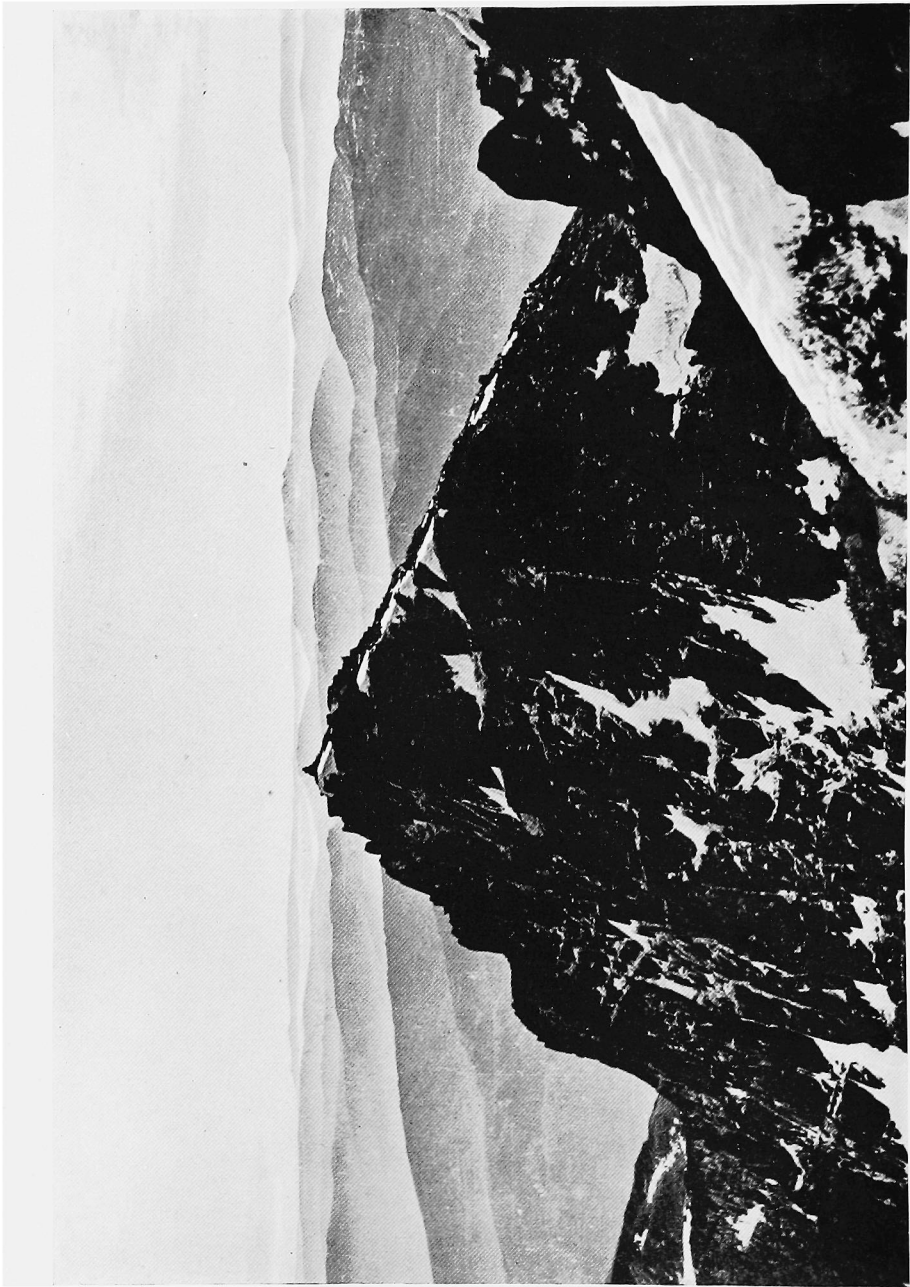


THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL

1942

THE EAST PEAK—LLIWEDD

C. W. F. Noyce



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EDITED BY
F. A. PULLINGER

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

This is the sixty-eighth issue of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL (Vol.VII, No. 1, New Series), edited by F.A.PULLINGER, from whom copies are obtainable, price FIVE SHILLINGS, at 148 OAKWOOD Court, London, W.14. Published by the Club in September 1942, printed and bound by THE CLOISTER PRESS LTD., Heaton Mersey.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. VII. No. 1

No. 68

1942

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ALONE

C. W. F. NOYCE

WAR has one mighty disadvantage. It is seldom that friends can fix days together, and the climber rushes to Helyg or Wastwater alone, to snatch what he can. War has led me to solitary climbing ; and reflections on it which are often truisms, but come with fresh force to one who has himself indulged in the vice.

Of course, all the old arguments still hold. Of course, there is more risk of perishing from a broken leg, for instance, through not being able to get help. There is (possibly) more danger of falling off simple things, or coming to grief on the stray loose hold. But from the purely practical point of view, I doubt if there is much in it, provided you are careful to lower the standard suitably. A man who climbs Grooved Arête alone is no more likely to come to grief than the same man if he were to climb the Central Gully on Lliwedd leading on a rope. But if he climbed the Holly Tree Wall alone he would run more risk than if he climbed the same climb with a companion. Therefore provided you are cautious, and if it helps you belay with rope slings, and choose the climbs, you have as good a chance as another—sometimes better, because the heightened nervous tension of loneliness induces self-mistrust, and does away with false reliance on belays (often bad) and other people.

If you are cautious. . . . But as with other climbing, the temptation in good weather may be severe, and I have found myself reflecting, in the Devil's Kitchen with a heavy sack or wedged into the Curving Crack on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, on pretty problems of life and death. And I am a coward, I die many times beforehand, nor does it help me to know that I and others have often before "willed more mischief than we durst," and are likely to do so again.

" If in the breathless night I, too,
Shiver now, 'tis nothing new."

Yet I know quite well when I am astray, as I have been on rocks and once in the icy gullies of Y Wyddfa. Yet just equally, a man with a companion might attempt a harder place, and be in much the same plight ; his fate in the Kitchen, for instance, would probably be the same. And alone, there is no feeling that one could yield, and swing on the belay. The thing must be done, somehow.

The pleasures of lone climbing have been advertised many times ; but they, too, come with fresh force. Last February I was alone in icy stillness, in Wales, so frozen that you had to chip many steps to the foot of Lliwedd cliff, so dry that your hands hardly got cold up Horned Crag. The gullies of Snowdon, and rambling on the Moelwyns and Hebogs, and to Cwm Silin, made me think afresh that you do get a heightened feeling for the beauty of objects, as objects, when alone ; at times pausing simply to breathe the air, and whisper : " This can't be real." Because there is so little to come between you and the picture. You make your pace, and in Wales or Cumberland it matters little whether it be fast or slow. No hurrying to keep up, trying not to show, like Dante, that you are breathless.

" Leva mi allor, mostrandomi formito
Meglio di lena che non lo sentia."

" I got up then, showing myself outwardly
better furnished with breath than I felt."

Stop and take a photograph when you please ; do up your bootlace when you please ; and, not fretting, enjoy the hills more, because more directly free. There is less worry, on rocks, with " ropes and things " (heretic !) ; no shouting across a high wind, or intolerable " strangling in a string," waiting for a turn with hands that grow colder and rocks that look bleaker the longer you survey another's struggles. Therefore the rock structure itself can be appreciated, because you rest where you like, not necessarily at the top or bottom of a pitch, but as things are seen and felt best. Or you can just go to sleep, as I slept once, halfway down Amphitheatre Buttress, in delicious sun.

Granting that the standard is lowered, and that the climber is cautious, even new rocks are within range. Chockstone Edge, at Buttermere, and the Garden Path on Drws Neoddodd were for me exciting discoveries ; because I knew them just within my power, and that I could retreat. Another point. Herford's dictum that one should be able to descend anything one can ascend is pretty sound, especially for one who is alone. But for most the old routes are good enough, or, at any rate, a line somewhere near them. Central Rib, on Idwal Slabs, is such a one—a memorial to faith and friction. Friction is conspicuous by absence, faith there is because there must be ; but determination is undermined by the whiteness of Hope and Charity scratches, seen aslant from either eye. Alone, one is tempted to wander from the Via Media. And why not, if alone ?

Solitary climbing is a thing of mood ; but perhaps not so much as is climbing in company, because the single person is a more constant quantity than one who is shifted and swung every second by his reactions to the party. It is curious how this custom of companionship remains, even when there is no companion. With me, it takes the form of a dialogue between two halves of me, one competent and the other incompetent, the competent an unwieldy novice who does all that he should not, as I inevitably catch myself doing when alone, uses his knees, drops the sack, sits on the ice-axe, etc. Very often a running commentary goes on, the better half trying to bully his colleague into some sort of efficiency, and this most vocally in the so-called easy places, at the foot of Lliwedd East Buttress especially, or on Scottish heather scrambles. But the relative constancy of these two characters does give a certain stability to lone climbing ; as if you were going out daily with a tried, if clumsy companion. And mood varies mainly with the weather, fitness, the will to do. Once Belle Vue Bastion "went" in 10 minutes—or again, complete ignominy has been my portion on Craig yr Aderyn.

Climbing alone could become too pleasant a habit. It is idleness, really, to escape the harness of a companion, just as it is the companionship which is the real joy of mountaineering, the link and the light. No one can enjoy mountains unless he can enjoy them with another ; and solitary climbing is exasperating by its incommunicability ; always, if it is good, I want to share

the experience, or to perpetuate it somehow. Hence babbling in journals, or the ecstatic postcard home. . . . "Had another glorious day yesterday." The individual is too limited to get the best by himself. But because too much beer is very bad for you, it does not follow that a little beer is slightly bad. And if solitary climbing, too, can be indulged in moderately, and just occasionally, the climber may catch glimpses among the hills, which he would miss in company.

A HOLIDAY IN SIKKIM

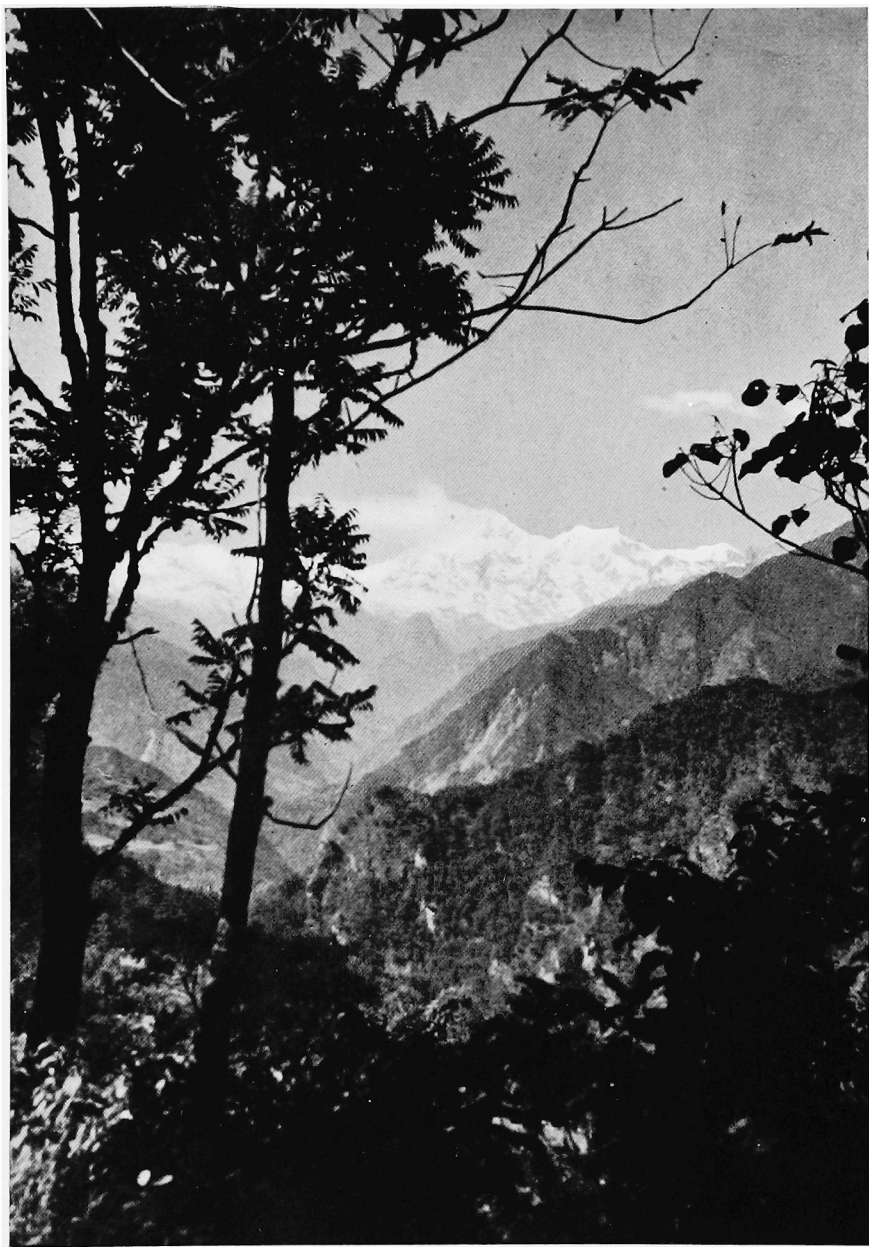
R. M. BERE

LET it be my excuse that for me it was an unforgettable experience, one's first sight of the Himalayas must be that. There is nothing original or even worth the telling in what we did, but I shall always be surprised that it should have been the war that gave me the chance to visit the great range.

In August of last year (1941) I was ordered, at short notice, to take three months' leave out of East Africa. It was sudden and quite unexpected. There was no time for planning, organising, or even inquiring, so writing a hurried letter to the Darjeeling Secretary of the Himalayan Club praying for guidance, my wife and I sailed from Mombasa. We hoped to reach Darjeeling, that it would be a suitable time of year when we got there and that we should be able to get a little exercise in the mountains, without trying to climb Kanchenjunga or even Pandim.

Eventually we reached Darjeeling to find it horribly full of people escaped from Calcutta for the "Poojah," as the October holidays are called. We learned that the sort of holiday we wanted was by no means impossible, and that we should be able to spend three or four weeks in Sikkim; we found that we should be able to get right up into the north of the State, and that by following the bungalow routes and using the Himalayan Club huts, we could get quite high enough for our own particular comfort. This sounded exactly what we wanted, and so it turned out to be something to replace the Alpine holiday, which we are all now missing.

The Secretary of the Himalayan Club did everything he could, and a little more, to help two innocents plan their trip. Karma Paul, well known to readers of Everest literature, who does this



KANGCHENJUNGA FROM THE TALUNG VALLEY

R. M. Bere

sort of thing professionally, engaged porters, cook, and headman, and did a good deal else besides. At the last moment we were put to the indignity of having to undergo a medical examination to see if we were fit to do what the authorities called "leave the beaten track"; this was inconvenient and alarming, but we passed fit. We finally left Darjeeling on the 23rd of October, nothing forgotten, the porters ahead of us, and a pleasant-tempered pony to help my wife over the tiresome ups and downs of the earlier marches. The ten porters were a grand lot, all Sherpas, except for two Tibetans, and with Ang Tsering and Angso, who were responsible for their discipline and our comfort respectively, I feel we have made two friends for life. Several had had expedition experience and Ang Tsering, in particular, had earned great distinction with the disastrous German expedition to Nanga Parbat in 1934.

Our objective was merely to follow the old mule track from Darjeeling to Gangtok and then, by way of the Lachung and Lachen valleys, to visit one or more of the sources of the Tista in the north of Sikkim. Our route was served, throughout, either by Dak bungalows or the huts of the Himalayan Club. The two valleys run more or less parallel to one another, and the range between them we were to cross by the beautiful Sebu La, a pass of 17,500 feet. The crossing of this Pass was the only bit of "near mountaineering" on the whole trip.

Every moment of travel in a new country is of absorbing interest, but as Sikkim has been so often described, I only wish to pass on the impression I received. I had expected leeches to be in the foreground of the picture, but they gave us no trouble, and we saw very few. There were three long descents (with corresponding ascents) to the Rangit and Tista rivers, before one began, seriously, to make height, passing through land of beautifully-terraced cultivation, an eye-opener to anyone accustomed to the shiftless farming of the African. Views of Kangchenjunga were very lovely, with an ever-changing aspect. Himalayan forests have been often described, and the Sikkim tree orchids were a source of constant amazement. I don't rightly know what type of dwelling I had expected to find the peasants using, but it was not the almost Alpine type of chalet, which, in fact, they use; nor had I expected to find children (and their elders when dirt did not obscure the

view !) with pretty pink cheeks. I think, however, that the foreground of my picture is really filled by the pack trains of mules and ponies, the monasteries, and various emblems of the Buddhist way of life, prayer-flags, praying wheels and monuments, with as background for the whole, the charm and friendliness of the people.

Chungtang, eight stages from Darjeeling, is the point at which the Lachen and Lachung Streams unite to form the Tista. We followed the easterly Lachung to, firstly, the village of Lachung itself, the last permanent habitation, and, finally, to Yumthang (11,700 feet), the highest bungalow. Above Chungtang, we began to feel really in the mountains ; mixed forest gave way to pine and rhododendron, snow on the hills seemed very close, and the people were all dressed in heavy cloaks and the high woollen boots of Tibet. A real thrill was the first yak, which we met on the path somewhere between Lachung and Yumthang, for I had often remarked that I was visiting the Himalayas merely to see this strange and fascinating creature. At Yumthang we first felt snow, and wondered at our prospects of crossing the pass ; here is a meadow, occupied by the bungalow and a few herdsman's huts ; there is no village, nothing but scenery and yaks, both in great profusion, altogether a place of great charm and beauty.

On November 3rd we walked up from Yumthang to the hut at Mome Sandong (15,175 feet), through country typical of a high Alpine valley, grass, pine and rhododendron, alternating with stony waste and ancient moraine. Above the highest bush, fifteen hundred feet below the hut, the valley became very wild and rugged, an impression strengthened by mist swirling amongst the hill-tops. It was an afternoon of intermittent snow and strong wind, and we were most thankful for the solidity of the stone-walled hut. Most people feel the altitude when they first go above about twelve thousand feet, but I must confess to having been thoroughly humbled by the weaker sex. My stomach went right out of order, and I had a splitting head, not only at this hut, but all the way over the pass on the following day ; my wife, however, felt no ill effects at all and this, of course, I shall never be allowed to forget ! I have since gained comfort by reading in one of Mr. Smythe's books that to suffer from this humiliating ailment is almost a mark of distinction.

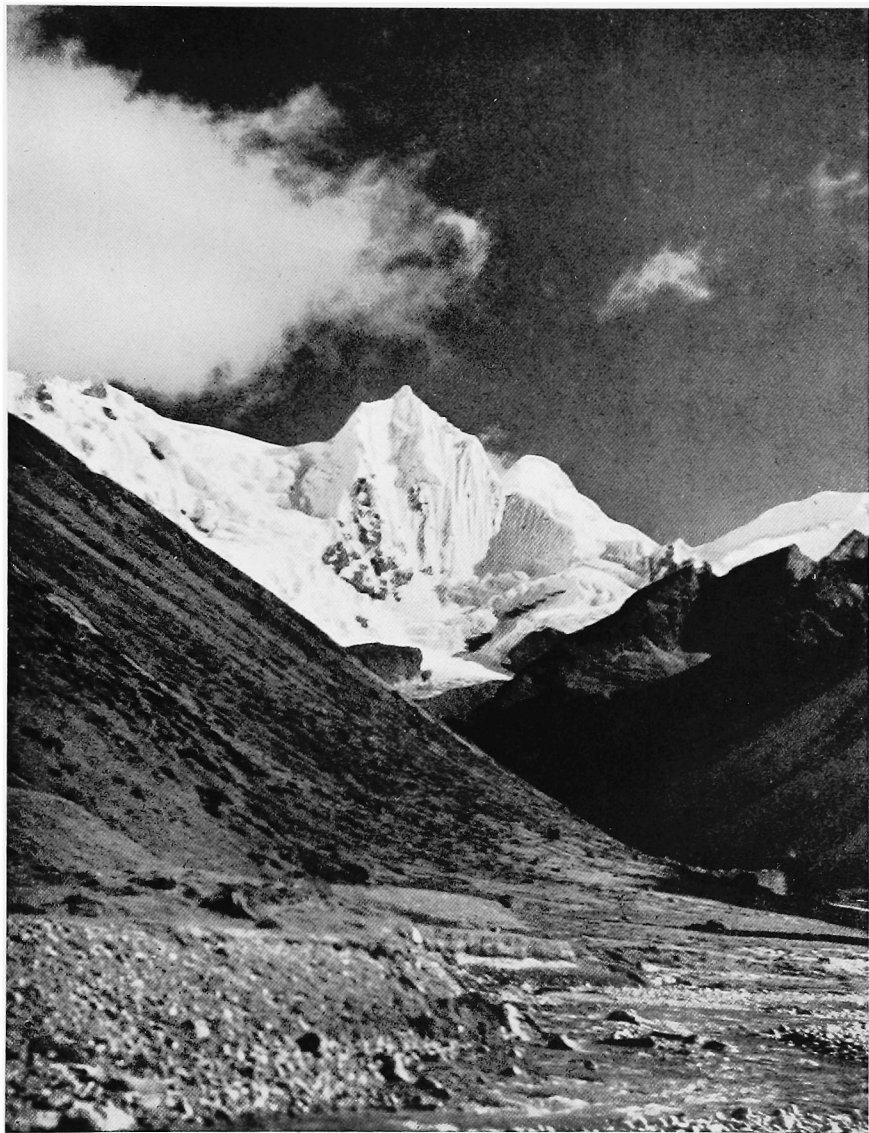
On the following day we crossed the Sebu La (17,560 feet) to the other hut in the Ja Chu valley. There was little of mountaineering difficulty, but the whole day was one of such outstanding interest and beauty as to be worth describing in some detail. The Sebu La lies between Kanchenjau (22,700 feet) and Chombu (21,000 feet), which are about six miles apart and connected by a rampart of lesser peaks of eighteen or nineteen thousand feet. At the Chombu end of this little range is a rocky curtain, a few hundred yards in length ; the Sebu La is merely the most convenient gap in this curtain, on the west side of which is glacier.

From the hut, the first two miles are over comparatively flat ground and little height is made, but the crossing of a boulder-filled glacier stream gave good balancing exercise and near this, surprisingly, there are some hot springs. The porters bathed in these springs, but we found the odour of hydrogen sulphide somewhat trying. Above the springs the way up the valley is completely blocked by a huge moraine which dams the stream. Formed by this moraine, and immediately behind it, is a lake, the first of six that give its peculiar character to the route. It was a steep little pull up to the top of the moraine and a short drop down, past a small hanging glacier to lake level. We skirted round the edge of the lake, scrambling over numerous boulders in the process, to reach the open hillside beyond. The second lake, which was frozen, is but a short distance above the first, and is of the greatest beauty. It lies immediately below the great peak of Chombu, which sends a fine glacier directly into it, the meeting precipitated by an ice-fall. In the summer this lake is not frozen, and then it is said that its surface is covered by small icebergs, broken from the glacier above. As we mounted the grassy slope to the north of this lake, the glaciers of Chombu were immediately opposite, and there was ample time to admire them on the frequent halts we found that the height forced upon us ; on either side of the highest point were perfect snow passes of classical proportions. It seemed a frantic effort to drive one's self up this monotonously steep thousand feet of grass and boulder. I should hate to confess how long this perfectly simple walk took us, but I have never known a hill feel half as long. Above it was an open and undulating stretch of stony plain, on which lay the three remain-

ing lakes, the last immediately below the rocks of the pass itself, only five hundred feet above. This lake, surprisingly, for it was at over seventeen thousand feet, was not frozen ; the water was exceedingly deep and had that penetrating clarity and sombre stillness one has learnt to associate with the more lonely Welsh "llynys." The porters got hold of some fuel, goodness knows where from, and cooked themselves a meal ; our own efforts at eating were not impressive. The scramble up to the pass was soon over, and as we were resting on the pass itself mist came down to obscure the view. This was most disappointing, for we were high up on an open ridge, and as we mounted the rocks there had been enchanting glimpses of a great snow field below us stretching away towards Kangchenjhou.

The glacier on the west side of the pass was, of course, snow covered and plentifully crevassed, but presented no real difficulties, although mist did not make route-finding too easy. Before leaving the ice, a few steps had to be cut across a fairly steep couloir, bounded by rocks on the further side. This accomplished, there but remained to descend the never ending slope of intermittent scree, boulder, and rock, which led to Ja Chu. The hut in this valley, a mile or two from the foot of the pass, is larger and better fitted out than the Mome Sandong hut, and, as dwarf juniper provides a plentiful fuel, is altogether more comfortable. The height of the two huts is almost identical.

Ja Chu is one of the most lovely high valleys imaginable, and we awoke to a perfect morning spent in idle photography and the collection of edelweiss, growing here in great profusion, later ambling gently down to Thango (12,800 feet), the highest bungalow in the Lachen Valley. Thangu is on the route to Kampa Dzong in Tibet, and is the last halting place but one before the border is crossed ; the valley is, on the whole, more wooded than that of Lachung. Of the return journey there is nothing to describe ; after two days at Thangu we dropped down to Lachen, Chungtang, and so to Gangtok by the way we had come, visiting there the beautiful monastery in the grounds of the Maharajah's Palace, and the little factory in which are made carpets of exquisite traditional design. From Gangtok we drove to Darjeeling, where we revelled in ten days of perfect, but wasted, weather before going down to Calcutta and our boat back to Africa.



PEAK ON KANGCHENJHAU AT THE HEAD OF JA CHU

R. M. Bere

EHEU FUGACES

S. Z. EDWARDS

IT all began with a friend wanting to fish on the river in my glebe and in the end, he passed on the disease. For fishing is a disease as much as climbing is, and withal it leads you into the pleasant places of the hills. I still remember my first attempts, casting a fly at a very foolish trout, and at last deciding "One more shot, and I'm through with this folly!" Alas, with that cast I caught the fool and the disease, the madness, the gadfly of fishing, seized me for ever.

But it has brought me back to the hills again. Age, marriage, family, and the rest had seemed to finish my rock climbing, and nothing else quite took its place. Some of you may be feeling the same. Take my tip and take a rod to the little lakes among the hills. And don't forget that when only a lunatic would fish then only a lunatic will catch fish. Sweet is the lunacy that brings trout for supper, and yet the psalmist who wrote of the deafness of the adder can never have tried his wiles on the trout. He would have had something else to say, if he had.

And it has brought me to a far wider range of hills than rock climbing ever did; from the Denbigh Moors to the grass lands of Plynlimmon and the gorges of the Towy; from the Marches to the Sea, to black lakes, and blue and green, some deep, some shallow; some brilliant in sunshine, some flayed by bitter winds, some so calm that all that could be done was lie and whistle for the fickle breeze. Some, like the Milestone Buttress, are of easy access, and maybe give the same small reward. Others make you walk for it far, and then fill your basket so full that you can scarce return.

One on the Rhinogs I found in a mist so thick that I never saw the whole of its extent at once. You see, I was told that

you could never catch the brutes when the mist was on the hills. But dogma always gets me down, so like the lunatic I sallied forth, and like the lunatic I returned, five beauties coming with me. But best of all a monster, a whale, a very Leviathan, rose at my fly, seized on it, and with a horrid crack he broke me and departed to the depths from whence he rose. He came, I saw, he conquered. But there is a morrow, and perchance he will return.

Waders are useful sometimes, dangerous always. Never on peat, seldom on rock, but a gravel shore, and all is well. There is something to be said for the risk of a wetting they involve. The only moment you can be quite sure of hooking a fish is that self-same moment when your feet leave the bottom and the rest of you approaches it. You don't need a big rod, the lighter the better, say I. But you want a line as heavy as the rod will stand, and you must grease it. Dry line, wet fly, and tight lines to you, Sir!

I like three flies, two on droppers and one on the tail, always a Butcher on top, usually a Black and silver second, and ring your changes on to the tail, or should I say, with it? Greenwell's Glory (God bless the old Canon, he's conferred a benefit on all anglers), Claret and Mallard, Wickham's Fancy, Coch y Bonddu, and sometimes a March Brown, are about all I ever use, and I rarely change the top two. Flies are like ladies, the more dazzling they are the more they are likely to scare the fish.

A lake only needs a breeze and there's always a chance tho' sometimes there's little else. But there is a lot of skill and knowledge in lake fishing. I know it looks just "Chuck and chance it," but just like a river there are places where you can find the fish. Try round the corners of the bays, round the islands, rocks, or jetties, where the little streams trickle in, and that line all round the lake where it begins to go deep. Observation and thought, memory and luck go hand in hand.

Of course, the wind is a factor of the greatest import, and as the trout wait on the breeze for the feast of fly, so we, too, wait, for our feast of trout. The windward shore is the place and the harder the wind the better, I feel. When it is blowing hard enough to whip up the lines of foam on the surface then and there is the time and place to fill your creel. I have had more fun in half-an-hour at the end of a long day when the

wind suddenly freshened, than in the whole of the rest of the day. Half-an-hour of glorious life is certainly worth an age without a trout. So watch for the thin white lines of scum, and get your flies across them. Hunger or greed will do the rest.

Above all, perhaps, I love the lakes that have steep rock slabs running down into the water. They revive old memories, and like Agag, one treads their sides to court the monsters that lie in the deep below. A cast ahead some eighteen inches from the side brings its reward ; and there you are balanced in Faith, filled with Hope, and longing for the Charity of Providence to aid you to land your fish ere you fall in and all is over, in more ways than one.

There's another side to it as well ; just as rock climbing has something to it that is apart and above the physical effort that is involved. The rocks show one a facet of that beauty that is only to be found amid the silence of the lonely hills. The mountain lakes show one another aspect of that same beauty. I've learnt something more of the mystery of the hills since I spent long hours on the little lakes watching my leash of flies, seeing a gleam of gold as a trout turned to seize the lure, or a flash of silver on the graceful throat of the Great Crested Grebe as he goes on his way seeking his meat from God. The little Dunlin wading on the shore, the startled Mallard seeking safety in flight, the Cormorant out for a change of diet, and the Curlew, sweetest sound of all, calling softly to his mate ; these all share in the scene ; these all add pattern to the silent mystery of mountain lore. You know how the poet wrote : " There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the City of God." Well, I'm very sure that some of those streams are fed from the little windswept lakes that lie among the lovely lonely hills.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF JEBEL KASSALA

ROBIN A. HODGKIN

HILLS in the Sudan are rare. There are frequent desert slag heaps, the remains of rocky peaks which have crumbled and peeled in the heat of the sun. There are others, less common, in an earlier stage of decay which are rounded masses of granite somewhat resembling large Dartmoor Tors. There is the extinct volcano of Jebel Marra in the west, and the forest clad Imatong range in the south, both of which are higher than 10,000 feet. Perhaps the most notorious mountain is Jebel Kassala, which is 4,400 feet high, but which is so isolated and steep in its emergence from the desert that its reputation as a landmark and as an unscaleable peak is widespread. In appearance it is rather like a series of intersecting parabolic domes rising with remarkable steepness from a desert plain which extends westwards with little interruption for several thousand miles, and eastwards as far as the hills of Eritrea, 30 miles away. The summit is 2,800 feet above the plain. On some sides there is a clean sweep of rock from base to summit ; on others, slopes of boulders and boiler plates run up from the plain for a thousand feet, but everywhere there are remarkably smooth sweeps of red granite to be negotiated before the foot of the crowning dome can be reached.

People said it was unclimbable ; others said that anyone who did succeed in climbing it would die on the descent ; and most important of all, there was supposed to be a tree of eternal life on the top, a fact which had been partially confirmed by R.A.F. flights. An Arab once tried to climb it, so the story goes, but was brought to a stop by impossible rocks within view of the longed-for elixir. He rashly unslung his bow and arrow and

shot a branch from the tree, which as it fell, caused him by its magic power, to lose his hold and crash to his death. The Italians in one of their earlier occupations of the town, also made organised mountaineering attempts on the summit. The English attempts were mainly made by non-mountaineers. They reported that the only promising chimney visible from Kassala was blocked by an enormous overhanging chock-stone.

Lewis Brown and I managed to get four days' rather shady leave just before Christmas, 1941. We motored across the Butana desert from Khartoum to Kassala, 300 miles distant. We could see the mountain looming up large and blue from sixty miles away as we approached it in the evening. The town sprawls about near the foot of the mountain, an aimless jumble of mud buildings, one of the dustiest towns in Africa. They were kind to us in Kassala, but no one seriously thought we were going to climb the Jebel and we felt very doubtful ourselves, so we were shy about our rope and kept our four pitons well hidden.

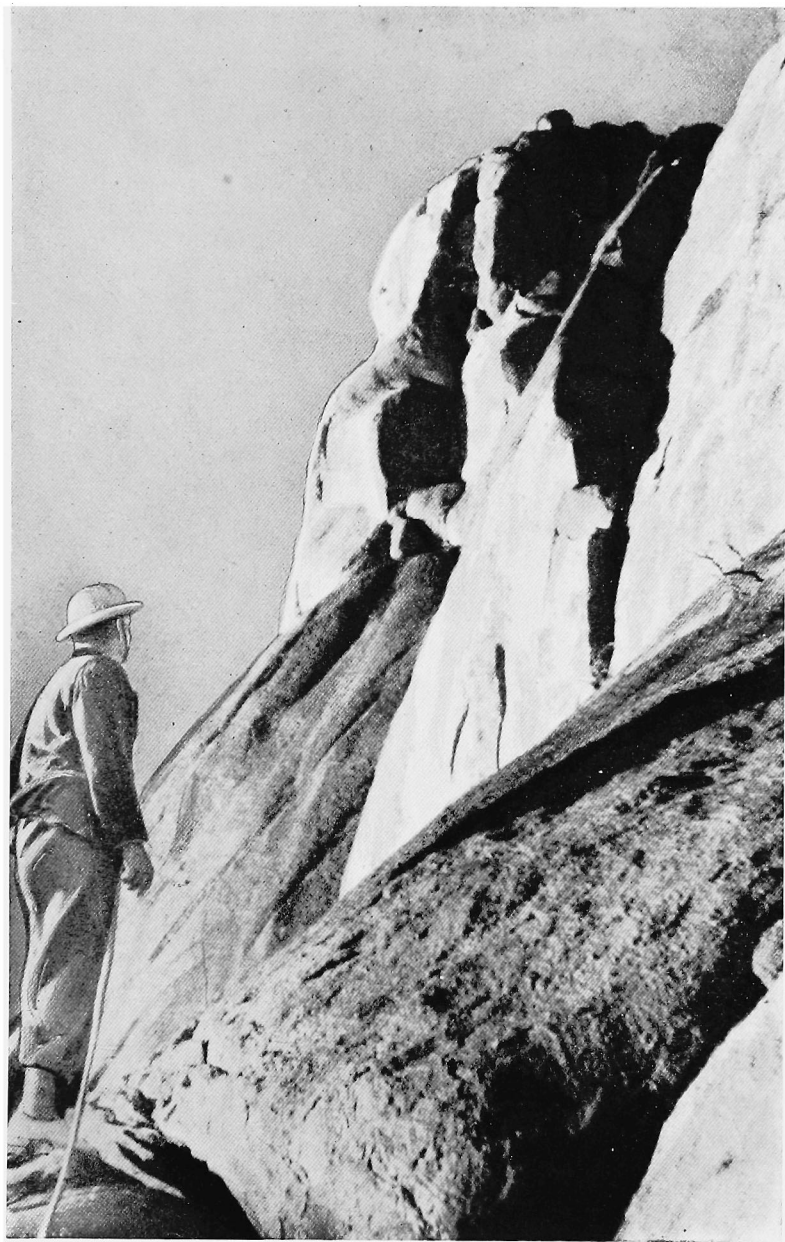
We found what we thought were two possible weaknesses in the lower defences of the eastern side. One was a deep black cleft, 800 feet high, with a few large boulders in it. To its right were some smooth grey slabs, with a water chute lining their centre. And further to the right were some large partly-detached slabs, the relics of a former smooth skin of rock which had not been fully peeled off by heat erosion. The more broken section of these slabs looked possible in their lower parts, but above, everything seemed too steep.

With one Dongalawi servant and a demobilised Abyssinian patriot, we carried a small camp up the lower and easier scree and boiler plates, and pitched on a small terrace half-an-hour below the three possible routes we hoped to try in the early part of the following morning. It was necessary to start before sunrise, as later all rocks become unbearably hot to the touch. It was a good little camp, with plenty of firewood and a comfortable suggestion of a cave. Through the night the moon and three planets swung straight over the black peak above us.

Before the sun rose we climbed up the last of the boiler plates ; the rest of the climb was mainly on slabs of the Idwal angle, though sometimes the exposure brought memories of Clogwyn du'r Arddu. Our first attempt was on the slabs route, so we

roped up and started up some fine rough blocks which provided splendid climbing for 300 feet. The next 500 feet were the main crux of the ascent. There was a detached slab about 400 feet in height lying closely on the smooth body of the mountain. There was an impossible crack on its right and an unknown crack on its left. We made for the latter by traversing along the bottom edge of the slab. The first 30 feet, however, leant outwards and after a very energetic five minutes I gave up the bottom section as hopeless, though a tree 100 feet higher was just visible and seemed to entice us on. We then remembered that this overhanging corner might possibly be by-passed by an oblique crack we had passed further back. We managed to enter this by pulling up on sharp hand holds, and continued up by means of flakey plates of rock which could be grasped inside the crack. This led to the bottom of a very smooth slab half-way up which the tree was sprouting out of a small crack. The next hundred feet of climbing were very like Longland's route. There was the same feeling of being pushed out to the left, only here we were being pushed out not towards space, but towards the main expanse of impossible slabs and the smooth grey water chute. Our attempts to climb up to the tree were at first pathetic. We both of us walked up to the slab with the feeling that it must be almost possible to run up it ; but as soon as the attempt was made its angle became apparent and we both gave up, feeling rather deflated. Eventually, however, a determined bit of combined tactics dealt with the first fifteen feet, and on extremely thin holds I managed to get up to and behind the tree. The remainder of this slab pitch continued on the lines of Longland's crux ; even the necessity of driving in two pitons was repeated (it used to be a secret O.U.M.C. practice to put a second piton in below the overhang). Having thus secured our passage of the second half of this crux, we managed to get on to the back of the great detached slab at a point where its angle eased off. Pleasant scrambling on rough rock for 200 feet brought us to the part of the mountain which we called "the hanging garden," a boulder strewn platform covered with trees, which lies at the foot of the final dome.

There was still 600 feet of dome to be climbed, most of which was steep and smooth. There were two clefts cut in the rock ahead of us, but they petered out below the final steep bit.



JEBEL KASSALA

R. A. Hodgkin

“The route goes mainly up the right hand edge of the white slab ; the cracks behind the detached slab are off the picture.”

However, we started up the slabs bounding the larger of these and traversed right into the smaller one. The small cleft stopped beneath a round hole which we called the robin's nest, just big enough to hold one crouching man. Brown wedged himself in, and I started up a hard scoop to the left, and gained a ledge 20 feet higher. When we were both tied on here we looked up and could see the rocks easing off only fifteen feet higher. But between us and a jag of rock 20 feet away there was nothing. I tried twice to get there, but it was no good. Like our legendary Arab predecessor, it seemed that we must fail almost within reach of the top. We climbed down to the robin's nest, and decided to try further right, away from the clefts. We contoured round the dome for about 180 feet on extremely delicate slab holds towards a partly detached block. From it once more we could see the angle easing off towards the summit. There was a reclining splinter 80 feet ahead. The next pitch was one of the thinnest on the climb. It was the kind of lead where one must move physically with great deliberation and smoothness, but where any form of hesitation seems dangerous. After that there were only two mild pitches before the slope became easy enough to walk on. We were excited and ran up the last fifty yards of gentle incline towards the central portion of the dome.

The tree of life itself is just below the top in a cleft running east and west. The most prominent and flourishing tree was a fig. We ate part of a leaf and put several others in our pockets for later distribution. We built a four-foot cairn which we later found was just visible with glasses from Kassala. The climb from our bivouac had taken three and three-quarter hours without a halt, but we remained twenty minutes on the top before we decided to descend out of respect for the rapidly warming rock and our considerable thirsts.

The descent of so many hundreds of feet of slabs took heavy toll of the seats of our trousers. We used them continuously, not only in our attempts to apply maximum friction to the rock, but also in order to save our hands on its scorching surface. When we reached the upper piton, and were threading the rope through a loop preparatory to making a rapel, Brown confessed to a feeling of slight heat stroke and an inability to focus his eyes properly. I made some rather patronising remarks about

taking things easily for the remainder of the descent. But when my turn came to go down the last steep bit of the oblique crack, I failed to test a hand-hold properly and was deposited about twelve feet on to the ledge where Brown was standing by a small tree. I was unhurt except for a wrist which refused to work properly. Later it was found that a small bone was cracked, but it was not much of a hindrance on the later stages of the descent, which in any case, had to be made mainly without the use of bare hands owing to the heat of the rock.

Our first drink was from a flask we had left at the roping-up place. We flopped down under the meagre shadow of a thorn bush and gulped down long draughts of warm lime juice.

The rest of the descent to camp and down to the car on the plain was not pleasant. Brambles and thorn bushes put the finishing touches to our trousers, and the day was at its hottest. If any beer has ever been justified in taking up shipping space on its journey round the Cape it was the two pints which the District Commissioner at Kassala produced on our return. Our only regret was that we had not managed to climb the peak while the Italians were in occupation. This would have been quite possible, and would also have carried with it a mountain pleasure which is normally only found in roof climbing.

A TRAINING CAMP AT HELYG— 15th-29th MAY, 1942

JOHN HUNT

THE choice of North Wales as the location of a Toughening School for one of our Armoured formations was made possible mainly owing to the generosity of the Club in placing Helyg at my disposal for the first Course, which took place in the second half of May.

The objects of this Course, in addition to the training of a more specifically military nature, may be summarised as follows :

(a) To test reactions of leaders to arduous physical conditions, and to circumstances sometimes trying to the nerves and temper ;

(b) to prove their readiness and adaptability to share hardships and “ muck in ” regardless of rank—to live communally without loss of discipline and respect for authority.

(c) by encouraging them to do things concerning which they may have doubted their ability, and have felt reluctance about attempting, to help them gain in self-reliance, and to experience the satisfaction of triumphing over difficulties.

The programme was planned, with these objects in view, on “ Commando ” lines, and was a somewhat ambitious one for students whose normal training is concerned with Tanks, Trucks, and Carriers. Broadly, it was divided into seven main parts :—

- Part A. Ridge Walking and Cross Country Work.
- Part B. Map Reading and Reconnaissance.
- Part C. Stalking and Observation Training.
- Part D. Fell Racing.

Part E. Route Finding by Compass.

Part F. The Expedition.

Part G. Rock-climbing.

Students were organised into Regimental Patrols of four, and at the end of the first day each Patrol was asked to choose its own leader, on the team principle that the man most adapted to this type of work should lead, irrespective of rank. For rock-climbing we worked in half-patrols, and owing to the small number of leaders available, the programme was "staggered," so that only half the students were engaged on this training on any one day.

I was, however, more than fortunate in my instructors. Among them were such able leaders as A. W. Bridge and Lieutenant C. W. F. Noyce, both of whom joined the School for part of the Course. In addition, instructors were lent by a rock-climbing Troop of a Commando billeted in the neighbourhood, and among them no less a celebrity than C. F. Holland (Lance-Corporal), who was with our ropes on several occasions. From Capel Curig, M. G. Bradley and the Aitchesons *pere et fils*, came out to assist on one day, so that we did not lack for willing and well-qualified assistants.

We lived entirely the communal life, which while being incidental to Helyg, was also by design, on the principle that in this type of training at least, the more stereotyped military regime can, and should, be replaced by the "Expedition" spirit. We had, in fact, all ranks on the Course from Major to Trooper, and all worked, fed, and slept together, sharing the same hardships in training, and the same fatigue duties. The mountains and Helyg between them, certainly succeeded in producing a fine spirit of comradeship among all concerned.

We worked to a fairly "set" routine.

7 a.m.—P.T., followed by a bathe in the stream.

7-40 and 8 a.m.—Breakfasts in two sittings.

8-45 a.m.—Patrols started out with haversack rations for the day's training, no matter what the weather was doing. In the course of the day, and whatever the nature of the training, Patrols had two additional obligations: (a) to bathe in one or other of the lakes; (b) to carry out Unarmed Combat practice. The return to Helyg was scheduled to be at 5-30 p.m., but we were often later than that.

5-30 p.m.—Dinners.

6-30-8 p.m.—Further parades for Wrestling, Unarmed Combat, and for Lectures and Discussions.

8 p.m.—Light supper before "bedding down."

Even allowing for a normally high proportion of wet days in Snowdonia, we had exceptionally bad weather throughout. It was part of the underlying idea of the Course to persist with the programme at all costs, and with one exception this principle was maintained. But it was not an easy job, the drying of repeatedly drenched clothing being one of the major problems.

I give below in diary form, our activities from day to day :—

17th May.—Ridge Walk. Route from Helyg to Helyg via Tryfan—Glyder Fach—Glyder Fawr—Y Garn—Foel Goch—Elidir Fawr—Pentre and Ogwen.

This was a stiff introduction for men quite unused to this type of country, but all Patrols finished except one, which did not make the summit of the Elidir. We had heavy rain from mid-day onwards, and arrived back thoroughly soaked.

18th May.—Route Finding and Reconnaissance. The route given was Bwlch Tryfan—Saddle on Gribin Ridge—Devil's Kitchen—Llyn Clyd—Ogwen—Ffynnon Lloer—Helyg.

Heavy rain delayed the start for an hour, and as a consequence the visit to Llyn Clyd was cut out. Even so, Patrols found this cross-country traversing at the lower level, more taxing physically, and more of a test of route-finding than their longer ridge walk of yesterday ; an interesting contrast.

19th-20th May.—Patrols were in turn carrying out stalking exercises, under fire, and being initiated to rock-climbing. The latter training took place in Cwm Idwal, with a number of Commando Instructors to assist. Students sampled various routes on the Slabs, and some ropes were later introduced to some of the ridges—Pinnacle Edge and Cneifion Arete on the Gribin, and the Central and East Aretes on the Glyder Fawr.

While some students showed immediate aptitude, others had clearly not overcome their preconceived fears by the end of the day ; confidence had yet to come.

21st-22nd May.—Half the Course was on rock-climbing, while the remainder were sent to carry out a reconnaissance task on Snowdon, involving the traverse of the "Horseshoe"—in turns.

Climbing was on the Tryfan Buttrresses, all of which were fairly well covered in the course of two days ; the work included instruction and practice in abseiling.

Students took very readily to the abseiling, and there was a marked improvement in individual confidence on steep rock ; not entirely due to the " pull " holds provided by the mountain. We had a certain amount of rain each day, particularly in the case of the Snowdon parties.

On the 21st evening we had a minor excitement, when two Instructors sent out to place clues for a Compass Route, failed to return by 9-30 p.m. Noyce and I set out carrying food, blankets, and first aid kit, and made for Moel Siabod, in case the compass bearing between that summit and a small lake to the west of it might have led them into trouble on the crags. We failed to rouse any response to our shouts and whistle blasts in the moonlight, and on return at 2 a.m., found that they had come in only one hour after we had started !

23rd May.—Fell Race from Helyg to Ogwen Cottage over the summit of the Glyder Fawr. This was an individual affair, with points counting towards a Patrol aggregate. Various routes were therefore taken to the top, and in the mist and drizzle a few did not find it. The best recorded time was 111 minutes.

24th May.—A rest day. Casualties had been fairly high, and there were signs of further ailments ; the pace had, in fact, proved a bit " hot " for some. I therefore cut out the strenuous Compass Course, and the only training done that day was a night stalking competition in Cwm Llugwy, between 9 p.m. and 12-30 a.m.

This was the only large departure from the programme, but on this day it was also learned that the Course was to be curtailed, and would finish on 29th instead of 31st May. By dint of combining the Expedition with the Endurance Test, however, no major alteration was involved.

25th-26th May.—Patrols in turn on rock-climbing and a traverse of the Carnedds (including Foels Grach and Fras, and return via Llyn Dulyn and Llyn Eigiau). On the 25th it was blowing a gale, with torrential rain which later turned to hail and snow. Climbing was out of the question, so all students were " switched " to the Carnedd walk that day in the hope

that all would be able to climb on 26th. The first part of this was an inter-patrol Fell Race to the summit of the Dafydd. On arrival there we found conditions little short of terrible, with a violent wind blowing which bowled several of us over ; it was extremely difficult to stand, and impossible to make oneself heard. In these circumstances it was unreasonable to continue the whole route, and a return was made over Llewelyn and down via Llyn Llugwy ; we were all feeling distinctly battered ; the best recorded time was 1 hour 14 minutes to the top. A powdering of snow lay on the fells to below the 3,000 contour.

Despite dull conditions and some rain next day, all of us had an excellent day's climbing, with parties on the Glyder Fach, the Milestone and Bochlwyd Buttreass. Some of the ropes fitted in a considerable number of routes during the day.

27th May.—The morning was spent in stalking and map-reading competitions. Students were then given the afternoon to prepare for the Expedition-cum-Endurance Test, which consisted of a trek across country to a pre-fixed bivouac site beneath Lliwedd, where Patrols were to bathe in Llyn Llydaw and bivouac for the night. Next morning an ascent of the cliff was to be made by various routes, and from the summit students were to leave on a timed race on the following route :—Snowdon—Crib Goch—Elidir Fawr—Y Garn—Glyder Fawr and Fach—Tryfan—Helyg.

Hardly had our Patrols started out at 5 p.m., however, than the deluge began ! By 6 p.m. we were all so thoroughly saturated that I had to decide, very reluctantly, to retreat. I accordingly returned from near Bwlch Tryfan to Helyg, and brought our lorry round to Pen Y Pass to pick up the parties there. The possibility of sheltering for the night in the hotel outhouse was considered, but abandoned in view of the condition of most of the students—it was a bitter but necessary decision. We went back to Helyg, with the orders altered to the extent of returning early next morning by lorry and carrying on from the Pass.

28th May.—This we did. It was still raining fairly hard, and as we had lost time by this arrangement, I cut out the Elidir from the Test Route. We climbed by three routes on the West Peak on five ropes—most of it in a thorough downpour ! and became unpleasantly cold on the way up. Progress in the case of some ropes was slow, and as I had placed all decisions

subsequent to the start of the climbs in the hands of leaders of ropes, not all students actually started the race. Two ropes were in effect on the crag most of the day, taking a devious route (partly new), worked out by Alf Bridge. The best time for the test was just under eight hours. Competitors were met on the summit of the Glyder Fawr by an Instructor with hot tea and chocolate. Despite the conditions—or perhaps because of them—this had been a great day's training.

29th May.—The morning was spent winding up training by various tests, including rope technique, which had been very well mastered in the course of the fortnight.

This brought to a close the Toughening Course. If, as I believe, it had succeeded in the objects set out at the beginning of this paper, then there is no doubt that the Club has rendered a very real service to the Army.

SYRIAN SNOW

J. C. RYLE

HIGH up in the Lebanon Hills there is a valley that winter fills with snow. From the bridge of a small naval ship I saw it first, across blue sea and pine-clad foothills. It was thirty miles away, but with glasses tall cedars standing in the snow were revealed, and gracious blue-white shadows in the cwms. At first it was only a pleasant dream that served to pass an afternoon, for leave in the service was scarcely known. But some weeks later the unbelievable happened when the ship refitted at Beyrouth.

I hired a car and drove up to Bcharre. There were limestone gorges, ferocious zig-zags, the sound of streams, leafless orchards, the first cold breath of wind from the snowfields, and at last, snow on the road. This was all like waking up from a long bad dream ; for more than two years of war there had been the virgin horizontality of sea or desert, broken only by a brief scramble among the foothills of Crete and a hectic sprint up the Great Pyramid. Ten kilometres beyond the village of Bcharre is the Hotel Mon Repos ; for information of potential Middle Easterners it is comfortable, has hot baths, good food (except that the bread is unleavened), and will hire out skis and boots. I had to walk the last two kilometres as the road was too icy for the car. This pleased me in a foolish way ; it was freezing hard, and the stars were bright enough to cast a shadow. I have always felt that one should knock at the doors of heaven on foot.

I will not describe in detail the five days I spent up there. The snow was perfect for one day, but later thawed and froze again to a devilish state. However, the sun shone and the sky was blue ; I got sunburnt and slithered down icy slopes at terrifying speeds. Given good snow the longer runs would give

a descent of four thousand feet, but the higher slopes were not in condition while I was there. However, one day I made the ascent of Dahr el Kadib, approximately nine thousand feet high, and about the third highest of the group. I borrowed some crampons and took one ski stick, leaving as the first orange flash of sunlight licked over the rim of hills. Down below it was cold and blue and still. The ascent was of no more difficulty than any steepish snow slope, and took me two-and-a-quarter hours. From the summit cairn, with wind-carved flutings of snow glinting in the sun, I looked south to Mount Hermon, east to a yellow haze over the Syrian desert, and west to one glimpse of Cyprus. I was completely happy for a while. I had arranged for a boy from the hotel to meet me halfway down with my ski ; in this way I was able to finish the descent very quickly—much too quickly for peace of mind as the snow was wickedly fast.

This expedition was the climax of my leave. Two days later I departed in the afternoon sunlight, and descended to the sea again through upland villages and terraced fields, brown or faintly green with early winter wheat.

“LET’S GO TO WALES”

D. M. MURRAY-RUST

“HELLO! Is that John? . . .” “I say, I have got a few days free next week, what about a holiday? . . .”

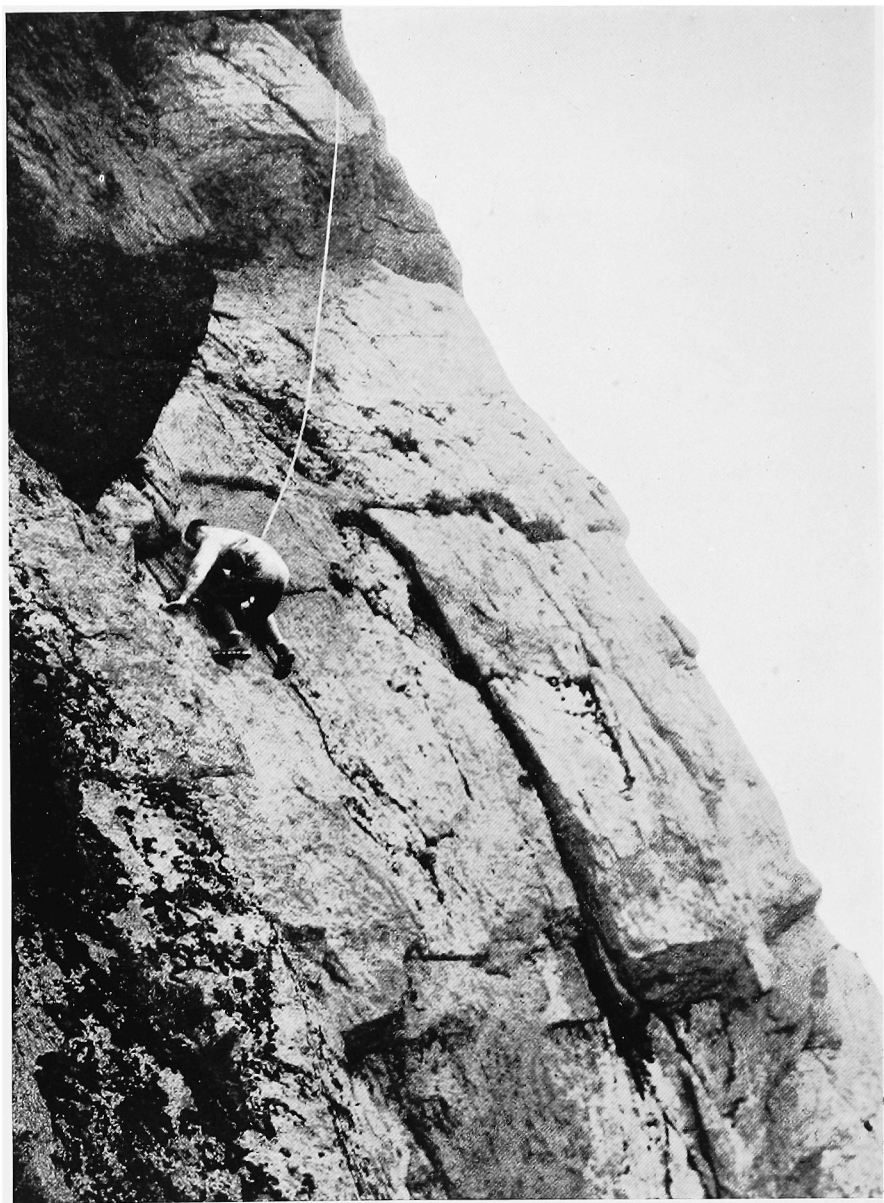
“Oh, surely you can leave the lab. for a day or two; work a bit harder to make up! . . .” “Splendid! I hoped you could. Let’s go to Wales; Helyg, I should think. One’s so much freer there, and it isn’t likely to be crowded. . . .”

“Well, I’ll provide the car, if you can see to provisions. I’ll call for you at Oxford about two. That’ll give us plenty of time to get down before dark. . . .” “That’s fixed then. Oh, by the way, don’t forget to put in lots of oranges and chocolate; Mr. Jones hasn’t always got the right sort and, anyhow, it may be a nuisance having to go down there. . . .” And the next few days would be anticipation; tentatively planning expeditions for good or bad weather, putting in those tricounis which one had sworn to put in before the boots got put away, and above all, wondering what sort of a holiday it would turn out to be. The great thing about Wales was that it was so easy to arrange a holiday there; it only took seven or eight hours from door to door without hurrying, and there was no fuss about packing; everything just got thrown into the back of the car. Of course, a car was absolutely essential; one could manage the Ogwen Valley without (though it was nice to save the mile or two by taking the car up to Idwal Cottage), but one couldn’t get to Snowdon without, let alone Cwm Silin, where one might catch a bit of fine weather, even when it was bad further east.

And now Wales has become as inaccessible to most of us as it was to those giants of old, who might stay at Pen-y-Gwryd and spend the day climbing on Craig-yr-Ysfa, walking there and back over the miners’ track; more inaccessible, indeed, for

they had no provision difficulties and had leisure possibly, to spend weeks rather than days, waiting for the good weather to make such expeditions a pleasure. Thus "Let's go to Wales" is more an incitement to reminiscence than a practical suggestion. In normal times, reminiscence which is a pleasure to hearer and not simply an indulgence of the teller is the preserve of the elderly; they have an experience to draw upon which their audience is probably too young to have been able to share, and which may have the charm of a "tale of long ago." The younger have not this experience, and are besides expected to be doing, not talking of doings. But, when the opportunities for doing are limited, indulgence is craved for self-indulgence, and so the writer (hereinafter to be called "I," for the sake of economy rather than egoism) will be frankly reminiscent.

My non-climbing friends have at times been bewildered that I have so often gone back to the same place for a holiday, though they little realised how infrequent were my visits compared with those whose free week-ends enabled them to make a trip to Wales a habit. Surely it's dull, they say, to go out and climb the same climbs over and over again. "The same climbs?" I wonder! . . . We had been travelling all night by car, and it was my first visit to the East Face of Tryfan. The visibility on the Heather Terrace was a few yards, and it seemed a long drag up it in the rain. Still our leader knew some of the climbs, and thought the Gashed Crag would be all right, so up he led us. . . . No excitements and alarms until he tackled a steep wall, exposed, with small holds; I watched him, making a mental vow that I never should be tempted to lead. Half-way up my cold fingers slipped off, and I was lowered on the rope, refused to tackle it again, and was dragged up a smooth scoop instead. Fortunately, we soon got on to easier ground, for the leader was now uncertain of his landmarks, and our only hope was to get somehow to the top of the mountain. We found more scratches, leading to a dreadfully exposed but possible traverse, and so eventually arrived on the summit. "Well, I don't know what that climb was," said the leader, "but it was a jolly sight harder than the Gashed Crag." It was some time before I knew Tryfan well enough to identify the climb as the "Moderately Difficult" North Buttress; on a warm day the wall became a short pitch,



THE KNIGHT'S MOVE, GROOVED ARÊTE

R. Gorbald

which could be quite easily avoided, and one ran down the fearsome traverse without a rope, after climbing the Terrace Wall, to bring up the boots of the party. Guide books have to be objective, and it is hardly their fault if a party loses its way and, by fear of the unknown, suffers anxiety in difficulties unduly magnified, and enjoys relief from surviving dangers which existed only in the imagination.

This rather ignominious start to Welsh climbing helped my experience in several ways. For one thing, it had the paradoxical effect of increasing my confidence ; to fall off my holds, and to come to no harm thereby was to make me feel secure on rocks so long as I was on what I thought was the right end of a rope—the lower end ; it was some time before I felt that the really right end of a rope is the upper end. It also gave me a salutary respect for the vagaries of the Welsh climate—this climb was not at Easter or Christmas, but a day or two after Midsummer's Day—and, learning from it how unnerving for the novice wet rocks can be, has caused me to come off the rocks in anticipation of bad weather when leading a beginner. Once, indeed, did I make a most satisfactorily unscrupulous use of this fear of wet rocks in someone, who though by no means a beginner, was having one of those " off days " which happen unexpectedly to most of us ordinary climbers. He had started leading the Grooved Arete, had got stuck somewhere, and had asked me to take over. We continued until I was firmly ensconced on the far side of the slab traverse, and then nothing would induce him to set more than one foot on the slab. I instinctively refused his suggestion that he should go down and be helped on the rope up the smooth grooves directly below me. And then, a few drops of rain fell. " Do you think I can get across now before the rocks get wet ? " he inquired anxiously, for he was in rubbers. I saw a chance and assured him that it might come on hard at any moment, and then the slab would be perfectly beastly ; in a few moments he was by my side.

Either I am less hardy than most climbers or, possibly, more honest, but I have never pretended that I like climbing in the rain. But I have often disliked even more the thought of not climbing, and so have had my due proportion of wet days on rocks. There is no point in trying to arrange a Welsh holiday

with the hopes of catching a fine spell ; for so often there is no connection between the weather in Wales and South-East England. Generally, of course, it is wetter in Wales, but I remember on one of the best holidays I had there receiving a letter from Cambridge, commiserating me on the way in which my holiday was being spoilt by the weather. It was indeed dismal if it rained for four days out of the short week one could spend there, but often the memories of the other two days have outshone the gloom and cold of the wet ones. One's training, too, would be incomplete without this wet weather climbing. The ability that the British climbers have so often shown of overcoming the climbing difficulties due to sudden storms in the Alps has largely been gained by practice in the driving rain of a Welsh cloud. Sometimes, however, there is a revolt against setting out on yet another wet climb ; usually this ends in a rather stuffy day indoors and a feeling of dissatisfaction when other climbers come in, revoltingly hearty and demanding baths. There is mockery, of course, from non-climbing friends over one's warped idea of what an enjoyable holiday is, and it is no use trying to explain. The best answer is to show them photographs taken on those few days which are the reward of enduring wet visits—those days when there is crisp snow on the ground and clear sun in the sky, and when only the most fanatical of climbers will spend their day on the lower rocks of a sunless north cliff. The right-minded ones will be getting to the summits ; perhaps up a gulley on the north side of the Bristly Ridge for the joy of kicking or cutting into hard snow, but then out of it, over a cornice maybe, on to the sunlit snow field of the Glyder plateau, into view of the gleaming-white pyramid of Snowdon with the Crib Goch ridge so sharply alluring that a vow is made to be on it next day. " Even experienced climbers devote an occasional off-day to it," says the guidebook, speaking of the Horseshoe. It will be no off-day in enjoyment if the morrow is as fine as to-day, or in rigour, if the wind rises and the clouds come down to blow more frozen snow across the pinnacles. Such days have been all too rare for me as " winter " visits have been confined to January and April, but they have been enough to make me condescendingly sorry for those who think that the only thing to go to Wales for is to climb warm, dry rocks in rubber shoes.

Not that I would decry the pleasure of "severes" in fine weather and soft shoes. To do so would be to expose myself to the cry of "sour grapes" for I have had little or no experience of severes from the upper end of a rope. Of the two which I might conscientiously claim, one is now classed as "just severe," and the other, the Cheek Climb on the Terrace Wall, I climbed by mistake, being assured by my second that it really was the Terrace Wall Variant until I got to the top, by which time he had discovered the right climb and refused to follow. And, unless I start with the psychological disadvantage of knowing a climb is labelled "severe," I don't feel it counts. Temperaments differ as widely as rock climbs. There seem to be people who, after an absence of many months from the rocks, can go straight to a climb in a high class and climb it with confidence and, presumably, with safety to themselves and their followers; others climb it with confidence and without safety, and are the cause of accidents during the brief Easter holidays. But most of us prefer, rightly, to have a few days on the rocks before attempting the really difficult, and this is a good excuse for one, naturally cautious and only paying short visits at long intervals, for not having done many of the more exciting climbs. However, I once had three days of rock climbing which give me a right to claim experience of difficult rock from the safer end of the rope. Geoffrey Barratt and I had just had a holiday in the Chamonix district, and so were fit for rock climbing, physically and mentally. We had the additional stimulus of Brenda Ritchie, who couldn't climb because a broken ankle was still in irons, but who directed us and, when possible, bounded up parallel scrambles, taking photographs and carrying most of our unwanted gear. The first day, meant perhaps as a gentle beginning, was spent on Dinas Mot, including the Nose—that "200 feet of depressingly steep rock," as Herbert Carr's guide-book describes it; actually, although the "angle of depression" may be mathematically great, it is the reverse of depressing to climb, and a second does not have to be more than competent and steady to enjoy it thoroughly. I fully appreciated, however, that the most difficult step on the first long pitch comes at the end of an eighty-foot lead, so that the leader has to be more than just competent. Next day, after being introduced to the Devil's Kitchen ("severe, due to its character," as J. M.

Edwards somewhat darkly puts it, as if the diabolic Cook exerted his influence on the very rocks) I was led up the "Grey Slab." The photographs taken were of the conventional "fly on the wall" type, and truly represented my mental reactions during the climb. On referring later to the guide book, I really expected a "very severe" at last, but had to be content that at least "severe" was unqualified. And then, on the third day, I was taken to Cwm Silin. I knew the Great Slab ordinary route fairly well, and had more than once taken novices there to give them the thrill of the sense of exposure with the security of large and frequent stances. But I had no idea that a climb had been made up the right-hand edge, where the run of the rock produces overhangs, rather than platforms as on the ordinary route. So perhaps it was in retribution for my occasional feeling of superiority when a novice had told me that he found the ordinary route rather alarming, that I was led up Kirkus's route (I don't know if it has any other name by now). I have little memory of details, but my general impression is that it was the most exposed cliff I had been on, with several places of real technical difficulty; I shall be interested to see the account in the guide books when it is written up. Perhaps I might hazard: "Slightly hard severe. If boots are worn, it would be advisable to see that they were well nailed." After that I begged for something less exposed, and next day on Glyder Fach Direct, I felt I was in a nice safe place.

There is no coherence in these personal anecdotes of various visits to Wales and it is doubtful what purpose they serve. If they were to be read by some of the non-climbing friends who think that in continually going to Wales I was always doing just the same thing, they might serve to convince them of the infinite variety of Welsh holidays. But that is unlikely to happen, and members of the Climbers' Club have no need to be reminded of it. A member of the Pinnacle Club, who lived at Bangor, once wrote that at times, finding childish games dull, she and her sister would say: "Let's go upstairs and look at the mountains." It was the next best thing to going there. Perhaps the childish pretence that suggested the title of this paper may please some who cannot fulfil in reality the desire "Let's go to Wales."

GLENCOE, 1942

A LETTER FROM A. D. MALCOLM

DEAR ALAN,

I am afraid I have neither the time nor the material to give you an "article," but if you like to print this letter it might amuse someone. I did visit Glencoe in January, and had a week which will be a splendid landmark in these curiously uneventful years. It introduced me to Bidean nam Bian, and quite by chance, and without design, I climbed her three times by her three ridges. I don't think there is any doubt that Bidean is a lady ; she has grace and beauty with fickleness and perversity. If she feels good she makes the way easy, if you get the wrong side of her she doesn't help at all. For gracefulness she ranks with Sgurr nan Gilleann and the Weisshorn. Don't let the A.C. see that or they will chuck me out for making such a comparison, but three ridges well put together and coming to a nice point always make the best mountain and very often the little ones are nicer than the big ones. What is more, you have to go and look for her, she doesn't show herself to everyone ; it really was a surprise to find all the great curves and ridges hidden away behind those horrible dour lumps of cliffs in Glencoe.

The first day I was alone, and was out to get the lie of the land and see as much of the climbing ground in reach of Clachaig as possible. I went up the Hidden Valley, and got my first surprise when I got over the last of the rubble of Glencoe boulders and found a lovely clean flat grassy glen. There was snow lying round the slopes of the corrie and a cloudless sky. I headed for the Col between Stob Coire Sgreabhach and Bidean ; on the upper part the snow was good and hard, and I managed to find a place where I was justified in cutting a step or two. I had my sandwiches up on the ridge and wallowed in

the view. I can't write Symthe stuff, but it was a very good view ; I could see most of Cruachan and down to the Paps of Jura ; what was more, it was the first time I had been 3,000 feet up for three years. After lunch I went over the top and down the ridge to the little Col between Stob Coire nam Beith and An't-Sron, where I found a glissade and dropped down into Coire nam Beith.

My second ascent was three days later. I had an unusual party of about sixty novices, who had not only not been on a mountain before, but who mostly did not want to go on one. It was a cold and windy day with clouds down to about 2,000 feet. My previous walk had only taken a few hours, and the route had seemed pretty simple, so I thought we might make the same again, in the reverse direction. We slogged off from Clachaig, up the shoulder of the An't-Sron. There had been a lot of new snow, and by the time we got to that top we were trudging in about a foot of it, and pulling our balaclavas over our ears. This did not encourage my train but they mustered nearly fifty there ; unfortunately, I had no whipper-in, and there were many delays in collecting that lot. By the time we got on to the main ridge of Stob Coire nam Beith we were in the thick of the mist. At the top we sheltered a little way down on the east face to eat, and collect stragglers. Actually I had gone down there thinking that I was still on the ridge to Bidean, but realised my mistake soon enough to turn it into a search for shelter, and not to lose too much face. My grip on my caravan was none too firm in any case. We got to the top of Bidean without further trouble except for a steady and growing murmur of oaths. She obviously disapproved strongly of the profanity and lack of respect of the crowd, and was making herself thoroughly perverse. It was impossible to see more than a few yards and cold enough to make it quite unpleasant to take a compass bearing. I knew that the thing to avoid was to go too far to the left, and get out on the top of the buttress. Of course, I went too far to the right, got mislead by some minor ridge and soon had my snake winding about on the Glen Etive face. This time it was quite obvious that I was not where I meant to be. The chance of persuading any of my flock to follow if I went back to the ridge was remote, so I threw in my hand and headed away to the north, and eventually contoured round and

down the back of Stob Coire nam Beith. The lady had had her way.

The third climb was exactly a week after the first. There had been a lot of snow and all the cliffs were plastered, but I wanted to find something which would make a bit more than a walk for my troupe, so I persuaded the most willing and agile of them to come up the Dinner-time Buttress on Aonach Dubh. After a very unpleasant climb up soft snow lying on steep grass and heather tufts, we found a lovely day at the top. Clouds were blowing about and opening and shutting on views all the time. Sometimes a clearer patch gave a distant view with cloud shadows moving on all the snow-covered hills. We went straight up to Stob Coire nan Lochan, and on to the top of Bidean ; she was treating us graciously, though not with all her charms. Perhaps she was still nettled after her defilement. It was cloudy at the top, but we hit off the south-east ridge and went round to Ben Fhada. By that time my companion was a good deal less keen, and we dropped down into Lairig Eildeavv and eventually struck the road just as it got dark.

We left her alone for a few days after that, hoping that she would forget the insults of the second day. It would, no doubt, have been tactful to have gone back alone and made up to her. Instead, I had to return with the whole gang, and this time she made her views as clear as they did. We were looking for slopes to practise kicking steps on, and struggled with fearful imprecations right up into her bosom below the buttresses. There was plenty of snow, but it was two or three feet deep and very soft. We floundered about for a short time, and withdrew in disorder and disgrace.

I don't think I will be able to live that last one down with her ; at any rate, I will have to go very carefully if I ever get a chance to visit her again. She has all the character of a great mountain, and deserves to be treated as such ; what is more, she knows it.

Yours ever,

ALEC. MALCOLM.

Budden Camp.

May 2, 1942.

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

J. M. EDWARDS AND J. E. Q. BARFORD

THIS GUIDE

IT has for some time been agreed that some sort of guide to Clogwyn du'r Arddu was overdue. A few attempts were made to arrange for one within the scheme of other Welsh climbing guides, then the war came and took with it the opportunity of the best men for doing this relatively minor service. It was open, however, to two of us to make a temporary revision and to put together a guide in a hurried and amateur fashion. Just how amateur may be illustrated by an incident that occurred during the week set aside for revision on the spot. The party ascended each morning to the cliff ; not each morning really, because during the early part of the week it rained and during some of the other days one of the party did not feel like climbing ; but a sufficient number of mornings to make the carrying of equipment a relentlessly arduous ordeal. It was therefore decided to cache our 320 feet of rope in a split of a large boulder on the slopes of the moraine mass of Maen du'r Arddu. The ropes were picked up next morning and in the evening were again put under a conspicuous boulder. Next morning, the sun's rays descending upon us now with remarkable power, as you will have guessed, both the rope and the boulder had vanished, but you may be surprised that still after an intensive and planned search of seven hours by both of us and another five hours of tired and desultory trudging by one of us, we had still found neither. The innumerable boulders of Maen du'r Arddu had turned and swallowed their prey.

On such slopes then, and such the authors, that crave pardon for their error and indulgence for their deficiencies.

We have left out the Far East and Far West Buttresses, not from forgetfulness but for lack of time.

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU
J. E. Q. Barford



NUMERICAL SYSTEM OF CLASSIFICATION

It has been the custom to use words, difficult, very difficult, severe, and so on by which to mark the different standards of climbs done. The custom has become crowded with memories and associations during its tenure which have in some degree sanctified it. But its eventual unsuitableness becomes more apparent as we go on, and the use of the words has had to be forced further and further away from their ordinary significance. So the ordinary climber constantly finds himself using such a phrase as, "the climb is very difficult, probably Very Severe"; this is of everyday occurrence. Also the need for sub-division of the classes adds complication: one wants to say easy, medium, or hard of each class: this becomes awkward. And when one wants to say something slightly different, such as "more or less," or to indicate that it is somewhere not easily placed within the general class, or to put down explanatory or other analysing particulars, the awkwardness increases, to judge from remarks, beyond the point where sensible men can extract from it any meaning at all. There is no need for this trouble with words, for the classification is a straight one of degree and is a case whose notation is provided exactly by numbers.

Yet the words were for a long time felt to be useful. Surely this was because in the early days of the sport one wanted to class the difficulty of a climb not only as comparative to other climbs but as comparative to the ordinary other experiences of life. The word "severe" was intended to mean "suitable only for experienced mountaineers in good training." Even as late as the 'twenties some not elementary climbing books still added actually some such phrase to underline further this intention. The words were used to convey warning or invitation or so on to a non-climber. But as the sport grows older and as initiation to its dangers becomes otherwise dealt with, classification is only necessary as a method of comparison, and the general implications are already understood. The old words become out of place, and seem merely a sensationalism to the younger climbers. This is doubly so as the place of climbing relative to the other normal experiences of civilised living has undergone a change. So the sport should use words with rest-of-life significance at first, afterwards it should use numbers. The hindrance to such a change arises mostly from

the active strength of old associations or the passive strength of inertia ; in this case also there is no great urgency or importance to force a change. But perhaps we may as well break through the hindrances while things are still not too set. Another practical advantage for instance is that when it is wanted to add another standard, as was once the case with Very Severe, instead of overbalancing still further the redundant pile of superlatives one may quietly add the next number.

The numerical system is already used on the Continent, as is well known. It is used too in the S.M.C. Guide to Skye. The present system tallies as far as possible with the first of these, and probably about as far as possible with the second.

We use six standards, for present need, using Roman figures to avoid confusion with pitch or section numbers. Each of these is split if required into A and B, so that one has IA, IB, IIA, IIB and so on. This seems likely to suit the process of mental analysis better than starting straight with twelve numbers. The resulting list can be immediately and exactly related to our present sub-divisions, especially if we take it that as has actually happened, there is need to split the Very Difficult and the Severe classes into three sub-classes each. In the process there occurs a little rearrangement of emphasis in we think a useful direction :—

Moderate (and Easy)	IA
Moderately Difficult	IB
Difficult, easy	IIA
hard	IIB
Very Difficult, easy	IIIA
medium	IIIB
hard	IVA
Severe, easy	IVB
medium	VA
hard	VB
Very Severe, easy	VIA
hard	VIB

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

POSITION.

Snowdon throws down a North ridge to Llanberis and a West ridge, West Nor West, to Snowdon Ranger. Clogwyn du'r Arddu is the cliff on the North face of the West ridge and it looks across the

head of Cwm Brwynog, the cwm between these two ridges. At its foot is Llyn du'r Arddu, at a height of 1,901 feet. The top of the cliff is at 2,512 feet. The Snowdon Ranger path traverses the ridge of its summit at one mile from the top of the mountain. The Llanberis path runs along the near side of the North ridge with the cliffs in view from the halfway house to above Clogwyn station. The latter path gives rather the quicker approach.

CHARACTER

The cliffs face North, and are visited by the sun only up to about 8 a.m. (sun's time), and after 6-30 p.m. They are sombre in appearance. Their steep angle and hard shape give them grandeur. On the right side the West Buttress is amazingly steep at the foot with many overhangs where it is cut off by the syncline breaks, one on each side, the overhangs being indeed almost continuous on the right side. Above that it is steep too. It, and particularly its central area is cut into a series of slabs rising with a slant to the left, and so that each overhangs its leftward neighbour. On the left side the East Buttress rises in a gradual curve, uniform, so that it is steepest at the top. The curve is continued up above the narrow grass interval of the Gallery, into the Pinnacle. This latter is sheer and with several overhang areas on its left side also, where the ground has worn back very deeply to the East Gully. The buttress is split by a small number of huge cracks in an approximately vertical plane. Further to each side are other cliffs of considerable size and angle, ensuring that such a centre-piece should be properly flanked.

On the East Buttress and Pinnacle the rock is excellent for firmness and there is very little grass. On the West the rock is good except for smallish areas close above the West Syncline, and there are a few large grassy areas only, and those disposed in ways innocuous to the general impression. Yet the early climbers noted that the Clogwyn was peculiarly fertile of its grass and that wherever a blade was able to rest its foot it grew and flourished extraordinarily: in most of the early accounts it is put down variously as the situation dictates for admiration or horror; for praise, amusement, contempt; for cursing or blessing, or a careful silence; for agonised cleaning of it away where it was firm or equally agonised efforts at its detention where it was already not firm. The disparity arises however not in paradox but because both grass and climbers so far have tackled only the easiest and thus the same places. Viewing the future, the relation of the two is competitive and man's force seems overpoweringly the greater.

The cliffs take a long time to dry, and they take a good deal of drainage from the ridge behind. The rock surface is much more rough and broken than it might appear; the East Buttress bubbly and hard, the West more varied, more often square or flaky, but in the upper two-thirds mostly admirably rough to hold.

HISTORY.

Most of the history of climbing on the buttresses is recent. The

East and West Terraces were climbed early. Bingley and Rev. Peter Williams went up probably the former in 1798. This has sometimes been considered the "first rock climb" done in Wales. Botanists and geologists were familiar with the place in their own ways. The East Gully was well known in the late gully period, although apparently not climbed until 1912. The West Wall climb was done in 1905, a typically good find of the brothers Abraham. A number of attempts were made on the buttresses: the Abrahams looked at some chimneys on the East Buttress but found them on close acquaintance "repulsively severe." No successes were recorded: but all were agreed on the greatness of the cliffs. As late as 1926, H. R. C. Carr in the Climber's Guide to Snowdon and the Beddgelert district sums up. Of the East Buttress he says: "Has never been climbed. The final wall is quite impossible [The Pinnacle], but the lower 200 feet below a broad green gallery, may yet be conquered by a bold and expert party. The sheer walls of this crag offer one of the most impressive mountain spectacles in Britain." Of the West Buttress: "No breach seems either possible or desirable along the whole extent of the West Buttress, though there is the faintest of faint hopes for a human fly rather towards its left side." And again of the cliffs by the East Gully: "The scenery here is not surpassed on any crag in Wales." Literature was adding her strongest inducements to the attempt.

A wave of advance in climbing ability had already started in the Lake District: made more apparent by the long gap of the Great War and after. Almost as Carr's guide came out the advance was beginning in Wales also. It quickly spread, and reached these cliffs. In the short period from 1927 to 1932 a first ascent was made of each buttress, a considerable number of other routes was found, and then the rate of new climbs fell right off again. The same wave of advance had broken over most of the Welsh cliffs. But throughout Britain there was no case where so large and fine a cliff had in the whole standard required for it corresponded so exactly with the furthest degree of advance in climbing efficiency. Perhaps indeed it is anyhow the finest cliff in England and Wales. So that the cliff in a special way epitomises its period.

In detail, the East Buttress was climbed by A. S. Pigott and Morley Wood, then next year 1928 the West Buttress by J. L. Longland, with A. S. Pigott second on the rope, F. S. Smythe third. These are the classics of the period. Then a most remarkable series of ascents by C. F. Kirkus from 1930 to 1932, a series never bettered elsewhere in British climbing, with every climb at about the extreme point of technique relative to exposure for the period. Feats perhaps parallel that come to mind are those of J. M. Archer Thomson on Lliwedd, S. W. Herford on the central faces of Scafell, and possibly H. M. Kelly on the West Face of Pillar. All these were on major cliffs of major reputation at their time, yet for that time held almost a monopoly in their exploration. Later, Linnell contributed perhaps the hardest route on the West Buttress, the Narrow Slab. He had already been

partly responsible for the Curving Crack. Apart from first ascents the climbs are now steadily coming into more frequent use, and the ground gained is being consolidated.

It was to be expected that cliffs paying so high a dividend in excellence and glory should help also to yield at least some small weight of more doubtful coinage to British climbing ; not in the hands of those main participants. One small detail. The harder climbing and more hectic eagerness, coinciding with the much increased use of artificial aids, especially pitons, on the Continent, contributed with that to cause a considerable increase in such uses here. Artificial chockstones were multiplied farcically by people repeating the climbs, in one or two places. Pitons came into use chiefly as a safety gear, but partly both for safety and for hold when the pure rock seemed difficult. But the general opinion after trial of pitons is already, and indeed all along, setting against their use, and that a climb done by their aid, except very occasionally to save a stance, is imperfectly done. One larger point. The wave of intensification had intensified competitiveness, and the bad as well as the good side results of that : jealousies and so on on one side, an unbalanced concentration on the most obviously and crudely competitive points in development, and so on on another side. Many questions. But these things big and little, stand half submerged perhaps already, like the boulders of the moraine as the fresh washings creep over them, of earth and of goodwill.

THE CLIMBS

All the buttress climbs are hard. All are in very fine situation and exposure. Nearly all of them follow a natural line without apparent easier alternative and often without obvious alternative at all, so that the whole climb with usually more than one difficult pitch must be climbed right out or a descent made of the part done. Each one of them has some features that are outstanding in the British repertory. The slab of the Narrow Slab, the first two pitches of Curving Crack, the final overhang of the Chimney, the verticality and oneness of the Pedestal, the position and length of the first pitch of the Great Slab, the steepness of the Sunset Crack, the whole course of Pigott's or of Longland's Climb. Any of these can hardly be bettered of their kind.

Roughly speaking, the East Buttress gives mostly crack and chimney work, so far, and the West Buttress slab and open work, the East strenuous the West delicate.

One would not advise a beginner to lead on them too immediately. Pitches are apt to seem long and belays not numerous, though a careful eye largely denies both points. Some degree of experience in particular is needed to protect the rest of the party on the West Buttress, where a man is liable in falling to fall over the edge of the route on to a different and less easily negotiable aspect of the cliff ; and experience of the use of thread belays (spare loops and a snap ring are useful) is valuable on the East Buttress for with these almost anywhere on the present climbs one may be safe though frightened.

But with some experience one may have here for a short time something of that much-desired feeling of being on ground not broken in to man's foot, and have it still almost actually the truth.

Due to the slow drying of the cliff after rain, most of the first ascents were done in rubbers, socks, or kletterschuhe : the latter are admirably suitable. Several of the routes have been done since in nails, and all may be possible so.

When one is not immediately climbing, there is the magnificent beauty of these crags and of the Llyn, unvarying, never the same, at all times, and in any weather.

PROBLEMS OF CLASSIFICATION.

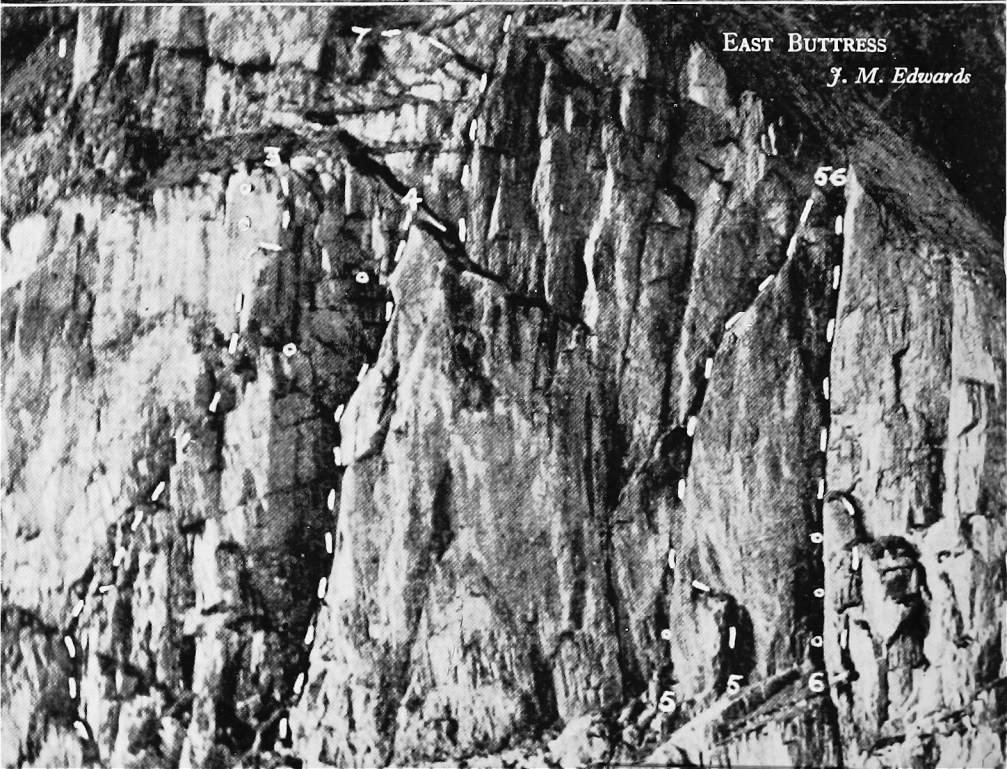
It has already been said the climbs are all hard ; but it is probable they are less hard now as they stand than they have usually been painted. There is a very great difference between the difficulties of a first ascent and those of the same climb on subsequent ascents. Some of the difference is due to the fact that on the first the outcome is still doubtful, whereas on the subsequents the possibility is known, and something of the precise route ; and later, the knownness increases to familiarity and even to the marking of the route by scratches, to knowledge of just where the difficulty lies, at what point it eases, and so on. This group of differences is much more marked where a large area of cliff and a long series of pitches is in doubt, the route not capable of any but very distant examination, and where the estimation of difficulty by appearance is in unfamiliar characters. It was thus operative to its maximum extent for England and Wales on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, though lessening in force now as it goes on. Another part of the difference is due to the cleaning away of vegetation and loose rock, the finding of holds and belays and minor alterations of route. This group has been very important on du'r Arddu. Pitches may become easier or harder with cleaning but in general, with persistence, usually easier, especially to the nerves. So that with all these causes and others there was a tendency for the earlier classifications to be pitched well above the later results. The process of settling down is still going on. In addition, different individuals are more diversely affected by a given difference in type of difficulty when their minds are in a high degree of strain, and so again when the difficulties, considerable, are unfamiliar. The classifications we give must therefore be taken quite provisionally.

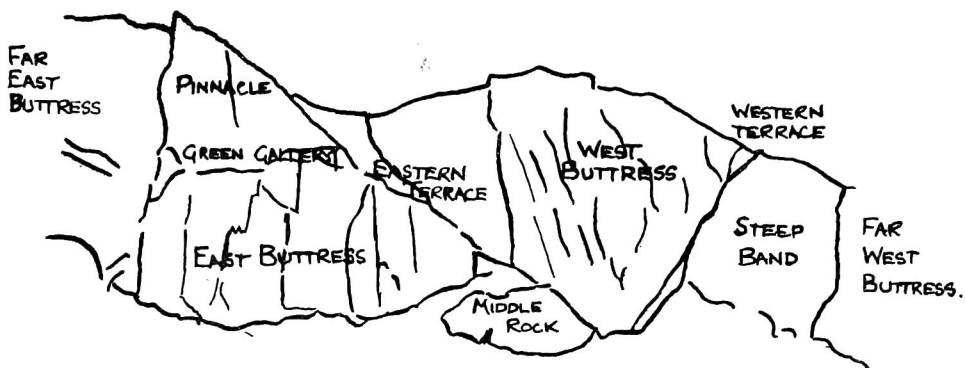
EAST GULLY

Lies at the left and inner side of the East Pinnacle, between it and the Far East Buttress. It is a relatively short broken area between the two formations, fairly steep. Holds are adequate but the rock is bad : similarly with the climbing, but the position is pleasant in this great rock amphitheatre and the danger from the bad rock is at least minimised by its obviousness.

Standard : IVB, due chiefly to the rock. 100 feet of rope.

(Continued on page 46)





CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

The cliffs are placed as in the diagram. The Green Gallery is a scramble so is the Western Terrace : the Eastern Terrace is a walk, if started from under the right hand end of the East Buttress.

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Start : Scramble 400 feet or so up the trough, or its walls, on the left of the East Buttress, then bend right a little up the loose scree floor to the left inner corner of the Pinnacle. There is a broken line of crack just left of the cave of the true corner. Start at the foot of this. Belay 15 feet below.

(1) 80 feet. The first reach is steep, then rather easier till at 35 feet there are thread belays and the crack steepens. This is the most difficult part with a landing among loose blocks at 12 feet. Another few feet steep and 25 feet scrambling up the loose gully to large belays.

(2) 35 feet. Up without incident to the top.

EAST BUTTRESS

SUNSET CRACK.

The first major vertical feature of the East Buttress to the right from its left edge is a steep crack facing towards the left and running from very nearly the bottom of the cliff to the Green Gallery. Traversing breaks run across to it at three points from the left edge.

The climbing though short is concentrated, consisting of jams against the crack and right wall and stepping up individual holds on the left wall. The exposure of position is magnificent. Thread belays and adequate stances are so frequent as to make all safe.

Standard : VA, due to the frequency of stances. The technical difficulties taken alone would give a higher standard.

Start : Scramble to directly below the start of the crack. Grass ledges lead up leftwards.

(1) 20 feet. Easily up the ledges towards the left to the last large one, from which a smaller line of ledges traverses back to the crack above its first short part.

(2) 30 feet. Traverse into the crack, not an easy move, and up it a few feet to a good stance etc.

(3) 70 feet. Straight up the crack, to good stance etc., at 40 feet. The next 15 feet are hard, then easier again. At 70 feet a ledge comes to the crack at its point of overhang. Pull over on to this. Inserted thread belay. Easy exit to the left.

(4) 60 feet. Back into the crack and up the remainder of the overhang. The first few feet are the hardest part of the climb, and the difficulty remains considerable to the exit at 40 feet. We are now on part of the Green Gallery. Scramble up to the foot of the next reach of the crack for belay.

(5) 20 feet. Easy chimney to main part of Green Gallery.

✓ PIGOTT'S CLIMB.

About a quarter way across the face of the East Buttress from the left a broken line extends from base to summit with an inclination to the right as it ascends. The right-hand wall of the break in its upper two thirds is formed by three immense boulder blocks, the middle of which is called the Pinnacle. The route goes up this break.

The route is strenuous and exciting, with resting places more flat and ample than on the other routes of the cliff. Varied technique. Artificial aid has generally been used at three points.

Standard: VI. But the main difficulty, the crack pitch, may be attenuated to considerably below this level according to the number of inserted chockstones and rope slings that are found or put in it. At present there has been a slack tendency both to multiply these and to leave them behind afterwards. The rest of the climb also depends largely for standard on the extent of artificial aid. With considerable aids it stands at about VA.

Start: Scramble up short foot rocks to a break in the cliff some yards left of a point directly below the corner of the first great block, halfway up the cliff. The correct break may be seen to lead up and a trifle left for 60 feet, then diagonally right, to the corner of the block. This is the line followed.

(1) 60 feet. Straight up the break, avoiding the rightward possibles. Stance etc. at 20 feet and 40 feet. Then a hard steep bit of 20 feet. Stance, etc.

(2) 50 feet. The break goes diagonally right, round a slight ridge, over steep rocks on good holds for 35 feet. Possible stances etc. Then there is a narrow ledge, thread belay, below a short steep corner. This is as hard as any part of the climb. A shoulder may be given. It leads to a large green ledge in the corner of the block. The Conservatory.

(3) 80 feet. Easy going up in the corner of this first block to its top, and another large ledge below the second block, the pinnacle. Several stances etc. on the way. The crack is straight above and the general appearance of the rocks becomes more uncompromising.

(4) 70 feet. The first part of the crack is strenuous. The climber may insert or throw away chocks and threads according to his taste. Perhaps one chock, at about 18 feet, and the thread round it, may be considered basically allowable. At about half height a ledge leads off to the right and a short, steep, awkward subsidiary crack leads up to twin ledges etc. at the top of the pinnacle.

(5) 30 feet. Another crack leads straight up the last corner. The right-hand edge of the block shows two belays on it, one large at 15 feet, one smaller nearly three feet above it. Between the corner and the edge is a subsidiary crack. Round the edge of the block on the right after a two yards' traverse is another ledge with belays. This gives the places of the final variants.

- (a) Climb the crack direct, by part lay back and part jamming.
- (b) Lasso either belay on the edge, and fixing and holding the rope carefully from the ledge round on the right, climb the subsidiary crack with varying aid from the rope.
- (c) Climb the leftward groove from the ledge round on the right to the same belays, safeguarded again by the rope if desired.

Variation. WALL FINISH.

Standard : VI. Very exposed.

Starting from the foot of the pinnacle, this route traverses right, then up the steep face and over into the top of the Chimney Route.

(1) 20 feet. Traverse right, under the Nose, and up to a belay.

(2) 40 feet. Traverse right 10 feet then straight up the slightly broken wall to good belay. This is the hardest part of the route.

(3) 80 feet. Traverse right, to a good ledge, that of the Crooked Finish of the Chimney. Continue on this across to the Chimney and up its last part easily to stance etc. at the top.

CHIMNEY ROUTE.

Between the blocks of Pigott's Climb and the Curving Crack, nearer to the former, a fairly deep crack of varying width and depth goes the whole way up the face. After the fashion of the Clogwyn cracks it looks towards the left. This is the Chimney.

The climbing is mostly of an easy kind, but at the top of pitch 2 and pitch 4 the exposure is considerable and the difficulty also. As with the Pedestal Climb and in a lesser degree the Sunset Crack there is great perfection of place, in a well defined break that traces one single line on an otherwise sheer sweep of cliff. The quality of holds is large and good, except for some less perfect blocks at the top of pitch 4. The climb has the good taste to reserve its hardest pitch to the last. The Continuation Chimneys are of no particular difficulty or excellence.

Standard : VI. But if the top overhang is well laced with ropes and shoulders it can hardly be considered of this level. 90 feet rope.

Start : The foot of the chimney.

(1) 60 feet. Straight up. Here the chimney is deep and suitable for bridging, large stance.

(2) 80 feet. Easy at first, the chimney narrows. At 65 feet it has shrunk to a crack, but good holds remain. Good stances etc.

(3) 70 feet. The chimney deepens again and is easy, though at a steeper angle. Then it remits on to a slab. Stance etc. halfway up this.

(4) 80 feet. The overhang above is the hardest part of the climb. In its base are split rocks giving good hold. Their stability is not beyond question, the so-called rickety innards. It is usual to use a rope loop or a shoulder here. Immediately over the bulge it becomes easy again.

Continuation Chimney.

(5) 110 feet. Instead of finishing on the broad green connection of the Gallery now open to us, one may continue up the remaining chimney in the back corner of the ledge. It is straightforward, Standard IV, with stance, etc., a little above halfway.

Variation. The Crooked Finish avoids the final overhang on the left wall. The standard is closely similar.

From the last stance, a little way further up the slab, a crack runs out horizontally across the left wall to a ledge. This traverse may be safeguarded by a thread belay. From the ledge climb up to the next ledge. Belay. Now a traverse can be made back into the chimney above the overhang and finish up that.

CURVING CRACK.

The centre of the East Buttress is a steep sheer slab. On its right a deep crack runs right up it whose right wall protrudes so far, especially in the upper half, as to form of it almost a gully. It curves to the right in its upper half. The route takes the crack direct except for the first 40 feet, which go by a crack just on the right.

The starting crack is an admirable exercise. The remainder contains a piece of interesting chimney work but is not specially distinguished.

Standard: VB. The starting crack and the first bit of chimneying are hard. Of these the first is easy to move on but easy to fall off, and the last is hard to move on but also hard to fall out of. Both are strenuous. 100 feet rope.

Start: Scramble up to 30 feet right of the start of the crack proper. Here a thin crack ascends this side of the foot block of the right retaining wall to a good ledge on its top running back into the crack.

(1) 35 feet. The crack is climbed, with reasonably strong fingers.

(2) 40 feet. Swing left into the crack proper and up it. Difficult wedging. At 40 feet there is thread belay, etc.

(3) 150 feet. Straight on without much incident. After a stance etc. nearly halfway to the top, it is pleasant and customary to take to the right-hand ridge.

Variation. Direct Start.

Standard: VI. Rather harder than the old start.

Takes the crack direct by the first 40 feet. The difficulty is at the top. A very fine piece of climbing were it not that the ordinary start is an even more desirable experience.

PEDESTAL CRACK.

On the Western third of the East Buttress, right of the Curving Crack, are two main vertical cracks. The one nearest the Curving Crack and ending on the same platform is the Pedestal Crack. It has broken ground on its right in the lower third, then is a plain face crack for a short step, then forms into a very gradually increasing corner. The ordinary route takes the easy ground then the crack. The direct crack remedies that divergence.

The crack is very steep, but is more deep and the sides much more rough than appears from a distance. Subsidiary cracks in its bed usually give good jamming holds. The angle demands muscular fitness. The technique is all on one same theme, but playing a great number of variations on it so that there is not room for boredom. The Direct Start is more open and harder, on a similar general plan.

The situation due to the narrowness of the crack is one of the best on the Clogwyn. It is only unfortunate, at least from the point of view of gloriousness, that it gets pretty steadily easier as it rises.

Standard : VI. Thread belays can usually be arranged near hard points.

Start : On the big grass ledge at the foot of the crack.

(1) 60 feet. Move round to the broken face on the right, up this not far from the edge, easily, to the good ledge at the top of the pedestal, and leading back to the crack itself.

(2) 30 feet. Straight up the steep open part of the crack ; the hardest part of the climb ; with a break at halfway.

(3) 90 feet. Up still steeply but with lessening difficulty.

The last 20 feet are scrambling where the angle finally relents.

Variation. Direct Start.

Straight up the direct corner crack, with a few awkward half-layback moves near the centre. Harder than anything above.

ANOTHER CLIMB.

We hear of but did not properly identify a climb " up the more broken rocks at the right-hand end of the Buttress, directly above the conspicuous cave in the lower crag." The last pitch was standard V.

EAST PINNACLE

DIRECT FINISH TO EAST BUTTRESS.

The front of the East Pinnacle is steep and uninviting over its left and main part, to the right there is a right angle corner running from top to bottom, and then some remaining steep slab and wall to the Eastern Terrace. The corner is not climbed in its lowest part where it overhangs, but from a traverse in along a grass ledge from the upper part of the Green Gallery. It makes an interesting continuation to the Buttress climbs.

Standard : IVB. 100 feet of rope.

Start : By traversing a grass ledge into the corner from the upper part of the Green Gallery ; the lower of two such traverses.

(1) 40 feet. Up two walls where the corner is smooth. Move right near the top, where there is a very awkward move. Stance etc.

(2) 140 feet. The corner is now streaked by cracks. It goes without special incident to the top. Stances etc. at intervals.

MIDDLE ROCK

BIRTHDAY CRACK.

The little buttress below and between the East and West Buttresses, right of the large green cave, has its upper half marked by three parallel corner cracks, with a little of the leftward lean of the West Buttress. The middle of these gives the route ; a good bit of hand jamming work, approached by steep rocks with large holds.

Standard : VB. The difficult move is not far above a stance.

Start : Directly below the crack.

(1) 110 feet. Straight up, a little left if anything, to the corner and up it to a stance and thread belay. All straightforward. Stance etc. at 30 feet also.

(2) 35 feet. Up the corner ; with difficulty at the top. Land on good ledge on the right.

(3) 50 feet. Finish variously up less determinate rocks, keeping a little right to get the longest work.

WEST BUTTRESS

WEST WALL CLIMB.

The part of the Eastern Terrace that lies above the Middle Rock is topped by a very steep solid bastion of the West Buttress bounded on its right by a huge black corner. On the left of this is a deep broken section, where the Buttress is now not very high. The upper part of this break is an easy sloping amphitheatre. It gives the West Wall Climb. One reaches the break above its short steepest part by a traverse in from the left, then up either the back crack itself or a rib a few yards left.

The climb is quite short, but is interesting while it lasts, and is perhaps preferable, or as a change, to the Far West Buttress routes with which it is comparable in standard. It has rather the characteristics of a gully.

Standard : IVA by (a) route ; IIIA by (b) route.

Start : From the Terrace a few yards above the cave, traverse easily on to the rock wall, 10 feet, stance etc. The traverse is seen to continue easily across to the far corner of the break.

Route (a) Traverse 30 feet to the far corner. Then 10 feet up an awkward wall. Stance etc. at both points. Then a 30 feet chimney with a narrow exit behind a chockstone. Traverse a few steps left to a final easy crack.

Route (b). Original Route. From a start a little lower down, immediately above the cave, climb the steep rib left of the main gully crack, 20 feet, to the traverse on the above route. This makes the hardest pitch on the route.

LONGLAND'S CLIMB.

On the part of the West Buttress overlying the Middle Rocks there is a solid steep bastion bounded on its left by a black corner with a deep and imposing left wall. On the right of the wall, the first considerable feature is a narrow slab making a corner in turn with its over-arching right wall. In the corner is a chimney. This chimney slab is the substance of the route ; an extra pitch for start is taken up the Middle Rock ; the finishing pitch is out of line to the right.

The route is one of the prettiest on Clogwyn du'r Arddu. Exposure of a high order, a varying succession of problems, these joined by parts far from easy, with the issue in doubt until the last pitch and an

absence of any large lateral avenues, combined with a not too high standard, place it among the first quality of Welsh climbs. The rock is excellent and the stances well sufficient.

Standard : VB. But perhaps in perfect conditions and allowing for a shoulder on the final overhang, it should be put a little lower in difficulty.

Start : At the foot of Middle Rock, three-quarters of the way from the large green cave to the wet grass fall of its West end. A groove runs up the rocks. Cairn.

(1) 70 feet. Go up the groove, quit it on the left behind a large flake, and on up easy rocks to the terrace.

Walk up to the upper side of the Terrace on the right. Just right of the great black corner a traversing ledge, 10 feet up, leads out to the right again. On this is a fine bollard, and just round the corner again along the same ledge is the start of the slab with a fine chimney on its right.

(2) 100 feet. Straight up the slab and chimney, past a few stances etc. to where it becomes steep and smooth, and the right wall arches over so far as to make a new move necessary. Stance and belay on an inserted chockstone.

(3) 40 feet. Continue up the chimney, now more a crack until in a few feet one can stand out and step on to the right wall. Here are ledges. Step over a smooth slab to the higher ledge on the left and then up an easy groove rightwards to stances, etc. This is the hardest part of the climb. The step out is called the difficult step, and the slab is Faith and Friction Slab.

(4) 120 feet. The continuation slab to the lower slab lies straight ahead. At first there are several stances, etc., then a long stretch of greater difficulty till a rightward groove lets on to a large and beautiful platform with belays, a crevasse at the back, and a quartz marked block. The last pitch to this is about 80 feet.

(5) 30 feet. The back wall is climbed by the cracked overhang at its right end. This is hard at first and strenuous, possibly harder than section 3.

(6) 30 feet. Move round to the right. A moderate chimney leads beyond all difficulty.

Variations. (a) Direct Start.

After the first pitch, move to the right lower end of Terrace, close above the wet fall at its end. A steep crack leads up to a grass ledge.

110 feet. Go up the crack and continue up the grassy broken rock along the obvious straight line to the foot of the slab proper. There is no great difficulty in this and probably no great point. Its start is used by Narrow Slab and Bow Shaped Slab also.

(b) Faith and Friction Slab may be avoided by scrambling to the right, up and back left along grass ledges.

(c) The final overhang may be avoided by traversing round the right-hand edge from the platform and up across the slab there to its

far side. Then easily up to the same stance as ordinarily. The pitch is more delicate than the alternative.

NARROW SLAB.

At the centre part of the West Buttress, at its region of greatest height are a series of typical slabs, steep, long, and with an impressive slant to the left. The Great Slab and the Bow Shaped Slab, in one main mass, form the largest of these ; right of the highest point of the Buttress. The Narrow Slab is the dark slab immediately left of and under that one. It is 15—20 feet wide and relatively uniform. It is footed upon the ledges one-third way up the cliff. The climb attains the foot ledges by a traverse in from the left from 50 feet below the start of Longland's Slab, then up the slab.

The result is probably the pleasantest stretch of slab work that the Clogwyn yet affords. It is at a relatively easy angle, but very exposed, and that in the sense that care is needed to have a party safe on it. The standard is well maintained in its main part, though the final third and more must be counted as out.

Standard : VI. Nowhere strenuous or extreme.

Start : On the Eastern Terrace, just above the wet grass fall at its foot, where a crack springs in the cliff, leading shortly to a grass ledge extending to the right. As for Bow Shaped Slab.

(1) 60 feet. Up the crack to the grass ledge, 15 feet, stance etc. On up the continuation weakness, inclined a little left, until one can traverse, a little downwards, to another ledge. This ledge nestles closely under the bold rib that cuts off progress to the right. At a point two yards above the ledge the rib is seen to be broken.

(2) 50 feet. Up steeply and awkwardly on to the rib edge by the breaking ledges, and step round on to its far side, a slab surface. Traverse across downwards, difficult, on to the grass ledge beyond. Up a little step to the higher and even larger ledge ; stances etc. at its top end.

(3) 30 feet. Continue the traverse. From ten feet below the belays step round on to further grass ledges and along these to a ledge on the near side of the Narrow Slab. Or stances etc. may be had firmer on the far side of the slab, near the stance at the top of the initial pitch of the Great Slab.

(4) 50 feet. Up the face of the slab by a thin centre crack and the holds on each side, to a small ledge on the left edge. The last few yards may be varied a good deal. Parts of this may be considered the hardest on the climb.

(5) 30 feet. The next good ledge is clear, 30 feet up, and again on the edge. The way goes up the edge on huge holds, easy for 12 feet, then up across to a crack, small stance belays etc. on the right, then up and back left along the same crack to the ledge. The last part is of about equal difficulty with the previous section.

(6) 280 feet. Now the angle is easier, the subsidiary cracks increase in size and fertility. At 40 feet, route obvious, is a stance and fine belay. Twenty feet beyond that the same but more so. Then the rest falls to the state of scrambling, to the summit rocks.

BOW SHAPED SLAB.

The centre part of the West Buttress shows a series of overlapping slabs leaning to the left. The largest of these, a little right of the line of greatest height, is the Great Slab. The left side of this slab, in the middle half of the cliff's height, is separated from the main mass by a definite edge and by a difference in the angle of facing. This part is in the shape of a cupid's bow. The route takes this except for the first sixty feet, which are copied from part of the Great Slab route. The entry on to the cliff is done from the lower end of the Eastern Terrace, from the same point as but more circuitously than the Narrow Slab entry.

The climbing is good all round work, but not specially outstanding in any one particular. The rope move is interesting, the slab proper is more fine in position than the Great Slab and not dissimilar in climbing interest.

Standard : VB. The only difficulties, however, are well protected. 100 feet of rope.

Start : On the Eastern Terrace just above the wet grass fall of its foot, where a crack springs vertically in the cliff, leading shortly to a grass ledge with an ash tree on its low right hand side. As for Narrow Slab.

(1) 15 feet. To the ledge, stances etc. by way of the crack.

(2) 25 feet. From the low right-hand end of the ledge, by the ash tree, a steep slabby groove on the right must be crossed to large rock ledges on the far side. So far this has been done by lassoing the huge belay and roping over, helped also by a second attachment to the belay at the top of the ledge that is being left. Thus the manoeuvre is doubly safe.

(3) 100 feet. Round the right-hand corner from the new ledge and 12 feet beyond is the long deep crack that runs up the first quarter of the buttress starting at its lowest point, the only good crack at all on the whole extent of this first part. Traverse diagonally up into it therefore, up the little overhang by it, out on to the left wall, up, and then various scrambling up it and its left wall to the large ledges at its top. (Here is Narrow Slab route again.) The little overhang may also be taken on the left wall straight from the stance without entering the crack.

(4) 90 feet. Traverse right from 10 feet below the ledge, on to and along ledges (as for Narrow Slab). A ledge at 30 feet with belay. On across the foot of Narrow Slab and along up the easy break on its far side to the top ledges ; those of the top of 1st section of Great Slab. Now the Bow Shaped Slab is straight above, and the Great Slab above and to the right.

(5) 60 feet. Traverse round the right edge from the upper ledge, on to the Great Slab. Up near the edge of this to the good ledge on the edge itself at 60 feet. The last few feet are awkward. As for Great Slab route. There are further belays up some yards if wanted.

(6) 120 feet. One can now move on to the Bow Shaped Slab. Traverse straight left 10 feet on to the horizontal line ; then up (with difficulty unless with long reach) on to the diagonal ledge line. Follow this diagonal to the left. There are stances etc. at its far end, but not in a good position for safeguarding the rest of the party. Before the left edge, another crack runs up the slab, and with some vicissitudes continues to the top of the slab. Follow this without difficulty. At 100 feet and at 120 feet from the previous stance are new stances etc. with at present not very good accommodation.

(7) 60 feet. Straight on by the thinner remaining crack and over the final skyline edge of the slab : a pleasant move : may also be taken by a traverse left a few feet below the top. Twelve feet above this is a huge ledge etc.

The rest is scrambling up the ridge, soon meeting the end part of the Great Slab.

GREAT SLAB.

The Great Slab is the broad and high mass of slab just right of the line of greatest height of the West Buttress. The route gains this from directly below its left lower end, traverses to its right side, up in that corner again, and then up across again diagonally to the left upper edge.

The climb is an excellent mountaineering expedition without any gymnastics, but at a high standard all the way. Ledges are large. The first pitch is of most excellent length and position. The fourth pitch can be difficult, especially when as often it is wet, but it is short and well protected to the extent that the feeling of exposure is slight.

Standard : VI. But it must be considered at a lower standard if the little corner is dry, and if the route is correctly taken. 130 feet of rope.

Start : 50 yards up the Western Terrace there is a broad grass area, the Green Pillar : at its right upper end is a rock pillar abutting on the main cliff : the starting point. Here the overhang of the cliff base has been shorn away and a diagonal of sound slab leads leftward for a few feet to where a groove and slab slope up the whole first part of the cliff to the left lower end of the main slab. Most of the groove is occupied by the Green Caterpillar.

(1) 130 feet. Across the slab, keeping low at first, to its left side. There is a belay 12 feet above the starting point, but it is poor form to use this. From the left side go up the groove, on the caterpillar, and then on the left-hand slab. Where the grass ends keep up the groove by the steep part until one can step easily

left on to large ledges. Or, where the grass ends, go straight left a few feet and up an earthy groove to the same ledges. Cave belay.

(2) 60 feet. From the upper ledge traverse to the right, round the corner, on to the near edge of the Great Slab. Up this to a ledge on the actual corner at 60 feet. Last few moves awkward.

(3) 60 feet. Descend on to a traversing ledge on the right, 12 feet below the continuation break across from the stance. This may be done direct or by descending by the ascent route for 18 feet then across right and up a little to the ledge. From here a rock traverse, not very easy to spot, ascends shortly to the right-hand corner, arriving exactly where the angle eases off. Scramble up in grass 40 feet to the top of the second field.

It should really be found best to take 2 and 3 in one and lead straight up across, without going to the edge stance ; for the last move to the edge stance has become as hard as the rock traverse.

(4) 40 feet. Up the corner. This is hard at about 20 feet, the hardest technique in the climb. Then small quartz ledges, then keep in the corner, or make a few feet out left on to grass and back to the ledges above the block. These moves are less hard than the earlier ones. The habit of sticking pins into the lower part is to be condemned.

(5) 210 feet. The difficulty is now over. Go up a few yards and then up a diagonal crack line that slants over to the far upper edge. There is a rib at 100 feet, but the general line continues past it steepening slightly. There are various stances etc. on this line, but not of the best make.

(6) 30 feet. Up the now easy ridge. Only a few paces of scrambling remain.

Variation : TOP TRAVERSE.

Standard : VI ; harder than any part of the old route and an extremely pretty piece of slab work.

Start from the top stance of Section 2. Go up on to the next ledge, 10 feet, a long thin one. From this a bevelled traverse line goes to the right with some quartz splashing. At 30 feet it comes to a slight rib and stops. Continue across delicately. Soon the grass of the corner and up it to the stance : it is the second field of Pitch 3. So far, the lead has been done under safeguard from a piton, 60 feet in all.

LIST OF FIRST ASCENTS

May, 1905	EAST GULLY.—G. H. L. Mallory and R. Todhunter (5).
September, 1912	WEST WALL CLIMB.—A. P. Abraham, G. D. Abraham (2) (3) (4).
May 1st, 1927	PIGOTT'S CLIMB.—A. S. Pigott, M. Wood, L. Henshaw, J. F. Burton. (10).

A Rucksack Club effort by a group trained in the Lakes and on gritstone. Three previous expeditions had been made in reconnaissance before the final successful ascent. A shoulder was given on the 10 foot corner. On the last pitch the thin wall crack was climbed with a rope held over the belay from the right. On the long crack. "The plain fact is that Morley Wood was alone responsible for the idea of putting chockstones into the crack, the evidence being perfectly clear on this point. It may be said that the other members of the party were accessories after the fact, but Morley Wood was the one who conceived, organised, and eventually put into practice his diabolical plan; and if some of the inserted pebbles did remain in, that can only be put down to Providence and not to any dexterity on his part. . . ." (10).

The ten-foot corner was first led unaided in June, 1930, by C. F. Kirkus. (15). The top crack in 1934 by J. D. Hoyland (20). The Wall Finish by R. A. Hodgkin, A. D. M. Cox, Clare Mallory, Beridge Mallory on June 23rd, 1937. (21).

Whitsuntide, 1928 .. LONGLAND'S CLIMB.—J. L. Longland, A. S. Pigott, F. S. Smythe, W. Eversden, M. Wood. (11) (12) (13) (14) (19).

"We saw three figures clamber up the Eastern Terrace to the foot of the climb. There they halted, sat down, and appeared to regard us . . . found Eversden, Pigott, and Morley Wood. It was they who had attempted the buttress on the previous day, and they had been very surprised to find the rope sling we had left behind at Easter. They had got some 20 feet higher than we and had spent three-and-a-half hours in intensive gardening. . . . Lounging on the terrace we expatiated—between mouthfuls of sandwiches—upon the obvious advantages of combining the party. . . . And so on, a famous climbing incident. (13). One inserted chockstone was used just below the difficult step, and a piton to safeguard the stance above Faith and Friction Slab. Many remarks about the grass, *e.g.*, "One advanced a foot or two at a time, digging for holds and removing turf piecemeal, yet the rock beneath was sound, and we were only experiencing what all the early pioneers of British rock climbing experienced. In a year or so ladies will climb the West Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu and marvel at the difficulties we encountered." (13).

September 27th, 1929. Direct Start.—F. E. Hicks, C. J. A. Cooper, W. E. Woosnam Jones.

June 15th, 1930.. .. GREAT SLAB.—C. F. Kirkus, G. G. Macphee. (16) (19) (23).

Over some loose rock and a lot of vertical grass. The pitch in the corner of the slab has lost a lot of grass; it became considerably harder in its middle third; its upper third is now becoming easier. The rock traverse was missed, below that pitch, for a dangerous turf route, until the second ascent.

June 21st, 1937. Top Traverse.—R. A. Hodgkin, A. D. M. Cox, Clare Mallory, Beridge Mallory. (21).

August 3rd, 1931 .. CHIMNEY ROUTE.—C. F. Kirkus, J. M. Edwards. (16).

"Its originator considered it to be rather more difficult, certainly more strenuous, and at least as arduous, taken as a whole, as the Great Slab Route, though much shorter. Its ascent involved the removal of large quantities of turf, the insertion of at least one piton (only one), and the giving of a shoulder by the second man, standing in loops fixed to belays, not entirely above suspicion." (19).

The Continuation Chimney, 1932, led by C. F. Kirkus.

1931 PEDESTAL CRACK.—C. F. Kirkus and others. (19) (23).

Kirkus weighing into the job steadily. The Direct Start was added June 5th, 1932, by C. F. Kirkus. M. Linnell.

June 19th, 1932.. .. BIRTHDAY CRACK.—C. F. Kirkus, M. Linnell, M. Pallis. (19) (23).

On Colin's birthday.

June 19th, 1932.. .. CURVING CRACK.—C. F. Kirkus, A. W. Bridge, M. Linnell, W. S. Dyson. (19) (23).

Same day. The party had failed on the Direct Start. "In the meantime, Linnell had succeeded in reaching the top of this pitch, climbing up a rather fierce-looking layback crack round the corner. He very sportingly stood down as regards the leadership of the climb in favour of Kirkus." (19).

July 6th, 1940. Direct Start.—N. P. Piercey, A. J. W. Woodroffe. (22).

June 26th, 1932.. .. DIRECT FINISH TO EAST BUTTRESS.—C. F. Kirkus, M. Wood, A. S. Pigott, A. W. Bridge. (17) (19) (23).

August 18th, 1933 .. NARROW SLAB.—M. Linnell, A. S. Pigott, E. Holliday, P. L. Roberts. (18) (19).

June 24th, 1937.. .. THE SUNSET CRACK.—A. D. M. Cox, R. A. Hodgkin, Clare Mallory, Beridge Mallory. (21).

September 20th, 1941 .. BOW SHAPED SLAB.—J. M. Edwards, J. Cooper.

The entry to this had been done previously on two occasions, first on September 13th, 1941, by J. M. Edwards, J. E. Q. Barford, and Mme. N. E. Morin.

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- (20) O.M. 1937. pp. 15—22.
Clogwyn du'r Arddu. A. D. M. Cox.
An account of Oxford activities on the cliff in a hey-day of the Club, including a reference to Hoyland's finish to Pigott's, by layback, and Hodgkin's repetition by jamming.
- (21) C.C.J. Volume V. (New Series). 1938. pp. 222—233.
Clogwyn du'r Arddu. A. D. M. Cox.
An account of the first ascent of the Sunset Crack, Hodgkin's traverse on the Great Slab and the Wall Finish to Pigott's.
- (22) C.C.J. Volume VI, No. 3. 1941. p.47.
A note on the direct start to the Curving Crack.
- (23) *Let's Go Climbing*. C. F. Kirkus. T. Nelson & Sons, 1941.
- (24) The log book at Tal y braich contains complete information on the climbs on the Far East Buttress, apparently a preserve of the Rucksack Club.

IN MEMORIAM

IT is an unfortunate truism that modern warfare does not necessarily offer the best chance of survival to the fittest, and it is with deep regret that we have to record the death of some of our best members.

It has not been possible to obtain obituary notices of all those who died in the last year before going to press.

Oliver Goodman has been reported missing, believed killed, while in action with the Fleet Air Arm. He had been secretary of the Birmingham University Mountaineering Club. He was a good cross-country runner and a keen Alpinist.

S. D. Lee was killed in a flying accident. He was one of our youngest and best rock climbers.

Lieutenant A. E. Wigram was killed in action with the Navy.

Pilot Officer R. T. Williams was killed in action with the R.A.F. He was the son of Roderick Williams.

A. D. HARDIE

The first thing I ever heard Dennis Hardie say was at an O.U.M.C. meet just before his first climb when he remarked : " If there's anything difficult I may break down and cry or do something silly like that." He was quite sincere when he said this, though, knowing him later, " breaking down " was the last thing he was likely to do ; but it was this attitude of humbleness which made him universally liked. On many subsequent meets in Wales and the Alps (particularly the latter), with all their weird assortment of people, some keen, some slack, some very good company, and some intolerable,

many people were unendingly thankful that Dennis was there as well. For here, keeping in the background, was someone who had definite ideas what he wanted to do, who had no false impressions of what he was capable of doing, and whom everyone liked and respected.

Later one found that these characteristics were an essential part of his whole attitude to life, as well as climbing, only in place of the physical shortcomings of which he always seemed acutely conscious when climbing, there was a charming and highly intelligent personality.

G. K. H.

R. P. LAWRENCE

R. P. (Bob) Lawrence was killed in action on a destroyer in the North Sea. Those who knew him but slightly may remember him for his cheerfulness and personal charm, but his close friends knew that beneath was the somewhat shy, deep-thinking personality of a man whom it was good to have for a friend.

Bob was educated at Notts High School, and subsequently was a Scholar of Christchurch, Oxford, where he was an active member of the O.U. Mountaineering Club. With an Honours Degree in Science, he became a master at Sedbergh School, where he made the most of the countryside. I can remember excursions with him—sometimes setting off in his fantastic, ancient car—with an array of climbing gear. Pavey Ark and Dow Crag were favourite haunts, or, if less time was available, the rocks of Long Sleddale. Whenever he led a climb one had a feeling of confidence engendered by his competence and cheerfulness, though the lesser brethren could not always follow in the holds which were possible for one of his height and reach!

Sedbergh remembers him, too, as a Rugger player and in many other school activities. On leaving Sedbergh, he became a master at Brighton College, and soon after the outbreak of war he obtained a commission in the R.N.V.R. He had, as a yachtsman, considerable sailing experience, and spent much of his holidays afloat round the coast of Britain and across the North Sea. Unfortunately, we heard all too soon that he had been killed in action, and mourn a good friend and a good sportsman.

N. G. MAWBY.

A. T. LEGGATE

Archie was a bad climber. He had no knack for finding holds on rocks or for using them when found. This may have been accountable by his loose build perhaps ; he was long and thin ; or by his lack of strength, or by other such things, but the immediate and outward result was that under the suggested physical danger that climbing entails, he fell into a state of paralysing fear and profound mental demoralisation. This greatly annoyed him. Going, therefore, to some standard Difficult climb, perhaps, he would confront this condition with an even more profound determination to become, by hook or by crook, as other men are, in respect of climbing. Then jackets ripped, trousers were torn, his knees knocked, blood like water, desperation was arrived at, was passed, to where effort ceases to last, success, perhaps, a tense interval on a stance, then another pitch. Then, the day far spent, at the top, flinging time away, we would eat and, as mortals should who have stormed Olympus, we laughed and laughed until we could not laugh. A magnificent fellow to climb with ; he could see a joke ; he could make me see one ; and he could talk on and on, carefully, wittily, with truth ; argue happily all night ; or with seriousness honestly into his problems. An education for us. He never really climbed very much ; efforts at the full stretch of our capacity cannot be every day ; also he had work to do ; and with others he did other things. But he very much desired climbing and physical command, and he hoped much from it ; and, of course, he loved the country, the hills, Scotland, and any adventure.

He took a theological course at Cambridge, but found himself doubting and changed over to medicine. He graduated. His work was in every way excellent, and in the tradition of his family, every action was examined and weighed against the ethical criterion of the good of others. The war came soon after he had qualified, and he joined the Naval Medical Corps without hesitation. He was kept on shore work for a long time. On his first sea voyage he wrote home happily, and then bombers caught the ship off the coast of Cornwall. He was last seen working at the operating table with the ship going down. He leaves wife and friends.

J. M. E.

SQUADRON-LEADER J. N. MAHLER, D.F.C., R.A.F.

John Mahler paid his first visit to Helyg and joined the Climbers' Club in 1933. After leaving his school—Loretto—he joined the staff of Lever Brothers, as a chemist, but found an indoor occupation too dull for one so active, and two years later he decided to enter the Royal Air Force.

In rock-climbing, he found a sport which gave him what he sought, the thrill of action with the spice of danger. Naturally, strong and full of energy, he quickly showed great possibilities, though his complete disregard for danger threatened to get him in trouble on more than one occasion. Some alarm was felt by those staying at Helyg when he made an ascent of the Holly Tree Wall after dark on a January evening with the aid of a torch! After a few months with experienced climbers he became a sound leader and did useful work in Wales and Skye. When the leader of a party on the Cioch Direct got in difficulties, J. N. M. led through in boots and completed the climb safely. This called forth an expression of disapproval from a well-known guide who had just led his party up the same climb in rubbers.

On entering the R.A.F., he was sent to Egypt for training, which was completed in Iraq where he was stationed for the best part of the next four years. Flying appealed to him immensely and he was most enthusiastic about his new life. When there was trouble on the North-West Frontier of India his Flight was sent there and later flew to Singapore for the opening of the Naval Base. He earned rapid promotion, and on his return to Iraq was appointed P.A. to the Air Vice-Marshal.

On the outbreak of war, at his own request, he was sent home and posted to Bomber Command. Then followed a long spell of active service, which included many day and night raids over enemy territory. Particularly exciting he found the daylight raids over Germany using cloud cover. On one occasion his fully loaded bomber caught fire and he brought it back with damaged under-carriage which necessitated a "pancake" landing. The crew just got clear of the blazing machine before the bombs exploded. For this fine piece of work he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Last autumn he left Bomber Command and was sent to an aerodrome as Flying Instructor. Here he met C. F. Kirkus, and with him made several flights including one about Christmas over the Welsh hills that both knew so well and over his home at Conway. This was the last time his family saw him. A fortnight later he was killed in a flying accident after a return to Bomber Command at his own request.

The Service and the Climbers' Club have suffered a great loss in the death of John Mahler at the age of twenty-eight. He will be remembered by his many friends for his great charm and unbounded vitality. Whether climbing, flying, or horse-riding, he went "all out" and enjoyed every minute. Particularly we shall think of his delightful companionship on the mountains he loved so well, and his loyalty to the friends he made among them.

E. S. C.

GODFREY ALLAN SOLLY

1858 — 1942

One of the few remaining links in the chain binding present-day Mountaineers with the traditional past has been broken by the death of G. A. Solly. He had known many of the great pioneers whose deeds have already become classic; he had climbed with renowned guides, and had had as comrades on guideless climbs such men as Mummery, Horace Walker, W. C. Slingsby, J. M. Archer Thomson, Claude Wilson and others of equal fame. Solly never allowed any of the weakening of his link between present and past that increasing years would normally bring about, but to the end he was optimistic and youthful in spirit. In the last year or two of his life, when the war made visits to the Alps impossible, and visits even to the hills of this country difficult, he was happy to sit with friends at home, pipes alight, recounting adventures, comparing memories of past expeditions; yes, and making plans for future excursions!

He was a native of Congleton, in Cheshire; was educated at Rugby, and qualified as a solicitor in 1878. In 1882, he settled in Birkenhead, and for the rest of his life was closely associated with the public affairs of that Borough. In 1928-1929,

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

VOLUME VI.

EDITORS :

No. 1 - ELLIOTT VINEY

Nos. 2—3 F. A. PULLINGER

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

(1939, 1940, 1941)

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he was chosen as Mayor, and in 1933, the Honorary Freedom of the Borough was conferred upon him "in recognition of fifty years of devoted service to the town. His interest in the younger generation was shown in many ways. He was a member of the Education Committee for 26 years, and it was by no coincidence that during his Mayoralty the World Scout Jamboree was held in Birkenhead.

In his young manhood, Solly was a good all-round athlete—an active playing member of the Birkenhead Park Cricket and Football Clubs. But, of course, it was rock-climbing and mountaineering that attracted him most strongly, and for half-a-century no opportunity of a visit to cliff or mountain was missed. In 1885 he first visited Switzerland, and during that and the next year or two, served his apprenticeship to mountaineering under good guides. He then began forming guideless parties at a time when this procedure was rather frowned upon by traditional mountaineers. In 1890 he was elected member of the Alpine Club, with a strong record of ascents. In 1893 and again in 1894, he joined Woolley, Cocken, Newmarsh, and Collier in guideless climbing and exploration in the Caucasus. And, in 1909, he was a member of the Canadian Alpine Club's expedition to the Rockies. In all the intermediate and subsequent years, he never willingly missed his guideless climbing holiday in the Swiss Alps. Chief among his guideless "first ascents" were the Fusshorn and a new route on the Eiger Hornli.

Of his exploits on the cliffs of this country only a few of his pioneer climbs may be recalled. In 1894, with Collier and Norman Collie, he made the first complete ascent of Buchaille Etive Mor by the Kingshouse face, Aonach Dubh, Bidean nam Bian, and, in wintry conditions, the first complete ascent of Tower Ridge, Ben Nevis. In 1898 he made a way to Pinnacle Ridge, Sgurr nan Gillean, by a new route. In Lakeland the great "leads" of Eagle's Nest arete and Arrowhead Ridge on Great Gable and the hand traverse on Pillar from the exit of Savage Gully have now become historic deeds.

Solly's strenuous life, his close attention to professional and public duties, combined with an imposing presence, may in some directions have conveyed a mistaken impression of austerity. But there was an aspect of his character, in no way

obvious to those who knew him only as the successful lawyer or public servant, that may perhaps be best illustrated by an anecdote. It happened many years ago at a time when Solly was opposed to the multiplication of small climbing clubs, thinking that the best interests of the sport would be served by concentration of energy in two or three large organisations. Yet he did on this occasion accept an invitation to be guest at the annual dinner of a local club. After the meeting, some of the more youthful, exuberant spirits amused themselves by carrying a struggling fellow-member out of the room. Alderman Solly was standing in the doorway when an unfortunate kick below the belt doubled him up in considerable pain. Naturally, the club members were very upset by the incident, and felt that their reputation with a great mountaineer was lost for ever. But they did not then know Solly! A day or two later a charming letter arrived from him stating that he saw the club was a really live and active organisation, and that he would feel honoured if he might be elected to membership. Beneath the ebullieny, Solly had come to see more clearly than most of us the real influence of a climbing club on the young members—an influence exemplified by the fact that soon afterwards all the principal actors in this scene willingly risked (and two of them lost) their lives in the last war.

Mrs. Solly, herself a very good climber, accompanied her husband on most of his journeys and on many of his climbing and mountaineering expeditions. She has the heart-felt sympathy of a very large circle of friends and their wishes for her own complete restoration to health.

J. M. D.

RODERICK WILLIAMS, 1857—1942.

Roderick Williams was the youngest son of Anglesey parents who settled in Liverpool a hundred years ago. In his youth he was a swimmer and a cyclist; later a mountaineer, a pioneer in Welsh climbing in the eighteen-eighties, who made many first ascents but took little trouble to record them.

He was one of the founders of the Climbers' Club, and at the famous Dinner at the Monico on December 6th, 1897,

it was he who moved the resolution "That a Climbing Club should be formed," with H. G. Golch as seconder. He was on the first Committee, and was a Vice-President from 1930 to 1934. Many C. C. members will remember him as an outstanding Chairman of the Northern Dinners.

In the early nineties he was elected a member of the Alpine Club. He climbed extensively in Switzerland and, in his later climbing years, in Tyrol, to which he was greatly attracted. Among his climbing companions were J. G. Cockin, J. M. Archer Thompson, and W. P. Haskett-Smith, but his greatest joy was in coaching younger men in mountain craft.

He was a brilliant rock climber, and a wonderful route finder, most endowed with the gift of modesty, and withal a considerate and always good-tempered companion.

By profession he was a Solicitor, and for some forty years was Law Clerk to the Hoylake and West Kirby Urban District Council.

He left a widow and two daughters to mourn his loss, his only son having been killed in a flying accident in November, 1941, when on duty with the R.A.F.

W. J. W.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

BOW-SHAPED SLAB.

An article containing a description of this climb and its history, is included earlier in this journal. The route is a fine addition to those already done on the West Buttress.

CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

NEA.

First Ascent September 10th, 1941.

Party : Mme. N. E. Morin and J. M. E.

250 feet. The climb goes up the vertical fault to the holly tree at the foot of the long crack of the Bluebell Traverse, then up this crack to a good finish on the nose of the Goat's Buttress.

Standard : IV B. Steep, but not unduly strenuous.

Start : As for Hazel Groove.

(1) 25 feet. As for Hazel Groove.

(2) 55 feet. Two grooves lie ahead. Take the left-hand one. At 25 feet traverse upwards across the intervening rib to the right-hand one. Pull up to easier slope above which leads to the large holly tree of the Traverse.

(3) 80 feet. Up the crack which rises to the right to a pile of blocks on the edge of the bounding gully.

(4) 40 feet. Straight up the nose of the buttress by an open corner groove, into the region of indifferent rock and split blocks. A steep right-angled corner leads to a large boulder shelf.

(5) 30 feet. Up the rib to its top and belays.

(6) 20 feet. Scramble to top.

This was a good, not previously explored lead adding another good climb to the varied collection on this cliff.

CWM IDWAL. HOLLY TREE WALL

CARABINER ROUTE.

First Ascent July 27th, 1941.

Party : D. F. H. B. and A. J. W.

130 feet. An extremely artificial route.

Standard : V. A.

Start : From Javelin Gully. The climb moves out horizontally to the crack parallel to the Piton Crack, and up this.

(1) 20 feet. Traverse horizontally from the gully to the top of the pillar of the Piton Route. A long step to a good ledge and then a long swing.

(2) 40 feet. Descend beyond to the top of the first pitch of Other Kingdom. Then follow crack above and the wall on the left to the good ledges which lead left to the holly tree.

(3) 30 feet. Step up a bit and swing right to a foothold on the wall to the right of the H. T. W. crack. Layback crack to right to second foothold, where a rest can be obtained. Then continue layback or climb the wall direct to the bay above. This pitch was not led at the first attempt.

(4) 40 feet. Climb usual crack above for five feet, and then get out on to wall on right by mantelshelf. Continue more easily until scratches of H. T. W. and Piton route can no longer be avoided.

CINDERELLA'S TWIN.

First Ascent May, 1942.

Party : C. W. F. N.

235 feet.

Standard : V. A. As for Cinderella.

Start : A few feet left of Cinderella at the bottom of the broad grassy and obvious crack. The route lies up the face above, *i.e.*, left of the main rampart of the wall and beyond Cinderella. It uses a thin crack running right up the wall, almost touching Cinderella at one point.

(1) 30 feet. Up the broad crack, fairly easily.

(2) 45 feet. Twenty feet more up the crack, which steepens gradually and approaches Cinderella. Traverse left and up, across the slab side, to land on the heathery belt that runs across the cliff here.

(3) 60 feet. Up the heather parallel to Cinderella.

(4) 100 feet. Cinderella takes a steep rib ; just left of it is a crack, a continuation really of the line below. Continue up this until it is necessary to traverse left again, the hardest move on the climb. Up slabs easily to the top. (From details given by C. W. F. N.)

CRAIG YR YSFA. THE DANCING FLOOR

High up and to the right of the Great Gully, there is a great wall of partly overhanging rock flanked on each side by terraced buttresses. A smooth reach of steep slabs sweeps up to the floor of the cirque of rock thus formed. This is the Dancing Floor. It ends abruptly in an overhang of massive proportions some 300 feet up the cliff.

SHEAN TREUSE.

First Ascent October 4th, 1941.

Party : H. E. K. and F. A. P.

440 feet. A varied climb, on ribs, slabs, and then steep wall.

Standard : V. A.

Start : The start lies up the nose of the buttress some 150 feet below the overhang, about 200 feet above and 50 feet to the right of the foot of the Great Gully. There are three sections to the climb.

I. (1) 95 feet. Either up nose or up glaxis round corner followed by traverse to green ledge and thread belays.

(2) 55 feet. Traverse a few feet to the right, and then carry straight on until you are just to the right of the overhanging nose. Carry on past the pinnacle on its left by means of a groove which soon leads to final 10-foot layback and a bilberry terrace, which is an offshoot of the Dancing Floor. No belays.

II. (1) 140 feet. (More of climbing.) Traverse diagonally across the slabs of the Dancing Floor either by obvious verdure weakness or by more difficult routes according to personal taste aiming for the green crack, slanting upwards to the left in the direction of the Great Gully.

(2) 65 feet. The crack is climbed as a layback for the first fifteen feet, the right-hand wall being slightly overhanging. A further ten feet leads to a ledge, whence grass ledges run straight up to a rowan tree ledge.

III. The Final Wall.

(1) 85 feet. A crack runs up the right edge of the wall above the rowan tree ledge. The crack can be climbed straight up on quite good holds to where it becomes overhanging. This point is some seven feet below the grass bed of a small cave in the crack which is an obvious landmark, and which can also be reached by an easy traverse from the left.

The route reaches it by avoiding the overhang in a delicate and tricky traverse on the steep face to the right. The deviation should not exceed more than two or three feet as the return to the groove and to the cave then becomes very difficult. The grass bed of the cave is gained, and provides a good resting place. After the steep but straightforward crack above the cave the climbing becomes easy.

DINAS MOT

LORRAINE.

First Ascent September 7th, 1941.

Party : Mme. N. E. Morin and J. E. Q. B. sharing the lead.

310 feet. A good climb with a very thin slab pitch and some honest cracks. Excellent rock. Artificial, however, as stances are shared with the Cracks Route. It can be considered as a series of free variations on this route, pitches of which may be taken as easier alternatives.

Standard : V. B. in rubbers when dry, on third pitch, otherwise IV. B.

Start : As for the Cracks, at the white splintered blocks in the little bay immediately to the left of the lowest point of the nose.

The route follows an approximately parallel course to the cracks to the right of them, where harder slabs and thinner cracks are found, without trespassing round the corner to the face of the nose where the Direct route drives up.

(1) 10 feet. As first pitch of the Cracks, to the grassy shelf on the nose itself.

(2) 45 feet. Up shallow corner grooves and a series of ledges. Many belays.

(3) 65 feet. Eschew the scratches of the Cracks climb which spoil the appearance of the slabs to the left. Directly above can be seen the short chimney to which that route returns.

A steep clean slab with a step in it leads up to and becomes the bed of the steep square scoop of which the chimney-crack forms the left-hand boundary. The slab is climbed direct to the reassuring flake stance above the chimney. The worst step is some ten feet below the bottom of the chimney.

(4) 60 feet. The fifth pitch of the Cracks takes the two twin cracks away to the left. The back wall on the immediate right bounds a more interesting route, the thin long crack in the corner. This is climbed, sometimes by layback, more often direct, to the large ledge which ends it. There are resting-places and the whole affair is not excessively strenuous.

(5) 40 feet. As for the Cracks, round the corner to the right, up the large pinnacle and across to the shelf. Belay low down or high up in the crack.

(6) 50 feet. Avoid the scratched route. Instead take the corner crack on the right. This is pleasant.

(7) 40 feet. As for the Cracks, up and round the corner to the right and over the difficult mantelshelf ahead to the top of the crag.

THE CRACKS—VARIATION.

4a. 35 feet. Instead of going to right and up the chimney, go up the bulge to the left, across to and up the grassy crack. Walk back to the right to the flake stance. This is believed to be the original route, which used to have wall hooks in it in some profusion. It is harder than the modern way.

DRWS NEODDODD

THE GARDEN PATH.

First Ascent May, 1942.

Party : C. W. F. N.

120 feet. A crack.

Standard : V. A. at present, but still much spade work.

Start : Between the broad "Gully Corner" up the left side of which is the Whinberry Route, and Barbed Corner on the right, is a

straight obvious crack, running right up the cliff. The start is at foot of this ten yards right of the gully corner.

(1) 30 feet. Straight up the crack, very grassy, to the top of a long finger of rock leaning into it.

(2) 55 feet. A slight initial overhang, and the crack continues with much digging still.

(3) 40 feet. More gardening ahead, so the route at present deserts the crack and traverses right, delicately at first, then on broad ledges, to and near the top of Barbed Corner.

With these details, C. W. F. N. confirms that Drws Neoddodd is still wrongly neglected. It is a good cliff, well worth a visit for its own sake, or on the way to or from Tryfan or Glyder Fach, as worthy or more so than Kern Knotts.

LLIWEDD. THE SLANTING WALL

PARALLEL GROOVES.

First Ascent May 6th, 1942.

Party : E. R. Zenthon and R. G. Folkard (Junior Mountaineering Club of Scotland).

210 feet.

Standard : IV. B. Done in stockings.

Start : A shallow depression cleaves the lower part of the Slanting Wall, between the West Ridge of Bracket Gully and Bracketside Spout. Above the vegetable foot of the depression, is a groove bounded on the left by a smooth light-coloured slab. The climb starts up this groove, which is marked by a cairn a few feet to the right.

(1) 50 feet. Take the groove direct.

(2) 50 feet. Keep a few feet to the right of the rib above, working to the left of it to finish on a sloping grass ledge. A poor stance with a belay suitable for a wire loop only.

(3) 60 feet. Climb delicately on sloping holds still to the left of the rib, tackling steep final wall direct or to the left.

(4) 50 feet. Either the right-hand groove, or one of the other two grooves to fine belays and quartz blocks.

(From details supplied by Mr. E. R. Zenthon. Some of this route may not be new, belonging perhaps in part to Bracketside Spout.)

MILESTONE BUTTRESS

LOWER FIRST WALL DIRECT.

First Ascent July 26th, 1941.

Party : A. J. W., D.F.H.B.

Standard : V. A.

Start : As for Squint Start of Soap Gut.

(1) 40 feet. Climb a few feet of the Squint Start. Over to the left there is a rib with a groove on its left. Fix a rope loop up on the right, swing into this groove where there is a good hold in it, and continue up by grass ledges to the Long Ledge of the Rope Wall.

BLOCK EXIT

First Ascent : September 3rd, 1941.

Party : J. M. E.

Standard : V. A. This is the way out up the last part of the Central Block of this cliff, from the large platform at the foot of the corner chimney of the ordinary. From the platform traverse out left and slightly upwards along the obvious line of weakness. This leads with an awkward swing into the groove recently marked with a large V. Climb the groove to an awkward step out at the top.

GENERAL

Apart from the activities of Dr. Edwards and his various collaborators and the illuminating and polished climbing of Mme. Morin, there was little climbing of note in 1941. Abraham's route on the West Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu was climbed, and found difficult. Attempts were made on the Western Slabs of Dinas Mot, which appear to have been neglected recently, and to force routes up the hitherto unclimbed gullies of Clogwyn y Grochan, resulting in at least one pleasant memory to me of J. M. E. writhing slowly in one of the slimiest places in Wales, the great overhang of Goat's Gully, for upwards of an hour. Also, on the same day, an attempt was made on a new route to the west of Brant, and a substantial start achieved.

By contrast, a large party of the Club visited Brackenclose in the early summer of 1941, and spent a most delightful week of good weather there. Climbs done included the South-West, Jordan Gully on Pillar, Eagle's Nest Direct, the Obverse on the Needle, Tophet Wall, The Great Eastern Route, Central Buttress, Botterill's Slab, Moss Ghyll Grooves, Hopkinson's Gully, Jones' Arête, The Bad Corner, the face of the Pinnacle Direct, 'Pisgah Buttress, Asterisk, and "E" route on Gimmer. It was agreed climbing in the Lakes is in general not such a nervous business as climbing in Wales.

Our thanks are due to the F. and R. C. C. for the use of their cottage, especially as we felt that we were regarded in that place as definitely wild, and rather uncouth, men from Wales. From an inspection of the visitors' book at Brackenclose, it seems that the reciprocal arrangement is of more benefit to members of our Club than to F. and R. C. C. members, at least the latter seem less ready to try the unknown horrors of Wales and Helyg, than we are to take advantage of the more civilised hospitality of Brackenclose.

As for 1942, the lateness of the Journal has allowed the inclusion of the spring climbing. C. W. F. N. has been active on his own, and in addition to his new climbs, has done the Curving Crack solo. A week's work has also been done on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, rather in fear and trembling, producing at any rate, a pretty adequate record if not a guidebook prepared with the thoroughness and great labour which has been usual in the past. War has naturally limited this sort of activity.

Standards : For these Notes it has been decided to follow the new system of standards described in Dr. Edwards' article. I think these will enormously clarify this question, particularly on Lliwedd. Also, the Skye standards are neatly incorporated, at any rate, the higher ones. As for the standards in the Lakes, these show such a wide divergence from our ideas, that it seems essential from this point of view only to have a different system in Wales, until we have some sort of national forum of climbers to standardise in all districts, if this is considered desirable.

All standards given in these Notes represent the opinions of the first parties. For this reason it is very desirable to have other opinions and if any climb first published here or in the typescript guide to the Llanberis cliffs is repeated, any views or comments on standardisation would be very welcome.

J. E. Q. B.

CLIMBERS' CLUB PUBLICATIONS

1898 - 1942

So many people have wanted details of the journals and bulletins we have published, that it has been thought worth while to prepare a list as a permanent record. There is some confusion in the numbering of the Journals and particularly in the Bulletin, but it is hoped that the list given below and the notes abstracted from various back numbers will make the position somewhat clearer.

JOURNALS.

* Vol. I	No. 1	Aug., 1898	Editor : E. R. Turner. (See Note 1.)
	" 2	Nov., 1898	
	" 3	Feb., 1899	
*	" 4	June, 1899	(See Note 2)
* Vol. II	" 1	Sept., 1899	
*	" 2	Dec., 1899	
*	" 7	Mar., 1900	
*	" 8	June, 1900	
Vol. III	" 9	Sept., 1900	
	" 10	Dec., 1900	
	" 11	Mar., 1901	
	" 12	June, 1901	
Vol. IV	" 13	Sept., 1901	
	" 14	Dec., 1901	
	" 15	Mar., 1902	
	" 16	1902	
Vol. V	" 17	1903	
	" 18	1903	
	" 19	1903	
	" 20	1903	
Vol. VI	" 21	1903	
	" 22	1903	
	" 23	1904	
	" 24	1904	
Vol. VII	" 25	1904	Editor : A. W. Andrews. Wrongly numbered 29 on 1st page.
	" 26	1905	
	" 27	1905	
	" 28	1905	
	" 29	1905	
Vol. VIII	" 30	1905	
	" 31	Mar., 1906	
	" 32	June, 1906	

Vol. IX	No. 33	Sept., 1906	Editor : A. W. Andrews
	" 34	Dec., 1906	
	" 35	Mar., 1907	
	" 36	June, 1907	
* Vol. X	" 37	Sept., 1907	
*	" 38	Dec., 1907	
*	" 39	Mar., 1908	
*	" 40	June, 1908	
* Vol. XI	" 41	Sept., 1908	
*	" 42	Dec., 1908	
*	" 43	Mar., 1909	
*	" 44	June, 1909	
* Vol. XII	" 45	Sept., 1909	
*	" 46	Dec., 1909	
*	" 47	Mar., 1910	
*	" 48	June, 1910	
* Vol. XIII	Nos. 49/50. Sept./Dec., 1910. Published in one Journal.		
	End of old series. See Note 3.		

NEW SERIES.

Vol. I	No. 1	1912	Editor : Arnold Lunn
*	" 2	1913	" "
*	" 3	1914	" N. T. Huxley
Vol. II	" 1	1915	" C. M. Matthews.
	" 2	1920	" George Mallory (See Note 6)
	" 3	1923	" Raymond Greene " "
Vol. III	" 1	1926	" H. R. C. Carr
*	" 2	1928	" Malcolm Pearson
Vol. IV	" 1	1929	" J. D. Hills
*	" 2	1930	" "
*	" 3	1931	" "
* Vol. V	" 1	1934	" "
*	" 2	1937	" Elliott Viney
	" 3	1938	" "
* Vol. VI	" 1	1939	" "
*	" 2	1940	" F. A. Pullinger
*	" 3	1941	" "
* Vol. VII	" 1	1942	" "

BULLETINS

No. 1	June, 1911	See Note 3.
" 2	Dec., 1911	
" 4	Mar., 1912	
" 5	Aug., 1912	
" 6	Dec., 1912	
" 7	May, 1913	
" 8	July, 1913	
" 9	Oct., 1913	
" 10	Jan., 1914	
" 11	April, 1914	
" 12/13	July/Oct., 1914.	Published as one Bulletin
" 14	April, 1920	
" 15	June, 1921	

NEW SERIES

Vol. I	No. 1	Aug., 1924	Editor : Raymond Greene (See Note 4)
	" 2	Jan., 1925	
	" 3	July, 1925	
	" 4	Dec., 1925	
	" 5	July, 1926	

Vol. II	No. 1	Oct., 1926	Editor: H. R. C. Carr
*	"	2 Nov., 1927	
*	"	April 1930	" J. D. Hills. (See Notes 5 and 6).
*	"	24 Nov., 1930	
*	"	25 Mar., 1931	
*	"	26 May, 1931	
*	"	27 May, 1932	Since when Bulletins discontinued.
* Copies available from Assistant Editor.			

NOTES.

- (1) The original Journal was published in a small form, copies of which are still available, but later on it was reprinted in a larger size to conform with later editions of the Journal, which were also of this larger size. This was done for the purpose of binding.
 - (2) Extract from Volume II, No. 7 of March, 1900 :—
"In deference to the wishes of several of our members, we have decided to alter our method of numbering the Journal in order to facilitate reference. The present issue is consequently No. 7, and the numbering will in future be continued without regard to the Volume."
 - (3) Extract from Bulletin No. 1, dated June, 1911 :—
"At the annual general meeting it was resolved that the Journal be henceforth published annually, and that in addition to the Journal a Club Bulletin be published so often as occasion might require."
- The note went on to say that Bulletins were to be used largely for "domestic" publications.
- (4) Extract from Bulletin, Volume I, No. 1, August, 1924 :—
"On the recommendation of the Sub-Committee appointed last year, it has been decided to resuscitate the Bulletin of the Climbers' Club. It will henceforth be published if sufficient efforts be forthcoming at half-yearly intervals. The Journal will be published whenever sufficient worthy material has accumulated in the hands of the editor. Each number of the Bulletin will contain one article. In addition, there will be an account of activities of the Club, reviews, notes of climbs, etc."
 - (5) Extract from Bulletin dated April, 1930 :—
"The Hon. Editor, unable to discover what exactly has been the Club's policy in the past with regard to its Journal and its Bulletin, proposes for the future to try to produce annually one Journal and two Bulletins. The Journal will, he hopes, appear in the summer."
 - (6) Extract from Bulletin No. 24, dated November, 1930 :—

CLIMBERS' CLUB PUBLICATIONS.

Bulletin. Nos. 1 to 15 all thin copies of about 20 pages issued between 1911 and 1921. Between 1921 and 1924 there were no Bulletins. Then Raymond Greene began a new series. Of this Volume I, consisting of five numbers, appeared between August, 1924, and July, 1926. H. R. C. Carr began the second volume. No. 1 appeared in October, 1926. No. 2 in November, 1927. There have been no more numbers of this volume. "The present editor published a Bulletin in the spring which had no number because he was unable to discover what number it ought to bear. In order to avoid confusion of the two "New Series" (presumably he means of Journals as well as Bulletins.—F.A.P.) Bulletins will in future be numbered consecutively as when first issued, and will not be divided into volumes. Raymond Greene's five are really numbers 16—20; H. R. C. Carr's 21 and 22, and the two published this year 23 and 24."

The Editor then goes on to give a list of the Journals which agrees with that on the list above, and adds a note concerning two of the Journals. Volume II, No. 2, 1920, is wrongly numbered as 4 on the cover. Volume II, No. 3, 1923, bears no volume number.

F. A. P.

BOOKS

Among the mountaineering books published since June, 1941, are the following :—

FIVE MILES HIGH. By Robert H. Bates. (Robert Hale. 15/-.)

THE MOUNTAIN VISION. By F. S. Smythe. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8/-.)

BRITISH MOUNTAINEERS. By F. S. Smythe. (William Collins. 4/6.)

COME WHAT MAY. By Arnold Lunn. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12/6.)

PILLAR OF THE SKY. By Hugh Merrick. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 9/-.)

SNOWDONIA THROUGH THE LENS. By W. A. Poucher. (Chapman & Hall. 18/-.)

OVER WELSH HILLS. By F. S. Smythe. (A. & C. Black. 12/6.)

LET'S GO CLIMBING. By Colin Kirkus. (Thomas Nelson & Sons. 4/6.)

ON FOOT. By Hugh Macdonald. (Oxford University Press. 4/6.)

BRITAIN'S MOUNTAIN HERITAGE. By Arthur Gardner. (Batsford. 12/6.)

HIGH CONQUEST. By J. R. Ullman. (Gollancz. 16/-.)

MEMBERS SERVING IN H.M. FORCES

(This is additional to the list published last year.)

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SUB-LIEUTENANT J. WINTHROP-YOUNG, R.N.V.R.

** Killed on Active Service.*

EDITOR'S NOTES

Implementing a somewhat tenuous promise of 1941, we have included in this journal an account of the climbs on the main faces of Clogwyn du'r Arddu under the expert editorship of Menlove Edwards and John Barford. They do not claim for it the accuracy and detail of a guide book, but it is hoped that it will assist in revealing some of the almost legendary climbs of this magnificent cliff to the many who are unfamiliar with them.

This production, somewhat irresponsibly conceived has, you may say, become rather a cuckoo in the pipit's nest, for Clogwyn du'r Arddu cannot be lightly trifled with ; but let us hope that you will forgive the lack of balance and be neither so disproportionate as the pipit, nor judge the cuckoo too harshly for its intrusion. For the benefit of pipits of Standard VI aspirations a number of extra copies of this article are being separately bound and may be obtained from the Assistant Editor, price 2/9, including postage.

* * *

The post of Assistant Editor has, much to the Editor's relief, been revived, and the club will be pleased to welcome H. E. Kretschmer and the Editor to acknowledge his great help in the preparation of this journal. Both he and the Editor and the Secretary, too, may now be found under the same roof at 148 Oakwood Court, London, W.14,

* * *

In spite of the resultant smallness of Vol. VI it has been decided to retain the present arrangement of three journals per volume, so this number will be the first of Vol. VII. Having unearthed and recorded many of the errors of past editors, the Editor was horrified to find that he had already erred himself, and forgotten to number the three years consecutively. "An elementary mistake," as the Secretary did not fail to point out, "and not even an original one at that !"

* * *

The annual general meeting and dinner were held on February 14th at Brown's Hotel in London, twenty members attending and two guests. Informality was the order of the day, and the meeting was held during the dinner.

The President gave a resume of the year's activities, revealing a sound financial position and continued use of the club huts, Helyg and Bosigran ; Bosigran, indeed, was solvent for the first time, thanks

to the army of occupation. It was a pleasant opportunity to welcome Geoffrey Winthrop Young to honorary membership. No other name has been so closely associated with the welfare of the club, and he contributed more than anyone to the continued survival both of the spirit and physical activity of the club in those lean years after the last war when so many links with the past had been severed and records lost. He was on the committee—with one break of three years—for no less than 20 years, and was President from 1913 to 1920.

Geoffrey Young replied in a most interesting speech, tracing the history of the club from its early days. It was delightful for the younger generation to be introduced personally, as it were, to so many great figures of the past whom one had known only as a name to be revered. In the early days the Climbers' Club was the only junior club in the country, and flourished exceedingly, but the formation of many other clubs with close local associations began to threaten its very existence as an active body. Necessarily there had to be a change of focal point from the original group of A.C. members, and the committee sought other fields for recruitment, even resorting to the time-honoured method of the press gang. There was a surge of new enthusiasm just before the last war as shown by those fine journals produced during the presidency of Mallory and Arnold Lunn, when a peak of literary achievement was reached which has never been surpassed; but, somehow, the new focal point was never discovered until the foundation of Helyg.

At the conclusion of Geoffrey Young's speech the President, hard put to it to raise a quorum, took advantage of these startling revelations of the dark days of the past to impress Sub-Lieutenant Jocelyn Winthrop Young into the Club on the spot, thus achieving legal correctitude.

* * *

Members will be sorry to learn of the deaths of Roderick Williams and G. A. Solly. On December 6th, 1897, at a dinner in London, it was Roderick Williams who proposed a resolution "That a climbing club should be formed"; this proposal was seconded by H. G. Gotch, who died last year. Solly, too, was one of the original members, and a most distinguished one both in civil life and in the climbing world where he will be remembered for an amazing number of new climbs in all parts of the country.

* * *

No one should miss reading "High Conquest," by J. R. Ullman, aptly described as the Story of Mountaineering. It is undoubtedly one of the best books of its kind for some years.

* * *

Both Helyg and Bosigran have been used by the army for toughening courses, the former twice. They have proved ideal for the purpose, and it is hoped that the club huts will continue to be of service in this manner.

Many contributions were received to a fund for climbing books for our members who are prisoners of war, among them a most generous one from Arthur Beale. It appears that they are now well supplied, and for the time being no further books will be sent. Major Viney at Oflag VI, writes : "As I am camp librarian I have at least a job to occupy me, quite a considerable one, as there are 20,000 books to deal with. It has been very good of the club to send us the climbing books."

Among those who have been taken prisoner this year is Brian Darbishire, who was with the Friends Ambulance Unit in Finland, and after an amazing series of adventures, was eventually captured in Greece. Captain B. G. Evers, who was reported killed in action last year, is also a prisoner.

* * *

Our plaintive cries for news of members abroad have revealed a number of activities. R. M. Bere has been spending leave from Africa in Sikkim ; John Ryle reports on Syria and Hodgkin, after bouldering on the grand scale in Eritrea, has climbed Ruwenzori—a grand effort. O. F. Price, too, has found time for a rapid ascent of Popocatepetl in Mexico.

* * *

Sidelights on the war.

The Assistant Editor, toying fretfully with his equipment the other day, was heard to remark that he for one proposed to cash the points of his crampons for sardines.

A friend, while on the Indian Ocean *en route* from Singapore, found one of his colleagues deeply absorbed in some little green books. They were the Climbers' Club guides to North Wales.

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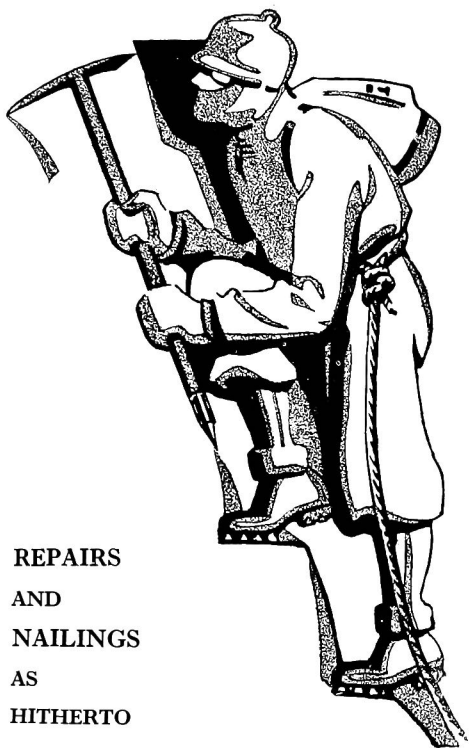
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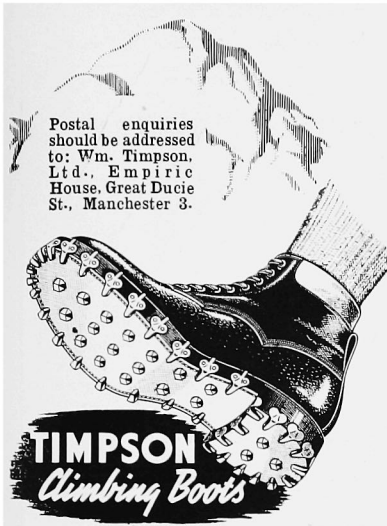
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