the top.

C. Sowden, M. Berzins. 23/6/84.

Inquisition. 100 feet. E3.

Climbs the wall and ramp between Thumbscrew and Guillotine. Start at the small sapling.

6a. Easily to a ledge 10 feet left of Thumbscrew. Layaway moves up the shallow rib above lead to a good hold on the left and up to the niche above. Move right and steeply over the bulge to gain the rightwards sloping ramp. Follow this to the top.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 5/8/84.

Gibbet Direct. 100 feet. E1.

5c. As for The Gibbet to the gangway. Pull out steeply left onto the wall, climb this to a crack and up this to the top.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 24/7/84.

The Gauntlet. 100 feet. E1.

5b. Easy slabs lead to a crack to join The Noose (runner). Finger traverse left across the steep wall to gain the gangway of The Gibbet. Climb the wall above direct on good holds.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 5/8/84.

Crime and Punishment. 210 feet. E3.

A left to right girdle of the crag. Start 20 feet up the slab of The Axe. Nut belay.

- 1 120 feet. 5c. Follow the obvious break into Bold Warrior, descend a little and cross a steep slab to junction with The Executioner, Hand traverse (crux) strenuously to a rest and a good runner. Large flakes lead horizontally to a shallow groove (Penal Servitude). Descend this to a line of holds leading into White Noise. Continue to The Rack and arrange a hanging belay on an in situ-nut, thread and 7 Hex.

- 2 90 feet. 5b/5c. Reverse the traverse of The Rack to the ledge, move across past the groove of Guillotine then up to holds leading to Thumbscrew, arriving at foot level on the big flat hold. Move into the right-hand crack (Gibbet Direct) and cross the wall on small holds into the corner of The Noose. Finish up this.

C. Downer, S. Howe (alts), R. McHaffie. 29/7/84.

Skewered. 90 feet. H.V.S.

Start 10 feet left of Crucified.

Climb the groove on doubtful spikes and head directly to the top of the crag.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 20/8/84.

Crucified. 90 feet. V.S.

Start left of Gyves.

4c. Climb the steep wall to the leftwards-slanting slab and climb the wall above.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 20/8/84.

Gyves. 90 feet. E2.

Start at the far right of the crag by a fallen birch tree.

5c. Climb the clean looking groove with difficulty. From a large foothold move left across a bulge to the rightward-slanting ramp. Move up to overhanging wall and climb wall easily or crack with difficulty.

P. Hirst, R. McHaffie. 20/8/84.

Lost Boys. 80 feet. E2.

Climbs the short steep buttress right of Widomaker.

5c. Scramble up to a large block behind a silver birch. Gain the ramp above the overhang then up right to the rib. Climb the rib and continue to small trees.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 8/4/84.

NATIONAL TRUST CRAG

Wild Boys. 140 feet. E2.

Starts on left end of the buttress.

- 1 65 feet. 5c. An 'ovulous' right slanting crack across a large slab to an oak. Follow the crack to a small tree under an overhang, using this, pull onto the slab above and move up a corner to a tree ledge.
- 2 75 feet. Up to a large oak, and the wall behind to another terrace. Climb the centre of the wall above to a quartz ledge. Finish right over a bulge.

R. Mc Haffie, P. Hirst. 17/11/84.

Spiderman. 60 feet. H.V.S.

Start 15 feet left of Holly Tree Corner, at an obvious left-slanting gangway.
Climb the groove and step left onto the gangway, up this to the top.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 17/11/84.

Holly Tree Corner. 60 feet. H.V.S.

Starts 60 feet from the north end of the crag, down the scree. There is a large oak below the obvious square cut corner containing a — guess what?

Climb the groove to the holly, up the corner, finishing up the crack on the left.
P. Hirst, R. McHaffie. 17/11/84.

Batman. 60 feet. H.S.

Starts 15 feet right of Holly Tree Corner.

Climb into the niche and ascend a steep crack to mantelshelf onto a slab at the top.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 25/11/84.

THE CRAG ACROSS FROM GOWDER

Merlin. 180 feet. H.V.S.

Start on the right-hand end of the crag at an obvious rib, A route to conjure with!

- 1 50 feet. Climb the rib to a tree ledge.
- 2 30 feet. Climb the gross choss behind to another tree.;
- 3 100 feet. Up wall to the right to a tree.

R. McHaffie, M. R. Sutton. 20/5/83.

SHEPHERDS CRAG

Gibbon Variation. 60 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Climb the obvious layback crack 20 feet right of the start of 100 foot Slab.
R. Kenyon. Nov. 1983.

Golden Delicious. 130 feet. E2.

The steep wall between Sin and Eve.

5c. Climb up right side of the wall passing thin crack. Move diagonally left into the centre of the wall and up to Eve. Continue to climb just left of the scoop of Sin to the top.

M. Duff, C. Bolton. 17/9/83.

Delight Maker. 130 feet. V.S.

Start between Eve and Sin.

- 1 30 feet. Climb the shallow groove left of the start of Eve. Belay as for Eve.
- 2 100 feet. From the belay step left into the slim groove in the rib. Climb it to a steep wall left of Adam. Climb the wall and slab to a shallow depression. Climb the right-hand side of it. (Sin takes the left side). Cross Eve into groove above. Tree belay.

R. McHaffie, B. Johnston. May 1982.

Shepherd's Pie. 80 feet. E3.

Start left of Bludgeon pitch 2 at a totem pole tree.

6a. Move up and left to a small rib, climb this for 10 feet and move left to an overhanging groove. Up this and exit right onto a slab (junction with Scorpion). Go straight over a bulge to another slab. Go left a couple of feet and climb another bulge passing a sapling and then straight up to the top. (1 P.R.)

R. Curley, D. Williamson, N. Stansfield, C. Thwaites. 9/9/84.

Missing Link. 80 feet. E2.

Start from tree-covered ledge below final pitch of Bludgeon. The climb covers ground which may well have been climbed before and provides good climbing in an exposed position.

5c. Follow two easy slabs diagonally right, before reversing the overhung slab of Entertainment Traverse. From the ledge on Stone Tape, move left and climb the crack in the wall to Belvedere.

A. Jones, D. Hellier. Feb. 82.

Battering Ram. 110 feet. E2.

1 60 feet. 5b. Start right of Stone Tape and climb cracks to the overhanging diagonal groove. Climb this to the ledge and traverse right to belay at an oak tree.

2 50 feet. 5b. Climb the crack directly behind the oak to the groove, which is followed to the top.

R. Smith, J. Earl (alts). 27/5/84.

Rob's Route. 140 feet. E3.

Start round arête left of Rogues Gallery pitch 1 at a pinnacle ledge.

1 40 feet. 6a. Climb a groove passing a peg runner and go straight up the wall above to the ledge of Shepherd's Chimney.

2 50 feet. 5b. Climb the left-hand side of the arête left of Shepherd's Chimney.

3 50 feet. 5b. Climb the wall right of the arête of Black Sheep.

VARIATION Rob's Caf. E3.

1a 40 feet. 6a. Gain the peg from the ramp on the left then traverse up leftwards to a quartz hole, then make a dynamic move for the ledge.

R. Curley, D. Williamson, N. Stansfield, C. Thwaites. 9/9/84. (*Pitches 1 and 1a top-roped first.*)

Alaskan Wolf.

6b+. Climb the left arête of Devils Wedge.

R. Brooks (*top-roped only*). Aug. 83.

Hippos Might Fly. 70 feet. V.S.

Start as for Straight and Narrow and continue up the leftwards-sloping crackline to join Monolith Crack.

A. Brown, J. Geeson. 16/7/83.

Straight and Narrow. 60 feet. E2.

Surprisingly good climbing. Start right of Monolith Crack.

5c. Straight up the wall to a small triangular niche. Step immediately right and pull directly over the overlap to gain a small high pocket with difficulty. Up and cross Monolith finishing up triangular wall on the left.

B. Birkett, D. Lyle. 20/8/83. *Definitely done before.*

Human Racing. 60 feet. E3.

Start 15 feet up a groove at the start of an easy gangway 30 feet right of Donkey's Ears.

5c. Climb the gangway for a few feet, then go up and left to a poor P.R. Go straight over the bulge to hidden jug then go over another bulge to finish on a slab. Quite strenuous.

R. Curley, D. Williams, N. Stansfield, C. Thwaites. 23/9/84. (*Top-roped first.*)

Ethelred. 80 feet. E2.

Start as for Jackdaw Ridge Direct.

Climb Jackdaw Ridge Direct for 15 feet to a leftwards-slanting crack. Follow this to a large doubtful-looking block. Surmount this and up the wall to the arête. Follow arête to tree belays.

T. Dale, D. Bowen. 15/5/83.

Intensive Care Crack. 50 feet. H.S.

Start 20 yards right of the right boundary wall and 70 yards up the scree, at the top of a small gully and right of a yew tree.

Hand traverse right up a diagonal crack to a block. Over the block, right to a slab, and continue to a large spike belay.

J. Haslam, A. Johnston, N. Ball.

BLACK CRAG**Arthur Scargill.** 200 feet. S.

Starts up the black coal-coloured wall, up and right of the main crag, usually passed on the descent path.

Climb the groove moving right onto the right-hand side of the slab, where the wall steepens. Traverse left behind a silver birch and climb the long slabby groove to the top.

R. McHaffie. 24/8/84.

Grange Crag. (258 117).

These are the series of buttresses which lie in the trees 600 yards north of Grange Bridge. The crag extends along the hillside just above the track which is usually taken on the approach to Black Crag. The land below the crags left of the fence which runs up to Car Park Crag is private, but the crags themselves and the rest of the surrounding land belongs to the National Trust. Unfortunately the owner of this private land prohibits climbers on his land. The B.M.C. are currently trying to resolve the access situation and any further details will appear in the climbing magazines.

CAR PARK CRAG

This is the buttress immediately behind the car park. The routes are described from left to right.

First Contact. 40 feet. V.S.

5a. The obvious short arête left of Desmond Decker.

R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 15/3/84.

Reliant Robin. 50 feet. E3.

6a. Climb the wall left of Desmond Decker.

R. Curley, *unseconded*. 9/8/84.

Desmond Decker. 50 feet. E2.

5c. Climb the obvious groove with the overhanging start, left of the wire fence.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 10/3/84.

Fender Bender. 70 feet. E3.

5c. Climb the grooved arête, directly above the wire fence at the left of the crag.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 1/4/84.

Mercedes. 60 feet. V.S.

4c. Climb the chimney groove, right of the wire fence, starting from the left.

R. McHaffie, C. Downer, P. Taylor. 10/3/84.

Rush Hour. 70 feet. E2.

Start 10 feet right of Mercedes.

5c. Climb the groove to the overhang (10 feet). Step right onto a slabby gangway, swing out and climb the wall to the top.

M. Taylor, R. Lince. 24/6/84.

Fuel Economy. 70 feet. H.V.S.

Start to the left of Fuel Crisis at a rightwards sloping crack.

5a. Climb the crack to junction with Fuel Crisis and continue up the obvious groove on the right.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 3/4/84.

Fuel Crisis. 60 feet. E2/3.

Start 20 feet right of Mercedes.

5c. Climb an arête with a short crack to a large spike. Step off the spike and climb the wall above trending left to a good jug and crack.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 3/4/84.

Driving Ambition. 40 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the steep wall, left of The Crack, direct.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 26/2/84.

The Crack. 40 feet. V.S.

4a. Climb the obvious wide crack in the centre of the crag.

R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 10/3/84.

Hatchback. 60 feet. V.S.

4c. Climb the groove on the left of the slab, gained awkwardly from the left.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, R. McHaffie. 1/4/84.

Plastic Pig. 60 feet. E1.

5c. Climb the wall direct between Cavalier and Hatchback.

R. Curley, R. Jack. 7/8/84.

Cavalier. 60 feet. V.S.

4c. Climb the right-hand side of the slab, finishing up a pleasant crack.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 10/3/84.

Mini Minor. 70 feet. S.

Climb the clean groove and slab to the right of Cavalier.

R. McHaffie. Apr. 84.

Alvis. 60 feet. S.

Climb the groove system on the right of the slab.

R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 10/3/84.

Traffic Warden. 60 feet. E1.

On the right of the crag is a pinnacle.

5a. Climb the left edge of the pinnacle and the wall behind it via a wide crack.

R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 2/3/84.

Fagin Chases The Parrot. 100 feet. E2.

Girdle of Car Park Buttress. Start left of First Contact.

5c. Reverse the arête and cross into Desmond Decker. Step round onto a ledge on Fender Bender and round into Mercedes. First hand traverse (crux) then foot

traverse across to the large spike on Fuel Crisis and cross to the large grass ledge.

C. Downer, I. Dunn, C. Dunn. 13/4/84.

UPPER CAR PARK CRAG

A small crag about 150 feet above the finish of Hatchback/Cavalier.

Millesimus. 40 feet. V.S.

4c. Climb the obvious crack on the left.

M. Lynch, R. Wightman, B. Rogers. 24/6/84. *Mike's 1000th route in the Lakes.*

Ponticum. 40 feet. H.V.S.

Start in the middle of the crag at a rightwards slanting slab.

5a. Climb the slab, step right and straight up for ten feet. Step right onto the rib. Finish at the tree.

B. Rogers, T. Walkington. 24/6/84.

The 'A' Team. 40 feet. E1.

Start 10 feet left of 'G' Force.

- 5a. Climb the crack to the cave. Climb the left-hand groove with difficulty.
C. Brooks, D. Scott. 18/8/84.

'G' Force. 40 feet. H.V.S.

Start 20 feet right of Ponticum.

Climb the wall into the right-hand side of the cave. Climb the groove on the right-hand side of the overhang and groove above.

P. Hirst, R. McHaffie. 19/8/84.

The 'B' Team. 40 feet. E1.

5b. Make a delicate traverse right from the foot of 'G' Force to the bulge, which is climbed on good holds to a resting place. Climb the steep wall to the overhang and exit left with difficulty.

C. Brooks, D. Scott, R. McHaffie. 18/8/84.

NAGG'S SLAB

The first big buttress to the left of Car Park Buttress, being a slab 120 feet high.

Rhubarb Patch. 100 ft. E2.

5b. Follow a series of grooves and bulges, right of Gardeners World, eventually arriving at the right end of the overhang. Surmount this moving left slightly to good holds.

R. Lince, M. Taylor. 24/6/84.

Gardener's World. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Climb the obvious grooves to the right of the Buttress.

R. McHaffie, I Meldrum. Apr. 84.

Green Fingers. 120 feet. S.

1 Climb the slab to the left of Gardener's World to a tree belay.

2 From the tree, traverse right into a corner. Climb the crack and corner above to a tree belay.

R. McHaffie. Apr. 84.

Roger Radish. 120 feet. V.S.

Start 15 feet left of green Fingers.

1 Climb the clean slab to a tree belay.

2 Climb onto a flake and the crack above.

R. McHaffie, C. Downer. 19/6/84.

Percival Pea. 120 feet. H.V.S.

Start 15 feet left of Roger Radish.

1 Climb the clean slab. Care is required getting onto the ledge past the big perched blocks. Flake Belay.

2 Climb onto the flake. Make two awkward moves left and climb the overlap and crack to the top.

R. McHaffie, P. Taylor. 23/6/84.

Emma Apple. 140 feet. V.S.

Starts 15 feet right of Casper Carrot.

1 30 feet. Climb the groove and wall to a big tree.

2 25 feet. 4c. Climb the steep arête on the left to another tree.

3 35 feet. Up the crack on the left to the top.

W. Peascod, R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 10/11/84.

Casper Carrot. 120 feet. H.S.

A good climb which follows a rightward-facing groove 20 feet left of Percival Pea.

Climb the groove to a tree, then the steep wall behind to a second tree.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst, W. Peascod. 31/10/84.

Oliver Onion. 140 feet. V.S.

Climbs the slab 10 feet left of Casper Carrot.

- 1 120 feet. Climb the thin crack up to a steep wall with a bulge, over this to a tree.
- 2 20 feet. The steep wall right of Colin Cucumber.

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 4/11/84.

Colin Cucumber. 140 feet. M.V.S.

Climbs the cleaned slab on the left edge of the buttress. Can be split into 3 pitches.

R. McHaffie, P. Denny. 12/7/84.

BETH'S BUTTRESS

The buttress between Car Park and Nagg's Buttresses. From right to left.

Stingray. 90 feet. V.S.

4c. From a sapling platform at the right end of the crag, climb rightward-slanting cracks to the top.

D. Craig, W. Peacod. Nov. 84.

Joining Forces. 110 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs the prominent twin grooves.

5a. Climb the left-hand groove to a small overhang, move up and cross into the right-hand groove and follow this to an awkward exit right onto a ledge.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, S. Kysow. 12/4/84.

Rolling Thunder. 70 feet. E3.

Start as for Low Profile.

6a. Move up to the large ledge on the right, climb into the crack above and step out left onto the wall below a steep groove. Follow this to a good jug (crux) and continue steeply to another good handhold. Step up onto this and climb the wall trending left near the top to tree belay.

C. Downer, R. Hall. 26/6/84.

Low Profile. 70 feet. E1.

Start 30 feet left of Joining Forces at a cleaned wall.

5b. Climb the wall to a ledge. Move right and up a short wall into a green groove. Up this steeply, making a long reach to a good jug and easily to a tree belay. Abseil off.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, P. Lee. 15/6/84.

Impulse. 50 feet. E1.

An obvious line on the left side of the buttress. Start 40 feet left of Low Profile.

5b. Follow the groove to an awkward move up to a short wall. Step right and up to a hold above a slanting crack. Move left onto a ledge and easily to the top and tree belay. (Grade assumes no use made of tree and arête on the left).

C. Downer, S. Kysow, J. Cameron, P. Bingham. 9/7/84.

NAGG'S BUTTRESS

There are two buttresses separated by a dirty gully. The routes are described from left to right.

"I can't think of one hard route on Shepherds that's as good as one route on Nagg's Buttress"— C. Bacon.

LEFT-HAND BUTTRESS

Sleeping Partner. 110 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Climb the obvious niche and pull out left up a steep juggy wall to a pleasant slab finish.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 2/4/84.

Pressure Drop. 100 ft. E2.

5c. Start at the same point as Rough Justice but continue up to the left of the crack and follow a vague scoop up right to a ledge. Move back left using a short ramp and pull onto a ledge. The fine corner above is followed to the top.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 25/3/84.

Rough Justice. 100 ft. E1.

5c. Follow a curving crack to the right into a niche (this can be reached direct). Up onto a ledge on the right and follow the crack on the left until forced across the wall on the right to the arête. Up this to a ledge and possible belays or continue to the top.

C. Downer, P. Lea. 15/3/84.

RIGHT-HAND BUTTRESS

Intrusion. 110 feet. V.S.

5a. Climb up the easy crack to a ledge. Traverse 15 feet right and up to join Sudden Impact and follow this to the top.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 15/12/83.

Crime Wave. 100 feet. E1.

5b. Climb awkwardly to an easy crack, which leads to a ledge, on Intrusion. The wall above is climbed first on the left and then the right.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 23/3/84.

Sudden Impact. 100 feet. E2.

5c. Climb the steep greenish wall, direct to a small roof. Climb over this and move left onto a ledge. Pull steeply up into a fine corner and follow this to the top.

C. Downer, T. Watts. 5/12/83.

Red Neck. 100 feet. E1.

Start 10 feet right of Sudden Impact.

5b. Climb the wall direct until forced rightwards into the arête. Climb the steep corner crack above.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 10.11.84.

Red Neck — The Skinhead Finish. E3.

5c. Where Red Neck moves right to the arête, climb straight up and climb the slim groove on the left, then straight up to the top as for Red Neck.

R. Curley, *unsecured*. 18/8/84.

Regardless. 90 feet. H.V.S.

Start 20 feet right of Red Neck.

5a. Easy rocks lead to a rightwards leaning gangway. Climb this and the steep wall and crack above.

C. Downer, C. Bacon. 5/4/84.

Super Cool. 100 feet. V.S.

Ascends the arête right of Nagg's Buttress, start at its lowest point.

Climb the rib until forced left onto doubtful rock. Up this until a step right can be made onto the rib. Up this to a pinnacle. Abseil off.

(The rib above comprising steep loose rock and heather has been climbed, but abseiling off is recommended.)

R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 4/11/84.

VETERAN'S BUTTRESS

This is left of Nagg's Buttress.

The Crack. 70 feet. S.

Climb the obvious crack and groove above to tree belays.
R. McHaffie, P. Hirst. 8/9/84.

Porridge. 70 feet. V.S.

Climb the bulge 5 feet right of The Crack and straight up the wall to tree belays.
P. Hirst, R. McHaffie. 8/9/84.

Stir. 70 feet. E1.

Go up the weakness directly above the fence to the triangular overhang. Move up and left to a good jug. Ascend the crack above on good jams to tree belays.
P. Hirst, R. McHaffie. 8/9/84.

WODEN'S FACE

Woden's Wotsit. 90 feet. H.V.S.

Starts just right of the large pinnacle flake at the front of the crag, and takes a line between Woden Direct and Woden's Cheek.

5b. Climb the wall, avoiding the right arête, to a ledge. Surmount a short bulge and continue up the slab above.
R. Kenyon, C. Eckersall. 5/7/84.

BOWDERSTONE CRAG

Thor's Wrath. 80 feet. H.V.S.

Variation finish to Thor's Ridge. At the top of pitch 2 (top of rock ridge) continue up vegetation to obvious chimney. Climb the chimney and finish up crack above.
R. Kenyon. 4/12/83.

LONG BAND CRAG

The Professionals. 90 feet. E4.

Climbs the wall at the right-hand side of the crag. Start on a ledge 50 feet right of Masochist, just left of a pointed block.

6a. Climb the steep wall moving slightly rightwards to a groove. Follow this up leftwards to its top. Move across the wall on the left to a slim groove/crack and climb this to below the obvious slanting break. Pull leftwards across the overlap to a thin crack and up to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 30/5/83.

EAGLE CRAG

Fear and Loathing. 120 feet. E3.

Climbs the steep wall immediately right of Pitch and Putt, starting at a thin crack about 10 feet right of that route.

1 60 feet. 6a. Climb the thin crack to a large handhold. Swing right on flakes and pull up to a small spike runner. Up and left to a thin crack and pull round the overhang on the right. Leftwards onto grass ledge.

2 60 feet. 5c. 12 feet right of the belay, a thin corner crack is climbed pulling out left onto easier rock. Continue straight up to the top.

T. Stephenson, H. Stirling. 10/7/83.

Icarus Direct. 160 feet. E1.

1 100 feet. 5b. As for Icarus to the mantleshelf on Pitch 2 and continue direct to a short crack. Layback moves up this lead to large holds above and easily to a grass ledge and spike belay.

2 60 feet. 5c. Climb the grooved arête above direct (good spike runner on left) to good holds. Swing rightwards onto a ledge, then up and left onto another ledge; easily to the top.

C. Downer, R. McHaffie. 26/7/84.

BLEAK HOW CRAG (274 122)

This long neglected crag of excellent rock is situated on the east side of Langstrath, at the entrance to the valley and is reached by following the footpath on the west side of the river, to a bridge over the river, from which the crag can be seen directly up the hillside. Approach the base from the bottom left of the vegetated foot of the crag to gain the 'Assembly Block', an obvious rock promontory below the crag.

Brush Off. 100 ft. H.V.S.

A sparsely protected, but thrilling climb up the slab left of the obvious arête of Fancy Free.

5a. Start on top of the earth mound, at the base of the slab, and climb up then leftwards to a leftward-slanting crack. Move up right and then straight up, just left of vegetation, to gain a ledge. Continue up the wall above to the top.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, S. Kysow. 24/5/84.

Footloose. 100 feet. H.V.S.

The corner bounding the right of the slab of Brush Off. The start is very difficult but leads to easier climbing above.

5b. Gain the slanting V-groove near the base of the corner. Bridge up this delicately to gain good holds, which lead to the easier upper part of the corner. Follow this to finish slightly on the left.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, S. Kysow. 25/5/84.

Fancy Free. 100 feet. E1.

An elegant climb taking the obvious arête above the Assembly Block.

5a. Follow the arête, with a slight deviation to the left, to the slanting break at mid-height. Gain the upper part of the arête. Over the overlap direct, and continue up the arête, rightwards, to the top.

C. Downer, C. Bacon, S. Kysow. 24/5/84.

Steel Pulse. 100 ft. E3.

Climbs the cracked groove between Fancy Free and Breathless. Start right of the arête.

5c/6a. Climb the slab direct to the overhang. Traverse right into overhanging corner crack and bridge up steeply. Reach a good hold at the top of the crack and pull up for a finger slot on the left. Pull up to undercut and continue to a good thread. Step left on good holds to finish.

C. Downer, J. Waters. 18/6/84.

Breathless. 85 feet. E3.

Climbs the hanging corner groove in the central bay. Start at a large block.

5c/6a. Climb the wall and groove above to the overhang. Pull out steeply right and bridge up to an undercut (No. 1 Friend). Swing right and pull onto ledge. Easier climbing follows to tree belay.

C. Downer, S. Kysow. 25/5/84.

Boston Strangler. 90 feet. E4.

Climbs the overhanging groove just right of Breathless, starting at the same point.

6b. Follow Breathless to a step right onto a grassy ledge below the groove. Climb the groove to an overhang (P.R.). Climb this with some difficulty. Swing right onto the arête, then continue up the wall above.

A. Murray, R. Parker. 2/6/84.

Bleak How Buttress. 120 feet. E1.

An excellent route on sound rock. Start 30 feet right of the Assembly Block below a steep slab about 10 feet up.

5c. Gain the slab and climb this awkwardly (crux) up its centre to gain a good hold. Move left to the arête and up a short steep groove to an overlap. Gain a slanting gangway over the overlap then move right onto a slab and ascend this leftwards. Finish up the easier wall above.

D. Hellier. 15/11/83.

The Reiver. 120 feet. H.V.S.

A climb with amazing positions but at a reasonable standard. Start as for Bleak How Buttress.

5a. Gain the slab then move right and climb up the juggy wall to gain a ledge. Continue up moving left slightly, on more awkward holds to finish up a short crack.

C. Downer. 5/6/84.

Fun Run. 100 feet. S.

Start as Front Runner.

Climb the leftward-slanting crack left of Front Runner to a tree belay. Move right over an overlap and follow the groove leftward and up until a harder move left, round a rib, leads to a step left and groove to the top.

A. Hall, H. Bingham. 28/5/84.

Front Runner. 100 feet. H.V.S.

A varied route with a slabby start and a steep exciting finish. Start below the obvious slab on the right of the crag. 100 feet to belay tree.

5a. Climb the slab and the overlap to gain a groove on the left of the headwall. Move right to gain an undercut hold below the right arête. Finish with wild moves up the left of the arête.

C. Downer, C Bacon. 28/5/84.

HERON CRAG — LANGSTRATH (275 118)

UPPER LEFT CRAG

An excellent area of rock, situated below the path along the top of the crag and reached easily from the descent path. A pleasant grass ledge with a fine view extends along the bottom of the crag. The only drawback is the walk!!

Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now. 70 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Climb the left-hand groove leading to a crack. Exit right at the top, finishing next to a nose of rock.

C. Dale, R. Curley. 17/6/84.

Flamingo Fandango. 70 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Start 10 feet right of Heaven Knows and climb the layback crack to a ledge, then move up left along a ledge and follow flutings, over a slight bulge, to finish up an overhanging crack in the nose.

R. Kenyon, C. King. 17/6/84.

Big Foot. 70 feet. E2.

5b. Start just right of Flamingo Fandango and climb a crack to gain a ledge. Climb up to a jug and climb the wall just right of a sinuous crack. Make a hard move left into the crack and follow this to finish up the nose on the left.

C. Dale, R. Curley. 17/6/84.

Little Nose. 80 feet. E2.

5b/c. Climb up the shallow corner and the wall above to an overlap. Climb the wall above to a hard move for a jug on the right. Continue up the crack to the top.

C. Dale, R. Curley. 17/6/84.

The Question. 90 feet. E1.

5b. The obvious corner in the centre of the crag. Climb a short corner crack then make an awkward move up into the corner. Climb the corner and continue up the wall above to the top.

R. Kenyon, C. King. 17/6/84.

Dave's Corner. 90 feet. E1.

5a. Climb the obvious corner/groove just right of The Question, then move left to finish up The Question.

D. Armstrong. 1984.

Joie Pure. 90 feet. E2.

5c. To the right of a groove line is a steep green crack. Gain the crack from the stepped rock on the left and climb it strenuously, until moves on the right enable a ledge on the left to be gained. Continue up the wall to a ledge and a short wall to the top.

C. Dale, R. Kenyon, C. King, R. Curley. 17/6/84.

Barefoot. 90 feet. E2.

5c. Start just right of Joie Pure below an obvious slightly slanting crack. Climb up to and then up the crack exiting right onto a ledge. Follow a crack up right to a ledge. Climb the pinnacle crack and groove above (crux) to a ledge. Continue up the short wall above to the top.

C. Dale, C. King, R. Kenyon, R. Curley. 17/6/84.

RAVEN CRAG

Wrinkle. 70 feet. V.S.

5a. Climb the wall 10 feet right of Pedestal Wall, passing a ledge to reach the top.

R. Kenyon. 6/5/84.

Just a Quickie. 70 feet. H.S.

Climb the wall and crack just right of the corner right of Wrinkle.

R. Kenyon. 6/5/84.

CASTLE CRAG — HOWS CRAG

On the Rosthwaite side of Castle Crag, best reached by following the path on the west side of Castle Crag (from Hollows Farm) towards the summit and abseiling at a point 100 feet from the top at an obvious cleaned groove and large tree.

The Shock of the New. 180 feet. E2.

1 30 feet. From the muddy bay at the bottom climb a green corner on the right to a grassy ledge and tree belay.

2 150 feet. 5c. Climb a few feet up from the left of the ledge then take a step left and climb up to a good flake. Climb to a standing position on the flake and then to a large downward-pointing flake. Traverse left to reach a short groove and good protection. Up a few feet (sling in place) and step left out of the groove to reach better holds. Climb up to another groove and resting place. Climb the right edge of the groove and step right to ledges and another groove. Climb this and more cleaned grooves to the top.

P. Denny, R. McHaffie. 12/6/83.

GOAT CRAG

Manpower. 230 feet. E2.

Start as for Rat Race.

- 1 110 feet. 5c. Climb the cleaned crack and move right onto a slanting slab, which is followed to the overhang and a good resting position. Using a good undercut reach out left, find a hidden hold high up and swing out onto the wall (No. 3 Friend). Pull into the groove above and follow cleaned rock to a grassy ledge and niche belay. Thread in place (please leave). Beware of rope drag on this pitch.
 - 2 80 feet. 5b. Follow the cleaned slab above to a steep headwall, move right and up to a good pocket, make a long reach to a good spike and easily to ledge.
 - 3 40 feet. 4c. Cross the wall on the right, move up a few feet before crossing back left into the corner and up to the thin right-hand tree to belay. Descent be abseil down Alone in Space.
- C. Downer, A Hall. 20/5/83.

Wild Times. 100 feet. E4/5.

Climbs the left side of the large overhang between Fear of Flying and Day of the Jackals. Start behind the tree.

6b. Climb the short V-groove to the overhang; pull through this and up the bulging wall above passing three 'saw-cuts' to a ledge. Step left, climb the short crack to better holds, trend rightwards to a ledge and tree belay.

P. Botterill, P. Rigby. 30/7/83.

Altered Images. 225 feet. E3.

Start as for the direct start for Tumbleweed Connection which has had the ancient peg removed, together with a large loose block, making at quite a bit harder. Much of this route has been climbed before, but nevertheless gives a great way up the crag.

- 1 40 feet. 6a. Climb the arête to the hand traverse of Tumbleweed Connection, move up and belay on large block on right.
- 2 85 feet. 5c. Traverse left to the arête and step out onto the front. Climb straight up to the end of the traverse of Tumbleweed Connection (stepping off the belay block would make this section much easier). Reverse the traverse to the P.R. and climb the wall above. Descend the ramp to tree and block belay. (These 2 pitches can be joined but this is not advisable due to rope drag).
- 3 100 Feet. 5b. Follow the rightwards-leaning crack above the tree to a P.R. (Praying Mantis Direct). Traverse immediately left to a good handhold and follow the wall above to a junction with Tumbleweed Connection, where it swings left. Continue in the same line until a swing left can be made onto the slab which is followed to tree belay.

C. Downer, A. Hall. R. Graham. 29/5/83.

Second Sight. E3.

A direct start to Blind Faith.

6a. Start as for Blind Faith, step right and climb the crack (strenuous and sustained) to join Blind Faith halfway across the traverse.

S. Howe, C. Dale. 12/5/84.

LANGDALE

GIMMER CRAG

Langdale Cowboys.

The first pitch was done by Jeff Lamb on 1/6/79.

Langdale Cowboys Continuation. E4/5.

6b. Where the first pitch of Langdale Cowboys moves right, continue to N.W. arête,

P. Craven, J. Dunn. 5/5/84.

Absence of Malice. 260 feet. E2.

Climbs between Bracket and Slab and Gimmer Chimney.

- 1 50 feet. 4b. climb variation start of Bracket and Slab.
- 2 120 feet. 5a. Trend rightwards until above a hollow flake, move steeply left into a shallow groove to gain the 'neat bit! Up to belay below the chimney of Bracket and Slab.
- 3 30 feet. 5c. Climb the thin crack up the wall on the left, gained by a short corner formed by a flake.
- 4 60 feet. 4a. Climb the wall and slab right of Bracket and Slab.

D. Jewell, C. Brown, B. Birkett, R. Graham. 1983.

Gimmer Gorilla. 40 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the crack on the true right of S.E. Gulley.

R. Graham, B. Birkett. 1983.

PAVEY ARK

Maggie's Farm. 105 feet. E3.

5c. Climb the wall right of Cruel Sister — steep but good holds.

M. Berzins, C. Sowden. 1983.

Equinox. E5.

6b. Free version of Sixpence.

C. Hamper, B. Birkett. 1983.

RAVEN CRAG

Shower of Vegetation. 80 feet. E1.

5b. Pull through the roof 10 feet left of Power of Imagination into a slim groove, then join Mendes.

P. Cornforth. 1984.

The Power of Imagination. 100 feet. E3.

A superb little roof pitch right of Mendes. Start 20 feet right of Mendes below a short crack in the roof.

6b. Gain the crack and a good hold over the roof, move left over the roof then back right. Climb straight up the steep wall bearing right until below the very 'steep' headwall. Hand traverse left a few feet into Mendes and up this then back right to continue up broken rock to a tree belay.

I. Williamson, J. White, J. Metcalfe. 1983.

Bryson's Flange. 70 feet. E2.

A fine pitch on good sound rock, right of Mendes.

5c. Climb the thin crack (cleaned) from the start of Mendes traverse (crux), then the continuation crack up the steep wall on well spaced holds.

I. Williamson, J. White, P. Cornforth. May 1983.

Centrefold. E5/6.

The much fancied line above R'n'S Special.

6b. Pull through the roof as for R'n'S Special. Climb straight up to 2 P.R.'s. Traverse right 10 feet to finish up the obvious flake on the skyline.

B. Birkett, I. Cooksey, R. Graham. 6/7/84.

R'n'S Special. Now worth E5, 6a (runners gone!).**Muscle Wall.** 60 feet. E3.

Climbs the centre of the wall right of Muscle Crack.

5c. Climb easily to the top of the large pinnacle, then move up left to spike (thin tape). From the spike move up and slightly right. Climb up a short steep wall then up the final crack just to the left.

T. Walkington, B. Rodgers. 6/6/83.

Campaign Crack. 80 feet. E1.

Takes the obvious cleaned crack right of Muscle Crack. Certainly climbed with aid before and possibly free. Now cleaned off it is a good, strenuous, well protected climb and well worth doing.

5b. Start at a blocky pinnacle and climb the crack direct to the top.

J. White, P. Cornforth, I Williamson. June 1983.

Sexpot. 60 ft. E1/2.

Takes the overhung crack/corner 10 feet left of Marilyn Monroe Please.

5c. From behind the pinnacle climb up left making an awkward move into a scoop at 10 feet. Traverse right to the foot of the crack and follow this to the top using holds mainly on the right, including a suspect block.

T. Walkington, D. Mounsey. 29/7/83.

Marilyn Monroe Please. 60 feet. E2.

The overhung groove 15 feet left of Hotpot.

6a. Climb the thin crack up the slab just left of Hotpot (toe of the arête). Continue up the overhung groove with the crux moving past the peg.

T. Walkington, D. Mounsey. 15/7/83.

Potty. 70 feet. E1.

Start at the pinnacle below the arête of Stewpot.

5c. Climb the crack just right of the corner, then straight up the arête.

T. Walkington, D. Finn. 16/6/83.

Crackpot. 75 feet. H.V.S.

Start 10 feet right of Potty below a crack.

5a. Climb up easily to a tree, then climb the overhanging crack above.

T. Walkington, D. Mounsey. 11/6/83.

EAST RAVEN CRAG

Men at Work. 100 feet. H.V.S.

Climbs between Ramrod and Casket.

5b. Climb the shallow groove to an overhang at 20 feet. Over this and up a crack to a ledge. Up an awkward groove above moving left to finish.

B. Rodgers, A Kenny, T. Walkington. 1/7/84.

Chopper — Bryson's Finish.

5a. A direct finish to Chopper between Casket and Baskerville.

J. White, I. Williamson.

FAR EAST RAVEN CRAG

Frankie Goes to Kendal. 100 feet. H.V.S.

Start as for Jericho Wall.

5a/b. Climb the slab to a good ledge (Jerocho Wall goes right here). Climb the crack in the 10 foot wall to another ledge. Climb straight up for 10 feet, then traverse left for 5 feet and pull up into a bay. Move up the corner on the right and hand traverse right to easier ground. Finish just left of Jericho Wall.

B. Rodgers, F. Booth. 5/7/84.

Nazareth. 110 feet. H.V.S. 5a.

Start 8 feet right of Nineveh, just left of a small groove.

1 30 feet. Climb up the wall to the obvious small overhang. Up over this and up to the ledge with a holly.

2 80 feet. From the block climb the steep groove until it is possible to move left onto the nose and climb straight up this to a thin crack. Climb up right of this to a corner, just left of the overhang, and bridge up to the top.

B. Rodgers, A. Kenny. 12/6/83.

Tower of Babel. 90 feet. H.S.

Start about 20 feet right of Peascod's Route up the large gully by a small steep slab.

Climb up with difficulty to a grass ledge. Step left then right and climb the crack in the wall to a good ledge below the final steep wall (good wire on the left). Up the wall on good holds to the top. Belay about 30 feet back on the left.

B. Rodgers, D. Mounsey, A. Kenny. 9/7/83.

FAR-FAR-EAST RAVEN CRAG

Deadly Dave's Demon Rib. 45 feet. S.

Start 6 feet left of the junction of the wall and crag and climb the rib.

B. Birkett, D. Mounsey. 22/6/83.

Deadly Dave's Demonic Groove. 45 feet. H.V.S.

5a. From the junction of the wall and crag, climb the groove above for 20 feet, left to rib, then up the wall above.

B. Birkett, D. Mounsey. 22/6/83.

NECKBAND CRAG

Gandalf's Groove Variation. E2.

A more fitting and logical finish to Gandalf's Groove.

Climb Gandalf's Groove until it is possible to move onto the arête on the left. Continue delicately and boldly in a superb position.

I. Williamson, J. White. 21/7/83.

Sweeney Todd. 120 feet. E2.

A superb crack-line splitting the wall left of Mithrandir. Excellent protection throughout. Start 10 feet left of Mithrandir at an overhanging flake crack.

5c. Exciting climbing leads through the overhanging wall to meet a small niche on right. Exit onto a steep glaciis and continue up the cleaned crack with some delightful but difficult moves, all the way to the top.

I. Williamson, J. White. 21/7/83.

MIDDLE SCOUT CRAG

Beetles. E6, 6b. Only 'freed' after top-roping and pre-placing runners.

N. Dixon, D. Wakeland.

LOWER SCOUT CRAG

The New Partnership. 55 feet. E1.

Start right of the obvious central crack.

5b. Climb the wall to the right using the crack for protection. Step 2 feet right to the bulge and climb to a good ledge at 40 feet. From here climb the overhanging nose to the top (crux). Strenuous.

C. R. Davis, M. Hicks. 5/5/84 (*certainly done before*).

The Slab — The small pinnacle which rocked alarmingly has now gone!! Standard now H.S.

SIDE PIKE CRAG

Dunn Cruisin' 100 feet. E1.

Start behind the 'Fat Man's Agony' block by the path.

5b. Climb up to the overhang, out left on good holds, then finish direct to easier ground.

A. Phizacklea, R. Wightman. 12/6/83.

Rudolf Nureyev. Now free at E5, 6c — heavily practised!!
T. Walkington. 12/9/83.

CHAPEL STILE OUTCROP (319 056)

Situated behind the church, just at the entrance to the quarry workings

Recourt. 50 feet. H.V.S.

4c. Climb the obvious corner pod on the left side of the crag.
R. Graham, A. Hyslop. 9/6/83.

Pollster. 50 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Climb the central crack which passes through the overhangs.
A. Hyslop, R. Graham. 9/6/83.

Bryson's Picnic. 60 feet. E2.

5c. Climb the obvious ramp on the right of the crag.
A. Hyslop, A. Phizacklea, I. Williamson. 10/6/83.

CHAPEL STILE QUARRY. (324 048)

At the back of the quarry is a big easy angled slab.

Heavy Metal Thunder. E3.

5c. The central line, via a shallow groove, with crux moves up right to a ledge (unprotected). Move back left and up grooves, then left again to final groove, which is climbed passing a roof on the left.
C. Craggs, C. Binks. 24/6/83.

Denim and Leather. 90 feet. E2.

5c. Climb the blunt arête on the left, starting from the top of a boulder pile. Crux low down (old bars for runner). Move easily but unprotected to the final turf cornice. Harder than it looks.
C. Craggs, C. Binks. 24/6/83.

OAK HOWE CRAG — behind Oak Howe Needle

Best approached from quarry below Upper Spout Crag. Contour the hillside past Spout Crag (approx. 10 mins.). Behind the Needle is a prominent arête. The first route starts below and right of this in a corner behind the large boulders. The routes are described from right to left.

Confidence Trick. 120 feet. E4.

6a. Climb up the prominent corner crack to a ledge on the right. Up and left across the wall to the start of a thin crack (Crooked Crack). Up this for 20 feet, traverse left to the arête, pull up to a slab above and back right to a short rib. Up this to the top.
P. Whillance, D. Armstrong, T. Furniss. 24/7/84.

Crooked Crack. 100 feet. E3.

Start on the boulders just left of the arête.
5c. Step up and right to a large sloping ledge below a flake crack in the arête.
P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 7/6/84.

The Deceiver. 110 feet. E4.

Start just left of the Needle at an open groove.
6a. Climb the groove then hand traverse left to a junction with The Sting at a spike. Pull up right over a bulge as for The Sting then up left to the foot of a slab. Up this to where it steepens then traverse left and pull round the rib. Up this to the top.
P. Whillance, D. Armstrong, M. Hamilton. 29/7/84.

The Sting. 100 feet. E3.

Takes the prominent right-slanting crack across the bulges in the upper half of the wall. Start below a left-slanting break 15 foot left of The Deceiver.

6a. Climb the break to a ledge. Follow the right-slanting crack-line over 3 bulges, then move right and up to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 1/7/84.

Minder. 130 feet. E2.

Start 25 feet left of The Sting at a large spike.

5c. Step off the spike and climb the shallow groove to below the overhanging wall. Move up and right on flakes to a ledge. Up the short groove to a slab on right beside some trees. Step up left and traverse ledge left for 30 feet. Up a short wall and slab above to the top.

T. Furniss, P. Whillance. 23/7/84.

Sweeney. 120 feet. E3.

Start 25 feet left of Minder at a shallow groove 10 feet right of an obvious slanting corner.

5c. Climb the groove to below the overhanging wall. Move left into the corner then up and left onto a large sloping ledge. Up wall leftwards then direct to rightwards-slanting groove/ramps. Follow these to top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 1/7/84

An oak tree grows on the left-hand side of the crag at half-height. The next route takes the crackline to its right.

Going Straight. 100 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the grooves and pull directly over the bulge onto a sloping ledge. Follow the crack and grooves above direct to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 7/6/84.

Porridge. 100 feet. E2.

Start at a spike 5 feet left of Going Straight.

5b. Follow the left-slanting line to the oak tree. Step left and follow a wide slanting crack finishing on its left.

D. Armstrong, M. Hamilton, P. Whillance. 27/7/84.

The Gentle Touch. 100 feet. H.V.S.

Start 20 feet left of Porridge at a left-slanting ramp.

5a. Climb the stepped ramp to a slab, follow this leftwards to below a thin crackline. Climb this and short walls above to top.

D. Armstrong (*solo*). 27/7/84.

BLACK CRAG — PIKE O'BLISCO

The main crag faces west and at $\frac{2}{3}$ height on the face is a long ledge containing large detached blocks.

The Real World. 60 feet.

Start 3 feet right of a short corner on a small rock step. No protection above the horizontal break.

6a. Climb directly past a horizontal break at 10 feet. Continue straight up the wall on small pockets direct to a hole. Climb over the left-hand block to finish.

R. Greenwood, R. Cooper (*not led*). 14/7/84.

Slipshod. 60 feet. V.S.

Takes the obvious crack 6 feet right of The Real World.

4c. Climb the wall direct to enter the crack and up this to a ledge. Move 3 feet right and up to the top.

R. Greenwood, R. Cooper, P. Donnelly. 14/7/84.

Yellow Fever. 60 feet. E2.

5b. Climb the thin cracks 10 feet right of Slipshod.
R. Greenwood, C. Ensoll, P. Donnelly. 2/7/84.

The First Touch. 60 feet. H.V.S.

Start 10 feet right of Yellow Fever.
5a. Climb the shallow V-groove to the obvious flake, trending left to the top of the flake.
R. Greenwood, C. Ensoll, P. Donnelly. 2/7/84.

HELM CRAG

Atmospheric Phenomena. 70 feet. E2.

Start as for The Sentinel.
1 35 feet. 5b. Climb the wall to the arête, moving right at the top. Belay as for Holly Tree Crack.
2 35 feet. 5b. Climb the middle of the wall to the left of Holly Tree Crack to make an awkward move onto a slab. Finish up Holly Tree Slab.
B. Rodgers, T. Walkington, D. Bates. 8/6/84.

Sentinel. 90 feet. V.S.

Climbs the pillar right of pitch 2 of Holly Tree Crack. Start 10 feet right of the large pinnacle near the start of Flarepath.
4c. Climb up the wall on large holds to below a steep groove. Move right and climb the rib, step up and onto the slab. Move back left towards a small holly tree (as long as it lasts). Climb up with difficulty to a small groove — up this to a grass ledge. Finish up the slab above.
B. Rogers, A. Kenny, D. Mounsey. 26/6/83.

Brocken Spectre. 65 feet. E2.

Start 30 feet up from the base of the crag, right of Grouter.
5b/c. Climb the steep corner/wall to a ledge. Pull over overhang on right, then finish up the groove above.
B. Rogers, T. Walkington, M. Lovatt, D. Seddon. 16/6/84.

Pathfinder. 100 feet. V.S.

The climb starts about 20 feet right of Bentley.
1 50 feet. Climb the buttress to the foot of a magnificent corner crack. Tree belay.
2 50 feet. Jam the crack to a ledge. Make a long step right and climb the slab to the top.
R. McHaffie, A. McKinney. June 1983.

BLEA CRAG — EASDALE (301 079)

This is the large crag above and to the S.W. of Easdale Tarn. About 45 mins. walk-in. Very good, bubbly rock and superb views make it a good hot weather crag. The first routes are on an obvious slab, Animal Buttress, on the very left of the crag.

Fruit Bat. 150 feet. E1.

1 80 feet. 5b. Climb the cleaned slab just left of Flying Squirrel, with the crux rather unprotected at half height.
2 70 feet. 4b. Walk across to the left and climb onto a protruding ledge, left of the two cracks. Climb the wall above.
I. Williamson, J. White, P. Cornforth. 1984.

Flying Squirrel. 150 feet. H.V.S.

Start at the centre of the clean slab.
1 80 feet. 4c. Climb in a direct line to the top, past a delicate halfway move, on superb rough rock. Tree belay.

- 2 70 feet. 4b. Walk across to the left of the foot of a short wall split by two obvious cracks. Climb the left-hand crack. Descend to the left.
J. White, D. White, P. Cornforth, I. Williamson. 1984.

Spider Monkey. 150 feet. H.V.S.

- 1 90 feet. 4c. Climb a cleaned line right of Flying Squirrel to a short crack. Up this to a ledge on the right and continue up a short rib to the tree belay.
2 60 feet. 4b. Climb the right-hand of the two cracks in the wall to the left.
P. Cornforth, J. White, I. Williamson. 1984.

Simon Says. 90 feet. H.V.S.

The main section of the first pitch of this route takes the obvious groove right of 'Animal Buttress'. Start at the lowest point of the crag below a cleaned rib.

- 1 90 feet. 5a. Climb the rib and slab to a ledge then the groove with a hard move near the top then move right to the tree.
A. Feely, I. Williamson. 31/5/84.

No Rest for the Wicked. 80 feet. E4.

This climbs an obvious clean, narrow slab right of Animal Buttress. A superb little pitch, requiring a cool lead as the protection is lacking. Start 10 feet right of Simon Says on a grassy ledge below a short steep wall.

- 5c. Climb the steep wall to sloping ledges, then traverse right to a crack (runner). Up and left to a flat spike, then to a good foothold on the arête overlooking Simon Says. Traverse up and right to the base of a crack. (Don't fall off this bit!!) Move back left steeply and straight up to a difficult finish directly below the tree.
I. Williamson, A. Tilney. 8/6/84.

Sorbo. 170 feet. V.S.

The original route was very vegetated and has now been cleaned with a more logical start.

- 1 80 feet. 4c. Climb a flake crack right of the start of No Rest For The Wicked to a ledge which is traversed right to the foot of a long groove.
2 90 feet. 4b. Climb the groove (good) to finish by scrambling.
Original route — N. J. Soper, J. A. Austin. 5/7/64.
Above route — J. White, D. White. 1984.

Chameleon. 130 feet. E3.

Further right is a series of square cut overhangs; scramble up to the foot of these. Towards the left they are split by a narrow crack with a slot near the lip.

- 6a. Climb the crack to the roof and pull over it with difficulty into a groove. Climb up and aim for a groove on the right, which leads to an easier slab and the top. Superb climbing.
J. White, I. Williamson. 1984.

Erne. 70 feet. E1.

Start at a square, clean wall approached by walking/scrambling up a gully to the right of Chameleon.

- 5b. Climb a couple of thin cracks to a final delicate wall.
J. White, D. White. 1984.

DEER BIELD CRAG

Last Tango. 120 feet. E4.

The thin crackline in the wall between Stiletto and The Graduate. Start from the overhang ledge 10 feet right of Stiletto.

- 6b. Bridge up from the tree to first hold on the bulge (or very long reach). Swing right and climb faint groove above to big ledge. Stand on a pointed block and climb the wall on the right to a sloping ledge. Step left and up to join Pendulum. Climb the short continuation crack, step right to grass ledge below headwall. Pull up steeply

into a groove and go up left to a good ledge. Climb short groove/crack above to the top.

P. Whillance, R. Parker. 19/6/84.

Idle Breed. 30 feet. E3. (THE minor route of the Lakes).

6b. The oft'-tried groove left of Bravado gives an awkward series of moves.

C. Gore. 2/5/84.

The name is an anagram of the crag!

SCAFELL, DOW AND ESKDALE

SCAFELL PINNACLE

Bushwhacker. 300 feet. E2.

Start just left of the base of Hopkinson's Gully.

1 80 feet. 5c. Move awkwardly into the scoop above, then left and up a crack to a ledge.

2 60 feet. 4c. Move right to the flake, up this then left to the arête. Climb the thin crack above to 'The Waiting Room'.

3 160 feet. 5b. Step right across the slab of Jone's Route to gain the left edge of the upper slab. Keep on the left edge until level with the foot of Slingsby's Chimney, then break out right across the headwall to the top.

A. Phizacklea, R. Knight. 8/7/84.

EAST BUTTRESS

Mickledore Arête. 160 feet. H.V.S.

A route filling in this area of crag and probably climbed before, giving reasonable and enjoyable climbing. Start as for Fulcrum.

1 80 feet. 5a. Climb up the groove for 15 feet and move right into a slanting gangway. Follow this gangway rightwards to the arête of Aquavit and climb this to stance of Mickledore Grooves.

2 80 feet. 5a. Step onto the slab on the right and climb up the arête on the left of the slab to the overhang, where Chartreuse moves right. Move up and left and follow the corner crack and short wall above to the top.

R. Kenyon, C. King (*alt*). 9/6/84.

Ash Groove Finish. 80 feet. E3.

Start at the top of pitch 1 of Phoenix.

5c. Climb the groove between Phoenix and the Arête Finish from the lowest point of the gangway, and finish up Phoenix.

J. Dowthwaite, P. Dowthwaite. Aug. 1984.

GREAT END

Born Free. 600 feet. V.S.

This climb is comparable with N.W. Route on Pillar and Gillercombe Buttress and starts about 40 yards left of S.E. Gully at a leftward-facing groove.

1 140 feet. Climb the groove for 40 feet. Move right onto the rib. Climb this to a rock ledge.

2 120 feet. Climb the cracked right wall. Move left and climb the bulge on good holds. Scramble to the foot of the rib.

3 80 feet. Climb the rib (crux) to block belay.

4 60 feet. Step down left to the foot of an excellent corner which is awkward to enter. Climb the crack to the foot of another excellent corner. Good belay.

5 80 feet. Climb the steep corner to a ledge and traverse right to belay.

6 120 feet. Climb the short wall then easier rocks to the top.

R. McHaffie, M. Gates. Easter 1982.

ESK BUTTRESS

Antibody, 100 feet. E4.

6b. Climb the slim groove left of the top pitch of Microbe, well protected by small wires.

T. W. Birkett, R. Graham. 10/6/84.

YEW CRAG

Mission Impossible, 100 feet. E2.

This excellent climb starts 10 feet left of Broken Arrow and ascends the steep clean buttress and obvious sentry box above.

- 1 45 feet. 5c. Climb the wall easily leftwards to gain a high runner then pull right into the scoop/depression. Step left and follow the wall above direct to the left hand end of the large sloping ledge, Horizontal crack belay at the point of arrival.
- 2 55 feet. 5c. Gain the overhanging sentry box by a desperate move from either left or right (small runners on left). Then climb direct to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly. Pitch 1 — 25/2/85, Pitch 2 — 2/3/85.

Steppin' Out, 100 feet. H.V.S.

A good climb of increasing interest with a fine airy finish. Starts 15 feet left of Broken Arrow beneath the holly tree.

5b. Climb the easy groove to the holly tree, pull up right to the base of a short corner crack, climb it on the right hand side and make an awkward move back left to a ledge beneath the obvious corner groove. Climb the strenuous groove pulling out right at the top. Easier rocks lead to the top.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea. 9/3/85.

DUDDON VALLEY — (DUNNERDALE)

WALLOWBARROW GORGE

Tales from the Riverbank, 130 feet. E1.

A steep direct line following a system of overhanging cracks in the Cornflake buttress. Start a few feet right of the Cornflake block at the obvious crack.

- 1 30 feet. 5a. Climb the overhanging crack to a ledge.
- 2 60 feet. 5b. Climb the slabby wall on the right direct to a ledge. Follow the overhanging crack in the wall on the left to a belay in the Cornflake groove.
- 3 40 feet. 5c. Gain the overhung ledge above and to the right by a thin crack. Easier rocks on the left lead to the top. Tree belay well back.

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (*Alt*) K. Grastang. 16/12/84.

Nebraska, 120 feet. H.V.S.

An enjoyable route starting 10 feet to the left of the Cornflake block at a wide rightward-slanting crack.

- 1 70 feet. 5a. Climb the crack for 10 feet and follow the easy slab to a tree. The corner in the steep wall above leads to a large ledge.
- 2 50 feet. 4c. Climb the steep corner to the top.

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea (*Alt*) J. Daly. 5/1/85.

In the Mood, 100 feet. H.V.S.

An acrobatic climb up the groove line left of Nebraska. Start as for Nebraska.

5b. Climb the slab left of the crack to ledges beneath an undercut groove. Pull into the groove above and follow it to a ledge. The leftward-slanting crack in the undercut arête leads to a large ledge. Tree belay. Scrambling up and right leads to the descent path.

K. Phizacklea, D. Geere, J. Daly. 5/1/85.

Wild Prairie. 100 feet. V.S.

A good steep, rather intimidating pitch. Start as for Weetabix, 25 feet left of the Cornflake block, beneath a slab.

4c. Climb the slab easily to a ledge. Follow the groove to the horizontal break and the flake crack in the wall above to a large ledge. Tree belay. Scrambling up and right leads to the descent path.

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea. 3/1/85.

Hostile Territory. 100 feet. E1.

An exposed route with a spectacular finish taking the right-hand rib of the lower Cornflake buttress. Start 20 feet up and right of the Cornflake block at the left-hand side of a steep slab.

5b/c. Climb the slab direct and the short groove above to a ledge. Short walls on the rib, left of the chimney, lead to the final impending wall. Follow a thin vertical crack to a small square cut overhang, swing up and left to an abrupt finish.

J. Daly, D. Geere, K. Phizacklea. 26/1/85.

Backtrackin' 100 feet. S.

An interesting route taking the prominent chimney/groove line bounding the right-hand side of the lower Cornflake buttress. Start as for Hostile Territory.

Climb the slab rightwards to a ledge. Follow the chimney/groove line on the left, finishing up a steep wall.

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea, J. Daly. 12/1/85.

Crossflow. 185 feet. V.S.

A rising girdle of Lower Cornflake Buttress which provides some very entertaining climbing on the two upper pitches. Start as for Weetabix.

1 70 feet. 4b. Climb the easy slab to the oak, gain the hand traverse line above and follow this rightwards to a ledge (as for pitch 1 of Weetabix).

2 40 feet. 4c/5a. Climb the steep corner for 20 feet, traverse right and step round the arête to belay in the niche of Cornflake.

3 75 feet. 4c. Traverse rightwards to the chimney of Backtrackin', climb this for 10 feet then move right towards the arête, slabby at first. Climb the crack in the short wall to gain the slab above, step right and follow the easy angled arête to the top.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea, M. Gibson. 2/2/85.

Finger Poppin' 130 feet. H.V.S.

An interesting climb with a technical but well protected second pitch. Start by the tree, 25 feet left of Cracklin' Brant.

1 50 feet. 5a. Climb the impending wall to gain the ledge on the right, then follow the fist wide crack above to easier ground. The short crack above leads to a tree below the large flake of Cornflake.

2 80 feet. 5b/c. Climb the thin crack in the front face of the flake, move left, and from the tip of the flake pull up leftwards to gain the slabby wall above. Up to a short corner, and finish up the slabs on the right.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea. 6/1/85.

Tribal Gathering. 140 feet. E1.

A fine climb of sustained interest. Start 10 feet left of Cracklin Brant at a steep thin crack line.

1 40 feet. 5b. Climb the painful crack pulling out left at the top. The short wall above, taken on the right, leads to a tree belay. Scramble 20 feet to the foot of the large flake of Cornflake.

2 100 feet. 5b. Climb the right-hand side of the flake for 15 feet and pull awkwardly into the vertical crack above which leads to a slab. Gain the

hanging corner of the right by a bold swing and follow this steeply to a ledge. Climb the short slabby wall above to the top.

Pitch 1 K. Garstang, D. Geere, B. Phizacklea *varied leads*.

Pitch 2 K. Phizacklea, J. Daly. 17/11/84.

Highly Strung. 140 feet. E1.

An exciting and varied climb. Starts 10 feet left of The Heel at a leftward-slanting off-width crack.

1 20 feet. 4b. Climb the off-width crack using a tree branch as necessary to a bay beneath a chimney.

2 60 feet. 5c. The chimney above is guarded by a overhanging groove. Climb this by precarious bridging until good holds in the crack on the right wall enable the chimney to be gained. Climb the chimney facing left to a difficult pullout at the top. Pinnacle belay.

3 60 feet. The easy slab on the left. (Pitch 2 The Heel).

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea (*Alt*) 25/11/84.

Glittering Prize. 135 feet. E2.

A superb steep and intimidating pitch climbing the arête left of The Heel. Start 10 feet left of The Heel beneath a short corner.

1 75 feet. 5c. Climb the right wall of the corner to a steep crack. Pull up left with difficulty to a resting place. Step right to gain a crack, pull up and rightwards to gain a ledge on the front. Pull back left and climb the arête via two small ledges and a short groove to a pinnacle belay.

2 60 feet. The easy slab on the left (Pitch 2 The Heel).

K. Phizacklea, D. Geere *varied leads*. 27/10/84.

High Frontier. 140 feet. H.V.S.

A good climb starting 20 feet right of The Heel behind a large oak tree.

1 80 feet. 5a. Climb the slab easily into a grassy recess. Follow the ramp on the left to the overhang. Pull into the groove above, up this to a belay beneath a large slab.

2 60 feet. Pull onto the slab and climb the wall above direct to a tree belay.

K. Phizacklea, D. Geere (*alts*) 27/12/84.

The Sugar Puffs Finish. 75 feet. H.V.S.

A more logical finish to Special K, making it a much better climb. Starts from a ledge above the steep corner on pitch 1 of that route and climbs the steep buttress on the left.

5a. Cross the slab and pull leftwards onto the undercut rib. Follow the crackline strenuously leftwards to a ledge. Step up and right to an obvious flake and climb the steep groove in the bulge above (awkward) to finish.

J. Daly, K. Garstang. 25/11/84.

LOWER WALLOWBARROW

A large broken expanse of rock lying some 300 feet right of the Leprechaun Buttress split by a large terrace into two tiers. The lower tier provides a steep wall (hidden by trees) whilst the upper tier is slabby and open.

Wounded Land. 100 feet. V.S.

An interesting climb making the best use of the available rock. Starts at an obvious corner behind a large oak, a short distance in from the left-hand end of the lower tier.

1 60 feet. 4c. Climb a short wall and the corner above to the terrace.

2 40 feet. 4c. Climb the obvious cleaned slab to the block overhang. Follow the thin crack above to the top.

K. Phizacklea, D. Geere (*alt*) B. Phizacklea. 6/10/84.

Illearth. 100 feet. H.S.

Starts 15 feet left of Wounded Land beneath a steep wall.

- 1 60 feet. Gain a large ledge on the wall from the left. Step back left then straight up to the terrace. A bold pitch.
- 2 40 feet. Climb the slab 20 feet left of Wounded Land and the short slabby wall above to the top.

B. Phizacklea, K. Phizacklea, D. Geere. 6/10/84.

HODGE CLOSE QUARRY

NOTE: There is growing concern that many of the previously 'solid' routes seem to be getting looser — **BEWARE OF CLEAVAGE, ESPECIALLY THE SLATEY KIND!!**

Entrance Arch

FRCC Guide — "Some routes have been made up this wall but are very loose and not worthwhile" — the following route proves this!

Broken Pelvis. 60 feet. E3.

6a. Climb leftwards through overlaps on the left-hand slabs of the right arch, to get established on the slab. Move up and right to a large hold. Climb direct to a Tri Cam belay in an old charge hole.

A. Jack, R. Curley. 8/8/84. (*A third climber was involved, but retreated rather quickly sporting a broken pelvis!*)

Pigs can Fly. 60 feet. V.S.

Climb the groove arête to an awkward move left onto slabs right and above Broken Pelvis. Belay as for Broken Pelvis.

R. Curley (*solo*) 6/8/84.

PARROCK QUARRY

Who Dares Wins. 50 feet. E3.

6b. The thin slab, overlap and groove right of One Arm Bandit.

P. Short, A. Towse. 1984.

The Gambler. 50 feet. E3.

6a. Climb the direct line between One Arm Bandit and The Model, by climbing the slab and arête.

R. P. Cooper (*after top-roped inspection*). 1984.

There has been a rockfall in the quarry, removing most of Cup and Lip and seriously weakening the structure of Blind Nigger, Master Blaster and Hotter Than July.

Christie's Wall. 50 feet. E3.

5b. Climbs the buttress on the right end of the small quarry behind Parrock Quarry.

P. Short, A. Towse.

BUTTERMERE AND EASTERN CRAGS

Buttermere

BUCKSTONE HOW UPPER LEFT CRAG

The unattractive face of rock mentioned on p.22 of the F.R.C.C. guide. The rock is generally clean but is very suspect in places.

The Swinging Sixties. 250 feet. V.S.

Climb straight up from the lowest point of the left-hand side of the crag. After about 140 feet move awkwardly up to the right of the obvious rib to belay at the top of pitch 3 of Birthday Groove. Continue up a groove to the top.

T. Price, W. Peascod. 7/4/84.

Pie in the Sky. 250 feet. S.

Start 25 feet left of the lowest part of the left-hand side of the crag below an obvious black scoop. Climb this and up into an obvious depression. Move left onto better rock and climb steeply to the top.

T. Price, W. Peascod. 7/4/84.

ROUND HOW

Salome. 100 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Climb the fang on the right-hand side of the crag.

D. Craig, W. Peascod, N. Craig.

GREEN CRAG

Love Over Gold. 230 feet. E2.

Start up the cleaned corner below the juniper belay of Saraband, then climb the square-cut overhang and arête to the right of Wray.

- 1 110 feet. 5a. Ascend the cleaned corner and wall above to juniper belay on Saraband.
- 2 100 feet. 5c. Exciting climbing in an exposed position. Climb up and right until below the middle of the overhang (good runner down to right). Take the overhang direct then up to step left onto the arête. Follow the crack in the blunt arête to a recess right of belay on Wray.
- 3 20 feet. 5a. Step up right and pull over the bulge and move left, then up to the top.

A. Jones, D. Hellier. May 1982.

Ala Verde. 215 feet. H.V.S.

An exposed climb on excellent rock between Love Over Gold and Paper Tiger.

- 1 80 feet. Scramble to the start of Saraband and follow this for 20 feet before climbing up an open groove and short slab to a peg below and right of Love Over Gold.
- 2 35 feet. Climb the steep rib on the right to a good ledge below a large overhang (junction with Paper Tiger). Peg belay above on right.
- 3 100 feet. From the belay step left and take a diagonal line leftwards to cross the overhang at the same point as Paper Tiger. Step left onto a clean wall. Continue up overlap onto a further wall with superb holds. Easier rocks lead to the top (peg belay 30 feet back).

D. Hellier, S. Barry, A. Jones. 19/7/84.

Crab Nebula. 230 feet. E3.

Takes the overhanging buttress right of Thorgrim.

- 1 60 feet. 5a. Start left of cleaned corner below a cleaned slab. Climb round bulge, up slab to a peg belay.
- 2 60 feet. 5a. Step left, pull up overhang. Follow a ramp trending left for 50 feet. Step right to grass ledge and peg belay (not in place).
- 3 110 feet. 6a. A good pitch. Up left across the bottomless slab. Pull up overhang and follow a square groove to a ledge (3 P.R.'s). Follow the overhanging arête to the top (peg belay in place).

A. Jones, D. Hellier. May 1982.

Velocette. 230 feet. E1.

A direct route on excellent rock parallel and right of Crab Nebula. Start at the foot of a 'classic' corner.

- 1 65 feet. Climb the corner to a peg belay at the foot of a white wall.
 - 2 75 feet. Climb the white wall on superb rough rock to peg belay (not in place) on a grass ledge below and right of the overhangs of Crab Nebula.
 - 3 90 feet. Climb the steep wall/groove to right of overhangs and after 25 feet follow easier ledges and good holds to the top. Peg belay 30 feet back.
- D. Hellier. 20/11/83.

HIGH CRAG.

Ludo. 160 feet. H.S.

Climbs the rock facing the Haystacks. Enjoyable, gentle climb on good rock. Start below and just left of Rock Table Ledge at the lowest point of the slabs left of the descent.

- 1 115 feet. 4a. A rising line to the left up an obvious fault in the rock leads to some white layers in the face. Trend back slightly rightwards over easy ground to belay on a ledge just left of a deep capped groove (Artefact — pitch 3).
- 2 45 feet. 4b. Climb the right edge of the slab right of the groove. From the ledge at the top, pull into a shallow bottomless groove in the short final tier.

B. Masson, P. Gomersall. 10/6/84.

Dry Trim. 110 feet. H.V.S.

Start as for Samson.

5a. Climb the crack as for Samson but where it traverses right continue straight up. The crux is where the crack fades out at 80 feet.

S. Howe, R. Cassidy. 21/7/84.

The Sun Never Sets. 120 feet. E3.

Takes the prominent crack between Philistine and Lost Colonies. Unfortunately it is possible to step left onto Philistine at one or two points. "*It's not close to Philistine — Philistine is close to this!!*" S. Howe.

Start below the arête of Philistine.

5c/6a. Move right onto the smooth wall. Climb the very thin crack (many small wires) then the wider crack direct to a rest, level with Philistine's leftwards traverse. Follow the groove rightwards to a good hold — up the crack on the left to a ledge. Gain the groove just right of the arête and up this to the top.

S. Howe, R. Cassidy. 15/7/84.

EAGLE GRAG

Candle in the Wind. 120 feet. E2.

Start on the grass ledge 15 feet right of The Gurner.

5c. Climb the crack-line (strenuous) and pull onto a ledge at 25 feet.

Follow a cleaned line more or less straight up. Belay well back.

T. Walkington, D. Bates. Aug. 1984.

GREY CRAG

Not Cricket. 50 feet. E1.

A fingery problem on the front wall of the large pointed block in front of the base of the wall containing Dexter Wall.

5c. Start at the base wall and climb it using thin cracklines and not the right-hand arête, to gain a ledge just left of the top of the boulder.

R. Kenyon, G. Eckersall. 12/8/84.

Two routes — Syzygy (S) and Carouselambra (H.V.D.) climb the area of rock 100 yds. right of Dexter Wall.

I. S. Turnbull, A. S. Brown. 1984.

THIRLMERE

BLACK CASTLE CRAG.

The crag 400 yards up the fellside above Castle Rock.

A Nasty Fierce Animal in Sheep's Clothing. 150 feet. V.S.

4c. Start at the lowest point of the crag, gain the rib and ascend to a small tree. Step right into a groove and finish direct.

A. Phizacklea. 2/6/84.

Pointless. 80 feet. H.V.S.

5a. Higher rib on the right starting up the front face.

A. Phizacklea. 2/6/84.

Less Point. 90 feet. E1.

5b. Lower rib on the right, starting up groove on the left.

A. Phizacklea. 2/6/84.

CASTLE ROCK

Agony Direct. E1.

5b. On pitch 2 move left round the rib, climb up to the ledge left of the arête and climb up direct, instead of moving up right, to the low-angled slab. Belay on right-hand side of slab.

C. Dale, A. Wilkey. 1984.

Wet Day Wander. E1.

5a/5b. Eliminate line between May Day and Thirlmere Eliminate.

J. Handley, T. Page.

SANDBED GHYLL CRAG

Chimp Dach. 100 feet. E3.

Climbs the overhangs at the left-hand end of the crag.

6b. Climb the arête forming the right-hand edge of the wall to the overhangs. Climb the thin crack in the roof above and continue on good holds to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 3/7/84.

Walk Under Ladders. 100 feet. E1.

Climbs the groove then arête and wall to the left of Sandbed Corner. Start under the large detached block 20 feet left of the base of the corner.

5b. Move up onto the block and then into the wide groove on the left. Up this until it is possible to move into the slim groove on the right. Up this steeply to a ledge. Continue up the groove until a line of holds lead right to the arête (about 5 feet below the big roof). Up the wall on the right (small wires — R.P.s). Up the wall leftwards to the crack above the overhang. Follow this to where it fades then move left again to good holds. Up slightly right to finish.

S. Howe, R. Hewsion. 3/4/84.

Sandbed Corner Direct. 100 feet. H.V.S.

The original route traversed in at 40 feet. The corner has now been cleaned and climbed direct at 5a.

S. Howe, D. Gerrish. 10/4/84.

Pebble Dash. 110 feet. E5.

Climb the wall right of Child in Time.

1 60 feet. 6b. Up the corner for a few feet and move right to footholds on the wall. Up to a poor P.R., pull round the bulge on the right and climb the slab above to a grass terrace (belay at left-hand end).

- 2 50 feet. 5b. Climb the rib/groove at the left-hand end of ledge and continue rightwards to the top.
P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 5/7/84.

Stingray. 100 feet. E2.

Climbs the corner 30 feet right of Child in Time.

- 5c. Climb the corner exiting on the left wall to a terrace. Pull up a thin crack to a ledge. Move right and climb the slab above to the top.
D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 5/7/84.

SWIRL CRAG (324 156)

This crag is situated on the east side of Thirlmere, on the slopes of Helvellyn and just above the tree line. Approach from the car park for the Swirl Forest Nature Trail about ½ mile south of the King's Head, Thirlspot. Follow the footpath as for Helvellyn, cross a footbridge and through a gate onto the open hillside. From the gate follow the wall south along the hillside, above the forest. Upper Swirl Crag is about ½ mile from the gate about 100 yards above the wall and Lower Swirl Crag is about ¾ mile from the gate, just above the forest wall where the wall drops down the hillside, and just north of a stream. Though short, these crags give a number of routes on good rock. Facing west with a fine aspect over Thirlmere they are useful for summer evenings.

UPPER SWIRL CRAG

The prominent crag seen when walking along the wall. The left-hand side is composed of a slab and the right-hand side is seamed by a number of grooves.

LEFT-HAND SIDE

Sunset. 60 feet. H.S.

Start at the left of the slab and follow a groove to the top.
R. Kenyon, C. Eckersall. 6/7/82.

The First One. 70 feet. V.S.

Start just left of Midge Wall and climb a direct line up the slab.
J. Beveridge, A. Davis, J. Walker. Aug. 84.

Midge Wall. 70 feet. M.V.S.

Climb the faint groove towards the right of the slab to gain ledges. Finish up the short rib above.
R. Kenyon, C. Eckersall. 6/7/82.

RIGHT-HAND SIDE

A Day at the Races. 60 feet. M.S.

Climbed on the same day as the Helvellyn Fell Races.
Climb the obvious, rather vegetated V-groove on the left, finishing left at the top.
R. Kenyon, C. Eckersall. 6/7/82.

The Runs. 60 feet. H.S.

Start just right of A Day at the Races and gain a hanging groove, which is followed to the top.
R. Kenyon, C. Eckersall. 6/7/82.

C.C. Rider. 60 feet. V.S.

Climb directly up the groove containing a sapling, just right of The Runs.
A. Davis, J. Beveridge. Aug. 84.

LOWER SWIRL CRAG

On first appearance this just appears to be a rather insignificant large boulder, but the routes done pack a lot into a short pitch. The left-hand side is vegetated but the right-hand side presents a steep wall with a prominent groove-line on the front.

Hot Dog. 80 feet. E1.

The left-hand groove in the twin-grooved corner at the left of the crag.

5c. Climb the left-hand side of the slab and the corner to the top.

D. Armstrong. 7/5/84.

Burger. 80 feet. H.V.S.

The right-hand side of the obvious corner at the left of the crag.

5a. Climb the slab to below the corner and then climb the corner to the top.

D. Armstrong. 7/5/84.

American Pie. 80 feet. E3.

The thin crack in the wall right of Burger. Serious to start the crack.

5c. Up an easy groove on the right of the slab to the crack. Follow the crack to join the rib, up this to the top.

D. Armstrong, P. Whillance. 15/4/84.

Frank. 70 feet. E1.

Start to the right of the prominent groove at a short slab, below a groove with a holly tree in it.

5b. Climb up the groove, which is ascended past the holly. Surmount a small overlap to gain a small ledge. Move up and left with difficulty and follow the ribbed slab to the top.

D. Bowen, R. Kenyon, C King. 22/6/83.

Breakfast in America. 60 feet. E4.

The thin crack in the wall left of Californian Weirido. Start from a ledge just left of that route.

6a. Use a hollow flake to reach a thin break above. Move left to the base of the thin crack, climb it and flakes on the right wall to reach the rib and so to the top.

P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 15/4/84.

Californian Weirido. 50 feet. E1.

5b. The right-hand wall is split by a prominent crack. Start at the foot of the crack and move up left into a small pod. Leave the pod with difficulty and continue up the crack above on excellent holds.

R. Kenyon, C. King, D. Bowen. 22/6/83.

STANDING CRAG — ARMBOTH FELL (297 134)

This must be one of the most remote crags in the Lakes. The shortest approach is from Harrop Tarn, Thirlmere, or longer from Watendlath, Borrowdale.

D.K.W. 85 feet. V.S.

Start on ledge above and right of the central bay. Ascend grooves and open corners direct to good belays at top. The climb gradually steepens with crux at the top on excellent rock.

D. Hellier. 23/5/84.

ROUGH CRAG (314 214)

Halfway down the road on the west side of Thirlmere, a very obvious white crag rises above a bend in the road. Immediately beneath the crag is a blocked-off lay-by. This crag was the scene, a few years ago, of a large landslide which 'cleaned' the crag. A number of routes have since been ascended after careful further gardening and more routes await unearthing. Park at the lay-by at the foot of the Launchy Gill Forest Trail.

20 yards above the road is an obvious spiky overhang. The following two routes start either side of this.

Rough Trade. 210 feet. V.S.

Start up the rib just left of the spiky overhang.

- 1 130 feet. 4b. Climb the easy rib for 10 feet until the groove is crossed and step up onto the rib above the grassy ledge. (The climbing now improves!) Follow the slab directly to an awkward mantleshelf. Climb the obvious slab above moving right to belay. (Very large nut).
- 2 80 feet. 4c. Climb the obvious wall above straight up the middle. At the top traverse right and move up to tree belay as for Over The Hill.

A. Hewison, A. Davis. 23/5/84.

Over The Hill. 200 feet. V.S.

Start 5 yards right of the spiky overhang, up a rib just right of a stepladder groove.

- 1 120 feet. 4b. Climb the obvious cleaned rib. At its top, step left onto a slab and follow this directly, moving right to belay along an earthy ledge.
- 2 80 feet. Follow the easy groove directly above the belay, moving left at the top to a tree belay.

A. Hewison, A. Davis (*alt.*) May 1984.

Stark Naked. 125 feet. M.V.S.

Named in honour of Alan Stark who discovered the crag. Start well to the right of Over The Hill beneath the obvious leftward-slanting slabs.

Climb steeply upwards to gain the slab. Follow the slab leftwards to a heathery finish.

A. Davis, D. Kay, A. Hewson. 3/6/84.

BULL CRAG (312 155)

This crag is situated in the trees overlooking the road along the west side of Thirlmere, and on the south side of the Launchy Gill Forest Trail. It is reached by striking up through the trees from the lay-by at the foot of the trail. The crag is on the left and above a crag which can be seen from the road, and is approached by skirting left around the bottom of the lower crag.

Independence Day. 160 feet. E2.

Start at the sapling at the left of the crag.

- 1 50 feet. 5a. Make a hard move up then continue more easily past a tree to a ledge on the left.
- 2 110 feet. 5c. Up the groove to the bulge. Traverse right to below a groove (runner in crack on right). Move up to a slightly doubtful spike, then precariously up into the groove. Continue in the same line to the top.

S. Howe, D. Kay, M. Lynch. 4/7/84. (*P.1 climbed previously by M. Lynch, D. Kay.*)

Idiot Wind. 160 feet. E2.

Start a few feet left of Blowing in the Wind, 10 feet right of an obvious corner.

- 1 90 feet. 5b. Climb the wall to a finger-like flake and continue directly up the wall above to a ledge system. Continue up the groove above to another ledge with belay on the right (as for Blowing in the Wind).
- 2 70 feet. 5b. Move slightly left and climb a short wall to a hanging block (crux). Climb past this and continue to the top.

C. Dale, R. Kenyon. 1/7/84.

Blowing in the Wind. 160 feet. E2.

Start directly behind the tree in the centre of the crag.

- 1 90 feet. 5b. Climb the groove directly behind the tree to a tricky exit onto a ledge system. Climb the continuation groove, with adequate protection, with another tricky exit left to belay ledge.
- 2 70 feet. 5a. Climb the overhung groove on the right, moving left to finish up a short slab.

C. Dale, R. Kenyon. 1/7/84.

Rover's Return. 160 feet. M.V.S.

Start at the right-hand side of the crag at the foot of the obvious cleaned slab.

- 1 50 feet. 4b. Climb the slab and move left across the excavated rock ledge to good nut belays at the foot of a crack.
- 2 110 feet. 4c. Climb the crack for 30 feet to a small ledge and spike. Straight up the crack and groove above trending slightly right.

M. Lynch, D. Kay, A. Hewison. 6/6/84. (*The Cumbria Everest Team's first route after their return!*)

THACKMELL CRAG (309 156)

This crag is reached by following the Launchy Gill Forest Trail on the west side of Thirlmere, and after ½ mile where the trail forks take the left fork, which leads up a shallow valley. The crag will be seen through the vegetation on the right of the valley.

UPPER LEFT CRAG

Siren. 150 feet. V.S.

Start at the lowest point of the crag at the foot of the obvious rightward-trending slab.

- 1 110 feet. 4c. Climb straight up the slab to the break in the overlap. Leftwards over the overlap, then trend left up the slab to below the obvious corner. Traverse left to a large ledge and birch tree belay.
- 2 40 feet. 4c. From the left-hand end of the ledge, climb straight up the slab to a tree belay.

NOTE: Several old pegs were found in place on the crag which indicated that this route had been climbed before but no record of any claim can be found. This route was climbed recently by M. Lynch, A. Hewison, D. Kay on 17/6/84.

Brave Ulysses. 170 feet. E3.

An exciting traverse between the roofs above Siren. Start as for Siren.

- 1 90 feet. 4c. Climb Siren to stance below the left-hand end of the overhangs.
- 2 50 feet. 5c. Strenuous. Climb up to the roof and traverse rightwards between the roofs along an obvious crackline to a ring peg. Cross the wall on the right (crux) to the arête and continue up to a stance below another overhang.
- 3 30 feet. 5b. Climb the overhang by a central weakness. Belay well back on a pine tree.

C. Dale, A. Hewison. 26/6/84.

LOWER RIGHT CRAG

To the right of Siren, a heather ramp leads rightwards to a grassy bay below a steep slabby wall.

Gulag Tour. 120 feet. V.S.

Start 30 feet lower and 50 feet left of the grassy bay, where a line of ramps lead up diagonally left.

4c. Climb the two obvious ramps to a precariously perched loose block. Step leftwards over the block and climb the short corner and rib on the right, for about 20

feet. Traverse left to a tree belay. Either finish up the horrendous vertical heather or abseil off tree.

K. Rawlinson, D. Kay, J. Delamere, M. Lynch. 1/7/84.

Sticky Jim. 60 feet. H.V.S.

Start in the left corner of the bay at the foot of the obvious corner.

5a. Climb the corner and the crack above.

A. Hewison, C. Dale, D. Kay, M. Lynch. 27/6/84.

First Blood. 80 feet. H.V.S.

Start as for Sasquatch.

5a. Climb Sasquatch for 15 feet (or climb the wall immediately on the left).

Traverse 10 feet left into the blocky groove and climb this with a move right.

R. Cassidy, S. Howe. 30/6/84.

Sasquatch. 70 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the obvious crackline 10 feet right of Sticky Jim.

C. Dale, A. Hewison, D. Kay, M. Lynch. 27/6/84.

Yowie. 80 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the vague crackline in the centre of the wall, to a good jug. Make a hard move right (crux) then trend leftwards to the top.

C. Dale, A. Hewison. 27/6/84.

Space Shuttle. 80 feet. E3.

Start just right of Yowie. Rather contrived.

6a. Climb the wall immediately right of an obvious pocket then up and right to the foot of a leftward-slanting crack. Climb this to join Yowie at the good jug. Continue strenuously leftwards until a thin line of quartz is reached. Move immediately right into a vague groove and straight up this to the top.

S. Howe, R. Cassidy. 30/6/84.

Disappointment. 80 feet. M.V.S.

Start at the foot of the obvious crack and groove system at the right of the grassy bay.

4b. Climb the cracks to a niche below an obvious corner. Bridge up the corner to easy ledges. Tree belay well back from the edge.

D. Kay, M. Lynch. 1/7/84.

RAVEN CRAG

Gates of Delirium

The doubtful block on pitch 2 has now gone. Probably much harder now.

Creation

The piton on pitch 1 is in a very poor condition. Route now said to be E5.

LOWER IRON CRAG

This is the steep crag below and right of the main crag.

The Committal Chamber. 190 feet. E3/4.

An exceptionally exposed and strenuous pitch which takes the obvious break across the crag, starting at the left-hand end of the ledge with a short crack in a corner.

1 40 ft. 4c. Climb the corner to a belay in the yew tree.

2 80 feet. 6a/b. Follow the crack to a good rest in a niche, step down right to a thread round a chockstone. From good jams reach a good jug and follow a series of very committing and strenuous moves on jams and undercutts to reach the obvious sloping ledge and belay. This pitch is very well protected.

3 70 feet. 4c. Traverse right to the end of the ledge and move up on cleaned rock, keep moving right round the corner to a steep grassy finish.

R. Graham, C. Downer. 27/7/83.

DEEPDALE

MART CRAG (372 123)

A pleasant and strangely neglected crag lying close to the valley floor at the head of Deepdale. It consists of steep walls and slabs with good sound rough rock, though it can be lichenous in places. The rock is compact and so routes are poorly protected. It lies 50 mins. easy walk up the valley. Very worthwhile for a short day or combined with a visit to Hutaple or Scrubby. The routes are described from right to left.

Jungle Genocide. 100 feet. E1.

The obvious groove, wall and narrow chimney towards the right of the crag.

- 1 70 feet. 5b. Move up and climb the groove via its left edge to a sloping ledge at its top (unprotected). A peg runner protects the moves up the wall to the chimney. Up easily to a large ledge and tree belay.
- 2 30 feet. Climb the right side of the wall above.

G. Derbyshire, C. Struters, P. Excell. 7/7/84.

Jumblatt. 110 feet. E1.

Start below the holly tree.

- 1 70 feet. 5a. Climb past the holly into the V-groove. Climb this, over the bulge and up a corner to a large ledge.
- 2 30 feet. 5b. Climb the thin crack directly above the corner, gained from the right. Peg belay.

Pitch 1 C. Struters, P. Donnelly, I. Barker. 7/7/84.

Pitch 2 D. Green, I. Barker. 11/8/84.

Chocolate Frog. 100 feet. H.V.S.

Start at a groove 10 feet right of Parched Parakeet.

5a. Up the groove to the large grass ledge, then up the thin crack in the back of the bay on small holds. Move out left (crux) to a slanting crack and follow this to a large grass ledge. Traverse left to gain the finish of Parched Parakeet.

I. Barker, P. Excell. 7/7/84.

Parched Parakeet. 110 feet. E1.

A line up the right of the big slab with two diagonal cracks.

5a. Climb onto the large sloping grass ledge. Follow a line of big holds to below the slim curving groove, just right of the hairline crack. Climb the groove delicately (crux/unprotected) to gain the first diagonal crack and continue direct up the faint line above to the second crack. Follow the slab to its apex and over a bulge to a nut belay on the large ledge.

G. Derbyshire, C. Struters, P. Excell. 4/7/84.

Ghetto Blaster. 120 feet. V.S.

The obvious lower of two slanting cracks in the slab. May become easier when bottom crack is clean. Start up a thin crack just right of Widowmaker.

5a. Climb up the thin crack (crux/dirty) and follow the crack rightwards to finish up Chocolate Frog.

G. Derbyshire, P. Smith. 21/8/84.

The Widowmaker. 110 feet. H.S.

Start in the left bounding groove of the large slab.

Climb the easy groove to a large sloping rock ledge. Cross the wall on the right to the arête and move round to a smaller ledge with a large unsound block (possible belay). Climb straight up above for a few feet then diagonally right to gain the shallow scoop in the slab. Up this to a grass ledge on the left. Up and right to finish over the bulge of Parched Parakeet.

G. Derbyshire (*solo*). 13/8/84.

DOVEDALE

GILL CRAG

Gill Crag Grooves. 160 feet. V.Diff.

Between Left Ridge and Flake Buttress is a grass and heather filled groove. Start just left of this.

- 1 50 feet. Climb and traverse to the middle of the wall above the groove to the Bird Cage Walk. Belay on a large thread.
- 2 75 feet. Cross the Walk and climb the groove to the left of the flake of Flake Buttress.
- 3 35 feet. Easy rock leads to the top.

N. F. Kershaw, K. Griffiths. 1983.

ULLSWATER

GOWBARROW BUTTRESS

The Thin Blue Line. 100 feet. E1.

Start at the bottom of the steep crack at Gowbarrow Buttress. Up this for 10-15 feet, step right onto a small ledge, up a flake crack to a bulge, over this then left over top of chimney onto a steep headwall. Then diagonally left to finish up a groove. S. Reid, I. Clarke. Sept. 84.

MARTINDALE

THRANG CRAG — FARM BUTTRESS

This buttress is the small steep face directly behind the farm, about 100 yards beyond the parking place for the main crag. The crag is situated 50 yards from the road.

The Woodlanders. 70 feet. V.S.

Start just left of the fence.

4c. Climb past several trees to finish up a cleaned groove just left of the arête.

J. Channing, R. Andrews. 23/5/84.

Norman The Undead. 50 feet. E2.

5b. From the blunt arête on the left of Friends Beyond, gain the prominent crack in the left buttress, and climb it to the top.

S. Howe, R. Cassidy. 16/6/84.

Friends Beyond. 50 feet. E2.

5c. Climb the fierce central groove.

R. Andrews, S. Howe. 24/5/84.

A Changed Man. 50 feet. E3.

Takes the arête right of Friends Beyond. Start just left of Under the Greenwood Tree.

6a. Climb diagonally left to a good nut slot. Move up (crux) to another break and piron runner on left. Reach up left to a good hold then straight up the wall above. S. Howe, R. Andrews. 23/5/84.

Under the Greenwood Tree. 40 feet. E1.

5b. Climb the right-hand crack. Steeper than it looks!

R. Andrews, J. James. 15/5/84.

Human Shows. 40 feet. H.V.S.

4c. Start just right of Under the Greenwood Tree and climb up then rightwards slightly till a move is made back left to finish.

R. Andrews, J. Channing. 18/5/84.

THRESHTHWAITE COVE

RAVEN CRAG

Liquid Engineering. 130 feet. E5.

Takes the wall between Boy Racer and High Performance.

- 1 80 feet. 6b. As for High Performance to a niche, follow the shallow scoop leftwards to a peg runner, move up and left to a good side hold. Up the wall to a diagonal crack, then more easily to a ledge. Step right to a scoop, follow the slab to a thread and nut belay below a bottomless groove 15 feet left of a large block.
- 2 50 feet. 6a. Pull steeply into the groove and follow it to a ledge. More easily to the top. Belay well back.

P. Rigby, A. Murray (*alts*). Pitch 1, 27/8/84; Pitch 2, 2/9/84.

SWINDALE

NORTH EAST BUTTRESS

Wilt Alternative. 170 feet. E1.

- 1 60 feet. As for Wilt to the bottom of the corner.
- 2 110 feet. 5b. From the foot of the corner climb up left to sloping ledges, then a short crack. Up and left (crux) to a good ledge then climb the crack just right of the arête to footholds/ledge on the arête. Swing across right over the top of the corner to a ledge. Go up left and climb the wall to a spike. Move right to the short corner; up this to the top.

S. Howe, D. Kay, A. Davis. 16/7/84.

Ancestral Vices. 130 feet. E2.

Climbs the buttress between Foss and Garm. Start on the terrace at the top of the 1st pitch of Garm, which can be reached by scrambling from the right. Belay on a tree 20 feet left of Garm.

- 1 90 feet. 5c. Climb the groove to a ledge on the left. Move up and right, steeply, to a rest. Move up left to a curving crack and up this to a ledge. Follow a crack leftwards to the arête and up to a grass ledge.
- 2 40 feet. 4c. Climb the crack from the right end of the ledge.

S. Howe, R. Cassidy. 24/7/84.

The Great Pursuit. 110 feet. E1.

Climbs the wall to the right of Bamad.

5b. Move up into a short chimney. Step left to a crack and up this to a groove (crux). From ledges above, climb the face/rib via various cracks.

R. Cassidy, S. Howe. 24/7/84.

TRUSS BUTTRESS

First Cut. 80 feet. E3.

6a. Start up Castration Crack to below the final crack, then move right to climb the groove and faint crack line on the right to the top.

D. Bowen, J. Beveridge. 1983.

GRASMERE

RAVEN CRAG

This is the crag on the flank of Helm Crag opposite the Travellers Rest Inn.

Climbs of Quality. 80 feet. E1.

5b. The steep pod/crack line left of the green ramp is climbed to the tree. Abseil descent.

R. Graham, A. Phizacklea. 24/3/85.

GREAT GABLE AND PILLAR AREA

Great Gable

TOPHET WALL AREA

Supernatural — direct finish. 100 feet. E4/5.

Start from below the top pitch of Supernatural.

- 3a 100 feet. 6b. Reverse Demon Wall Traverse for 20 feet and up to below the overhanging wall. Up past poor peg runner to below a small overhang. Climb the thin crack to pull into the base of a large groove. Up the right wall of the groove and the continuation groove above to the top.

Incantations. 300 feet. E5.

Takes the thin crack in the wall midway between Vikings and Supernatural. Start below the nose as for Tophet Grooves.

- 1 80 feet. 5a. Climb the nose and up an easy groove rightwards to a large sloping ledge.
- 2 120 feet. 6b. Climb the crack above to good holds on the left. Move up to a poor P.R. and climb the overhanging wall to reach a thin rightwards slanting crack in the slab above. Follow this to ledges, continue rightwards over a bulge and step right onto the 'Great Slab'. Up this to the Demon Wall Traverse and move off left to belay in a grassy groove.
- 3 100 feet. 6b. Climb the rib above the belay then step right to below a thin rightwards slanting crack in the overhanging wall. Follow this (P.R. high on the left) to a junction with Supernatural Direct Finish in the groove above. This is then followed up the right-hand branch of the groove to the top.

Pitch 2 P. Whillance, D. Armstrong. 22/6/83.

First complete ascent — P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (*Var*). 15/8/84.

Pillar

NORTH FACE

Straits of Messina. 430 feet. E4.

Climbs the wall between Puppet and Scylla and the thin hanging crack above.

- 1 and 2 170 feet. First 2 pitches of Megaton, then up left, to belay as for Scylla below the main wall.
 - 3 110 feet. 6a. Climb the thin crack leading directly to the groove on Puppet (starting from the left). Up the groove a few feet then pull out left onto an obvious square ledge. Move left across the wall for 6 feet. Climb up and continue up a thin crackline in the slab to the rib. Up this a few feet to belay below a thin crack in the overhanging wall.
 - 4 70 feet. 6a. Climb the crack curving leftwards to pull out on a ledge above Scylla Direct.
 - 5 80 feet. Easily up ridge on left as for Puppet.
- P. Whillance, D. Armstrong (*alt*). 10/6/84.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. N. CARPENTER (NANCY RIDYARD)	1927 — 1985
H. COATES	1925 — 1982
G. C. CURTIS	1941 — 1983
A. M. DOBSON	1941 — 1984
MRS. B. GREEN	1927 — 1983
R. GWYN REES	1938 — 1983
D. O. HUGHES	1964 — 1984
E. KERR	1973 — 1984
J. LAMB	1974 — 1983
MRS. E. N. A. MORTON	1956 — 1984
CAPT. R. D. NICHOLSON	1939 — 1984
G. F. PEAKER	1926 — 1983
BILL PEASCOD	1940 — 1985
R. S. PEILL	1937 — 1983
MISS H. S. PICKSTONE, M.B.E.	1928 — 1983
E. C. POLLITT	1933 — 1984
R. SHAW	1922 — 1985
C. B. SNODGRASS	1939 — 1984
REV. E. M. TURNER	1941 — 1983
LT. COL. H. WESTMORLAND, O.B.E.	1910 — 1984

NANCY CARPENTER, 1927 — 1985

The 5th June 1985 saw an almost entire community fill the little church at Matterdale to bid farewell to a greatly loved friend, Nancy Carpenter, who with her husband John settled here in the 1960s. After their marriage in 1948 they lived in Nottingham. Climbing was superseded by cycling and holidays saw them exploring England and Scotland.

Educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College, Nancy was always an avid reader and books were a great solace to her when her health deteriorated. Living for years at Skelwith, the hills were on her doorstep and became a major interest. She was outstanding on the rocks and was one of the foremost women climbers of the Fell and Rock in the 30s. Many older members have cause to be grateful for her encouragement in their early efforts. Her enthusiasm was such that a "severe" almost became a "dawdle." She was a notable member both of the Pinnacle Club and of the Ladies Scottish Mountaineering Club.

In the 1930s Nancy Forsyth and I travelled frequently from Dumfriesshire to Skelwith to join Nancy Ridyard (as she then was), and others for halcyon days on Dow, Gimmer, Pavey and Gable. Memorable days! And from those far off days two of us who had climbed with her were in the Matterdale Church, not to mourn, but to cherish with others memories of a joyous spirit and bid her a gentle farewell. Perhaps a fitting epitaph was the comment of another climbing friend: "She was a lovely person in whose company laughter was never far away."

C. Pape

G. C. CURTIS, 1941 — 1983

Geoffrey Curtis died suddenly and unexpectedly on 5 October 1983, aged 64. His interest in climbing first became apparent at the age of five, when he had to be rescued from a spread-eagled position on a Cornish tor, and continued all his life, his last peak being the Combin de Corbassiere a few weeks before his death. He even spent a night of his honeymoon on Liathach with his bride Margaret when they ran out of daylight. But it was in Arran that he was able to contribute most. After

Bill Peascod leading the first pitch of Cleopatra (1982) — thirty-three years after the first ascent.

Chris Culshaw

graduating in 1941 he was posted to a research station at Fairlie in Ayrshire, and over the next four years he and his friends spent many weekends exploring the Arran crags. As a result Geoffrey and his colleague Gordon Townend were asked to rewrite the Arran section in the 1952 revision of the S.M.C. Islands Guide, a signal honour for two Englishmen.

Ken Money Penny writes ... "I shall always be grateful to the Lords of the Admiralty for sending me, after my graduation as a physicist, to join their Research Establishment at Fairlie, on the Firth of Clyde, for the last four years of the war; for it enabled me to become a colleague and life-long friend of Geoffrey Curtis. One soon came to realise that Geoffrey was a unique personality and his unswerving pursuit of so many good things of life, both at work and play, enhanced the quality of life for all who knew him.

The sea link to Arran was happily routed between Brodick and Fairlie itself and returned us, by the early sailing, in good time for work on Monday morning. So the scene was set for Geoffrey to start his own unofficial school of mountain training, and those of us who admitted to being keen on hill-walking were taken in hand and introduced to the joys of scrambling up gullies and ridges of the granite peaks of Beinn Nuis, Beinn Tarsuinn and Cir Mhor. When we progressed to roping up for standard rock climbs good old Fairlie came up trumps yet again, for the local boat building yard could supply any amount of manila rope and line, and even had the nautical equivalent of the carabiner.

Next season we were greatly strengthened by the arrival at the Establishment of Gordon Townend, another experienced rock-climber, Lake District trained as Geoffrey had been. With two keen leaders and enough men and women to back them up the exploration phase was bound to follow. The new climbs which were made in subsequent seasons are now part of Arran's rock-climbing literature."

Carol Plackett

ARTHUR MORLEY DOBSON, 1941 — 1984

Morley Dobson was born in Ploughkeepsie, New York, in 1901, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Dobson.

He was educated at St. Paul's Concorde School, Cambridge, Massachusetts and Harvard, where he obtained a Degree in Mathematics, by special dispensation, at the age of 18. He went on to study at Corpus Christi College Cambridge where he read Middle English.

During his first vacation from Cambridge, he visited Keswick, the beginning of a life-long love affair with mountains and hills, particularly those of the Lake District. After a period of teaching in England, France and Bermuda, he returned, in 1936, to the Lake District to live on the shores of Bassenthwaite Lake where, two years later, he took up a new career in farming. During the 1940s and 1950s he was an active member of the Club and was for a while the Warden at Brackenclose. In the austere post-war days, he would frequently cycle up to Seathwaite after milking on a Saturday evening and, leaving his bike at Edmondson's, would walk over Sty Head to Wasdale for a weekend of climbing and attending to the hut, returning for the start of the week's farming activities at six o'clock on the Monday morning. His favourite climbs were in the Gable and Pillar areas, although he also climbed and walked extensively in Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

After a further spell of teaching in Lancashire, he retired, in the late sixties, to Kentmere where he continued his involvement with the climbing world as Publicity Secretary for the Lake District Mountain Accidents Association.

In retirement, he was able to devote more time to his other wide ranging interests. A life-long love of music and music-making was fulfilled by active membership of

local choral and instrumental groups. He travelled widely to concerts and educational courses, losing no opportunity to participate in impromptu sessions of live music-making, his main interest being in early recorder music. He read extensively and wrote poetry and prose, frequently in praise of the high hills which had given so much pleasure throughout many years.

Morley Dobson was, above all, an individualist: an eccentric, musician, philosopher, poet, traditionalist and humanist. His love of music, books, open country and high places was vividly communicated to the many who knew him by his enthusiasm and rich descriptive powers.

He died at Pout Howe, Kentmere on 26 September, in his home, as he had wished, surrounded by the fells he loved. He is survived by his widow, two sons and two daughters.

D. W. R. D.

The funeral service was held on 4.10.84 in Kentmere's parish church. There was a large congregation of relatives, villagers and members of the Staveley Choral Society, whose singing made the service a beautiful and impressive occasion. It was appropriately heightened by the view of the fells on a bright and fine Autumn day through the clear glass of the east window. The Club was represented by six members, including the President.

W. E. Kendrick

D. O. HUGHES, 1964 — 1984

Dave Hughes was at Birmingham University for the same three years as myself, 1959 — 1961. He was starting his Ph.D. while I was beginning as an undergraduate. He was an active climber then and was Secretary of the Stoats, the University Climbing Club, in the first year and President in the third year. During these years we only climbed together occasionally, but I was immediately aware of his comradeship and willingness to help a less experienced member.

Our subsequent meeting after leaving University was in the winter of 1961 on the top of a double-decker bus in Stockton-on-Tees, when we discovered that we were both working for the same company. Our previous acquaintance then became a lasting friendship of which Dave was the main driving force. In order to get to the mountains, transport and a driver were needed. Dave's solution was to take driving lessons, pass his test and buy a car.

Dave also proposed me for membership of the M.A.M. and on one of our trips to Glan Dena it was his open invitation to the hut, offering a lift to the pub, which introduced us to Howard Vaughan — and subsequently to membership of the Fell and Rock.

We climbed extensively between 1962 and 1965, training on North Yorkshire sandstone for proper routes in Wales and the Lakes. Particularly memorable were Kipling Groove, which took two attempts; Eagle Front on a damp misty day and Gordian Knot on a cold snowy day in February. In Wales the last pitch on White Slab defeated him, not because of technical difficulty, but because his mild short sight prevented him from identifying the spike, and he surrendered the lead to me and my spectacles.

Dave must take the credit for this highly active period. He planned our progress through the guide book graded lists, extending our frontiers in great bounds or little steps, dependent on the success of the previous outing.

Dave left Teesside in the mid-sixties, moving initially to Keele University as a lecturer and then back to industry in South Africa. He continued climbing throughout, in South Africa, the Alps and occasionally in England and Wales.

In 1982 he produced an Anthology of Stoats' writings for the Golden Jubilee of

the Club and on renewing our friendship in Langdale the same year, I found he had not changed. He was killed last August in a fall while descending the Matterhorn and our deepest sympathies are extended to his wife, Janet and their two children. He had many friends and all of them will have felt a deep sense of loss at this tragedy.

Mike Railton

E. KERR, 1973 — 1984

It was unfortunate that so few members knew Eric Kerr. From Easter to October he would be on the Buttermere Fells several times a week, but this was his work, cheerfully guiding parties of the Ramblers' Association who were staying at Hassness. He must have climbed Red Pike more than any living soul.

As Assistant Warden of Birkness he did much valuable work. Drying out after floods, making sure everything was turned off and generally being the warden's eyes and ears, he was the sort of man that every Hut Warden would love to have next door.

J. S. Huddart

JEFF LAMB, 1974 — 1983

Jeff Lamb was found dead near Frog Buttress, Queensland, Australia in early October 1983. The exact circumstances of the accident will probably be never known, save that he died alone, doing what he most enjoyed in this world — prospecting for new rock climbs.

Jeff and his new wife Maureen emigrated to Australia in September 1981. Nine months later, they had decided to return to England when Jeff was almost fatally injured by a 'hit and run' driver whilst the couple were out walking. Typically, Jeff's great strength and determination brought about a recovery that defied all medical opinion, but protracted legal and compensation matters surrounding the accident kept them in Australia for a further eighteen months. With their affairs finally resolved and Jeff having re-established himself in top standard climbing, their friends in Cumbria awaited news of their arrival back home only to hear instead the tragic news of Jeff's death.

Jeff was born and bred in Carlisle and the Lakes was always his home territory. He began climbing in his early teens and by the end of the 60s was one of its top performers (a position he was never to lose). In the early seventies, Jeff became one of the prime movers in the new free climbing approach and during the next ten years he eliminated more aid points from Lake District climbs than anyone. He was locally known as 'The Jackal' long before the term came into popular use.

In 1974, he made the first free ascents of Empire (E3), Scylla Direct (E3), Dyad (E3), Athanor (E3), Fallen Angel (E4) (this the first E4 in the Lakes) and many others. What is seldom realised however is that all these ascents were made on sight and in one single push — the only acceptable style that Jeff then allowed himself or his companions. In fact it was the style and magnitude of Jeff's ascents just as much as Livesey's productions of that same year which awoke leading climbers in the area to the fact that standards had taken a significant leap forward.

That same year saw Jeff pioneer Zeus (E3) on Scafell, the first of fourteen excellent and very hard new routes he was eventually to establish on its crags (a few are still unrepeatable). It is quite impossible here to mention the vast number of new climbs he put up in the Lakes, quite apart from other areas such as Scotland, Northumberland, Pembrokeshire and Australia but it must be said that his influence in climbing developments went far beyond his first ascent achievements.

Jeff had an insatiable appetite for climbing and was always at the hub of Lakeland activity. Unquestionably, he had done more existing climbs in the area than anyone, and probably more second ascents as well. His knowledge and enthusiasm helped maintain the level of developments in the Lakes for many years and his pure ethics and unfailing honesty afforded him great respect amongst leading climbers everywhere. This friendly, genuine and unassuming man, whose possessions never stretched beyond an old van and climbing equipment, had more friends around this country than anyone else I've known.

Jeff would be the last person to thank me for stating how much his life has influenced climbers and climbing in the Lakes for 15 years or more. He climbed for fun and the personal challenge with no desire for praise or glory. Nevertheless, the man who never wrote a single word about himself or his climbs for a magazine, book or paper, has left an indelible mark in the annals of Lakeland climbing.

Jeff needs no platitudes from me. He was a great man of rare qualities who was much loved and is greatly missed. No-one who knew him will ever forget.

P. Whillance

BETTY MORTON, 1956 — 1984

Betty Morton died after a long illness on November 26th 1984, aged 78. A B.Sc. of London University, she joined the Club in 1956. She had a very happy family life with Neville her husband, a son and two daughters, all of them members of the Club. She enjoyed five grandchildren. Tragically her younger daughter was killed in a skiing accident in Canada. In her near 30 years of membership, she made a great contribution to the life of the Club.

In early 1965 Beetham Cottage had been purchased with Bentley Beetham's generous legacy, and Betty undertook the job of Assistant Warden, with Neville as Warden. This was to be a mammoth task, with building operations involving an architect, furnishing to be bought and the kitchen to be planned and equipped. Among Betty's many contributions, she alone made 18 mattress covers and 24 pillow cases. There was no lack of ideas flowing in from all directions but Betty and Neville sorted them out to everyone's satisfaction and all was ready for the official opening at the Dinner Meet that year. Those present will recall it was the wettest day on record. During this time Betty established good relations with our neighbours who justifiably might have been alarmed at our numbers, and activities. Betty remained Assistant Warden for 3 years and Neville was Warden for 10. It was a remarkable partnership that established Beetham as a happy and prosperous hut.

Betty did not come of a climbing family, but the spirit of enterprise was there, for one of her mother's family was reputed to have been the first English woman to cross Russia, on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

A sound mountaineer, strong walker and keen camper, she had many happy holidays in the Alps, Pyrenees and Corsica. In those days of 20 years ago, Corsican mountains were a wilder and less known terrain than today. She also visited the Himalaya for trekking in the Dhaulagiri and Annapura region. She was a regular attender of the main Scottish Meet, and a member of the Glen Brittle Memorial Hut Committee.

Betty's love and enthusiasm for the hills carried her through the later years, when failing powers restricted her activities. Her friends will remember her with affection and admire the courage which helped her to accept her limitations and enjoy the mountains to the end.

Nancy Murray

BILL PEASCOD, 1940 — 1985

Bill Peascod died of a coronary on 17th May 1985 while attempting Great Slab on Clogwyn du'r Arddu in the company of Bill Birkett and Don Whillans. He was 65.

I first met Bill in the late 1940s when a coterie of local climbers was in the habit of meeting on Tuesday evenings in the Traveller's Rest in Workington. We climbed together only twice, I believe, once on his recently discovered Honister Wall and once on Zig-zag, Castle Rock, but for a period we shared that redoubtable second man, Bert Beck, and we were all party to the formation of the West Cumberland Rock Climbing Club, which held a highly successful inaugural dinner at the Fish in Buttermere and then disappeared without trace, headed writing paper and all.

In 1952 Bill astonished us all with the news that he was off to Australia, and thereafter, apart from occasional rumours of his success as a painter over there, he was lost to us until his return in 1980. He then settled at Bassenthwaite with his young Japanese wife Etsu and their daughter Emma. We were now near neighbours, shared a three-year term of office with the B.M.C., and often climbed together and with my son.

I need not summarise Bill's brilliant career as a rock climber since the story may be read in his autobiography, *Journey After Dawn*, published in 1985 by Cicerone Press. Suffice it to say that he put Buttermere on the map as a climber's valley and not only made important new routes there and elsewhere in the Lake District but discovered whole new crags, as in Newlands and in Langstrath. Most of this enormous activity took place in a quite short span of time, from 1940 when he made the first ascent of Eagle Front until his departure in 1952. And during that time he was working as a coal miner, much of the time on nights.

Bill was an early example of the new kind of climber typified by Joe Brown and Don Whillans, who brought to the sport not only a fresh approach uncluttered by tradition and received 'wisdom', but arms and hands made powerful by hard physical work. He had the short, compact physique which for many years, until the myth was destroyed by ascendancy of the long lanky 'arms-like-a-fly' style humanoid, was regarded at the optimum for a climber. He brought great nervous energy to his climbing and was sensitive to mood, so he could have the occasional off-day. Usually he was buoyant, optimistic and ambitious. He climbed safely, and in those early days was already experimenting with a harness instead of the bowline round the waist.

His enthusiastic return to climbing in his sixties was remarkable for the speed with which he embraced modern technique. His power-weight ratio was now lower than in his youth but he seemed to have lost none of his old flair and determination. He repeated many of his old routes and broke plenty of new ground, notably when with Ian Parsons he climbed Les Paturages on the Saleve near Geneva. He was featured in the television series *Lakeland Rock*.

To understand and appreciate Bill Peascod fully one must be aware that he was driven by a strong creative urge, and a determination to achieve something and see it recognised. His climbs were part of this creativity, so was his prowess as a highly original painter and his success as a writer. Yet there was nothing withdrawn or obsessive about him; he was a boon companion; a considerable bon viveur with an exhaustive knowledge of single malt whiskies; a warm friendly man and a lover of company. He had a great appreciation of life and of the Lake District. My last walk on the fells with him was to Dock Tarn on a bright snowy winter's day and he exclaimed throughout upon the splendour of the light and the scenery.

Bill Peascod was a warm and generous friend, an interested and concerned Club member, and a climber whose name will be remembered.

Tom Price

MISS SHEILA PICKSTONE, M.B.E., 1928 — 1983

Sheila Pickstone, who died in 1983, joined the F.R.C.C. in 1928. She inherited her love of the mountains from a climbing family: indeed her father, Charles H. Pickstone, a north Manchester lawyer and distinguished mountaineer, was an early President of the Rucksack Club, which he nurtured through its first twenty years of life.

Sheila loved mountains wherever they were found and had a special affection for the Lakeland fells. She was a neat and skilful rockclimber as well as a good and nimble fell walker. It was always a joy to be with her on the hills: her gaiety and infectious enthusiasm enhanced the day for you, too.

Perhaps her finest characteristic was her desire to help others. She did this in good measure, both in her private life and in her work for the British Council. She will be missed by her many friends: few had more than Sheila.

Frank Kiernan

RAYMOND SHAW, 1922 — 1985

With the death of Raymond Shaw on the 4th August, 1985, the Fell and Rock lost one of its great characters. Never an official of the Club, he was yet at the hub of all its doings. At the A.G.M. his was a voice to be listened to: anyone who infringed protocol had Raymond to deal with and he was always ready with constructive comment. At route finding he was unrivalled and it was no coincidence that Meet leaders bowed to his persuasive judgement. He will be greatly missed at the Annual Dinner where he immensely enjoyed meeting and talking to his innumerable friends. But the greatest gap will be at the Scottish Meet where his unfailing cheerfulness and encyclopaedic knowledge of the West Coast were great assets. He was a man of great integrity without a shred of malice in his being, and loved a good joke. Sometimes when his sense of fun prompted him to make outrageous remarks, his cherubic smile at once dispelled any suggestion of offence.

Born near Birkenhead, the eldest of four brothers, all of whom he survived, he was educated at Birkenhead School. At the outbreak of the First World War he went to France, where he served with an Ambulance Unit for four years. On his return he followed his father at the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, where he eventually became a partner in the firm of Shaw and Griffen. From an early age he was a keen fisherman, first with his father and later with his son Alastair, and thus gained much of his intimate knowledge of the rivers and lochs of western Scotland. (There was one special pool near Acharacle that he always lingered by!) He was a member of the Liverpool Wayfarers and joined the Fell and Rock in 1922. He was a safe and competent rock climber but preferred climbing his peaks by the normal route. I first met him at the Witsun Seathwaite Meet in Borrowdale, where after he and Pape accomplished their leaders' duties, they, with their cronies, traditionally disappeared up Gillercombe Buttress. He did a little climbing in the Alps but his primary interests were the Lakes and Scotland. However on the memorable Lofoten expedition, he and Pape and Spilsbury performed wonderful feats of rock climbing, swapping leads, and that literally from sea level — from a boat!

His first Scottish meet was the first Kintail one in the 1950s where he created considerable amusement by producing the longest old ice-axe that anyone had seen except in early Alpine pictures! Thereafter he was a regular attender, becoming in time the uncrowned king of that peculiar ritual, the volcano tea. Also, an endearing trait, following in T. R. Burnett's footsteps, he took over as welcoming host to any newcomer to the Meet.

He instigated a regular Easter gathering which met in Wasdale for years. Graham Wilson and the Pollitts formed the basis of this group. After Graham's death this

miniature F.R.C.C. Meet transferred to Woodhouses in Buttermere, always for the last week in October. Raymond, George Webb, Roland Abbott, Howard Vaughan and other friends continued to gather there for over twenty years: as regulars died off they were replaced.

Another hobby was gardening. He and his wife Kathy performed miracles of beauty in their garden at Gayton Road; and their household and neighbouring ones in Heswall were never short of vegetables. Their home was always gay with indoor plants, and Raymond was justifiably proud of Kathy's orchids. Even lately in failing health his garden tempted him out. But his most compelling love was music. He met his wife through it, and it was their joy for almost sixty years, he playing cello and she violin in the local orchestra. Their daughter Margaret has inherited this talent.

Raymond was a man of many parts; of wide ranging interests; a lover of his fellow man; a good companion on the hills; a loyal friend. Club gatherings will be the poorer for lack of his infectious laugh and his stimulating company.

W.G.P., G.W., C.P.

C. B. SNODGRASS, 1939 — 1984

Colin Brodie Snodgrass lived, as a boy, near the Cleveland Hills in North Yorkshire and was at school amongst the Derbyshire hills. He would cycle to the Lakes to walk and climb. Colin was at the Royal School of Mines, Imperial College, and was President of the Mountaineering Club. He became a member of the F.R.C.C. in 1939 and was looking forward to becoming a Life Member. He had a great love of mountains all through his life, and climbed in Austria, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. Ill-health put an end to his mountaineering (poly-cystic kidneys, a coronary and a severe stroke) and he had to be content with painting the mountains he could no longer climb.

Margaret Snodgrass

ERNEST M. TURNER, 1941 — 1982

Ernest Turner was a lifelong lover of the hills — especially the fells of Lakeland. Brought to the Buttermere valley in his childhood by his parents, he made the first of many stays with the Misses Edmondson at their famed Buttermere Hotel — now a Youth Hostel. Ernest was a quiet, learned English Scholar, who served the Church faithfully as Vicar of Eyam. His last visit to the Lakes was in 1981 to be present at the 75th Dinner of the Club. At the time he was already a very sick man, but I was able to give him a last opportunity of seeing his beloved Lakes in full autumn glory. At the Dinner he pronounced the Grace, elegant and apposite to the occasion. A contributor to the Journal, Ernest will be greatly missed.

P.A.N.

LT. COL. H. WESTMORLAND, O.B.E., 1910 — 1984

Rusty Westmorland, who died on the 24th Nov. 1984 at the age of 98 years, was a member of our club for 74 years. He was born in Penrith in 1886, his father and forebears hailing from the village of Milburn at the foot of Crossfell. Rusty's father and uncle were strong fell walkers, keen campers and scramblers and knew the Lake District thoroughly. They considered a particular view from Great Gable to be the finest in the District and marked the spot by building a cairn, subsequently known as the Westmorland Cairn. Rusty's aunt Mary (May) was the second lady to ascend Pillar (1873).

Together with his sister, Rusty (Horace as he then was) was early introduced to Ullswater and the surrounding fells by family expeditions — camping, rowing,

sailing, fell walking and scrambling. Writing in the *F. & R. Journal* in 1945 Rusty pays tribute to the spiritual joy which his parents found in the hills. In these experiences we see the foundations of a long, active and colourful life. When Rusty was eight years old the Westmorland family expeditions included Crossfell and Helvellyn. It was on Striding Edge of Helvellyn that, said Rusty, his love for climbing was born. One of his recollections is a family picnic, in 1897, at Grisedale Tarn. Here they met four climbers "with ropes" — J. W. Robinson, Ellis Carr, Geoffrey Hastings and Haskett Smith. These four had been to look at a gully on Tarn Crag (Dollywaggon) but had decided that the rock was not sound enough. At the age of fifteen Rusty paid his first visit to Pillar when he and his sister were taken, unroped, by their father up the Slab and round the Notch. Rusty's father, although a keen and competent scrambler, never adopted the use of a rope. Pillar continued to have a particular fascination for Rusty throughout his life.

Rusty and the Westmorland Cairn, 1966.

J. R. Files



In his later teens Rusty began to climb with two cousins (John Mounsey and Arthur North) and they acquired a rope. They returned to Grisedale Tarn and Tarn Crag and Rusty led the first ascent of Chock Gully. A few days later he led the first ascent of Westmorland's Route on Dove Crag: both climbs are still rated very difficult. The three climbed extensively together — the Needle, Napes Ridges, Moss Ghyll, Slingsby's Chimney etc.

Soon after this Rusty was invited to climb with George and Ashley Abraham. He mentions the great pleasure that this gave him and the benefit which he derived from their experience and it was through them that he became a member of the F. & R.C.C. In 1910 Rusty paid his first visit to the Alps under their guidance. First they went to the Engadine but, after a week of stormy weather, retreated to the Dolomites and found better climbing conditions. There was little information on Dolomite routes in those days, few climbers were about and routes practically unmarked as scarpetti were used. They therefore engaged a local guide, S. Menardi, to save time over route finding as the Abraham brothers were anxious to get as many photographs as possible. The guide led Rusty while the two brothers and their ponderous photographic equipment (full plate camera, glass plates, tripod etc.) followed as a second rope. They climbed on the Cinque Torri, Croda da Lago, Kleine Zinne etc. and their adventures are amusingly recorded in G. Abraham's *On Alpine Heights and British Crags*.

Rusty was never keen on the family business of tanning so, after his father's death in 1909, he decided on a more adventurous career. In 1911, armed with a letter of introduction from G. A. Solly to A. O. Wheeler, he went to Canada. A. O. Wheeler was the Government Surveyor in charge of surveying the Alberta-British Columbia boundary. Rusty was offered a job on a mountain survey party, with the words, "If you are willing to go out of circulation for seven or eight months, and do what you are told to do for two dollars a day and your keep, you can have the job." Rusty was thus engaged as a chainman which he described as the "lowest form of life in the party." The life was much to Rusty's liking as it involved mountaineering, canoeing, exploration and the handling of horses.

While engaged on this work Rusty joined the Territorial Army and received a commission. In 1914, at the outbreak of war, he transferred to the Canadian Regular Army so that he could go to Europe and was commissioned in the Canadian Royal Transport Company. He served in Belgium and France from 1915 to 1919, his pack-horse experience being of great value. It was during this period that, so the story goes, Horace became Rusty. A visiting high-ranking officer spotted a trace of rust on the equipment of one of the horses under Rusty's care and made suitable military comments. That evening, in the Officers' Mess, the C.O. ordered drinks for the twenty-eight officers present, adding "Rusty will pay!" Rusty was always delighted to tell this story or, indeed to tell any story against himself.

After 1919 Rusty continued to serve with the Canadian Army, naturally climbing and skiing when opportunity offered, or could be contrived. He leaves the rest of us filled with envy at the stories of these opportunities and especially of that wonderful institution — the annual camps of the Alpine Club of Canada, of which Club Rusty was a member.

In 1938 Rusty, after attending a Senior Officers' School in England, took a fortnight's holiday at Zermatt with Alexander Graven but bad weather limited climbing to the Untergabelhorn, Riffelhorn, Rimpfischhorn and a snowy Matterhorn. Back in Canada, as the 1939 war approached, his duty involved the organisation for the R.C.A.S.C. of an overseas Division. Having to cross the Rockies by train to Vancouver he took the precaution of travelling with boots and iceaxe and managed to break the journey to climb Mt. Victoria with Edward Feuz, a Swiss guide at Lake Louise. Just before the Division was due to sail Rusty was

excluded from overseas service by changes in regulations concerning age. However, Rusty's next appointment took him to Jasper and, although it was September, he managed to lead parties up Mt. Pyramid, Old Man Mt. and Mt. Wilcox. It would appear that these ascents were outside the strict line of duty as Rusty recollects cutting steps, on one occasion, for a following of one capt., one lieut., one R.S.M., one corp., one pte. and his batman. During the winter there were opportunities for skiing in the Caribou Range and Watch Tower Valley.

His next move was to the Yoho Valley with the requirement that he should arrive with a pack troop of horses, trained and organised to assist in Mountain warfare, starting from scratch. Rusty duly arrived in the Yoho Valley with 62 horses together with men and equipment and "rejoiced, as a mountaineer, at being in the Rocky Mountains again with opportunities to climb and also to work with horses and horsemen." From his camp Rusty climbed Mt. President, Mt. Marpole, Isolated Peak, Mt. Pinnacle and Mts. Whyte, Field and Keer. During this time he also climbed Mt. Balfour with Dr. I. A. & Mrs. Richards (Dorothy Pilley). On the return march from the Yoho Valley Rusty, together with his jeep driver and orderly corporal, climbed Mt. Athabasca. This ability to snatch an opportunity to do a little climbing and to encourage others to do the same always seems to have been one of Rusty's amiable characteristics.

In 1944 he was sent to open a Mountain Warfare School in the Coast Range but was taken ill on the train, and after undergoing a serious operation had to be placed on leave pending retirement from the service. During this period of leave he was invited to attend the annual camp of the A.C.C. and led The Mitre and climbed Mt. Temple. Afterwards, from Lake Louise, he climbed Mt. Collier and Mt. Louise with Eric Brooks (President of the A.C.C. and also A.C. member).

After being invalided out of the Canadian Army Rusty returned to the Lake District, but not to settle down. He began life anew at Keswick and filled the next period of over thirty years with fell walking, rock climbing, skiing and mountain rescue work, and even found time to write *Adventures in Climbing* (rev. F. & R. *Journal* 1964). He was always ready to give his time to introduce novices to rock climbing, always a welcome member of climbing parties made up from his large, and ever increasing, number of friends. He was equally active and helpful when skiing conditions occurred. He always appeared neatly clad — not for him the ragged or dirty appearance of many climbers. His unhurried effortless movements, whether walking, climbing or skiing, always in balance, were characteristic. He never attempted to force a rock climb but got up by what might be called peaceful persuasion, and herein is the explanation of his ability to climb with ease and enjoyment at an advanced age. A day out with Rusty was usually enlivened by his sense of humour, not infrequently involving "digs" at his companions or himself and by his unmalicious but apt comments on people or situations. On one occasion he was leading one of several ropes on Gillercombe Buttress when one of the climbers of a preceding rope found some difficulty on the severe pitch above the scratched arrow. She addressed the rock at some length, criticised the hand and foot holds, commented on climbing in general, and, finally, looking at the queue of waiting climbers said, "I hope you don't mind my talking while climbing," to which Rusty in a flash replied, "I wish you would climb while talking."

On his sixtieth birthday Rusty was one of a party of six climbers who, late one afternoon in April, went to the aid of Wilfred Noyce who lay at the foot of the Shark's Fin on Tophet Bastion on Great Gable with a fractured femur. The six, with inadequate equipment although fortunately they had the M.R. stretcher and rucksacks, hauled and carried the injured man to the top of the Napes and down Great Hell Gate to Wasdale during a stormy, snowy night. At that time, thirty-eight

years ago, there was little in the way of organised mountain rescue. Casualties were usually recovered by *ad hoc* parties of any climbers who happened to be about or by stretcher parties of farmers, quarrymen or local St. John Ambulance men who might not have mountaineering experience or equipment but who did magnificent work. The Noyce accident and the lack of organised, trained and suitably equipped rescuers caused Rusty much concern. Hearing that Jim Cameron had organised a Fell Rescue Team at Conistone Rusty decided to take action. He wrote to the *Lake District Herald* and, in reply, received the names of some three dozen volunteers, including a climbing doctor (Dr. Lyth of Keswick). This was the beginning of the Keswick Mountain Rescue Team of which Rusty became President. The team trained, practised regularly and raised funds to buy equipment. Other teams were formed on similar lines, and a panel, with Rusty as Chairman, to provide co-ordination, especially in searches which might involve several teams over a lengthy period. Everyone was delighted when Rusty was honoured with the award of O.B.E. for services to mountain rescue.

It is not possible to give a comprehensive account of Rusty's climbing and skiing activities, after his return to England, within the limits of an "in memoriam" notice and therefore a few characteristic examples will have to suffice. He was President of the F. & R.C.C. in 1950, elected to Honorary Membership of the Club in 1979 and also served as President of the Lake District Ski Club. For a large part of this period, as Rusty would put it, much good climbing time was wasted by the need for a number of serious surgical operations. In spite of this the years were profitably spent. In 1951 Rusty celebrated the Jubilee of his first ascent of Pillar by leading the classic North Climb, including the direct ascent of the Nose (which he had not led previously). In 1956, at the age of 70, he led Eagle's Nest Direct on Great Gable (a very severe climb). Five years later he led the New West Route on Pillar — a climb of special significance to Rusty as it had been pioneered by the Abraham Brothers and also because Rusty, along with others, had in 1938 accompanied Solly, then in his 80th year, on the 50th anniversary of his first ascent of Pillar. In 1966, aged 80, Rusty ascended Pillar again, this time choosing the easier original route but, nevertheless walking from and to Ennerdale. After this he began to make some concessions to his years, but was still to be seen on the fells or, in winter, skiing on the lower slopes of Saddleback above Threlkeld. After his 90th birthday he was still able to walk up Skiddaw without a single pause between Gale Road and the summit. On the way he passed a 4-year old, making his first ascent, at which Rusty remarked, "It just shows, anyone can reasonably expect to be active in the hills for at least 86 years!"

Rusty will long be remembered with gratitude and affection by the many whom he introduced to climbing, and by the large number of climbers who had the pleasure of climbing with him, for his genial company and demonstration of easeful climbing (*otium cum dignitate* might well have been his climbing motto), and also by those who, having suffered accidents or lost themselves, owe their present well-being or even life to the devoted work of Mountain Rescue Teams and to Rusty's inspiration and work in their origination.

It was most appropriate that representatives of the A.C., F. & R.C.C., Keswick and other Mountain Rescue Teams and the Cumbria Police, together with other friends were able to join Rusty's grandson, Dickon Westmorland who flew from Singapore, to pay their respects at the funeral service; and finally it was singularly fitting that the Keswick Team should pay their own last tribute to Rusty by carrying his ashes to the Westmorland Cairn on Great Gable.

J. R. Files

The Canadian Alpine Journal. Vol. 66, 1983; Vol. 67, 1984.

The Canadian journal is a must for any mountaineer who has a lust for the unexplored. There is an impressive range of articles, many of which report expeditions to relatively little-explored territory in the north of the continent. The club notes include instructions to contributors on the procedure for recording new geographical names. Altogether an exciting journal.

R. J. Moss

THE LIBRARY

June Parker

Information about the Library and its use has been completely revised for the new edition of the handbook (pp. 5 & 6). The Librarian now lives near Penrith (details p.3 of handbook) and will normally be at Lancaster only on the 1st and 3rd Friday of the month, but is always willing to be there at other times by previous arrangement if required.

Since the last issue of the Journal, the catalogue of the Abraham collection of glass negatives has been completed as a typescript in several copies which are available for loan from the Library at Lancaster (or for reference at the Abbot Hall in Kendal). In hand now is the production of illustrations to the catalogue, probably as transparencies.

Each year more and more mountaineering books are published and reviews of some of those recently received will be found in this Journal. All publishers supplying review copies are warmly thanked. They may like to know that these books do not become the personal property of the reviewer, but help to make the Club Library one of the foremost collections of mountaineering literature in the country, perhaps second only to the Alpine Club.

Two more rare books have been purchased from the money so kindly donated by Dorothy Pilley: these are Jonothan Otley's *A concise description of the English Lakes*, 4th ed., 1830, and William T. Kilgour's *Twenty Years on Ben Nevis*, 2nd ed., 1906.

Among gifts received are *Images de l'Himalaya*, an album of 40 photographs by Vittorio Sella, published in Paris in 1935, and *Mont Blanc to Everest* by Gaston Rebuffat, Thames and Hudson, 1956. Also two walking guides to the Canadian Rockies: *94 Hikes in the Canadian Rockies* by Dee Urbick and *Rocky Mountain Landmarks: a visitor's guide to Banff and Jasper Parks* by Rick Checkland. Many thanks to all donors.

Now that B.M.C. is to use *High* instead of *Climber and Rambler* the Library will be receiving the former (as well as continuing to take the latter). A back set of *High* would therefore be a welcome addition to Library stock and the Librarian would like to hear from any members who could offer any back numbers.

CORRECTIONS — JOURNAL NO. 68

Page 335. Under Lake District Amenities, penultimate line. For successful read unsuccessful.

Pages 339 and 388. Mrs. Garrod was secretary and treasurer of the London Section from 1943 to 1948. The dates have been verified in the London Section Minute Book (1926—1969) recently deposited in the Club Archives. M.F.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1983-84

President	H. Ironfield
Vice-presidents	F. Falkingham, J. Lane
Secretary	P. L. O'Neill
Assistant Secretary	R. Lyon
Treasurer	M. J. Westmorland
Assistant Treasurer	K. D. Andrews
Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
Chronicler	J. L. Sutcliffe
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, W. G. C. Lamb, D. Rhodes, C. J. Wright.
Elected Members of Committee	R. Atkins, Mrs. E. Clark, Mrs. F. Fearnley, R. D. Hamer, Mrs. R. Leather, P. Lord, Mrs. R. Lyon, W. Peascod, R. Precious, S. M. Porteus, Mrs. M. Shone, T. Sullivan.

Meets 1984

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 14/15	John Coates	Beetham Cottage
	Jan 22/26 inc.	Syd Clark	C.I.C. Hut, Ben Nevis
CD	Jan 28/29	Chris Wright	Salving House
	Feb 11/12	Ronnie & Dick De Cort	Raw Head
	Mar 3/4	Dan Hamer	Salving House
	Mar 10/11	Anne & Graham Townsend	Black Rock Cottage
C	April 7/8	Richard Hamer	Birkness
	April 20/23	Fiona & Dave De Courcy	Brackenclouse
	Easter		
	May 5/7 Bank Hol	John Hartley	North Wales (Joint Meet C.C.)
	May 5-12 Bank Hol	Hary Ironfield, May Pickles, Francis Falkingham	Dundonnell Hotel
M	May 19/20	Basil Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	May 26/3 June Bank Hol.	Peter Lord, Graham Willison	Glandena (Joint Meet M.A.M.)
	May 26/3 June Bank Hol.	Roy Precious	Kintail (Camping)
	June 9/10	Donald Murray	Brackenclouse (60th Anniversary of Gable Memorial)
M	June 16/17	George Lamb	Birkness
CD	June 23/24	Vice Presidents	Brackenclouse
D	July 7/8	John Wilkinson	Sun Hotel, Coniston
M	July 14/15	Chris Wright	Brackenclouse
	July 28/29	Dick Morgan	Rawhead
	Aug 11/12	Francis Falkingham	Beetham
	Aug 25/27 Bank Hol.	Bill Lounds	Pembroke (Camping)
C	Sept 8/9	Audrey & Jim Sutcliffe	Raw Head
	Sept 15/16	Reg Atkins	Beetham
M	Sept 22/23	Dave Rhodes	Rawhead
	Sept 29/30	June & Brian Cosby	High Moss Duddon Valley (Joint Meet R.C.)
M	Oct 6/7	Stuart Charlton	Salving House
	Oct 13/14	Dave Rhodes	Northumberland
	October 27/28	President	A.G.M. & Dinner
	Nov 10/11	Bill Eckersall	Brackenclouse
CD	Nov 17/18	Stephen Porteus	Salving House
	Dec 8/9	Nelson Clark	Birkness
	Dec 29/30	The President	New Year Meet

C = Committee Meeting D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

1984-85

President	D. G. Roberts
Vice-presidents	J. Lane, W. Peascod
Secretary	P. L. O'Neill
Assistant Secretary	R. Lyon
Treasurer	K. D. Andrews
Assistant Treasurer	J. R. Coates
Editor of Journal	A. G. Cram
Chronicler	J. L. Surcliffe
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	R. Atkins, B. A. Butcher, S. R. Charlton, W. G. C. Lamb, D. Rhodes.
Elected Members of Committee	Mrs. E. Clark, R. Kenyon, Mrs. R. Leather, P. Lord, Mrs. C. E. Lyon, S. M. Porteus, R. Precious, Miss M. Roberts, C. Shone, Mrs. M. Shone, T. Sullivan, P. Whillance.

Meets 1985

	<i>Date</i>	<i>Leader</i>	<i>Venue</i>
	Jan 12/13	Andrew Paul	Beetham Cottage
CD	Jan 26/27	Ron Kenyon	Salving House
	Feb 9/10	Ray Moss	Raw Head
	March 2/3	Joan and Ruth Moffat	Salving House
	March 9/10	Tim Pickles	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe
	March 24-28	Syd Clark	C.I.C. Hut Ben Nevis
	March 30/6 April	Harry Ironfield/Brian Cosby	Bookings only
	April 6/8	Pat and Ken Andrews	Trois Valleees France (Skiing)
	Easter		Brackenclose
C	April 20/21	June Parker	Birkness
M	April 27/28	Basil Butcher	Beetham Cottage
	May 4/6 Bank Hol	Brian Swales	North Wales Joint Meet C.C.
	May 4-11 Bank Hol	Margaret and John Wild	Loch Torridon Hotel
M	May 18/19	Reg. Atkins	Brackenclose
	May 25/27 Bank Hol	Margaret and John Loy	Brackenclose Joint Meet M.A.M.
	May 25/1 June	Jill Evans & Norma Precious	S. Cairngorms—Inverey (Camping)
M	June 8/9	George Lamb	Birkness
CD	June 22/23	Vice Presidents	Brackenclose
D	July 6/7	Frank Alcock & Ron Brotherton	Sun Hotel, Coniston
	July 27/28	Chris and Ron Lyon	Rawhead
	Aug 10/11	Roy Sumerling	Beetham
	Aug 24/25 Bank Hol	Stan Roberts & Colin Shone	North Wales (Camping)
C	Sept 7/8	Geoff Cram	Raw Head
M	Sept 21/22	David Rhodes	Raw Head
	Sept 28/29	Roy Precious & Ron Townsend	Derbyshire
M	Oct 5/6	Stuart Charlton	Salving House
	Oct 12/13	David Rhodes	Northumberland
	Nov 2/3	President	A.G.M. & Dinner
	Nov 9/10	Eric Ivison	Brackenclose
CD	Nov 23/24	Margaret Roberts	Salving House
	Dec 7/8	Richard Morgan	Birkness
	Dec 31	The President	New Year Meet

C = Committee Meeting D = Dinner M = Maintenance Meet