

Hillary Moffat (President 1986-1988)

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Edited by C.J. Wright



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In this my first Journal I must record my appreciation of the considerable help I have received from Geoff and Jean Cram, my predecessors, and also to my specialist assistants: Ron Kenyon for recent rock climbs and new developments; June Parker for book reviews and Margaret Roberts for obituary notices.

My thanks also to all contributors for their articles and photographs. I have been overwhelmed by the quantity and delighted by the quality of material submitted for publication and I write this before the typed words appear in print. My hope is that your efforts, and mine, have been justified. Finally I must thank Peter Hodgkiss, printer of the Journal, for his helpful advice and for changing his work programme to accommodate the revised publication date.

As always, the Club acknowledges its thanks to publishers, authors, kindred clubs and others for copies of their books, guides and journals for the Library. All publications received - and reviewed in the Journal - may be borrowed from the Club Library. Applications to the Librarian

Editor

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THE NAPES NEEDLE CENTENARY DINNER

Charles Pickles

At the Fell & Rock Climbing Club Centenary Dinner held at the Wasdale Head Inn on 28 June, 1986, with the President, David Roberts in the chair, Charles Pickles proposed the Toast of "The Fell & Rock Climbing Club" with a contemporary story of what happened on the Jubilee Ascent.

'Mr President, fellow Members, Ladies and Gentlemen - by which I do not mean to imply that fellow Members are not ladies and gentlemen.

"As you have heard from the President I was present here at Wasdale fifty years ago when Haskett Smith made his Jubilee Ascent of The Needle fifty years after he had been first to climb it - and that is why I am standing here now. There must be many others who were there - hands up those present this evening who were at the Jubilee Ascent - six hands I think, including one lady - can I have a volunteer from one of them to change places with me ?

"I feel that I am required to tell you of that time which was Easter, 1936 - April, not June. Haskett Smith arrived at the Wastwater Hotel (as it then was) on Good Friday, 10 April, having travelled north by car - I believe with Graham Wilson in a Clyno - a long tiring journey in those days with no motorways and the road over Birker Moor gated and largely without tarmacadam.

"Saturday was cold with signs of snow. A large party accompanied Haskett Smith by way of the High-level Route to Robinson's Cairn, up the slanting gangway and up Pillar Rock by the Slab & Notch Route, to be met by a blizzard. I can remember the following parties - Professor Chorley, Haskett Smith and Speaker; Graham Wilson, Miss Scott-Johnson and Mr Fox; Dr. Mabel Barker and myself; and Nancy Ridyard and Molly Whiting. Haskett Smith's party went down Pendlebury's Traverse, I think, and some of us descended by Central Jordan.

"On Sunday it was very cloudy and snowing at breakfast. A large party moved off with Haskett Smith by way of the Sty Head track, Kern Knotts and along the Traverse to The Needle. I had been detailed by Speaker to station myself at the rear and to discourage members of The Press from approaching too near to 'the man of the day' - I well remember one pressman in city shoes who found the paths unkind to his feet and who cursed loudly whilst crossing Great Hell Gate. The weather was fickle with a heavy snow shower which whitened the rocks as Haskett Smith's party entered Needle Gully, but the sun came out and the snow quickly melted. About three hundred people assembled on or about the Dress Circle. The Jubilee Ascent was led by Professor Chorley (as he then was) in boots, then Haskett Smith as middleman in rubber plimsolls and G.R. Speaker (usually known as The Sage) in scarpetti as third man. They ascended by the Wasdale Crack and Haskett Smith did not appear to have any great difficulty there. I could not see how he went on getting on to the mantleshelf but it did not seem long before he was coming round the corner and standing on the bracket and so to the summit, quickly

followed by Speaker. The gathered throng had watched the climb in silence but cheered lustily when Haskett Smith made the top.

"When all were safely belayed Professor Chorley addressed the assembled company, paying tribute to Haskett Smith as 'the father of modern rock-climbing - whose pioneering ascent of that pinnacle was the beginning of the sport in Britain' and commenting that 'most of the British climbers at that moment crossing Tibet for an attempt on Everest had been trained on rocks like this at home'. Haskett Smith expressed his thanks to those who had accompanied him and his delight at being able to repeat his climb of fifty years ago and commented that the main difficulty on the first ascent had been that all the cracks were jammed with stones flush with the surrounding surfaces and covered with earth and grass.

"Haskett Smith had a reputation as a raconteur and someone from the crowd called out "Tell us a story" and he quipped the reply "There is no other story - this is the top storey." He also proved himself a prophet of the future as he said "I do not think I will be able to repeat the climb in fifty years time." The assembled crowd then sang "He's a jolly good fellow". The party descended in the usual reverse order, but by the arête. The ascent, speeches and descent took about an hour. As the party broke up the inevitable happened and a stone fall in Needle Gully hit a young lady on the head but she was not seriously injured - but it was a prelude to later events.

"I then climbed The Needle with Mr and Mrs Standring and returned down Gavel Neese with Speaker's party for tea at the hotel. Half way through tea Chorley called for a party of eight to take the stretcher and First Aid sacks up to the Napes on an accident call-out - no Mountain Rescue Teams in those days. I put on my boots again and set off to Gavel Neese with a Mr Johnson and the man who had brought news of the accident and carrying the stretcher: it was then about 5.45pm. Chorley passed us on Gavel Neese carrying one of the First Aid rucksacks. A descending party of three met us just below Moses Finger and took over the carry for a while and we then alternated along the track to Great Hell Gate, reaching the injured man, John Murray, about 7.30pm. It seemed his party had climbed Tophet Bastion and all unroped. On the descent Murray had either had some difficulty on a short slab of rock or had slipped on steep grass and had fallen on to the scree and rolled down. He had been bandaged by the time we arrived and was being nursed by Dr. Barker in an effort to keep him warm. We set off with him on the stretcher at about 8pm by Kern Knotts and the Sty Head track down to the Wastwater Hotel, arriving there about 11pm. The doctor examined him and he left by ambulance about 11.30pm for Whitehaven Hospital, but he died on the Tuesday after a leg amputation. Here a note for our host, Mr Hammond. A full dinner was soon prepared at the hotel for the rescue party, during which Chorley offered to propose me for membership of this Club. So I have every reason to remember that day with joy - and sadness - and gratitude.

"Next day, Monday, the weather was bad with low clouds, snow and sleet. After

a morning visit to the Y Boulder in Mosedale we returned in time to join the party to Brackenclose Wood where Haskett Smith performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod for the Club Hut to be built there. The next day the weather was even worse with continuous rain and after an abortive journey into Hollow Stones parties left for home.

“May I end by quoting some words of Geoffrey Winthrop Young:

“It was the unique appearance of the Matterhorn and the tragedy of the first ascent in 1865 which extended mountaineering and acknowledged it as a sport to the whole world. Similarly, it was the drama of Haskett Smith’s discovery and also ascent of the fantastically shaped Needle pinnacle in 1886 which, when published and illustrated in a magazine in 1890, gave public recognition for rock-climbing and launched it as an established sport.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink the toast of The Fell & Rock Climbing Club.”

A Pride of Presidents

C.P. Pickles (1976-78), J Wilkinson (1970-72),

D.G. Roberts (1984-86) and P Moffat (1980-82).

Photograph by Stephen M Porteus



AN IMPORTANT WEEKEND

A. Harry Griffin

The two most significant decisions taken at the 1986 Annual General Meeting were the election of the first lady President in the history of the Club - the esteemed and energetic Hilary Moffat, just four years after husband Peter had laid down the reins - and a positive commitment, against considerable opposition, to go ahead with the suggested Scottish hut.

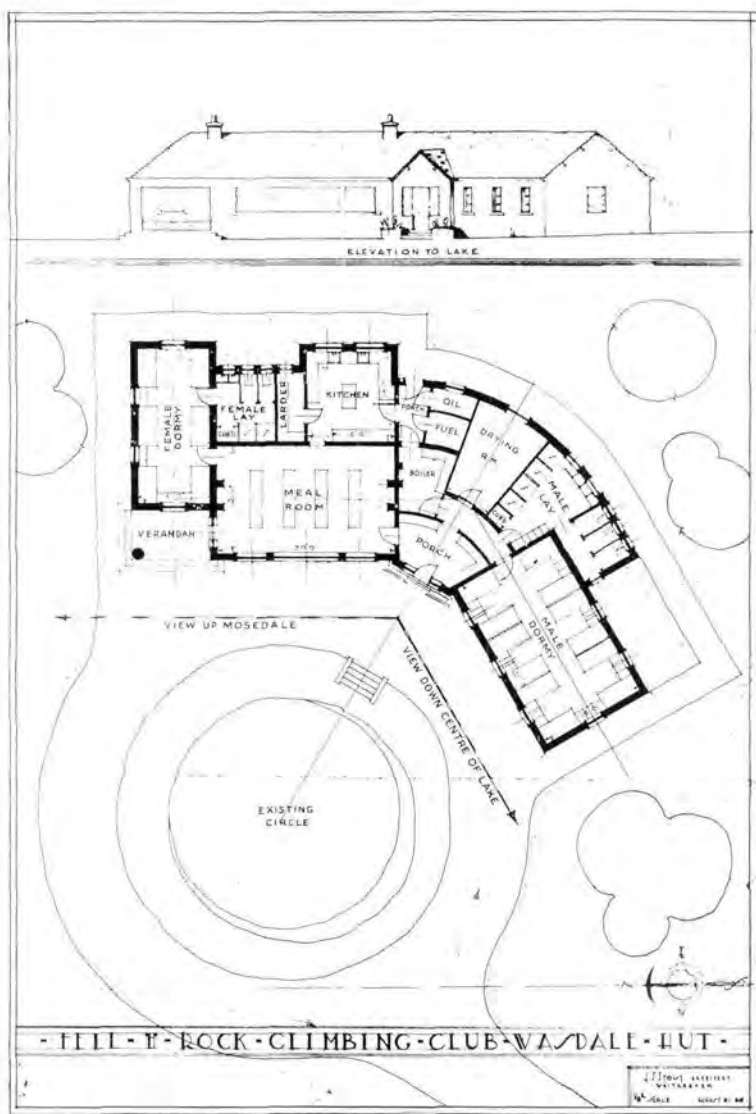
Hilary, who, it was rightly stated, had given an enormous amount of service to the Club confessed herself "quite overwhelmed" at the honour but promised to try not to let us down in any way, which seems most unlikely. The Scottish hut decision was not nearly so popular, seventy-five members voting for a rather vague motion which seemed to leave the Committee with a mandate to go and "perhaps have a hut in Glencoe by next year", in the words of the President, David Roberts, but fifty-four voting against and several abstentions. This lack of unanimity within the Club may continue to provide worries for the Committee.

It was Bill Kendrick, in his capacity as one of the three trustees of Club funds, who started the ball rolling, querying whether the Club could really afford a Scottish hut, going through the balance sheet with a fine tooth-comb and arguing that it was degrading to go to the government for a handout - a Sports Council grant. Other members, including Francis Falkingham who believed there was "a lot of opposition in the Club" to the idea, expressed doubts or uncertainties, but the President, the self-styled "mad axe-man of the Fell and Rock", who handled a rather difficult meeting with some aplomb, though that the Club should "step into the future". The annual subscription, unchanged for six years, was increased by £3.00 and the Committee - once again - were invited to look into the production of a members-only Club tie. This, of course, gave Stella Berkeley the welcome opportunity to enquire of the meeting upon what article of lady's clothing it would like to see the Club emblem emblazoned since she, for one, did not intend to wear a tie or even a scarf.

It was a bright, bracing weekend for the Dinner Meet, with new snow on the fells, and a fair ration of climbs and walks, mostly within easy distance of the hotel, was collected. The dinner itself was the last to be organised by Bill Comstive and, we learned, probably the last to be enjoyed by the Club at the Royal Oak and the end of a very long and, mostly, happy association. The principal guest at the Dinner was Dr. Charles Clarke of Everest and other places whose funny story about sexual perversions for the hard of hearing I jotted down for the regalement of my Rotary Club but which, in a family journal, I can hardly repeat here. He was mildly critical of the Alpine Club, Himalayan Club, Alpine Climbing Group and other bodies but kindly to us - "an incredibly warm, family club, dedicated to climbing." David Roberts, whose Presidency had coincided, more or less, with the centenary of rock

climbing in the district, felt obliged to defend himself in a charge of splitting the Club (over the Scottish hut) but argued that discussion and disagreement must be the signs of a healthy club. Next year, he said, would be the Jubilee of the opening of Brackenclouse when the then-President had dedicated the Hut to the youth of the Club. They had to go on seeking further horizons and broadening the scope of the Club — for the youth of the future. He congratulated our incoming first lady President on making Club history, spoke of the recent deaths of two most distinguished lady members, Lady Katherine Chorley and Dorothy Pilley (Mrs I Armstrong Richards) and reported that our oldest member, J. B. Meldrum, aged 101, was beginning to think he now needed a wife to drive him round.

On the Sunday Dr. Charles Clarke entertained us with a lecture, illustrated by fine colour slides, on "Everest and Medicine - the 1982 Everest Expedition" but, before that, as the last pleasant duty of an important and active Presidency, David Roberts and a distinguished party, including the principal guest and the secretary of the Alpine Club, completed the ascent of Troutdale Pinnacle (Ordinary Route) in fairly good order. And so ended a most successful weekend, spiced with healthy controversy, blessed with bracing weather, good food and fellowship and made especially notable by our likely Scottish venture and by the chosen presence at the helm for the next two years of a busy Cumbrian housewife and climber.



Brackenclouse: The Original Plan by J.S. Stout
 Published in the Circular, 14 September, 1935.

BRACKENCLOSE: THE BEGINNINGS

A.B. Hargreaves

I think it would be generally agreed that the setting up of Brackenclose was a most important event in the Club's history for it greatly changed the nature of the Club and enormously enhanced the opportunities for the young climbers, of whom we were running short at the time the scheme was conceived, and it led, step by step, to the establishment of our other Club huts, which in turn accelerated changes in the nature of the Club, leading to increased membership and enhanced the prestige and influence of the Club in the climbing world.

A great many people did great work of various kinds in getting our Club this splendid hut - the Officers and Committee at the time the idea was mooted: the Sub-committee that was asked to investigate possibilities in Wasdale; the purchase of the site; getting the scheme approved in principle at the 1935 Annual General Meeting, subject to a Referendum: consideration of the first plan from the architect and asking him to prepare something different; getting in tenders and estimates and considering how best to finance the scheme; issuing a 'prospectus' to members, asking for loans, etc; appointment of a new Sub-Committee to engage building and joinery contractors and to supervise and follow through the construction. This Sub-Committee had also to plan the internal arrangements and get in the furniture and equipment. Finally, they had to decide who should best be the warden of the hut ... It was a great enterprise which took about four years to complete.

Of all the people concerned in this there is no doubt in my mind that the most important contribution came from W.G. Milligan, our President from 1933 to 1935, for it was he who secured that superb site, got the scheme approved, and got started. The finding and purchase of the site was a lengthy and difficult job which I will describe later, but first a note about W.G. Milligan. He was a Barrow-in-Furness man, and an active member of that band of Barrovians who did so much for climbing in the Lake District in the years following the Great War. These included George Basterfield, George Bower, Bert Gross and J.R. Tyson. W.G. (generally known as 'Gibby') had been a member since before the War, in which he served. He was much involved, along with Wilson Butler of Broughton-in-Furness, in the gifting of the high land around Wasdale Head to the National Trust by way of a War Memorial and when that operation had been successfully concluded and Wilson Butler wanted to retire as Honorary Treasurer of the Club Milligan succeeded him and thereafter had great influence on Club affairs. He was the Managing Director of a family-owned business centred in Barrow-in-Furness which had laundry and dry-cleaning business in that area, and also in Whitehaven, Workington, Carlisle, Kendal and Ingleton. He was a very able and enterprising businessman, with great determination, and when he knew that he was to be

nominated for election as our President, in 1933, he approached the appointment with enthusiasm, intent on making a good mark in the Club's development.

At a dinner in the Wastwater Hotel on 13 September, 1958, to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the opening of Brackenclose, Milligan made a speech, of which a draft has survived, and I am going to quote from this:

"... The Club ... had become rather a comfortable collection of oldish people, holding their Meets in hotels and valley-head farmhouses ... and, but for a small number of active climbers, did not do much climbing. In fact, it was quite different from what it was when I first joined. Before I undertook the Presidency I made it clear that my policy would be to make some radical changes. At this time the hotels and farmhouses were the only accommodation available in the valley-heads, except for Langdale, where the Wayfarers had recently set up a hut, and in Wasdale, especially, this accommodation was not quite right for young climbers, mainly because of its high cost."

Obviously, something had to be done to change the situation so that a vitally necessary intake of young climbers could be encouraged.

In 1929 W.G. recruited to join him on the practical side at Lakeland Laundries a young F.R.C.C. member, Bill Clegg, who had been at Barrow Grammar School and was a graduate of Manchester University. At a later stage he took in another member-climber from Barrow-in-Furness, Geoff Barker, but before then got me in to join his team, being a newly-fledged chartered accountant, to take over as Company Secretary and Accountant to the rapidly growing Lakeland Laundries group. That was in 1931. About that time, too, there was living in Barrow-in-Furness, one A.T. Hargreaves (no relation to A.B. !) who was a great friend of Clegg and Barker and, as our Club history shows, was a great rock climber, having already made first ascents in the Lake District and some in Scotland. So, there we all were - climbing frequently together, often with Milligan himself.

Now, it was in Liverpool that I served my time as an articled clerk, and whilst I was there I joined the Wayfarers and the Climbers Club, both in 1927, and began climbing in Wales, often using the Climber's Club hut, Helyg. It was not long after I came to Barrow-in-Furness that I was able to persuade Clegg and A.T. to come climbing with me in Wales, this being at a time when Fell & Rock members did not often venture into Wales, and that, of course, meant staying at Helyg. My Barrow friends then quickly appreciated the great advantages to young climbers of having hut accommodation in the mountains. Also during my time in Liverpool I had become very much involved with the Wayfarers in the setting up of the Robertson Lamb hut in Langdale; indeed I was, for the first year of that hut, its Warden. It followed from all this that by the time W.G. Milligan had agreed to take on the Presidency of the Fell & Rock there was already around him a nucleus of actively climbing members, knowledgeable about huts and we were soon able to enthuse him with the idea that the Fell & Rock should have a hut, preferably in Wasdale. In the words of W.G.:

“This project was conceived in a boat - a rowing boat on Lake Windermere in June, 1933, and those concerned in the conception were A.B. Hargreaves, A.T. Hargreaves, Bill Clegg and myself.”

Of course, there had been talk, but just vague talk before then, amongst other members of the Club, about a hut somewhere in the Lake District, but it was not until Milligan, as President-elect, took up the idea with enthusiasm and things began to move. A month or two after the gathering of those four men in a boat Milligan had a meeting with H.M. Kelly, then one of the Club's V.I.P.'s because of his climbing and guidebook writing, and Milligan was able to communicate to Kelly his idea that the Club should have a hut, with which Kelly agreed. When Milligan chaired his first meeting of a General Committee on 4 November, 1933, he mooted this idea as the main item for discussion, asking each one present to express views and it was then proposed by H.M. Kelly, and agreed, that a Sub-Committee be set up to investigate the possibilities, consisting of A.B. Hargreaves, A.T. Hargreaves, Bill Clegg and Milligan.

The Sub-Committee first considered which would be the best valley head in which to have the hut and very quickly decided in favour of Wasdale. The next question was whether it should be a conversion of an existing building (as was done by the Wayfarers in Langdale) or to purchase a site and put up a new building. We concluded that a conversion would be preferable, if a suitable building could be found which was likely to be available. There was sure to be opposition both from within and outside the Club to a new hut building in the valley-head, so we decided to have a good look around. We thought it would be unwise to make any formal enquiries because that would alert the local residents to what had in mind. At that time the Wasdale Head Inn, Rowhead, Middle Row, Burnthwaite, Wasdale Head Hall and Bowderdale were substantially involved in providing accommodation for visitors. Indeed members of the Fell & Rock were amongst their best customers so they might be expected not to take kindly to the idea of the Club establishing its own accommodation in Wasdale Head. This thinking particularly applied to the owner of the Inn (J.R. Whiting), who was himself a member of the Club, and seemed to regard himself as having a sort of proprietorial interest in the Club as his place had, for so long, been the main centre of climbing in the Lake District. We looked at the School, the Vicarage and a few disused barns, and in particular at Down in th' Dale, which was an obvious possibility, but we soon arrived at the conclusion that there was no possibility of finding an existing building suitable for conversion in this valley-head.

The investigation and its conclusion took quite a long time and then we started looking around for suitable sites on which to build - from the vicinity of Bowderdale northwards to the vicinity of Burnthwaite. Nothing feasible. Then we came upon Brackenclose Wood and concluded that this was it: all this was, of course, reported to Milligan so that he knew what we were going to report to the full Committee in due course.

On 31 March, 1934, I reported on behalf of the Sub-Committee to the main Committee that Wasdale was the best place, but no existing building was suitable for conversion; so there would have to be a new building. It would be difficult to get a suitable site. A professional person would be needed to assist. Authority was given to the Sub-Committee to employ a professional person at a remuneration as negotiator.

At this meeting there was, however, a demur about putting up a new building at Wasdale and it was clear that there might be an opposition to the idea, especially from a small minority who were not convinced that the Club should have a hut anyway.

Now at that time Lakeland Laundries were making considerable use of the architectural services of one J.S. Stout of Whitehaven, who was a very well known professional man in that area, and Milligan thought it would be a good idea to approach him for assistance in finding out who owned the Brackenclose Wood and whether it could be bought and on what terms. All this was done. Mr. Stout was able very soon to tell us to make an approach to the owner's agent, who was located in Cockermouth Castle. We also authorised him to do a sketch plan of the sort of building he thought might be suitable for our purposes, in case Lord Leconfield's agent wanted to know what we thought of doing with the site. The answer given to Mr. Stout by the agent was that Lord Leconfield was not at all anxious to dispose of any of his land in Wasdale but he would be prepared to consider recommending letting us have Brackenclose Wood if he was satisfied that we (the Club) were a respectable, responsible body of people who would be likely not to do anything with the site that would adversely affect the environment of Wasdale Head and, having been given these assurances by Mr. Stout, he said that the Leconfield Estates would be prepared to consider a sale, subject to reasonable conditions.

All these proceedings took time - many months - and meanwhile something of a 'red herring' came across our path, in Milligan's words at the 1935 Dinner:

"I don't remember just how it happened, but in the course of our preparations for making the vital move towards Lord Leconfield, we somehow found ourselves in discussion with various eminent gentlemen...and those eminent gentlemen, whilst thoroughly approving the site, felt that it was too good for the likes of us, the Fell & Rock, and wanted to have it for another purpose altogether, which was the building of a Youth Hostel, or at least, to share the site with us: the Club hut on the one hand and a Youth Hostel ten yards away. You can imagine what a fluttering in the dovescotes, or shall we say the tiger's cages, that created".

The eminent gentlemen were Professor Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Head of Architecture at Liverpool University and Mr Kenneth Spence of the Youth Hostels Association.

On 25 March, 1935, the Sub-Committee reported to the main Committee that Brackenclose would be an ideal site. It was suggested by certain members that Professor Abercrombie should be invited to make an approach to Lord Leconfield but it was found that he had already agreed to speak for the Y.H.A. who also wanted

the site, and would only speak for us if we agreed to share the site.

All this set alarm bells ringing in the minds of Milligan and the Sub-Committee who realised that other bodies were interested in the Brackenclose site and were probably aware that it might be available to purchase from Lord Leconfield. So Milligan and his associates decided to nip in and get the site if we could, and we instructed Mr. Stout to proceed forthwith to negotiate with Lord Leconfield's agent. In due course terms were agreed and a contract was made. But for this decisive action there might well not have been a Fell & Rock hut at Brackenclose. All this was without reference to the main Committee. On 8 June, 1935, there was a meeting of the main Committee at Thornythwaite Farm, Borrowdale, at which Milligan reported that he had secured the Brackenclose site, though making it clear that the club was not obliged to take over his contract if they did not want to. There was immediate uproar in the Committee. Milligan was accused of committing the Club without authority to a hut building scheme before referring to Club membership for approval, etc. Milligan's action was so much disapproved of by some members of the Committee that one of them, Graham Wilson, the Honorary Secretary, resigned from that office by way of protest against Milligan's "high-handed action". This was an important defection because Wilson was also a Vice President, though later on when the Brackenclose scheme had been got going he became one of its most enthusiastic supporters. However, the following resolution was passed: "That the President's action in connection with the Club Hut be approved. Sub-Committee to consider circular to Member...Financial assistance not to be sought from other clubs."

Another decision at the meeting was to appoint me as temporary acting Honorary Secretary in view of Graham Wilson's resignation, so as to keep the job going until a suitable successor could be found (Norman Boothroyd). It was this which brought George Basterfield, that other notable Barrow business owner/climber, to make his celebrated quip "Ah, yes, let the Laundry do it all" (This being a sales slogan in use at the time by Lakeland Laundries). This caused a wave of laughter, and reduced the tension.

On 31 August, 1935 the Y.H.A. proposal was definitely rejected.

On 14 September, 1935, a document was issued to the club membership being in the nature of a 'prospectus' message from the President about the scheme, with a Heaton Cooper sketch plan of the building and a message from me, as Club Treasurer, asking for promises of donations and loans and also asking for expressions of opinion for or against the scheme to be submitted to me for consideration at the A.G.M. in October.

I issued a further circular on 2 October, 1935, reporting an encouraging response to the 'prospectus' but urging all members who had not so far responded to do so immediately, so that when it came to the General Meeting a full report could be made.

On 19 October, 1935, the Annual General Meeting was held at the Old England

Hotel, Bowness-on-Windermere. We were privileged to have that meeting, and the following Dinner, at that prestigious establishment because of Milligan's friendly business relationship with the proprietor, Mr. Roger Bowness who, at the time, was the doyen of Lake District hoteliers.

To quote further from Milligan's speech at the 21st Anniversary gathering:-

"I should think that the General Meeting we had on 19 October, 1935, was the most exciting and controversial in the whole history of the Club. At the time we were all deadly serious but looking back on it it was really good fun. What I of course wanted to do was to get the scheme approved 'in toto' and I damn nearly did, but the opposition was too strong for me. They let me get away with resolutions to the effect that a Club hut should be established, and that the Brackenclose site should be purchased, but they got one passed to the effect that there should be no contribution towards the cost out of the Club funds, except so far as the purchase of the land was concerned, and that the cost of the scheme should be limited to the amount given and lent by members. I didn't mind that - that was quite sensible - but then the blighters got this in on me "That the members of the Club shall be circulated to ascertain their preference as to whether the Club Hut should be erected at Wasdale Head or in one of the other valleys." So I had to finish my Presidency with the scheme I had been pushing from the very start dangling in suspense."

R.S.T. Chorley began his Presidency at the A.G.M. on 19 October, 1935, and at the first meeting of the Committee on 9 November I was empowered to purchase the Brackenclose land on behalf of the Club. The purchase price was £150. The Committee decided to appoint a new Sub-Committee to get on with the project, and in particular to negotiate with the architect about modifications to his plan and to authorise him to get tenders for work, which it was thought might cost about £1200 - a figure which was covered by the promises of donations and loans from the members. During the autumn a Referendum was issued to all members in accordance with the resolution of the A.G.M.

At Committee on 29 December, 1935, I reported, as Treasurer, fully on the results of the Referendum, showing a two-thirds majority in favour of the scheme.

So, after some two and a half years of discussion, argument, negotiation and consultations with membership, we had at last got the 'green light' to go ahead. It was gratifying to realise that many of the members (including Committee members) who were at first opposed to the scheme were in favour of it and indeed enthusiastically wanting it to proceed as soon as possible.

The main Committee decided in order to relieve me, as the Club Treasurer, of the considerable work in controlling all payments for the building work, etc., and getting in the money promised by members, that H.M. Kelly be appointed Hut Treasurer. Now although Milligan, Clegg and myself were still members of the Hut Sub-Committee the period of 'letting the Laundry do it all' was over and we were unable to help very much with the completion of the project, as during 1936 and 1937 we were extremely busy with major developments of the Lakeland Laundries Group at Barrow and elsewhere and had little time to spare for Club affairs. The story of the negotiations with the architect about a more acceptable design, the getting of tenders and the supervision of the work, and then the fitting



Cutting the First Sod at Brackenclose,
13 April, 1936

Photograph by Charles Pickles

Professor R.S.T. Chorley (later Lord Chorley) (President), Graham Wilson (Vice President), Dr Mabel M. Barker (first woman to ascend C.B.), Nancy E.G. Ridyard, G.R. Speaker, Ernest Wood-Johnson, W.P. Haskett Smith (in rain cape), probably Edgar C. Pollit (head only showing), Lawrence H. Pollit, C.J. Astley Cooper (head only showing), Molly R. FitzGibbon (back to camera) (Librarian 1935-66)

out of the hut has been told elsewhere. But of all the people who worked on this I think it would be fair to say that A.T. Hargreaves was the moving force, and it was most appropriate that when all was done he was appointed as the hut's first warden - a job of which he made a great success. His death in a ski-ing accident, when he was still in his prime as a climber and otherwise, was one of the Club's greatest losses. What a pity it was that he was missing from the 21st Anniversary gathering, at which suitable tribute was paid to him by H.M. Kelly. A.T. Hargreaves would have made a splendid President had he survived.

In conclusion, I will go back to the beginning of this article and repeat that, but for the determined action of W.G. Milligan in purchasing the Brackenclose site, we would not now have this magnificent hut.



Some of the Brackenclose helpers, 1937
Sid Cross, Ruth Hargreaves, Jammy Cross,
Evelyn Pirie, A.T. Hargreaves and Frank Heap

*Photograph by Helen Bryan from
the Sid Cross Collection*

BRACKENCLOSE, 1937

S.H. and A.M. Cross

"You have pinched my camp site" was the remark that I made to A.T. Hargreaves when he showed me the site chosen for Brackenclose - so I joined the Club.

There came a day when the building was finished; then it seemed that the order of the day was not so much climbing as getting the hut ready for the opening. It was a very happy working party: we took our orders from H.M. Kelly, A.T.H. and Ernie Wood-Johnson. Whoever came into the hut, even for the odd hour, was given a job to do. A.T.H. soon got a reputation for pushing a sweeping brush into the hand of anyone who stood idle. Ernie Wood-Johnson spent his entire holiday working; he was joined by his father, a very able man, who in the evenings entertained us with his country tales: a marvellous picture as he sat smoking his churchwarden pipe.

One of our tasks was to build the steps leading to the hut which have only recently been rebuilt.

It was a very hectic Sunday when Frank Heap, who was in charge of catering for our party, came in from the larder to announce that a large dog had eaten the cold chicken and goodies he had brought from Blackpool for our lunch. Sufficient to say that A.T.H. blew his top; hence the reason for the hut rule: No Dogs Allowed.

We attended the A.G.M. at the Hydro on 2 October 1937 then motored round to the hut to make the final arrangements for the opening on the 3rd. With great difficulty we had tapped a barrel of beer the previous week. A fine day dawned and soon people began to arrive, some by car but lots walking from Borrowdale, Eskdale and Langdale. Kelly was very busy with his collecting box. We were the kitchen staff. Primus stoves at the ready, boiler on the large primus with its four burners, known as the Flames of Hell. Tea pots, mugs and large fruit cakes (square and easy to cut) were waiting. We were also able to offer tea or beer and fruit cake on the house.

Words taken from Mrs Chorley's speech prior to unlocking the door of Brackenclose: "This represents far more than the physical access to a private hut, it represents access to the fells and crags." How true these words proved to be. We found that we were cycling from Kendal after work on Friday, walking over to Brackenclose, able to climb Pillar on Saturday and Scafell on the way back to Langdale on Sunday.

At the 1986 Dinner the President proposed a toast to our young member hut users. I would have liked to couple this with a toast to those old members who made Brackenclose possible, providing finance through loans and gifts, independent of any outside help.

BRACKENCLOSE MEMORIES. 1947-48.

Des Birch

Some memorable moments from a holiday at Brackenclose in April, 1948.

2 April: Walked from Brackenclose to Keswick. Boots were being re-nailed by Robinson of Keswick. Clinkers throughout. Collected boots, bus back to Seatoller, walked to Brackenclose.

3 April: A good day on the crags. 'C' Gully, The Screes. Arthur Dolphin, John Cook and Des Birch. Pitch 9. Me leading back into water slide. Sitting in water slide awaiting Arthur, but uncomfortable owing to weight of water behind. As Arthur ascended overhang I released pressure and accumulation of water drenched Arthur and removed him from the overhang. Arthur, with much laughter, ascended.

Arthur, John Cook and myself were very wet and on arriving at the bridge over the Irt with one accord we all jumped into the river. We emerged, but John had lost his spectacles. One naked and two fully clothed people were diving into the pool when a 'normal' party crossed the bridge. We found the spectacles and carried on towards Brackenclose, but Arthur was suffering. During the ascent of 'C' Gully he was wearing a pair of waterproof trousers tied at the waist with cord and the knot had shrunk to become untieable. It was a long way to Brackenclose and Arthur, rather a prude, held pride to the end, i.e. about halfway up the lake when, with a scream, he gave way to twelve hours of Nature.

7 April: Walked with Bob Holmes (now Professor of Anatomy at Leeds University) to climb on Dow Crag. Bob fell off Murray's Direct, so we walked down to Coniston, for tea at the Black Bull. After tea we walked back to Brackenclose. It took four hours there and four hours back, but it was a grand and memorable day.

Other Memories.

4 August, 1947: From the luncheon boulder Joe and I were watching Arthur laybacking the Flake Crack in boots (nailed) when the impossible happened: Arthur had fallen off! I rushed (ran!) up and brought Arthur down from the Oval (unhurt really, except in pride!)

The roller

For many years this was the entertainment, and I remember one young lady who could roll and remove clothing to bra and pants whilst rolling.

The Four-Burner Primus

A non-member who shall be nameless sold cups of tea for a whole week to walkers going over Burmoor, using this apparatus!

The Daley Rope

Used by me (aged 16) because I had no rope, and by others. If my memory serves me correctly, it was 100 feet of Alpine line.

The Ellis-Carr Ice-axe.

Used by me on many occasions, including a superb ascent of Moss Ghyll.

BRACKENCLOSE 1933-1986

Muriel Files

At the Dinner held at the Wastwater Hotel (as it was then called) on 13 September, 1958, to celebrate the opening of Brackenclose twenty-one years before, H.M. Kelly and W.G. Milligan gave their personal accounts of the origins of our first Club Hut. Harry Griffin faithfully reported them in the 1959 *Journal*, skilfully accomplishing the difficult task of recording two after-dinner speeches which emphasised different aspects of the beginnings of the project. Some of the recollections of the long-ago happenings are vague as to the time sequence - not surprising after a lapse of more than twenty years - but the correct order of the events can now be followed in A.B.H.'s 'Brackenclose - The Beginnings' in this *Journal*. Here he gives in great detail, with reference to the Committee minutes as well as to W.G. Milligan's speech, his recollections of the early days of the enterprise, starting with the discussions of the 'four men in a boat' (A. T. Hargreaves, A.B. Hargreaves, W. Clegg and W.G. Milligan) on Windermere in June 1933.

The story continues with Milligan's first historic Committee meeting as President on 4 November, 1933. It was proposed by H.M. Kelly and seconded by Dr. M.M. Barker that the 'four men in a boat' become a Sub-Committee entrusted with investigating the possibilities of a Club Hut. There followed the 'dreadful red herring'⁽¹⁾ of the Youth Hostels Association's designs on the Brackenclose site.

The minutes of the historic Committee meeting of 8 June 1935,⁽²⁾ do not mention that Milligan had bought the Brackenclose site and that his action caused a 'hullabaloo'. He told us at the Anniversary Dinner what he had done; if the Club didn't want to buy it he intended to present it as a camping site. In view of the reticence of the minutes it is most interesting to have A.B.'s corroboration of what actually happened. A.B.H. describes the 1935 A.G.M. in Milligan's words which give a more colourful impression of the atmosphere of the meeting than the sober words of the minute book. At the A.G.M. in the Old England Hotel, Windermere, on 19 October, 1935, the idea of a Club hut and choice of site were approved, with the proviso that Club funds were to be used only for the land: the buildings and its equipment were to be paid for by gifts and loans from members. There was no formal resolution about the plans, but it was suggested that there would be more support for a scheme on a smaller scale.

⁽¹⁾ Milligan, in his speech at the Anniversary Dinner, 13 September, 1958.

⁽²⁾ 8 June 1935. A Sub-Committee was appointed consisting of Mrs Bryan, Bill Clegg, F. Lawson Cook, W. Heaton Cooper, A.B. Hargreaves, A.T. Hargreaves, H.M. Kelly, W.G. Milligan, Mrs Eden-Smith and G.R. Speaker.

At its first meeting on 9 November, 1935, the new Committee appointed a Sub-Committee⁴³ "to interview experts and report to the General Committee". A.B.H. ends his recollections of the beginnings of Brackenclose with the Committee meetings of 29 December, 1935, when he reported his analysis of the response to the "Referendum"⁴⁴ required by the 1935 A.G.M. The analysis⁴⁵ was sufficiently encouraging to enable the Sub-Committee to proceed with negotiations with the architect for a £1200 building and on 9 February, 1936, A.T. Hargreaves reported that a new design had been prepared with accommodation for 18 men and 9 women.⁴⁶

The Committee approved the new plan in general and the Sub-Committee of 9 November, 1935, was re-appointed to go into the matter of tenders on the understanding that £1500 for the building, water supply, drainage, fencing and architect's fees would not be exceeded. It was also agreed that before the plan was fully adopted it should be approved by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England (as it was then called.). At this meeting Ernie Wood Johnson, who was later to give much practical help, was appointed to the Sub-Committee.

A new circular (which included a sketch by Heaton Cooper of the hut as we know it) was to be sent out as soon as the report of the C.P.R.E. arrived. This seems to have been late in April 1936. The circular announced that a smaller scheme would be carried out in compliance with the wishes of the 1935 A.G.M. The contract would be placed as soon as possible, but the sums already promised would cover the fabric only. Furnishings were not included so members were asked to send contributions as soon as possible.

⁴³ T.R. Burnett, F. Lawson Cook, A.T. Hargreaves, H.M. Kelly and W.G. Milligan. It was re-appointed on 9 February, 1936.

⁴⁴ A copy in the archives is dated in pencil 6 December, 1935.

Replies received to Questionnaire	303
Favourable	213
Neutral (but would endorse majority)	12
	<hr/> 225
For some other valley	29
Against any hut	26
Against any hut in Wasdale	8
Against any new building	15
	<hr/> 78
Majority in favour	78
	<hr/> 147

⁴⁵ The original design was for a £3000 building described by Milligan (*Journal* No.53) as a 'crescent-shaped affair with verandahs and what-not.' It had accommodation for 40 men and 20 women. A 'Prospectus' (undated, but issued on 14 September, 1935) is a handsome 8 page one with a cover sketch of the site by Heaton Cooper and a fold-out plan and elevation of Stout's design. W.T. Palmer wrote an article about it in *The Times* of 12 September, 1935, and the archives also have a contemporary press-cutting from *The*

The first sod had already been cut by Graham Wilson on 13 April in the presence of Haskett Smith and other prominent members the day after he made his Jubilee ascent of the Needle.

In May H.M. Kelly had agreed to become Hut Treasurer. He had been involved in the hut since late 1933 and he worked hard for it during the long period of preparation. At the same Committee meeting A.T.H. gave the disturbing news that the two tenders received had been withdrawn by the builders and that efforts were being made to find someone else who undertake the work. That some difficulty was experienced in this is related in the circular 'Brackenclose Hut Report' dated 12 September 1936 and signed by R.S.T. Chorley (President), H.M. Kelly (Hut Treasurer) and A.T. Hargreaves (Hut Secretary). Eventually the tender of Thomas Tyson of Eskdale was accepted and work began on 12 August. The rather too optimistic date of Easter 1937 was forecast for the hut 'being ready for occupation'. The financial situation had improved, but £200 - £400 was still needed and members were urged to send their contributions as soon as possible.

When the Hut was discussed at the A.G.M. at the Windermere Hydro on 3 October, 1936, Katharine Chorley's offer to furnish the living room in memory of her mountaineering father and uncles Edward, Arthur and Charles Hopkinson, was warmly welcomed. A discussion then took place on the amenity aspect of the venture. Katharine Chorley proposed, and H.M. Kelly seconded 'That this meeting, while welcoming the erection of a new hut in Wasdale, since no existing building is available in the locality, wishes to put on record its earnest desire that, should the Club require further premises in the future, wherever possible existing buildings should be used in order to keep unaltered the character of the valley heads.' There were reservations by some members but the resolution was carried.

Matters seem to have progressed fairly smoothly after this although the job took longer than expected. Peter Moffat's father was closely concerned, along with Tyson, in the building contractors' work. Mr Moffat made the massive three-tier wooden bunks and Peter recalls, as a small boy, helping his father during the school holidays. Much was also done by a devoted band of willing helpers. Ernie Wood Johnson spent his 1937 summer holiday, aided by his father, in the final preparations for the Opening. Sid Cross, in this *Journal*, gives us his personal recollections of the occasion and of the events leading up to it. He himself, and Jammy, were stalwart helpers.

The 1938 *Journal* opens with T.R. Burnett's account of the opening ceremony, including verbatim reports of the speeches by Katharine Chorley, who declared the hut open, and R.S.T. Chorley, the retiring President: in 'Editor's Notes' the newly elected President, G.R. Speaker, gives his reflections on the establishment

Whitehaven News. The scheme described in the Prospectus was supported by J.C. Appleyard, Bentley Beetham, T.R. Burnett, Mrs Bryan, Bill Clegg, F. Lawson Cook, W. Heaton Cooper, A.B. Hargreaves, A.T. Hargreaves, H.M. Kelly, W.G. Milligan and Mrs Eden-Smith.

of a Club Hut.⁽⁷⁾ The Annual Report for 1936-7 records the Committee's appreciation of the splendid response to the appeal to members for financial help, and in 'The Year of the Club' for 1938, in the 1939 *Journal*, A.T. Hargreaves gives a gratifying report of the first year at Brackenclose and the climbing done from the hut.

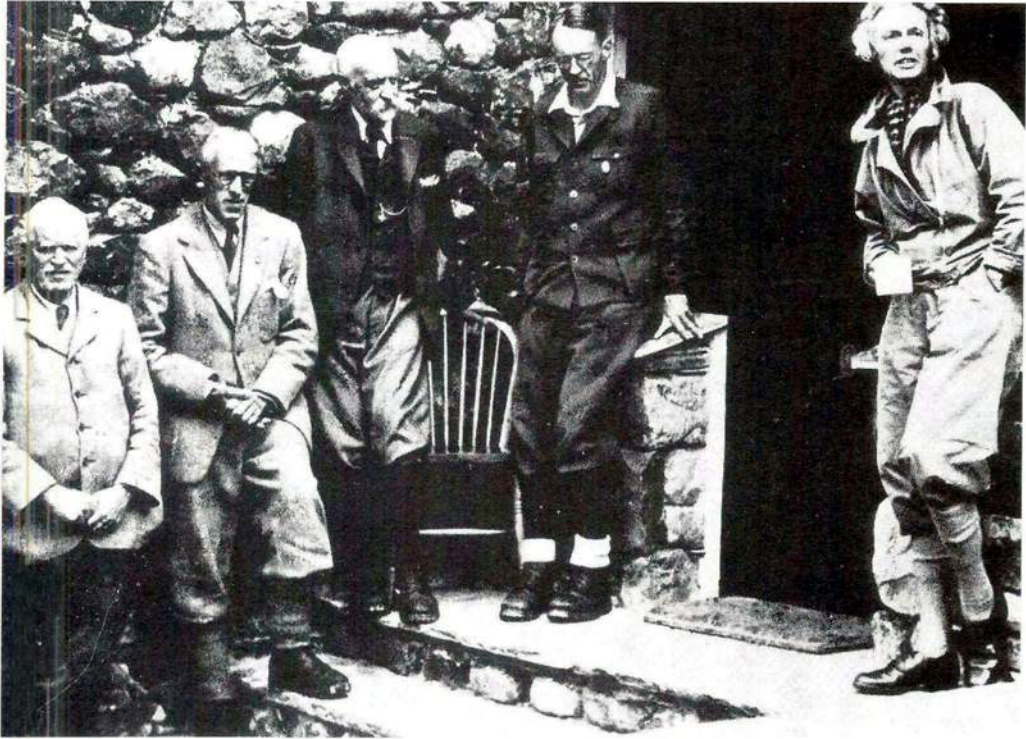
Also in the 1939 *Journal* is recorded the damage caused by the flooded Lingmell Gill in the great storm of August Bank Holiday, 1938. The road by the second bridge was carried away, as also were two of our oak trees. Large boulders were piled against the bridge, diverting the beck (over which a new wooden bridge had to be built). An entire field was covered by debris but fortunately the hut was unscathed but for slight damage to the water inlet. Lawson Cook was alone at Brackenclose and, in order to get his car back on to the road beyond the useless concrete bridge, had to traverse the extensive beach of loose gravel at the head of the lake. Our Archives do not record the mopping-up operations but in August 1944 T.R. Burnett wrote to Lawson Cook (President) after examining the beck, to express fears that serious damage might result from further flooding. This was reported to the Committee and Jack Kenyon was consulted. After an inspection he reported that he believed there was no immediate danger to Brackenclose although any abnormal storm might have serious unforeseen results.

The beck did not cause trouble again until August 1962. Ron Brotherton was staying at Brackenclose when this flood occurred and he was marooned there from the Friday night until Sunday afternoon. Although no damage was done to the hut itself the stainless steel water filter tank which had recently been installed was swept away. The National Trust (who had acquired Wasdale Head Hall) subsequently informed the Club that the floods had damaged the roadway and the two bridges below the hut. They had had emergency repairs done and had engaged an excavator at considerable expense. We were offered the use of it while it was on spot. The President, in consultation with the Treasurer, decided to accept it and had the course of the beck moved away from our land. Although our obligation to the Trust was confined to £1.00 per annum towards road repairs it was decided to make an ex-gratia payment of £125 towards their expenses, particularly as we had never been asked to pay our £1.00 per annum.

As the first warden of Brackenclose, A.T. Hargreaves set a high standard for his successors. At the 21st Birthday Dinner Kelly and Milligan both paid tribute to him in their speeches. Kelly's words were: "I won't go as far as to say that without A.T. there would not have been a Brackenclose hut, but I think I am qualified to say that he, more than anyone else, was responsible for bringing the scheme to fruition. And I never cross the threshold without recalling his name and the hard work he put in to establish it."

A.T. continued as warden throughout the War years, often in circumstances of

⁽⁷⁾ Fell & Rock Journal, No. 33, 1939, pp288 and 306.

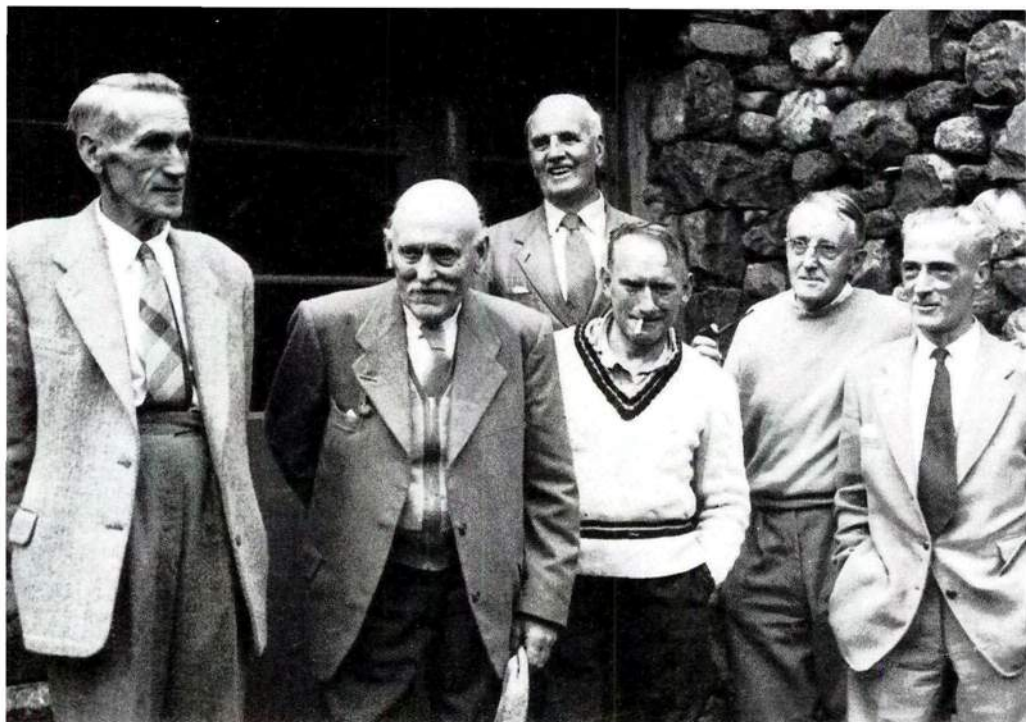


The opening of Brackenclose, 3 October, 1937 *Photograph by Gerald Lacey from the T.S. Tyson (builder), G.R. Speaker (President elect), Frank Simpson Collection*
G.A. Solly, R.S.T. Chorley (retiring President),
Katherine Chorley.

great difficulty. In November 1940 there is a note in the logbook signed by the warden: "No paraffin in drums, Primuses or Tilley lamps", and the Hut Committee's Annual Report for 1941-42 states: "Paraffin. If possible users of the hut are asked to bring their own supplies. The cost should be deducted from the hut fees. Food supplies. Members are also warned that, owing to legal restrictions, it is now impossible to procure any foodstuffs from the farm." The same report says that it has been possible to clear off all outstanding loans, except £2.00.

In spite of war-time difficulties and the unsatisfactory state in which some users left the hut, causing great trouble to the warden, A.T. did much climbing, usually with Ruth and the Crosses. He resigned in 1946 when with Ruth, Sid and Jammy, he took on the Burnmoor Inn at Boot where the Club enjoyed a number of meets.

Morley Dobson followed A.T. at Brackenclose. Although the War was over paraffin supplies were still scarce. Cooking was by Primus and Florence stoves and lighting by Tilley and other types of oil lamp. Apart from maintaining the stocks of paraffin and methylated spirits lamp glasses had to be supplied and cleaned and wicks trimmed. Petrol was in short supply. Morley lived at Bassenthwaite and when petrol was available he took his car to Seathwaite; otherwise he cycled. He then walked over Sty Head to Brackenclose.



At Brackenclose on the 21st Anniversary,
14 September, 1958.

J.N. Moffat, T.S. Tyson, H.M. Kelly, A.B. Hargreaves,
W.G. Milligan and W. Clegg.

Photograph by J.R. Files

From the outset there are instructions in the Hut Rules as to the disposal of perishable food. In the 1946 Handbook is a note added to Hut Rule 8 (on the disposal of refuse): "Much trouble has been caused by mice and even rats in the larder. Food may be confiscated if found to be infested." This was a mild warning: in 1950 it was changed to "... will be confiscated." To this note is added "Non-perishable food may be stored in the huts but it must be left in tins for which a rent of 2/6d per annum is to be paid." Or members could (and did) provide their own tins. Large 7lb biscuit tins were in use for many years at both Brackenclose and Raw Head and were much appreciated in the days when transport was difficult but forgotten tins containing decaying food could be a hazard at Maintenance Meets!

Peter Moffat was officially Assistant Warden from 1951 to 1955, but he recalls doing the job when Morley was warden; that is, before 1950. Peter remembers the hut much as it was in the early days with the original drying room (heated by an Ideal boiler), the larder, the four-burner and other Primus stoves, the Florence cooker and the Tilley and other oil lamps. He also recalls the storage tins being in regular use.

When Morley Dobson retired in 1950 Don Atkinson, one of the 'Barrow-Boys' (Oliver Geere, John Thompson and Ron Miller were some others) was his

successor. The big improvement in amenities was calor gas for cooking, but oil lamps were still in use for lighting. Don was tough and conscientious and did a grand job in the largely 'unimproved' hut. But sometimes the users could be very trying as is apparent from an irate note by an exasperated warden on rubbish disposal. Don's spell at Brackenclose ended when he joined the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in 1955.

Ron Brotherton took Don's place and his ten-year spell at Brackenclose will long be remembered. He was assisted by George Fitter and his son Malcolm and by Oliver Geere and was responsible for arranging three important events at the hut. The first was the Jubilee Meet in 1956. It is not recorded in the logbook but there is a long account in 'The Jubilee Year with the Club' (1957 *Journal*) by Harry Ironfield, then the Hut and Meets Secretary. The hut was full and there was much climbing on the Napes.

The second was the 21st Anniversary celebration in September 1958. There was fine sunny weather and the 120 who attended the special tea served at Bracken-close by Lilian Brotherton, Peggy Diamond and their helpers were able to enjoy the event out-of-doors. It was on this occasion that Ed Wormell, who made the magnificent celebration cake (which Ruth Hargreaves cut with an ice-axe), was named Club Confectioner.

The third important event while Ron was warden occurred on 1 June 1960 when we entertained a party of Russian mountaineers at Bracken-close. They were in Great Britain at the invitation of several British clubs, some of whom had been their guests in the Caucasus. The weather was good and with Peter Moffat and David Miller they climbed Great Eastern by the Yellow Slab Variation, Central Buttress and Botterill's Slab. In the evening there was a celebration dinner at the Wastwater Hotel and Ed Wormell welcomed them in a few well chosen words of Russian. Gifts were exchanged: the Club presenting a set of *Guides* and the Russians a banner which was hung in Bracken-close.⁽⁸⁾

During Ron's term of office many improvements were made. The Hut & Meets Secretary reported in 1957 that new gates with slate stoops had been provided and in 1958 constant hot water and better cookers had been supplied. Also more trees had been planted. In 1960-61 the steps at the front of the hut had been rebuilt and in 1961-62 the floors of both washrooms were tiled and a new thermostatically controlled boiler was installed.

Eric Ivison took on the job at Bracken-close in 1966 and did the longest stint to date, not retiring until 1979. This was partly because electricity came to Wasdale Head shortly before Eric was due to retire under the 'Ten Year Rule.' He was persuaded to stay on so that the Club could have the benefit of his experience. On 11 September 1976 the offer of the North Western Electricity Board to supply

⁽⁸⁾ The present warden, Reg Atkins, removed it in 1984 "to safeguard it from decoration during a work-party" but it hadn't reappeared at the Jubilee Meet in October 1987. (Editor)

electricity to Brackenclose at a cost of £450 was accepted and on 4 December it was decided that the interior installation was to be done by members. By July 1977 the work of bringing the supply to the hut was complete and a year later the wiring for the water heaters to the showers and washbasins was finished. The old coke-fired boiler was removed and Peter Moffat partitioned off the drying room to make more efficient use of space.

In September 1974 the Committee agreed that Brackenclose, Birkness Barn and Raw Head Cottage should be added to the British Mountaineering Council's list of the huts available for use by their affiliated clubs. In February 1976 it was decided to withdraw from the scheme after eighteen months trial. We had been flooded by applications from non-reciprocal clubs and members were often so outnumbered by guests that the Club atmosphere was endangered. At Brackenclose in 1975 guest bednights were 75% of the total. Much extra work was caused to the wardens and some clubs had adopted "a demanding attitude" (the words of the Secretary's report for 1975-76). Eric Ivison and Stan Thompson were in the forefront of the opposition to the opening of our huts to the B.M.C - affiliated clubs. They had suffered the most.

The proposal for the further industrial exploitation of Wastwater came to the notice of the Committee in May 1979 and in view of the implications for the Club at Brackenclose, as well as because of the amenity damage, it was decided to collaborate with the Friends of the Lake District in opposition. The President, Charles Pickles, represented the Club at the public inquiry where, as members know, the opposition was successful.

From the outset it was customary to appoint local key custodians for our huts but after much discussion it was decided in 1978 to fit new locks and make keys directly available to Club members. The hut key custodians were good friends of the Club. Mrs Ullock of Wasdale Head Hall Farm was the first custodian of the Brackenclose key. In the early days she supplied provisions as well as paraffin and hired cotton sheet sleeping bags which were made compulsory soon after the hut was opened. She decorated it to a high standard at a lower cost than competitors. During the difficult days of the War most of these amenities had to be discontinued but the Brackenclose key was still kept at Wasdale Head Hall until Mrs Naylor of Middle Row took on the job of key custodian. Ernie Wood Johnson described the Club's contacts with the Naylor's in the 1985 *Journal*.⁽⁹⁾ When Mrs Ella Naylor retired to Greendale she was succeeded by her daughter-in-law, Mrs Kathy Naylor of Row Head. It is obviously a convenience for members to have their own key but when we discontinued the key custodians we lost a link with the local people which, especially at Wasdale Head where the community is so small, was most valuable. The Naylor's were very good friends of the Club and many of its members.

⁽⁹⁾ 'Middle Row, Wasdale' *Journal* No. 68, 1985. p316

It was a great improvement when, during Eric Ivison's wardenship, hut bookings were transferred from the Huts Secretary to the warden of each hut. Eric has happy memories of his years at Brackenclose. People were very co-operative and Maintenance Meets were well attended. Like Ron before him, Eric was deservedly honoured by being elected Vice President.

Whether as official Assistant Warden or as a reliable unofficial helper Oliver Geere should have special mention. For many years Ollie (known as Cog) could always be counted on for help in many ways, particularly as unofficial forester. Reginald Case-Newton, although having no official appointment, was a good friend to Brackenclose and its warden. He lived locally and kept an eye on the hut mid-week when it was otherwise unoccupied. Eric has many memories of his helpfulness particularly, like Ollie, in tending the trees.

With Eric's retirement in 1979 we have almost reached modern times. Chris Wright succeeded him. He installed the fan heater in the drying room and better electric heaters in the washrooms and began the alterations to the kitchen, enlarging it by demolishing the original larder. Chris remained in office for five years and organised an annual bonfire night with fireworks and a slide show on the Saturday night preceding the pilgrimage to Great Gable on Remembrance Sunday. Bonfire nights have from time to time been held at Birkness and Brackenclose (I remember some good evenings at Birkness when Stan Thompson was warden) but in 1980 Sid Cross, when President, revived interest in the Remembrance Sunday gathering at the Club's War Memorial. This has since appeared on the Meets card. Harry Griffin, in an excellent article in the 1985 *Journal* outlined the history of the Memorial and recalled the small group that assembled on Gable in the pre-war, wartime and immediate post-war years, before the era of mass pilgrimages. In the early years the participants had a personal involvement in the act of remembrance.

In 1984 when Reg Atkinson took on the job of warden he continued the bonfire nights. He completed the alterations to the kitchen and the former general store is now the food store. He has made several other changes. The volume of Lake District Six-Inch maps, which was purchased and bound from the bequest to the Club of W. Binks in 1945 (a similar volume was presented to Raw Head), was in need of repair and has been transferred to the Library where there is scarcely room for it.

Libraries were traditionally important features of our huts and a good deal of trouble was taken by Molly FitzGibbon⁽¹⁰⁾ to provide reading matter for members staying there. The Brackenclose library was a useful and, unfortunately, valuable one because in the early 1970's it proved attractive to thieves. When Librarian I discontinued placing important books in the huts and had taken any of worth to the Library. Now Reg retains only the *Journals* and guidebooks. Peter Fleming, as

⁽¹⁰⁾ Librarian, 1935-1966

Assistant Librarian, still maintains the other hut libraries as far as is practicable. Of the huts Brackenclose has perhaps suffered most from thefts. The disappearance in 1970 of the wooden dining chairs given by Katharine Chorley was perhaps the most distressing loss.

Consternation was caused among senior officers in early 1984 when Heaton Cooper's original painting of the Langdale Pikes - a gift to the Club - was reported missing. Fortunately it was a false alarm. Heaton had borrowed it himself, as he wanted it for reproduction in his autobiography.⁽¹¹⁾

Happily the original Brackenclose logbook and the original visitors' book have been preserved in the Archives. The first pages of the Brackenclose visitors' book contain the signatures of those who were present at the Opening on 3 October, 1937, and Heaton Cooper's sketch of the hut. These pages were reported missing to the Committee on 10 May, 1956, by Sid Cross. They were still missing the following September but after further publicity someone's conscience was troublesome and on 29 December the Warden reported that the missing pages had been returned and securely replaced in the book, greatly to the general relief.

The logbook, which spans over twenty years (1937-1960), is full of interest. There have already been passing references to it but an attempt will now be made to give more details although it is impossible, in the space available, to do more than touch on the vast amount of material in the 500-odd pages. Climbs (old and new), fell walks and general comments by both hut users and wardens fill the book. During the first two years there was much climbing as the founders hoped. The warden and his party were involved in many first ascents. Jim Haggas led Hangover on Dove Crag. On 12 March, 1939, Sid Cross, A.T. Hargreaves, Ruth Hargreaves and Alice Nelson (Jammy Cross) made the first winter ascent of Steep Ghyll, although the fact that it was a first ascent is not recorded in the logbook.

In the 1940's people often walked over to Brackenclose from Seascale, Borrowdale or Langdale. In 1940 and 1941 Bill Peascod recorded several new routes with Bert Beck including Suaviter, Fortiter and Dexter Wall in Birkness Coombe. On Boat Howe Sid Cross led Prow of the Boat. There are several Warden's notes about the unsatisfactory state in which the hut had been left by some parties. "Why won't people burn the rubbish?" In December an O.U.M.C. party left an appreciative note but it is immediately followed by two pages of Warden's complaints and instructions. The water supply had failed and the occupants had not bothered to carry in water to flush the loos!

Very few Kindred or University club visitors are recorded between 1942 and 1945. In a Minute dated 28 August, 1942, the Warden reported to the Committee that he had refused certain clubs to hold meets at Brackenclose owing to wartime conditions. The Committee approved his action.

⁽¹¹⁾The painting was re-mounted and re-framed and subsequently returned. Opportunity was also taken to have a print made, and this hangs in Raw Head.

Many old friends were able to stay at the hut in the early 1940's, among them Stan Thompson, Vince Veevers, Bryan Greaves, Jack Blackshaw, Lyna Kellet and Bill Peascod. Farmhouse teas were a great treat and on 5 April, several people enjoyed one at Middle Row. The next day The Screes, Great Gully, was led by Vince Veevers followed by Stan Thompson and Heidi Zwimpfer: I wonder how many members remember her ?

On 1 August, 1944, there is the following note by Morley Dobson (Acting Warden): "A bicycle has been lent by R.C. Edleston. Will members who use it see that it is kept clean and in good condition." Just above is a note that Norman Daley's boots, rope, axe and gloves have been left for the use of members staying at Brackenclose. Norman was killed in action in May, 1944, and his equipment had been given by his father.

After many notes on the unsatisfactory condition in which some parties left the hut it is nice to read that on 6 January, 1944, a member "arrived utterly drenched from Borrowdale and was most grateful for dry kindling on the hearth and the lamp and matches on the table."

New routes (Harrow Wall and Slabs West) were recorded by Bill Peascod with Austin Barton and Bowfell Girdle by A.T.H. and company in 1942. In September, 1944, Windyridge (Gable Crag) and in April, 1945, Demon Wall and Tophet Girdle were pioneered by Arthur Dolphin. In August and September A.P. Rossiter did several new routes on Overbeck. Also in September John Wilkinson and J. Uempleby climbed Eagles Chain.

On 12 December, 1945, A.T.H and Ruth wished everybody "A Merry Christmas" and on the last day of 1945 Bert Beck wrote that he would "like to express his appreciation of the comfort, convenience and companionship afforded by Brackenclose, things he is better able to appreciate after five years of exile." There are two more notes on similar lines in late 1945 and early 1946.

The Easter Meet of 1946 was well attended and a lot of good climbing is mentioned. On Easter Sunday over fifty people from several clubs were on many routes on Pillar and there were climbs on various crags by P. Moffat, P. Hogg, J. Wilkinson, H. Ironfield, C.W.F. Dee, Joan MacGregor (later Kendrick), Lyna Kellet,⁽¹²⁾ T. Hill and Alan Airey. A first ascent of Octopus, Mirklin Cove, by John Wilkinson and Harry Ironfield is recorded just before Easter.

In the late 1940's energetic walking was often combined with classic climbs. On 20 August, 1946, J.W., G.W. and party arrived at Brackenclose from Langdale via The Band, Esk Hause, Great End, Scafell Pike, Broad Stand and Scafell. On the 21st they started up Gavel Neese, climbed Arrowhead Direct, proceeded to Gable summit, then by Green Gable, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Honister, Dale Head, Hindscarth and Robinson to Gatesgarth and home by Scarth Gap and Black Sail.

⁽¹²⁾ Afterwards Lyna Pickering. Listed in the 1946 Handbook as Outdoor Organiser: in the 1947 Handbook as Hut & Meets Secretary.

On the 22nd they went to Pillar in mist and rain, climbed the New West and descended Central Jordan in boots (meaning nailed boots probably nailed with clinkers). On the 23rd they went to Pike's Crag, did Wall and Crack, proceeded by Cam Spout and Upper Eskdale to the Woolpack for tea and walked back to Brackenclose over Burnmoor. On the 24th they walked to the O.D.G. to catch the 1.20 bus.

In April, 1948, a large party including Joe Griffin, Des Birch, Arthur Dolphin and John Cook spent a very cold, wet and stormy holiday at Brackenclose from the 1st to the 15th. 'C' Gully, The Screes (the description in the logbook is a masterpiece of understatement)⁽¹³⁾ was succeeded by a day of deep snow. There were then a few long walks, bouldering, tea at Mrs Naylor's and digging holes for tin disposal (this last, Des Birch says, was a competitive exercise: he and Arthur claimed a record of four feet deep). On the 11th the weather cleared enough for Great Eastern. Rain followed until the 14th when they had a good day, Des and Joe doing Tophet Chain in (nailed) boots. "Very enjoyable. Recommended." The 15th (their last day) was a grand one and Des and Joe did C.B. "Flake Direct. Wet. Socks."

In August 1947 the same party (less John Cook but including a few others) had good weather and did some good routes. On the 4th Arthur, leading C.B. in boots (nailed) fell off the Flake. The next day they did Mickledore Grooves and Great Eastern (Des, Joe, Arthur) and on the following day Des and Arthur did East Buttress Girdle. They then camped at the foot of Esk Buttress and on the next two days (in various combinations) did Frustration, Gargoyle's Stairs, Great Central Climb and Afterthought. On the next day Arthur (seconded by Joe) led two new routes: Medusa Wall and Gargoyle Groove.

In December, 1947, there was an O.U.M.C. meet at the hut, the first for many years. A leader fell off Arrowhead Direct and the account of the rescue is interesting because it was before official mountain rescue teams were established. The arrangements worked smoothly. One member of the party went down to Wasdale to summon an ambulance and a doctor. Others provided the stretcher party. The casualty was taken by ambulance to hospital at Whitehaven where he recovered in a few days. The older members of the Club will recall assisting at similar rescues.

In 1948-9 many new ascents are recorded in Newlands on Miners Crag and Waterfall Buttress by George Rushworth, some with Bill Peascod but most with S. Dirkin.

A few random notes from the 1950's complete this brief survey of the logbook. There is an interesting entry on 14 September, 1952: the first ascent of Mare's Nest Buttress, Pike's Crag, by Des Birch with Jean Lovell. Des wrote: "The ascent seems to be the first complete one, but the ridge from the gap was ascended by

⁽¹³⁾ See also Des Birch's "Brackenclose Memories" in this *Journal*.

W.R. Fowler and L.R. Wilberforce on 15 September, 1894 - fifty-eight years ago!"⁽¹⁴⁾

A good meet was held on 27-28 June, 1953, a weekend of perfect weather. "The presence of the Warden (Don Atkinson) and the President (A.B. Hargreaves) ensured that a certain amount of tin-flattening, pit-digging, nettle-pulling and coke-sifting was done. Apart from these duties many walks and climbs (Hopkinson's Gully, Moss Ghyll Grooves, Tophet Wall, etc.) were enjoyed by the ten (well-known) members and two non-members who attended."

On 12 September there is an entry by D.C. Bull describing his method of climbing the Flake "which allows cigarettes to be smoked at the crux."

On 4 April, 1955 "the rug made by members of the London Section was this day delivered and laid without ceremony." The rug was no mean effort, measuring 8 feet by 5 feet with the Needle as centre-piece surrounded by the initials⁽¹⁵⁾ of the "conqueror of the Needle (W.P. Haskett Smith), the President of the Club (Howard Somervell), the Chairman of the London Section (Dr. Hadfield) and the members and friends who helped the chief workers, Marjorie Garrod and Una Cameron, not forgetting Eric Betts who supplied the wool." The rug did sterling service in front of the fire in the common room until October, 1979, when it was much the worse for wear and transferred to the women's dormitory. It was finally destroyed in 1984 "because it was threadbare and not worth cleaning."

Exceptionally fine weather is reported 6 August, 1955, but the top pitch of Great Gully, The Screes, was still wet. It was climbed by a large party: Ed and Phyl Wormell, Stan and Margaret Thompson, Lewis Smith and Wallace Greenhalgh. On the 7th the weather was even finer and the same party did Piers Ghyll. There were wonderful views all round, including the Isle of Man. On 20 August the same people (apart from the Thompsons and Wallace Greenhalgh, but plus Ron Miller) had a good day on Pillar: Rib and Slab, Walkers Gully and the South West.

On 11 November, 1956, Remembrance Sunday was observed on Gable at 11 am by George and Malcolm Fitter, David Ferguson and others; afterwards they continued to the Memorial to the men of the Lake District on Scafell Pike. This was before the advent of the mass pilgrimages to our Memorial on Great Gable.

During the Fifties many University and Kindred Clubs stayed at Brackenclose, doing some good climbs and long walks, but our own members also made full use of the hut. The Napes, Kern Knotts, Scafell and Pillar were perhaps the most popular crags but Esk Buttress, Scafell East Buttress, Pike's Crag, Boat Howe, The Screes and Piers Ghyll had their share of visitors: Buckbarrow, Low Adam Crag

⁽¹⁴⁾ See Wasdale Hotel Climbing Book, p129. The original Climbing Book, 1863-1919, was out of circulation from the time J.R. Whiting retired from the Hotel to Lingmell House, taking the book with him. There is an account of its history in the 1986 *Journal* and this *Journal* of its eventual deposit in the Club's Archives.

⁽¹⁵⁾ In the Archives is a coloured sketch of the rug with a key to the initials.

and Stirrup Crag produced some new routes. There were many ascents of C.B., Botterill's Slab, Moss Ghyll Grooves and Jones's Direct from Lord's Rake. Peter Moffat, Ron and Dave Miller and Tony Greenbank often appear in the logbook.

On 4 April, 1959, the first ascent of Pernod is recorded by Geoff Oliver. On 21 and 22 August Joe Griffin was on the first ascent of Bosun's Buttress and Narrow Stand, led by Hugh Banner.

We have now reached page 528 of the logbook; a rather bizarre find is reported on Scafell Pike – a rusty iron bedstead. The visit of the Russian mountaineers, already mentioned, occupies the last page, 546. Pages 532-545 have been cut out but on the final page (un-numbered) in this entry: "5 June, Trespasser Groove, Esk Buttress; 6 June, Hell's Groove (East Buttress), Dave Miller and D.Kirkby." Both were first ascents by Arthur Dolphin in 1952 but were not recorded in the logbook.

This concludes the selection from the enormous number of varied entries. Apologies are offered to anyone whose favourite personality or episode has been omitted. One item which does not feature in the logbook is the roller board. Des Birch mentions it in his 'Brackenclose Memories' as one of the chief entertainments of the vintage years. Some people became very skilled at manipulating it as Des recalls. To the uninitiated it seemed a devilish device. Tony Greenbank in his sketch 'Climbing in the Middle Ages' in the 1986 *Journal* gives an hilarious (and accurate) impression of the antics caused by the fiendish board and its effects on a roomful of well-known Club characters. I wonder if it still exists?

The Club owes a great debt to the far-sighted people who devised the right building for the right situation as well as to many benefactors and all who have worked so hard in it over the years. We have cause to be proud of our first hut and of the way it fits into the landscape. I think the words of Dick Plint in the 'Year with the Club' in the 1959 *Journal* aptly sum it up. When the celebrations were over on 14 September, 1958, Dick returned to the hut and afterwards wrote: "There was no-one about; in the light of the setting sun Brackenclose merged perfectly with its surroundings and there was an air of great peace about the place – surely a wonderful tribute to those whose foresight and skill gave us such a hut"



At Brackenclose Jubilee, 3 October, 1987
Jack Kenyon, Jammy Cross, A.B. Hargreaves,
Charles Pickles, Kate Pape, Eric Arnison,
Betty Caine, and Sid Cross.

Photograph by Chris Wright

THE WASDALE CLIMBING BOOK: THE LATEST NEWS.

Muriel Files

When I was writing the account of the elusive (original) Wasdale Climbing Book, 1863-1919, for the last *Journal* (No.70) I could not have believed that I should handle it in a year's time. But that is just what has happened. The suggestion I made in the article that John Ritson Whiting, when he retired from the Wastwater Hotel to Lingmell House in 1951, taking the Book with him, has been confirmed. When he died in 1956 the Book remained there with his sisters-in-law, Miss Edith Long and Miss Annie Lewis, who were known to some of our older members who used to stay at the hotel. One of its habitués in the late 1930's and early 1940's was Ralph Nicholson who was a close friend of those in the Whiting circle, which included George Basterfield and George Bower. After Whiting's death Ralph Nicholson kept in touch with the elderly ladies at Lingmell House who clearly held the book in high regard and in the mid-1960's they asked him 'to keep the book safe', or words to that effect.

Ralph Nicholson, who joined the Club in 1946, has been resident abroad in recent years, latterly in the United States. He lost touch some years ago with the old ladies of Wasdale Head, but he still retained the Book. When there was some publicity in the *Chronicle* in 1985 about the Needle Centenary in 1986, he sent to Geoff Cram a photocopy of the *Pall Mall Budget* article on climbing the Needle, well-known from O.G. Jones's reference to it in *Rock Climbing in the English Lake District*. When the Editor decided that he could not use the cutting in the *Journal*, Jean Cram sent it to me thinking it would be of interest for the Archives. She also sent a photocopy of a small manuscript description of the first ascent of the Needle Obverse on 12 August, 1912, which had been received with the *Pall Mall Budget* cutting. The Needle Obverse description interested me particularly. I compared it with Herford's description in our typed copy of the Wasdale Climbing Book. The wording was identical: it appeared, too, to be in Herford's handwriting, of which there are several examples in our Archives. Even then I did not dare to believe that the historic book was actually in Ralph Nicholson's possession.

However, some time later, when replying to a letter from Jean, he related the whole story and also said that he intended to leave the Book to the Fell & Rock as the Club had more moral right to it than any individual, much as he had appreciated being its guardian. When Geoff telephoned me with the news the excitement was intense. I at once wrote to Ralph Nicholson, telling him the story of my efforts to trace the Climbing Book (this was before the publication of my article in *Journal* No. 70). The reply came that he hoped to transfer the Book to the Club as soon as

possible. When I told the President (Dave Roberts) the momentous news he wrote to Ralph Nicholson inviting him to a meet. This proved difficult to arrange but I heard from Ralph Nicholson early in 1987 that a friend was coming to England in late Spring and that he could bring the Climbing Book if I could arrange for it to be received by our representative in London. The Chairman of the London Section, Aubrey Brocklehurst, co-operated fully and agreed to bring the Book north on his next visit to the Lake District, guarding it securely meanwhile. On 24th April, he duly delivered it to Hest Bank, Ralph Nicholson having stipulated that in view of my efforts to trace the Climbing Book I should have the pleasure of opening the packet! This I did in the presence of Aubrey and Bobby. It was a great moment.

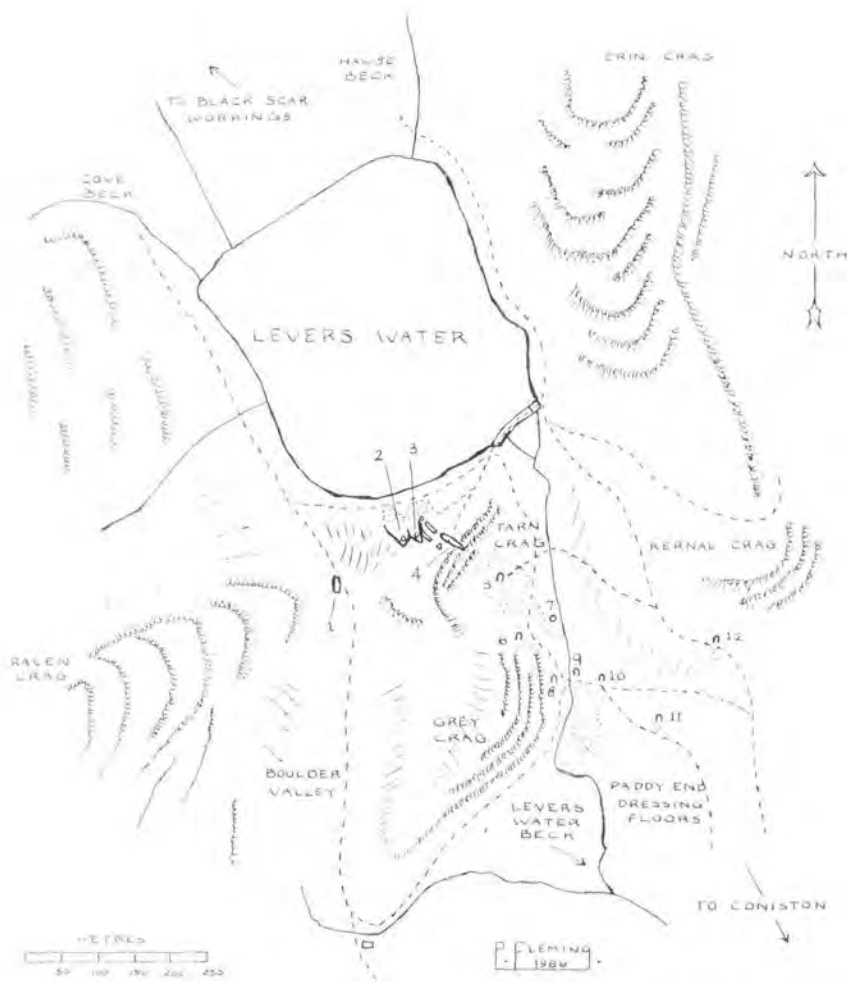
It will now take its place with the Club's other treasures such as James Jackson's original manuscript letters (1874-78) to George Seatree describing his 'octogenarian exploits' on Pillar Rock and elsewhere, John Robinson's diary and other memorabilia, and the Climbing Book compiled by Claude and Guy Barton, 1893 — 1906.

I will not detail the contents of the Wasdale Climbing Book here as this was done in describing our typed copy in Journal No.70. As regards the physical appearance of the original book it consists of 283 pages and an index and measures $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; although well-worn and the pages repaired amateurishly in places, it is reasonably complete. There are some mutilations, but they are not recent; they already existed when the Leeds copies were made. The diagrams, sketches, press cuttings and photographs seem all to be there although the last are very faded. As the book is nearly 100 years old and has been well used it is naturally frail, but the contents may be consulted in our typed copy which can now be transferred to the Library from Record Box.

So all's well that ends well, thanks to our long-standing member, Ralph Nicholson.

LEVER'S WATER & PADDY END AREA

SHOWING IMPORTANT MINE FEATURES



- 1 GROW STOPE
- 2 THE FUNNEL
- 3 THE CRATER
- 4 SIMON'S NICK
- 5 TOP LEVEL
- 6 MIDDLE LEVEL

- 7 HOSPITAL SHAFT
- 8 GREY CRAG LEVEL
- 9 HOSPITAL LEVEL
- 10 COURTNEY'S CROSS CUT
- 11 GAUNT'S LEVEL
- 12 KERNAL LEVEL

- TRACKS
- BECKS
- CRAGS
- SPOIL HEAPS

CONISTON COPPER MINES REDISCOVERED

PART II

Peter Fleming

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Introductory Notes

Acknowledgement

As in Part I of this series, the names of the participating members have been omitted at the request of the Editor. It will be obvious from the text that a dedicated and very experienced team have been involved in these explorations. Over the years they totalled in number 24 different members of Cumbria Amenity Trust. Without their expertise, determination and co-operation this report could never have been compiled. I therefore take this opportunity to extend to them my grateful thanks for making it all possible.

From the beginning I considered it most important to record our investigations in the Coniston Mines for the benefit of future generations of researchers or explorers. Some areas we are finding may not be accessible in a few more years. There are changes taking place regularly in the workings. Though I may not be the best person to record our activities, I appeared to be the only one willing to do so at the outset.

WARNING

With the possible exception of the Hospital/Grey Crag Level, which can be entered easily by a casual and reasonably equipped party, it cannot be stressed strongly enough that on no account should anyone attempt to reach any other part of the mines which are described in this report, as most areas can only be reached by using advanced single rope techniques by an expert team conversant with the dangers inherent in exploring disused mine workings. In no way can the relatively stable world of natural potholes be compared to the Coniston Copper Mines, which can involve vertical descents deeper than Gaping Ghyll through, at times, very unstable ground. Everything we see is man-made, a step back in time, a piece of history, and is a monument to the miners of long ago, who sought the earth's rich minerals with nothing more than tallow candles to illuminate their enormous subterranean world which took over three hundred years of very hard work to complete.

The Explorations

Paddy End Mine is the name given to that area of the Copper Mines situated immediately south of Levers Water and is comprised of at least six important veins. Many of them are named but confusion arises when studying old plans as they do not all agree and similar names are given to quite different veins. The important ones are in excess of 200 metres deep and in places merge, leaving very large subterranean excavations. In all cases the veins are almost vertical and some come to surface close to the shores of Levers Water. These are known as the "back strings" (or the "Old Men's Leads"). The workings here are quite ancient. The well-known Simon's Nick is probably part of Bellman's Hole Vein. The veins are intersected by old haulage levels which formerly came out to surface at various horizons. These are namely: Levers Water Level, Top Level, Middle Level, Grey Crag/Hospital Level and Deep Level. The first four are collapsed at the entrances but Hospital Level has always been open apart from when an occasional local storm has washed rubble into it. Deep Level is no longer accessible along its great length due to several collapses. It is known there are workings up to 40 metres below Deep Level in the Paddy End Mine but they are full of water. The drainage from the whole of these workings runs along Deep Level and out to surface three quarters of a mile away at Bonsor Mine.

Exploration of the Paddy End Workings is a difficult and slow operation due to the vertical and complex network of veins and tunnels which have deteriorated over the many years since closure, with collapses and blockages to hinder progress. The account of these explorations should be read in conjunction with the plans and cross-sections that are included. It was not until Cumbria Amenity Trust's prolonged investigations into the Red Dell area of the Bonsor Mine were scaled down, as recorded in Part I of this series, that activity was intensified in the Paddy End side. However, before this in November 1980, a most important discovery was made.

It had long been suggested that it might still be possible to find a route down through the old workings and stopes,* starting at Levers Water and emerging out to daylight at Hospital Level, some one hundred and forty-five metres vertically lower down the fell side. At this point it would be appropriate to describe the Hospital/Grey Crag Level system, which is well known to many people owing to its ease of access. Hospital Level is driven from the surface in solid rock on the true left bank of Levers Water Beck.

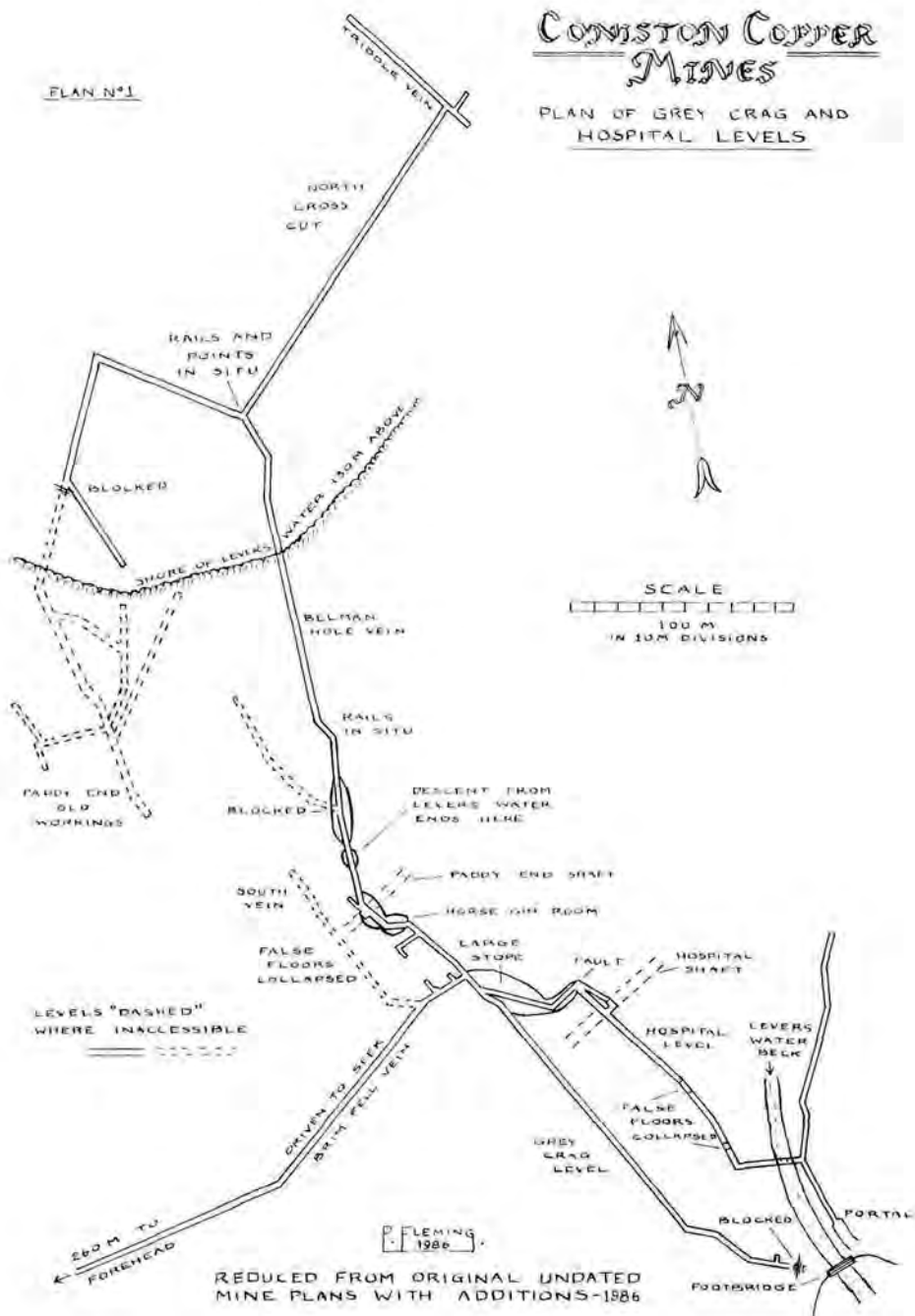
The portal is adjacent to the wooden footbridge below Grey Crag (see surface plan). Directly across the bridge, which incidentally, was built on the 11th July 1976 by Voluntary Wardens of the Lake District Special Planning Board, is the collapsed entrance to Grey Crag Level - both these levels meet some distance

*Worked out ore body or vein.

COMISTON COPPER MINES

PLAN OF GREY CRAG AND HOSPITAL LEVELS

PLAN N°1



underground. Following Hospital Level (see Plan No.1) a junction is soon reached, the right hand branch of which ends after one hundred metres in an apparently fruitless attempt to locate a vein. Turning left at the junction the tunnel passes under Levers Water Beck, which can be heard quite clearly when in spate. Fifty five metres from the entrance a patch of boulder clay is passed through. The water to this point is knee deep but beyond is dry. The boulder clay also marks the point where the tunnel swings north west along a worked out vein. It is soon obvious that the floor in places is false - a gaping wall to wall hole 55 metres deep turns back the timid. Two planks were laid across the right hand side of it in May 1971 and are still in good condition. A hand line was added more recently. Beyond here a solid section is followed to another collapsed stretch, which over the years has steadily deteriorated, and so on 11th March 1984 some work was done here to make it safer to negotiate. Not far beyond here an opening on the right gives a view into Hospital Shaft which is streaked with green copper stains and water invariably cascades down it. The shaft comes to surface near the base of a waterfall in Levers Water Beck, but it is now covered over.

From evidence remaining on the ground and the illustration in Postlethwaite's book "*Mines and Mining in the Lake District*", it appears that winding operations in Hospital Shaft were powered by the New Engine Shaft water wheel situated half a kilometre away in the next valley to the east at Red Dell Foot. With no direct line of sight, one is left to wonder at the problems of communication between the winch operator and the remote shaft top. Perhaps the clue is in the old local name of "Bob Stick Crag" which was given to Kernal Crag for below here a signal wire and a haulage wire would pass. Today the bottom of the shaft is a scene of collapsed rubble in a stope which is common to the base of the holes in the floor of the tunnel which have already been described. There is unfortunately no access to Deep Level.

Continuing along the tunnel a scree slope is climbed to a shattered area coinciding with a geological fault. Behind, to the right, a steep slope leads to a viewpoint into Hospital Shaft, where a mounted winding wheel can be seen. Following the line of the tunnel again, which lies under the rubble, the fault line is passed through before climbing into a stope which gets bigger by the minute and emerges into one of the largest excavations in Coniston Mines. The highest part of the roof is only visible with powerful lights. Staging can be seen thirty metres overhead. A heavy iron chain hangs down. Somewhere up there it is possible that Middle Level passes through, whilst beneath, to the left about six metres below, Grey Crag Level can be seen and entered where it formerly merged with Hospital Level under the pile of rubble. This can be followed back through deep water to the blocked entrance at one hundred and ninety metres. At the north western extremity of the large stope the rubble pile is descended. Here two tunnels will be seen. The obvious one to the left soon runs through a tight boulder choke which has come from above and may be worth further investigation as it vents strongly

and must connect with higher workings. Just beyond the choke the tunnel is clear again. On the right railway lines project out over a deep stope; the floor which carried them having collapsed long ago. This stope on the South Vein disappears from view around the corner. It has been descended to the bottom at 58 metres but this is still short of Deep Level. Further probes down there are planned for the future.

The main tunnel carries on in a south westerly direction for a total distance of 460 metres. It was driven in the hope of locating the Brim Fell Vein at depth, which had been worked in a small way from the surface high up on the fell side. This long underground tunnel was to be a costly failure as no worthwhile ore was to be found. Today it is hardly worth following to its end. The final section has been dammed off with clay and rock to form a reservoir. The purpose of this is not clear. This long tunnel is also known as "Pudding Stone Level".

Returning through the rubble choke the other tunnel, which is a continuation of Grey Crag Level, can be followed north west and soon a circular chamber is entered. This is the site of a former horse gin, where a horse harnessed to a winch walked in a circle, hauling materials up the nearby Paddy End Shaft. The shaft itself, a few metres further on, is heavily timbered over, and these are covered by a pile of debris, but at the far side a manhole gives access via a former ladderway. The most interesting feature here is the wooden platform overhead to the right and the wall below it, for it is all covered in a variety of shades of green and light blue copper carbonate, deposited there by the water coming down from the upper reaches of the shaft. It makes a worthwhile subject for flash photography although over the years the colour has faded. It used to be a most striking mixture of blue and green colours.

The upper part of Paddy End Shaft received attention on the 13th November 1977, when an attempt was made to free climb it in the hope of reaching Middle Level 57 metres above. This failed fairly low down but another attempt on the 15th September 1979 using an aluminium extension ladder was more successful. A point 40 metres above Grey Crag Level was reached, where the shaft was sealed over with timbers and rubble, but just out of reach a slot could be peered through into a stope. It is amazing how high one can climb with a ladder only 9 metres long if you keep pulling it up behind you and resecuring it.

The lower section of Paddy End Shaft below the manhole in Grey Crag Level has been descended on numerous occasions. Twenty metres down it opens out into a large stope. The bottom is a chaotic pile of collapsed rubble 23 metres long. The lowest point is beneath a timber platform which is about 62 metres below Grey Crag Level. This is very close to Deep Level horizon.

From the man-hole in Grey Crag Level the tunnel runs into a former blockage, which was dug through in 1978 by persons unknown, opening up a considerable amount of "new" workings running beneath Levers Water. The way through the former blockage is constricted until it is possible to stand up at the bottom of a short

rise up through the rubble pile. Cross timbers put in here in recent years now make it easier to scramble up to the top where it is seen to be the base of a high stope. Heavy, smashed timbers and rocks are wedged across it to the north whilst the side above our line of entry is packed tight with fine debris over a height of about 7 metres. It is probably generally safer than its appearance suggests. This area was to be an important feature in future explorations.

Descending the other side of the rubble pile gives access to Grey Crag Level once again by dropping through a hole in the roof timbers onto what is suspected to be a false floor. A short distance ahead where the tunnel widens into another stope it appears to be blocked again by a large collapse but this can be climbed and by-passed on the right into the continuation of the stope. High up to the left it is possible to see some timberwork and walling which suggest there could be a connection with further workings but this has yet to be proved. Buried under the collapse, which is made up of large angular pinnacle-shaped blocks, is a tunnel running off towards Paddy End Old Workings.

Following Grey Crag Level north it is evident that scrap men had been denied access due to the blockage and the railway lines are still in place. On first entering this section of Grey Crag Level in 1978, the original miner's clog prints, some obviously those of children, were to be found in abundance, and tallow candles still on the tunnel walls in their dobs of clay. It could have been up to eighty years since anyone had been there. A hundred metres beyond the last stope and the tunnel passes under the shores of Levers Water which lies 130 metres overhead. A junction is reached 60 metres further on where a set of points is still in position. The left hand branch receives all the water draining from the extensive workings on the Middle Level and Top Level Horizons high above which are connected to Paddy End Old Workings via numerous deep stopes descending from the "back strings" at Levers Water. Unfortunately Paddy End Old Workings are no longer accessible from Grey Crag Level due to a collapse at a clay vein 130 metres from the junction. It is however feasible to scramble into a narrow stope on the left at this point. Once in the stope immediately on the right it is possible to gain access to the tunnel again down the other side of the blockage. This was first done on 14th February, 1982, but after another 30 metres an impassable collapse was reached. In the stope itself there is a most unstable needle of rock leaning from one wall.

Returning to the junction and running left the north cross cut can be followed without incident or anything of particular note for 160 metres until what is thought to be a continuation of Triddle Vein from the Red Dell Workings is reached. This is then followed at 90° to the left for 55 metres before it was determined that no worth while ore was to be found here. Two other short trial tunnels were made at the junction just to make sure before development work was abandoned for good. At this point it is almost half a mile from the portal at surface. Having now described the Hospital/Grey Crag Level system we shall now refer back to a

successful attempt in 1980 to discover a route down to them from above.

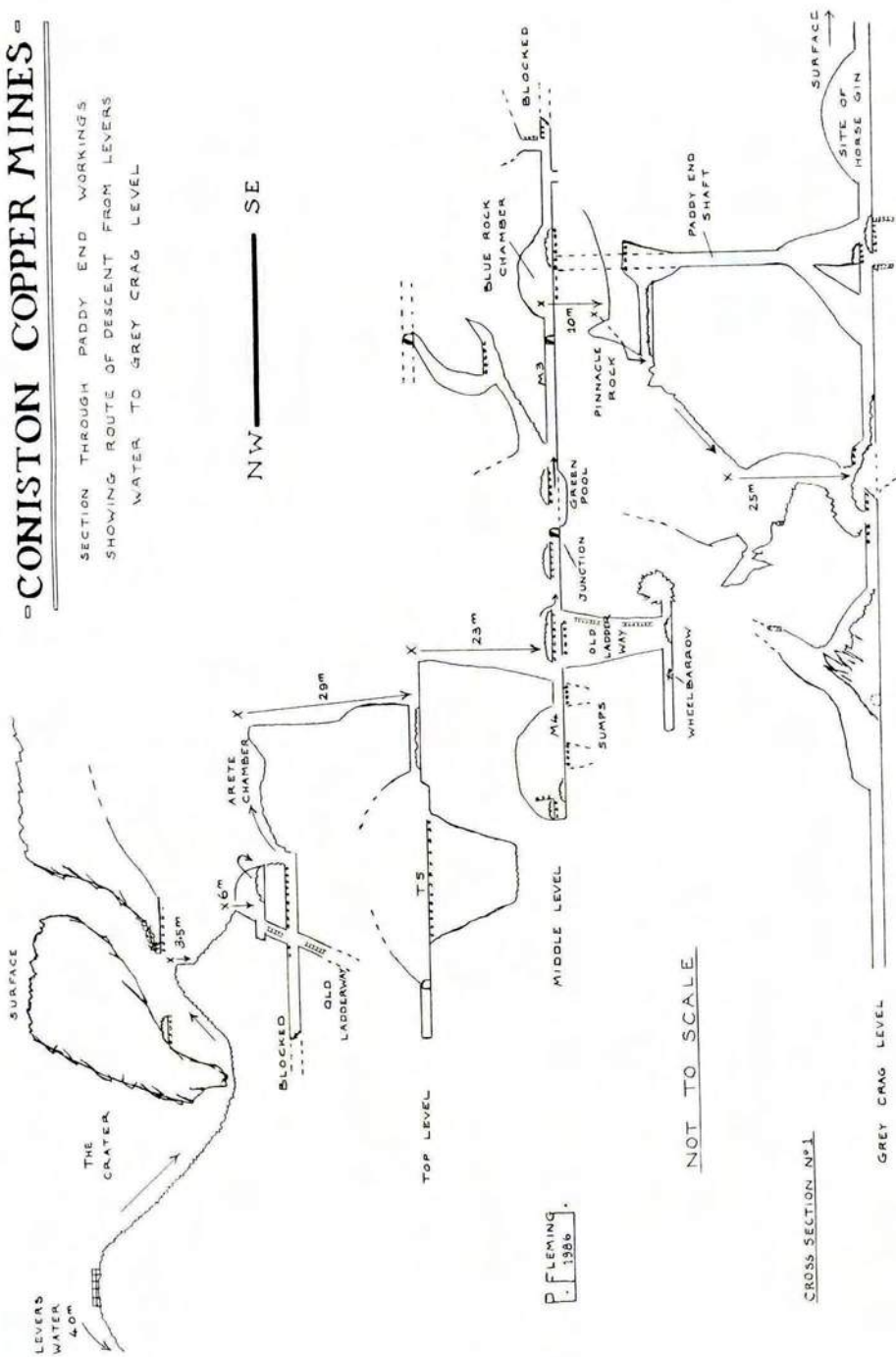
As far back as the 1960's a bold attempt was made by one of our members in conjunction with the Red Rose Potholing Club to find a route down through the workings. This was aborted after descending some 90 metres where they ran out of equipment. Due to the objective dangers and near misses they never returned. It was Saturday 15th November 1980 that six members of Cumbria Amenity Trust gathered at the fence around the crater above the shores of Levers Water on the north western side of Tarn Crag (old local name) well-known for the cleft Simon's Nick. (See surface plan). A quick scramble down the 30 metre scree slope brought us to the bottom of the crater (see Cross Section No.1). A tight crawl beneath a low roof followed by an 8 metre rise back into daylight and we were standing at the top of the first vertical short pitch of three metres or so. This was soon followed by a 6 metre pitch. To one side of this an old ladderway below was visible which connected with a branch of Top Level but our route lay in the other direction down a steep loose wall of jammed boulders to the level below. At a later date a better route was adopted which avoided this by going round the corner and down into a parallel tunnel which brought us to the same point. A short scramble and we were in a fairly large worked out chamber, where two veins met leaving a ridge of rock. It became known as "Arête Chamber". Ahead to the right the tunnel continued along a collapsed floor. It was still possible to reach the end of it using the remaining stemples (timbers). A few rusted artifacts were found there. Below this point was another possible route of descent to Top Level. In all there are four ways down from Arête Chamber and its associated tunnels. Our route down was to follow the original 1960 attempt, which lay to the left of the arête. The pitch looked very intimidating, dropping down into the blackness of the stope. We were using electron ladder on the pitches and it was no easy matter handling the quantity we had in the initial stages of the descent. A good clean pitch brought us to a ledge at 30 metres, about half way down the stope. This was on the Top Level horizon, and a low back-filled tunnel was observed in the corner. A little clearance work was carried out here before we continued our descent another 22 metres on to the roof of Middle Level. A $3\frac{1}{2}$ metre scramble down brought us into a tunnel (M4 - See Cross Section No.1 and Plan No. 2).

The two members in the lead had already rigged the next pitch, which appeared to be a manway with old wooden ladders going down from below the previous pitch. At the bottom they found a blind tunnel with a complete wheel barrow standing in it. The other end of the tunnel ran into an area of collapsed blocks with an opening above which appeared climbable. They returned to Middle Level to join the rest of the team who had by now looked around this interesting area. Going north west along tunnel M4 was a wooden water launder to prevent water running into the workings below. Further on two flooded sumps were crossed before the end was reached - a small stope with wooden staging still in position. Going south east the tunnel merged with another (M3) at a crystal clear, green pool. The left

CONISTON COPPER MINES

SECTION THROUGH PADDY END WORKINGS
SHOWING ROUTE OF DESCENT FROM LEVERS
WATER TO GREY CRAG LEVEL

NW ——— SE



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NOT TO SCALE

CROSS SECTION N°1

GREY CRAG LEVEL

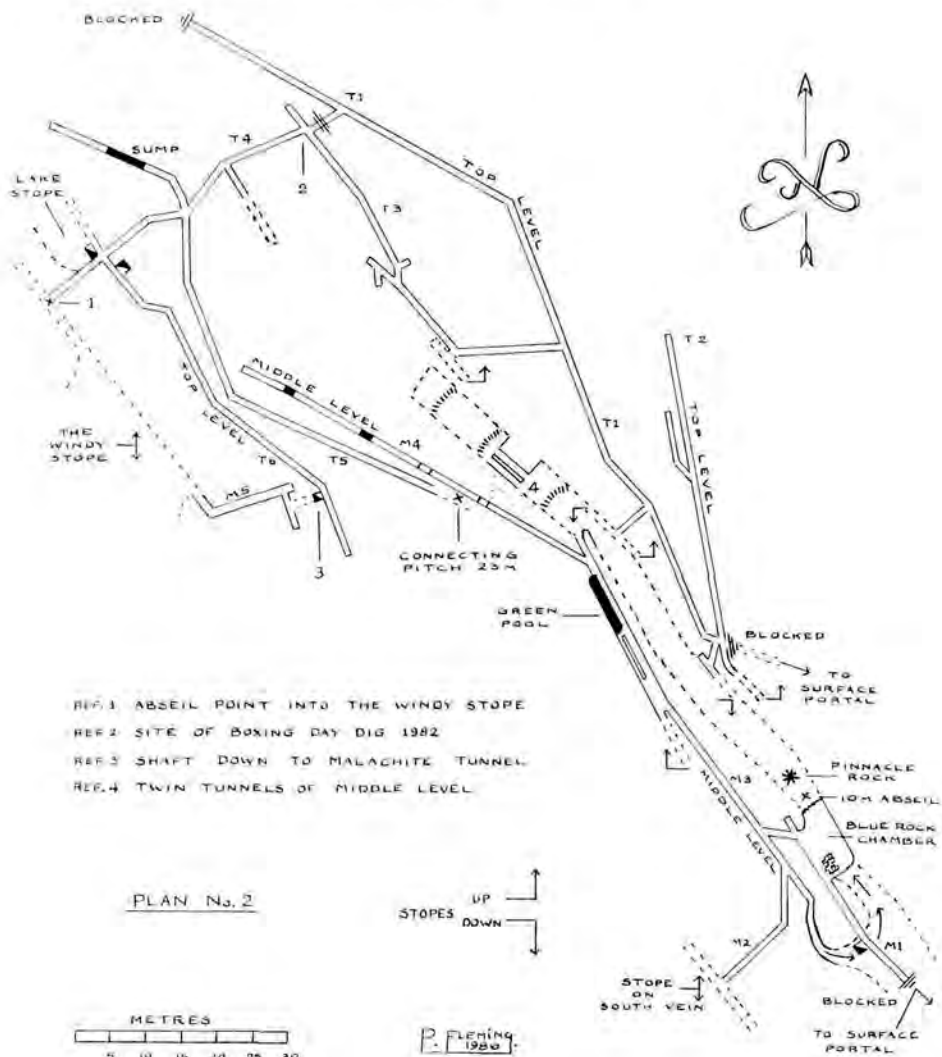
branch ended abruptly on the edge of a very large stope. Straight ahead about 13 metres away the tunnel continued with another one immediately alongside it. They became known as the twin tunnels of Middle Level and at the time seemed almost impossible to reach. The floor of the stope at that point was 17 metres below. To the right of our vantage point the stope was five metres wide and the wall was coated in bright blue copper carbonate for as high as one could see.

Going the other way, passing the green pool, the tunnel was followed past an opening on the right then at 40 metres another junction on the left soon brought the party to an opening in a small chamber with a false floor concealing the top of Paddy End Shaft. One side of the false floor had collapsed leaving a view into a seemingly bottomless stope except for a pinnacle of rock almost immediately underneath. This point marked the limit of the 1960 explorations. The most notable feature of this area is undoubtedly a pile of azure blue coated rocks standing on the false floor with blue and green stalactites hanging from the roof. A few artifacts are also lying around here. The tunnel M1 was followed to a total collapse after 25 metres, which must still be 80 metres or so from the entrance portal at the surface. At the end of tunnel M3 a branch goes off to the South Vein in a south westerly direction. The party returned to the surface for a good night's sleep, leaving the gear in position ready for a return next morning.

On 16th November 1980 return they did; quite confident of a successful outcome. A small party entered the Hospital/Grey Crag system to establish contact with the rest as they descended. There was little idea at that time as to where they would appear in the lower levels. They were soon down to Middle Level again. Two members went down the old ladderway to see the wheelbarrow and climb the opening through the collapsed blocks. This proved rather dangerous but on getting through it was discovered they were in the large stope under the twin tunnels and the rest of the team could be seen stood at the vantage point in Middle Level. Eventually all gathered together at the false floor above the pinnacle rock and prepared the pitch to reach it by hanging an electron ladder from a piton hammered into a shot hole in the roof. This pitch was 10 metres and landed us on a flat area next to the pinnacle. It was possible to reach this point by an alternative route from the end of tunnel M3 where an inclined slope led down into a rather unstable worked out area beneath the tunnel. Turning left here a scramble below the false floor of Blue Rock Chamber brings you to the pinnacle rock. This bypass route was a discovery of the 1960's but was considered unsafe. The cleft down the right hand side of the pinnacle was the obvious line to try. A ten metre scramble down and a three metre pitch at the bottom landed us on a steep slope. Nearby were some large jammed blocks and beyond them the slope continued down covered in rubble to the edge of a sheer drop. The stope in this area is enormous, not just wide but high as well. At a later date it was discovered to go up beyond Top Level which is 50 metres above our heads at this point. Looking the other way from the jammed blocks a slot led through to Paddy End Shaft. This was the same slot that was seen

Coniston Copper Mines

PLAN OF THE ACCESSIBLE PARTS OF
TOP LEVEL AND MIDDLE LEVEL



on the high point reached with the aluminium ladder on the 15th September 1979. From the jammed blocks we had the first contact with the back-up team in Grey Crag Level below. Descending the rubble - covered slope carefully on hand line, they arrived at the edge of what turned out to be the final pitch and lights could be seen at the bottom.

Our quest to discover a route through the Paddy End Workings from Levers Water was almost complete. The remaining ladders were lowered and with a certain degree of excitement the 25 metre pitch was descended to find out where it would finish. It landed on top of the collapse some 20 metres north of Paddy End Shaft in Grey Crag Level at the site of the 1978 dig. The completion of this interesting but hazardous descent through the Paddy End Workings was hailed as an important early milestone of our explorations in this part of the mine but it left us in no doubt as to the magnitude of the task ahead. Halfway down the last pitch a big ledge was noticed on one side with a stone wall at the back. This, along with many other features that had been seen, was to be looked at in more detail at some time in the future. With this in mind some of the upper ladders were left in position.

Two weeks later on 30th November 1980 a return was made to Middle Level to investigate the large stope below the twin tunnels. The pitch from the vantage point in tunnel M3 to the chaotic, boulder strewn floor beneath was only seven metres. The stope ran north westerly and soon another step down in the floor was reached and descended after some difficulty in finding a secure belay. The pitch of ten metres brought us directly below the twin tunnels.

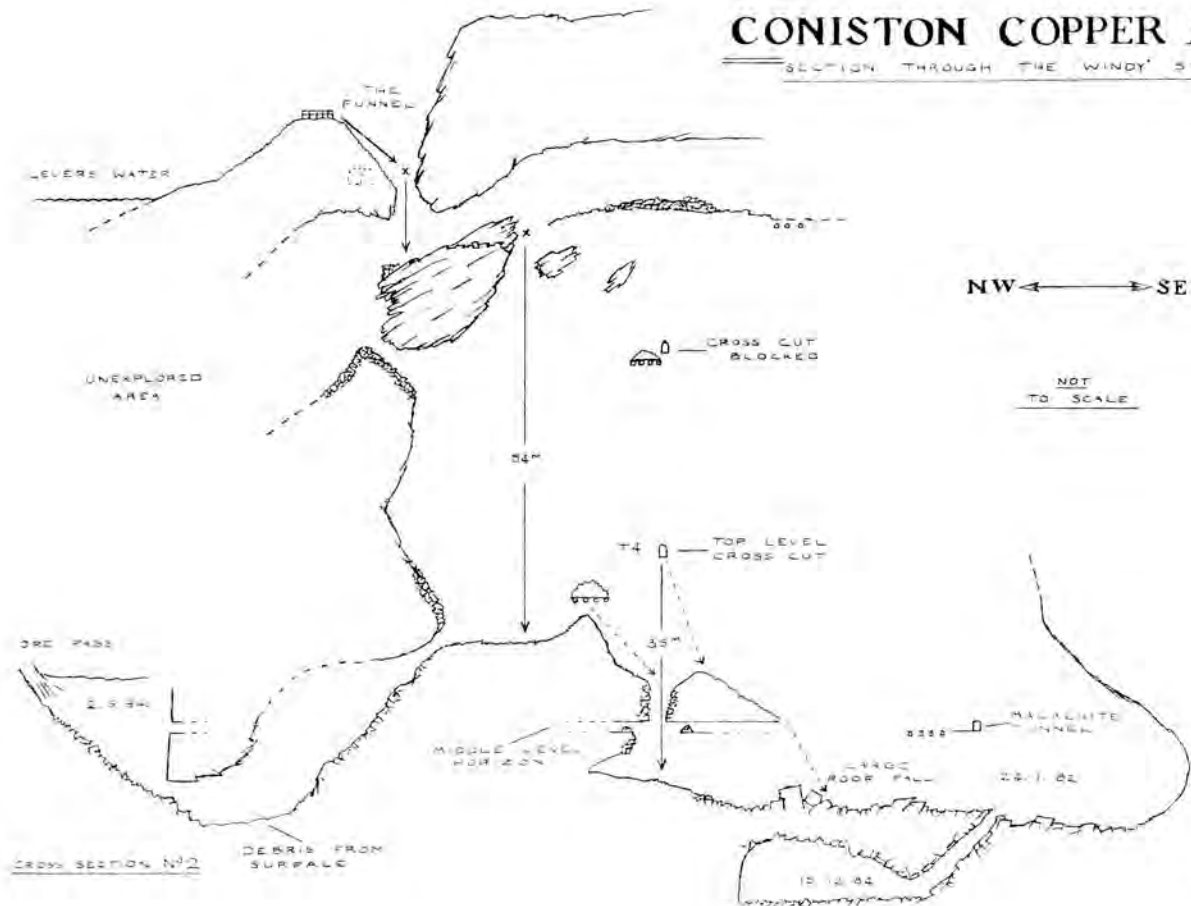
It was considered most important that an attempt should be made to reach these twin tunnels as they might be the key to finding our way into the extensive continuation of the Middle Level workings we knew existed from the old mine plans. A lot of discussion and head scratching went on over the problem of reaching them as they were over 17 metres above the floor. Almost three years were to pass before a successful solution was worked out.

Following the stope again we came to a second step in the floor which was quickly descended to another floor. By now we had lost sight of the roof which was beyond the range of our lights. It is difficult to understand whether the floor of this large stope is made up of waste material dumped from higher workings or the result of collapses. Before the end of the stope was reached the floor disappeared again but this time it was a long way down so it was left for future exploration. On the way back to the surface the remaining electron ladders were stripped out.

Research in the Red Dell/ Bonsor workings kept us busy during 1981, and so only two recorded visits by a small group in to Paddy End Workings took place. On one of these all of the pitches on the through route were fitted with bolts and hangers and the first complete descent by abseil took place on the 13th December, when the five members involved, on reaching Hospital Level found themselves sealed in. This was during a very cold spell of weather, and on reaching the mouth

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SECTION THROUGH THE WINDY STOPE



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of the tunnel at surface, they found a two foot thick wall of ice blocking the exit. Unfortunately it was reinforced by some timbers stacked there. It took them half an hour, using only piton hammers, before they were able to chip their way out. By then it was quite late in the evening and anxious relatives were phoning round enquiring as to their whereabouts. Even when they got out their troubles were not over - six inches of snow had fallen and after a hazardous drive home it was getting on for midnight.

On a previous visit in November, the old ladderway from Arête Chamber was descended to Top Level, where they had a good look around, noting the various stopes for future exploration. Returning to Arête Chamber, they abseiled down the original 29 metre pitch. At the bottom they set to work clearing a way through the back-filled tunnel, which was started on the occasion of the first descent (15th November 1980). They eventually broke through into what has become a useful link with the Top Level workings.

It is perhaps time to describe the Top Level system in detail, referring to Plan No.2. The description will follow the route taken on the 23rd January 1982. A descent was made through the collapsed floor from Arête Chamber which landed at the southern end of Tunnel T6. This line of descent is not in favour due to the wear and tear on the ropes from the gritty nature of the stope. Ten metres along the tunnel a shaft drops down. This had been descended from the first time on 13th December 1981 after clearing loose timber and rubble for around its collar. The bottom was reached using electron ladder at about 23 metres. A quick dig revealed a short blind tunnel one way but the other direction yielded a surprise. A three metre scramble down brought the party into another tunnel (M5) at right angles. The floor of this tunnel was a remarkable sight. It was knee-deep in thick bright green mud - liquid malachite. Where it had leached from was not obvious, but it would yield a high percentage of copper if processed. Someone named this tunnel "The Green Ginnel". At the time we did not realise it was part of the Middle Level System. The tunnel ended in the side of an enormous stope. Traces of where the tunnel formerly continued on a false floor across the wall were visible.

Returning up the shaft, Tunnel T6 continued north west until the bottom of the old ladderway from Arête Chamber was passed. Just beyond here a four way junction was reached. The tunnel at right angles (T4) is a cross cut running north east/ south west and intersects five veins. Straight ahead our tunnel ran into a floorless stope, which prevented further progress that way. The view down a shaft to the left showed an old ladder going down to the flooded bottom of the stope. This was called "The Lake Stope". However, over the intervening years we have noticed that the "Lake" disappears after a spell of dry weather. It still awaits exploration.

Tunnel T4 ends abruptly at its south west end on the brink of a deep stope which draughted very strongly. It obviously connected directly with the surface but no daylight could be seen. It was to be a long time before we were to prove where

this connection was. We named it "The Windy Stope" but it could be part of South Vein. Following the tunnel in the other direction a second four way junction is reached with a stope overhead which connects with a tunnel in Arête Chamber. Turning left the forehead of the tunnel is soon reached beyond a sump in the floor. Going right, Tunnel T5 runs through a stope and a lot of the floor is false with a drop of some 17 metres underneath. This was descended on the 13th December 1981 and found to be choked at the bottom. The wall to the right at one point must only be two or three metres thick, with Tunnel T6 on the other side. The stopes in both tunnels merge high above our heads, and it was possible to see lights over the top from the other side. Bats have been observed hibernating in this area.

Progressing further along T5, a step over a hole in the floor and a short scramble brought us to the north west end of the back-filled tunnel, which leads through to the bottom of the 29 metre pitch and the top of the 23 metre pitch down to Middle Level. Returning to the junction of Tunnel T4 and turning right the cross cut soon brought us to a rising stope on the right. At a later date this was climbed and proved to be blind. After another 12 metres Tunnel T4 ended at a collapse. An attempt to clear this was made on the 13th December, 1981. We returned to the surface to the cold of a January night, well pleased with what had been seen and eager to explore the stopes we had peered down into.

The next day, 24th January 1982, found us back in Tunnel T4, where it ends at the Windy Stope (see Cross Section No.2). A length of electron ladder was secured and lowered into unknown regions. At 22 metres a sandy unstable "egg-timer" hole was reached. To the north a steep slope led up beneath a false floor. The other way, which carried on down, looked safer and easier and avoided the hole and so it was followed down another 14 metres to where it was possible to scramble down to the floor of this big stope which was piled high with massive angular blocks. Care had to be taken climbing over or round these blocks, which must have come down from the roof at some time in the past. Some were unstable and had sharp edges. It was probably because of the difficult nature of the terrain that we missed a hidden square inclined "tube" descending through the jumble of blocks. It was not found until 2nd September 1984. We hoped it might take us into the workings which are now inaccessible from Grey Crag Level on the Paddy End Old Vein. There was no water down there so there must have been some connection; but it was left for a future date. On the wall of the stope above a curtain of malachite gave away the location of the Green Ginnel of Middle Level. The stope ended with no sign of ore in the vein.

We were only beginning to realise the magnitude of the task we had taken on in exploring Paddy End Mines. So far we had done very little more than had been done in the 60's. We were able to plot our progress on old undated mine plans, the exception to this being Middle Level. Our survey did not correspond to anything on the plans. In any case we had only seen a fraction of the total extent of the workings on Top and Middle Level Horizons. As time went on we were able to

put together more and more pieces of this huge three dimensional jigsaw and come up with a few surprises.

The next significant discovery was made on Boxing Day 1982 when a team dug through the collapse at the north east end of the Top Level cross cut Tunnel T4. Access was gained to a tunnel running south east (T3) with a stope overhead and to the left. The uneven tunnel floor was followed past some short side passages and some fine ochrous formations, until we reached an opening on the right with a view into a stope which descended to a rubble-strewn floor 10 metres below to the right and looked as if it was formerly a manway down to the lower workings. The tunnel then went off to the east for 16 metres where it entered what appeared to be an important level (T1). We soon realised it was the main top haulage level to the surface. Traces should be seen on the floor where railway lines had lain. It was followed south until a side passage to the right was entered. This ended at a stope rising to the left and descending to the right. It was earmarked for future exploration. Returning to the main passage - this brought us to a junction on a bend. A short passage on the right ended at another deep stope and which was descended later that day. Straight ahead the continuation of the main level disappeared under a huge collapse, which had come down from yet another stope to our right. The collapse could be climbed for a considerable distance before being stopped by the steep sides of the stope, which carried on upwards with timbers and staging visible above. We estimated that the surface of the fell could not be far away.

Returning and going north the tunnel (T2) was followed 22 metres to a junction with a short branch passage on the left. Beyond here it was partially back-filled for a further 13 metres and the end reached after 7 metres more. This tunnel is probably driven on the Belman Hole Vein. According to an old plan, somewhere in this area is another tunnel driven from the bed of Levers Water before it was dammed. The entrance was sealed, according to local legend, with 2 oak plugs when the water level was raised. The tunnel was aptly named on the plan as "Woodend's Level". I wonder if the North West Water Authority is aware of this. Members of Cumbria Amenity Trust have strict instructions to leave anything alone that looks vaguely like an oak plug in any of the tunnels we may find! We retraced our steps to the main haulage level and followed it north past the tunnel we entered by. Sixty-eight metres from here a short connecting tunnel on the left ran into the blockage at the junction we had dug our way in from, another 32 metres and the main tunnel ended at a major collapse which, judging by the water coming through, must coincide with a stope above. It appeared that the miners had long ago had trouble here and had attempted to shore up the roof with timber and railway lines which were still evident. So we were denied further access in this direction in our quest to seek the remaining extensive tunnels and workings on Top Level which run for a least another quarter of a mile beneath Brim Fell.

Nevertheless, we were pleased to have discovered 220 metres of new workings

on Top Level. The Boxing Day dig was declared a success. Tunnel T3 was not shown on the old plans but everything else corresponded fairly well. The scrap men had been thorough on closure and had left very little in the way of artifacts, but had they been beyond the collapse and what still remains on the other side - a row of wagons still on the rails? - who knows. We are still trying to find a way into the Top Level extension. If all else fails no doubt an attempt will be made to dig through the collapse.

Before leaving Top Level that day some members abseiled down the stope previously mentioned off Tunnel T1 and landed on a floor 26 metres below. About 8 metres to the south of this point the top of Pinnacle Rock could be seen slightly lower in the continuation of the stope below. The point of landing must be directly over the final pitch of the Levers Water/Grey Crag through route. To the north timbers spanned the stope which carried on beyond the range of our lights but progress was not possible in this direction - most of the floors having collapsed. On the old plans the words "Great Opening" are inscribed across this area. It was certainly one of the largest stopes we had seen. The other stope in the side passage off Tunnel T1 was descended on the 29th January 1983 and found to be the continuation of the stope mentioned above, descending from Top Level, and also to coincide with the stope with the twin tunnels on Middle Level. The huge ore body that had been removed must have given very profitable returns to the mine operators at the time. It was no doubt Paddy End Old Vein working that we were in.

On the 26th June 1983 the Red Rose Potholing Club became the first group other than CAT members to be shown through the Paddy End workings from Levers Water down.

The problem of reaching the twin tunnels of Middle Level was tackled at last on 15th September 1983, almost three years after we first saw them. The method we used is known as the "maypoling" technique, which consists of erecting sections of scaffolding poles clamped together to form one pole 15 metres long. The bottom end was firmly wedged under rocks below the vantage point on the high step in the floor of the stope. The other end was lowered from Tunnel M3 with a rope into the left hand of the twin tunnels, which has a fan of malachite below it. The angle of the pole was about 55°. Hanging from the top end was 17 metres of electron ladder, which just reached the floor on the second step of the stope. When a volunteer was called for to the climb this free hanging ladder with dubious anchorage, there was no great rush. Someone, with little apparent sense of self-preservation started up - actually he was an engineer and had assessed the stresses, bending moments, tensions at any given point and declared it to be "quite safe" if one was careful getting off at the top. The spectators watched every step. Flashbulbs went off to record the event, progress was swift and the top was soon reached. The maypole sagged as his weight was transferred to the floor of the passage. A cheer echoed around the cavern. More flashbulbs. It was not exactly like the first man on the moon but good enough. We had a man actually stood in

the twin tunnels of Middle Level. Someone had said it would be impossible to reach them. What lay ahead? - the volunteer cautiously set off to find out. It did not take long - six metres and it ended in the blackness of the stope again. It had all been mined away. What an anti-climax. What a shame, for almost 20 metres ahead the tunnel could be seen continuing, but at that point it lay high above the floor of the third step of the stope, a vertical height of approximately 27 metres. There was nothing left to do but descend the ladder and dismantle the maypole. The new extension to Middle Level has hardly ever been talked about since, as it would be extremely difficult to handle people or manoeuvre a maypole which would be long enough to reach it. There is still a good possibility that the tunnel can be reached from a totally different part of the mine. Before leaving the big stope that day we decided to probe the hole at the end of the third step, which we had noted on the 30th November 1980. Two members abseiled down 36 metres into a tunnel which ran from a collapse to a blind end at ten metres. No bearing was taken but it would most probably be a section of Grey Crag Level on Paddy End Old Vein. They prussiked out and we all returned to the surface.

On the 2nd September 1984, we returned to the back strings at Levers Water to attempt the descent of the fearsome cleft in the ground just west of the crater (see Surface Plan). We call it "The Funnel" on account of the shape of the large hole surrounding it, which is made up of a great thickness of boulder clay. This hole more than any other has changed dramatically over the last 30 years. It used to be just a small depression with an elongated slot at the far side. Now it is a yawning chasm which is swallowing up the surrounding fellside. In 1985 alone there have been noticeable changes. We had often wondered what would be down there and this was the day we were to begin to find out (see Cross Section No.2).

Having made a secure belay, the first of the team of five descended the steep sides, clearing loose rubble on the way and abseiled over the edge to land on a massive pile of jammed blocks. The vertical descent from the belay was 16 metres. To the north of this point a block hole went down heading under Levers Water. Going the other way too the right of the jammed blocks a clear descent line was found, where a direct abseil from a bolt and hanger could be made straight down the continuation of the stope. It proved to be a long way down. A second rope had to be added to the first in mid-flight, the knot proving troublesome to those that followed. The bottom was reached at 54 metres. The descent was clean and sound with solid rock walls. A tunnel was spotted entering the stope a third of the way down on the right, but it would not be easy to reach from the line of descent. At the bottom a boulder slope went steeply down to the north west whilst the other way a high pile of loose rubble reached up beneath a timber platform and blocked the way. This was partially demolished by the first man down awaiting the arrival of the rest of the team. A further bolt was placed and a rope let down the far side of the rubble pile which sloped down to a hole. This was descended through very unstable collapsed material which had to be partially cleared en route. On the way



Abseiling into "The Funnel",
Coniston Copper Mines

Photograph by Peter Fleming

down a half hidden tunnel was noticed running off either way, but again access would be difficult. It has since been realised that they are in fact part of the Middle Level extension, but so far no attempt has been made to enter them. It would only be achieved by a maypole from below. After 22 metres the bottom was reached and we found ourselves at the northern end of a very large stope which, unknown to us at the time, was part of the same one we had abseiled down from the surface and very soon something else dawned on us. We had barely starting exploring around when someone said, "I've been here before!" It was the Windy Stope which had been entered on the 24th January 1982 from Top Level, Tunnel T4. So now we knew where the connection to the surface was. No wonder it was "windy" with the funnel up there to draw the air.

We decided to explore the bottom of the stope more thoroughly than last time and this resulted in the discovery of the square "tube" mentioned previously. Owing to lack of extra rope, this was not descended until 15th. December 1984, and it led into a whale-shaped chamber beneath the floor of the stope above. The roof consisted of large jammed blocks and the end was a blank rock face with a heavy iron chain hanging there. There was no further way down, which was a disappointment as it must have formerly connected with Paddy End Old Workings on Grey Crag Level. At this point we were about 120 metres below the surface. It could not be more than another 15 metres down to Grey Crag Level.



The Old Engine Shaft Waterwheel, 1895,
Coniston Copper Mines

From the Peter Fleming Collection

Back now to the 2nd September 1984. After exploring around the bottom of the Windy Stope we prussicked out up the 22 metre pitch which was the same one we had avoided on the 24th January, 1982, whilst abseiling down from Tunnel T4. At that time we described it as a sandy, unstable, egg-timer hole. Having reached the bottom of the big pitch again, we set off down the north west end of the stope passing beneath some loose rubble, which seemed to defy the laws of gravity. The way down was steep and rocky. At the lowest point the floor was choked with clay from the surface and gave the impression it would flood in wet weather. Scrambling up the other side we soon emerged into the chamber. Straight ahead the steep slope ran up to the roof and what appeared to be a blocked ore path. Overhead above our point of entry a tunnel was seen with rails sticking out of it. This was most intriguing. What was up there and where did it go? The tunnel was 8 metres above the floor in an undercut wall. There was no way we could reach it that day. About six metres across the wall to the left there appeared to be a narrow stope running south east the bottom of it being piled with rubble. This could mark the line of another tunnel, which would fit in with the plans.

Six months were to elapse before we returned to this chamber on the 24th March 1985, equipped with scaffolding poles and electron ladder. An 8 metre maypole was erected with ladder attached. The tunnel was soon reached and all six members

present gathered there eager to explore. An old oil can lay fused by rust to the floor. After ten metres a short side tunnel went off to the right. The odd broken drill lay about. The railway lines were followed along the main tunnel which ran straight in a south westerly direction. Stress fractures were noticed in the walls. After a further 50 metres we came to a collapse. Despite having little to dig with we started clearing the left hand side and eventually we could see through into a passage. Our smallest member crawled through and was immediately sealed in when the gap ran in. Once again it was cleared and the rest got through into the passage which had very heavy timbers supporting the roof. We guessed there was a large stope overhead. The passage ended very soon at another collapse but in the floor a square hole gave us a view down into a large chamber. The floor was about ten metres below and half the area we could see consisted of a deep crystal pool of turquoise water. When, we wondered, did human eyes last look on this spectacle? The fact that the chamber was not full to the top suggests there is a connection with lower workings in Grey Crag Level, but as we did not have time to descend into the chamber it was not proved. It has been left for future investigation. We returned to the surface and on studying the old mine plans we identified our new tunnel as a cross cut on Middle Level and the blockage we dug through was in fact a four-way junction with four workings ahead and to the right. Also, direct below the turquoise chamber, is a branch of Grey Crag Level. It is certainly an area which requires further exploratory work.

To date, the only other occasion the funnel was entered was on the 17th November 1984, when an attempt was made to follow the steeply sloping shelf, which runs along its left hand side. It was necessary to clear a lot of rubble to make progress until eventually the shelf ended whilst the stope carried on into the darkness. At a point directly above the tunnel first seen on 2nd September 1984, which enters the stope a third of the way down, two rock pitons were driven into a crack and a member abseiled quickly down to the tunnel. He abseiled too quickly because on braking at the tunnel mouth one of the pitons came out. It was a heart-stopping moment to see if the other piton would hold. There was a long drop to the bottom right through the egg-timer hole. Luck was on his side and the piton held, but it was a close call.

The tunnel was gained but alas turned out to be blocked by a collapse after a few metres. It is possible that the tunnel formerly connected with workings in the Arête Chamber area.

A week previous to this on the 11th November 1984, a group descended the now well established through-route as far as Middle Level and made for the Deep Stope on the South Vein at the end of Tunnel M2. We knew this went all the way down to Deep Level one hundred and twenty metres below and that it intercepted the branch of Pudding Stone Level where the floors had collapsed. The object was to reach the Pudding Stone/Grey Crag Level via this stope and see if there were any other intermediate tunnels on the way down. Having made secure belays our senior

and most experienced SRT exponent set off down and soon disappeared from view. Unfortunately there was a lot of condensation suspended in the air that day, which reduced visibility dramatically and nothing interesting was seen.

By now other members, by abseiling down the normal route, had reached the place where in theory he should emerge in the tunnel below. They waited at the edge of the collapsed floor where the rails projected. It soon became evident by voice contact that he was around a corner well along the stope. This called on all his ingenuity to try and pendule across and traverse where possible to his right using anything and everything available - cross timbers, knobs of rock, tallow candles, the lot. When he came in sight he was lassoed cowboy fashion and hauled across a rock face to the safety of Pudding Stone Level. He was followed by another, younger member who arrived in a state of shock and was last seen slumped speechless, like a discarded tailor's dummy, in a corner. (The Old Un's can't be beat in a difficult situation.)

Whilst the de-rigging of the pitches went on, two other members descended Paddy End Shaft through the Manhole and explored around the large stope at the bottom to assess the chances of getting into Deep Level. It did not look very promising.

On the 10th March 1985, we returned to Middle Level where, a few metres beyond the Green Pool, it is possible to enter an opening on the right and scramble into a stope (see Section I on Plan No 2). A maypole was erected to reach the higher regions. Some short tunnels were found which entered further stopes, which are still awaiting thorough exploration. No workings are shown in this area on the old plans.

A month later on the 20th April 1985, on the occasion of a CAT meet, the big ledge halfway down the final pitch of the Paddy End through route was investigated. The stone wall was scaled and the collapse behind it was also climbed but there was no way on through the large roof fall. This working may coincide with the upper part of the stope on Grey Crag Level also containing a large roof fall. A maypoling exercise at the junctions of Tunnels T3 and T4 on the 13th July 1985 proved that the overhead stopes here were blind.

In concluding Part II of Coniston Mines Rediscovered, mention must be made of a most important find in November 1984, which will be fully covered in Part III. This was the discovery of Levers Water Mine and its subsequent relationship with Brow Stope which is still being explored. To date no connection has been found to provide a direct link between these workings and those of Paddy End covered in this report, but we know now that Top Level intersects Brow Stope and we are actively trying to reach it.

A ROUTE ON SCAFELL

Dave Gregory

I had completely forgotten the incident and the disappointment had died and been forgotten also, but then the new guide to Scafell was published and the puzzlement returned.

We all have acquaintances of excellent memories. Nasty Jack will be able to give you the dentition of the gastropod which makes the vital foothold on Gabriel. Les Brown will still remember the sequence of events which left him, almost marooned on Llithrig, a victim of Banner's rope manoeuvres. Many the people who have seen Tubby A., consulted about the difficulty of some route or other, anywhere, push up his owlies by the bridge and smile at the flood of, as yet unleashed, reminiscence. I have a friend who can relate, udge by thrutch, his method of chimneying up the Great Flake facing left and out. He is one of another class, one of the climbing computer memory banks who have docketed away every bit of information about their climbing and who knows what other life. They have instant recall of every sprag and knee-jam from Wick to Penwith and can be seen in every climbing bar endangering eyesight and spilling good beer with their arms crookedly spread, fingers agley as they reel off the magnetic tape their recollection of their ascent, or was it someone else's?, of this and that.

I fit in neither category. I can remember doing C.B., and how many times I failed on it; but more than once, not having annotated the guidebook, I found myself well up some minor route before a particular situation recalled my having been there before. This never happens on Scafell. Whatever route you do on Scafell is well earned and well remembered. Had Sisyphus been a rock-climber he had been worse damned to be put to walking up Brown Tongue and Hollowstones and then back to start again.

I spent a day once, in mist and wind and trepidation on the greasy slabs of the Pinnacle to discover at the day's end the East Buttress to have been in warm sun; the wind rolling the cloud billows back at Mickledore. On another such day we investigated over the saddle first and things being if anything worse on that side, pondered on what to do. Faulty though it is my memory served up the information that a) Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress might be sheltered in that great fastness; b) it stood out well and carried little drainage; c) it finishes high on the hill and every now and then even a rock climber should visit a summit; but d) a suspicion that somewhere on it was a nasty little groove filled with loose and bouncy stones. Memory having done its job, brain did its and under pretext of answering a call of nature but in reality to scrutinise the guidebook I vanished round a rib. He will not wear a helmet, affecting a flat hat, which I found on the path to Cloggy, but which proved to be a bit too small for me. How is it that nature can fit a small memory into a large cranium and vice-versa? No matter. He squeezes this minuscule ratter

over his healthy thatch and professes himself protected. The last pitch of four has the scree chute; so, if he leads off I get the fourth and he the shaly showerbath. So it proved to be and by cunningly wriggling the rope as he came up the groove I contrived a very satisfactory spray of fragments to press home the lesson of his foolhardiness.

Returning at a dangerous speed down the helter-skelter of the Ghyll we cast about for the start of Grey Bastion and hit upon a line near it to which the guide bore no description. We followed the line and completed it and duly the description appeared in the *Journal*. During the ascent, I, leading the pitch, entered into what Liverpool section call a 'dirdre', which promised to become a deidre of the sorrows for part way up it was a block. It had a curious shape, a cross between one of those large scotches which buses used to carry for use in emergencies on hills and a solid rock hexentric. I arranged a runner on one of the ropes in the line of the groove and held the other out of the danger zone. Fortunately the walls of the groove were rough, as rough as any on the crag and by hitching up the breeches' crutch so that it was in intimate contact with the portion of the anatomy which it is designed to cover I was able to bridge past the block without touching it. Another runner above it and the incubus could be surveyed in safety. Its upper surface, the end face of the hexentric, was horizontal and several smaller fragments, the largest the size of a house brick, rested on it. A tentative disturbance of one of these with a gentle toe set the block swaying, the heart pumping and the wallet cringing, the rope directly below it being my own. That I was not to be the one to disturb it was evident. Even the ropes are expensive, and there is a difference, even if only in degree, between flicking a few grams of pebble at one's companion and giving him the doubtful benefit of a hundredweight or so of best Scafell. I belayed a little further on.

Geoff came up to the runner above the block and tied to it. I tied him off to my belay and then with our hands round our mouths in best lifeboat hailing fashion we gave the misty blankets a few concerted lungfuls of "BEEEEELOOOOW". No scurry from the depths and off went the first passenger fragment. No remonstrance from below. The second and the third, the block swinging wildly when the housebrick went. Push upon push and its momentum increasing beyond the critical the block bumped, battered and hurled from wall to wall of the Ghyll down to Hollow Stones and beyond. "If that damages any buildings in the valley", he said, "I hope it's not Naylor's or Ullock's where one would want one's credit to be good". Of Brackenclouse, not a care.

Now our description to "Sleeping Crack" appeared in the *Journal* of 1968. Imagine our surprise when, in the *Journal* of 1969, there appeared the description of a route called "Gobsite" which seemed to us to cover similar ground and which was dated a few days before our ascent. Its account made no mention of the Damoclesian hexentric. Did they never notice it or not deign to mention it? Did someone put it there between our ascents? Did they cover the same rock? Had we

got there first and then been dealt a card off the bottom of the calendar? Ours but to wait and see.

In due course the Scafell guide appeared and there, as I leaned against the racks of gear and leafed through it, I learned our fate. The list of first ascents contained no "Sleeping Crack". Hard lines. It was much later in the year, in the dark evening, fireside season, that, with the family out and the television off, I browsed more thoroughly through the guide. And there among the routes on Deep Ghyll Buttress is the description of "Sleeping Crack". The descriptions of the two routes are little altered, but sufficiently to make it sure that there are two separate routes. Our suspicions were unfounded. Our apologies to those unknowns, to Martin and Wilson. Honour is satisfied, but it would have been pleasant to have figured in the list of first ascents of Scafell.

FALLING ABOUT AND NOT LAUGHING

David Craig

It may have been euphoria. I don't think it was hubris.

We'd been staying at Sennen Cove again, our mid-winter journey into that place of mild storms and epic winds. The usual gale greeted us and it blew until Pete was about to leave. He is an ideal partner, who climbs regularly (in the Avon and Verdon Gorges) at E3/4, 6a/b, and is therefore so solid on my grade of route (VS/HVS with occasional forays upwards) that when he's leading it makes me feel I'm wearing a parachute, or wings. But the nearest we got to a climb before he had to leave was to stand on the precipitous tussocks above Great Zawn at Bosigran so that he could eye up the line of Dream/Liberator, which he fancies for some perfect day this summer.

After he'd left, I was humming with unexpended energy. I soloed around at Pedn-Mên-Du, put up a 20 metre Severe at the southernmost end of the possibilities, on a grooved and stepped wall right of Teleology, and called it Roisin Dubh because it's in Irish Lady Cove and the rock is stained deep black. Coming back along the base of the crags to the home terrain between Sunday Face and Demo, I spied a ladder of knobbly quartz mini-jugs edging out of the granite, which looked familiar but vertical enough to be provoking. I pulled up, it went, it was irresistible. At the finish, when I thought I'd cracked it, I frightened myself trying to swing left through mid-air on an extraordinary beak - petrified remnant of an extinct bird - integral with the crag but so slender - I retreated, sweating, tried a cleft on the right between two crystalline haunches, and got up by means of jams so secure that they lacerated. Double Overhang, of course - 20 metres, 4b, 4b. By my standards I was going well, and when we went to Carn Kenidjack on our last day, to write and read and scramble, I felt just about ready to nip up Gneiss Gnome, which had been grinning at me for a year or two. But I took the precaution of peering down the final twenty feet of its ninety, and the cleaned slant joint was lined with a paste of winter-moist soil, and the little toe-steps to its right (facing in) were dripping, so I went on down the path with my headier impulses tightly reined in.

Down there, at the foot of the great shield of Saxon and Thane, in that lovely zone of waves swinging in blue and bursting white, I laddered up the first sixty feet of the Gnome, to confirm the no-go assessment - no, I could not make myself slink up that oozing gutter, the fear would be ghastly, the situation beyond control by strength and skill alone, and where's the good in that? So down I went again and along the shingle, looking longingly up at the subtly engraved surfaces of the Carn itself. I'd always wondered how to start Saxon. The first holds are clearly out of reach, so, experimentally, I did a few gymnastics between the giant boulder and

the face and it seemed as though back-and-footing might do the trick. But the footholds gleamed and dripped, so I dried them thoroughly on my selection of bar towels (Teacher's, Marston's and Stone's), chimneyed up with Firés squirming as the ooze reappeared, lunged for a rim, swung up, edged left, and in no time I was strolling my hand along the flake which crescents across the face like the lower lip of a sabre-cut, feet on the positive wrinkles: eighty feet of comfortable climbing which gave me at least a taste and feel of that rearing expanse, until things became so thin and steep that further progress without a rope would have been ridiculous and I traversed off and down the Gnome again.

I was so in tune with this pure, cold-forged, wind-scoured world by now that I leaned against the foot of the shield with my arms out, my cheek against the gneiss, and a poem came to me, whole lines and the clinching idea, as the gulls' shadows criss-crossed on the sunlit rock and the waves hissed and seethed behind me.

Perfect contentment. I kept my Fires on, put on my rucksack, and walked along the shore to the little zawn on the left for a last scramble. A short wall beckoned, twenty feet on protruding biscuits but holds galore and easier-angled terrain waiting above. I pulled up, fingered and toed the biscuits; they were sound enough though thin as trifle sponges. I reached up and pinched a sloping arête on the right, bridged off its twin on the left and eased up into the valley above - a grating and tearing, like a tooth coming out - the wall blazes up past me in a blur - utter, sudden stoppage - unnatural silence, like after a car crash - a boulder to my left rears like a trapdoor falling and slams the side of my head. I've landed feet first on tilted boulders and bounced leftwards against a slab. I lie there, tingling. Black-faced rocks outstare me calmly, keeping their counsel, disclaiming all responsibility for this folly. I haven't blacked out, so no concussion. I work my ankles round and round, and they do work, although my right heel is numb. My hair is wet where my head hit but not streaming. My left haunch and right knee are on fire with grazes and my right elbow has been hammered. But I can make it up the path (with its unavoidable ten-foot Diff. rock step) and back to the car where Anne is, quite rightly, as much exasperated as consoling.

So you shouldn't solo, alone, without a helmet, on unclimbed, brittle rock in winter. Of these six factors, perhaps only the 'unclimbed' one is crucial. As I looked up the twenty feet of my fall, I saw that the rock which gave way on me had been weakened by moisture collected and given out again by a tump of sea-thrift. On a frequented route the weak rock (and probably the flowers) would have long since gone. As for the risky aspects of soloing in itself, would they not (in this case) apply as well to climbing an awkward first pitch with the possibility of falling before the first protection had been slotted home? That is when I've had my last few leader falls, for example one February day at Oxenber, near Austwick, when I skidded back down the freezing, polished chimney-crack that opens Bullroar and knackered my left ankle (I never seem actually to break). The bad thing about a February accident is that it can jeopardise the start of the real rock season. When

I went to Skye that Easter, and we walked up via Meall Odhar to Sgurr a Bhasteir, and down into Glen Sligachan via the Lota and Harta Corries, the three miles around the shoulder opposite the Bloody Stone were hell because we had to walk continuously on the steep heather slope and it forced my ankle inwards at just the most painful angle. When I went to Wallowbarrow in Dunnerdale that same month to climb Perseverance and The Plumb, the walking up was still much more trying and crippled than the climbing. There's the beauty of rock; it is so much a matter of finesse, so little of brute shove. So healing continued, and the ankle never troubled me again till suddenly, five years later, I fulfilled an old ambition by going to lead Valkyrie on Froggatt Pinnacle. I tackled that leaning and slanting crack by forcing in cruel toe-jams, and by the time I failed to make horizontal hand-jams lodge on the traverse and went whanging down onto my well-planted Moac, I must have stressed the ankle joint too much. By the end of the day I could hardly depress the clutch. And now I have abused that ankle yet again. Will it stand up to this year's siege of Froggatt Pinnacle? You never quite recover from these traumas; they come creaking and wincing back on you years later and make you realise your vulnerability as a thing of flesh and bone. But I can't wholly regret the adventure at Carn Kenidjack: I can learn from it, and it did throw up a poem.

Under the Slab

Death is over against us.
Stand with your cheek to the rock-face,
Pivot it through 90° until
The perfectly hard minerals close over,
Forcing their dense-packed atoms onto the running
And feeling of your blood.

Rise again, look to the zawn-mouth.
Its stone lids part,
Its blue eye opens,
Like surf the white birds seethe
And the transparent dove-grey shadows
Print their ecstatic shadows on the slate.

TROPICAL TALES

Richard D Hamer

Kilimanjaro has always been a secret ambition of mine. As a boy I used to look forward to the regular arrival of postcards and the occasional present from a godfather who for much of my childhood worked at the Outward Bound school near Kilimanjaro. The thought of a snow-capped, equatorial volcano rising in near perfect cone from the game covered Maasai plains of the East African plateau, to a height of almost 20,000 ft. was enough to place this mountain in a very special category in my imagination.

When Denise and I succeeded in obtaining posts in the Zambian copper belt last year, Kilimanjaro at once became a feasible and relatively inexpensive proposition and we decided to make it our first target.

Like many countries in Central and East Africa, Tanzania is experiencing both chronic monetary problems and a flourishing black market and has had a succession of disappointing harvests. Just four days before we left came the news that all Tanzanian bank notes were to be recalled for re-issue.

We considered the various means of travel and principally from a desire to see as much of the country as possible, we eventually opted for the long haul overland by train. The 1,200 mile railway line built by the Chinese in the 1960's from Kapiri Mposhi in Zambia through to Dar-es-Salaam in Tanzania still constitutes one of Zambia's most important links with the world markets. It is along this route that Zambia's copper is exported. Our friends in Kitwe expressed concern at our intentions, telling stories of endless delays, lack of food and water en route, corrupt border officialdom and a multitude of thieves on the train. In the event their fears proved unfounded and the journey was a pleasant and enjoyable one.

Accompanied by two friends from America we joined the train at Kapiri Mposhi and during the morning of the second day left behind the subdued bush-covered topography of Zambia, climbed up the western rim of the rift valley and crossed the border into Tanzania without difficulty. It was fascinating to be travelling amongst mountains again after nearly ten months on the copper belt. We descended the escarpment of the rift valley during the night and in the early hours of the next day crossed the Rufigi river and the northern tip of the Selous Game Reserve. Around lunchtime the vegetation suddenly became lush with banana and palm trees. Forty hours after leaving Kapiri Mposhi we reached Dar-es-Salaam. It was 12-30 p.m. and the banks had just closed for the day!

We reflected on the journey and how wrong our Kitwe friends had been. The water had lasted until the morning of the third day, beer and sausage rolls were still on sale in the buffet car and our section of the train had been free from thieves. The closure of the banks presented us with our first problem and delay. It is relatively

easy to obtain money in Tanzania, banks or no banks, but not the currency exchange stamps necessary for the currency declaration form, which could be frequently examined. We decided therefore to stay the night in Dar-es-Salaam, visit the bank early next day, and leave for Moshig the nearest town to Kilimanjaro, in the afternoon. In hot and humid conditions we at last found our 'Haven of Peace'—literal translation of Dar-es-Salaam — in the Salvation Army Hostel.

At 3 p.m. the following day, having concluded our various financial arrangements in the morning, we left by bus for an overnight drive to Moshi. It was a diabolical journey, hot and dusty. We were squashed into the back seat of an overloaded bus, travelling along roads corrugated with cavernous potholes. None of us slept and far from trying to catch a glimpse of the mountain on arrival, we had just one thought - sleep.

By late afternoon, feeling human again, we very quickly found that the information received in Zambia was this time largely correct and that climbing Kilimanjaro is an expensive business these days. Even by the normal tourist walking route from the Marangu Park Gate - a five day trip - it is not possible to obtain a permit to enter the Park without a registered guide. The total cost of Park entrance fee, hut/camping fees, plus guide, porters and food would be approximately 220 dollars per person, all payable in foreign exchange. It is an outrageous rip-off. We came across dozens of people who had entered Tanzania with the intention of climbing the mountain only to find it hopelessly beyond their means. A few opt to risk it alone and enter the Park illegally, but this means walking at odd times, avoiding the huts, Park Rangers and guided parties and visiting the summit at night. Climbing without a guide or a valid permit could incur a hefty fine and a possible prison sentence. Two Dutchmen caught the previous week, on the mountain without a guide, had been fined two hundred and fifty dollars each and were still in custody.

Our plan had been to do the Umbwe Western Breach route, more expensive still, so it was necessary to turn our attention to the shorter, steeper, walking route from Mweka, easily accessible from Moshi. However we needed to be fitter and better acclimatized - our two American companions had done little mountaineering - and since the Game Parks are mainly in the highlands above the escarpment at Lake Manyara, we thought a week or so spent up there would greatly enhance our chances. We left Moshi immediately, without a glimpse of the mountain which had remained hidden above the clouds. We teamed up with two other people making their way overland from Capetown to London, and arranged a marvellous safari through the Game Parks at Lake Manyara, Tarangire and the magnificent Ngorongo Crater at about 8,000 ft.

One week later satiated with close quarter African game, we returned to Moshi to renew our enquiries and it was on this drive back that the mountain at last appeared, a snow covered cone still flanked by cloud, rising high above the town. I was very disappointed at having to abandon the Western Breach but with fees at double the

amount of the shorter Mweka route it was well beyond our budget. Even so we haggled for most of the day, pointing out that we had our own food and did not require porters and eventually struck a deal we could afford - 125 U.S. dollars per person. We were to leave at 8 a.m. and our permit was valid for four days.

The Mweka route is the steepest and most direct of the walking routes on Kilimanjaro, and starts 13 km due north of Moshi. The first day begins at 4,500 ft and the trail climbs steeply through the steamy rain forests to the tree line at 9,500 ft.

Here the Mweka huts comprise two aluminium cabins each capable of sleeping 10 people. They used to be equipped with Tilley lamps, first aid equipment and stretchers but sadly these have all disappeared. There is a spring close by and wood is plentiful. It is important to carry sufficient water and fuel from here because on this route neither is available above 10,000 ft. From the huts the route mounts a steep rib covered with heath until the angle eases and the rib merges into the broad even slope of the Alpine zone. At about 13,000 ft the slope narrows once again between two deep valleys and becomes a rocky ridge devoid of vegetation. The Barafu huts are situated on this ridge at about 14,500 feet at the foot of the summit cone. From here the route ascends steeply to the crater rim at Stella Point, between the Rebmann and Ratzel glaciers equidistant between Gillman's Point and Uhuru Peak. The eve of our departure was spent eliminating excess gear which we may have needed for the Western Breach. We estimated that we would need to carry three gallons of water from the Mweka huts and in view of the extra weight - water and fuel - decided to engage two porters. Before turning in we arranged for transport to take us to our starting point, the Wild Life College at Mweka at 8 a.m. the next morning.

The following account is taken from my diary:-

Monday 26th August 1985. DAY 1.

Not a good start. Vehicle arrives on time - guide two hours late. Our anger subsides when we realise that he has already walked 10 km. His bus was stopped at a check point and declared unroadworthy! We set out at last on a dull, reddish track through banana and coffee plantations, rising gently. We cause a minor upset at a Government school when 20 truants join our party winding up into the forests. Thorns and creepers grab at us on the smooth and slippery overgrown path. It is hot and humid and the slope maintains the same angle as we climb in mist. After three hours it becomes noticeably cooler and there is a slight change in the vegetation. The lush under-growth thins out and everything is eerily swathed in carpet of moss. The forest is absolutely silent - no birds, no rustling of twigs. The truants have long given up and returned to their lessons. Abruptly, after climbing for five hours, the trees end and our spirits rise. A short time later a shout from Denise, ahead with Caspar the guide, tells of the huts, aluminium uniports in a clearing, and within half an hour we have a fire burning and water boiling for tea. It is dark at 6.30 p.m. and we are soon asleep.

Tuesday, 27th August, 1985 DAY 2.

No delays, we leave on time at 8 a.m. with full packs and carrying all the water we can manage. Still in mist. The heath vegetation is 8-9 ft high and dripping with condensation, maximum visibility less than 30 yards. We mount a steep rocky rib and at the top pause to collect fuel to carry to the Barafu huts. The ridge merges into an even hillside at a more gentle angle. We pass a large cairn marking the end of the supply of wood for fuel, and on into the calf high vegetation of the Alpine zone. The mist is as thick as ever. The gallon water bottle I am carrying begins to take its toll and I transfer it from shoulder to shoulder at ever decreasing intervals. The pace has slowed. The wetness of the heath vanishes and after three hours the mists suddenly part and the summit rises above us. An inspiring sight. The pace quickens and soon we are above the mist, looking down upon a sea of cloud lapping against the mountain sides and stretching to the horizon, whilst above us there is only the jagged outline of Mawenzi on our right and snow capped Kibo ahead. The vegetation has almost disappeared, we are in the Desert zone with only a few inches clinging to the leeward side of the larger boulders. We reach a sign post for the Kibo Circuit route and know that we are at 13,000 ft - another 1,500 ft to the next huts. We are mounting a narrow ridge at a gentle angle but the pace has slowed again. Steve and I both suffer from headaches though the two girls are fine. We reach the huts and settle for the night intending to rise at 4 a.m.

Wednesday 28th August, 1985 DAY 3.

The guide wakes us and I find to my amazement it is only 2.30 a.m. a misunderstanding due to his poor English. A cold sleepless night - my lightweight sleeping bag inadequate even with all my clothes on and feet in rucksack. Steve suffering very severe headache opts to stay at the hut. Our efforts to persuade him to continue to the summit fail and we reluctantly leave without him. For the first hour the moon is shining so brightly we barely need our head torches. The ascent is steep initially over plate slabs, then eases briefly as we climb a shallow scoop in the ridge in fine sandy gravel - easy going. As the moon dips behind a cloud bank we turn a rock band by a friable ramp on the left. It is much darker now and we use our torches until dawn breaks behind Mawenzi and it begins to warm up. At about 7.30 a.m. we top a slight rise and see the summit slopes stretching up to the rim of the crater, slopes which are much steeper and composed of unstable cindery scree. Effect of altitude reduces the pace again but Denise is going well and still talking volubly - a good sign. The crater rim seems just right above us as we draw level with the snout of the Rebmann Glacier, but it is 12.15 p.m. before we breast the rim at Stella Point. A ten minute rest to fortify ourselves with Mars bars before Casper and I continue to Uhuru Peak, reaching the summit of Africa in another 40 minutes. We drink a toast, take a few photographs and look towards the Reusch Crater and then down on to the Furtwangler Glacier at the top of the Western Breach. Casper tells me about Lieutenant Nyerinder who in 1961 placed a flag on the summit to celebrate their independence. We go down to rejoin the girls and begin the descent

immediately, taking only 1½ hours to reach Steve at the Barafu Huts. More aspirin are taken before continuing down to the tree line and much needed water at the Mweka Huts.

Thursday, 29th August, 1985. DAY 4.

We rise at 7 a.m. and are packed and away before 9 a.m. At noon we emerge from the forests on to the lower cultivated slopes and meet people working in the plantations. "Poli Sister", "Poli Bwana" they cry congratulating us. Relief to find our transport waiting to pick us up and to be able to remove our boots at last. Back at the Y.M.C.A. we gaze at the summit and reflect on the past four days.

We returned to Dar-es-Salaam two days later, this time travelling by train and there said goodbye to our two companions, who had decided to extend their holiday by continuing northwards into Kenya before flying home to America. We chose to make our way back to Zambia through Malawi, spending idyllic days enjoying the sunshine on the shores of Lake Malawi and swimming amongst the multitude of brightly coloured, freshwater tropical fish. We hitched the last stage of the journey from Lilongwe through Eastern Province via Lusaka and arrived in Kitwe dirty, dishevelled and tired after another two sleepless nights on the road, just two hours late for work.

My boss was delighted to see us. He appreciated the efforts we had made to get back on time but politely suggested that perhaps we would like to take a bath before starting work. We certainly needed it.

MOUNT KENYA'S ICE-WINDOW ROUTE

Roger Salisbury

*"... Ice crowned castles and halls to test
Steel with ashen shaft"
Realms to be won with wellswung blow
Rest to be earned from the yielding foe.'*

G.W. Young

"Scottish III/IV", The Villain had assured me in some pub or other, "You'll have no problem, youth", and he'd just done it with the landlord of the Shoulder of Mutton, who'd never climbed ice in his life before. I had done the South Face Via Normale in 1974, and had been fascinated by the near perfect symmetry of the mountain from the South. The Diamond Glacier hung between the two summits, and then plunged, nearly vertically, for 1,000 ft down the Diamond Couloir. The Ice Window Route (1,800 ft) was a longer but softer, safer option to the right hand side of the Couloir, and could be climbed in January/February as an Alpine ice route or July/September as a Scottish winter route. For me, January was the best option but for several years I failed to raise any interest from friends until, in May 1986, Bryan Mullarkey agreed to give it a severe looking at; fifteen years younger and leading 5a, a full grade harder than me: the prospect of a tight rope seemed reassuring.

A summer's rock-climbing had left me with aching fingers and swollen knuckles. At one point I tried to back off, but to my everlasting gratitude he refused to listen to me, so before either of us could change our minds again - and not wanting any hassle with Coconut Airways - we booked our B.A. flights for New Year's Day. After buying twelve days' food in the Nairobi supermarket, and failing to find anyone to share a taxi, we boarded the single decker 'country bus' - along with 93 others - for the 170 km to Naro Moru: a journey the guidebook describes with considerable understatement as "not without interest".

Some of the sleep debt was recovered in the Safari Lodge Bunkhouse and, by 11.00 am the next day, we were at the 10,000 ft Met station, 40 hours after leaving Heathrow: and from there we began the slow miserable process of acclimatisation - eased only slightly by Diamox. The porters ripped us off, of course, but 24 hours later most of the food and gear was at 14,300 ft at Mackinder's Camp, in the Teleki valley, surrounded by the science fiction plant life of 8 ft high lobelia and 25 ft giant groundsel.

The two Mountain Club of Kenya huts at this altitude have been demolished so, mainly to protect our kit from kleptomaniac porters, we settled for camping outside the stone hut built by the Safari Lodge. Minor stomach upsets and the odd blister, together with more load-humping, occupied the next couple of days, whilst the route loomed even steeper above us and we anxiously scanned the crux section with our monocular.

The sport-plan was to spend a couple of days walking round the mountain to get fitter and better acclimatised; but the psyching-up process had begun in earnest so we agreed to at least go and look at the start of the route, on the basis of the Duke of Wellington's axiom that 'time spent in reconnaissance is seldom wasted'. It was, of course, obvious to both Bryan and myself that, having reached the approach up the lower Darwin Glacier, and sorted out the traverse line into the 'hidden couloir', the next move was to go for it.

The Ice-Window is so called because of a unique couple of pitches which involve climbing up underneath the bed of the overhanging Diamond Glacier at about 16,500 ft, rappelling down into a huge ice cave, and then descending through an ice-window on to an exposed traverse which gives onto the Diamond Glacier itself. This, though not the technical crux, is really a most remarkable piece of mountaineering.

The morning of the 8th January saw us outside our tent sifting through our own mountain of gear, agonising over 2½ or 3½ Friends, drive/screw-in ice pegs, tapes, and of course, ending up taking too much. A good pit and a Goretex bag were priorities for, although there is a bivvy box on the summit of Nelion - the lower of the two - there was no guarantee that we'd get in it. The 3-star 'Black Hole' bivouac at the start of the climb is a Shelter Stone type, plus door and wooden floor. (Sybarites, these Mountain Club of Kenya people!) But a good sleep was just what we needed and we started up the glacier in the icy darkness at 5.30 am. Why do we do it? Big, heavy sack, wooden limbs, numb brain, thin air; at 54 I really should have more sense. I promised myself, yet again, that I'd go on an evening course on the "Art of Growing Old Gracefully".

But, wonder of wonders, as the tropical dawn came up and the warm sun touched us, the overhanging ice we were fighting our way up turned out to be merely II/III, and we laughed because we were on our way. One section of the couloir was ice-free, but the rock was easy, and by 10.00 am I was leading up to the belay, at the start of the 100 ft crux pitch for Bryan to 'Do his thing'. "Like a rat up a drain", I called up as his crampons disappeared over the final bulge and I set off to follow, happily thumping in axe and North Wall hammer. Two more pitches, a traverse and above us loomed the cave, like the jaws of a monstrous ice dragon 50 ft high with 40 ft icicle teeth. A quick bite to eat - force feeding Mars bars - and down through the ice window on to the Diamond Glacier.

Only 600 ft to go now but we'd got to the 5,000 metre barrier above which was merely pain. The angle of the slope was only AD but it was a grisly mixture of slush and ice, of about 9 on Moh's hardness scale; ice -pegs took exhausting minutes to screw in and then lifted straight out, every ice tool placement took 5 or 6 blows - we were shattered. The last 150 ft pitch to the col at the Gate of Mists was split into three, and as I led through the cornice my screaming calf muscles begged for relief, and I was happy to let Bryan haul me up the last couple of hundred feet to the summit. After a quick couple of photographs and a handshake we scrambled

down to the ultimate 5-star bivvy - all to ourselves, a four man sized alloy box, polystyrene insulated, and 3 inch foam floor. Ten minutes later, with the stove melting ice for a brew, I lay in my Redline bag and counted my pulse at over 130 and, feeling cold, snuggled deeper inside: as I did my chest went tight and I couldn't breathe. Horror of horrors, I was going to have a coronary! PANIC "Bryan - for God's sake I'm having a heart attack", I yelled and struggled for air waving my arms in terror, and sitting bolt upright. Instantly the tightness eased and I could breath again — blessed relief — and I realised that the money-belt in which I kept the expedition funds, had become slack and had worked its way up round my chest.

It was good to be alive and I slept for 15 hours.

The descent by the Via Normale took 5 hours, quite why I don't know — the guide gives the ascent time as not much more, but we'd done the route, and, given the cautious nature of our long abseils, we were pretty relaxed. Once off the rock and on to the Lewis Glacier we called in at the Austrian Hut, brewed up and stumbled back to the tent at Mackinder at 6.00 pm.

The following day was strictly E6/6b festering, scrubbing our grotty selves clean and gazing up the the Mountain and smiling quietly to ourselves. Tomorrow would be decision day - up for another route - or down. Lord be praised, the weather broke. Vile, queasy lenticular clouds covered the hill, and a bitter wind blew dust everywhere. The siren calls of the beach at Mombasa, warm sun, steaks mawr, the prone position, were too much so we packed our sacks, took down the tent, hired one grossly overloaded porter and galloped down to where the air was thick and creamy; more than a little pleased with ourselves.

THE EDMONDSONS OF BUTTERMERE

F. H .F. Simpson

Club members old enough to remember the Meets held at the Buttermere Hotel half-a-century ago will recall also the four Edmondson sisters, our hostesses. I am one of that generation and have reason to remember them with particular affection. An earlier generation of whom only a few survive may have been guests of their aunts, Sarah Ann and Mary Grace Edmondson, and judging by their length of membership — over seventy years — Eve Appleyard and J.B. Meldrum may have attended Meets in the time of their father James Michael Edmondson. The hotels and farms at which the Club met had their own separate and distinctive qualities and these and the characters of the families who provided for us were stamped upon the memories of those who gathered there.

The presence of the Edmondson family in the valley can be traced with certainty from the third decade of the nineteenth century and it is likely that there were Edmondsons among the small population even earlier. The family tree commences with the birth of James Edmondson in 1695, but does not state the place of birth. Three hundred years ago few people travelled far and it may be assumed that he was born within sight of the western fells if not in the village. His descendant, the third James Edmondson in the family and grandfather of the four sisters, lived at the Bridge Inn in 1833 and is recorded as the licensee in 1861. He had seven children and prominent in this history are four of them; the brothers James Michael and Braithwaite and the sisters Sarah Ann and Mary Grace. James Edmondson also had seven children, five girls and two boys. A daughter Maggie and a son Norman died in their youth. The other son, who lived in South Africa, died in 1975. The other children were Grace, Sarah, Edith and Elizabeth. I do not recall Sarah ever being address as Sally, but Edith was always Edie and Elizabeth, the youngest, was always Betty. Grace, the eldest, remained Grace.

The old registers of the Cocker mouth Petty Sessions covering the years 1861 to 1939 are in the custody of the Cumbria County Archivist at Carlisle Castle. They show that during those years the licence for one or other of the three hotels in the village was held by an Edmondson. The former Bridge Inn is not so named, and is recorded in James Edmondson's registration as the Queen Victoria Hotel. This may have been an error or may reflect a surge of patriotism subsequently forgotten because at some date not apparent 'Victoria' is deleted. The hotel is once again the Bridge Inn. The Buttermere Hotel is registered as Rigg's Hotel, the licensee in 1844 being one Isaac Rigg. This is possibly an abbreviation as W.P. Haskett Smith, when describing early routes on Chapel Crags in *Climbing in the British Isles* says 'both climbs are in full view from Rigg's Buttermere Hotel.' The family tree records the marriage of John Edmondson, great-grandfather of the four sisters,

to Ann Rigg, a sister of Isaac. Absentee landlords with addresses as far apart as London and Edinburgh are registered as owners of the Fish and the Victoria, the Fish being finally acquired by Faulder's Brewery of Keswick. The Fish is perhaps the oldest of the three buildings and is probably that mentioned in *Ford's Guide to the Lakes* of 1840.

James Edmondson was licensee of the Victoria until 1872, and his successor from 1873 until 1880 was his widow Grace. Grace was married a second time to John Nelson, son of Edward Nelson of Gatesgarth. The detail of the register is somewhat confused and records a number of transfers to individuals outside the family, but it is clear that from 1881 until 1886 the holder was John Nelson, and that in 1901 it was vested in Braithwaite's daughter Annie, who held it until 1905. In 1899 Braithwaite took a transfer of the licence for the Fish but he died within a year. His brother James Michael held it from 1900 until 1904, when it was transferred to Braithwaite's daughter Annie. The dates in the register suggest that for several months she held it jointly with one John Henry Brodie, but this seems unlikely. She continued to preside at the Fish helped by her sister May until 1923. A note in the register states that plans for alterations to the Fish were approved in 1909.

In 1895 Rigg's Buttermere Hotel came on the market and James Michael, whose main occupation was the working of Wilkin Syke Farm in which his seven children grew up, decided to buy it and became the licensee in May of that year. He continued to direct his energies to farming and entrusted the running of the hotel to his sisters Sarah Ann and Mary Grace. After his death in 1919 this arrangement continued and Sarah Ann was the licensee until her death in 1929. During the period of management by the sisters their young nieces had learned the special skills of hotel management and catering and were ready to take charge. Grace, while still a teenager, commenced training as a nurse and was qualified in her early twenties. On the death of her aunt she became the licensee and so remained until 1946 when the hotel was closed.

The list of first ascents in the valley indicates that several of the pioneers, some of whom were to become members of the Club, were active on the crags and they were, no doubt, guests of the Edmondsons. Early in the Club's life the search for headquarters began. There was a wide choice among the one hundred and seven hotels, farms and boarding houses comprised in a list compiled by Charles Grayson and published in the *Journal* (No. 2) in 1908. The fact that they were all recommended by members suggests widespread activity in the very early years. Two of the entries for Buttermere appeared thus:-

Wilkin Syke Farm. Mr J. Edmondson. H & C from 6/-
3 double and 1 single room.

Buttermere Hotel. Mr J. Edmondson. H & C from 7/-
10 bedrooms, 6 with 2 bed. 4 single rooms.

F & R C Club Quarters. (see advert).



The Edmondson Family, early 1920's
James, Elizabeth, Grace, Sarah, Norman, Edith.

Photograph courtesy of David Green

The Fish is also listed but without details of rooms or tariff. The Victoria, possibly not then visited, does not appear. Thirty years after the list appeared the Buttermere Hotel tariff had only doubled!

James Michael advertised regularly in the *Journal* as did his sisters and later his daughters. In 1922 the announcement 'Coaches daily via Honister Pass' was replaced by 'Motor meets trains by arrangement' and the penetration by the outside world of this quiet corner of Cumberland was signalled by the addition of 'telephone Buttermere 4.' A call to the hotel passed from the local exchange to Lancaster, thence to Kendal and Keswick, the accents of the operators changing as it progressed until the soft Cumbrian voice of the village postmistress was followed by the cranking of the call bell generator. Before 1937, when an electricity generating set was installed, there was a small gas plant behind the hotel. It was somewhat unpredictable, but when at its best the burners sighed quietly, indulging at intervals in spells of heavy breathing. These gentle sounds induced those sitting round the fire in the evening to doze off.

Once the Buttermere headquarters were established the Club met there regularly and the pattern emerged of June and New Year Meets. The interruption by the weather of the erection of the Robinson Memorial tablet in June 1908 is well described in the *Journal* of that year. The defeated party returning to Buttermere found the plank bridge across the Liza under several feet of water, as was the footbridge over Warnscale Beck, at which point they were met by members who

had waded through flood water from Gatesgarth armed with a rescue rope. The *Journal* says: 'Never were storm-beaten travellers, lacking the proverbial dry thread, more kindly and effectually cared for than they were that evening by Mr Edmondson's family at their comfortable hostelry.' When some degree of normality returned at the end of the first World War the Club was to be found again in the valley, and the *Journal* notes the presence of thirty members and guests at the 1919 New Year Meet: 'The success of this Meet was due in no small measure to the kindness and hospitality of the Misses Edmondson ...'

Grace and Betty were both proposed for membership of the Club by K.B. Milne and J.R. Tyson. Betty joined in the first ascents on Round How and Grace was among those who celebrated the Pillar Centenary in 1926. (In the 1926 *Journal* (Vol.7, No.20, p259) are five small photographs of the event. Prominent in that of the west face of the Rock is a tall slab; Grace is the little figure sitting at the foot of it). Grace was a regular attender at the Armistice Day service at the Gable Memorial and is on the extreme right of the group by the Memorial in the photograph in the 1985 *Journal* (No.69, p48) taken at the service in 1937.

In the spring of 1929 I was fortunate in being befriended by R.W. Hall, and when returning over Rannerdale Hause after an ascent of one of the Grassmoor gullies we were overtaken by a slim auburn-haired girl sprinting down from Whiteless Pike accompanied by several dogs. Dick introduced me to Grace Edmondson. We visited the Hotel for a meal and I met the other sisters. I became a regular visitor at the June and New Year Meets and at many other times. In due course some members, myself and Lawrence Pollitt among them, became close friends of the sisters, a relationship which displayed itself in many ways: our favourite rooms, meals at odd times and the toleration of arrivals in the small hours. Betty and Edie were unrepentant pranksters and I and some of the others were often victims of their conspiracies. Having crossed Scarth Gap and walked the length of Ennerdale - the frightful trees were then eighteen inch saplings - I discovered on nearing Floutern Tarn that my watch had stopped. When I finally presented myself in the dining room, reasonably clean and tidy, the evening meal was almost over. I made an explanation and apology to Edie at the serving hatch; she exchanged a whisper with Betty and I was handed two dishes of fruit salad with instructions to take them to guests at the table in the window. William Temple, Archbishop of York, and Mrs. Temple who had arrived that afternoon, accepted this service from a strange youth as nothing unusual and beamed upon me. If either of the girls were at the hatch, and happened to catch my eye when no guest was looking their way, they would pull quite splendid faces, daring me to produce a suitable response. Once I was observed in mid-contortion by a rather prim lady. I can still see her frosty glance. Ingeniously constructed apple-pie beds were regular events, and I retired one night to find my bed occupied by a female figure of ample proportions with flaming red hair, ruby lips, china blue eyes and a turnip head. She was wearing my pyjama jacket. It took some time to take her to pieces and restore the bolster



The Fish Hotel, 1904.
Annie Edmondson, Licensee.

From the Frank Simpson Collection

to its normal shape. Packed lunches were generous and nourishing. Lawrence and I, sitting in the snow above Grey Craggs, opened our packets in anticipation of half-a-dozen Cumberland ham sandwiches: five were of ham and one of cardboard.

Betty gave most of her spare time to her hobbies, including the care of her dogs, and did not go into the fells very often. Time and duties permitting, Grace was always ready to join in a fell walk. Her solitary excursions were of daunting length and complexity and it was unwise to invite her out on the first day or two of a visit unless one was in reasonable training. She set a tremendous pace and had little or no regard for tracks, although her knowledge of them and their history was profound. I learned from her the whereabouts of numerous ancient tracks dating from the times of active mining. One of them, beautifully engineered and invisible both from above and below, I have never seen marked on any map or mentioned in any guide book. Grace's approach to the Grasmoor fells passed through the fence behind the Hotel, crossed Sail Beck by a boulder-hop and went straight up Whiteless Breast. The map in the first Buttermere guide marks an area high above Bleaberry Tarn which is labelled 'scree shoot leading to Pillar.' This was Grace's route to or from Ennerdale. Always her dogs went with her; a frequent exception was Wendy, a sagacious black spaniel with firmly held views about the climate. If it rained, even slightly, she would accompany the party as far as the door, sniff at the gravel and sit down.

New Year Meets were family affairs, parlour games occupying the evenings.

Participants were disfigured with soot and challenged to acrobatics and balancing feats on bentwood chairs. Popular with spectators was a display of violence called 'Are You There Moriarty?'. Two rivals lying full length on the floor held outstretched hands. Both were blindfolded and when one called out the name of the game the other replied 'No, I'm here' and without releasing the hold took evasive action by rolling about while his opponent tried to beat him with a rolled up newspaper. After a successful blow the roles were reversed. A willing lightweight brought in the New Year, rope-hauled through the upstairs lounge window, and Grace and I went down to the church to ring the bell. When Sourmilk Gill was muted by frost the final notes could be heard echoing faintly from across the valley. When others turned in a few of us adjourned to the family sitting room to debate world affairs presided over by Grace, who promptly fell asleep. Wet days, of which there were plenty, filled the kitchen so densely with clothing that Sarah and Betty, whose domain it was, would be preparing breakfast in a premature twilight. If cooking was running ahead of the drying process one had the choice of some degree of dampness or a crisp warm dryness with the subtle aura of bacon and sausage which endured throughout the day. The girls took turns for time off and Lawrence and I, staying on after a Meet, were often invited to join them for a visit to the small Cockermonth cinema to see the latest romance or western shoot-out. The journey to or from Cockermonth with Betty at the wheel was an exhilarating experience. The meeting of trains was chiefly her responsibility and the rounding of Hause Point was a breathtaking climax.

The passing years brought change. In 1937 Betty married Joseph Green, a timber merchant whose business was in West Yorkshire. She left the valley and settled in Utley near Keighley. Temporary staff were required at the hotel during the busy summer periods and recruits from the coastal towns did not appreciate their peaceful surroundings. These difficulties continued during the second World War and the family decided that the Hotel should be closed. The building was sold in 1946.

Shortly after the sale of the Hotel Edie married Alfred Turnbull who farmed Swinklebank in Longsleddale. Subsequently they lived at nearby Swinkle House. Edie had no children and died in 1980.

Betty and her husband acquired a second home, Walla Yat on Castlerigg at Keswick, a fine house commanding a superb view, which they occupied as often as possible with their growing family. After the death of her husband in 1966 Betty continued to live in Utley with her two sons, one of whom, David Green, has made his home in the Lake District. He provided me with a copy of the family tree and gave me considerable help with the early family history. Those members of the Club who remember Betty will recall that she was an accomplished needlewoman who produced tapestries of the highest quality, a hobby to which she devoted much of her time. Residents at the Hotel enjoyed the benefit, no doubt unknowingly, of her outstanding skill in cookery. She had a great love of animals and raised several

litters of pedigree Dalmatians. She will be remembered also for her boisterous sense of humour. Betty died after a brief illness on 10 August 1982, aged 73.

When the Hotel closed Sarah moved to Walla Yat and Grace resumed nursing, taking a post at Osborne House in the Isle of Wight which was then a hospital. In a letter she described the landscape as rather dull. When Sarah became seriously ill Grace returned to Keswick and nursed her sister until her untimely death in 1963. Grace continued to live at Walla Yat until 1977 when, after much searching, she found a flat in Castlerigg Close. This was a relief as the large house and garden had become burdensome and it enabled her nephews to dispose of it. Two things she missed: the ample drying space above the Aga, so necessary for the fell-walker, and the noisy congregation on the bird table by the kitchen window. However, she was surrounded by an extensive library of books relating to climbing and exploration in the Lake District and elsewhere, subjects which she found of constant interest. Her unique collection of photographs included many groups of climbing folk who had been her guests at the Hotel. She had the misfortune to fall and break her leg, an injury from which she failed to make a complete recovery, and in 1982 suffered a stroke. This obliged her to move into a home in Wigton where she died on 2 December 1983, aged 84. Her ashes were scattered on Low Bank, the ridge of Rannerdale Knotts, where she often walked with her dogs.

I knew something had happened to Grace when her Christmas letter and card failed to arrive. My mind went back to the halcyon days of exploration and adventure with friends, all of us bewitched by the wild beauty of the fell country where everything was new and strange. There is much to remember. Searching the hedgerows towards Crummock for sloes and blackberries; smoke from the Hotel chimneys rising in straight blue columns in the Autumn dusk. The roaring of the westerly gale and the spray, whipped up from the lake, driving across the fields by Gatesgarth. Snow around the valley head aflame at sundown. The walk from Seatoller in stinging rain and sleet on dark December nights, by the old road, mercifully designated unfit for motorists, boulder-strewn and awash with random streams. Well remembered too are the voices and laughter of the four sisters whose friendship did so much to enrich our young lives. I salute them.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME IN BUTTERMERE

Stephen Reid

Buttermere always seems a little behind the times. Stuck up in the far north-west of the Lakes, it's a bit out on a limb for the average tourist and, it appears, the average climber. Like Ennerdale, only less talked about. For all that and its few ugly industrial scars it is a truly beautiful valley with some fine climbing and it is not a bad sort of spot for those who like to get away from it all without having to take too much exercise to do so. So herewith a short summary of some of the more recent new routes in the valley to whet your appetite and get a few facts on paper before they become even more exaggerated with time and re-telling in the Golden Rule. By no means a full selection of what has been done, as a glance at the new guide book will show - I'm afraid I can only offer apologies to the authors of the many new climbs I have not mentioned. It's not that the routes are not good - it's simply that my boss rather unfairly insists that I work a forty hour week!

Up till 1986 I, in common with many other climbers, I suspect, had done but one route in Buttermere - Eagle Front on Eagle Crag, Birkness Coombe. Even then I was struck by the superb if short arête to the right of the final crack of that route and mulled over the possibility of using it as a final pitch of a new climb. However, not knowing the crag, I was at a loss to supply the lower pitches and promptly forgot about it until last year when I was honoured to be invited by that superstar and Ambleside entrepreneur Rick Graham to assist him in checking routes for the new guide. Actually I think Rick must have been desperate for a partner as all his regular hard men were too busy sunning themselves down at Chapelhead. Anyway, as folk are not all that common who will climb with an off-duty policeman without throwing rocks at him for a bit of practice, or making laboured jokes about the amount of tread left on his E.B.'s, I jumped at the chance.

A return visit to Eagle was obviously on the cards and luckily the route we first checked, Deimos, provided the key to the arête. Deimos (E3,5c) takes a great right-slanting line under the overhangs that dominate the rock to the left of the lower pitches of Eagle Front and is a splendid route, though nowadays sadly a little mossy. From the left hand end of the traverse a steep, very steep groove cuts up through the bulges. Where it led to was not immediately obvious and Rick assumed the same normal myopic expression that seems to overcome him whenever I start enthusing about possible new lines. Having been involved in one or two of mine before he was well aware that they seldom matched in reality the contents of my vivid imagination. I returned alone but for the dog and we spent a dismal drizzly August day, him trying to figure out how to get my sandwiches out of my rucksack and me busy with wire brush, ice axe and six hundred feet of tangled damp rope. Sadly Rick was no more enthusiastic two weeks later when

I pointed out the final line. Perhaps the water dripping off the overhangs was steaming up his glasses. Anyway, when the better weather started to dry out the crag, he pleaded an unlikely combination of an unknown deadly virus, pressure of work and worn out windscreen wipers and introduced me to Bill Birkett. Now ordinary Superstars like Rick Graham and Bob Wightman I can handle, but Birkett - well, the man's in a class of his own. Needless to say my knees were trembling at the very thought. However, necessity is the mother of climbing partnerships and Bill, it appeared, had also spotted my line and was all set to tick it off; with no chance of beating him I had to join forces.

Our first attempt was not a success. The crux was so overhanging that I hadn't given it much in the way of a clean and anyway it was still damp. Bill politely declined my totally insincere offer of a wet lead up impending lichen and we went by the watershed to High Crag Left Hand and had a great time on the recent new one-pitch routes that had been found there: initially by Steve Swindles and Ted Rogers who had climbed two splendid lines, Felony (VS) and Foul Play (HVS.5b), which are well worth doing. Colin Downer and friends then independently discovered the crag and polished off the remaining routes. I can particularly recommend Indecent Obsession (E2.6a) and Short Circuit (un unlikely looking E1.5b). They are all well cleaned on good rock and great climbs to boot. An excellent afternoon marred only by a slight misunderstanding that left Bill's rucksack at the foot of the crag long after we had both returned to the car. Ah well, I'm sure he needed the exercise.

Two days of blazing September weather later and I somehow managed to get eight hours time off work without having to join the Freemasons. Ending my late turn at 1am I drove straight up to Buttermere and after a short doze got up to the summit of the crag for eight. A total reclean followed and I was just finishing this at noon when an echoing "Yo!" announced the arrival of the Megastar. We prevaricated for a while, not wishing to leave the sunshine, and then soloed up the vegetated ground to the first pitch proper. I had led this on our previous attempt when it was wet and did so again now. Bone dry and beautiful 5a, it took us up slabs to the Deimos stance under the eaves.

Now the crunch. I geared up nervously - but at least I knew where the holds were: and I had a secret weapon, begged off Rick who sells 'em (plug, plug!). I climbed up Deimos to the groove. Not much in the way of good gear so far, but this was where the secret weapon came in. Reaching at full stretch I could just shove a sort of mini-Friend thingummy known as a 'Micro-mate' into a small slot high in the groove. Safe as houses now. Like a limbo-dancer, feet somewhere behind my shoulder blades, I moved up the groove and managed to get two fingers of my right hand into the slot which I used as an undercut. It was the only hold worthy of the name but it was enough to haul myself into the rock with while I fiddled a No.2 rock into a little crack. I tried reaching high up the groove with my left hand but was a good foot off the next hold. Something needed to be done

urgently or I was going to fall. My right foot was dangling in space. I kicked up high to something so sloping it couldn't be called a foothold and reached again ... inches short. I jumped my left foot up in a similar fashion. My right hand was now down somewhere level with my ankles and the strain was beginning to tell but it did the trick; my left hand grabbed the hold ... small but superb. I pulled my numbed fingers out of the slot and hung off the hold like a gibbon whilst I fixed another runner. Feet up and another long stretch for a better hold for my right hand. My arms were tiring now but the angle was easing. One more long reach and I had it, the mother of all flat-topped jugs. I whacked a sling on it and grinned down at Bill. I couldn't believe I'd done it. He grinned back. I don't think he could believe I'd done it either. To the left an airy traverse leads to a superb steep head-wall with a hard move to start. I clipped the naughty pre-placed peg and launched up the wall on a series of splendid jugs.

Bill won the argument about who was to lead the next pitch which we christened 'The Link.' There's not much independent climbing on it but it's fun nonetheless. Fantastic bubbly rock leads straight up from the terrace to the long traverse right on Eagle Front which is followed to the comfortable stance below the final crack of that climb. Beyond, hanging out over the valley, is the arête. I knew I couldn't afford more than one go at this or I'd end up belaying you-know-who, so I really went for it. As a result it only took me four goes. About a third of the way up a fist-sized crack splits the wall horizontally. With runners arranged in this I attained a precarious standing position by jamming my toes so far into it I couldn't possibly have fallen off and then made a strange sidling move round the edge to a tiny sloping ledge. This is a great point for impressive photography. Unfortunately it transpired that Old Superscoop on the other end of the rope had left his camera in his sack below. With dreams of immortality on the cover of *Climber* and *Rambler* shattered there was nothing left to do but to get on with the climbing and I made a series of rather awkward moves up the arête to a belay, regrettably sans champagne but at least in the sunshine. It was in the bag. I already had the name - "The Shape of Things to Come" after my wife's eight and a half months pregnant tum. Bill reckoned it was E2/E3.5c, and who am I to argue.

However, it was not yet dark and Bill had heard rumours that Bonington had a secret line on the horrendous impending wall on the right hand side of the cliff. "We shall do it and I shall call it 'I Chose to Climb'," he announced. Shortly after I found myself belayed to a horrible disintegrating bollard of shattered spikes while Bill teetered nervously across a wall of similar composition. I decided I liked the name but not the route. At five feet he complained about the loose rock, at ten he was worried about being unsportsmanlike by nicking an elder man's line and at fifteen he voiced the thought that one new route was enough for the day. Several large loose blocks descended, followed closely by Bill (luckily in that order) and we decided to call it a draw - so go for it Bonners, it's still there, if it really is your line, that is.

Well, of course, it's always the way: whilst doing one new line I'd spotted another. Above the hard groove on Shape there was a vague continuation line direct to the terrace. It looked possible, easier if anything than the groove below and was definitely worth the abseil down. Moreover the smooth wall between the final pitch of Eagle Front and the arête of Shape posed an obvious challenge. Another trip with the dog provided the answer to the problem of the middle pitch - a delicate looking bulge sandwiched between Shape and Deimos. The top two pitches would be technically hard on small holds, not really my sort of climbing at all (I naturally incline to the technically easy with big holds) but it would be a very direct line up the centre of the cliff. Having learnt my lesson I diligently scrubbed the rock with great care and sent great caterpillars of turf whirling down into the coombe.

Rick Graham and Bill Williamson were elsewhere on the cliff, checking routes, and joined me late in the afternoon. It was cold as I led off the old steep groove of Shape and I'm afraid I had to rest on two runners this time before gaining the flat jug. From here I made a skin-rasping thutch of a move up and right to reach the subsidiary line. Every move up this seemed awkward but none more so than the last. I was desperately cold and kept getting cramp in my hands but the positions, directly above the overhangs of the Deimos, were quite superb. At one point a cannon-shaped block sticks out of the wall and provides a great resting ledge, undercut on all sides:-

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

When I finally pulled on to the terrace and brought up the others I was glad to see they did not exactly race it. Mind you, they must have been freezing. A half-baked attempt on the next pitch followed but my heart wasn't in it and I willingly gave in to Rick's suggestion that we leave it for the morrow.

Oddly Rick couldn't make it the next day; more windscreen wiper trouble I expect; but I collected Bill Williamson from Keswick and we got an early start. We cheated by climbing Carnival to the terrace to save time (luckily as it turned out) and I was soon leading up the start of the second pitch which begins just a few feet right of that of Shape and only a foot or so left of the Direct Pitch of the Girdle. Yes, a little artificial I'm afraid, but its nature soon changes. Moves right must be made on undercuts, each one harder than the last, until a high step on nothing allows a long reach for nothing. This didn't go down too well in the neck department and I took a long time to work it out. Eventually I got a runner in and with it the boldness I had been lacking to make another step right for a finger-nail-sized jug (yes, it's that sort of route!). Easier ground led to the bottom of the Eagle Front crack. The

climbing then is more or less the same as Shape as far as the horizontal fissure but from here I toe-shuffled left into the centre of the wall. The next moves are the crux. The holds are purely imaginary. Fingernails dug into wrinkles as I went up and down that wall like a yo-yo. I just couldn't do it. Bill was obviously bored, even I was getting bored. I tried it various ways. There was a hold - possibly a runner even - about two feet above my high point, but what a blank two feet. Eventually psychology in the shape of an RP O stuck between two grains of quartz provided the much needed boost and I had the hold. No runner though. I carried on, trying not to think of the awful thud I would make when I hit the ledge until, wonder of wonders, I was able to lean hard left and clip the old stonker of a peg on Eagle Front. Just in time, as it started to drizzle. Right to the final move the climbing was hard but spurred on by the rain and being so close pulled most of the stops out. Even Bill perked up when I reached the top, though the poor lad had to follow up what was now soaking wet rock. After much thought as to the fine style in which it was climbed I called it 'A Wing and a Prayer' and graded it E3, 5c, 5c, 5c, though being a HVS man myself that's probably a bit conceited.

Iain Clarke, a fellow bobby from Cockermouth, was also active in Buttermere last year with his discovery of a previously overlooked crag only ten minutes from the road. Unfortunately his mickey-taking name of Myopic Buttress has had to be dropped in favour of the boring and inaccurate, though no doubt long-standing, name of Moss Crag. The nine or so routes are 80-100 feet high, range from Severe to E2 and are very quick to dry though they don't see a lot of sun. Iain was involved in the ascents of all of them, partnered in the main by Jimmy Little or myself. The stars of the crag have got to be the superbly strenuous and problematic Flake Out (E1,5b) and the highly airy and enjoyable Highlander (MS) but I can also give a gold star to Buttermere Crack (MS), Highland Fling (S), Arrest Arête (E2,5b) and Myopic Buttress (E1,5c). Interestingly, every route done on the crag to date has been led by a policeman. Other routes were reported, particularly by Martin Armitage, to the right of High Crag, but I can't comment on them as I haven't visited the area.

The 'discovery' of the Honister icefalls is certainly worth a mention though I have no intention of incurring anyone's wrath by even attempting to credit first ascents as I understand some of them have been climbed several years ago. Suffice to say that water draining from the old mine-workings on Fleetwith Pike close to Honister Pass froze to form at least half a dozen steep falls of excellent thick ice all two or three pitches in length. There doesn't seem much to choose between them in quality and the gradings are all around 4/5, ice screws being useful for protection. They provide good climbing close to the road in the cold snaps we seem to have been getting in the last few years when there isn't any snow to block the passes or fill the gullies. The horrible scramble up the scree below can be avoided by following old mine tracks from Honister itself and an interesting though highly dangerous and probably illegal descent has been worked out

through some of the disused tunnels that pepper the mountain (not recommended!).

Desperate attempts to plug the last obvious holes in the old guide before the appearance of the new resulted in a mass assault on Yew Crag early in 1987. Rick Graham and I, together with Bill Williamson, had designs on three lines; my own a long rambling affair of six pitches, one of which looked good and the other even I had to admit looked not so, and Rick's two modern one-pitch desperates. As it was my car I felt it was logical to give my line some attention first but I rather fancied that Rick had ideas of his own! Avoiding Honister because of the snow we promptly got ourselves stuck on Newlands. Several hours and a detour over Whinlatter later we managed to get ourselves bogged down again in an unwise attempt to drive up the valley beyond Gatesgarth. We finally gave in and started back on foot to the farm to get help when we found another bogged car containing Keith Phizacklea and Mike Gibson who had, it seems, ideas of ice. Rick seized his chance. "No ice left worth climbing .. much better to be on the rock in the sunshine ... New routes even ... Got your E.B.'s? ... Good, it's settled then ... Just the slight matter of cars." They came meekly like lambs to the slaughter, fearful no doubt for their ten percent discounts at Rock and Run, and found themselves, poor lads, seconding the first ascent of Yew Crag Buttress, HVS and no stars. If I tell you that the first pitch involved front pointing up a snow field and that the top of each of the next three pitches I felt obliged to yell down "It'll be better when the rain washes some of the mud off" you'll perceive that they weren't exactly thrilled at the prospect. However the fifth pitch made it all worthwhile as the crag suddenly condescends to go vertical for 150 feet. The route goes straight up this impressive prow by devious means. I led up a steep little wall past some overhangs to a good ledge. From here a corner was followed till it petered out and I was forced to traverse up right in a very exposed position. More steep moves up the wall above brought a series of doubtful looking flakes into play and a delicate traverse along a great slash of a break. At this point a pause was made while Mike gained the necessary photographic evidence with my camera. My new red 'Ronnie Fawcett' climbing trousers should stand out particularly well against the snow and the bright blue sky, I thought. I posed spectacularly with hands on hidden jugs.

We got to the bottom of the cliff in time to find Rick had completed his first route on Yew Crag Knotts (the aptly named Poker, E3, 6a) which takes an obvious line through the middle of Hearth and was now half way up a most impressive groove in the left hand side of Charter Chimney. Ian 'Ice Warrior' Gibson had also turned up to photograph this momentous occasion but was unable to get to a suitable point because of the snow. I snapped a few poor shots but then discovered I'd failed to put a film in the camera! All that posing for nothing! Rick carried on bridging furiously up his breath-taking groove which he later named Vulture. E4, 6a was the verdict of Bill, who seconded it, and the rapidly setting sun thankfully put a stop to any of the rest of us being asked to voice an opinion on the matter. We all trudged

down to the road in the gloom and spent a merry half-hour removing Iain's car from a snow-drift.

A month or so later, and in somewhat better conditions, Colin Downer with Bob Wightman and Ted Rogers climbed twin grooves to the left of Substitute on Yew Crag Knotts to produce two good E1's. Rick Graham and I made the second ascents minutes later and I'm afraid I have to report that Downer's normally painstaking cleaning went adrift on the left hand groove which is now not only a lot safer for the removal of a huge poised block but is also substantially easier - and that can't be bad!

And that's it so far, though I am sure the appearance of the new Guide will lead to a surge of interest in the area. There are certainly more good lines to do up there folks, but I'm not telling you where they are!

THE BOB GRAHAM ROUND IN WINTER

Steve Parr

Last Christmas, if you were coming down Skiddaw after a day in the hills and you noticed a lightly-clad figure making rapid progress up the snowy fellside towards you, it could have been that you caught a glimpse of a winter attempt on the Bob Graham Round. By the time it was dark and you were back in Keswick the figure would have been en route for Great Calva and after you had eaten a meal and got ready to go out to the pub the figure would have reached Threlkeld and been glad of a change of clothes having waded an icy Caldew and descended Hall's Fell in deep snow. When the bar staff called for last orders that night the figure would have been taking a drink from Grisedale Tarn whilst contemplating the ice-encrusted rocks of Fairfield which glistened in the moonlight. By next morning the figure had reached Wasdale after a lonely overnight stint in deep snow from Dunmail Raise over the Langdale Pikes and the Scafell range.

The Bob Graham Round was first established in 1932 and has now become a well-known challenge within the fell-running fraternity. Starting and finishing at the Moot Hall in Keswick, the circuit consists of a 72-mile traverse of 42 specified Lakeland summits and involves a total height gain of 27,000 feet. The circuit may be attempted on any day of the year, either clockwise or anti-clockwise and with as much or as little support as the contender feels is appropriate. However, to gain membership of the Bob Graham Club, one must be witnessed on every summit and complete the circuit within 24 hours. The membership of the club presently stands at about 500.

In the last eight years there have been over a dozen attempts to complete the Round in winter, about half of them being undertaken on 21 December. There was a strong feeling that a winter round was only really valid if completed on the shortest day. Some attempts, such as my own on 21 December, 1985, were doomed to failure before they began on account of the atrocious weather conditions. In storm-force winds and driving rain I spent eight hours battling my way from Keswick to Wasdale. I reached only three of the twelve summits on this section and gladly abandoned the attempt.

In December, 1979, Peter Simpson managed a complete Round of 42 summits but exceeded the time limit by over two hours.

My second effort on 3-4 January, 1986, was very nearly successful. In 22 hours I traversed 41 summits but darkness, deteriorating weather and low morale defeated this solo, unsupported attempt on Skiddaw.

In view of all these unsuccessful attempts it was surprising when no less than four contenders completed the Round in under 24 hours, within about three weeks of one another. Selwyn Wright and John Brockbank went round in 23 hours 6

minutes on 14 December, 1986; my own, third, attempt on 23 December was completed in 23 hours 26 minutes and Martin Stone put in a time of 23 hours 41 minutes on 7 January, 1987, on a solo, unsupported attempt.

I decided on a clockwise circuit for my third attempt and set off at 7pm on 22 December, 1986, with a schedule for 23 hours. This time I had road support from John Barrett and two pacers on the fells; Joe Faulkner and Andy Harding.

Conditions were not ideal, with deep snow on the first section to Threlkeld being replaced by icy and misty conditions on the second section to Dunmail Raise. However, I left Dunmail at 3.40am (20 minutes ahead of schedule) having travelled on my own up to that point. I was very pleased to have Joe's company at such an unearthly hour of the morning, but despite his unstinting efforts at trail-breaking through the deep snow we reached the summit of Bowfell about an hour behind schedule, just after dawn. However, the going soon improved and morale was again restored. With 10 hours remaining in which to traverse the remaining 19 summits the race was on for a sub-24 hour finish.

We made good progress over the Scafell range to Wasdale where we were encouraged to meet John Barrett and Joe's girlfriend, Ruth Taylor, who had driven round from Dunmail in support. After a brief halt at Brackenclouse I continued on my own to Honister, where I was met by John Barrett and Andy Harding at about 4pm. For the first time since Bowfell we felt that there was a chance to break 24 hours.

After a few minutes at Honister I raced in Andy's cheerful company on a rapid traverse of Dale Head, Hindscarth and Robinson to Newlands church. A final five-mile race against the darkness along the road took me to Keswick to finish at the Moot Hall at 6.26pm on 23 December, 23 hours 26 minutes after starting. Santa Claus came a little earlier in 1986!

Some interesting points emerged from these experiences. Firstly, the dates of the attempts needed to be flexible to take into account the weather and the prevailing conditions on the fells. A slavish devotion to the 21 December can transform a challenging event into a dangerous lottery! Secondly, up-to-date knowledge of local conditions and a crystal ball with which to forecast changes in the weather are as essential as the organisational ability to put together an attempt at short notice. Thirdly, one has to be prepared to maintain a high level of fitness over a number of weeks and make an attempt with minimal support if one is to use spells of good weather to best advantage.

What of the future? Over the next few years a successful completion of the Bob Graham Round on the shortest day will probably be achieved and if interest grows it might lead to faster times and extra summits being added to the original route. There could be a shift of interest in favour of winter attempts on other long-distance events such as the Welsh Classical Round and the Scottish 4000's.

Keswick Moot Hall dep	7.00pm	Pike o' Stickle	6.21
Skiddaw	8.26	Rossett Pike	7.25
Great Calva	9.13	Bowfell	8.25
Blencathra	10.29	Esk Pike	8.46
Threlkeld	arr 10.51	Great End	9.09
Threlkeld	dep 10.59	Ill Crag	9.23
Clough Head	11.53	Broad Crag	9.32
Great Dodd	12.28am	Scafell Pike	9.43
Watson Dodd	12.36	Scafell	10.16
Stybarrow Dodd	12.48	Brackenclose	arr 10.38
Raise	1.03	Brackenclose	dep 10.50
Whiteside	1.13	Yewbarrow	11.43
Helvellyn Low Man	1.28	Red Pike	12.36
Helvellyn	1.36	Steeple	12.56
Nethermost Pike	1.50	Pillar	1.33
Dollywagon	1.59	Kirk Fell	2.21
Fairfield	2.47	Great Gable	3.03
Seat Sandal	3.14	Green Gable	3.15
Dunmail Raise	arr 3.30	Brandreth	3.30
Dunmail Raise	dep 3.40	Grey Knotts	3.40
Steel Fell	4.06	Honister Hause	arr 3.54
Calf Crag	4.31	Honister Hause	dep 3.59
High Raise	5.18	Dale Head	4.35
Sergeant Man	5.28	Hindscarth	4.52
Thunacarr Knott	5.53	Robinson	5.18
Harrison Stickle	6.04	Keswick Moot Hall	arr 6.26pm

Running Time	22.51	The Bob Graham in Winter
Rest Time	0.35	22-23 December 1986
Total Elapsed Time	23.26	by Steve Parr



Between St. Nicholas & Zermatt
Pleasantly near the edge!

(Between St. Nicholas and Zermatt pleasantly near the edge)

THROUGH THE ALPS WITH A GLADSTONE BAG.

Maureen P. Linton.

In July, 1876, five companions set out for a tour of Switzerland. The party consisted of a Dr and Mrs Spencer, Mr Simmons "a youth of about seventeen", a lady named Louie and a Miss Charlotte Wortley. Miss Wortley kept a detailed record of the trip in a small leather-bound notebook and this diary was discovered amongst family papers over a hundred years later by Mrs Susan Johnson, daughter of our late member the Rev H.H. Symonds and grand-daughter of Miss Wortley (later Mrs Watson).

Mrs Johnson has kindly given the diary to the Club and we would like to express our thanks to her for this delightful document. It was felt that many of its entries would be of interest to members but as there is space in this *Journal* for only a few extracts the selection has been made principally from those entries which describe the mountaineering exploits of the party.

The diary describes how the party travelled by train via Paris to Lausanne from where they continued by steamer along the lake to Chillon and then in two one-horse carriages to Aigle in the Rhone valley (where they purchased their alpenstocks) before proceeding to Diablerets. The journey from London took four days and they travelled light:

"Louie and I have each only a Gladstone bag 20 inches by 13 inches and a handbag enough to hold a night's requisites - and the others a like proportion".

After a few days at Diablerets, during which times Dr Spencer and Mr Simmons climbed Les Diablerets with a guide, and Charlotte and Louie climbed lesser hills alone, they made their way to Zinal from where they walked over to Zermatt. While staying in Zermatt they enjoyed several mountain excursions. Their tour then took them over the Theodule Pass to the Aosta valley and from Courmayeur over the Col du Geant to Chamonix from where the Spencers and Mr Simmons returned home.

The 260 pages of close pen-and-ink handwriting, illustrated with some delightful ink sketches, give a vivid picture of Alpine travel during this era and offer unique comparisons with the mountain scene of today.

Thursday 3rd - Friday 4th August.

Zinal to Zermatt.

The party had originally planned to walk from Zinal to Zermatt over the Triftjoch, but as Dr Spencer's guide did not arrive at the expected time these plans had to be re-arranged. It was decided that the two girls go with Servioz over to Zermatt by two less difficult passes while the others remained in Zinal to await the arrival of Dr Spencer's guide, Payot. The girls set out on Friday afternoon, stayed overnight in the inn at St. Luc and left early next morning on the long walk to Zermatt.

Saturday 5th August.

St. Luc to Zermatt.

"We got up soon after one ... When we went down everything had a very dismal ghost like appearance in the rushlight - and the effect was heightened by the landlord, a weird old man wandering about in his shirt sleeves with a lamp in his hand. Theodule had his breakfast and packed the baggage on the mule and we started exactly at 2.30 rather glad to leave the St. Luc Inn. Everything seemed so hushed and silent at so early an hour. Something about it seemed to make us afraid to speak much above a whisper. It was a splendid moonlight night and the mountains all round looked lovely in its silvery light.

"The day began to dawn a little before 4 and we watched the stars paling and the moon settling. Then a lovely streak of blue sky, merging into red opposite the sunrise. Next the different snow peaks were gilded with the sunrise a little before five, but it was some time before we saw the sun itself. The whole effect was very beautiful and sublime.

"We reached the head of the Pas du Boeuf, 9154 ft, exactly at 5.30 and had a splendid view from it of the Weisshorn, etc. The last hour had been very tiring and we had some snow to cross. We both of us walked the whole way down to Gruben (or Maiden) as it was too steep for the mule to carry us and we had several pieces of snow to pass. Though so early it began to be very hot and the zig-zags were very tiring so we were very glad to get to the little inn three-quarters of an hour under the time in the guides' tariff at 7.45. We had a comfortable breakfast there and everything was nice and clean. The landlady was quite astonished when she found where we came from and where we were going: 'It was rare for the monsieurs (sic) but for the dames! - and alone too.'

"We started again at 8.30 after vainly endeavouring to get a second mule to take us up the next pass - a pull of three hours. It was now very hot and the climb very steep ... When we reached the top, 9570 ft., it was one great expanse of snow before us and we certainly thought it would be impossible to get the mule down. However Theodule tried and after going over some horrid loose rocks, found a flatter place where there was some footing for the poor animal, who however still sank at every step and sometimes quite up to its back. Louie and I tried making glissades but could not manage them very well as we had no one to show us how to do them, our guide being occupied entirely with his mule.

"After we got off the snow our way was quicker but less interesting. We went some way down a sandy path and then came to some little chalets. Here Theodule stopped to eat and we rested a few minutes, then went on till our way was stopped by a very rapid mountain torrent. We tried in vain to cross it, so had to wait for 'Lisa' the mule to carry us over. It was not a very pleasant sensation going through the torrent as the rocks were so rough Lisa could scarcely keep her feet and the water was very rapid.

"We began to descend to the St. Nicholas valley by innumerable hot, dusty zig-zags that continued for hours. We were now so tired and exhausted we scarcely knew how to get along, our faces quite swelled with the heat and our mouths parched. However we kept urging each other to 'courage' and finally reached the bottom soon after four o'clock. We ordered a carriage at once to take us on to Zermatt and paid Theodule, who shook hands with us both very warmly and told us we walked very well. We did not stay here for tea or any other food as we wanted to reach Zermatt by daylight. Our whole way led by the river and was chiefly uphill. The road is very narrow and about forty or fifty and sometimes even more feet above the river and is quite unprotected on that side, so that the slightest accident would send us straight into the foaming water, either to be killed on the rocks or dashed to pieces in the rushing river.

"At a sudden bend in the road we came on a beautiful view of the Matterhorn and then were soon at the door of the Hotel du Mt Cervin, Zermatt. It was a little after eight and nearly dark".

Saturday 6th - Friday 11th August

Around Zermatt.

After their long walk "... we were very footsore for we had each walked about 36 miles ..." the girls spent the next few days in and around Zermatt. They made friends with the other English visitors in the village and joined in a picnic to the Schwarzsee. On Thursday they were joined by the other three who had come over the Triftjoch with their guide Payot. The re-united party, together with Payot, moved up on the Friday to the hotel on the Riffelberg for a few days. From there they climbed the Cima di Jazzi and scrambled on the Riffelhorn. Dr Spencer wanted to arrange to go up the Matterhorn with another visitor "... but neither of their wives would let them."!

Saturday 12th August.

Cima di Jazzi

All except Mrs Spencer climbed the Cima di Jazzi.

"We were called at 2am. We had some breakfast and at 3.15 started for the Cima di Jazzi. It was rather dark as the moon is now on the wane. Our path was very straightforward for some way up by the base of the Riffelhorn, then we went on to a path on the steep slopes just above the Gorner Glacier - this continued for miles then it sloped down to the glacier, which we went on to after a short time on the moraine. It was now nearly light and delightfully cool. We were on the glacier nearly an hour and it was very pleasant walking, with here and there a small crevasse to jump over. We next got on to the snow which was nice and firm for a little while, then had again to go over the moraine to the rocks, and here came the "Salle a Manger", the regular halting place for breakfast. It was now broad daylight, and we had seen a very beautiful sunrise, the snowy tops of the mountains quite rose-coloured with the exquisite hints of the first rays of sunlight. After making a good meal we dressed up for the snow, that is, we put on our snow

spectacles, (which are of dark glass and wire gauze all round, so as to completely shield the eye, they are very ugly but very useful). I put on my veil but Louie and Mr Simmons put on their masks of white cambric, to protect the face from the burning reflected from the dazzling snow. Mr Simmons looked so very like a grasshopper with the projecting dark eyes on his white mask that we at once christened him 'Sauterelle'. Louie also looked rather grotesque and our appearance in general would very much startle some of our London friends.

"We now had a grind of some hours over great snow-fields, all sloping upwards to the Cima and very tedious. The upper portion of the glacier is quite covered with snow to a depth of many feet. We passed under some very fine ice cliffs. We halted under the final mound and had some lunch. Then we were roped together as we had to pass some 'bergschrunds', which are very wide crevasses made by the falling away of the lower part of a snow slope from the upper just at the foot of the snow peak, when they became steeper than the surrounding part. Louie and I had never been 'roped' before so it was a rather novel experience. Our last 'try' only lasted about half an hour, up a steep snow slope and the bergschrunds were very slight and almost hidden by loose snow. However we hurried over them one at a time and none of us slipped into one. We reached the top a little before 11.

"We found it bitterly cold for our feet and hands which was not to be wondered at, at a height of 12,527ft. We had beautiful views of the Breithorn, Mte. Rosa, Castor and Pollux, Lyskamm, etc. We passed quite near Mte. Rosa, and from the Cima di Jazzi had very good views of its precipices on the Italian side. On the whole it is rather a disappointing mountain and does not give a great idea of height, though next in height to Mt. Blanc - it is a great mass of mountain with several small peaks rising from the glaciers and snowfields, which themselves are so high that they take from its effect. As we came down we met a lady and a gentleman with their guides. we felt very glad we were coming down instead of toiling up as the snow was getting softer each minute. When we got down on to the plateau it was so soft that we sank up to our knees each step. The series of curtseys we all made was rather amusing at first, but when it went on for a long time we got dreadfully tired with the floundering about and were quite done up. However in about an hour and a half we got onto firmer snow on the slopes and went down at a good rate to the glacier, halting again at the "Salle a Manger" for rest and refreshment. Afterwards our way was quite easy and we reached the hotel about 4.30 very tired and very burnt from the reflected heat of the snow."

Sunday 13 - Tuesday 15th August.

At Riffelberg.

The party remained based at Riffelberg enjoying walks to the Gornergrat and to the Stockhorn. Monday morning was spent scrambling on the Riffelhorn:

"Warm day. Mr Ernest Saunders arrived from Zermatt at breakfast time. He afterwards joined Dr Spencer, Mr Simmons, Louie and me in a walk to the Riffelhorn. Payot went with us. We walked as far as the second lake and then

found a delightful piece of snow for 'glissading'. When we tired of that amusement we scrambled up some of the rocks of the Riffelhorn till we came to the first 'cheminée' on the ascent. Payot then crawled up first and hauled the others up one by one by the rope, Louie managed the best of any. I got entangled in my petticoats so failed at first and would not try again, as I did not intend going all the way up on account of the precipices and did not wish to be landed where I could not move from till the others returned.

"I watched the others the whole of the ascent and they had some very nasty places to pass, narrow ledges on the edge of a precipice. Mr Saunders did not go much further than I, the others reached the top in about an hour - or less. This mountain is only 9696ft but reckoned very difficult and very few ladies do it. Payot was delighted with Louie's mountaineering, said she 'climbed like a cat, better than any lady he had ever seen, it was quite curious etc.'"

On Tuesday they packed in readiness for an early start the next morning and sent the Gladstones round to Chamonix.

Wednesday 16th August.

Over the Théodule Pass.

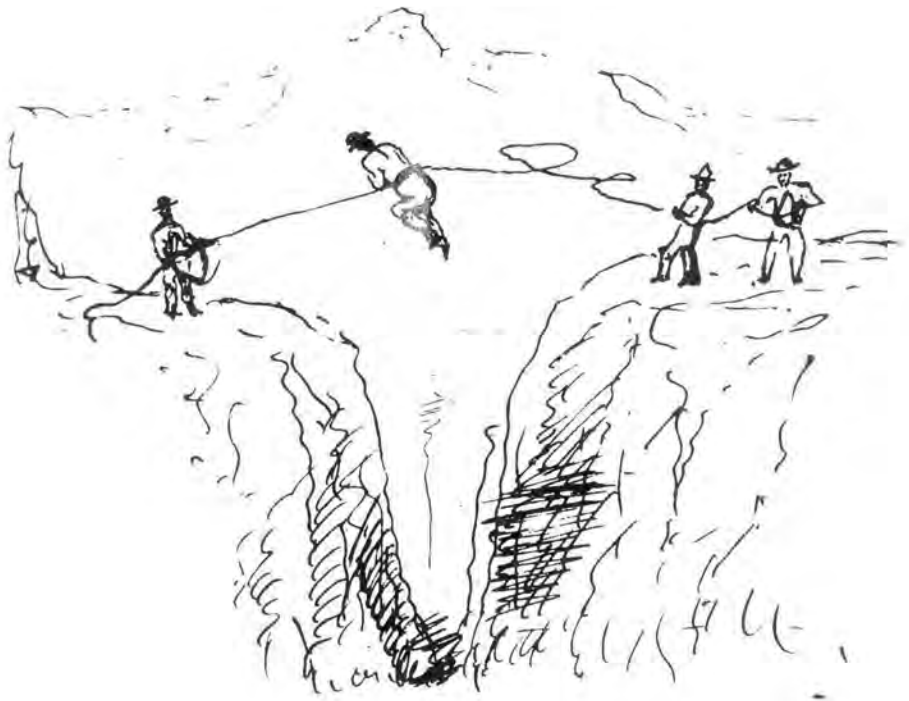
The planned early start was delayed by bad weather but by sunrise things looked better and the party, accompanied by Payot and two porters to carry their knapsacks and provisions, set out from Riffelberg to climb over the Théodule Pass to Breuil.

"We went down the side of the Riffelberg by a steep and pretty path and in less than an hour got on to the glacier. We crossed the Gorner Glacier at a much lower point than where we gained it on our way to the Cima di Jazzi and at this point it is very beautifully crevassed, the ice being of most beautiful green and blue tints in the deep fissures. We got over quite easily with the help of occasional ice steps cut by the guides.

"We next came to the Unter Théodule glacier which was much steeper, and up which we went for some distance until we came to the ice fall. Here we had to take to the rocks, and at their foot we had a little repast. We then climbed up, first by a steep loose path, then by steep loose rocks, for about half an hour. At the summit we met a party of English gentlemen with their guides. They thought we were very brave to come, and in such weather, and wanted to give three cheers for the ladies, an idea which died in bud.

"We now reached the snow of the Ober Théodule glacier and had a most magnificent view of the Matterhorn, whose rock pyramid rises abruptly from the snows of this great glacier, and seemed very near us. Its summit was covered with clouds except for a few minutes and their varied forms added to the grandeur of the effect. We reached the summit of the col, 10,899ft, after about two hours plodding through the snow, which was getting rather soft, a little before noon. Some rocks here jut out of the snow and on them is a little 'cabane' where you can get food, and which contains two tiny bedrooms. We were glad of some rest and

The following is a somewhat
exaggerated sketch of the
process of jumping a ~~glacier~~
crevasse!



(The following is a somewhat exaggerated sketch of the process of jumping a ~~glacier~~
crevasse!)

luncheon and then continued our way. We got off the snow in about half an hour, then we went over the green hills to Breuil, which we reached in two hours more. We were supposed to have a superb view of the Matterhorn from here, but alas it was quite enveloped in clouds, but we got some glimpses of the Dent d'Herens, which looked very grand in its semi-obscurity.

"In about two hours from Breuil we reached the little village of Valtournanche, which is the capital of the valley of the same name, and one of the most beautiful of the Piedmontese valleys. We were very glad to get off some of our wet things and found the little hotel very comfortable".

Thursday 17th - Friday 18th August.

Courmayeur to Chamonix

The next two days were spent travelling to Courmayeur, staying overnight at Aosta (where they purchased more nails for their boots).

At Courmayeur they engaged three more guides, three porters and three mules then continued to the little "cabane" on Mt Frety where they spent the night.

"It is a queer little place ... our beds were of shavings or what looked exactly like them. Someone said they were of dried leaves of the Indian corn - at any rate they crackled each time we moved in bed, though on the whole they were rather comfortable ...".

Saturday 19th August.

Over the Col du Géant.

"Up soon after two - a very cloudy morning, but Payot thinks it will improve so we had better start. Louie and Mr Simmons were both very sick and ill and very unfit for travelling and the rest of us so in a less degree, the combined effects of yesterday's fruit and long journey in a most shaky carriage and then the mule ride.

"We started a little before four, all feeling dreadfully seedy. It was very cloudy and misty and soon we were quite enveloped in clouds so that we could hardly see fifty yards off. Mr Simmons was so ill that he could hardly be dragged along. He lay down about every hundred yards declaring that it was impossible for him to go further and that he must go back, and indeed he looked most deplorable. Payot became very grave and the porters shook their heads. Payot said that he should be very 'content' if we got as far as the Montanvert (sic) by midnight. Louie was very little better but by patience we got to the foot of the rocks in about two hours when it should have taken us one. The mule path ended here and we had a stiff climb up very steep and large rocks.

"We had several little 'chiminées' to get up which we rather enjoyed. There was one place so steep and with nothing to hold, that a porter had to kneel down and we stepped on his shoulders to get up to the next ledge. All this rocky part was on an area with precipices on either side, but so wide and in great boulders that we could not feel at all nervous. One place near the top was rather awkward, we had to go round a great rock on a very narrow shelving path with a precipice just under

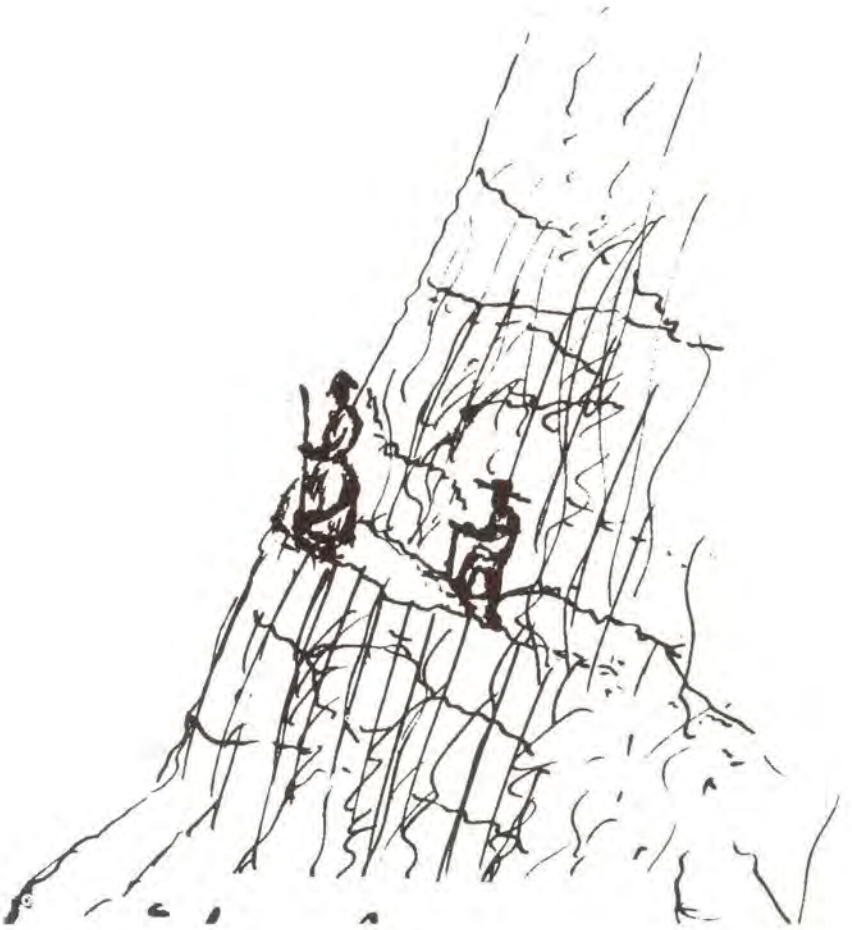
us, but it was only for about two minutes. At the very top we had to be hauled up a narrow opening in the rocks and then we found ourselves at the summit and at the door of a little 'cabane'. I was first up, then Louie, and the others some time afterwards, so the porters who had helped us went back to meet the others. We had been nearly six hours doing what should have taken three! But our invalids were now a trifle better, and the rest of over an hour at the top did wonders for them.

"We started again at eleven and were roped before leaving the hut. Though so completely in clouds on the Italian side that we could see very few yards around us, almost directly we left the summit it was beautifully clear and we had splendid views of the vast snow-fields round us, and the numerous Aiguilles on the Chamonix side. The Aiguille du Géant looked very grand, it has never yet been ascended. Nor has the Aiguille de Charmoz further down on our left, nor the Aiguille de Dru still lower down on our right. Certainly it is very grand to see these rocky Aiguilles with their formidable precipices rising abruptly from the snow and most of them over 13,000 ft."

"The Col du Géant is over one of the shoulders of Mt Blanc and 11,030ft above the sea. We were on the snow directly we left the top. It was not very steep and we got along at a good pace. We crossed several crevasses which, on the snow, are often nearly hidden, and often one or another of us got one leg into one, but we were speedily extricated (sic) by the help of the friendly rope. Many of them we had to cross by snow bridges which are often very treacherous and give way under one's weight, so we hurried over these one at a time and never had a worse mishap than a buried leg! When we got to the "névé" or "firn" - which is the upper part of the glacier, where the snow changes to ice, the surface still being snow - the crevasses were more visible and we had to jump them. We met a party of English gentlemen with their guides when we were half way down the snow. It is very pleasant to meet any other human beings in these remote and solitary regions of nature.

"After about two hours on the snow we came to the ice part of the glacier and the celebrated ice fall of the Glacier du Géant or Tacul with its magnificent seracs.

"... After we had descended the ice fall in safety we came to the flatter part of the glacier, and though still much crevassed was much easier. We were still in the midst of most beautiful ice caverns, with the loveliest blue and green tints, and long crystal icicles hanging from their transparent roofs, with ice cliffs and seracs of most fantastic form at a little distance. Altogether the ice scenery of this glacier is said to be unrivalled, and we would quite believe it. At one part of the fall we had to hurry up as much as possible as we were in the track of falling seracs and were told that one might come down on us at any moment - comforting assurance! This part is often avoided by keeping more to the centre of the glacier but the route has entirely to depend on the state of the ice - the crevasses are so perpetually changing ...



“Les ponts”

“Les Ponts” above Monteners

"Below us, and in continuation of the Glacier du Géant was the Mer de Glace, and before very long we were on this beautiful icy sea. The ice on the upper part of this glacier is beautifully white and transparent, and in gently undulating waves. We now had a smart shower of rain and hail and when it was over chose a rocky place in a moraine and had our dinner at about 3pm.

"Payot now began to hope that we should get to Chamonix tonight instead of the Montanvert as we were all walking like "Gens d'Armes", and he even gave up the idea of sending on our porters first, to meet us with a lantern. We were unroped now as the crevasses were not very wide to jump. After about an hour's more walking on the ice we had to go over the side moraine and on to the rocks and had a steep climb for a little way, then along the path on the side of the mountain till we came to "Les Ponts". These are little ledges in the rock barely two inches wide along which you have to climb the sloping face of rock for some distance, with a shelving precipice to your right. Though this sounds very dreadful and giddy we found it quite easy as there were plenty of these little ledges, and we were rather sorry when "Les Ponts" were passed.

"We were then very soon at the little inn at Montanvert and within an hour and a half of Chamonix. We did not stay there for anything. I suppose our travel-worn appearance told a tale, for we heard the Maitre d'Hotel say as we passed - "Dames de Courmayeur". We now felt considerably tired, and the last descent from Montanvert to Chamonix was very tedious and tiring, though there was a capital mule-path the whole way. However we reached the bottom at last, just before we did so I had a most beautiful sprawl right on my face like a small child. I suppose I was walking carelessly from being tired, and my foot caught in something. We were very thankful to see the lights in the Hotel Angleterre which we reached at about 7.30 or about eight and a half hours from the summit of the col".

Two days later the Spencers and Mr Simmons returned home. The girls continued their holiday by having the Gladstones sent round to Martigny, while they travelled in Payot's "voiture" to Argentière from where they walked over the Col de Forclaz to meet their luggage and to continue by train to Brigue. They spent a little over two weeks at Bel Alp, near Riederalp, north of Brigue, but continual bad weather limited their activities to one ascent of the Eggishorn and local walks, so they decided to seek the sun in Italy.

The diary continues with a description of their route through the Italian Lakes to Milan and on to Venice. The notebook is filled up to the last page and several loose leaves have also been inserted but even so the diary remains incomplete, the final entry being an unfinished description of St. Mark's Square in Venice. We do not know how the tour ended nor do we learn if the girls ever reached first-name terms with young Mr Simmons, but we are certainly left with a rich and colourful picture of the Alps during the Golden age.

A DIRTY WEEKEND IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES

Martin Berzins

The essential components of a dirty weekend are probably suitable company, strenuous night-time activity, forbidden pleasures and an obsessive passion. One of the unfortunate consequences of such a weekend might be an unexpected infection. One ought also to feel a little soiled to obtain the maximum benefit from such a weekend.

The sun shone down from Easter of 1984 through until September. The weekend in my mind was late in August by which time we were already tired of climbing and looking for an excuse to stop.

Chris Sowden picked me up at the usual place. We knew what we had to do and so never bothered to say much on these evening runs into the Yorkshire Dales. Loup Scar is closer to Leeds than most of the other crags and so after the usual hour's frantic cornering we arrived at six. Three hours - time enough?

I mumbled something about getting started while Chris was still half way out of his pinstripe and raced across the field to the top of the crag. Now Chris had his line and I had mine; both shared the same overhanging nature. The crag itself is an overhanging suntrap directly above the River Wharfe. The dry summer had reduced the Wharfe, usually a mature river, to deep pools and a relative trickle. The crag was Chris' responsibility for the new Limestone Guide, and although the inevitable Ron Fawcett had picked the plums we had to 'clean up'. The trick in cleaning overhanging routes is to start at the top and aid your way down. This cleans out the pockets, keeps the ropes in and locates the runners. My line needed a good peg runner, but all I found was a poor thread and a series of battered pockets, only one of which eventually took a peg runner - and this was half way between the two roofs that made up the route.

Judging by the blocks being thrown into the river, Chris was faring better and was soon ready to climb. An easy-looking crack led up to a large hole in the roof above which things started to look blank. Now holding Chris' rope when he sets off on a new route is like watching a lithe athletic rat shoot up a drainpipe. The crack to the roof looked easy and jams led out to the lip. Chris reached out for what looked to be a good hold, heel-hooked his left foot, reached up again and then lowered off the tree at the top. "E2, 5b - easy" - just like that.

We left the rope in place so I could second the route and in the gathering gloom I set off to lead my route. The strenuous night-time activity was beginning. Lurching over the first roof I managed to clip the peg and thread. There was no way that I could make the reach that I'd been planning to. A weird spur-of-the-moment move was used to reach the lip. I rocked over, placed some gear and lowered off.

As both ropes were now in use, Chris seconded on one rope doubled, faster than I could take the rope in. Just before the top he stopped, unable to unclip the thread. Trying to make the move above he yelled "Climbing!" This coming from Chris means "Take in!" Both red ropes went up into the gloom to the belay point. One went back down to the thread before it reached Chris. Which was which? I pulled both. "Slack! Slack!" "Take in! Take in!" I giggled at the hopelessness of the situation and solved it by paying out slack on both ropes. Chris made the move, still squawking, and abseiled off.

As with all desperate overhangs, Chris' route was easy to the lip. An in-situ thread was in place just before it. It was now totally dark. Instinct told me to leave the rope clipped into the thread. The hold round the lip was small, the heel-lock imaginative, above was only blackness. "Take in!" Both ropes came tight and I was suspended. It was so dark and there was so much rope drag that Chris couldn't possibly see. I reached for something and somehow grovelled to the top, complaining of rope drag. "Might be 5c, that route of yours" I lied as we finally reached the car, well after dark.

The next day, with Tony Burnell, Chris and I sneaked guiltily past the farm at Kilnsey heading for forbidden pleasures. Chris and Tony set off to climb The Birdman - a desperately overhanging crack that is still under-graded - while I was going to get dirty.

Above and right of the main overhang at Kilnsey is a large overhanging wall with more than its fair share of flat holds, breached only by Pontefract Man, A4. Free climbing potential? The exposure was breathtaking, the end of the abseil rope was sixty feet up and thirty feet out. The top of the wall was guarded by an overhang with a blank wall of indifferent rock above. The only possibility was a diagonal line from bottom right to top left. Gardening enormous sods from the top I was soon covered in earth. I had to keep bouncing in and out as I cleared the overhanging bit and then turn that into a sideways pendulum until a nut or peg could be placed to hold the rope in. It was desperately strenuous. The climbing, though, looked to be the sort that I have an obsessive passion for; long reaches between sloping 'buckets' on a leaning wall. Runners - Pete Whillance pegs - the thinnest blades that rot all too soon, and only two of those.

Chris meanwhile had finished thrutching up The Birdman and Tony was sufficiently discouraged that they went to climb the first of the Direct-tissima. Tony made short work of this classic E3 and Chris soon joined him on the stance. Nic Hallam and Terry Hirst arrived to pour scorn on my outrageous cleaning and went to climb Bird's Nest Crack (E1).

My problem was how to get to the foot of the pitch I'd cleaned in the easiest way. An easy 'ledge' linked Chris and Tony with where we needed to be.

"Hey lads! It will be easiest if you traverse across the girdle to the stance and drop me a rope."

"Is it OK?" asked Chris.

"Oh yes", I said, neglecting to mention that I hadn't been across the traverse. Curses, the odd block and even bits of an unfortunate tree rained down. Chris was not amused, Tony even less so.

The pitch that followed was worth it, though. The crux was a series of off-balance moves leftwards to reach the first peg runner that I'd placed. It was protected by the usual pathetic 1960s peg ... The rest was more fun - enormous reaches between good holds in a very exciting position. A bit like Sirplum, but three E grades harder and with less runners and more exposure. Tony, as the team apprentice, elected to go in the middle as he knew what would happen on the reaches. "Gripping" was how he described the pitch when he reached the tiny stance. I persuaded him that he ought to lead the choss to the top and off he went. Chris, of course, had no trouble whatsoever. Tony suggested that, as the route climbed across Pontefract Man, 'Lickerish' would be an appropriate name.

At home that evening, when washing off the dirt from gardening the route, I discovered that I had been bitten by a selective bug in a broad band round ... well, never mind.

The next day, Sunday, we didn't really want to climb. Nic and Terry joined us at Loup Scar. This made perfect sense as it would be far too hot to climb and there was nothing to do. As we changed into shorts Nic complained that he'd been feasted on at Kilnsey - between his thighs and his navel he'd been sprayed with blotches. We discovered that all five of us had been bitten in the same way.

Although enthusiasm was a thing of our collective past we had to do at least one new route - I began to clear a line just left of the one I'd led in the dark. Tony tried Chris's route but after falls from the lip was getting used to the idea that E2, 5b was a joke grade. I tried too, and after three yo-yos managed to make the precarious heel-hook work, reached the small holds above and pulled over. Tony struggled seconding and so did Chris. We changed the five to a six.

Nic and Terry, meanwhile, were hard at work on the classical Lapper (E2) when we were all upstaged by a bunch of motorcyclists who had changed out of their leathers and were throwing themselves off the crag at the other side of the river into the pool. Sandbagged!

More and more people were arriving at the crag - we had inadvertently stumbled on Yorkshire's best swimming spot.

Finally I set off to lead the line I'd cleared. Another monstrous reach to the lip was problematic and forced a retreat to a resting place. I was recovering nicely until what seemed like a coach-load of women stopped on the pebbly beach below and began to undress. As if it wasn't hot enough already! This was too much!

Something started to stir: I had to get the route finished, and quickly! Super-charged for once, I lurched for the lip, pulled over and lowered off. Chris, of course, had no trouble with the moves, but was stopped just below the top for half an hour by a nut that was so well jammed in that it could only have been placed by him or me. Justice! It was one of his nuts.

Nic, meanwhile, had decided that climbing was not the best thing to be doing and poked Terry into the lead on the Lapper. Now Terry is what you might call a natural leader of men and after he'd disposed of Lapper, together with Tony, he went to face the jump at the other side of the river. The two of them egged each other on until they both took the plunge. The even talked me into jumping what seemed like 25 feet and was utterly terrifying - much worse than anything else that weekend. At last we were in our element! The tree that grew at the top of the crag lengthened the jump but the crag itself under the jump repelled all attempts. Eventually we grew tired of these games and while the others sun-bathed, Tony and I floated from pool to pool conducting a serious investigation of the local flora and fauna.

And so the summer ended.

Summary.

An account of the first ascents of:

Slap Happy, E5, 6a and Slapper, E4, 6b, Loup Scar;

Loupy Lou, E3, 6b and Lickerish, E5 6a at Kilnsey

by Martin Berzins, Chris Sowden and Tony Burnell.

SKI TRAVERSE OF THE JOSTEDALSMBREEN, JUNE 1985

Rod A. Smith.

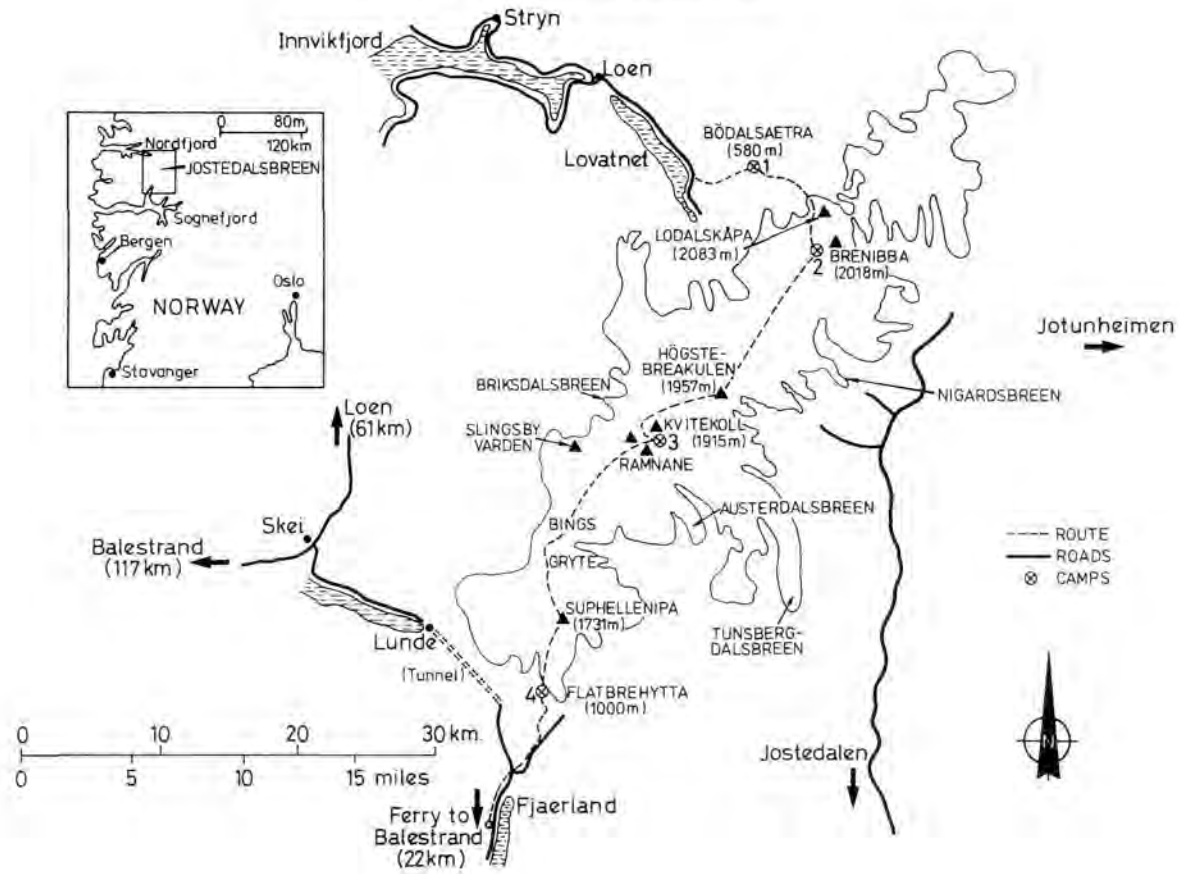
Our sleeping space was deep in the bows of the good ship 'Venus'. The night had started comfortably enough, but our sleep was increasingly interrupted by the ship's motion and the crashing noise of waves which slammed the outside of the ship, and were separated from us by only a thin sheet of steel. It proved impossible to stand up on one leg long enough to get into my trousers, so I abandoned the attempt and pondered the task we had let ourselves in for.

'We' consisted of myself, approaching middle-age in a grossly overweight condition; my wife, Yayoi, small, slim and Japanese, mostly very cheerful, experienced in mountains but hardly a load carrying donkey; Jim Cooper, my research student and a friend of long standing, toughened in Greenland and Spitsbergen and a meticulous organiser; and finally Hugh Shercliff, another research student and a muscular fell-runner exuding fitness. Clearly our chances depended on this latter pair. The 'task' was to traverse from North to South the Jostedals icecap, the central dome-like remnant of the Pleistocene glaciation. This icecap, the largest in continental Europe, is roughly in the form of the hull of an inverted ship, some 60 miles long, with a long NE/SW axis. The mean altitude is some 2,000 metres with steep outlet glaciers pouring over the sides of the hull and plunging towards the deeply incised fjord valleys below. Some two years before, Jim and I, together with a small party of students, had attempted the traverse from the south, but has been forced to retreat from the ice plateau by bad weather. Spring and early summer this particular year had been atrocious. This fact, coupled with our rough North Sea crossing, reinforced my view that we were again in for a hard time!

However, when the ship had diverted to the more sheltered waters of the offshore islands of Norway, before steaming north to Bergen, the sea calmed, the clouds lifted to give us views of distant snow covered mountains, and the sun began to shine, as indeed it continued so to do for nearly the whole of our trip!

After overnight stops at Bergen and Balestrand, on Sognefjord, the real trip began as we drove our heavily laden car across the mountain passes to the starting point of our traverse. The flight distance of the proverbial crow was some 70 km., by the road route totalled over 190 km. The final approach lay along the northern shore of Lovatnet, a delightful lake cradled by steep mountains and bathed in warm sunshine. It was hard to believe that this idyllic spot was the scene of a spectacular natural disaster on 15 January 1905. On that day an area of crag was shed from Ravenefjeld and plunged into the lake causing a wave which destroyed farms and

JOSTEDALSMBREEN



crops and killed 61 people and lifted a small steam boat from its moorings to a point some 100 metres above the lake! When we reached the end of the lake we quit the tarmac and drove as far as possible up a steep rough dirt track on the approach to Bodalsaetra. The kit was unpacked and the three others headed upwards to our first campsite, whilst I returned the car to the roadhead to await collection at the end of our trip.

Once the party was reunited, an evening was spent round a campfire and kit packed for an early start. The morning started with a gentle disappointment (for some), as a cow had licked spotless the porridge which had been left outside the tent to soak overnight. A reminder that Bodalsaetra was, unlike so many upland areas in Norway, still in use as a mountain summer pasture for cattle and sheep, 'saetra' being the equivalent of 'alp'. The early morning clouds rose with us as we left the trees and dwarf birch below and started the steep ascent onto the icecap. Glorious views of the snout of Bodalsbreen tumbling down from the ice plateau provided an excuse to rest as pack straps began to chafe soft flesh. The sketchy path soon became indistinct as snow patches became more continuous, but we followed the steep line indicated on the map, ignoring what seemed like a better ridge route to our left. A pecking order was soon established - Hugh powering ahead and Jim, presumably still doing some meticulous planning, guarding the rear. As more height was gained the snow became firmer underfoot, a convex slope was breasted, and there before us as we reached 1700m was the beginning of the icecap with Lodalskapa guarding its northern extremity.

Now was the time to don our skis - three of us had cable bindings which enabled normal mountain boots to be worn and gave sufficient control of our metal edge skis. Jim preferred the more 'modern' three pin fittings which needed special boots. Both types of binding performed very satisfactorily, but the cable binding did have more versatility. It seems a shame that 'fashion' is making them hard to obtain! Ski-legs were found as we moved 3km across to a nunatak (rocks breaking out of the surface), below Brenibba, and located a suitably sheltered site for an overnight camp. At this latitude, in June, the sun only dips below the horizon at midnight, so our after dinner stroll to the summit of Brenibba (2018m), was illuminated by a fiery red glow. Distances were diminished by the clear air, but the dark voids in the surrounding valleys served to emphasise our height. Although it was still light, the temperature dropped dramatically.

When we started off the following morning, our skis slid like skates on the frozen snow leaving no tracks to mark our passage. The morning's objective was the highest point of the icecap proper, Hogste Breakulen (1957m), separated from us by 15 very white kilometres. Recent experiments made in this area with radio echo-sounding equipment have recorded ice depths of up to 600 metres. The sun strengthened and clothes were shed. The two boys pulled ahead of us and, as the snow surface softened a little, left parallel tracks apparently stretching to infinity. Distances became hard to judge, particularly as the long 8km climb to the summit

began. The rise was very gentle and slightly convex, the horizon became indeterminate and it was impossible to guess its position as a matter of yards or kilometres away. The sun rose higher and poured out of the sky, splashing upwards from the dazzling white surface. Sun cream melted, sweat dripped and tempers (even Oriental ones!) frayed ... "I'm never going to come anywhere with you again!" "You said that before we got married, keep plodding on!"

Suddenly, only feet away, a whole new vista opened up. Of even greater interest, there were the boys by the summit cairn with pints of hot sweet tea and Mars bars! The water had come from melted snow, for here, unlike at overnight camp, there were no melt pools on the rocks. During the long rest that followed lunch, great pains were taken to escape from the glaring sun. Then, just as we were ready to restart, clouds closed in and snow began to fall. Miles of visibility were suddenly reduced to a few feet! After half an hour's wait, equally suddenly the weather cleared, leaving our next objective, the Kvitikoll/Ramnane nunataks, clearly in view.

By now it was mid-afternoon. The snow surface has deteriorated to such an extent that our skis sank in several inches. Clearly this was not the best time to travel. However we pushed on for three hours or so until an eastward swing under the steep rock slopes of Kvitikoll was possible. Snow slides which seemed innocuous from a distance, proved, when we actually crossed them, to consist of huge snow blocks fanned out over a wide area. The slopes of snow between the Kvitikoll/Ramnane nunataks formed a wide col, just over the top of which we found an ideal camp site. Rock ledges, warmed in the sun, provided a perch, overlooking a level(ish) snow surface on which the tent could be pitched. Better still there was a copious supply of melt water streaming down the back of the rocks. Since the majority of our food was dehydrated, we needed to use a large amount of water. A typical main meal consisted of soup, curry/stew, etc, from a large catering pack, dried potatoes and peas or carrots. Dried fruit, soaked for as long as possible, and washed down with sweet tea or coffee, finished off the meal. Breakfast now consisted of a 'Crunchy' bar and coffee, the porridge having been rejected by the members of the group with sophisticated tastes! Lunch was soup, sardines and cheese with biscuits, tea and Mars bars. We also carried ample spare brew and soup material. This diet proved entirely satisfactory in content, weight, (approximately 11lb/man day) and cost (about £1.30/man day, bought at a local wholesale store in the UK).

The snow below our ledge was flattened by trampling with our skis and the tent pitched. On our previous trips we had experienced difficulty in getting enough anchorage in soft snow with small tent pegs, so we had made six eighteen inch long stakes from aluminium angle strip. These, together with a couple of ice axes, gave enough 'grip' to secure the tent. Once again, the temperatures dipped sharply when the sun became hidden. However, Karrimats, fatigue and the warmth of four bodies in a tiny tent, ensured a comfortable night's sleep.



"The smallness of distant figures emphasised the vastness of the snow plateau." Suphellenipa is the pointed peak on the far left. *Photograph by Rod Smith*

When we rose at 5.30 am, although there was plenty of open sky, mist and cloud shrouded the snow dome beyond the Ramnane nunataks. With skis again barely marking the frozen surface, we continued across to a small col between the Ramnane rock summits, enjoyed a short descent, then began a climb of $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres to the top of the dome. For the first time, poor visibility made navigation very tricky, so we moved in line astern, with the last man checking and correcting the leader's compass course. Readings from a pocket altimeter/barometer provided a useful height check on the flat top of the snow dome, but then the mist finally cleared, leaving a glittering view in all directions, with the Jotunheimen peaks penetrating the cloud which filled the valleys to the east. The next feature of the route was the narrowing of the icecap at Bings Gryte, where a col presently only a couple of hundred metres wide separates steep ice fall to the east and west. How many years will it be before further loss of ice leads to a pinching-off of the southern part of the icecap at this point? After nodding in acknowledgement towards the direction of Slingsby-varde below and to our right (named after William Cecil Slingsby, 1849-1929, the great Yorkshire-born explorer of the Norwegian mountains), we set off on the five mile descent to Bings Gryte. For the first three kilometres, the slopes were gradual, but the steeper terrain down to the col provided some faster running. The climb out of the col was steep enough to merit short zig-zags and made us appreciate the adhesive properties of the 'fish-scale' soles of our skis. By 11 am we were enjoying a second breakfast on exposed rocks above Bings Gryte, from which our final important landmark was just visible.

We now turned off the approximate south-westerly course of the majority of our traverse, to swing south towards Suphellenipa, which marked the top of the glacier down which we aimed to make our exit. The five kilometre journey towards this prominent wedge shaped peak was extremely hot. When the party became widely separated, the smallness of distant figures emphasised the vastness of the snow plateau we were ploughing across. Ploughing, because by now, of course, the snow surface was again very soft. It was with some relief that the solid rocks of Suphellenipa (1731 m) were felt underfoot. Lunch, rest and a scramble to the summit quickly passed and we were back on our skis for the final run of our journey. We were familiar with this part of the icecap from our earlier explorations and realised with more than a little sadness that the trip was nearly over.

On the descent of the Suphelle-breen, we encountered for the first time a series of open crevasses. We had carried a precautionary rope on the trip, but even now did not consider its use necessary. A party trying to ascend this glacier the following year, but later in the season than our trip, were repulsed by gaping wide crevasses. We had an easier time; a few diversions and turns bypassed the obstacles, before we headed down to a notch leading off the west bank of the glacier before the ice-fall proper began. This notch took us further down to a snow filled gully pointing directly towards the Flatbrehytta. Steepening slopes forced a reluctant final removal of our skis, before we floundered, sometimes thigh deep, down through very soft snows.

The Flatbrehytta must be one of the most magnificently situated mountain huts in the world, but within minutes of our entry of the stone built annex, the view was blotted out and heavy rain started to fall! Our luck with the weather was right on cue! A celebratory quarter bottle of whisky was produced from the depths of a pack. The effect on lips swollen and cracked by sunburn was less than pleasurable. Food and deep sleep proved to be much more beneficial!

By next morning perfect weather had been restored. The view from our outside breakfast table was breath-taking. We looked directly down Fjaerlands fjord, a finger-like branch of Sognefjord. The early morning ferry looked like an insect moving over mirror-still water, its position betrayed by the V-shaped bow wave, forming symmetrical shapes on the water surface. Our final steep descent came too quickly. Views of the ice-fall gave way to swarms of insects, stowed skis now became troublesome as the density of trees increased and the heat replaced mountain freshness. Soon we were on level ground on the valley floor, and calling on Anders Ogard at his farm of the same name. This was our first human contact since the start of our journey from the car. Ander's father built the original hut at Flatbre; Anders himself had extended the hut and is an encyclopedia of knowledge of the icecap, of which he sees himself, quite rightly, as a paternalistic guardian. He keeps a record of all traverses, of which the Norwegians had made a considerable number. He confirmed that a British party of six led by Peter Lennon of Ambleside had completed a similar route just a month before us, so we were



The end of the skiing - Fjaerlands fjord in the distance. *Photograph by Rod A. Smith*

probably the second successful British team, although Yayoi was undoubtedly the first Japanese ski-traverser! Some of our skis and a lot of advice had come from Tony Billingham of the Perse School, Cambridge, who had taken a party of boys across the icecap back in 1968. They had travelled on foot! We were now in a position fully to appreciate their determination.

As we walked down the long road to the ferry terminal we saw signs of the new road tunnel which is now nearly finished and will connect this previously isolated community to Lunde. Future parties to visit the area will now be able to use Fjaerland as a base for exploration and avoid the lengthy diversions "round the outside" which was necessary for us.

The view back from the ferry as it departed for Balestrand left me in no doubt that Fjaerland is a marvellous centre for mountain exploration. With the Jostedalsbreen in the background, like a layer of icing on top of the mountains, which themselves plunge down to the fjord, the village is surrounded by endless opportunities for mountain walking, climbing and skiing. A more perfect place to end our traverse is impossible to imagine.

(The only other account of the Jostedalsbreen which I can find in the Club's *Journal* is an account by Victor H. Gatty. 'A Long Day on The Jostedalsbreen', Vol2, No.3, 1912. This described a short excursion at the northern end between Lodalskapa and Brenibba).

A SELF SUFFICIENT ROUND OF THE LAKES' 2,500s

Christopher Machen

To walk all the 2,500 foot peaks in the Lakes in one round had been in my mind for some time. In 1985 I had tried and failed.

Eustace Thomas completed such a round in five days in the 1920s. A group from the Rucksack Club was successful in three days in 1968 (Eastwood 1971). Parr cut the time still further to 43 hours (Parr 1985). My objective was more modest than Parr's.¹

All received help on their rounds. Thomas stayed in hotels and pubs. The Rucksack Club party used a support group for providing food. Parr had a support party for food and for pace-making.

For me the round would be more satisfying were it to be independent of outside help. All gear and food would have to be carried and nothing bought or provided on the way. Time would not matter, merely to complete the trip would spell success; but time would give a nice twist to the challenge for naturally the longer one took the more food would have to be carried.

Which peaks should be included? Eastwood defined a summit as a 'point on the map shown by a 50 ft contour line or a point that is well known'. This rather imprecise definition led them to a round of 77 summits. Parr listed 61 peaks which did not include Black Crag or Greenside but did include Watson's Dodd.

I found the list painstakingly prepared by Falkingham (1966) to be a good starting point. His definition of a summit was a point having a separate contour ring on the Ordnance Survey Seventh Series one-inch map plus any points obscured by hachuring on the map which after visiting and reference to large-scale maps were obviously adequately separated from adjacent tops. The second part is rather subjective. Falkingham concluded that there were 80 summits over 2,500 feet and this did not include Watson's Dodd. Multiple summits were included, for instance three summits were listed for Scoat Fell.

Wright (1974) and Buxton & Lewis (1986) also listed summits. The second found 69 tops over 2,500 feet based upon a definition of 'an independent point ... with a minimum rise of ten metres above the immediate surrounding area. Each summit can be identified on the 1:50,000 or 1:25,000 Second Series maps as having two ring contour lines ... between the summit itself and the nearest col.' This is complex for it is not clear when the ten metres and when the twenty metres

¹ In the October 1987 issue of *The Great Outdoors*, Austin described a 'two week backpack' of the Lakes 2500s. It is not stated whether provisions were bought on the way. From Buttermere to Keswick was by Mountain Goat.

qualification should apply in some cases. The definition gave some multiple summits. High Raise (Langstrath) was listed as 2,499 feet.

I wanted a definition as objective as possible and one which eliminated multiple summits. I therefore adapted Monro's definition to the compact scale of the Lakes by specifying that a peak must be 2,500 feet or higher and have a drop of 100 feet (30 metres) between adjacent peaks. 56 peaks satisfied this definition, it resulted in the following casualties. Kidsty Pike would be considered a subsidiary summit of Rampsgill Head, Watson's Dodd of Stybarrow Dodd, Steeple of Scoat Fell, Great Carrs of Swirl How and Brim Fell of the Old Man. Some of these are no loss, but it was a pity about Steeple which has a character of its own. Although I only counted the 56, I in fact visited the other five in passing.

It was the 15th June, 1987 that I walked up from Kentmere with a rucksack of about 37 pounds, including a tent and five days' food. I left at the leisurely hour of 8.10 am so as not to disturb the household arrangements too much. There was cloud on the tops and a few spots of rain, but up the dale there seemed to be a mixture of murkiness and brightness as if the weather could be clearing up.

First a gentle beginning with the easy ridge over Kentmere Pike to HARTER FELL; then down to Nan Bield Pass and up to HIGH STREET. Here I left the 'sac and bounded forward without my burden on an excursion of the northerly HIGH RAISE and RAMPSGILL HEAD plus the bonus of Kidsty Pike.

Resuming the burden I left the easy walking of the Roman road at THORNTHWAITE CRAG and dropped steeply into the gap before climbing up to STONY COVE PIKE. Thence a long easy descent to Kirkstone Pass where the quarry was busy with its blasting.

A few butterworts and, higher, some violets were there to encourage me up the steep RED SCREES. It was now black over Ullswater and then heavy rain fell for half-an-hour while I made up to the Fairfield Horseshoe for DOVE CRAG, HART CRAG, GREATTRIGG MAN and FAIRFIELD itself. A surprise awaited me on Dove Crag. I had heard a low-flying aircraft hugging the bottom of Patterdale but was unprepared for what followed. The pilot pulled up out of the valley just over the cairn as I stepped onto the summit. I fought to cover my ears with my hands. When the noise had receded its place was taken by the smell of kerosene exhaust in my nostrils. It was two days before the crash in Borrowdale.

From Fairfield I dropped down to the spine-backed ridge of ST SUNDAY CRAG. It was now late evening, the wind had dropped and all was quiet save for the occasional bark of a dog floating crystal clear out of Patterdale in the still evening air. I paused to enjoy the peace toward the end of my first day before dropping down to pitch tent and cook beside Grisedale Tarn at 9.10 pm. 21 miles and 7,800 feet of climbing for the day.

The gods now began to smile upon me, for the weather entered a spell most unusual for the Lakes. It was sunny whilst many other parts of the country had rain. Strange indeed! As the sun peeped over St Sunday Crag I started on the DOLLY-

WAGGON PIKE slope and continued over NETHERMOST PIKE to HELVELLYN. The sun shone in Red Tarn below me so that I was dazzled by the glinting light from a thousand reflecting points on the surface. Eyes screwed up I continued to admire the sight until the glare became too great. As I glanced left a small wispy cloud passed over Swirral Edge, descended toward the tarn and evaporated gradually until it was no more.

Then I passed along Swirral Edge myself for the shapely CATSTYE CAM peak. There followed the long tramp over WHITESIDE, RAISE, GREENSIDE, STYBARROW DODD and GREAT DODD. Each has a character of its own but the green rounded summits were fairly easy going. Dropping down to the old coach I refreshed myself at the Hause Well spring whilst I gazed over at Blencathra over lunch.

Hall's Fell ridge was new to me, a superb way up to BLENCATHRA, steep at the top and reminiscent of Sharp Edge, and terminating actually at the summit which enhances its character. Thence via Skiddaw House to LITTLE MAN and SKIDDAW.

The path down by Carl Side is steep, and carrying a load down a steep slope can impose special stresses on the knees. Last time I had injured a leg on this slope, this time I descended without injury but suffered twinges for the next two days.

Two years earlier a couple of buzzards had continually dived at me near the bottom of this slope. I had thought that they had a nest nearby, a second brood perhaps. A local resident, a Cumbrian character and a life-long bird watcher, put me right. Learning to fly the young perch on rock edges and the parents would have been fending me away. Somehow I knew that he would be there again ... and he was.

He said that the buzzards were again nesting in the wood and as he was talking I could indeed hear their mewing from the depth of the trees. During his earlier life he had been a quarry worker at Honister and he gave me the sad news that the quarry there had just closed again.

I cooked by the stream at the spot which he showed me, and in the late evening set off across the High Stock Bridge and the low-lying meadows aside the River Derwent until Braithwaite was reached. It was a perfect night and so I set off up the Grisedale ridge and bivouacked out under the stars looking down upon the village. 25 miles and 8,300 feet of climbing for the day had put me in confident mood for I was now ahead of schedule.

The next morning I reached the summit of GRISEDALE PIKE just before dawn - and it was a magic dawn. The sun rose between Skiddaw and Little Man casting their profiles onto the north-eastern flank of Grassmoor; a grey camel on a pink background. A red sky in the morning and later a mackerel sky spelled warning but I need not have worried for the wrestling of the incoming weather system with the narrow ridge of high pressure resulted in victory for the continuation of good weather.

After HOPEGILLHEAD and breakfast I left the 'sac for a round of GRASSMOOR, WANDOPE, SAIL and CRAG HILL before descending to Buttermere village.

I was feeling tired, sensing that unless I went slowly for the rest of the day I might be unable to complete the round. I rested beside the Sour Milk Gill falls in the shade of the trees for an hour, before setting off for HIGH STILE via the Red Pike path. It was hot but I was cheered by a ring ouzel flighting away to the ghyll with its triad of notes. I made sure that I went to the further summit of High Stile which is one metre higher, before dropping into Ennerdale. Again I stopped and spent two hours looking down on High Gillerthwaite Farm while I cooked an early evening meal to rebuild my energies and while the water flowed from stone to stone in the beck making soothing noises.

I decided to camp early on the far side of the dale just out of the forestry. Midges came out in force driving me in behind the mosquito net for an early night. Only 15 miles and 6,600 feet of climbing for the day and I was now behind my plan. A day begun in exuberance in the mood that I might be able to cut time off the five days had ended disappointingly. Over-optimism begot pessimism.

At 5.30 am, refreshed after my early night, I set off up the ridge to HAYCOCK in brilliant early sun. Soon however icing sugar began to creep over Ennerdale Fell to the right.

On the summit I could see Pillar coming and going in the mist and so it was while I climbed Steeple, RED PIKE (MOSEDALE), SCOAT FELL and BLACK CRAG. But by the time I reached PILLAR it was clear and I spent ten minutes gazing down on the majesty of Pillar Rock.

At a small spring on Black Sail Pass I watched walkers begin to people the fells from the dales below. They would have a good day for the clouds had now lifted off the fells with good weather clouds forming at 3,500/4,000 feet. On KIRK FELL I stopped for a long chat with another backpacker but made up some of the time by making short work of GREAT GABLE and GREEN GABLE.

It was hot on the Corridor Route to LINGMELL whence I skirted the foot of Pikes Crag to leave the 'sac at Mickledore for SCAFELL by way of Broad Stand. It was now after 6 pm and in spite of three long rests I was beginning to tire. I slowed my pace over SCAFELL PIKE, BROAD CRAG, ILL CRAG and GREAT END so as to eke out my energies for the long ridge over ALLEN CRAGS and GLARAMARA. The broad ridge seemed interminable with each little bump an effort. It was 9.40 pm. when I reached Glaramara and I camped on the slope down to Langstrath at the first satisfactory water supply. 17 miles and 9,200 feet of climbing and what a superb succession of peaks.

In the morning the weather was still holding and from Langstrath I slanted left to join the Stake Pass path near the rowans by the cascading beck which make such an orangey-red show each autumn. After just qualifying HIGH RAISE I crossed to Angle Tarn for ESK PIKE and BOWFELL where I cooked a lunch on top.

Thereafter I dropped to walk over all the tops of Shelter Crags and CRINKLE CRAGS/Longtop before the long descent to the Three Shires Stone. Climbing out of Wrynose Pass was hot with no cooling breeze; and after losing my hat I started to burn. After traversing round to GREY FRIAR, I crossed to Great Carrs and SWIRL HOW and leaving the rucksac walked the spur to WETHERLAM.

The weather now became murky and then blacker still as I approached CONISTON OLD MAN. Then the heavens opened and a heavy storm accompanied me on the traverse round to the last peak DOW CRAG, which I reached at 8.10 pm after 18 miles and 7,800 feet of climbing for the day. Thus my target of 56 peaks, 97 miles and 40,000 feet of climbing was completed in five days without outside help. My legs suddenly felt heavy. After a meal and bed in Coniston it was sunny again the next morning, so I walked by paths back to Kentmere ...

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A VISIT TO THE LAND OF "WEIRDOS"

Ron Kenyon

I have always fancied a trip to California and that granite mesa of Yosemite. Recently, with the dollar nearly reaching parity with the pound, such a visit was going to become very expensive. However, in the summer with the pound at nearly 1.50 dollars it did not look so bad. Therefore with hurried plans Chris and myself found ourselves on a TWA 747 out of Heathrow bound for Los Angeles. The flight out was marvellous. Flying directly over Liverpool and out over the Irish Sea we had a good view of North Wales and a distant view of Cumbria. The Emerald Isle passed beneath us and then Greenland's icy mountains on the horizon, with the odd iceberg below. Over the vast wastes of Baffin, the Hudson Bay area and northern Canada and then the patchwork square miles of the Prairies. The drier wastes of Oregon and Wyoming, the mountains of Colorado and the deserts of Nevada, around Las Vegas, and on to the smog city of L.A. A rather weary Kenyon couple disembarked, with eight hours time difference, to a very bustling city. We located the Hertz bus which took us to collect our car - a Chevrolet Nova, about the size of a Ford Escort, with power steering, air conditioned and automatic.

We ventured out carefully on to the road and then began driving about aimlessly trying to find somewhere to stay. Eventually we ended up in Venice (!) which is beside the sea and a marvellous Pacific beach.

We booked in, dumped our stuff in our room and went for a meal at a seafood restaurant. It was about 8pm local time and about 4 am UK time so we were zonked and I don't think squid was the best thing for me to have at that time. After a very restless night the morning eventually arrived with me feeling not too good. Anyway, L.A. awaited, so off we went on the tourist bit. Unfortunately the Paul Getty Museum was closed, so on through Beverley Hills (now there's some good real estate) to Hollywood and Universal Studios with King Kong and all that.

The following day it was on to Las Vegas about 300 miles from L.A. and hot. We checked into the Imperial Palace Hotel, which is one of the "big ones" on Sunset Strip, but it is also one of the cheapest, being subsidised by the gambling - all 40,000 sq ft of it and on the go 24 hours a day in a permanent night, created by the tinted glass around the casinos. We spent the vast sum of 25 cents.

The following day we took the mandatory flight over and to visit the Grand Canyon - this seemed unreal and so big. It was difficult to gauge the scale until one looked down at the Colorado River flowing through the Canyon and saw the tiny rectangles of the river rafts negotiating the river. Statistics - there are so many - 250 miles long, 10 miles across at the widest point, one mile deep, 7,000 feet above sea level at the rims, etc. - a true Wonder of the World.



In the High Sierra. Chris Kenyon and Mount Whitney.

Photograph by Ron Kenyon

In the afternoon we went to see the man-made wonder of the 700 ft high Hoover Dam, which dams the Colorado River below the Grand Canyon - with another string of statistics.

The next day we headed for the mountains - but first to the depths of Death Valley, which at 234 ft below sea level is the lowest point in North America and hot with it, at about 100°F. The road then gained height to about 5,000 ft, a much cooler altitude, then on down to Lone Pine, on the edge of the High Sierra with our next objective in sight - Mount Whitney, which at 14,494 ft is the highest point in continental America excluding Alaska. We found the camp site at Whitney Portal, beside the road at 8,000 ft, and settled in with the squirrels and chipmunks. The camp chief mentioned that to do the Mt. Whitney trail most folk normally camped part way up the trail: for this one needed a permit from the Ranger. The Ranger's office was in Lone Pine, 13 miles away, and opened at 7 am. In the morning I therefore set off and arrived at 6.30 am to find a large gathering of like-minded people at the Ranger Station and when I eventually arrived at the desk there were no permits left. Ah well, there are plenty of other things to do and you can always try Whitney in a day without camping.

Back at camp we decided on what we thought would be an easy day with a walk up to Meysan Lakes - only four miles - but with the altitude those four miles took some four hours. They were worth it as this was a very quiet valley and led us on and up to Candlelight Peak, 12,000 ft, and an excellent viewing point of Mt Whitney. The descent back to camp took about a third of the time of ascent. After a campfire, a good night's sleep and a 5.30 am rising we set off for Mt Whitney. As the day went on we realised that we were not the only ones. In fact it was more like Helvellyn - a "jam pot" mountain. There were not only American but French, Germans, Swiss, Venezuelans, Chileans and expat. Brits. People dressed in all types of gear and quite a few potential accidents in the making. One chap we saw keeled over due to the altitude and badly hit his head. The trail is well-made and is in total eleven miles from the roadhead to the summit, with 6,000 ft of ascent. It has, as you will have gathered, become over-popular due to it being the highest. Apparently it is much, much worse in the school holidays. This is a shame because it is a good walk in itself.

On the way down we met an expat currently working in Boston. He had been in the High Sierra on his own for fifteen days, during six of which he had not met anyone. The hardest part of his days was in finding a bear-proof tree up which to hang his food. He seemed to have had a great time and when looking at the map of the High Sierra and seeing the apparently small area which he had crossed one realised the vastness of the High Sierra area.

After Whitney it was on to "Mecca" but first a stopover at Tuolomne Meadows. What a great place! Great domes of glaciated granite. The climbing bug soon became agitated. Lamert Dome is the first dome encountered going down the "Meadows". A car park near its base and a walk up slowly steepened slabs. Chris walked along the base and followed a path up the right. I wandered up just right of a route called Water Cracks. The rock became steeper then eased. As if in a dream I ambled up in the evening light to the top of the Dome and reached it after about 1,000 ft of at the most MS climbing. Chris came along the easier ridge from the right on safe slabs.

The Meadows camp site at about 8,500 ft was a frosty place that night.

Next day a request for the climbing guide in the climbing shop was unsuccessful so we went past the very imposing Fairview Dome and stopped below DAFF Dome. An initial "short" look by me ended up again with a solo of the Dome on some of the best rock anywhere on slabs up to about MVS standard. Kenyon in dreamland again! Again this would be about 1,000 ft from road to summit but this summit was somewhat more difficult to get off as there was no easy ridge but a short steep section on the right to gain the slopes on the right. Chris was eventually found - looking somewhat worried looking for me.

On the way down we met some Americans on a route called First Circle (5.10a). They asked me to join them on this one pitch climb. It started with a 5.7 crack line but developed into slabs with bolt protection. In the Meadows the slabs were

formed by glaciers. On the up-valley sides of the domes the rock is highly polished, whereas on the down-valley sides the rock has been torn away and is very rough. This route is on the polished area. The slab was very steep and the only places where purchase on the rock could be gained was where the polished surface had broken away. A rather peculiar method of climbing. I thought the route was about E1/E2. Judging from my 'local' companions' ease the climbing becomes easier the more you get used to the place. An ab off and a thanks for the route. Mecca is calling. On down the meadows past more domes with most climbers on the area around the classic "Great White Book" on Stately Pleasure Dome.

We were sad to leave such a beautiful area with the blue sky and the wonderful white domes set in a forest of pines. On the way to Yosemite we went through the Tuolumne grove of sequoia - the largest trees in the world - well worth seeing. Onward, and the first sight of Yosemite. Dropping into the valley above the "Cookie" area with Separate Reality and the crags thrusting themselves out of the trees. Reed's Pinnacle up to the left, El Cap towers above the valley, Bridal Veil Falls trickles down, Cathedral Rock with Bircheff-Williams and Half Dome appears in the distance. What a place. But I must keep my eyes on the road. There is, however, a feeling of restriction, not only by the crags but also people. The camp sites are full. Try Camp 4 (now called Sunnyside) - FULL. Go to camp site reservations - FULL - no, wait, there is a cancellation at North Pines. We are in - great. Now look about - back to Camp 4 to find a partner to climb with and a friend Lawrence Jordon. Eventually, having met a group from Ambleside and chased up possible partners, Ian, Lawrence's partner, found me. It transpires that Lawrence is, as usual, nursing something - this time his arm. Ian is desperate to do either The Nose or Half Dome - I wasn't really too keen on either as with only four days in the valley I was more keen on shorter routes. Half Dome did seem slightly possible so the plan quickly evolved and I found myself getting ready for two days of the vertical. I was a bit worried as I hadn't climbed with Ian. I knew he had climbed at Stanage and Stoney (not much else though, I thought) and the weather was a bit doubtful. Still, we could have a look from the bottom of the face - unfortunately this was about 3,000 ft above the valley floor.

Chris, Lawrence and Ian's girlfriend had decided to do the walk from the valley to Glacier Point, which has a vertical rise of some 4,000 ft. One hell of a walk up but with a magnificent view. They returned down to the left past Nevada and Vernal Falls - in all a good outing.

Meanwhile on Half Dome the two intrepids, having decided to approach the face direct, found out at the climbing shop that is normally approached by the ordinary route up Half Dome - an eight mile plod round the back. Time did not allow this so the frontal assault was made. With lighter sacks it wouldn't have been too bad but with the water, the food and climbing gear it wasn't much fun, especially near the top in the dense shrub with the daylight going. Eventually, about 500 ft short of the wall we bivied in a small cave. We were quite content apart from Ian's

cramping leg, my anticipation of the climb and weird noises which we thought were bears and wolves coming to get us.

Morning eventually arrived and we battled up through the remaining shrub to the base of the wall where we met two Americans who had come up the back way but had not brought any water, in anticipation of finding water at the base: there wasn't any handy. My negative vibes were shouting at me and eventually I said no-go. Ideas of Ian doing it with the Yanks went when his legs cramped up so we left them with our water and headed up the side of the crag for the summit - the easy way. Well, that weather which I had felt doubtful about then turned sour and the clouds, rain and snow came in - so we were best off the routes, as the Yanks themselves decided a little later.

Half Dome is a bit like Mt Whitney - it's another "jam pot". Even early in the morning people were battling up it. The last section is a long steel hawser staircase leading up the granite slabs with a notice warning one to keep off if lightning is about - well, unfortunately there was lightning about, and I kept off. The walk down was with mixed feeling. Was I chicken or just sensible - I was on holiday - and it will be there next year (yes, but I won't).

I walked down initially with a ski guide from Veil and then with a lad from Berlin. It's so interesting whom one meets.

That day was wet and so would have been a wasted day for climbing. The next day Chris went for another walk up past Yosemite Falls then round with some difficulty to Eagle Peak, which gave a view of the valley from its north side.

With Ian resting Lawrence and myself thought about a morning on Glacier Apron and the afternoon on Royal Arches. We chose Goodrich Pinnacle (Right) which was excellent. A rather tricky start (we roped up for the third class walking section) and then followed a groove up onto the slabs. What a slab! Limited gear, odd bolts and some mind-boggling runouts. Lawrence's 5.8 pitch seemed to be harder than the first 5.9 pitch, although the feeling of being lost in the middle of a featureless slab, 80 ft out from a doubtful peg and not knowing where the belay was, was quite something. Unfortunately time went by and the sun was off the crag and it was cold in singlets and a Lifa top. The ab went smoothly. To finish off we went down to Camp 4 Wall - the very accessible "play" crag - and climbed the first pitch of Ugly Duckling which had a short bouldering 5.10a start followed by a steepish 5.8 wall. Unfortunately time did not allow us to complete the climb.

The following day was unfortunately our last in the Valley - Ian and Lawrence had gone off themselves and Chris and myself sadly got ready to leave. I got into conversation with an American - Bob Sloezen from Aspen - and eventually he asked me if I fancied a climb - Serenity Crack - an offer which I took up eagerly. After the short walk we were below the Royal Arches and this dream crack going up into the sky, waiting with the French, Spanish, Japs and Austrian. Eventually I set off up the peg scarred crack, placing ample pro to gain the bolt belay. Bob came up then continued up the crack to a delicate step right into another crack

which leads to the bolt belay. With the French ahead of us having trouble on the final crux pitch we decided to ab off. Thanks again were given to Bob and his wife (might see you in Aspen or the Lakes sometime!). We then had a final fling at Camp 4 Wall before leaving the valley. On the way out we had a look at the El Cap and then sadly bid farewell to "Mecca" with the hope of a return sometime.

After an overnight camp just outside the valley we headed to San Francisco for a whistle-stop visit before the plane home.

WITH JEANNE IN THE JULIANS

Alan Lawson

Ernie Shepherd really deserves the credit for it. He had been there several times, and I well remember him saying "You'll love the place, Alan, marvellous mountains, delightful people - you really ought to go there. Do as I did - take a package holiday and simply go your own way when you get there - the public transport's good". So that's what we did.

Kranjska Gora is still a village and, despite summer tourism and winter sports, is unspoiled, retaining much of its peasant character, including a venerable farm which makes no concessions to progress, its barn roof projecting uninhibitedly into the main road South, its cock-crows rousing one in the mornings, and its aromas constantly tantalising the nostrils.

Perhaps the major difficulty facing any visitor to Slovenia (that province of Yugoslavia which embraces the Julian Alps) is the language, or more correctly the pronunciation, bearing in mind that there are 3 ways of pronouncing the letter C. There is no easy way to fluency, but by dint of some phrase-book reading and a lot of listening a certain understanding was reached. It was necessary, as English rates about fourth in the native polyglot stakes, and the starting point for most days in the hills, using public transport is Vrsic (try that for a start), the pass over to the Trenta valley, some 13 kilometres south of, and 800 metres higher than Kranjska Gora. That combination can mean only one thing - hair-pin-bends, an apparently endless succession of them, not so hair-raising as might appear because of the splendid forest covering the drops along most of the route, but a little disquieting when the one daily, public, single-decker bus, with almost as many standing as sitting, slips its gears, stalls and needs three attempts to overcome inertia on a rather exposed corner. Shades of 'The Italian Job!' Not that this dismayed the occupants, most of whom were Yugoslavs anyway. They thought it hilarious, and hadn't really subsided when we reached the top of the pass. Before then the cliffs of Prisojnik had closed in on the left, higher and higher, then we were there, Vrsic, 1610 metres above sea-level, and almost above the tree-line, surrounded by mountains of glaring white rock, and we were out of the bus, on our own. It was 8.30 am with a cool breeze blowing over the pass, but the day was ours. Little did we guess what sort of a day Jeanne's first experience of the Alps would turn out to be.

No sooner had we passed the Ticarjev Dom, a mountain hut of hotel proportions some 150 metres up from the road, than we were on a marked track. The Yugoslav 50,000 scale maps of this area are very good, and clearly show mountain routes. What they do not indicate, but which soon becomes apparent, is that the routes are

marked by red and white roundels at useful intervals, and you stray from them at your peril. The rock is limestone, virtually bare, very sound for the most part, and quite steep, with many of the routes Via Ferrata, in fact only once did we see a pair of climbers with their own rope.

Amongst its many attractions this beautiful land has almost no litter, no graffiti, and no vandalism, all of which perhaps correlate with the minimal presence of British. This might also explain why we were able to find clumps of Edelweiss only yards away from the route along the edge of the cliff face of Prisojnik.

As we moved up its southern slopes and eventually came close to the crest of the watershed ridge between Prisojnik and its outlier, Zadnji Prisojnik, a clatter of rocks drew our attention to a solitary chamois moving slowly and delicately as if on coiled springs down a steep slab some 40 metres away. By the time I had put my camera away Jeanne was out of sight over the other side of the ridge and on the fixed ropes.

The character of the mountain now changed and this north side was very different from that we had left, its gleaming white flank dropping away steeply, occasionally riven with cracks and gullies, some still showing plaques of old snow. I followed wondering where the route took us and, more to the point, where Jeanne was, then rounding a buttress I saw her about 50 metres away looking like a fly on a wall, the steel cable almost invisible at that distance, blithely picking her way along a rising line up to an overhang, on a 70 degree face which fell away for a good 1,000 feet. 'Are you all right'? I shouted, mindful that the high point in her climbing career to date had been seconding on Bowfell Buttress. Her cheerful, affirmative reply prompted an unfeeling "well stay there while I shoot you", and out of my shirt pocket came the little Rollei again.

The situation was magnificent. We were now high on the North face of the mountain, traversing it on an airy, horizontal line which followed the most exiguous of ledges. Full marks to the Slovenian A.C. which had first put up the route, and to whoever maintained it - those pegs were well driven in, and the steel cable in good condition. Buttresses and bays succeeded each other but still this exhilarating, aerial line held, until having gone as far as it could it ran into Oknu II, a window the size of a small cathedral which pierced the top of the mountain through a thickness of about 100 metres and was floored with old snow having the dimpled patina of hammered pewter. The route obviously went through so we followed it, practising our defenestration technique out of the window on the opposite side, then down, a long way down, still on the iron route but now in the sun again on the South side of the mountain.

The day was comparatively youthful, our confidence and ambition mature after that little tour de force, so why not the next top, Razor, now facing us across the cwm of Mlinarica? It was a long, slow zig-zagging haul up its western face before we crossed over the next water-shed, the south ridge sticking out from Razor, which you then climb from behind. Through the notch in the ridge helm-shaped

Triglav stared at us from the far side of what looked like a great coloured dust bowl, all rock and scree-fans, with a tiny hut, the Pogachnikov Dom, nestling in it.

We now moved up the obverse side of Razor, the pace getting slower, and eventually inscribed our names in the log kept in the metal box on the summit, and stamped various items of our gear with the small purple stamp also kept in the box.

What to do now? It was starting to cloud over, and too late to head back to Vrsic in the hope of catching the return bus at 5.30 pm. Any time after then would mean walking the 13 kilometres and its 21 hair-pin bends back to Kranjska Gora, and the prospect failed to inspire, but the alternative was unknown. This was our first visit to the Julians, and our first venture so far this side of the pass. A bit late now to be assessing logistical options perhaps, but I comforted myself with the philosophical gem that I had picked up from somewhere that the best mountain days are unplanned ones. The map came out and showed a route by-passing the Pogachnikov Dom and heading North for the peak of Skrlatica and, as it did so, skirting the rim of the head-wall of the Krnica valley. Even in my jaded state I savoured the clicks and sibilants, and repeated them for good measure. At one point a subsidiary line drops away down what the map shows as a cartographer's innocuous representation of steep rock, an absence of contour lines, and the legend "Kriska Stena". The name rolled off the tongue. I found out later that Stena means well, and that the vertical interval between the first shown contour line at the top, and the one at the bottom is 400 metres.

We left the top of Razor, retraced our way down, passed within metres of Pognachnikov Dom, and took the track to Skrlatica, towards the end of what was turning out to be an unpromising afternoon. For the last three-quarters of an hour it had been gently raining, the clag was settling down, and the late August day fast wearing on. Several parties passed, all heading the wrong way, and never a word of English. Then there it was looming up through the drizzle in bold red paint on the wet, white glacia - 'K.S.' - exit stage left, and down, so down it was. As we stood there girding up our psychological loins a hole appeared beneath us in the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand", just for a few seconds but long enough to let us see deep down into the Krnica valley where just about visible, like a tiny raft in a sea of green, we glimpsed the roof of the Koca Krnica, the forest hut we had stopped at on a reconnoitring valley walk earlier in the holiday. At least now we had something to aim for when we got down.

The clag mercifully restricted our visibility to the next few yards, and the next mark down. Unperturbed, if somewhat weary, Jeanne moved down, and down, and down. Pegs, fixed-ropes, ledges, chimneys, ramps, covered in ball-bearings, but always down. By now any feelings of apprehension had been completely anaesthetised and we climbed down as if in a dream. I read later that Dr. Julius Kugy, the Austrian mountaineer and naturalist, who esteemed the Julian Alps above all others, and who pioneered many ascents, had been benighted once when descending this same wall (then known as the Krizwand) and had spent the silent

hours tied on, staving off the cold by drinking the alcohol from the jar containing his specimens of beetles. Alas, we had no such stimulants.

It was the edge of dark when we finally stepped off the rock and onto the old snow slope girdling the foot of the corrie wall. We were down. Now all that remained was to find the hut in the forest, and then follow the track to Kranjska Gora.

Full darkness was on us before we reached the timber, but even so my eyes were not prepared for the arboreal gloom within. Jeanne, fortunately, has cat's eyes and here they came into their own as she picked out one splash of white paint, then the next, till miles of descending, stumbling track, and aeons later, a faint light showed through the trees. It was the hut with, believe it or not, a candle burning in the window. The ancient who opened the door to us may not have understood English, or even my version of Slovenian, but she had the right idea, and did the necessary. Raised hands of astonishment, and open mouth at the sight of Jeanne and the mention of Kriska Stena did not delay her in providing sustenance, and even offering us a bed for the night, but a litre of Yugoslavian beer goes a long way. Perhaps I should say that that litre took Jeanne a long way, for a new woman emerged from the hut ten minutes later, and the seven or eight kilometres back to Kranjska Gora, including negotiating a dried up, boulder-strewn river bed, were as nothing.

It was 9.00 pm., 13 hours after we had left, and it had been dark for about three hours, when finally we entered the hotel door. The Slavs may be a volatile lot at times, but at moments like this their phlegm leaves the British equivalent not within spitting distance. No anxious enquiries, no fuss, just a polite "dobro vece", and that was it.

IMMINENT EXILE

Mick Harris

Scottish winter weekend, 1986. Routes tally: zero. And I don't mean Zero Gully. I mean nowt. Absolutely nowt

This is somewhat sad, in view of the fact that the coming September will see my deportation to the Colonies. I have therefore promised myself that I will spend this winter doing all those great Scottish classics that I somehow haven't got round to doing before.

Throughout January and February conditions are mediocre: a few minor classics in Glencoe and the Lakes are bagged. However, by early March we are well into the coldest spell for 40 years. I called Idlesod with an interesting proposition, but he's not sure he can make it.

"Women problems", he informs me enigmatically. Now, along with his weakness for beer, women and slothfulness, Idlesod has a weakness for potential epics which I work upon:

"The Chasm will be in its best condition since the days of W.H. Murray - since crampons, even. Seventeen hundred feet long - pitch after pitch - we're almost bound to get benighted." Of course, he can't resist, and another long trip North is on.

In the Alpine-like morning sunshine, many short hard pitches lead us to the foot of an imposing 200-footer leading out of the Devil's Cauldron. Idlesod makes short work of it - but what's all this? The climb appears to have petered out into the hillside, and it's only 1 o'clock in the afternoon. So that's the Chasm: a fine little climb if you've a morning to spare. Idlesod feels a little cheated, but his disappointment is soon tempered by the thought of an extended session in the Kingshouse bar.

Next morning we head up the Lost Valley to the East Face of Gairr Aonach. Everyone seems to do The Wabe up here, so we do Mome Rath. Bright sunshine nicely takes the brittleness out of the ice; shirt sleeves are rolled up. Can this really be Scotland? From the top Coire Lochan is only a stone's throw. A quick solo of the marvellous S.C. Gully, followed by a saunter to the summit is something I cannot resist. Idlesod can, though. He hastens straight on down towards the Clachaig.

The next weekend sees Captain Griff and myself heading for Lochnagar. We arrive at the foot of Parallel Gully 'B' to find a Scotsman already engaged upon the first pitch. However, his attempt is doomed to failure because a tremendous volume of spindrift is being blown from the plateau and is funnelling down the narrow chute which forms the first half of the climb. The only resistance encountered by this white river during its 300 foot plunge is provided by the plucky Scotsman. He does not appear to be enjoying himself.

We scurry to more sheltered ground beside the Black Spout Pinnacle.

"Isn't there a classic IV here somewhere"? I enquire. But the Captain's legendary military efficiency has somehow lapsed: he's forgotten the guide. From several possibilities I select a likely-looking groove. It is a good guess, but sadly it is incorrect. Some desperate climbing leads me to a position 120 feet up which then necessitates a desperate retreat. We trudge back into the corrie to find a subtle change in wind direction has occurred. Amazingly, Parallel B is now free from avalanches. By now it is 12.30. We decide to give it a go. The first pitch leads past the Scotsman's abseil sling into the chimney proper. Two excellent well-protected pitches deposit us on easy ground on the Tough-Brown Traverse. Spurred on by a reluctance to spend the night on the mountain the Captain surges up steep ice to begin the upper half of the gully. Eventually we reach a large amphitheatre. Several unsavoury possibilities present themselves in the gloom; the Captain opts for a long V-groove leading out rightwards. Darkness is descending as the ropes run out; communication has been lost and I am forced to start climbing without knowing whether the Captain is safely belayed or still grappling with difficult climbing. Two hundred feet later we are finally re-united on a small ledge: it appears that the latter possibility has indeed been the case. A short pitch leads to the Tough-Brown Ridge and soon we emerge on the plateau, to be hit by the swirling hell of a westerly gale. The term "white-out" is not, however, strictly appropriate because it's now pitch black. We are unwilling to feel our way round the cornices to join the shortest descent so we take the long, safe way.

Some hours of floundering later the snow has turned to rain and we've reached the Land Rover track beside Loch Muick: only four level miles remain to the car. We're home if not particularly dry. But a horrible fate still awaits us. The track, far from providing the fast going we expect, has a six inch coating of soggy slush. The crafty Captain's head torch is on the blink, forcing me to break the trail. Sheets of rain blast into our faces. Plastic boots merely prevent the water draining away. At 11 o'clock we reach the car.

"Fun day?"

"Fun day!" agrees the Captain.

It's Easter time: the team has hit the Cairngorms. A good warm-up at Hells Lum has put me in good heart for sterner stuff. The influence of several pints of beer must have encouraged Porky in a display of foolhardy bravado because he immediately agrees to accompany me to the Shelter Stone for an attempt on the Sticil Face.

We stomp up the ski runs at first light, putting deep footprints in the piste. (No self respecting climber should reject an opportunity to get one up on Loathsome Johnny Skier). For me the walk over the plateau and down the other side imbues climbs in the Loch Avon basin with a character and atmosphere which completely eclipses the "Mickey Mouse" routes in the Northern Corries.

We race towards the climb, spying another party approaching the cliff from the side until - Umph! I've discovered the whereabouts of the hitherto superficially frozen River Avon. In fact I'm standing in the river, and it's flowing over the top of my gaiters. Upon arrival at the foot of the climb I am now happy to let the other pair go first, especially as these fellows are obviously extremely hard, whilst we are mere bumblebies trying a route which is probably far too hard for us - unless there is a line of pre-kicked steps.

The hard men glare at us and begin in front; after a few pitches they reach the base of the crux corner. However, some rather half-hearted tapping at the bulging ice is the prelude to a declaration of retreat. By now I am halfway up the preceding pitch: protection is a little lacking (there's none whatsoever). During the now not-quite-so-hard-looking men's retreat their ropes become entangled around mine. I now can't move, so I wait for them to retrieve their ropes. But their ropes have jammed. This unfortunate state of affairs necessitates a rather gripping manoeuvre on my part (involving the pulling through of several yards of slack) in order to attain the belay. Whereupon I discover another golden rule of abseiling: it is this: when abseiling from an anchor consisting of two separate slings, positioning of the knot between the two slings does not facilitate the subsequent recovery of the ropes. In a magnanimous gesture I free the ropes for the would-be hard men, now stranded on a tiny ledge far below.

Porky joins me on the ledge and offers just the sort of encouragement required by a leader facing such an imposing obstacle as this crucial corner.

"Well, if you really want to carry on, I suppose I'll have to hold your ropes".

"Well, actually, yes you will," I confirm, and begin climbing. Above a fixed peg the ice rears up at a disconcerting angle. When I am halfway up this section Porky tries the old "Jammed rope" trick.

"I can't give you any more, you'll have to come down".

But I clip into my axes and sit there resolutely with arms folded until the problem is sorted out. Above this pitch an interesting ice chimney leads up to a long rightward traverse line across the face. Three tricky diagonal pitches put us below the final wall. The position here is magnificent: the frozen loch stretches away below; snow is swirling round the corner of the buttress. Failure is unthinkable because retreat is impossible. The atmosphere of the place can only be further enhanced by the onset of darkness. Unfortunately we shall have to wait several hours if we wish to enjoy that memorable experience. Instead I carry on up well-protected mixed ground which leads to an apparent impasse; a lurch left onto a snowy rib puts me within a few feet of the top. These final ten feet are then ascended rather hurriedly, as my pedestal of hard-packed snow starts to slide off into the abyss. It remains precariously in place, however, so I carefully arrange my belays to permit me to witness Porky's encounter with the trap I have set for him. Sure enough (following my instructions), he makes the leftwards lurch and I am rewarded by a splendid trundle as the block bounces 700 feet down the central

slabs. Porky chastises me with a carefully selected epithet:

"You f....bastard."

But in the pub that evening he is glad he has done the climb because he meets some of his mates and as soon as is convenient he embarks upon a sustained bullshitting effort. I take my leave somewhere around the third or fourth pitch because a seat has become available in front of the video juke box.

The following weekend I persuade the Howns Gill Hero to accompany me to Ben Nevis. Despite the Hero's lack of experience with these new fangled crampon devices (he's only had one weekend of ice climbing since step-cutting days) I am confident that he is not the sort to lose his cool in a tight situation. The man who has single-handedly developed the most dangerous crag in the Northern Hemisphere (Howns Gill Quarry, near Consett) is unlikely to become unduly flustered by the prospect of imminent death. Howns Gill abounds with overhanging crumbling shale bands. For the negotiation of these horrifying barriers the Hero offers the following advice:

"One must be a little circumspect in places."

And yes, a man like the Hero is perfectly happy to do the Orion Face as his second decent ice climb. The weekend brings excellent weather: conditions are perfect. We make good progress on the lower pitches. "Bomber Snargs", I assure the Hero; he's a little suspicious of the belays. However, my faith in bomber snargs is rather shaken as I spy the remains of one sticking out of the ice, with the hanger wrenched off.

We soon reach the Basin - the party in front has chosen a devious descending line to outwit the buttress on the right. But the Hero indicates the glistening groove above our heads.

"I could get a great photo if you went up there".

It doesn't look too hard so I teeter on upwards, encouraged by the Hero's "bomber" snow bollard belay. When the groove peters out a steep little rib bars the way. Oh dear - that's a shame: the thin ice has shattered at my first blow. Some worrying moves, with the axes hooked around rocky projections, are necessary before easier ground is attained. The way ahead to the top is now clear. Those interested in climbing the Orion Face should note that the easiest line does not incorporate the second Slab Rib of the Long Climb. The Hero joins me on the ledge, panting with exertion.

"Did you get the photo?" I eagerly enquire.

"No. I was worried you were going to fall off."

Next day the weather is poor and the Hero's borrowed boots are hurting on the long walk from the valley, so we choose a climb which avoids the plateau and nip up Vanishing Gully. And after all that, what does the Hero think of this ice climbing lark?

"It's quite good fun, but I think it's cheating to use all this modern equipment".

It is not always a trivial task to find willing partners to accompany one on these

Scottish climbs. I am all set for Creag Meagaidh when a last-minute let-down initiates a frantic series of phone calls to likely (and then unlikely) candidates. I draw a blank and stomp about in frustration. (How can I hold my head up as a climber in The United States if I haven't done Smith's Gully?). And then I remember old Grandad: I phone him. It is 6.30 on Friday evening.

"Fancy going to Meggy for the weekend?"

Now it is my belief that as climbers get older the heavy weight of their responsibilities inhibits their capacity for spontaneous decision-making in response to such unexpected suggestions. In other words, they become boring bastards. Grandad is extremely old, so it is only to be expected that he should require time to consider.

"I'll think about it and ring you back".

Thirty seconds later the phone goes - we are soon on our way.

The long ramp of Raeburn's Gully takes us under the ice-clad walls of the Pinnacle to the foot of our climb, which rears up in three great leaps to the cornice, now rapidly disappearing into the mist. Snow is starting to fall. The first pitch goes smoothly enough - just a typical, nasty, steep, horrible and unprotected 120 feet: what do you expect on Scottish climbs? As Grandad pokes his head over the final bulge a powder avalanche channels straight into his face. He joins me on the stance, blinking, spluttering, his beard now totally white. Lesser men might permit a dampening of spirits and see just cause for a certain degree of complaint under these circumstances, but my partner is Geordie, and he's raring to go.

After an easy plod there's more of the same to the Girdle ledge - nasty, steep and horrible - you can't say much more, can you? Except the next pitch, which is like the others, but even more steep, even more nasty and with no protection at all unless you count ice pegs hammered into vertical powder. Above this it's a romp to the plateau, and the customary white-out.

"No problem for the descent - we just walk straight ahead and we're there", I assure Grandad. Sure enough, we soon begin to descend into Easy Gully until - SWOOSH! A nine inch thick layer of snow breaks off just below my feet, leaving an Etive-style overlap, and roars off into hidden depths.

"Er, perhaps we ought to rope up again, Nev?" I suggest, digging my axe into the exposed hard layer. It is now snowing so hard that by the time Grandad had descended a rope length and belayed as best he can, fresh snow has entirely obliterated the nine-inch overlap with a treacherous new layer. Several pitches lower, Grandad is swept twenty feet by another avalanche, but I hold him on an axe belay - don't let anyone ever tell you they're useless.

Upon reaching the safety of the corrie floor we proudly survey our handiwork: jumbled debris spreads over a wide area. Then we scurry quickly through the snow and rain back to the tent.

And that was that.

Winter comes to an end the next weekend, which is spent watching the rain from

the security of the Jacobite bar. So - four months remain before my Coloradan exile becomes a reality. Now I think of it, there are one or two rock climbs I wouldn't mind doing before then.

HOMAGE ON GREAT GABLE

Alan Craig

Dear Editor,

Harry Griffin's article in the 1985 *Journal* (No.69 p41) gives an account of the War Memorial on Great Gable and mentions (p47) that the tablet was enshrouded by the Union Jack worn by HMS Barham at the Battle of Jutland.

Members may be interested to know the probable reason why this particular flag came to be used for the unveiling ceremony in 1924.

My father, Alan Craig, one of the founders of the club in 1906, was one of the Vice-Presidents in 1919 when the matter of a memorial was first discussed. His brother, Captain Arthur Craig, RN, was Captain of HMS Barham at Jutland and I am sure that it would have been from his brother that my father obtained the flag.

I wonder what subsequently happened to that flag?

Yours, etc.

Commander Alan Craig, OBE, RN,

WHERE FRENCHMEN DANCE ON ICE

Ron Kenyon

Imagine two icefalls next to each other, both comparable to "The Curtain" and near to other neighbouring icefalls both likened to "Point Five" - and all only ten minutes from the road! Ice climbers' paradise - not for crag rats, but for ice rats.

The prospects of this was revealed in an article entitled 'Secret Ice' by Godfroy Perroux in 'Mountain 108' which gave a summary of ice climbing in France and was based on a book by him and Jean-Michael Asselin called *Cascade de Glace*. Godfroy comes from Grenoble and runs ice-climbing courses during the winter, which are based at the ski resort of Alpes d'Huez, around which are a mass of excellent ice climbs.

With the approach of winter the conflict of skiing and ice climbing was solved by Chris and I booking two weeks skiing including a week in Alpes d'Huez at the end of January, 1987. We had some very full baggage with a rope, ice axes, ice screws, crampons, downhill skis and boots as well as ski touring skis and boots, all of which created some interest at customs.

On arriving at Alpes d'Huez I went in search of ice climbers and eventually found Godfroy who was in the middle of one of his courses. In the midst of Alpes d'Huez where everything appeared to be geared towards skiing was Godfroy's chalet about which was strewn all the ice climbing paraphernalia - a bit like the C.I.C. Hut in February but without the hikes. He was most interested to see this lone Englishman in search of ice. We discussed ice and rock, bolts, skiing, etc. He introduced me to a guide friend of his - François Damilano - and I arranged to climb with him on the following day.

A 7.30am start saw eight of us all assembled ready to go down the main valley - the Vallee de la Romanche near La Grave - which takes the main road from Grenoble along the north of Dauphiné, to Briançon. Ice-falls could be seen 'cascading' down the sides of the valley all the way from Bourg d'Oisans to La Grave and we eventually parked beside the road below two "nice little" icefalls, about 50m apart and barely 10 minutes from the road, which turned out to be about 80m high. Looking about, other icefalls seemed to encircle us. We all geared up and made our way up a snow slope to the base of the icefalls.

Godfroy was soon leading the left-hand one - "Deluge de Chacal" (TD-) - then François danced up "Adrenaline Rush" (TD) on the right. He soon reached the belay and I set off after him but soon realised that his smooth action did not give any impression of the steepness of the ice. Maybe with it being my first route or maybe with the ski touring boots on my feet it seemed steep. I eventually reached the belay - on nice safe bolts! - then our other two Parisian companions followed. When we were all tied on to the belay François led off again on the steeper pitch. Just above the belay he placed what looked like a large skyhook with an ice-pick which was hammered into the ice in place of an ice screw to act as a runner. He

then danced to the right up the steepening ice. Soon he belayed and we were following with much less style. On reaching the bolt belay we all abseiled off, passing Godfroy who was by this time leading his group up "Adrenaline Rush" - climbers everywhere!

After a bite to eat François set off up "Deluge de Chacal" with his steady technique. This icefall was coated in brown ice which we were to find out was caused from avalanches which sweep down this particular gully. He gained the comfortable bolt belay at mid height on the left. The second pitch took of the main icefall and then ascended right till a central line was taken up some beautiful ice. I went last and whilst the others were climbing there were a number of spindrift avalanches which swept the central line. We had to race up this section hoping to avoid the spindrift. Luck was with us and we gained the belay at the top. With the threat of being swept out of the gully the descent was the more rapid but was made without incident.

Godfroy and François had their eyes on a crag slightly further up the valley so we piled into the cars and headed up the road to below this crag. An impressive sight with ice covering the 250m face with a particularly spectacular large icicle which was the main centre of interest of the proposed route. François and Godfroy set off up the short approach slope whilst the rest of us settled down for a grandstand view of their escapade. They weaved their way up, behind and through the ice with some most spectacular positions, bridging up between two icicles leading to the big icicle which was plumb vertical for about 20m. A real megaroute and not in the best of condition, they called it "L'Ettoffe des Héros". Time went by, darkness approached, snow started to fall and eventually the top was reached, which was followed by scary abseils.

During their ascent we had a look further up the valley and had a drink of chocky at the 'Relais des Campeurs.' This is in Eaux Freaux near La Grave and is the local equivalent of 'Eric's Caf' at Tremadoc and a useful base for this ice paradise, with refreshment and accommodation at reasonable prices.

We returned to Alpes d'Huez and the skiing but arranged for another day on the ice. This time our interest stayed at Alpes d'Huez and we assembled at Godfroy's chalet at 9.00am. The ice climbing is on a crag to the left of the second stage of the main téléphérique which goes up Pic de Lac Blanc. We took the 'phérique to the restaurant at the top of the first stage then skinned leftwards along the base of the crag. Obvious icefalls were identified and smaller lines appeared in between. The crag has many lines up to 120m high and faces south-west so catches the afternoon sunshine. After about half a mile we arrived at the base of "Symphonie d'Automne" which is probably the best route here. It was first climbed in 1979 by a party including Godfroy. On this particular day the local rescue team, which is composed of well-trained policemen, was having an exercise on this icefall and was being filmed for an article in the "Figaro" magazine, together with helicopters, snowcat and accompanying noise.

François and myself skinned up right to the base of "Ice Bille", the next main icefall to the right. Skis were exchanged for crampons and my ice-dancing friend set off up the main first pitch. Steeper than it looked, this pitch was on beautiful ice with a steepening just below the bolt belay. The second pitch followed the left edge of the ice, with a bolt runner just below some steep steps leading to the final slope, another bolt belay and a quick abseil.

Time for a quick snack in the sunshine and a chat with some other lads who had climbed an adjacent route. Our attention was then suddenly directed towards "Stalactus", a short icefall just on the right. Someone was having a hard time on this and took a flier at about 5m. He landed in a heap at the base which was luckily deep in powder snow and he ended up with a bruised pride and possibly a slightly bruised rear. He then beat a retreat. François took up the challenge and nearly sprinted up the pitch. I realised that the reason for the flying Frenchman's dilemma as I set off to follow for although the pitch was shorter it was much steeper than "Ice Bille". Soon a gentler slope led up to the belay. The second pitch started easily but led to a hidden and spectacularly steep finale - rather short and innocuous but quite trying. Again a bolt belay was reached and another abseil was made.

Icefalls are scattered around the area within easy reach of Alpes d'Huez. In addition to the icefalls above the resort and near La Grave there are others around Bourg d'Oisans and also in the Vallon du Diable which is just north of St. Christophe en Oisans, which itself is on the way to La Bérarde in the Dauphiné. Around the Dauphiné there are ice cascades down the sides of the many valleys, including those at Fressinières, Orsières and Les Orres, to the south of Briançon. For more details of these icefalls I would recommend "Cascades de Glace", a recent book in French by Jean-Michel Asselin and Godfroy Perroux. This details the state of ice climbing in France in 1984 covering principally the Alpes d'Huez area but also the other areas in the Dauphiné, around Chamonix and Gavnarnie in the Pyrenees. There is even a chapter on ice climbing in Scotland. Such has been the pace of development of the ice climbing scene in France that this book is now out of date and a new edition is due soon. Even in the two days I was climbing last year two new routes were climbed.

With the choice of things to do at Alpes d'Huez it seemed a good place for a Club meet, so in January 1988, a party of six of us set off for the resort. Reports of lack of good snow made us worry about whether we had done the right thing, so rock climbing and running gear were packed in case a trip south to the crags of Sisteron were necessary. As it turned out there was adequate snow for skiing and also ice on the crag above the resort - there was no ice at all near La Grave. The party divided into the pure skiers who enjoyed the week on the piste despite only about half the lifts operating. There were the odd scratches and gouges on the skis and a couple of spectacular slides by Alan Howett. The other three members of the party divided their interests with three days on the ice.

The first icefall done was called "La Grotte" which I presume is named after the small cave formed by a large icicle, but when we did it, it was more descriptive of the state of the thawing ice. A good lead by Pete Kaye was followed by the exposed top pitch up a steep slab which was Phil Kennett's lead. There were a number of abseil points at the top enabling a quick descent - we had two abbs with the second down a steep gully line just on the right of the cave pitch. Unfortunately time did not allow us that day to climb it or the "Dessous Dessous", the left-hand companion route of "La Grotte".

Next day saw us skinning back along to the base of "Symphonie d'Automne" - the route of the crag. 120m long, it starts up a long steep slab and has various finishes up the headwall. A French couple had beaten us to the route but they were quite slow and our more direct line enabled me to gain the belay on the right of the slab at two-thirds height before them. A brilliant pitch on goodish ice. Another party also arrived at the base and started to climb so when Phil set off on the next pitch there were six people at the belay point. This next pitch followed a steep arête of ice up to a snowbowl below the headwall. The next pitch was Pete's big lead. We were not sure which way the route went but Pete seemed to have set his autopilot in the direction of the shorter but vertical left side. I belayed in a snowcave, Phil settled himself on a good viewpoint and Pete attacked the ice. It was steep and he had to place ice screws whilst hanging from his axes - five screws up and with the ice beginning to relent we thought success was at hand but with him tiring he could not get a placement for his axes. Panic set in and the next minute he was airborne. The two top screws zipped out but the next one held just as he touched the base of the icefall. A rather white and shaken Pete sat in the snow cursing the near success. His two companions did not fancy the possibility of repeating his flight so we went up the descent path on the left and retrieved the screws by abseil. It was a shame we had not climbed all the route - we should have taken the more normal and easier right hand way, with a bolt belay part way above in an ice cave but unfortunately again time and the thawing ice dictated a quick descent by abseil down the main slab. A brilliant route.

On our last day the snow had fallen overnight and there was some excellent new powder snow to be skied, but again the pull of the ice was stronger and the three of us found ourselves at the base of a rather cold and rocky "Chacal Bondissant". Godfroy had climbed this the day before and said that the first four metres were the hardest - so it was "in" but the ice was very thin. Phil had drawn the short straw and with his sights set on two in-situ runners at four metres he set off. On touching the ice it fell off, exposing the rock. By a mixture of precarious ice and rock climbing techniques he eventually gained the slings - one on a peg and the other round an icicle - giving a modicum of safety. Tricky moves up a short ramp gained some good ice which led to a rock knoll. After placing a peg, precarious 'rock work' with a pinchgrip, layaways and thin axe placements gained good ice and a welcome bolt belay. The next pitch, which was much easier and on ice as well, led

to below the steep groove of the last pitch. Pete led this which was steep at first with a welcome peg at half height on the right just below the final narrow groove. There is a bolt belay on the right at the top but Pete did not know this so he continued on to an ice axe belay and brought us up. With another excellent route in the bag we descended by a gully well to the left (taken also by an exciting off-piste ski run). With still time to spare we then had a couple of runs on the neighbouring piste to give a fitting finish to our trip.

I am sure the Alpes d'Huez and the area around there will deservedly become more popular in the next few years. Articles are appearing in a lot of magazines throughout the climbing world. There has even been an article in *Playboy* with spectacular pictures of François (as well as the usual pictures!) I do not think we will be forsaking Scotland for France in years to come but for a combined skiing and ice (and rock) climbing holiday Alpes d'Huez has a lot going for it.

RECENT ROCK DEVELOPMENTS IN THE LAKES, 1986-1987

Ron Kenyon

The number of routes continues to flow as well as new crags being discovered in the Lakes. The Borrowdale Guide appeared and was a great success: in fact, the 5000 copies have now nearly been sold out and a revision is being planned. There has, however, been little development in Borrowdale since the guide's appearance: the most important new routes have been very hard additions on Reecastle.

With the anticipated publication of the Buttermere and Eastern Crags Guide there was a lot of interest throughout this area and in particular the oft forgotten dale of Buttermere. Two excellent routes appeared on Eagle Crag and a number of good short routes on High Crag, Yew Crag and the newly found Moss Crag. In the Eastern Crags area interest centred on Raven Crag, Threshthwaite Cove, including the ascent of 'Internal Combustion' giving the crag its first E6. Similarly, Iron Crag produced 'Western Union' at E6. In Kentmere there was much attention on the small but ferociously impressive Iving Crag and the Ambleside lads developed Erne Crag and Black Crag in Rydal.

Good routes came from the Gable and Pillar areas and with Dave Kirby and Jim Loxham beavering away we are looking forward with much interest to the new guide. The Napes area and Gable Crag in particular produced some quality climbs.

The Scafell, Dow and Eskdale Guide is currently sold out and a revision is due in early 1988. There has been much action in Eskdale and Dunnerdale and an ascent of East Buttress has produced the impressive 'Borderline' - another E6. Interest has returned to the slate after a fall-off in interest possibly due to the rock fall in Hodge Close in the 'Secret Affair' area. 'Limited Edition' was put up and broke the ethical bolt barrier which has led to many routes being climbed with bolt and peg protection - most on good rock and most of them good routes. It is generally felt that the use of bolt protection should only be used on slate and not the more traditional crags. The opening up of two quarries near to Hodge Close may tempt more climbers who are put off by Hodge Close itself.

Langdale has seen interest in the lesser known crags of Raven Crag, Walthwaite, and Blea Crag in Easedale. Again the shortly-to-be published guide is eagerly awaited to reveal all the developments since the last guide.

All in all, development has continued - many short good routes, some excellent long classics and plenty to keep interest in the Lakes Rock.

BORROWDALE

WALLA CRAG (274 212)

Walla's Nose 70m E1

Start behind the large beech at the left-hand end of the crag at the start of Ichor.

1 43m (5b). Move right to the orange coloured groove. Ascend the groove to the bulge at 6m. Step left onto a sloping shelf and up to undercut holds. Move up right and follow the groove to the overhang at 23m. Move up, step right then back left to a niche and a small tree. Move up behind it and pull right onto the nose, where the angle eases. Climb 6m to a small ledge. Friend belay.

2 27m (4b). Climb the groove behind the belay for 10m then exit right onto interesting vegetation. A botanical wander leads to the top.

C.J.S. Bonnington, C.G. Bonnington (alt) (1986)

FALCON CRAG (271 205)

Defy Gravity 15m E3/4

A variation on Interloper climbing the overhanging rock between The Niche and Interloper. Start from the old peg at the left end of the ledge, below the start of Interloper pitch 2.

(6a). Gain undercut under the roof (No 3 Friend and nut protection). Make devious undercut moves right then pull over roof at its narrowest point to join Interloper. Swing out leftwards and up overhang to belay on The Niche. Finish up the Variation Finish to Interloper.

A. Jones, T. Daley, B. Hannah (31.8.86)

Plagiarism-Direct Finish 9m E2/3

3a.(5c). From the peg belay climb rightwards to gain the hanging flake and tree belay.

R Graham, P. Ingham (2.6.86)

Canna Do It? 45m E4

Start behind the tree left of the start of Illusion. A faith in runners to come is useful on both pitches.

1 30m (5c/6a). Climb the overhanging rib to a ledge. Move up for runners on Plagiarism then swing left and over overhang into scoop between Kidnapped and Plagiarism — bold and thin. Climb up and left to a yellow slab and go up to the flake on Plagiarism. Continue up this and traverse right under the overhang to old ring peg belay.

2 15m (6a). Climb up to the roof, traverse left to good nuts on Plagiarism and climb straight up the black wall. Move right on jugs to the middle of a green wall, up to a horizontal crack then a hard finishing move to a rest. Climb the slab leftwards to a tree belay.

A. Jones, T. Daley, B. Hannah (5.9.86)

Sunset Cruise 40m E3/4

Start from first belay of Illusion, 10m up behind a tree.

(6a/b). Climb the corner on the left of the arête and swing right onto a yellow slab. Climb the left edge of this, then go up leftwards on black rock until a hard move gains a hold in the middle of the wall above the bulge, then up to a ledge on Usurper. Climb over the large overhang above, left of Usurper (use some hollow undercuts to start the overhang — these appear to be sound after attempts to kick them off!). From above the overhang move up left to a small niche, then climb straight up steep wall on right to easy ground and then the top. A. Jones, T. Daley (5.10.86)

NATIONAL TRUST CRAGS

Right hand Buttress

On Edge 50m VS

The climb starts up the right-hand arête.

- 1 13m. Move diagonally left out of the gully and easily up to block belay.
 - 2 37m (4c). From the belay move right and climb the grooved arête to tree belay at the top.
- R. McHaffie, J. Garner (12.10.86)

Slide Show 38m HVS

Climbs the groove right of On Edge. Climb the steep wall out of the gully, move left then right up a gangway up to the overhang. Climb this and the rib above. Tree belay.

R. McHaffie, J. Garner (14.11.86)

REECASTLE CRAG (273 176)

The Torture Board 30m E6

Climbs the obvious twin cracks 2m right of the Executioner.

(6c). Climb the steep rock to gain the base of the twin cracks (good RP 2 and peg). Make hard moves up the crack to the horizontal break (Rock 4). Continue directly up the steep wall with less difficulty.

P. Cornforth (24.5.87)

Grievous Bodily Arm 30m E6

Climbs the right hand of the two crack systems between The Executioner and Daylight Robbery.

(6b). Start up the wall passing a small spike to gain the crack (good Rock 1 in bottom). Climb the crack to a good finger lock (wire in situ). Climb straight up to a good jug on the right — crux. Move diagonally right to a good spike (Rock 6). Either lower off or continue up to the scrappy top.

P. Ingham (18.6.87)

Remission 27m E6

Takes a line left of Penal Servitude.

(6c). Start as for Penal Servitude to the obvious quartz break and follow this left to below a thin crack (RP2 in this with RP4 in horizontal just left). Using a side pull on the left move past a peg runner (crux) using an obvious undercut on the left and a slap up right, then a hidden edge straight above. Step up right to finish up Penal Servitude.

P. Ingham (31.5.87)

Squashed Raquets-Direct Start E4

(6a). Climb the smooth scoop.

P. Ingham, R. Graham (27.6.86)

Breach of the Peace 17m E5/6

(6b). Climb the overhanging wall 3m right of The Noose. Climb up to a spike runner up and left then right to 2 nuts (RP 5 and 4). Move up (crux) to another wire (small stopper or Rock 1) and continue to the top (Rock 1) to finish up slab.

P. Ingham, P. Cornforth, P. McVey (16.5.87)

Short Sharp Shock 12m E5

(6c). Climb the obvious crack right of Breach of the Peace. The crux is passing the peg with a good Rock 4 higher.

P. Ingham (24.5.87)

SHEPHERDS CRAG (263 185)

Geronimo 13m E5/6

(6c) Climbs the line of Father Ape.

P. Ingham, R. Parker 1.6.86

GRANGE CRAG

Pressure Drop Direct E2

(5c). Climb the wall, left of the right-slanting groove direct on small but good holds and finish as for Pressure Drop.

C. Downer, A.Hall (9.5.86)

BLEAK HOW (273 124)

Mowgli 40m VS

Named after someone who messes about in the jungle. Start 15m left of Brush Off at a short rib, above a pile of debris.

(4c). Climb the rib, starting on the right and making an awkward move left before moving right to a bilberry ledge. Climb the pleasant slab above.

T. Price, A. Davis (6.86)

Rub Off 42m HVS

Start 25ft down and left of Brush Off below an obvious flake/pinnacle.

(5a). Climb the steep wall and slab to gain the righthand end of the vegetated ledge. Climb the thin crack above and swing left to a small niche. Continue direct past a cleaned ledge to join Brush Off at a big ledge and finish as for Brush Off.

M. Armitage, D Falcon (19.7.84)

Upper Left Buttress

The is the small buttress just above the descent path on the left of the main buttress.

Amistad Con El Diablo 20m E2

Start near the bottom of the ramp on the left.

(5c). Overcome the overhung base and ascend rightwards to an overlap. Surmount this with difficulty and climb up precariously to an obvious thin crack and follow this to the top.

S.Sena, R.Kenyon, D. Smith (5.7.86)

Dago 20m VS

Start at the centre of crag below gardened ledges.

(5a). Gain the ledges and climb the wall above to a shallow groove. Climb this and the short bulge to finish.

S.Sena, R Kenyon, D. Smith, C. Kenyon (5.7.86)

Manuel 25m VS

Start 3m right of Dago at the distinct scratches on the wall. Climb easily up to junction with Dago. Then move diagonally left above the overlap to left-hand rib. Climb this to the left of the obvious thin crack to the top.

M. Park, A. Irving, Pauline Osliff (26.4.87)

HIGH HERON CRAG - LANGSTRATH

This is the conspicuous crag above and left of the upper tier on the skyline.

Up The Kyber 27m HVS/VS

Climb the steep groove near the centre of the crag.

J. Fotheringham, C. Bonnington (1986)

Solar Toupee 32m VS

Start up the open groove just right of Up The Kyber and then pull up left onto the nose on good jugs then up steep ground.

C. Bonnington, J. Fotheringham (1986)

STEEL KNOTTS**B.M.C.I. 33m MVS**

This takes the groove bounding the righthand side of the steep east face and the centre of the upper wall.

Climb the groove to a ledge on the right, then move left onto the large ledge. Climb the upper wall by the obvious weakness to the right of the holly.

M. Armitage, J. Unsworth (6.9.86)

GOAT CRAG**Footless Crow-Direct Variation 13m E5/6**

A variation by Scottish raiders which avoids the undercut flakes.

(6b). Move left from the ramp of Footless Crow and up left to a poor peg runner (R.P. placements under roof). Climb right up open corner to peg runner. Pull up past peg to gain the Friend crack on Footless Crow just after crux. Sparsely protected.

D. Dinwoodie, G. Livingston (19.8.86)

BUTTERMERE

With the recent publication of the new guide only an outline of the routes are given. With the approach of the guide there was much development in the area. Buttermere valley had been the forgotten vale up to 1985. Suddenly new routes and new crags appeared with particular interest from Ambleside based climbers under the guidance of Rick Graham.

The Honister Pass area has been transformed with new routes on Yew Crag and the opening up of Moss Crag, across the valley.

YEW CRAG (219 147)**Yew Crag Buttress 156m HVS**

Takes the buttress to the left of Charter Chimney.

S.J.H. Reid, K. Phizacklea, M. Gibson

Vulture 35m E3 — (6a). Takes the steep wall and slim groove left of Charter Chimney.
R.Graham, W. Williamson (12.3.87)

Face the Music 35m E1

(5b). Good climbing up prominent twin grooves.
C. Downer, E. Rogers, R. Wightman (16.4.86)

Backlash 35m E1

(5b). An independent groove between Face the Music and Subtitle.
C.Downer, R. Wightman, E. Rogers (16.4.87)

Poker 30m E2

(5c). A direct line starting up the corner, left of Hearth, and finishing up the arête.
R. Graham, W. Williamson (12.3.87)

MOSS CRAG (212 147)

Highland Fling 35m HS

A good route starting up the left-most groove and finishing up the right arête.
S.J.H. Reid, I. Clark (29.10.86)

The Highlander 25m MS

Climb Highland Fling for 10m and the groove on the right of the right arête.
I. Clark, S.J.H. Reid (6.4.87)

Myopic Buttress 25m E1

(5c). A direct route starting at the left end of a detached flake under the overhang.
S.J.H. Reid, I. Clark (12.4.87)

The Parrot 27m E1

(5b). Start just right of the detached flake and climb the thin crack to a niche and the crack above.
J. Little, I. Clark (24.9.86)

A Troubled Cure 27m E1

(5c). Climbs the wall past a peg.
S.J.H. Reid, I. Clark (15.4.87)

Flake Out 25m E1

(5c). An excellent steep climb up the crack line, starting just left of the obvious arête.
I. Clark, J. Little (23.9.86)

Arrest Arête 27m E2

(5b). Climb the obvious arête passing two pegs.
S.J.H. Reid, I. Clark (7.10.86)

Buttermere Crack 25m HS

The fine cracked arête on the right of the crag.
I. Clark, M. Armitage (15.9.86)

The Sprattle 25m VS

(4c). Climb the groove immediately right of Buttermere Crack and a smooth slab on the right.

S.J.H. Reid, I. Clark (6.4.87)

Hughie Crack 13m HS

The cracked arête on the right.

I. Clark, J. Little (3.10.86)

The Girdle Traverse S — Left to right

LOWER MOSS CRAG

200m below and left of Moss Crag.

L.C.D. 22m HVS

(5a). The steep groove on the left side of the undercut rib on the left.

D. Armstrong, J. Williams (23.5.87)

Digital Display 27m E4

(6b). Start below the central corner and climb the overhanging crack on the left, to gain the arête to the top of the pinnacle. Finish up the right trending crack.

D. Armstrong, J. Williams 23.5.87

Quartz Crystal 27m E2

(5c) Start as for Digital Display and takes a line on its right.

D. Armstrong, K. Williams (23.5.87)

Slab, Tree and Crack 27m E2

(5c). Climb the slab, right of the central corner, past a holly and up the thin crack above.

J. Williams, D. Armstrong (23.5.87)

Sunny Days Folly 27m HVS

(4c). Climbs the slab to ledge and rib on the left.

D. Armstrong, J. Williams (23.5.86)

Lichen Groove 27m HVS

(4c). Climb a thin crack in the slab and a short rib and groove above.

D. Armstrong, J. Williams (23.5.87)

STRIDDLE CRAG (204 139)

Small Teacher's 35m VS

(4b). A steep, poorly-protected climb up the citadel above and left of the main crag.

D. Craig, 6.6.86

HIGH CRAG (183 145)

An area of rock 100m left of the main crag has yielded some excellent short routes.

Wishful Thinking 21m VS

(5a). Climb the left-hand groove to the overhang, then right on undercuts to the steep crack in a fine position.

C. Downer, R. Royce, C. Bacon (8.6.86)

Felony 21m HVS

(5a). The corner to the right.

E. Rogers, I. Gray (27.4.86)

Indecent Obsession 21m E2

(6a). Climb the wall, 4m right, to finish up a thin crack.

C. Downer, M. Scott (24.5.86)

Foul Play 20m HVS

(5b). The superb central crack on brilliant rock.

S. Swindells, P. Read (27.4.86)

The Executioner's Song 20m E3

(6a). The striking right arête gives a bold pitch, finishing up a crack on the left.

C. Downer, C. Bacon (30.5.86)

Short Circuit 20m E1

(5c). A circuitous route on the right of the arête.

C. Downer, R. Royce (8.6.86)

The Navigator 20m HVS

(5a). A rightward slanting route starting as for Short Circuit.

C. Downer, A. Hall, C. Bacon (4.6.86)

Bunyip Buttress 46m MVS

Starts from the Rock Table Ledge and follows the shallow groove, gangway and slim buttress.

S.J.H. Reid, R. Graham 5.6.86

WALL END BUTTRESS

Area of rock 200m right of the High Crag.

Triagonal Roof 27m VS

(4b). Takes the obvious triangular roof on the left of the crag.

M. Armitage, J. Morgan (17.9.86)

Far Left Crack 27m S

Climb the obvious crack on the right of the Triagonal Roof.

M. Armitage, J. Carrick (21.9.86)

Left-Hand Crack 27m MVS

(4a). Climbs the crack line just right of Far Left Crack (inspiring names!).
M. Armitage, J. Carrick (7.9.86)

Inaccessible Crack 33m HVS

(5a). Takes the obvious crack line dividing the two flakes, starting as for Central Crack.
M. Armitage, J. Morgan (17.9.86)

Central Crack Direct 33m HVS

(5a). Follows the central crack direct over two bulges.
M. Armitage, I. Clark (20.9.86)

Right-Hand Crack 30m MVS

(4b). You guessed it!
M. Armitage, I. Clark (15.9.86)

Blade Runnerless 35m S

The central arête of the left-hand of three short buttress, higher up the hillside.
D. Craig (23. 6. 86)

SHEEPBONE BUTTRESS (179 144)

This crag has been oft-looked at from the track up to Eagle Crag and has yielded three good routes — any more?

Words of Sand 30m E3

(5c). The left-hand of two prominent cracks in the diamond-shaped buttress.
C. Dale, A. Stephenson (6.86)

The Weird Turn Pro 30m E3

(6a). Climb the right-hand crack starting up an overhanging corner.
C. Dale, A. Stephenson (6.86)

Seventh Wave 36m E1

(5c). A varied route on excellent rock on the right taking a right-trending finger flake crack, a wider crack and thin crack through the overhangs.
A. Stephenson, C. Dale (6.86)

EAGLE CRAG (172 145)

Shape of Things to Come 97m E2

An excellent way up the crag finishing on the superb arête right of Eagle Front's crack. Start at a blunt spike below mossy slabs that descend from the overlap of Deimos's crux pitch. Reach this by traversing left for 6m from Eagle Front pitch 1.

1 12m (5a). A knobby ramp leads left. Climb a groove above and step left to the belay of Deimos (top of pitch 2).

2 30m (5c). Climb the overhanging groove above direct to a resting place (Deimos quits this groove after a few metres). Move left to a sloping ledge and climb the wall above (peg runner) to the terrace.

3 25m (5a). Climb onto a large detached flake and up the bubbly groove above to a scoop and a junction with the direct pitch on the girdle. Follow this to belay below the final crack of Eagle Front.

4 30m (5b). Climb the right wall to a niche in the arête. Move back onto the wall and make delicate moves out onto a small ledge above the overhang. Climb the arête, awkward at first. S.J.H. Reid, T.W. Birkett (10.9.86)

A Wing and a Prayer 88m E3

A companion route to Shape of Things to Come, of similar quality.

Starts after pitch 2 of Deimos.

1 30m (5c). Follow The Shape of Things to Come to the resting place. Move right and climb an easier shallow groove to the terrace.

2 25m (5c). Traverse right across the flake for 3m to a thin crack and climb it to a small ledge. Traverse right under the bulge and step up on the undercuts. Another difficult move leads to an easier groove and a belay below the final crack of Eagle Front.

3 27m (5c). Climb the middle of the right wall to a horizontal jam crack. Stand on this, move left a little and climb the wall above, making some thin moves to start.

S.J.H. Reid, W. Williamson (17.9.86)

RANNERDALE KNOTTS — UPPER CRAG (166 185)

Kavanagh 35m VD

A direct route starting 10m right of the lowest point.

S. Hubball, W. James (24.4.87)

Front Line 36m VS

(4c). Climb the green wall and black crack on the right of Kavanagh.

N. Kekus, S. Hubball (22.4.87)

The Fox 30m VS

Climb the slab, rib and wall right of the overhanging corner.

S. Hubball, N. Kekus (22.4.87)

NEWLANDS VALLEY

RED CRAG (232 163)

Hard Rain 30m E1

(5b). A contrived route up the thin crack just left of Bolshoi Ballet.

R. Graham, B. Wightman (29.8.86)

Contamination Crack 25m E1

(5b). Climbs the obvious steep crack, right of Bolshoi Ballet, direct to the pinnacle.

D. Kaye, J. Grinbergs (5.5.86)

WATERFALL BUTTRESS (232 160)

The Legacy 90m VS

Three fine varied pitches starting in the centre of the crag.

D. Craig, J. Baker (alt), T. Noble (26.5.86)

EASTERN CRAGS

CASTLE ROCK (322 197)

Hope 24m E2

(5b,5a). Climbs the blunt arête to the left of Scoop and Crack and wall above.
J.W.Earl, R. Smith (15.6.86)

Where Monkeys Dare 30m E5

(6b). This takes a direct line up the wall between Trierman Eliminate and Ted Cheasby — destined to be a good top rope problem and well worth a few bananas.
D. Bates, T. Walkington (7.5.87)

IRON CRAG (297 193)

Clearpoint 36m E3

(5a,6a). This climbs the area of steep rock and impressive arête on the left-hand side of the Left-Hand Buttress.
C. Downer, F. Halbert (29.9.86)

The Quest 26m E5

(6b). An excellent route giving sustained fingery climbing up the arête left of Black Gold.
R. Smith, J.W. Earl, I. Kyle (14.6.87)

Western Union 39m E6

(6c). A very steep and difficult testpiece up the wall right of the first pitch of The Committal Chamber.
D. Hall (27.9.86)

SANDBED GHYLL CRAG (322 215)

Further routes continue to make another of the "Other Thirlmere" crags into an excellent crag.

Ape Factor 30m E4

(6b). Climb directly up the black streak above the sycamore tree to a step in the overhang. Pull up ledge and continue up the slab above.
D. Armstrong, J. Williams (26.6.86)

Caged 30m E3

(6a). Climbs the weakness in the roof between Ape Factor and Monkey Business.
R. Smith, J.W. Earl (4.9.86)

Monkey Business 30m E3

(6b). Start at the rowan tree and follow a wide crack and a thin crack, in the overhang, and continuation crack above.
D. Armstrong, J. Williams (19.6.86)

SWIRL CRAG (324 156)

Two Sizes Too Big 20m E1

(5b). Climbs the slim buttress between Tight Fit and The First One. The name is after the second's borrowed footwear.

R. Kenyon, J. Beveridge (3.1.87)

Super Tramp 21m E3

(5c). Climbs the thin crack in the blunt arête left of Frank.

J.W. Earl, R. Smith (8.6.85)

EAGLE CRAG — GRISEDALE (357 143)

Heavy Horses 40m E1

(5b). A route with its moments climbing between pitch 1 of Pericles and pitches 1 and 2 of Sobrenada.

R. Kenyon, L. Shore (9.8.87)

THORNHOW CRAG — LOWER GRISEDALE (382 154)

These routes, which are not included in the new guide, are on a short slabby wall, facing east on the left of the buttress containing Kneewrecker. Well worth the slight detour from the valley track. They are poorly protected.

Thornhow Wall 17m H.S.

Ascend the centre of the slabby wall direct to the grass terrace.

M. Turner (solo) (22.7.86)

The Groove 17m S.

Climb the shallow groove on the right side of the wall.

M. Turner, S. Parker (22.7.86)

DOVE CRAG — LOWER CRAG (376 109)

This is the little rib down and right of the main crag, to the left of the quarry hut. Superb bubbly, rough rock — pity it's only small.

Rusty Fish 25m VS

Start below the rib on the lower part of the crag.

(5a). Move into a scoop below the diagonal overhang. Move up to the rib and follow this directly to the top on excellent pockets.

A. Phizacklea (28.9.87)

Polish Pork 20m S

Climb directly up the slab 10m right of Rusty Fish, finishing up right.

A. Phizacklea (28.9.87)

RAVEN CRAG — THRESHTHWAITE COVE (419 112)

Now one of the major hard crags of the Lakes — a pity it isn't a bit further down the valley.

Internal Combustion 40m E6

(5a, 6c). A technically demanding and finger testing route up the middle of the large shield.

R. Smith, J.W. Earl (21.7.86)

RAVEN CRAG — KELDAS (387 166)

That "repulsive little crag" just above Glenridding now has the following three short and easily accessible routes. All on the short wall above the bergshund on the left of the crag.

Songs From the Woods 16m E2

(5c). Climbs the thin crack on the left and over the overlap.

R. Kenyon, M. Bradley, J. Beveridge (10.8.86)

Eastern Promise 15m E1

(5b). Climbs the obvious wide central crack.

A. Davis, C. King, R.J. Kenyon (4.8.86)

Stigma 15m HVS

(5a). Takes the wall and crack just right of Eastern Promise. It is likely that this label will stay with the crag.

R. Kenyon, J. Hughes, S. Wilson (20.7.86)

GOUTHER CRAG — SWINDALE (515 127)

No Sweat Arête 17m E4

(6a). This takes the right-hand of two prominent buttresses to the left of NE Buttress.

A. Moss, I. Kyle, R. Smith (7.6.86)

BUCKBARROW CRAG — LONGSLEDDALE (483 073)

No prize for guessing the first ascensionist's favourite TV programme.

The Soup Dragon 40m E4

(6a). This route climbs the grooves left of Express Crack.

R. Smith, J.W. Earl (12.7.86)

The Clangers 30m HVS

(5a). Climb up just right of The Shackle.

J.W. Earl, R. Smith (12.7.86)

The Iron Chicken 34m E3

(5c). A good route up the narrow black overhanging wall right of The Hog's Back.

R. Smith, J.W. Earl, I. Kyle (12.7.86)

Dandle Chimney 105 VD

An overlooked good route taking a natural line up the narrow shallow chimney winding its way up the valley face of the Dandle.

M.A. Griffith, N. Hinchcliffe (30.8.86)

IVING CRAG — KENTMERE (453 049)

This ferocious little crag is very steep, has in situ protection but requires a bold approach. An accessible test ground.

Never Ending Story 10m E2

(5c). Use layaways on the left of the crag to pass good pockets and continue direct to the top.

D. Bates, T. Walkington (1.7.86)

Pagan Life 14m E1

(5b). A good route with a airy upper section climbing the wall at the left of the overhangs and a thin leftward slanting groove to the top.

D. Bates (29.5.86)

Smooth Operator 14m E3

(5c). Climb the small overlaps and wall just right of Pagan Life.

D. Bates (29. 5. 86)

Day of the Squid 17m E4

(6b). An excellent and technical route starting right of the overhangs. Climb to a large ledge, then left on layaways under the overhang to a large hold (peg). Swing left to another good hold then continue up past another peg to the top.

D. Bates (27.6.86)

Blind Vision 15m E4

(6b). This route starts as for Day of the Squid and finishes up the large groove on the right.

D. Bates (8.6.86)

Left-Hand Slab 20m S

This climbs the slab just to the right.

T. Walkington. D. Bates 4.6.86

Right-Hand Slab 15m S

A poor route taking the right-hand slab.

T. Walkington (solo) (6.6.86)

Grubby Mitts 17m HVS

(4c). This takes the corner on the right of Right-Hand Slab.

D. Bates, N. Monson (28.5.86)

Under Pressure 18m E4

(6a). Climb the right side of the blunt rib, left of The Old Aid Route and then the impending wall just left of the overhang.

A. Greig, R. Parker (20.9.86)

The Old Aid Route 18m E4

(6b). A superb route taking the overhang, just right of the centre of the crag — well protected but technical and strenuous.

T. Walkington (30.5.86)

Shaken Not Stirred 17m E6

(6b). The most ferocious route on the crag starting just right of The Old Aid Route below a downwards pointing peg and finishing up a diagonal ramp and hand transverse.

A. Mitchell, T. Walkington (8.5.86)

Physical Test 15m A4

(6b). Another tremendous route with widely spaced holds on the first 9m starting just left of the large flake.

T. Walkington, D. Bates (1.7.86)

Ted's Route 15m E1

(5b). Climb the chimney, behind the large flake on the right. Step off the flake into the groove which is followed to the top.

E. Rogers 1986

Dream Chaser 14m E1

(5c). Climb the front of the large flake and the wall above.

D. Bates, T. Walkington (8.5.86)

Slanting Corner 13m E1

(5b). This climbs the obvious slanting corner on the right of the large flake.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (19.6.86)

Pig Balls 12m HVS

(5a) Climbs the wall and arête just right of Slanting Corner.

R. Parker (solo) (11.9.86)

BLACK CRAG — RYDAL (362 108)

An isolated crag at the head of Rydal valley.

Fish Fryers Convention 30m E2

(5b). This takes the two walls to the left of the left pillar.

T.W. Birkett, J. Hargreaves (1986)

Piglets Wall 33m VS

(4c). Climb the groove left of the left pillar, then left onto a large pinnacle and ramp to the top.

J. White, T. W. Birkett (1986)

Two Pockets 33m E4

(5c). Climb the edge of the left-hand pillar.

T.W. Birkett, J. Hargreaves (11.8.86)

Dizzy 33m E1

(5a). Climb the right-hand pillar.

J. White, T.W. Birkett (1986)

ERNE CRAG — RYDAL (359 087)

Silhouette Arête 33m MVS

(4c, 4a). The left flanking arête of the White Zone.

J. Lockley, A. Boston, J. White, A.H. Greenbank (16.10.86)

The Grater 33m E2

(5b). Climbs the wall between Silhouette Arête and The Vorpall Blade.

I. Williamson, J. White (5.5.87)

The Vorpall Blade 33m VS

(4c, 4a). A good climb taking the twisting crack up the centre of the wall right of Silhouette Arête.

A.H. Greenbank, J. Lockley (11.10.86)

The Cutter 33m E1

(5b). A well protected and classic struggle up the obvious left leaning groove, right of The Vorpall Blade.

J. White, C. Downer (15.10.86)

The Slicer 33m E2

(5c). A fine route up the striking, slender arête in the centre of the White Zone.

J. White, C. Downer (15.10.86)

The Cleaver 33m HVS

(5a). Climb the right-hand corner.

J. White, E. Grindley, A. Boston, A.H. Greenbank (16.10.86)

The Slasher 33m E1

(5b). The steep arête between The Cleaver and The Keenest.

T.W. Birkett, A.H. Greenbank (27.4.87)

The Keenest 33m E2

(5c). Climb the middle of the wall to the right of The Cleaver, then a ramp and thin crack in the headwall.

T.W. Birkett, J. Hargreaves (16.10.86)

GREAT GABLE

NAPES (211 099)

Hell Bent E3

(5c). Climb the rib up the front of Hell Gate Pillar, gained from the right. Serious — first gear at 15m just above the crux!

A. Phizacklea (unseeded) 1987

It's Tophet The Top E1

(4a). Climbs the V-groove directly above the Old Start of Tophet Wall to a block belay.

(5b) Pull over the bulge above (bold) and gain Tophet Wall above. Traverse right to the arête (Tophet Ridge) and climb the front of the square pillar above.

A. Phizacklea, D. Kirby (25.4.87)

Hell Raiser 26m E3

Start at the foot of Lucifer Crack.

1 12m (5c). Climb the fine thin crack directly to a belay ledge.

2 14m (5b). Climb the bold little wall between pitch 2 of Lucifer Crack and Lucifer Ridge to sloping pockets. Pull up to good holds, step right and finish directly up a thin crack just left of the big flake.

A. Phizacklea, A.H. Greenbank, J.C. Lockey (27.9.87)

Amos Moses 65m E1

This excellent climb takes a direct line up the buttress to the right of Alligator Crawl. Start at the bottom of the large subsidiary buttress at the right hand end of the 'Dress Circle'.

1 26m (5a). The buttress is split by a corner crack, Enter this from the left and climb it past

two bulges to a slab. Go up to a grass ledge and belay on a huge block.

2 16m (5b). The wall directly above the block is split by a prominent crack. Climb this to a small ledge and belay on the right.

3 23m (5b). Move up and left to the foot of an obvious groove in the wall above. Enter this and climb it to a junction with Eagles Nest Ridge.

P. Long, T. Parker (20.6.87)

The Tormentor 30m E3

Scramble up the gully right of Arrowhead Ridge. Climb the slab left of Time and Place starting below smooth slab.

(6a). Climb a 3m crack to a break. Step left then follow a right diagonal scoop to a nut. Move back left to good holds on a higher obvious right diagonal break. Cross Time and Place and climb the centre of the smooth slab directly to an obvious overlap. (1/2 Friend and Rock 4-5 on left). Pull over this on its right and climb to a break on improving holds. Finish directly up a thin crack.

A. Phizacklea, T. Greenbank (3.8.87)

GABLE CRAG (213 105)

Dream Twister 50m E3

Start 5m right of Engineer's Chimney on a grassy ledge above the start of The Troll.

(6a). A short easy wall leads to a ledge with suspect blocks. Step off the left-hand end and pull into a short groove. Move right at the top onto the arête and climb the wall direct to the overhang. Follow the crack above (crux) moving left at the top into a wider crack curving rightwards to a good ledge. The short crack above leads to a large grass ledge and thread belay.

C. Downer, A. Hall (13.7.86)

Snicker Snack 60m E2

1 47m (5c). Climb Engineer's Slab for 13 m, then follow the thin crack direct to a nut belay on Interceptor.

2 13m (5b). Climb the flake. Move right to a small overhang and over this into a crackline which is followed to an awkward finish onto a grassy ledge.

C. Downer, A. Hall (alt) (15.7.86)

BUCKBARROW (138 060)

First of the Summer Lines 15m MVS

Start at the boulder on the ledge right of the start of Jewel.

(4c). Climb up and right to a crack, then trend leftwards to a niche/groove — exit direct.

C. Daly, J. Daly (3.4.86)

The following routes are on the rock to the left of Lothionan

Red Garden Massacre 32m E3

Start left of Just Good Friends

5(c). Ascend an awkward crack to where a move leftwards leads to a large spike. Climb the wall to the left leading to an obvious slot which is gained using a layaway hold to its right. Climb above the slot to a ledge on small arête. Continue up to breaks in the roof and over these to a slab and tree belay.

D. Hinton, J.D. Wilson (16.4.86)

Just Good Friends 32m E2

Start in the middle of the wall at a crack containing two fossilised pegs.

(5b). Climb up and right to a good slot and back left along a gangway to a flat spike. Move right and up to a cone and continue leftwards under an overlap until a break rightwards over the overhang can be made onto the top slab. Climb this to a tree belay.

J.D. Wilson, P. Strong (9.4.86)

The Movie 32m E2

Start right of Just Good Friends

(5c). Pull up the wall over small overlaps and continue up the slab leftwards to break under the big roof. Surmount this from the left via a groove and tranverse rightwards to easier ground above the big roof then up the slab to a tree belay.

P. Strong, J.D. Wilson, A. Wilson (16.5.86)

MIDSUMMER MADNESS BUTTRESS

Start on the terrace beneath the upper buttress, 3m right of the twin rowans of Cadbury on a glacis.

Fallout 42m HVS

1 16m (4c). Climb the shallow corner for 2m, step delicately left across a smooth slab until better holds lead directly up the wall. Scramble left for 5m to belay.

2 26m (5a). Climb the left side of the steep slab, up a thin corner, stepping right beneath the overhang. Pull left over this and follow the easier wall to the top.

D. Geere, K. Phizacklea, J. Daly, M. Gibson (3.5.86)

The next two routes start up the left bounding gully of the buttress and climb the triangular slab and impressive headwall above.

Hard Rain 35m E1

Start just right of the toe of the buttress.

(5b). Step left onto the slab and follow a line of incipient cracks up its centre. Move left more easily to a large block (on Sideline). Move up a few feet and traverse right to a small hidden ledge. Follow the crack above to finish.

K. Phizacklea, D. Geere, J. Daly 3.5.86

Sideline 28m H.S.

This route takes the obvious chimney on the left of the headwall and starts halfway up the triangular slab.

(4a). Climb the easy crack in the slab trending leftwards to a large block at the foot of the chimney. Climb the chimney to the top.

J. Daly, M. Gibson. 3.5.86

LANGDALE**FAR WEST RAVEN CRAG**

This crag is situated a quarter mile west of Middlefell Buttress at the same level. Take the Gimmer Crag path that splits from the Raven Crag path then follow the stone wall which traverses the hillside.

Although short, the routes are on clean rock and dry quickly.

LOWER CRAG

Just above the stone wall.

Annie's Song 13m VS

Start at the left side of the left-hand buttress.

(4c). Climb directly up the slab to the corner. Climb round the overhang on the right and follow an easier slab to the top.

B. Rogers, A. McCarthy, D. Wood, T. Walkington (24.5.86)

Before the Storm 13m HVS

Start as for Annie's Song.

(5a). Climb up rightwards to the top of a vague cone. Follow good holds up the steep section above.

D. Bates (unseeded) (14.5.86)

Baldy's Wall 13m E3

(6b). Climb the centre of the lower wall using long reaches, and pull round on the right to a slab. Continue direct up the steep wall above passing a peg runner near the top (the peg was clipped by climbing up to the left on big holds).

T. Walkington (unseeded) (24.5.86)

Bumble Arête 23m D

The easy arête between the two buttresses.

Flower Pot Man 13m HVS

To the right of Bumble Arête, a dirty groove starts at 3 m. Start 2m right of this.

(5b). Climb with difficulty up to a small pinnacle at 3 m. Continue straight up to finish by an arête.

C. Crowder, T. Walkington (11.5.86)

Slaphead's Groove 13m E2

(5c). Climb the slabby corner at the right of the buttress to enter a steep groove on the left. After reaching spikes at the top left of the groove, move up left to a small slab. Step left and continue direct up the wall or from the slab finish up to the right.

T. Walkington, C. Crowder (11.5.86)

UPPER CRAG

This is up and to the right of the Lower Crag.

Sport For All 10m VS

Start just right of the toe of the crag.

(4c). Start up the initial wall then climb the groove finishing at the left side of the tree.

T. Walkington, J. Cooper, B. Rogers (31.5.86)

I Crashed a Vulcan Bomber 30m VS

Start 3m right of Sport For All.

1 22m (4c). Climb the cracked corner, moving round a large block at 3m. Continue past the tree and on up an easy ridge which leads to a small buttress.

2 8m (4b). Finish up the centre of the buttress.

J. Cooper, B. Rogers, T. Walkington (31.5.86)

Marilyn's 60 Today 28m E2

- 1 20m (6a). Climb up the middle of the overhung wall with a peg runner then straight up the crack above to beneath a small buttress.
 - 2 8m (5c). Climb the leaning groove in the arête on the right.
- T. Walkington, B. Rogers, J. Cooper (1.6.86)

Hogweed Direct 27m E1

- 1 17m (5b/c). Climb the initial awkward steep corner of Blade Runner then move left to climb up the steep crack, just right of Giant Hogweed — belay at block.
 - 2 10m Pitch 2 of Giant Hogweed or Blade Runner.
- B. Rogers (1.6.86)

Blade Runner 2m E1

- Start just left of the easy corner of Stickle Barn.
- 1 17m (5b/c). Climb the awkward corner and continue straight up the groove above with a peg runner — belay at a block.
 - 2 10m (5b). Climb the stepped corner above the block, then move right to the overhead corner-crack, which is short but strenuous.
- B. Rogers, T. Walkington (2.6.86)

Return of the Giant Hogweed 28 m HVS

- Start as for Stickle Barn.
- 1 18m (4c). After 3m step left onto the steep wall and traverse left for 5m to the second crackline. Climb this to a ledge then up the short wall on the right to a block belay.
 - 2 10m (5a). Climb the steep layback crack/flake and the short corner above.
- B. Rogers T. Walkington (1.6.86)

Far From the Stickle Barn 28m S

- Climb the easy corner up to a gangway. Move left along this then up the groove up to the right. Follow the cleaned line up to the top.
- B. Rogers, G. McColl (1.6.86)

Langdale Ferrets 25m VS

- 50m up the hillside is a cleaned slab.
- (4c). Climb the slab to a small overhang then continue up the crack on the left or Direct (at E1) up the slab.
- T. Walkington, B. Rogers (1.6.86)

RAVEN CRAG (285 065)

Trambiolina 27m VS

- Situated on the wall left of the top pitch of Middlefell Buttress — separated by a grassy gully with a tree. Climb the crackline up the centre of the slab and continue up the steep wall with ledges.
- T. Walkington, I. Conway (10.8.86)

White Rabbit S

- Well cleaned providing a good continuation for Middlefell Buttress. When traversing into Middlefell Gully from the top of Middlefell Buttress one meets a large chockstone in

the bed of the gully. Start 33m up the gully from this on the right bank of the gully (same as Middle Buttress).

1 13m Climb up the right side of the small subsidiary buttress to a grass ledge and large block. Belays at blocks further back.

2 45m From the large blocks move up left to a steep wall. Reach up left to reach good holds, then traverse left to a ledge with a bush. Go up a corner to another ledge on the left then continue up easier slabs to finish.

T. Walkington, Ann Wallace (16.8.86)

Potluck 13m E2

Takes the hanging slab on the left-hand side of the buttress 13m above and 13m left of Sexpot. Scramble to the holly tree and take the overhanging crack, then move right and climb the slab direct to the top.

A. Moore (4.8.86)

Mythical M.M. 20m E3

A very good route, all protection in-situ, climbing the ridiculously overhanging wall left of Sexpot (left of Hotpot).

(6a). Start behind the pinnacle and climb up leftwards on big holds to the ledge. Climb up directly to the 2nd peg runner and then up rightwards passing an in-situ Rock 1 and peg runner to the top.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (18.7.86)

Pink Panties 33m E3

(5c). Climb directly over the overhangs, avoided by Brown Trousers, at a point by a block a few feet left of Finger Swing.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers, J. Kelly (23.8.86)

NECKBAND CRAG (261 061)

Razor's Edge 25m E5

(6b). Start at the foot of Virgo and climb rightwards past a peg to difficult moves up to the arête which is climbed to a ledge.

M. Berzins, C. Sowden (24.5.87)

Tonsure 40m E3

Climbs the hanging groove in the overhang 2m right of Tonsor.

(6a). Climb the wall to gain the groove. Pull through the overhang and follow the ragged crack passing two small overhangs to a corner and belay.

J. Swarbrick, P. Rigby (9.5.87)

40m E4

Climbs the arête left of Aragorn to join it at the difficult moves into the groove. Move up to the ledge then right onto the arête (Gandalf Groove Variation) which is followed to the top.

C. Sowden, M. Berzins (24.5.87)

PAVEY ARK (286 080)

Book of Reasons 66m E3

Climbs the wall and groove left of Roundabout Direct. Start just left of Roundabout at a hollow sounding embedded flake. Good climbing with a poorly protected crux section.

- 1 10m (4c). Climb the flake and continue trending slightly rightwards up more flakes pulling out onto a rib. Up this for a few feet and step right to belay on a flake in the bay.
- 2 40m (5c). Step back left and climb the rib heading for the wall and thin hairline crack below the groove. Climb the wall and groove (crux). Pull out of the groove and continue directly up the slab to an overhang. Pull left through this and step back right above it and climb the final groove to the top (no runners in Roundabout Direct).
- 3 16m (4c). Climb the pleasant wall on the left, just left of the arête — 7m of scrambling remains.

A. Dunhill, M. Dale (alt) (4.10.86)

CRINKLE GILL

Deception 45m E2/3

On the south side of the Gill. Looks harder than it is which starts as for Private Eye (5c). Climb up into a niche then step left to a razor arête. Up to overlap and follow this up right until a steep left can be made to a thin crack in the middle of the wall. Straight up through the overhang to easier ground. Move right into a big groove of Private Eye and up this to a tree belay.

L. Steer, B. Birkett (21.6.87)

Oberon 33m E1

On the north side of the Gill 50m up from Bitter Nights Buttress there is another obvious clean buttress.

(5b). At the foot of the buttress a groove leads to a natural chock runner. Climb up to this then step left and up onto a wall using a thin crack to an overlap. Over this using a crack then straight up the centre of the pillar to the top.

B. Birkett, L. Steer (21.6.87)

Titanium 33 m E1/2

(5b). Climb the crack, just left of Oberon, to a niche over an overlap to a ledge. Go up left and from the top of a block climb another steep crack to the top.

B. Birkett, L. Steer (21.6.87)

RAVEN CRAG — WALTHWAITE (325 058)

Olympus 30 m E1

Steep thin and not well protected. Start 5m right of Protus at a steep corner below an elm tree.

- 1 7m. Climb the cracked wall to the elm tree.
- 2 23m (5a). Start as for Protus but instead of going left climb straight up for 5m to a ledge on the left. Move back right and climb just right of the edge. Make a difficult move right to good holds. Move up to a scoop and finish up this.

B Rogers, L Greenwood (6.9.80)

Out From the Darkness 23m E2

Start a few feet left of Walthwaite Gully at a crack. A good route on clean rock.

- 1 6m (4a). Climb the crack to the tree covered ledge.
- 2 17m (5c/6a). Climb the groove, to the left of Walthwaite Gully (pitch 2), with difficulty (small pocket high on right wall). Continue more easily to the top. Belay about 17m back on stakes.

B. Rogers, A. Kenny (12.7.87)

Walthwaite Gully — Left Hand E1

2a (5c). Climb up for 5m to the hanging flake then finish diagonally leftwards.

B. Rogers, D. Bates, T. Walkington (18.7.87)

Riverboat Gambler 27m VS

Start 3m right of the hawthorn at the base of Walthwaite Gully.

(5a). Climb a short slab, then go straight up to a hanging V-groove in the bulging rock above. Climb the awkward groove to an easier finish.

J. Daly, K. Daly (19.6.87)

The following routes are on the 17m wall to the right of the main part of the crag. Some may have been climbed before but nonetheless in a cleaned condition they now give excellent routes which are sheltered and dry quickly after rain. The routes are described from right to left.

Marginality 17m HVS

(5a). Start at a right trending ramp and climb this to its end. Move left and over a bulge which leads to easier ground.

J. White, Gill Hussey (19.6.87)

Militant Tendency 17m HVS

(5a). Start 6m left of Marginality below a knobbly area of black rock. Climb up to this and climb a short groove to beneath the final wall. Either traverse worryingly left to finish up a groove or finish directly which is equally worrying and not well protected.

J. White, I. Williamson (17.6.87)

Proportional Representation 17m HVS

(5a). Start as for Militant Tendency but move up left to an obvious spike hold. Move up and left into a short groove then exit left to finish up another obvious groove.

J. White, Gill Hussey (19.6.87)

Party Animal 17 m E1

(5b). Start beneath the right hand side of the obvious roof. Rock up on small holds and climb on improving holds to a thin crack on the right of the roof. Move up for good holds and exit up the clean groove.

I. Williamson, J. White (11.6.87)

The next two routes start by a small tree at the low point of the crag.

Swing to the Right 17m E1

(5b). Gain a small ledge a few feet up. Pull straight up and aim for a slim groove which leads to the roof. Pull out onto the right arête and up a short wall to the top.

I. Williamson, Jane Billingham (14.6.87)

Swing to the Left 17m E1

(5b). Gain the small ledge and move left and up into a groove. Follow this to the left hand end of the overhang. Surmount this and a short wall to the finish.

I. Williamson, J. White (17.6.87)

OAK HOWE CRAG (305 055)**Highlander** 30 m E3

This route starts as for the Gentle Touch and takes a line up the very steep wall just left of the obvious crack of Porridge. NB — wires in hidden pockets.

(5c). Climb the left slanting ramp until the angle eases, step up right to the base of the impending wall. Climb the centre of the wall to a jug/small ledge. Make a long reach up right to gain a hidden pocket and use this to climb up a rightwards to finish as for Porridge.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (19.5.87)

DEER BIELD CRAG (303 087)**Pretty in Pink** 25m E6

This much attempted little "big" line is named after Paul's colourful attire, not his good looks.

(6b). Climb the obvious crack right of Idle Breed to a ledge. Climb the wall to another ledge.

P. Ingham (9.9.86)

BLEA CRAG — EASEDALE (301 080)

66m below and to the right of Chameleon at the foot of the buttress is a compact wall with a corner (Bleaberry Buttress) on the right.

E3

(5c/6a). Climb past the two leaning blocks to gain the corner. Continue past a small tree to a spike. Finish up the thin crack above.

C. Sowden, M. Berzins (25.5.87)

Offcomers Slab E4

Climb the slab 3m left of the corner to a thread runner. Move left to a peg and small spike and continue up and rightwards to reach the spike. Finish up the thin crack above.

M. Berzins, C. Sowden (25.5.87)

The following four routes lie on a buttress of excellent quality rock facing at right angles to the majority of the crag towards the right hand side of the crag. A gully splits this section of the crag.

Iguana 20m VS

A pleasant climb up the obvious cleaned groove on the left of the buttress.

I. Williamson, Jane Billingham, J. White (26.5.87)

The Ivory Wall 23m E5

Start at two hairline cracks at the foot of the wall. Climb trickily to some good runners at 12m (skyhook at 6m). Follow a little fault left then pull up to good finishing holds.

J. White, I. Williamson (10.5.87)

The Hunted 23m E4

Climb the arête to the right. Start left of the arête at an obvious foothold.

(6a). Step up and right via a tiny nubble on the arête, climb the right side of the arête via some small flakes, then more easily to the top of the arête. Traverse left and finish up Ivory Wall (Friend 1 1/2 at 13m)

J. White, I. Williamson (5.87)

The Prey 23m HVS

A pleasant route on perfect rock taking the wall to the right of The Hunted on Poacher Buttress. Start on a ledge to the right of the arête of The Hunted.

(5a). Climb a direct line 5m right of the arête via two good runners.

I. Williamson, J. White (24.6.87)

Mussolini 27m E2

Climbs the left hand side of the slabs on the right hand side of the crag.

(5c). Climb the thin crack to a good resting place. At its end go up and right to below a flake crack. Climb the crack, step right to a good ledge and tree below.

A. Tilney, A. Rowntree (23.5.87)

Hermann Goerring 23m E2

(5c). Climb the slab between Mussolini and Asterix. Rock 3 on the crux but that's the lot. Finish up Mussolini.

I. Williamson, J. White (6.87)

Asterix the Gaul 27m HVS

Start a few feet right of Mussolini.

(5a). Climb the crack to a ledge and climb the thin crack above to its end. Continue up and right to below the overlap. Step right to the centre and pull over. Climb the wall above to below.

A. Rowntree, A. Tilney (23.5.87)

Death Camp 23m E5

Very good, bold climbing right of Asterix. Start directly under the rock scar, just right of a hairline crack.

(6a). Climb precariously and with some difficulty up to the scar. A peg on the right protects the initial moves. Move slightly left here into a vague groove and continue to the tree.

J. White, I. Williamson (24.6.87)

Raindancer 23m HVS

Climbs the crack left of Obelix and Co.

(5b). Start directly below the crack at a wall with a thin crack. Climb the thin crack and ledges to the main crack and follow this to the top.

R. Faragher, A. Tilney, A. Rowntree (21.6.87)

Obelix and Co 23m HVS

At the extreme right hand side of the crag on the slabs before the crag peters out.

(4c). After a slabby start climb the right facing groove.

A. Rowntree, R. Faragher, A. Tilney (21.6.87)

PILLAR

Necromancer — Direct start to pitch 3.

The return of Geoff Cram after a few years absence from Pillar Rock.

(5c). Start just left of Walkers Gully and climb the obvious crack till it ends at 10m, then move left precariously to join the original way.

R. Kenyon, G. Cram (29.6.86)

SCAFELL, DOW AND ESKDALE SCAFELL

SCAFELL PINNACLE

Bath Street Slab HVS

(5a). A direct line up the slabs to the right of Slab Route.

A. Phizacklea (solo) (26.4.87)

DEEP GHYLL BUTTRESS

Swillshark E1/2

Start directly below the Great Chimney.

(5b). Traverse right onto the sharp edged arête and climb either direct or move slightly right half way up. Spectacular position !

(4b). From the ledge, climb the centre of the wall above.

A. Phizacklea, T. Rogers (26.4.87)

EAST BUTTRESS

Borderline 54m E6

The most impressive route on the crag, if not in the Lakes. Start below the rightward facing corner on the ramp leading to the start of Ichabod.

1 36m (6c). Gain the groove and climb it to a peg. Step left and climb the wall to a second peg and good nut. Continue up moving right then diagonally left to a thread and resting ledge. Move up to join Roaring Silence which is followed to belay as for The Yellow Slab at the top of pitch 2.

2 18m (6b). Climb up to the crack which splits the centre of the overhangs above — climb it !

C. Sowden, M. Berzins (alt) (21.6.86)

DOW

GREAT HOWE CRAG (277 988)

Falcon Crest 66m MVS

Start as for Misty Slab.

1 17 m. Follow the leftward slanting slab, stepping out to the left arête where necessary, then surmount the top wall near a rightward slanting break (hidden holds high up to the left). Belay immediately over the top.

2 17 m. Make a long step left across the cleft and follow the crest of the buttress leftwards via an open corner.

3. 32 m. Ascend slabby rock direct to the top.

E. Davis, T. Sainsbury (8.6.86)

KERNEL CRAG

Pretoria Pele 20m E1

This begins on obvious flakes. Traverse rightwards and straight up over an overhanging bulge then difficult moves on finger pockets and pinches to the top of a pinnacle. Finish up exposed slabs.

D. Green, A. Wood (6.11.86)

Swansong 45m E2

This takes the diagonal groove/roof right of K.P. and the slab directly above.

(5c). Climb up inside the roof for a few feet until a grass niche is gained. Pull out onto the steep wall above and climb boldly and directly to the top of the oblique crack. Continue more easily to the top.

D. Green, J. Davies (8.8.87)

Solace 40m VS

(5a). Climb the dogleg crack up the slab at the right end of the terrace.

D. Green, J. Davies (8.8.87)

DUNNERDALE

SEATHWAITE BUTTRESS

High Fibre 25m VS

(4c). A fine pitch on the isolated buttress left of the slabs at the left of the crag. Delicate and sustained. Follow a discontinuous thin crack up the centre of the buttress. Belay on a good flake well back.

S. Wilson, M. Wilson, I. Walker, J. Walker (6.4.86.)

WALLOWBARROW GORGE (224 966)

Finger Poppin Direct Start 17m E1

(5b/c). From the tree climb straight up the left end of the overhang.

T. Walkington, D. Bates, I. Conway, B. Rogers (15.10.85)

BURNT CRAG (243 991)

The following two routes are on the crag 50m right of Rhetoric of Meritocracy.

Out of the Game 10m E2

(5c). Climb the shallow scoop and leftward slanting crack in the lower buttress.

A. Phizacklea, T.W. Birkett, L. Steer (1987)

Drink Pink 12m VS

(4c). Climb the thin flake crack just right of the pink streak in the middle of the upper buttress which slants left to finish up a wide crack.

A. Phizacklea, T.W. Birkett (1987)

TILBERTHWAITE

TILBERTHWAITE QUARRY — HORSE CRAG QUARRY (305 008)

This is the quarry mentioned on p132 of the guide. Extensive cleaning has revealed numerous high quality routes. Although short they are sustained and technically interesting. They are described clockwise when entering the lower quarry by the 1st rock gateway.

Rusty Wall 20m E3

(6a). Start at the blunt arête just right of the cave. Climb easily to the ledge and sapling at 6m. From the left end of the ledge climb the steep wall above (peg) to gain the left end of a rusty break (bolt). Move right, then up to reach the diagonal crackline. Step left and then climb up to finish just left of the large sprawling tree.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (11.4.87)

Halfway along the left side of the lower quarry are two obvious flake cracks.

Kick off 17m HVS

(5a). Climb the left-hand flake crack to tree belay.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (14.12.86)

Christmas Cracker 15m HS

(4a). Climb the right hand crack.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (14.12.86)

Big Crack 12m VS

(4b). Climb the rightward facing offwidth crack, 12m right of Christmas Cracker.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (25.1.87)

Halfway up the left side of the first scree slope is an obvious arête with a sapling at 13m.

Peapod 17m HVS

(5a). Start 3m left of the arête and climb the overhung chimney/pod to gain a ledge on the right (awkward), then follow the pleasant cracked slab to the large larch tree.

J. Daly K. Phizacklea (24.1.87)

Solitaire 15m E2

(5b). Start 3m right of the arête and mantleshelf onto the left end of a narrow ledge. Make a bold step and climb wall direct to the right hand larch.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (31.1.87)

Tuxedo Junction 15m MVS

(4c). Start 5m right of Solitaire at a layback edge. A tricky layback start leads to good holds where a sloping shelf can be traversed left to the top of Solitaire.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (31.1.87)

Tilneys Shovel 10m E1

(5c). 12m right of Tuxedo Junction is an obvious left-facing cleft which gives a short, strenuous struggle.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (15.2.87)

The first main feature of the upper quarry is a right-facing corner with a ledge at 6m.

Pedestal Corner 13m HVS

(5b). Climb either groove with difficulty to gain the ledge/pedestal at 6m. The corner above leads more easily to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (31.1.87)

Jugglers Crack 10m VS

(5a). Start 13m right of Pedestal Corner and climb the thin flake crack in the steep slab.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (22.3.87)

Anvil Arête 13m E2

(5b). An excellent route taking the prominent arête just left of Big Tree Corner. Starting on the left climb the arête direct to the top (bolt at mid-height).

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (30.3.87)

Spycatcher 13m E4

(6b). Climb the centre of the wall between Anvil Arête and Big Tree Corner.

A. Greig, R. Parker (15.8.87)

Big Tree Corner 13m E1

(5b). Start midway up the left side of the upper quarry. Climb the prominent right-angled corner to the large larch tree.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (31.1.87)

Megabyte 17m E3

(6a). Climb the obvious corner, 8m right of Big Tree Corner, then the left arête to a sloping ledge at 6m. Step back into the corner (peg) and climb it finishing on the right.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea, K. Garstang (15.2.87)

6m right of Megabyte is a steep blunt rib.

Violation 18mE3

(6a). Climb the V-groove, just right of the rib, to a steel spike. Holds on the left rib allow the block beneath the overhang to be gained. A large hold above the overhang enables a tricky move right to be made onto obvious footholds. Make a difficult move back left above the overhang and follow the thin crack up the headwall to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (4.4.87)

Violation — Variation Finish E2/3

(5c). As above, move right round the overhang onto the obvious footholds. Climb the short jamming crack in the bulge above to pull out right onto a small slab. Finish up the easy groove above.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (11.4.87)

Foghorn Leghorn 18m VS

(4c). Start 5m right of Violation. Climb the V-groove to a ledge at 8m. Step onto the large spike and using the steep rock flake above pull onto the small slab on the left. Climb this and the short groove above to finish at the obvious nick.

J. Daly, K. Garstang (29.3.87)

Halfway up the left side of the upper scree slope is a large clean cut wall. This is split by a very steep corner crack with a fine finger crack 3m to its left.

Jitterbug 15m E2

(6a). Step onto the pointed block and climb the tricky leftward curving finger crack to the top.

J. Daly, K. Garstang, K. Phizacklea (22.2.87)

Rhode Island Red 17m E2

Start behind the blocks, 3m right of Jitterbug, and climb the obvious steep corner crack. K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (22.3.87)

Top Shot 13m MVS

The uppermost route in the quarry. Start 13m right of Rhode Island Red and climb the first wide crack to the left end of a tree strewn ledge. The left-hand crack leads to the top.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (2.3.87)

Tilberthwaite Crack 18m HVS

(5b). This is the obvious layback flake crack on the right wall of the upper quarry — 17m along from the 3rd rock gateway. Climb the crack to its topmost point where a step right enables the slab to be climbed to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (24.1.87)

Look Sharp 22m E2

(5c). Start just left of the 2nd rock gateway in the lower quarry where a short wall leads to the right-hand end of a ledge. A thin crack is followed briefly to good holds on the right. Step left between a shot hold to gain the base of an obvious finger crack and climb it to a ledge. The short groove on the right leads to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (25.1.87)

Treacle 'Slab' 20m E2

(5c). Start behind the 45 degree block just right of the 2nd rock gateway. Climb up steeply to gain the gangway (poor high peg). Follow the gangway to a ledge on the left then finish via cracked flakes.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (3.1.87)

Nebbie 10m E2

(6a). A short route for the connoisseur of pump outs. Start 20m right of Treacle 'Slab' and climb the short impending crack, which provides a strenuous battle.

HODGE CLOSE (316 016)

First Night Nerves 55m E5

45m(6b). Start up the initial crack of Main Event. Traverse left under the roof (Friend 1 1/2) and easily up a groove (Hex 6/7). Undercut right below twin bolts and up to bolt 3. Holds lead rightwards to bolt 4. Traverse below this to a huge jug. Climb the flake above (Rock 3) to bolt 5. Continue straight up to a shallow spike/ledge on Stage Fright (taped skyhook and/or sling). Climb up and leftwards (B.R) to gain the bolt/peg belay on Close Encounters. 10m Finish up the groove.

R. Graham, A. Phizacklea (alt) (13.9.87)

Wicked Willie 45 m E4/5

A sustained but well protected route which climbs the wall between Ten Years After and Wings — Start as for Ten Years After.

(6b). Climb to the first peg, move up and right past this (hard) to gain good holds and pegs. Continue to peg and bolt and contemplate the ground ahead. Climb the flake until able to step onto a good hold on the left. Swing boldly right of sidepulls to a friendly ledge. The rest is a cruise up slightly right, then left into the centre of the wall. Finish at the pine tree.
A. Phizacklea, G. Cornforth, P. Cornforth (3.5.87)

The Plunger 13m E by Gum

The obvious arête that plunges out of the pool below Ten Years After — a wet fall potential.

(6a). Start left of the arête and follow a hand traverse right to the arête proper and a peg runner. Make a hard move up the arête to a hollow flake (dubious runner) then climb the rest of the arête to a sloping ledge and peg belay.
P. Cornforth, A. Phizacklea (4.5.87)

Amphibian — Variation Pitch 1 20m E3

Abseil in or scramble down easy slabs from the start of Mirrormere to a tree belay on a ledge at water level. The pitch climbs the obvious groove/crack line on the left.

(6a). Step awkwardly left across the base of the groove, climb up and make a difficult move into the crackline proper. Follow the crack, moving left round the bulge, then up the belay ledge of the Original Start.
K. Phizacklea, J. Daly (23.5.87)

Limited Edition 33 m E5

Superb climbing on good rock with adequate protection, provided by bolts, which was the first route in the Lakes to breach the ethical fence. At the top of the introductory crack of Big Dipper are two ledges. Belay on the right on nuts and friends.

(6b). Move to the left-hand edge of the ledge and move across the wall on the left to a good rest and bolt runner. Enter the scoop on the right and exit above to good holds (crux). Move left to a prominent peg below a blind flake. Climb the flake to a second bolt and move right on improving holds to a rest and final bolt. Make a hard move up and finish slightly left.

P. Carling, P. Noble (24.5.86)

Stinky Dinks 40 m E2

Good climbing with a well protected crux. Start as for Mirrormere.

(6b). Climb up to a small tree, move up and left along sloping ledges to the bolt belay of Limited Edition. Go up the ramp of Big Dipper to the spike, traverse left across the slab (crux) (bolt) to a jug. Follow the flake up right to a ring bolt. Step right, past piton runner to finish at tree.

A. Phizacklea, G. Cornforth, P. Cornforth (5.87)

Randolf Scott 45m E1

A pleasant climb that takes the curving groove line left of the top pitch of Big Dipper. Start as for Mirrormere.

1 25m (4c). Climb Mirrormere for 5m to the sapling, traverse right, then up the wall and short V-groove to a ledge. Pull up left onto a spike, back right and follow the right edge to the Big Dipper belay.

2 20m (5b) Traverse 5m left then climb the obvious curving groove line to finish by the larch tree.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (alt) (2.5.87)

For the record — a would be first ascensionist, some time ago, attempted this route in damp conditions, took a 27m fall from the last move, zipping out 8 of the 9 runners in the groove — the moral is don't climb on slate when it is wet.

Randolf Scott — Direct Start E2

(5c). Start 5m right of Mirrormere and climb the steep wall direct to gain the short V-groove on pitch 1.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (18.5.87)

Meet the Cleaver 40 m E2

(5c). Start as for Sasquatch and climb the crack for 2m then move right to gain a thick block at 5m. Make a rising rightward traverse along a faint sloping break, until the steep slab can be climbed direct past a bolt runner. Trend diagonally left to gain the traverse of Guilty. Follow this rightwards to the sapling then climb the leftward crack to the top.

K. Phizacklea, J. Daly, D. George (4.8.87)

Hoof Hearted 45 m E4

(6b). This is a line based on Heart's Desire up the slabs right of Sasquatch.

A. Phizacklea, B. Birkett (1987)

Beaver Patrol 36 m E3

A hard well protected line. Start below the vile-looking flake line right of Hoof Hearted. Rather dubious rock in places but it provides a fine technical problem.

(6b). Step left onto the slab, up to a peg, then continue thinly to a loose ledge (bolt). Continue straight up the blunt rounded rib above passing 3 bolts and 2 distinctly hard moves.

A Phizacklea, M. Dale (26.9.87)

Two separate teams attempted the following girdles of Hodge Close on the same day. It was incredible that seven years after the first routes were established on the crag that two teams, oblivious to the others intentions, arrived there and put up two separate girdles simultaneously.

Close Encounters c188mE4

A left to right girdle crossing Main Wall below the prominent overhang. Belay at the top of the north wall about 6m from the finish of Play for Today.

1 27 m (5c). Descend ramps easily into the corner and climb along a thin crack (peg) above the roof of Live Theatre. Continue across Stiff Little Figures passing two more pegs to belay on obvious sloping ledges (bolt and peg on right).

2 17 m (6a). Descend the corner below the belay to reach a sloping ledge. Move right across the wall with difficulty and descend slightly to an obvious spike foothold. Move up right (crux) to belay on twin bolts on Main Event. A sensational pitch.

3 35 m (6a). Climb down the left-hand side (facing out) of the ledge to a junction with Ten Years After. Reverse the awkward moves on Ten Years After to just above a roof (peg). Move right into Wings to reach flat holds and a rest. Make some trying moves right (crux) on fragile flakes to reach a spike (runner for small tape). Move right to belay at the left-hand end of the overhang (small nuts and old bolt).

4 33 m (A1 and 5c). Follow a line of old bolts beneath the roof until tension can be used to reach a corner (peg). Traverse right onto the arête of Life in the Fast Lane. Follow this, moving right to belay on bolts in Amphibian.

5 33 m (5b). Climb up easily rightwards and pull round the arête (peg). Reverse the traverse on Limited Edition to reach good footledge. Follow the curving line up rightwards to a bolt belay at the top of pitch 1 of Big Dipper.

6 43 m (5c). Descend the flake corner beneath the belay easily to a vegetated ledge. Traverse straight across the wall until a hard move is made into Behind the Lines. A rising traverse is made onto Malice in Wonderland (tree runner). Move right and finish up Through the Looking Glass.

P.A. Carling, G. Sutcliffe (Alt leads) (10.5.87) Back roped by second on pitches 2,3 and 6.

Standing Ovation 157m E4

A right to left girdle — a difficult route of sustained quality. The fixed gear is excellent and solid. It is a safe route but the leader must be proficient in providing opposing nuts to prevent a profound pendulum by a perplexed second.

Start as for Through the Looking Glass

1 27 m (5c). Climb Through the Looking Glass to belay at the spike and tree.

2 30 m (5b/c). Move left onto Malice and step down (spike for backrope for second) to gain a downward sloping diagonal crack. Follow this to Behind the Lines, step across left to a good hold, then down and across into the grassy corner. Follow this to a belay at the top of pitch 1 of Big Dipper.

3 27 m (6b). Reverse the ramp of Big Dipper to the spike. Step out left to bolt and cross the slab (hard — crux of Stinky Dinks) to a jug. Climb up and left to a peg (as for Limited Edition) and step round left to a belay on Amphibian.

4 50 m (6a). (well sustained) Climb the dirty corner of Amphibian to gain a left-slanting break. Cross this wall (peg) on good holds to the upper groove of Life in the Fast Lane. A twin crack going left (2 pegs) provides some exciting climbing until a step up gains the good holds of the top traverse of Sky (RP here somewhere). Reverse this leftwards to the bolt, step left into Wings and down climb this for 8m to a rattly jug at the top of the big groove line. Step left to a peg (on Wicked Willie) and climb up to the bolt on that route. Step down and across to the wobbly flake on Ten Years After. Reverse this route to the ledge on Main Event, then climb the shallow groove above to the bolt belay on the ledge of Main Event.

5 23 m (5b). (Just take one tie off for this pitch !) Step down to good holds and move left, then climb up and diagonally left on good but well spaced holes to gain a stepped groove (peg). Climb this groove (top part of Blind Prophets) to the top.

A. Phizacklea, S. Hubbard (10.5.87)

Dog Fight at Virgin Massacre Creek 17m E6

(6b/c). This climbs the superb blank looking wall, right of the tunnel, on the opposite side of the quarry to the main cliff. It sports 4 bolts and a lowering off point and chipped holds (!) — not French Fries — the Manic Strain of the Lakes.

P. Cornforth, M. Greenbank (26.11.87)

PEAT FIELD QUARRY (313 016)

This quarry is tucked away to the west of the south end of Hodge Close. The climbs are situated on the Black Wall which is immediately on the left when entering the quarry by the Low Level entrance. The wall is split by a long clean cut roof, above which are a series of prominent grooves. The routes offer entertaining climbing on sound rock.

Halfpint 15m VS

(4c). Start 3m left of Flyboy and climb the blunt arête, utilizing a crack on its right-hand side.

J. Daly, M. Gibson (8.8.86)

Flyboy 17m HVS

(5b). Start at the left end of the main overhang and climb the obvious crackline direct to the top, making an awkward undercut move to enter the final groove.

J. Daly, M. Gibson (10.8.86)

Lucky Strike 20m E1

(5a/b). Climb the first 5m of Flyboy then move right into the first groove line above the main overhang. Climb it moving right to finish up the final tricky V-groove.

J. Daly, M. Gibson (8.8.86)

Crisis Point 20m E3

Start beneath the left end of the lower roof.

(6a). Climb the short wall up to the upper roof. Surmount the roof initially using undercuts and then a long reach to gain the holds in the groove above (bolt runner). The groove is then climbed past the obvious downwards pointing nose of rock and in situ thread at the top.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (30.8.86)

Reach For The Sky 25m E3

Start 3m right of the lower roof.

(6a). Climb easily up to the upper roof (high wires) and traverse left into a scoop (bolt runner). Continue leftward between the roofs, until a committing long reach for a jug above the upper roof (bolt runner) leads to the bottomless sentry box. Climb it, pulling delicately out right at the top (peg runner). Easier climbing leads to the tree.

J. Daly, K. Phizacklea (var) (4.10.86)

The next two climbs start below some downward-pointing flakes at the right-hand side of the Black Wall.

Freefall 25m E2

(5c). Climb the groove just left of the flakes (peg runner) to gain the prominent triangular slab. Traverse left across the slab until a difficult move left leads to a niche. Follow the crack/bore diagonally left to finish by the tree (as for Reach For The Sky).

J. Daly, M. Gibson (10.8.86)

Escape Cruise 21m E1

(5b). Climb the initial groove of Freefall to the slab, step right and climb the continuation groove, pulling out right to finish on the arête. 8m of scrambling leads to the top.

J. Daly, M. Gibson (23.8.86)

BLACK HOLE QUARRY (THE CATHEDRAL) (314 128)**Night of the Hot Pies** 30m E2

Another route for dedicated slateheads in this much overlooked quarry.

(5b). Start just right of the Cathedral's Hole and follow the right bounding rib for 10m to a bolt. Traverse left above the gaping orifice to a tricky move up and left into a bottomless groove (bolt). Move up and left again round a rib to gain and follow a flake crack up a slabby wall.

R. Brookes, M. Dale (3.7.87)

Anal Abuse 30m E3

(5c). Follow Hot Pies up the rib and left above the roof to the 2nd bolt in the V-groove. Continue up this to an undercut flake (bolt) and a crux layback rightwards to gain a standing position on a block. Follow the rib on the left to another bolt and finishing slabs. Good position.

R. Brookes, S. Alders, N. Toledo, A. Warrington (28.7.87)

ESKDALE

BRANTRAKE CRAG (147 988)

Tunnel Vision 25m E2

(5c). Start left of Left-Hand Crack and right of the arête. Ascend the wall to the base of a thin crack (hands off the arête). Climb the crack to a hidden jug on the right, then back left and follow the crack and arête to the top.

P.Strong, J.D. Wilson, A. Wilson (3.6.86)

HIGH SCARTH CRAG (214 040)

Howdo Slab 27m H. Sev

Climb the clean slab left of Introductory Slab.

A. Phizacklea

Archbishop Mecarios 30m E2

(5c). Climb the groove line right of Route 3.

A. Phizacklea, B. Birkett

Pope Fred 27m E2

Climb the groove, niche and overhang right of Archbishop Mecarios.

B. Birkett, A. Phizacklea

SILVERYBIELD CRAG (217 040)

Black Jack's Crag 15m E1

Climb the superb central crack on excellent jams.

B. Birkett, A. Phizacklea

We Are The Boys Who Make No Noise 15m E1

Climb the right-hand crack/groove.

A. Phizacklea, B. Birkett

SCAR LATHING (225 048)

A south facing crag in an idyllic setting, just above the path where it doglegs. It is similar to Lower Falcon Crag. The lower 7m is slate, above is Scafell type rock. 1 hour from Eskdale or Cockley Beck.

No Lathing Matter 37m E2

Start as for 'Slaphead', then take the buttress on the left of the crag.

(5b). Ascend diagonally leftwards into a corner below a roof. Traverse horizontally rightwards onto the buttress. Move up a short way and then go diagonally left to a fine rock ledge. Climb the steep wall above into a corner crack. Up this to the top. Belay 5m higher at a fine pinnacle.

B. Rogers, P. Parker (31.8.86)

Slaphead and the Doctor 40m HVS

(5a/b). Climb the obvious corner on the left of the crag finishing rightwards up the slab.

B. Rogers, T. Walkington (21.10.85)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes 40m E3

Start 7m right of 'Slaphead'.

(6a). Climb straight up to a small block under an overhang at 7m (small spike at 4m). Move left to peg runner and up with difficulty to crackline. Continue directly up a line of grooves in the slab above.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (14.9.86)

Niagara 40m E2

Start as for 'Blondes'

(5c). From the small block at 7m, gain slabby corner up to the right (peg runner). Continue up the corner to exit up to the left above the overhang. Follow crackline up the centre of the slabs to join the Blondes at the top.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (14.9.86)

Gentleman Jim 50m E2

Start 7m right of 'Blondes'.

(5c). Move up into an overhung slanting groove and then pull over this. Difficult moves up and then left at a slabby corner at 8m enable an easier corner to be reached. Move up then left onto a slab. Up this and over small overhangs above to finish well back.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers, J. Kelly (25.8.86)

Geraldine the Body Machine 50m E1

Start at left-hand side of the cave at a pile of stones by a little slab.

(5b/c). Pull up the overhanging wall above the stones and follow a crack to an overhanging corner. Climb this into another corner. Climb this into a crack (crux) and continue more easily to a small tree. Traverse left and finish up a pleasant slab.

B. Rogers, T. Walkington (25.6.86)

Some Like It Hot 53m E2

The big central groove capped by an overhang.

1 23m (5c). Climb straight up to the groove which is followed to the overhang. Exit left (crux), peg runner, to reach an easier corner, then up the corner for 3m to belay.

2 30m (4b). Climb the corner for 5m, then move left to join the top slab of Body Machine and up to a large block belay well back.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers, I. Conway (7.9.86)

The Seven Year Itch 55m E2

The long slanting groove going the full length of the crag. Start as for Some Like it Hot.

1 33m (5c/6a). After 3m pull up right and then up to enter the groove with difficulty (crux). Continue up the groove to belay at spikes.

2 32m (5b). Continue up the groove to the overhang, step right and continue up the groove line passing small overhangs. The last overhang is best turned on the left. Then move back right to finish up the easy groove. Belay well back.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (22.6.86)

Bus Stop 47m E3

A long sustained pitch. Start beneath a black slab some 17m right of Some Like it Hot.

(5c). The black slab is reached after climbing diagonally leftwards through the initial overhangs. Continue up the poorly protected slab then step left to a wall. Up this to a corner which leads to an overhang which is climbed on the left. Move up to a ledge by a tree and continue on up the corner and crack to the top.

T. Walkington, B. Rogers (29.10.85)

IN MEMORIAM

A.F. Airey	1932-1987
H. Baxter	1957-1987
R. Cook	1936-1985
Katherine, Lady Chorley (née Hopkinson)	1920-1986
J.G. Fleming	1941-1986
C.R. Greene	1920-1982
Dr. E. Hervey	1939-1985
Mrs. M.C. Hambly (née Pearson)	1962-1985
Mrs. R.E. Hargreaves	1926-1986
G.H. Mackereth	1929-1986
E. Moss	1943-1987
Professor N.E. Odell	1924-1987
W.G. Pape	1921-1986
G.F. Peaker OBE	1926-1983
Rt. Rev. Bishop T.B. Pearson	1957-1987
Mrs. I. Armstrong Richards (née Pilley)	1918-1986
D.W. Robbins	1974-1986
Mrs. I. Robinson (née George)	1938-1986
A.J. Taylor	1956-1986
F. Thompson	1962-1986
Mrs. M.L. Thornley	1928-1985
J.C. Ward	1951-1986
G.H. Webb	1935-1987
Miss E. Wells	1923-1983
W.I. West	1970-1986
L.A. Wigglesworth	1937-1987
M.H. Wilson	1921-1985
A.E. Wormell	1942-1985
D.F. Yates	1971-1986

HORACE BAXTER 1957-1987

Horace Baxter became a member in 1957 and he soon began to take an interest in Club affairs. In 1960 he was appointed Warden of Raw Head where he will be remembered as an efficient but kindly Warden especially welcoming to new members during his tenure of office there. He retired from that post in 1966 only to undertake the responsibility of Hut Secretaryship for seven years until 1973. His professional experience in the building trade was invaluable to the Club during this period when much important maintenance work was being carried out on the Huts. At this time Beetham Cottage was a recent addition to the Club's properties. Horace became a Vice President in 1979 and it was entirely characteristic of him that of his 30 years membership, 15 years were spent in giving service to the Club which he loved so much.

Horace was an enthusiastic fell walker who spent all his spare time in the hills, usually with his wife Alice. Mountain photography was another hobby in which he excelled. Widely

known in his profession as a Municipal Building Inspector, Horace was also a committed Rotarian in the Bolton district of Lancashire. Our sympathy is extended to his wife Alice from their many friends in the Club.

Harry Ironfield

DICK COOK 1936-1985

Dick Cook, who died in a Kendal nursing home on 15th December, 1985, aged 83, was a prominent member of several mountaineering organisations and was well known and greatly respected by a wide range of friends and acquaintances. An able and highly efficient business man, he yet showed his perception of the proper priorities of this life by retiring from business at the age of 50 to reside at Bowness-on-Windermere, so as to enjoy to the fullest extent the pursuit of his two principal interests, of gardening (including bee-keeping) and mountaineering in all its aspects.

He joined the Club in 1936, was Vice President from 1960 to 1962 and President from 1962 to 1964. He regularly attended meets and after his retirement spent several days a week climbing (often with Rusty Westmorland, who was also retired) and fell walking. He became involved in mountain rescue during his term as Vice President: he was Treasurer of the Langdale team from its formation and was Secretary of the Lake District Search Panel for many years. He was a founder member, in 1936, of the Preston Mountaineering Club, and was president of that club during its early years, when he was able to help with its development. He was a Past President of the Lake District Ski Club and a member of the Alpine Club. His climbing and skiing expeditions extended over many parts of Europe, including the Alps, the Pyrenees and Corsica. In 1958 he visited the Himalayas, where he obtained much pleasure from the flowers as well as from the mountains.

In his later years he completed all the Munros and all the tops (1973) and, not content with that, did many of them a second time, giving the benefit of his experience to other aspirants.

For many years he was an active and enthusiastic member of the Scottish meets. Their social, as well as their mountaineering aspect, appealed to him and he entered into the spirit of the picnic tea parties which have always been a popular feature of those meets. The Volcano wood-burning stove was a central feature, presided over initially by T.R. Burnett, later by Bentley Beetham and, from 1959, by Dick's wife, Gladys, who was a member of the Club from 1953 until her death in 1969 and who, like Dick, was a Scottish meet addict. On one occasion the Volcano erupted and Dick sustained burns which put him out of action for the rest of that meet.

In connection with the Scottish meets it should be mentioned that Dick played a key role following Harry Spilsbury's accident in 1964 on An Teallach. Dick descended to Dundonnell from the ridge in forty minutes and having organised help returned up the hill to assist with the casualty. He was again a tower of strength on Beinn Alligin in 1970 when, sadly, Harry's fall was fatal.

Dick was one who appreciated the good things of life. He derived great joy and peace of mind from his outdoor pursuits and particularly from mountains for their "peace and holy quiet". Many a young climber (and indeed, many no longer young) will remember him with gratitude, not only for technical help and instruction but also for an introduction to the more subtle aspects of the hills and high places.

The Club extends its deepest sympathy to Dick's widow, Iris, who gave him devoted support during his long illness, and to all his family.

Joe Renwick

KATHERINE, LADY CHORLEY (née HOPKINSON) 1920-1986

Katherine's place in the climbing world is set in the right perspective when we remember that she was offered the Presidency of the Club in 1958 – twenty eight years before the Club or the A.C. elected their first woman President. The Club chose her to open its first hut, Brackenclose, in 1937 and she and Len Winthrop Young were joint guests of the Club in 1980 as representatives of pioneering families in mountaineering. Katherine, born in 1898, met her husband Theo through the Club and her marriage in 1925 strengthened her devotion to the Lake District and to the hills. She was elected president of the L.A.C. and Vice-President of the Club in 1953; Theo was president of the B.M.C. and Roger of the C.U.M.C. in the same year. Katherine was Editor of the *Club Journal* from 1928-32 and again from 1942-5. She and Theo between them edited the *Journal* for eighteen years.

Katherine served as a V.A.D. in the First World War and afterwards as her father's secretary and later for the Liberal Party.

Katherine mentioned that she had two special ambitions: to learn to write English prose and to become a good mountaineer. With typical modesty she felt unsure of achieving them, as she triumphantly did. As Katherine Hopkinson she was born into a dedicated and distinguished mountaineering family, related to the Slingsbys and a close neighbour and friend of the Pilkingtons. The friendship with the Pilkingtons began when Katherine's father and uncles carried Lawrence Pilkington (one of the first guideless party to climb the Meije) down to Wasdale Head after an accident in Piers Ghyll in 1884. This ideal background was shadowed by a family tragedy, when her uncle John Hopkinson with one son and two daughters was killed on the Petite Dent de Veisivi in 1898. Her father never climbed seriously again and Katherine felt that the tragedy had marked her generation too. But she enjoyed and led good climbs in the Lakes, the Alps and Norway. Sid Cross describes her as "a very strong mountaineer" and mentions how, with her children Gillian and Patrick, "she walked round Mont Blanc after the war, long before the days of a guide book to the walk"; it had been described in an 1886 Baedeker. Articles in the *Journal* about her climbs include a delightful description of Pike's Crag on a rare holiday in September 1940 and an ascent of the Whymper Couloir on the Aiguille Verte. In 1935 Katherine and Theo, with Dorothea and Ivor Richards, the Bowdens and Paul Sinker did a glacier tour of the Oetzal. Katherine in her obituary of Ivor recalls that trip and the happy evenings of wide ranging "real talk" in Austrian huts. It must have been a splendid party.

In *Manchester Made Them*, an account of her early life, and in *Hills and Highways* (Dent, 1928), Katherine shows a gift for the precise phrase that reminds me of another north country writer and mountaineer, C.E. Montague. She shared his fascination with the shape of the country, dodging happily from an eagle's eye view to the ground beneath your boot. She edited a pamphlet *Lakeland — A Playground for Britain* which was published by the Club in 1930 and quickly sold out. This was the forerunner of the creation of the Friends of the Lake District in 1934. Katherine was dedicated to the idea of the Lake District as a national park. I remember her distress and vigorous campaigning at the time of the A66 Inquiry.

Other books were *Armies and the Art of Revolution* and a biography of Arthur Hugh Clough.

Katherine had the satisfaction of seeing her son Roger follow the family tradition with notable climbs in Britain, the Alps and Himalayas, and become president of the A.C. in 1983. She visited the Lakes with Ann in 1986, did some walks and was delighted to find that the country she felt half her home — she spent the war years there — had not lost its magic for her.

Katherine shared with Dorothea Richards a memorial meeting of their friends at the Alpine Club. They shared an indestructible quality. Their commitment to the world of mountains and mountaineering, like their wide interests and sympathies, was undefeated by age and illness and continued to enrich their clubs and friends.

Margaret Darvell

CHARLES RAYMOND GREENE 1920-1982

Raymond Greene, who died on 6th December 1982, was one of the most distinguished and long-serving members of the Club — having joined it 62 years before. He was this country's leading medical mountaineer before the war, and he utilised his experiences on Kamet (1931) and Everest (1933) to write important scientific papers on the effects of great altitude and exposure to cold. He was a big man in every sense of the word. Looking down on you from his height of six feet four inches, his piercing blue eyes embellished with a monocle, he could appear aloof and detached. But underneath the public facade was a warm and generous personality, full of fun, but very serious about the things that mattered in his life - medicine and mountaineering. Though he belonged also to the Climbers Club and to the Alpine Club (of which he became Vice-President in 1948), his first love was always the Lake District - where he began and ended his mountaineering career.

Born on 17th April 1901, he belonged to a remarkable family of six brothers and sisters — one of whom was Graham Greene, the famous novelist, and another Sir Hugh Carlton Greene, later Director General of the BBC. Their father — who was headmaster of Berkhamstead School - would take the family to the Lake District every summer, staying usually at Stool End at the head of Great Langdale, and sometimes at Middle Fell, the home of Dick Wilson in Wasdale. Raymond's first mountain was Cat Bells, and by the time he was fourteen there was not a peak in the central fells he had not climbed. So when Ashley Abraham came to lecture at Berkhamstead School in 1917, Raymond told him he had been walking Ashley's native fells for four years. "Come and see me next time" responded Ashley, "and I will teach you real climbing". In Keswick next year, Ashley introduced Raymond to A.H. Binns who took him up Napes Needle: and so his obsession with mountaineering was born.

Next year he fell in with Charles Holland (later President of the F.R.C.C.) and G.R. Speaker — great rock climbers of their time — and on one particular day the three of them polished off all the climbs then known on the Napes. However, Raymond's career almost came to an end the following year, 1920. With his older sister Molly and Charles Holland he was descending the New West Climb on Pillar. Raymond led, with Molly between them and Holland in the rear. Less than half way down, just beyond the foot of the chimney, Molly fell. Holland, who was himself climbing down, was unable to hold her, and the rope was running out when she hit a grassy ledge. Before she bounced off, Raymond — who also was not belayed, but who had twisted his rope round his forearm — managed to stop her before she dragged the whole party to an early death. Raymond arrived in Oxford a few weeks later with his left arm in a sling. He had joined the Fell and Rock Climbing Club during the year, and now together with Herbert Carr and Jack (later Lord) Wolfenden, he re-formed the Oxford University Mountaineering Club. The Club met in Cumberland every Easter - although on one occasion they went to Cambridge, where Raymond had "the most terrifying weekend of my life" in doing the hazardous climbs on the ancient college buildings, as described in Geoffrey Winthrop Young's notorious private publications *The Roof Climbers' Guide to Trinity and Wall and Roof Climbing*.

For the next ten years such time as Raymond could spare from his medical career was spent in annual visits to the Lake District and to the Alps — where in 1923 he ascended the eastern side (Ostkante) of the Dreitorspitze. This was the second ascent of this face (and the first ascent unaided by pitons). It was during these years that he met two disquietingly malign climbing characters. Alastair Crowley was described in the newspapers as "the wickedest man in the world", but Raymond considered "he was a very silly man, and I doubt whether he did anybody any real harm". A more sinister character was Giveen, whom Raymond met at Oxford, and subsequently blackballed from the Climbers Club. Raymond was at this time on the Committee of the Climbers Club, and he was in their Helyg hut one night in February 1927 when Giveen walked in with three friends. This was the eve of the notorious incident at Craig-yr-Ysfa, in which Giveen abandoned two of his party to die of exposure. Sometime

later Given, furious at being blackballed, attempted to shoot Raymond, but he shot the wrong man (luckily not fatally) and thereupon committed suicide himself.

It was Frank Smyth who introduced Raymond to Himalayan mountaineering. They had been at school together, and they would meet often in Wales and the Lake District pursuing "the reprehensible pastime" of solitary climbing. At Smyth's invitation, Raymond joined the expedition to Kamet, the first 25,000 footer ever to be ascended. Raymond, who reached the summit, remembers the expedition as "a period of calm, unbroken by anything more than a small ripple of disagreement — due to Frank's confident, modest and unassuming leadership." The Everest Committee now decided that Smyth, Shipton, Birnie and Greene should form the nucleus of the 1933 attempt on Everest — the first since the tragic 1924 expedition. Longland was in the party, with Ruttledge as leader and Raymond the expedition doctor. Climbing without oxygen, Raymond got as far as Camp V (25,700 feet) when he succumbed to exhaustion and had to retreat alone to Camp IV, leaving Wyn-Harris and Wager to go on to 28,100 feet. This experience was seminal to his medical work on oxygen and high altitude climbing. He described it in his book *Moments of Being*:

"My pulse was irregular ... my heartbeat two inches out of place. I was a sick man. In every patch of snow I fell over and rested a while. At last in a very comfortable spot, sheltered from the howling wind, I decided that I had had enough. I was warm and comfortable and the view was superb. If I stayed where I was I would fall comfortably asleep. I had no wife or children for whom I could feel responsible ... I was reminded of what sometimes happens in a hot bath. One lies there comfortably with no hurry to get out. Then suddenly one is out of the bath with no conscious effort to leave it. I do not remember any such effort, but suddenly I was struggling downward again, falling again in every patch of snow, but rising at once when breath returned. Then below me were the tents of Camp IV, bright green against the snow."

On returning to England, Raymond married Eleanor, and resumed his medical career as an Oxford GP. He turned down an invitation to join the 1936 Everest expedition, and henceforward confined himself to annual visits to the Dolomites and the Lake District. During the war he joined the Emergency Medical service, and became M.R.C.P. in 1943 — the same year as the birth of his son. He took a lease on chambers in Harley Street and at the end of the war he was launched on his career as a specialist in endocrinology - in which subject he gained an international reputation for his contributions to the understanding of thyroid disease. In 1948 he published the first textbook on the subject *The Practice of Endocrinology*. Altogether he wrote six books on medical topics, in the course of a successful professional career — which took him to the position of Senior Physician at London's Royal Northern Hospital, and in 1953 Vice-President of the Royal Society of Medicine. He was also Chairman of the Nuffield Institute of Comparative Medicine and Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Mountaineering continued to be his principal passion, but in the mid 1950's, by which time he was himself in the fifties, he gave up climbing and devoted himself to mountain walking. He would go every summer to Italy, and every Easter to the Lake District, where he would stay at the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. In 1960 he was appointed a director of the Medical company of Heinemann the publishers, and thereby became a colleague of mine.

With increasing age Raymond would complain that his legs were not good enough to give him a really satisfying day's outing on the fells. Probably the last serious walk he attempted was with me in 1977 when he was 76 years of age. We set out from my house in Rosthwaite in a February snowstorm with the intention of climbing Great Gable via Haystacks. Raymond, ignoring the bitter wind, wore only a string vest under his anorak. On our way to Haystacks he broke through a thin layer of ice and sank halfway to his knees in freezing mud. With some difficulty I pulled him out. Though his boots were filled with mud, he insisted on going on. I have heard of people turning blue with cold; and it was not long before I had my

first sight of this phenomenon. With some difficulty I got him back to Rosthwaite and safely in bed. Next morning he told me that he had often treated trench feet and written about it, but he had no idea it was so agonising. This was I think Raymond's last excursion on the Lake District fells, which he loved more than anywhere else in the world.

On 6th December 1982 after attending an occasion at the Alpine Club, he suffered a heart attack in the middle of the night. With his characteristic dislike of fuss, he refused to be put into intensive care, and died that night. He was aged 81 and is survived by his wife Eleanor, and a son and daughter.

Alan Hill

(Dr.) ELIZABETH HERVEY 1959-1985

Elizabeth Hervey (b. 1923) died tragically in November 1985. She had lived a full life in which love of the hills was an important element. She studied medicine originally intending to be a missionary, but her choice of medical school, King's College Hospital, London, the only one then open to both sexes, proved a poor one for this: she became engaged to G.R. Hervey and remained in Britain. At King's she took prizes in physiology and divinity and became an Associate of King's College and 'First Woman' of her year. She qualified in medicine in 1948 and was elected to the Physiological Society in 1969 and to the British Paediatric Association in 1978. Her professional career was principally spent in mother-and-baby and school clinics. From 1964 to 1970, however, she worked full-time in research, with her husband, into the physiology of pregnancy and growth and control of fat content and body weight. She became known in the Physiological, Nutrition and Endocrine Societies, and remained an honorary member of the Department of Physiology at Leeds.

To qualify for membership to the Club, Elizabeth made a point of meeting the 'climbs' as well as the 'tops' qualifications which were then alternatives; the standard of the climbs required may now seem derisory but, as she pointed out, pregnancy made them more difficult because the holds were hard to see. She did not attend many meets, but spent annual holidays at regular venues, particularly in the summer at a cottage in Little Langdale with her husband and four children, and there have been no years in which she did not visit the Lake District several times. With Leeds University Walking Club she explored the Yorkshire Dales and walked the Pennine Way, Wainwright's Coast-to-Coast Walk, the West Highland Way, the Two Moors Way, Offa's Dyke and — tragically unfinished — the first part of the Cambrian Way.

She had many other interests, all energetically pursued. She was a superb cook and famous for her large informal parties. She kept animals which included deer and chinchilla as well as goats and rabbits, and African cranes and Chinese pheasants as well as familiar poultry. She was a fellow of the Northern Horticultural Society and transformed two windy, exposed fields at her home on the outskirts of Leeds into what can only be called an arboretum. In evening classes she made furniture including traditional cradles now serving grandchildren, re-upholstered her soft furniture, made pottery sculptures and learned oil painting. Notwithstanding her many activities she could always find time for others, most of all for those in trouble or need.

Elizabeth's commitment to the children she saw in the clinics of deprived areas of Leeds grew ever deeper. The social conditions had improved over her earlier years, but in recent years seemed to her to be deteriorating rapidly: few children had stable, caring homes and their physical, mental and spiritual health was consequently at risk. For the deeply committed medicine is a 'high-risk occupation'. The sense of fighting overwhelming odds, and a totally unjustified taking on herself of responsibility when her best efforts were followed by tragedy, caused Elizabeth intense distress which led to her death. One of the schools placed

a tribute in the local paper which read: "She was dedicated, committed, conscientious and never counted the cost, in terms of time and effort, in promoting the health and well-being of the children. Her high principles came through in every aspect of her work." As the packed church at her funeral showed, Elizabeth is remembered by a host of friends.

Romaine Hervey

MARY C. HAMBLY (née PEARSON) 1962-1985

Mary died suddenly on 12 October, 1985, much sooner than any of us would have anticipated, working and planning for the future with Eddie at their cottage in Skirwith. We feel sure that when her time came to pass over the bright horizon, that would have been the way she would have wished to go.

Mary P., as many of her mountaineering friends knew her, particularly those of the N.U.M.C., was an outgoing person who made many friends and then kept in touch with them all, often over many years without seeing them and over great distances. An enthusiast in all she did, her enthusiasm was infectious and infected all around her. No one was left out in Mary's presence.

Originally from Ashbourne, where she gained her first love of the hills with the family, Mary really started her mountaineering career with the University Mountaineering Club at Nottingham — walking, scrambling, climbing, in the Pennines, the Lakes and North Wales and with at least one trip to the Alps. On leaving university she went to work for a period in Western Canada and whilst there extended her experience with several snow climbing trips, camping in the Rockies with the British Columbia Mountaineering Club. Returning to England and her home county of Derbyshire she worked for the Social Services, becoming Deputy Children's Officer. She promptly started walking and climbing again in the Lakes, Wales, Scotland, the Swiss and Austrian Alps, being a competent mountaineer on both rock and snow. Her restless energy enabled her to encompass the wide demands of an extended family and ageing parents, a love of music and choral singing, badminton, gardening and appreciation of the natural beauty of the earth and sky.

Those who proposed and seconded Mary to the Club should be proud of their protégé for she upheld all that is best in the Club. She was a regular attender at meets all over the Lakes but with a particular fondness for Raw Head and Beetham Cottage. The Raw Head maintenance meet was a 'must' on her calendar and here she was an untiring worker. She never failed to produce a large tin of home baked goodies and was always excellent company in the evening, often until late at the ODG, then a menace with a cup of tea early on the Sunday morning and ready for more work. The Club Chronicle was launched with Mary as its first Editor (Chronicle 1965-1972). A testimony to her work is that the format and presentation has had little need of change since she first set the standard.

Through the Club and M.A.M. meets Mary met Eddie and their partnership has obviously been a very fulfilling and rewarding one. From being a reluctant sailor she became as enthusiastic about this sport as was Eddie. In recent years she spent more time sailing than on the hills, having permanently injured both knees. Their recent 7000-mile trip in their own boat, from the Clyde to Turkey and back, was planned as their ultimate sailing venture. It was fitting that they should achieve this ambition in June, 1985, for which they won the Hanson Cup, the premier trophy of the Cruising Association. Several members of the Club shared parts of this trip with Mary and Eddie. Their next plans were a return to the hills, as much as dodgy knees would allow, a return trip to Canada and the USA to revisit the Rockies and Canyons, explore British Columbia and look up old friends; but this was not to be.

Mary will be greatly missed not only by her close relatives but also by the many who have been privileged to be counted amongst her friends.

Susan Jones and David Coupe

RUTH EARL HARGREAVES 1926-1986

Ruth Hargreaves, formerly of Lane End, Boot, and Barn End, Nibthwaite, died on 28 November, 1986, aged 85 years. She joined the Club in 1926 and with her husband A.T. was on many first ascents in Lakeland. She also assisted with the climbing and writing of the Scafell guide. She climbed extensively in Wales, in Scotland and the Alps. She was also an early member of the Pinnacle Club. A regular member of the old Parkgate, Coniston, crowd, she skied in the Lakes in the days when it was not so popular, and afterwards often in the Alps, doing the Haute Route on ski when she was past her first youth.

Ruth, known affectionately as Little Ruth, was a regular attender of the Scottish meet, along with her caravan, attending her last one with her caravan when she was 80.

She will also be remembered for her years at the Burnmoor Inn and at the ODG as one of the Innmates.

Jammie Cross

G. H. MACKERETH 1929-1986

G. H. (Dick) Mackereth was one of my earliest regular climbing companions but, regrettably, we did not keep in touch and, apart from a chance meeting at a concert in Ulverston several years ago, I had not seen him for about fifty years. I remember him as a tall, distinguished-looking man with a long reach — a neat climber on small holds. He often provided the transport to the hills and, as a much younger climber, I learned a lot from him about rock and, no doubt, life in general.

In the late summer of 1931 Dick, Bryan Tyson and I spent several weekends making a reconnaissance of what was to become Tiger Traverse on Dow crag — now the first pitch of Murray's Direct. The reconnaissance consisted of me holding the rope at the top of the second pitch of Murray's while Dick and Bryan, in turn, tried out the slab. Then, towards the end of September, Dick led us both up the new climb — named after George Bower who had warned us: "Only a tiger could get up that." Naïvely, being then not fully acquainted with climbing nomenclature, I thought that George meant the animal. A week later we moved over to a crack we had been examining to the left of Easy Gully and this was eventually climbed by Bryan with Dick second. As Dick was climbing it started to rain heavily and Blasphemy Crack was named, I think, because of his understandable imprecations. When it came to my turn I could make nothing of the wet rock in my Woolworth's black plimssoles so changed into nails but, in the rain, made even more of a meal of it and eventually retreated.

It was through Dick Mackereth that I met Tommy Tyson of Ulverston and this, in turn led to the formation of our little club, the Coniston Tigers, with our own hut at Coniston Old Hall — almost the first climbing hut in the Lake District. So I owe a great deal to Dick and feel ashamed to have lost contact with an early, valued friend and to be unable to contribute a more worthy tribute.

A. Harry Griffin

EDWARD MOSS 1943-1987

Edward Moss had been an active mountaineer for many years before he joined the Club at the age of 36. I first met him in 1930 at the Monteners where he was climbing with John Kenyon and Alan Airey. He was a competent and nimble rock-climber. By then he had joined the Rucksack Club, with whom most of his activities took place. He became a member of their committee and was later appointed Outdoor Organiser, succeeding the redoubtable Alan Dean — an actuary by profession — who was reputed to work out the attendances at meets to two places of decimals! Ted — a medical statistician, was just as accurate.

He did much for the Rucksack Club, writing many good and informative articles, notes and excursions and submitted photographs of excellent quality. His election to the office of President was a very popular one.

Ted was a very active walker and climber. He completed ascents of all the 2500-foot tops in England and Wales in 1934; those of the Lake District 2000's in 1947 and the remaining 2000's of England and Wales in 1951. He ascended all the highest points of every county in England and Wales. He really loved being on the tops! His Alpine record was a very good one too. But he always had a special love for the Lake District. That is why he joined the Fell & Rock.

He is survived by his wife, Deborah, and his two sons, Richard and Edward, both keen mountaineers and members of the Rucksack Club.

Frank Kiernan

PROFESSOR NOEL EWART ODELL 1924-1987

Noel Odell, who died on 21 February, 1987, at the age of 96, was the last survivor of the *climbing party in the membership of the third expedition to attempt the ascent of Everest in 1924*. That expedition holds a prominent place in the annals of mountaineering because of the mystery attaching to the fate of George Mallory and Andrew Irvine, following their bid for the summit on 8 June. Odell, who was well qualified on grounds of his fitness and climbing record to take part in that attempt, acted in support of the two climbers, going up twice from a lower camp to over 27,000 feet in search of them on successive days. He will always be remembered for having reported catching a glimpse of the pair in a brief clearing of the mists as he approached Camp 6; a sighting which has ever since left a question mark about the possibility that Mallory and Irvine, or one of them, may have reached the summit. Did Odell really see them? If so, where were they at that moment in time? These are the questions, intriguing to mountaineers, which may never be answered.

From the age of thirteen and throughout his life, Noel Odell found joy and fulfillment in the mountains, which he visited and climbed all over the world. At the age of 46 he climbed Nanda Devi with H.W. Tilman in 1936: it was the highest mountain climbed at that time. Two years later, with Tilman, he returned to Everest after an interval of fourteen years. In his earlier years Odell found pleasure in less ultimate goals. He showed his prowess on British rock. I recall, during my first climbs in Britain, my own impression of his performance on a route named Tennis Shoe on the Idwal Slabs in Snowdonia, which was typical of his careful and precise technique on small holds when climbing steep rock.

Odell's interest in rock also derived from his high qualifications as a geologist, gained at Harvard and Cambridge, and crowned by his tenure of the Chair of Geology at Otago University, New Zealand, between 1950 and 1956. He was an earnest, enquiring man, even a trifle humourless. I remember having been engaged in correspondence with him in a matter of nomenclature, in which he took me to task for having given the name of South Summit to a minor eminence, of great significance to ourselves in 1953, on the final stretch of the South-East ridge of Everest.

But his nature lacked nothing in keenness and enthusiasm. He delighted younger generations of climbers by his lively interest in their aspirations and achievements.

Noel Odell served in the Royal Engineers in both World Wars. He was 50 when he joined up again in 1940. I will always remember my astonishment in Catterick Military Hospital, where I was recovering from a serious climbing accident in 1941, when a tall, keen-eyed and youthful-looking subaltern entered my ward, stood smartly to attention and saluted: "Lieutenant Odell reporting, Sir!" He was, of course, one of my heroes and such deference to myself, a mere Captain at the time, quite took me aback.

Everyone who attended the 75th Anniversary celebrations of the Association of British

Members of the Swiss Alpine Club at Saas-Fee in 1984 will remember the seemingly ageless nonagenarian striding across the glacier towards the Britannia Hut and standing outside the refuge, oblivious to the wind, cold and snowfall, as he signed autographs for his Swiss admirers while younger and less hardy fellow countrymen and women preferred the warmth and shelter within. He was a familiar and regular attendee at other Meets and lectures of the Alpine Club, the Climbers' Club and the Royal Geographical Society.

Some of us will remember too, with affection, his wife Gladys, who died a decade before her husband and was his shy, unassuming but constant companion during their sixty years of marriage.

John Hunt

(The Lord Hunt of Llanfair Waterdine, KG, CBE, DSO.)

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor, Geographical Journal).

WILLIAM GARBUTT PAPE 1921-1986

The Fell & Rock was only fifteen years old when Billy Pape was elected to membership. Among the 436 names in the list of members for 1921 appears 'Pape, Wm G, Sunny Mount, Shuttleworth, near Manchester.' That house was well-named, and the Club was to discover that the new member had, among his other qualities, a most sunny disposition. In the years before the Second World War many eager young people, myself included, had good cause to be grateful to Billy for his friendship and enthusiasm and his willingness to help in directing our energies in the activities which were to bind us together in later life. His influence was not exercised overtly, but the perceptive among us profited by his example.

This readiness to guide and encourage the young and inexperienced prompted him to take charge of a group of Rover Scouts. They were in camp at Coniston Old Hall and he took them to the crags and taught them the rudiments of safe rock climbing. From this beginning one of these boys, Neil Mather, progressed to much greater adventures, and with Charles Evans established Camp VI at 26,900 feet on Kanchenjunga, from which the successful summit party set out on 25 May, 1955. It was a proud moment for Billy when he received from his pupil a postcard written in one of the highest camps on the mountain.

Whatever the undertaking, the wet or icy fell walk, the all-night expedition or the leisurely ascent of a moderate or difficult with old friends or with clumsy and excited novices, his boyish delight in what we were doing was plain for all to see. I have lost count of the number of weekends which began and ended at his home, Moorfield in Shuttleworth; indeed, the regular provision of supper, bed (often on the sofa), and breakfast at that friendly house would qualify it as the first Club hut. Although not attracted to the severe routes he moved neatly on the less exacting climbs whether in nails or rubbers. He was always anxious that walkers stepped softly and quietly even on the roughest ground and that the minimum trace of one's passing be left. Much could be learned by walking behind him. He was never happier than when aloft on the tops and ridges.

In 1935, with Raymond Shaw, he joined Harry Spilsbury's expedition to the Lofoten Islands. He was a member of the Wayfarers and Rucksack Clubs and although he climbed often in Wales and attended the Fell & Rock Scottish meets, the Lake District fells were his first and abiding love. His interests embraced Club affairs and he served on the Committee from 1926 to 1928 and again from 1932 to 1934 and was on the committee of the Wayfarers Club in 1934 and 1935. For several years from its inception he was a member of the First Aid Committee of Mountaineering Clubs. He was a Freemason, and a former President of Bury Rotary Club.

When it was decided in 1935 that the Club appoint meet leaders Billy assumed that duty at the Whitsuntide Meet in Borrowdale. As might be expected he took the task seriously and led from the front! Not only did he perform the main function of arranging for the newcomer and the unattached to join suitable parties but he made early visits to the small tent village which

adjoined Thornythwaite to remind the occupants that first and second breakfast sittings, often a feature of that meet, were not to be dealed.

Having in H.P. Cain a friend and neighbour it was natural that he became involved in the lengthy negotiations which were to lead to the erection in 1924 of the Club's War Memorial tablet on Great Gable. Billy described this event in detail to A.H. Griffin, who has recorded the conversation in *Journal* No. 69. On 24 May 1926 he took part with Dr. C.F. Hadfield in a remarkable Club and mountaineering 'first' by standing on the summits of Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon within 24 hours. This feat, and the equally remarkable display of fast motoring by H.P. Cain, the then President, and the attendant troubles en route are described by Dr. Hadfield in an article in *Journal* No. 20.

On 6 May 1939 Dr. C.P. Lapage celebrated his 60th Birthday by ascending the Lake District 3000's, enlisting Billy as transport officer and myself as travelling companion. Lapage, always meticulous in arrangements for any expedition, had planned in detail. Billy added several improvements, not the least of which was the action required in the event of our non-appearance at an appointed time. His first responsibility was to rouse us from our beds in the Moss Grove Hotel at about 4.40 am for our frugal breakfast and stealthy departure for Thirlspot. I well remember his suppressed glee when Lapage's powerful alarm clock, which had been set for 5.00 am as a precaution, fired off when our baggage was assembled on the landing. Helvellyn disposed of, he delivered us to Seathwaite and on our return had a primus stove going full blast, completing a memorable day on our arrival from Skiddaw with an impromptu birthday party in the farmyard at Thornythwaite.

A notable event took place during the Borrowdale Meet in May 1940 when Godfrey Solly, Mrs. Solly and Darwin Leighton, undeterred by the fact that their combined ages totalled an impressive 227 years, decided to climb Great Gable together. They were escorted to the summit by Billy who brought them down safely and well pleased with their expedition.

At the Grasmere Meets in February it was customary to attend the dialect play. Billy and I sat together at the performance of 'The Mistress of Mosshead.' During the sheep shearing scenes, which was enlivened by realistic back-stage bleating, Billy whispered that he was sure that the same four fleeces were circulating through the barn door and back again. The word was passed round and there was some disagreement but Billy was delighted when the collapse of a small piece of scenery proved him right.

Still bright in memory is the warm July afternoon we spent together on Pavey Ark, arriving by way of Middlefell Buttress and sundry scramblings. We climbed the Crescent and Gwynne's Chimney, halting frequently to smoke and enjoy the crystal clear prospect. We did the variation finish to the Chimney (Billy was on the first ascent in 1923) and settled down still roped together to doze among the summit rocks. A youth in shorts, coming suddenly upon what appeared to be two bodies, paused in front of us and, as one of us stirred, enquired anxiously if we had had an accident. He was assured that all was well and was offered a beaker of tea. We learned that Pavey Ark was his first stop and in reply to his many questions Billy provided a long and fatherly discourse which doubtless the young lad, now a grown man, still remembers.

To his family he was always Willie but Billy to all others except a small circle of intimate friends among climbers by whom he was greeted affectionately as Papos. This name was the subject of a lively debate at breakfast in the Wastwater Hotel as to its origin and George Basterfield, with due solemnity, explained that our friend had, in a previous incarnation, been Mayor of a small town in Cyprus called Paphos.

On 20 June 1942 Billy and Catherine Stuart, a member since 1933, were married in Dunkeld Cathedral. They adopted two children, brother and sister by birth, and on 14 December 1970 — Kate recalls it as clear and frosty — they retired to Coniston, making their home at Haws Bank. Retirement gave scope for a variety of interests. Billy joined the local Geological Society and enlarged his bird-watching activities by attending R.S.P.B. lectures and

journeys to Bass Rock, Holy Island and Caerlaverock Castle—this for the resident geese. He was a warden for the Lake District Horticultural Society, visited Kendal for the mid-day concerts and often attended the Grisedale Forest Theatre.

Nimbleness did not desert him with the passing of the years and when 89 he took his nephew, on a visit from Canada, up Coniston Old Man. In his 90th year he climbed Black Combe accompanied by Kate who admits to finding the going harder than he did. Each year in October they stayed at Woodhouse by Crummock Water and walked amid the Buttermere and Loweswater fells. Billy died peacefully on 2 March, 1986, in his 96th year. He lies in a quiet corner of the cemetery at St. Andrew's Church, within site of his beloved hills and reached by the murmur of Church Beck. Many neighbours and Club members were present at the funeral at which the local Catholic priest, a great family friend, assisted and read extracts from '*In Praise of Mountains*'. The Church service concluded with a spirited rendering by the organist of Billy's favourite, the Hallelujah Chorus. Just as the graveside prayers were ending two low-flying aircraft passed and one of them saluted.

To Kate, David and Heather the Club extends its respect and sympathy. Clubs, like buildings, depend for their stability and good repute upon sturdy corner-stones. It is thus that Papos, a man of strong principles, happy mountaineer and well loved companion, will be remembered.

Frank Simpson

(I have to acknowledge the assistance of Kate Pape in preparing this notice. F.H.F.S.)

GILBERT FAWCETT PEAKER CBE 1926-83

Gilbert was a man of brilliant mind and vigorous body. At Cambridge he was awarded a First in Mathematics and a Half-Blue as a Marathon runner. Later he was in the 'possibles' for the Olympics.

He was elected to the Club in 1926 and to the Alpine Club in 1930, and his list of climbs from 1923 to 1929, all guideless, would be considered very fine today, and in those years astonishing. For example, in his 1924 visit to the Dolomites, he recorded the Pelmo and all six Vajolet Towers, these being done solo, except for the descent of Delago, when he joined up with a solitary Italian.

There is a blank from 1924 to 1927, when he was in the cartography section of the Colonial Service in Nigeria. On his return, climbing mainly with H.M. Kelly and Eric Shipton, he listed 17 expeditions in four districts, including the Gran Paradiso and Herbetet, the Meije and Ecrins in Dauphiné, ending with four ascents in Arolla with the Climber's Club.

In 1928 he traversed the Dom, the Lyskamm and, most notable of all, the Matterhorn, up the Zmutt and down the Italian ridges. Then by the High Level Route to Chamonix, where he climbed the Grépon and the Drus, among others.

In 1929 he was in the Berner Oberland for the Mönch, Jungfrau, Finsteraarhorn and Fiescherhörner, ending curiously enough by a traverse of Monte Rosa. It is not recorded if he walked from Grindelwald to Zermatt, but he was quite capable of that.

He married in 1930 and for some years went mainly to Savoie and Dauphiné with his wife, occasionally climbing with friends. His only daughter was born in 1936, and he went out in 1937 to a Fell & Rock meet at Saas Fee, where we met, and with E.H. Marriott, climbed guideless. So began a friendship which lasted until his death.

In the Spring of 1938 we had a short holiday in Skye and after two days of Sron na Ciche Gilbert decided that, on the morrow, we would do the ridge. At that point I had misgivings as to the wisdom of being hitched to such a high powered machine. However, we left the Post Office in Glen Brittle at 3 am, armed with 100 feet of full weight manila (with red thread), nailed boots and 2lb of chocolate peppermint creams, our sole sustenance. When we came off the first pinnacle of Sgurr nan Gillean at 7pm that evening I, at least, felt well exercised.

When war broke out we both had the misfortune to be in reserved occupations, he in the Treasury and I in the Head Office of my bank. So we had our holidays in Wales, mainly climbing on his favourite cliff, Lliwedd, and I think did all the routes, with the exception of the VS Central Gully. In 1944 we had with us his nephew, David Attenborough, who was just about to go up to Cambridge. It was intended to teach him climbing, but he finished by leading us. I sometimes wonder if his experiences with his formidable uncle led him to the study of gorillas.

After the war, Gilbert and I with our wives and young families had holidays together, sometimes in the Lakes. Here again Gilbert's long distance capacities led to our walking from Eskdale, over Burnmoor and Black Sail to Pillar. There we did four routes and walked back to Eskdale. In the forties and fifties I was concentrating on the Dolomites and the Aiguilles, so that we did not climb together in the Alps. However, he traversed the Jungfrau from the Guggi Hut, the Aletschhorn by the Hasler Rib, the Obergabelhorn by the NW Arête and descent of the Arbengrat, the Mönch by the Nollen and the Jungfrau by the Silberhorn route, and others.

His climbing career ended with an unhappy accident on Lliwedd in 1957. Anthony Rawlinson (Sir Anthony Rawlinson, KCB, President of the Alpine Club, killed in 1986 on Crib Goch) was leading Herbert Carr and Gilbert up the Craig yr Aderyn route on the West Peak and as he was negotiating the Matchstick it collapsed, taking with it all three men, who were lucky to survive. Anthony had a sprained ankle, Herbert a broken collarbone, whilst Gilbert, pinned under the matchstick, sustained a seriously torn tendon in his hip, which left him permanently lame. Even so he eventually recovered sufficiently with much of his old vigour and until just before his death he would regularly ascend towards Fairfield from the back of his Grasmere home.

The obituary in *The Times*, by Neville Postlethwaite, does justice to his career as a Civil Servant at the Treasury, aiding John Maynard Keynes and working on the rationing schemes. In 1945 he resumed his work as an H.M.I., being mainly concerned with higher technical education. Indeed the new Technical School in Birkenhead was known as 'Peaker's Palace'. He also developed statistical data on the question of the efficiency of exams such as the 11-plus, which explains why he used to swap black and white beans from one pocket to another when we were climbing on Lliwedd.

In 1962 he became technical adviser to the International Association for the Evaluation of Educational Achievement, where he was able to help the forty participating countries with his research.

I have lost a valued friend, and the Club, a distinguished member. We offer our sympathy to his widow, Margaret, and to his daughter, Jane Muirhead.

C. Douglas Milner.

(Adapted from an obituary notice which appeared in the *Alpine Journal*, 1984, with the permission of CDM and the Editor of the *A.J.* — Editor).

DOROTHY PILLEY RICHARDS 1918-1986

Many members will remember seeing Dorothy Pilley at the Needle Centenary in June 1986. She much appreciated Jim Haggas's offer of transport from Cambridge which enabled her to join in celebrating the exploit of her old friend W.P. Haskett Smith in 1886 and to renew old friendships and to meet new friends. At 92 it was a great effort which delighted the Club.

As an author she signed herself Dorothy Pilley Richards after her marriage to Ivor Armstrong Richards (in Honolulu!) in 1926 but she was widely known to her friends as Dorothea and sometimes as 'Pilley'. She joined the Club in 1918 and three years later was elected to the committee as one of the first women members; she was the first secretary of the London Section of which she was one of the founders in 1920. In recognition of 'eminent service rendered to the cause of mountaineering', to quote the *Handbook*, she was created the first woman Honorary Member of the Club in the Jubilee Year, 1956.

Along with other enthusiastic women climbers, among them a number of Fell & Rock members (including Pat Kelly, Len Winthrop Young and the Wells sisters), Dorothea helped to inaugurate the Pinnacle Club in 1921. She was editor of their journal for many years, president from 1933-35 and vice-president for the next three years. She was a member of the Ladies' Alpine Club from 1920 until its amalgamation with the Alpine Club in 1975 and from 1975-77 was the first woman vice-president of the Alpine Club.

Dorothea has described herself as belonging to the 'finishing school' days. She did not go to university, but made a career in journalism, first with the *Daily Express*, later free-lance. Her *Climbing Days* was first published in 1935 and went into a second edition in 1965: it has become a classic of mountaineering in the 1920's and is shortly to be re-issued. She was attracted to the hills during family holidays in North Wales, but had no opportunity to begin climbing, which she longed to do, until she was invited by Herbert Carr in 1917 to join him on Tryfan. There followed Lliwedd, the Devil's Kitchen and the Idwal Slabs, but the highlight of those early days was the first ascent in 1920 of Holly Tree Wall with Ivor Richards and C.F. Holland.

The Lake District, too, became a favourite climbing ground. Soon after her arrival in Wasdale, Holland took her up the Needle; she did not find it easy and was obsessed by Haskett Smith's solitary ascent 35 years earlier. Many routes followed in the next few years. On Pillar she led the New West and followed Holland up the South West; on Gable he led her up Eagles Nest Direct; and she was on Scafell with Kelly when he was exploring Central Route, Deep Ghyll Slabs. She recalled Fell & Rock meets of the 1920's nostalgically in 'The Good Young Days' in the 1956 *Journal*.

Of Dorothea's numerous Alpine routes (most of them with Ivor, many guideless) the most celebrated was the first ascent of the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche in 1928. It was led by Joseph Georges (*le Skieur*), a valued friend of the Richards as well as an eminent guide who accompanied many Fell & Rock members in the Alps. The North Ridge was unrepeatable for 15 years and was described in the 1947 ed. of the *Guide des Alpes Valaisannes* as 'un des derniers grands problèmes des Alpes.'

After their marriage Ivor's academic appointments caused the Richards to spend much time abroad. Wherever they went they managed to fit in mountain travel, often including ascents of peaks little known to Europeans. In the 1930 *Journal* Dorothea described a holiday in Korea, made possible by their residence in China, under the title 'The Diamond Mountains'. Here they explored the Suchenko granite pinnacles, reminiscent in form, she says, of the Chamonix Aiguilles or the Bregaglia and offering just as formidable climbing. In the 1939 *Journal* the Editor noted that, with her husband, Dorothea explored the Yunnan mountains near the Tibet border and made the first ascent of Gyinaloko, a 20,000 ft peak. Alone and on foot she then made a 300 mile journey from Talifu to Bhamo on the Irrawaddy, by yet another route to China. Details of this walk along the Old Jade Trail have not been published. Dorothea and Ivor maintained their keen interest in mountaineering notwithstanding the inevitable drop in standards with the years; this is demonstrated in 'Middle Alps for Middle Years' in the 1953 *Journal* and 'The Evening Alps' in the 1960 *Journal*. Dorothea's activities were much curtailed following a car accident in New Zealand which left her with a seriously damaged hip. Nevertheless she adapted herself to the new situation, ascents of Agua (Guatemala) and Mt. Sinai, described in the 1962 and 1968 *Journals*, illustrating how she overcame the difficulties.

In 1966 an invitation to attend the centenary of the first ascent of the Dent Blanche gave the Richards great pleasure. They were transported by helicopter to the Rossier Hut where they joined representatives of the S.A.C., A.C. and other Alpine clubs and guides' associations. After the ceremony they walked down to further celebrations at Les Haudères, following the true Swiss tradition.

Dorothea's outstanding gift for evoking mountain scenes, experiences and personalities is admirably illustrated by her description in *Climbing Days* of the old-style Pyrenean guide, François Salles, whose skill, endurance and determination extricated her party when, in crossing the Col de Boucherou from Torla to Gavarnie, they were over-taken by a ferocious blizzard in which visibility was nil and at times progress in the seemingly bottomless snow was possible only on all fours. Ironically, unaware that Salles was a legendary figure whose feats of strength were proverbial, they had been dismayed at their first sight of this elderly peasant of almost grotesque appearance, fearing that he would be a liability!

In conversation Dorothea's narrative powers were equally striking. I recall a large party at Raw Head in the 1950's being held spellbound by her account of how, in the Canadian Rockies, she and Ivor, who had no weapons, scared off a grizzly by lighting a fire with bits of paper they happened to have in their rucksacks.

Enterprising to the end of her life, Dorothea brought in New Year 1986 at Glen Brittle Memorial Hut where she and her nephew Anthony were warmly welcomed by the Scottish party in residence. Dorothea was delighted to see the Cuillin again and to re-live climbing days of long ago.

It is impossible in the space available to do justice to such an eventful life, during which she kept diaries which would repay study. Many periods can only be touched upon, such as the long spells she spent on the other side of the Atlantic from 1939 when Ivor held academic posts at Harvard. The Richards made many ascents in the Rockies and in the White Mountains, the latter being accessible for weekends. I can only suggest that reading *Climbing Days* and Dorothea's many articles in the *Journal* * would be most rewarding.

Dorothea's lifelong interest in the Club culminated in her gift of £1,000 to the library in memory of Ivor who died in 1979 just four years after retiring to Cambridge where his academic career had begun. Dorothea was delighted to see recorded in the 1985 *Journal* that rare mountain books, beyond the capacity of the ordinary committee grant, had been purchased from her donation. The Club is indeed grateful for her generosity. It offers to her nephews, Christopher and Anthony Pilley, its sincere sympathy in their loss.

Muriel Files

*Dorothy Pilley Richards made the following contributions to the *Journal* not recorded elsewhere in this notice:

'Rain in the Mountains' *Journal* 14, 1920, p172.

'More of Canada' *Journal* 28, 1934, p78.

'Mixed Grill' *Journal* 51, 1957, p11.

'The Dent Blanche Centenary' *Journal* 59, 1966, p217

(under 'Climbs and Expeditions')

DAVE ROBBINS 1974-1986

Dave's untimely death last August came as a shock to his many friends. Although Himalayan climbing is rightly regarded as a risky business, we all felt that Dave, with his vast experience of mountaineering, had become invulnerable. Dave's death occurred during the descent from the Shim-Shal Weisshorn, in the Karakorum, after a successful attempt.

Dave began climbing whilst at school, spending a whole summer on Skye before coming up to Manchester. It was apparent that his experiences there had a profound influence on his development as a climber, perhaps accounting for his preference for mountaineering rather than technical rock climbing. His first Alpine season in which he did the South Ridge of the Aguille Noire confirmed his taste for the "Greater Mountaineering". Thereafter he returned to the Alps most summers culminating with an epic ascent of the Lauper route on the Eiger. This ascent, afflicted by stonefall which actually passed between his rope and the rock face, bad weather, exhaustion and hunger had an epic quality which typified many of his ascents.

He began to become more interested in winter climbing at this time and soon had a list of British classics behind him. Particularly noteworthy was his ascent of Zero Gully in thaw conditions.

The Alps began to attract him more for winter than summer climbing and he had several successful winter seasons. As his experience grew he was invited on a Himalayan expedition to Kohe Bandakar in the Karakorum. Although this attempt was unsuccessful it led to several more successful expeditions mostly to the same area.

I knew and climbed with Dave from his early climbing days and have reason to be grateful for his skill and competence on several occasions. Whilst climbing Mome Rath on Gairr Anoch I was obliged to belay, off route, to poor belays, whilst Dave followed the pitch and then lead on up. Whilst he was climbing I lost my glasses during a powder snow avalanche. Dave calmly and steadily lead on the next pitch on poor snow entirely without protection, getting us both to safety. More recently in the course of what should have been a perfectly straightforward day, walking from Elgol to Glen Brittle over the Dubhs, his mountaineering nous prevented me from leading the team back down to Coruisk from the summit by mistake.

Dave was always a *stimulating and thoughtful companion*. His self deprecating humour, ability to produce the appropriate anecdote and eagerness to develop himself as a climber and as a person made time spent in his company very rewarding. I and all his friends miss him deeply.

Mike Johnson

ALBERT J. TAYLOR 1956-1987

Albert, better known to some of his friends as Bertie, started climbing in Wales just after the war. I first met him at Tal-y-Waen, the home of Scotty Dwyer with whom he climbed both in Wales and the Alps.

He was an enthusiastic driver, in those days an M.G. which he would weave through the bends on the A5 down to Bettws remarking "you know I can't do a thing with these bends". He would ask his passenger to keep a look out for him on his blind side, the result of an air crash during his service in the R.A.F.

His idea of training for the Alps was the Snowdon Horseshoe and a climb in the worst weather imaginable. I seem to remember the climb was abandoned in favour of tea whilst drying out, back to the fire in the kitchen of the Pen-y-Pass Hotel.

I think Albert climbed less in the Lake District than he did in Wales. After he proposed me as a member he became more and more restricted by arthritis but continued to attend the annual dinner. His last attendance at a club meet was at the Needle Anniversary dinner where he regretted his immobility as it prevented him getting to talk to many people.

Fortunately his long time interest in etching grew as his ability to get to the hills decreased. He had infinite patience and produced many faithful reproductions of subjects that interested him, many involving hours of intricate work. He was very proud of his membership of the Royal West of England Academy; he exhibited there and also at The Royal Society of Painters Etchers and Engravers. One of his last works was of Tal-y-Waen, a print of which he presented to me not long before he died following a hip operation

Arthur Grout

FRANK THOMPSON 1962-1986

Frank Thompson died in his sleep aged 67 years in May 1986, between stages of the Isle of Wight coastal walk. Before the war he cycled and youth-hostelled. After six years' war service with the King's Own Royal Regiment, rising to captain's rank, he turned first to fell-walk-

ing, then, in his forties, to climbing. Although he started too late to achieve distinction, Frank enjoyed 25 years of rock-climbing and was still active at the time of his death.

An excellent all-round mountaineer, sensitive to the changing moods of the mountains, he was a magnificent navigator and route-finder, especially in bad conditions. Unfortunately, just when he had leisure to climb in the Alps, he was prevented by angina. He consoled himself with the long-distance walks, notably the Coast-to-Coast and (twice) the Pennine Way.

Frank was an accomplished amateur photographer, a Scoutmaster and an active Rotarian. With his own hands he restored and largely re-built the farmhouse in Dentdale to which he had retired from his family firm of tailors and outfitters at St Annes-on-Sea.

George Watkins

MRS M.L. THORNLEY 1928-1985

It is unlikely that many present members of the Club will remember — or ever know — Madge Thornley, who was a member for more than fifty years. As one who knew her very well at the time I can assure members that Madge was in every way a worthy Fell and Rocker, being an excellent and enthusiastic walker and climber and a delightful companion.

During the ten years preceding the war I was lucky enough to be invited to the late Firth Burton's camping weekends in the spring and summer in delectable places like Buttermere, Eskdale and Rothwaite, where I first met Madge (then Madge Scott) and later introduced her to Jack Thornley (a Manchester chartered accountant and member of the Rucksack Club), who had the good sense to marry her. It was a most successful union.

Madge was the niece of Harry Scott, one of the original members of the Rucksack Club, a great character and a superlative after-dinner speaker.

She is survived by her daughters, Hilary and Nancy. After sending a letter of condolence to them I received a note from Nancy saying "thanks to you we had super parents". Well, it's a fact that I first introduced them to one another in Buttermere!

Frank Kiernan

JACK WARD 1951-1986

I first met Jack Ward when I was about 18 years old, having just joined a Rover Scout Group (leader Alf Gregory). I can't recall if Jack was a member or not (he was in any case a little old, that is ten years my senior) but he was nearly always present on hill walking and climbing expeditions.

He climbed in the Alps (1938) with Greg and John Ashton (then Preston Mountaineering Club). It had been a good weather trip with a no rest day regime and on returning Jack was almost unrecognisable by his family and friends — he had lost about 3 stones.

During the war he worked with the Air Ministry in the Middle East on airfield and such like construction. After the war he became a prominent member of the group known in the O.D.G. as the Blackpool contingent, with various people (e.g. Dick Cook) being co-opted members. During the 20 years or so after the war Jack was a constant companion of Alf Gregory and climbed and walked almost every weekend.

Jack was a first rate companion on long days on the hills and afterwards whether camping, bothy-ing or staying in huts. He was always there with an early cup of tea. He was quite tough too. I recall an occasion when Jack and I were staying at the Y.H.A. hut at Inveralligin. There we met up with a couple of fellows whose self opinion was that they were in their prime and they would favour us by accompanying the old boy (Jack was perhaps 60 then) and his friend on a traverse of the Fannichs. They were first impressed by our organising a key from the

Hydro electric authority to ensure our passage to Fannich Lodge, but when Jack went straight up the ridge to the summit of the first Munro, without as it were a pause for breath, they struggled up some 5 minutes behind in rapt admiration.

A few years later Jack had a fall just below the top of An Casteal (north of Lomond). It appeared that he had sprained his ankle, anyway he walked down more or less to Crianlarich. We discovered the next day he had broken his ankle.

I regret he was not more active over the past ten years though he was quite fit until the last few weeks before his death, but he was always keen for news of, and interested in, the activities of his very many friends who will miss him but always remember him and the warmth of his companionship both on and off the hills.

N.A. Baggaley

MISS E. WELLS 1923-1983

Trilby, as she was always known, was the middle of one of three sisters who were all enthusiastic walkers and climbers from the Ilkley area of Yorkshire. When I first met her she was in her eighties but was still very active, walking every day and supporting local events, being especially involved with Ben Rhydding Church and the Townswomens' Guild. Her working life, until her retirement in 1953, had been spent teaching mentally handicapped children at the Macmillan School in Bradford, going there as a teacher at eighteen and eventually becoming Headmistress with her younger sister Biddy as her Deputy.

She was already a climber when she joined the Club in 1923 having been introduced to climbing by Emily Kelly, wife of H.M.K., who invited the three sisters to a meeting about a proposed Ladies Climbing Club. Trilby, Biddy and Paddy, like many of the original members of the newly-formed Pinnacle Club, had strong links with and received much support from the Fell & Rock in those early days. Trilby climbed extensively with both her Clubs, often in Yorkshire where she lived all her life, but also in the Lake District, Wales, Scotland and the Alps.

One of Trilby's proudest possessions was a framed certificate commemorating her ascent of Mt. Blanc in 1926, but perhaps even greater achievements were her guideless women's ascents in Italy where she climbed Gran Paradiso and Tresenta in 1928. She was also in the first womens party to descend Gaping Gill at the invitation of the Yorkshire Ramblers which she described in 1971 as "a great adventure in those days but now an everyday occurrence." With Biddy and another Pinnacler she made the first all-women's traverse of the Skye ridge in the days when it was a major expedition just to reach Glen Brittle.

Trilby retained her interest in Club affairs and liked to keep up-to-date with the activities of the younger members. Even when her sight was failing she enjoyed having the *Journals* read aloud: her candid comments were tinged with Yorkshire humour and she could be relied on to produce an amusing anecdote about any of the older members mentioned.

It was a privilege to have known Trilby who had a long, full life and was one of the pioneers of women's climbing. I wish that I knew more of her earlier achievements so that I could do full justice to a remarkable lady.

Denise Wilson

W. IRVING WEST 1970-1986

Irving West died suddenly on 15 October 1986 aged 71. He developed an interest in climbing in his 40's following on from many years of caving, potholing and fell-walking in West Yorkshire.

He was a keen all-round mountaineer but perhaps came to prefer rock where he had a capacity to climb to his limit, whether that was on the shortest gritstone and limestone crags or the longer routes of the Lake District. He was most active in the latter area in the 1960-70

period but he still managed some visits this decade. For many years he was regularly seen at maintenance meets. With a droll sense of humour under all conditions he was a good companion, be it on steep rock or under a Scottish drenching.

Irving West had a wide variety of interests which he was able to communicate to others. Amongst other devices he kept his brain active by embarking upon Open University courses, obtaining a good honours degree in his 71st year. He said it "kept him up" with his family!

Even with the aches, creaks, pains and lumps of older age he still managed an active final year, including the frozen ghylls and waterfalls of the Yorkshire Dales, a wet blustery week round the Torridon tops, leading a Severe only three weeks before his death (even if he did lose his spectacles following the V.S.) and walking up Snowdon on the penultimate week.

It is a privilege to have known and to be able to remember this quiet character. He will be greatly missed.

J Walton

LAWRENCE A. WIGGLESWORTH 1937-1987

Lawrence Wigglesworth's appearance of grave reserve masked a mind of versatility and a pretty wit. His ability in the mountains made him the envy of several of us who met in Arolla in 1947 and remained friends thereafter.

He moved well and speedily in those days; almost 'flowing uphill' in the classic phrase. He had a reservoir of energy and friendliness that made him tolerant of and helpful to those of lesser skills. There were informal meets around the turn of the year at Brackenclose in the early fifties when several of us from the London area looked to him as the one who had local knowledge, for Workington had been his first home. Many good winter days in the hills had been of his proposing.

Although London was the home of his later years, and University College the focus of his professional life for over 40 years, he kept his ties with Lakeland. A valuable member of the London Section committee, he became one of its best chairmen whose advice was sought for many years, and considerably given. He was active in the walks and a generous host after leading them in Essex where he had a second home.

Lawrence's love of Italy and especially the Dolomites must be put on record, and his elegant way with the English language extended to Italian and the culture of Italy. He had an abiding joy in music and was a regular concert-goer. All in all the Club and the Section have lost a valuable and versatile member in him.

Ruth Gelber

MICHAEL HENRY WILSON 1921-1985

Michael H. Wilson was one of a large Quaker family in Birmingham. The Wilson clan had their roots in Kendal and Little Langdale; a seventeenth century ancestor, on his return from Ireland having only just survived a snow blizzard on Langstrath. Michael's mother was partly from the Loweswater-Cockermouth area—Fletchers, who had, back in the eighteenth century, farmed Wasdale Head. Some of my own early memories were of Christmas at Wood House and of their grandmother going up Grassmoor and Great Gable and of Uncle Michael, talking about the wonderfull Fell & Rock Club and about a man called Pallis who slept on Ben Nevis in a tent made (why?) of tape. Then would come, in the evening, more of Michael's conjuring or gymnastic tricks.

Born in 1901 he was educated at Bootham and at the Royal College of Music. In the 1920's he was showing great promise as a violinist and also in other fields: as a mountaineer, in inventive photography and in stage lighting. He was a close friend of Adrian Boult and by 1929 had worked his way up to be the sub-leader of the British National Opera Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli.

Serious climbing started in 1922 with R.B. Graham and R.S.T. Chorley. There is a delightful account by Chorley in the 1922 *Journal* of their strenuous short season with Joseph Georges (*le Skieur*) - 'Eight Days'. They started from Arolla: first to the Bouquetins, then they traversed the Dent d'Herens, then the Matterhorn from Breuil and then the Dent Blanche by the Viereselgrat. On the Matterhorn, after a hungry and stormy thirty-six hours in the hut, Chorley recounts how Joseph reconnoitered the icy Tower ahead and came back to say that it would go. It was all 'icicle bedekt' but the 'three Lakeland climbers were only too pleased to put their pride in their pockets, and pull themselves up like tourists'.

The day was one of those very clear ones which often follow a storm ... and the view from the top which we reached after about five hours struggle, was one of great panoramic magnificence - in range stretching from Tyrol to Dauphine, from Monte Viso to the dull Mediterranean line - I swear it was to the Oberland with its forest of snowy heights. What a rich casket ...

... We were alone on that great mountain, thanks to the difficulty of the conditions and for once the subject of almost universal interest. The telescopist of Breuil and Zermatt had to be content with our short appearance ... Breuil indeed turned its flashing mirrors upon us and Wilson answered back by means of his binoculars. What a glorious feeling to be on top of this manacled giant ...

(1922 *Journal*, p75)

One doubts whether the Breuilers got the message, but the attempt to send it was characteristic. Michael used to recall how, next day, they seriously discussed with Joseph Georges the possibility of doing the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche, which was still unclimbed. What they did, however, was the Viereselgrat - a first for any Arolla guide; or so at least Joseph assured them.

Several seasons of enterprising, mainly guideless climbing followed — in the Valais, the Oberland, Dauphiné. Much of this was in the company of Dick Graham and Basil Goodfellow. My brother Alan and I learnt our rock climbing from all three of them and well remember the serious fun of it all. If you watched Michael climbing or playing the violin or using tools or making corks disappear you would probably have noticed the remarkable speed and assurance of his hands. There was, somewhat mysteriously, a special kind of humour and wisdom in almost everything he said and did.

In 1929 came big changes. Michael gave up professional music and — to a large extent — mountaineering, and dedicated himself thenceforward to work for mentally handicapped children. To many of his friends and relatives this seemed a very odd move. The inspiration for the change was the teaching of Rudolf Steiner and the anthroposophical movement in Germany. Michael Wilson and Fried Geuter founded the Sunfield Children's Home in Selly Oak. Despite difficulties it prospered and grew, and eventually moved to a large house on the edge of the Clent Hills. Here a community of teachers, nurses, doctors, farmers, artists and musicians worked together with payment only for their basic needs. To an outsider it would sometimes seem strange that the central concern of this gifted, cosmopolitan community should be to offer music, art, drama and colour to severely handicapped children — to enrich their spiritual lives. Thousands of parents, over the following fifty years, came to learn otherwise. They saw children who had seemed 'hopeless' enjoying beauty and friendship and a pattern of life which had seemed far beyond them. During the post-war years Michael with his wife Betty raised large sums for research and for the development of Sunfield.

Michael Wilson possessed and cultivated an exceptional range of gifts. He became an accomplished water colour painter. He devoted much of his time in later years to research on colour — following Goethe's theory, rather than Newton's. Many of his findings paralleled and preceded those of Edwin Land in the United States. He contributed papers on colour to the Physical Society and later became chairman of the, by then autonomous, Colour Group of Great Britain. His writings on colour and his translation of Rudolf Steiner's *The Philoso-*

phy of Freedom were marked by a lucidity and depth which is not common among the enthusiasts of new movements.

In the 1950's and 60's Michael Wilson took up rock climbing again and then, over several years, he learnt gliding. He taught and lectured widely in the United States and Europe on colour and on anthroposophy. In Britain he came to assume the mantle of Elder Statesman in the movement, while gradually withdrawing from work in Sunfield Home. He would often return, with his family, to the hills of North Wales, sometimes for music, sometimes for climbing. In his eighty third year he completed, with some effort and great joy, the circuit of the Snowdon Horseshoe.

In the Prelude to his book, *What is Colour? The Goethean Approach to a Fundamental Problem*, Michael Wilson paints a word picture of the mountains which conveys something of their beauty and of his own artist's sensibility:

The mountains have emerged from the night fresh and clean in the mantle of their deep violet blue, and a liquid light pours across the land calling forth colour as it goes. As the sun climbs and warms the earth, the mountain slopes disclose their form in a play of pink light and purple shadow, while beyond them the distant ranges lie serene and still, cool blue beneath the pale transparent turquoise of the rain-washed sky — a colour changing with infinite smoothness to the deep cobalt overhead. In front of us the wind-swept autumn grass and the dying bracken glow gold and orange brown in the morning light and even the outcrops of cold grey rock have joined in the scheme of things and show their sunlit faces against shadows of soft violet grey ...

Robin Hodgkin

EDWARD WORMELL 1942-1985

The sudden death of Edward Wormell in November 1985 at the age of 65 left a wide circle of friends deeply shocked. He had had several spells in hospital and was on regular dialysis treatment, but the belief, born of many years' experience, in Ed's toughness and indestructibility was not easily surrendered.

Ed went from Manchester Grammar School to Cambridge in 1939 to read Classics. After graduating he was recruited to learn Japanese for intelligence work at Bletchley Park and worked there until the end of the war. In 1947 he joined the staff of Southport Grammar School, and moved in 1951 to Carlisle Grammar School where he remained until his retirement in 1979, preferring to live and work in the Lake District rather than seek promotion elsewhere.

He began rock-climbing with the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club in 1940 and soon became a capable and determined climber — within a week, in fact, for on a day which the rest of us though too vile even to leave Helyg, he somehow conscripted a leader to take him up Devil's Kitchen on the grounds that as one would get wet there anyway one might as well save better days for other climbs. He already knew the Lake District from school camps in Far Easdale, and joined the Club as a protegee of G.R. Speaker, becoming a full member in 1942 and using the huts regularly in wartime leaves. A meeting with Phyllis Thomson soon led to their marriage and the beginning of the 'PhilanEd' partnership that has been the source of so much pleasure for their friends in and out of the Club for so many years. Alpine seasons followed, then winter skiing in Austria, where for a number of years they spent Christmas with the Wolfs family at Hinterglemm. He and Phil were especially fond of camping in the high hills, and over the next thirty years they pitched tent, in various company or alone, from Lochinver to the Dolomites, and from the Pyrenees to Øye and the Sunnmøre mountains. Despite a serious climbing accident in 1959 which somewhat reduced his mobility and was the cause of slowly increasing problems in knee and ankle, Phil and he continued to camp and

climb in the Alps and Dolomites, and especially in the Engadine, where Bobby and Muriel Files joined them for several seasons, climbing, among many first-rate routes, Piz Bernina by the Biancograt and the North Ridge of Piz Badile. More recently, as his disabilities increased, the extent of his climbing was reduced, but Phil and he continued to camp and travel widely, including regular visits to the opera festivals in Verona.

When the Club acquired the Salving House in 1952, Ed was appointed the first Warden, with — of course — Phil as Assistant Warden, and for ten years they put in a colossal amount of work in the hut's 'running in' period. Anyone appearing at the 'Salving House' was somehow induced to join in. One arrived intending a weekend's fell-walking, but soon, without any apparent coercion or persuasion, one found oneself installing electric lights in the women's washroom, or crouching on a top bunk supporting one end of a sheet of insulation board while Peter Moffat did technical things at the other. Yet Ed managed to find time and energy for other services to the Club. He served on the Committee; in 1956 he organised a Jubilee Exhibition in the Moot Hall in Keswick; He was Vice-President 1958-60 and Journal Editor 1962-66; and for years at Club occasions there appeared such large and delectable cakes that he was awarded the unofficial appointment of Honorary Club Confectioner.

Climbing with Ed was both exhilarating and infuriating. He was apparently tireless and impervious to weather, and his assumption that the rest of his party was similarly constituted could generate a mild fury that was also quite pointless, since his quiet determination would carry one on to complete a climb that one would not otherwise have attempted. I can recall only one occasion when his party defeated him. He was leading Phil, Joan Whalley and me up North Climb on Pillar on a dismal day, and by the time we reached the Nose it was raining steadily. The party mutinied; Ed, who appeared to be contemplating the Hand Traverse, was hauled off his holds, and we retreated down the climb and splashed back to tea in Bracken-close. There were, of course, compensations for his party. He was always first up making breakfast for the early start in an Alpine hut and first to start organising a meal after a tiring expedition, and the knowledge that he was behind one as anchor-man was very comforting on an icy descent, whether on An Teallach or the Gran Paradiso.

Whether the ideal Renaissance man, skilled in all arts and accomplishments, was Ed's conscious aim one cannot say, but his wide abilities certainly led one to make the comparison. He took pleasure in art, music and literature, and in the scenery and the birds and flowers of the natural world and the mountains in particular. He loved language and the tricks words play; apart from the classical languages of his education, he absorbed French, German and Italian seemingly without effort, learned Japanese for wartime purposes, and later learned Russian merely for intellectual stimulation — though incidentally making a speech of welcome to a party of visiting Russian mountaineers. But he could also turn his hand to apparently any practical craft, from bricklaying to silversmithing; the last time I saw him he was just finishing the restoration of his cherished 1934 Alvis.

But Ed's personality lives not in any list of his activities and accomplishments but in one's memories of occasions in the hills with him and Phil and many friends: of Ed squelching up water-laden bulges of moss on the top pitch of Screens Great Gully, or leading up the final rock tower of Hornindalsrokken, trying — after a fondue and much wine — to combine our recollections of the Needle into a sketch of the 'Aiguille du Nuque' in the visitors' book of the café in Praz-de-Fort, or reducing us to hysterics with some peculiarly hideous, and probably bilingual, pun. I am especially grateful to him for guiding me to the joys of the mountains, and I shall miss him. We shall all miss him.

W Greenhalgh

J.R. Files writes:

Ed and Phil were outstandingly good company on the mountains and in the valleys and we shared in their love of the mountains and lesser hills, of alpine scenery and flowers, and benefitted from their skill in producing first-class meals in alpine huts, no less than in their tent at Sils. Ed was an ideal climbing companion, safe and reliable and outstanding on snow and ice, always with a quiet academic sense of humour. He did more than his share of chores and, in spite of a troublesome knee which must have caused him great discomfort, never flagged.

It was on Monte Disgrazia that Ed showed his worth as a man who gets things done and who looks after his party. He drove us round to Chiareggio, whence we went to the Bivacco Oggioni, a delightfully situated but minute cabin, so small that Ed, self-appointed cook, had to occupy a very tiny ledge outside the front door to cook bacon and eggs for the party of five (four of us and our guide Paul Nigg). After a satisfying meal we made an evening ascent of Punta Kennedy. Next day we climbed Disgrazia by the most interesting route, known as 'La Corda Molla', on two ropes, one led by Ed. As we approached the summit a tremendous thunderstorm developed. Paul decided that under the conditions the best route was the comparatively easy descent to the Rifugio Ponti. We therefore completed the ascent in the most spectacular storm with lightning striking the ground all around us. Thanks to Paul we arrived at the Rifugio, as wet as we have ever been. The storm continued all night. Next day we faced a problem — between us and the car was Disgrazia, still storm-shrouded. Ed, being a very competent linguist, attached himself to an Italian party who were about to descend to their car at the road-end below the Rifugio. They took Ed to the Val Tellina, whence he hitched, in assorted languages, to Chiareggio and recovered his car. The rest of us, having enjoyed a few more hours' sleep, ambled gently down from the Rifugio and reached the road-end just as Ed and car arrived. Finally the drive back to Sils, Ed of course in charge.

What more could one wish for than beautiful mountains, a little adventure, and good company?

DAVID YATES 1971-1986

David Yates died on 26th April 1986 as a result of a tragic road accident in Durham City the previous day. He was 43 years of age and leaves a widow and two sons aged 10 and 13.

David spent most of his formative years in West Cumberland where he went to school. After a three year course at Lancaster University he joined the prison service and served in many parts of the country. At the time of his death he was a governor at Durham gaol. A keen and talented climber he was an enthusiastic and loyal Club member. Cycling was another of his great interests in which he was very active and he was, in fact, looking forward to the first ever Club cycling meet, to be held at Birkness only two weeks after his death.

He was first and foremost a Lakelander and knew the area well. The standards he set in all that he engaged in were high, and the writer enjoyed and benefitted from his lifelong friendship. As a valued companion he will be greatly missed.

Silent thoughts of times together, memories that will last forever.

Arthur Thwaites

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1987 MEETS LIST

	Date	Venue	Leader
	10/11 January	Beetham Cottage	Russell Walker
CD	24/25 January	Salving House	John A. Hartley
	7/8 Feb.	Raw Head	Malcom Gate
	21/22 Feb.	Salving House - Ceilidh	Eileen Clark
	28 Feb/1 March	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe	Geoff Jackson
D	14/15 March	Woolpack Inn, Eskdale	Bill & Enid Comstive
	22-26 March	CJC Hut Ben Nevis	Stephen Porteus
	4/5 April	Yorkshire Dales	David Cobley
	11/20 April	France - Rock Climbing Meet	Stuart Charlton
	17/20 April (Easter)	Brackenclose	John & Margaret Loy
C	25/26 April	Birkness	Dave Armstrong
	2/4 May B.H.	Wales, Ynys Ettws	John Hartley
	2/9 May	Inchnadamph Hotel	David Ferguson & Ruth Gelber
M	16/17 May	Beetham Cottage	Tom Parker
	23/25 May B.H.	Glencoe (Camping)	Angela Soper
	23/31 May	Glen Dessary (Camping)	Ken Andrews
M	13/14 June	Birkness	George Lamb
CD	20/21 June	Wasdale	The Vice Presidents
D	4/5 July	Sun Hotel, Coniston	John Coates
	18/19 July	Birkness	Gerald & Jo Light
	8/9 August	Beetham Cottage	Dick Morgan
	29/31 August B.H.	Wales (Camping)	Gill Lewis
C	5/6 September	Raw Head	Tony Griffiths
M	19/20 September	Raw Head	David Rhodes
M	26/27 September	Brackenclose	Reg Atkins
	3/4 October	Brackenclose Jubilee	Charles Pickles
	10/11 October	Birkness (London Section)	John Fleming
M	10/11 October	Salving House	Stuart Charlton
	17/18 October	Derbyshire (University Invitation Meet)	Wendy Miller & Adam Bannister
	7/8 November	Brackenclose	Roy & Norma Precious
	14/15 November	A.G.M & Dinner	The President
CD	21/22 November	Salving House	Val Young
	12/13 December	Birkness	John Smith & Dave Long
	31 December/1 January	New Year Meet	The President

C = Committee Meeting; D = Dinner To Be Arranged; M = Maintenance Meet:

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1988 MEETS LIST

	Date	Venue	Leader
	9/10 January	Beetham	Brian and Joyce Cosby
	8/15 January	Alpe D'Huez - Skiing/Ice Climbing	Ron Kenyon
CD	23/24 January	Salving House	John and Jenny Robinson
	6/7 February	Salving House - Ceilidh	
	7/11 February	CIC Hut Ben Nevis	Joe Grindbergs
	27/28 February	Black Rock Cottage, Glencoe	David Roberts
D	12/13 March	Woolpack Hotel, Eskdale	Francis Falkingham
	19/20 March	Northumberland	David Rhodes and Ian Kyle
	26Mar/2 April	Ski-Meet Wengen	Aubrey Brocklehurst
	26Mar/10 April	France - Rock Climbing Meet	Rod Valentine
	1/4 April (Easter)	Brackenclose	Andrew Hall
C	16/17 April	Birkness	John and Margaret Wild
	30April	Raw Head - Joint	Brian Swales and Geraldine Taylor
	1/2May	Meet with C.C.	Roy & Norma Precious
	30 April/8 May	Killin Hotel	Tom Parker
M	14/15 May	Beetham Cottage	Malcolm Lowerson
	28/29/30 May	Scottish Climbing Meet - Glen Nevis	
	28 May/5 June	Roy Bridge (Camping)	Dick Morgan
M	11/12 June	Birkness	George Lamb
	18/19 June	Raw Head	John Earl & Bob Smith
D	2/3 July	Sun Hotel Coniston	Hattie Harris
	16/17 July	Birkness	Trevor Price
	30/31 July	Glen Coe - Hut?	Alan Rowland
	13/14 August	Beetham Cottage	Margaret Roberts
	27/28/29 August	Pembroke	Crispin & Jeremy Daly
CD	10/11 September	Brackenclose	The Vice Presidents
M	24/25 September	Raw Head	David Rhodes
	1/2 October	Raw Head (LondonSection)	David Ferguson
M	1/2 October	Brackenclose	Reg Atkins
M	15/16 October	Salving House	Stuart Charlton
	5/6 November	Brackenclose	Richard & Ann Collier
	12/13 November	A.G.M. & Dinner	The President
CD	26/27 November	Salving House	Paul & Cath Exley
	10/11 December	Birkness	Brian & Cath Marsden
	31 December	New Year Meet	The President
	1st January 1989		

C = Committee Meeting D = Dinner to be arranged M = Maintenance Meet