

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL

1944

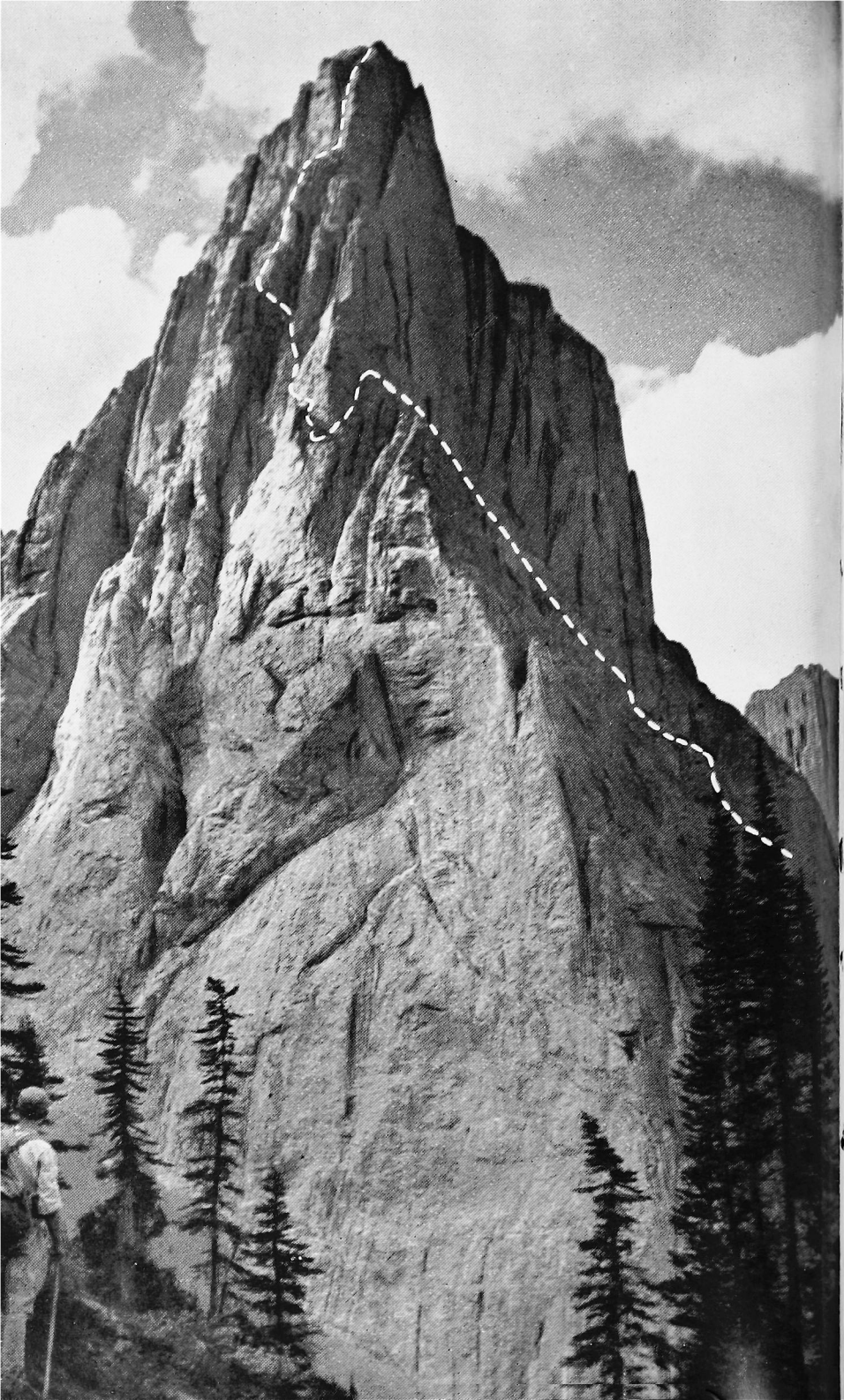
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EDITED BY
F. A. PULLINGER

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MT. LOUIS
showing route described, which
was first climbed by Conrad Cain
in 1916

J. S. T. Gibson

WEEKEND CLIMBING IN THE ROCKIES

J. S. T. GIBSON

UPON hearing that I was to be posted to Canada, I optimistically assumed that my destination would be within reasonable range of the Rockies, and accordingly brought climbing equipment with me. My optimism was justified, and for two years I was stationed within a hundred miles of the Rockies. During the week they formed an inspiring skyline in the west, and they were, of course, ideally situated for weekends and leaves.

Before coming to Canada, I had always imagined that the Rockies were so vast and remote a range that no serious climbing could be reached without a long preliminary trek, probably involving the use of a pack train. In the case of the remoter districts, in which most of the unclimbed peaks are situated, this is so, but there are also innumerable excellent climbs which are close enough to road or rail to be possible within the short span of a weekend. A motor car and a tent are, of course, a great help, and these were acquired as soon as possible. Since I have spent all my leaves and nearly all my free weekends in the Rockies for the past two years, I will limit myself here to describing a few of the better days spent in those mountains.

On the 21st of August, 1942, Jack Eldridge and I were motoring along the Banff—Windermere highway, which runs through Kootenay Park, more or less parallel with the main range of the Rockies and a few miles west of the Great Divide. Jack was not a climber, and, in fact, I do not think he had ever walked in the mountains before, but he was keen to enlarge his experience in that way. We had been told that Foster Peak (10,511 feet), which lies fairly close to the road, looked

impressive, and decided to climb it from the south, as on that side there was a trail marked on the map, leading to Floe Lake, a glacial lake close beneath our Peak. According to the guide book, the peak had been climbed once before, from the north-west side. Accordingly, when we reached the place on the road where the trail went off, we parked the car and gathered together food, a primus stove, cooking and eating utensils, and a blanket and groundsheet each, and set off, at 6 p.m., for Floe Lake. It was dark when we reached the lake soon after 10 p.m., but the night was clear and starry and sky and mountains were illuminated by the Northern lights. We spread out our ground-sheets on the turf near the Lake and having made ourselves some hot tea, prepared to sleep. This was not easy, for the aurora in the sky, its reflection in the lake, and the faintly luminous snows of the peaks above us, were too entrancing a sight to ignore, and by the time we were ready to ignore them we began to feel the cold. Besides, there was a glacier on the far side of the lake, coming right down to the water at a steep angle, and every few minutes masses of ice fell into the water with a loud roar. However, we slept fitfully, and at about midnight I woke up, and saw Jack busy building a fire, which he soon had burning brightly. I went and gathered some more wood, then went to sleep again. After that I kept going to sleep and waking, and each time I woke Jack was hard at work on the fire. At 4-30 we 'got up' and cooked ourselves some breakfast, and at 5-30 I set off to climb Foster Peak, Jack deciding to remain at the bivouac and sleep until my return, he having spent most of the night working on the fire.

My route started over meadows and led thence across a moraine and the lower part of a small glacier, and then over scree to a col at the north-east corner of the mountain. From here, the mountain rose in two fairly steep cliffs, each about 800 feet high, with about 300 feet of slabs at an easier angle between them. The route finding proved interesting and fairly intricate, but the climbing was nowhere very difficult, which seemed quite suitable for a solitary climber. The summit was reached at 9-30, and the view was terrific. There was a light haze over the valleys to the south, but the peaks stood out clearly above it. Mt. Assiniboine (11,870 feet) dominated everything to the south-east, north of it were the Banff moun-

tains, and west those high peaks around Lake Louise, while beyond them on the western horizon were the Selkirks. I descended by the same route and rejoined Jack at the bivouac place at 12-45. We gathered up our things and set off down the trail to the road. On the way we met a porcupine; we stood and looked at each other for a bit, then the porcupine, which appeared to be lame, rather reluctantly left the trail and we passed.

Without a doubt the best rock climb I have yet made in Canada is Mt. Louis (8,800 feet), situated near Banff. This is a peak shaped like a church spire and made, not from the friable kind of limestone generally found in the Rockies, but from good solid dolomite. Since it was first climbed in 1916 the ascent has been made many times, and John Wheeler and I added to the list on 6th September 1942. John is the grandson of A. O. Wheeler, who founded the Alpine Club of Canada and whose hospitality I enjoyed for that and many other weekends.

As may be seen from the accompanying photograph (frontispiece) the route up Mt. Louis is everything that a good rock climb should be—intricate, varied, and in many places exposed. The standard of difficulty is perhaps about that of a “very difficult” in Wales, and for the last 2,000 feet the rock climbing is fairly continuous. Four hundred and fifty feet below the summit is a large platform, reached by exhilarating climbing on an exposed rib, and on this platform we left our rucksacks before proceeding up the final chimney, a magnificent cleft rising in one sweep to the summit. It is a deep chimney and we climbed it close to the bed, sometimes bridging, sometimes climbing up the bed. About two-thirds of the way up there is a chockstone with scree on the top of it, which gave some food for thought, and which we eventually surmounted by combined tactics. The summit is in the form of a narrow ridge, and we sat upon it for about twenty minutes, contemplating, then slid down the chimney to our lunch, which waited in the rucksacks on the platform below. About an hour after leaving the platform we unroped at the foot of the rocks, and strolled back along the wooded valley leading to the road, feeling well pleased with life. On the way we came upon a grove of wild raspberries, of which we ate many, and, having eaten, I lined my hat with brown paper and filled that with raspberries. Later on, in the car, we were puzzled to



observe a pool of apparent blood on the floor, which we traced to the raspberries whose juice had been squeezed out and filtered through the brown paper and hat. The hat was now a delicate shade of pink and for sometime after had a pleasant smell of raspberries, pleasant not only for itself, but also for its association with Mount Louis.

In the summer of 1943 I spent three weeks with the Alpine Club of Canada as an Instructor at the Army Mountaineering training camp which was held under the auspices of that club. This camp was held in the Little Yoho Valley in British Columbia. The congenial company and the nature of the work both contributed much to a very pleasant and interesting three weeks, which I would not have missed, though I must admit that I dislike having to consider military strategy while climbing—it seemed verging on blasphemy to cringe along beneath a ridge when all the better instincts demanded that its crest be trod. (Once I forgot this and nearly spoilt the war.) Having to climb according to a pre-arranged programme, too, is less pleasant than going one's own sweet way—however, these small annoyances were obviously necessary for the fulfillment of our task.

The instructors all had occasional days off, and John Wheeler and I used to arrange to have these together. Such a day was August 3rd, 1943. With an excellent breakfast inside us John and I set off at 5-10 a.m., hoping to traverse the ridges of Mts. Marpole (9,832 feet) and Carnarvon (9,974 feet). Marpole is a rock peak with some good climbing. Carnarvon probably offers little more than rough scrambling, but commands a fine view down the Kicking Horse Valley. Soon after we started the sky became milky and we began to wonder if the weather was going to break, for we had already enjoyed over a fortnight of continuous fine weather. As we got up near Emerald Pass, a glacier pass between the President and Mount Marpole, we could see that in the west the Selkirks were already enveloped in cloud. A little way below the Pass we branched off to the right and soon after 8 o'clock started to climb the rocky E. ridge of Marpole. At first everything was very loose, but as we got higher the rock improved and became much cleaner. We reached the summit, a thousand feet above Emerald Pass, at 9-30, and sat down and ate, and regarded the clouds somewhat apprehensively. They were gathering quickly and were already

YOH0 PARK. A GENDARME ON THE
SOUTH RIDGE OF MT. MARPOLE,
in background are Nameless
Point 9,500 ft. and Mt. Carnarvon
J. S. T. Gibson

licking the summit of Mt. Carnarvon, a couple of miles to the south of us. Shortly after we left the summit of Marpole, it was itself enveloped in cloud, though we remained in the clear. We descended by the south ridge, over a nameless point of about 9,500 feet, to the Marpole—Carnarvon col. The first part of the descent was a little awkward, being composed of smooth slabs which sloped the wrong way, like tiles on the roof of a house, and steep enough to make one tread delicately. After that the ridge became generally easy, with pleasant rock pitches and gendarmes at intervals.

By the time we reached the Marpole—Carnarvon col the clouds looked very menacing and were down on most of the higher peaks, and thunder was periodically rumbling. We sat just below the col for about ten minutes and watched various thunderstorms getting themselves ready to perform all round us, and tried to persuade ourselves that they would come nowhere near Mt. Carnarvon. We both, however, remained convinced that they would, and as we did not wish to become involuntary lightning conductors on the ridge, we decided reluctantly to leave Carnarvon, and ran down scree on to the glacier below. The route home now lay up the Glacier to Emerald Pass and down the other side of the Pass by the way we came up in the morning. It started to hail soon after we started up the glacier, and we sheltered for a time under a slightly overhanging rock. It didn't overhang enough, however, and water kept trickling all over us. The rain looked as if it meant business, so we set out again and plodded damply over the Pass and down the other side to camp. It seemed quite like being back in Wales, to get well soaked in the mountains, for my experience of the Rockies has led me to associate them with fine weather, and to regard rain as the exception rather than the rule.

The Canadian Rockies have achieved some notoriety for the poor quality of their rock, but this is a fault which dwindles into unimportance beside their many assets, and the fault itself has the merit that it at least forces the climber to acquire the technique of dealing with it safely. On the credit side there is much. There are the innumerable small lakes of brilliant blue and emerald green, the wild life, bears, moose, elk, cougar and many other intriguing beasts. The vast area and emptiness of

these mountains is such that they can impart a sense of remoteness not attainable in more inhabited mountains. Then there are the immense and impressive vertical cliffs to which the limestone formation so often gives rise, cliffs which can often be climbed or traversed by interesting and complex ledge formations, and not least, there is the good weather record which they enjoy.

PETRA AND RUMM

A. D. M. COX

ANY mountain range, one imagines, has charm, and not even a period of several months mountaineering under military auspices in the Lebanon could entirely blind one to the fact. It is, however, an inescapable feature of the Lebanon that in summer a great stretch of the crest of the main ridge is more like a desert than a mountain range. Not only has it no water and no vegetation, but for twenty-four miles it has no peaks other than a series of irritating, cross-grained undulations without ascertainable summits. Otherwise it is just a flat stretch of stones, and must, one hopes, be one of the dreariest bits of mountain country in the world.

This striking resemblance of large tracts of a mountain range to a desert suggested that among the deserts of that part of the world might be found some which bore a corresponding resemblance to mountains. The map shows most of the desert regions of the Near East in brown, and the desert travel books leave no doubt that much of this country is in fact not only high but genuinely mountainous. Central Sinai is a case in point.

When, therefore, three of us were given a fortnight's leave, we made it one of our secondary objects to visit one of the more promising desert areas. One primary object (which might have struck us as strange before the war) was to have a holiday from mountaineering, and we intended to confine ourselves strictly to sight-seeing, though we felt that after the first week this need not be restricted to built-up areas, particularly as we had a car at our disposal. We went so far as to put in some boots and a rope, but these were not disturbed until after our return.

Readers of the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* will be familiar with the name of Wadi Rumm. Lying inland to the east of the head of the Gulf of Akaba, this Wadi was often used by Lawrence in the middle stages of the Arab Revolt on the route from Akaba to the country east of Maan. The impression it made on Lawrence is vividly described in Chapter 62 of the *Seven Pillars*. It had always been for me, since reading this chapter, one of those remote places which one stores up in one's mind to visit if ever there should be an opportunity. Another attraction of going to the Wadi Rumm area was that it is not so far distant from a very worthy secondary objective, which could be visited by a small detour on the way. This was Petra, the ancient Nabattaean rock city, which was reported also to be of great interest from the climbing point of view.

After a week spent in Damascus, Beirut and Jerusalem, we crossed the Jordan and arrived at Amman. The atmosphere of Trans-Jordan, which is Arab rather than Levantine, was much more conducive to enterprise than that of Palestine or Syria, and on the day after our arrival we drove painfully down the desert road to Maan, from which we should be within striking distance of both Petra and Rumm. There was nothing in this stretch of desert which suggested mountains. The track, which follows closely beside the Hedjaz railway, was of such a surface that our time of eight hours for the 140 miles between Amman and Maan was considered quick. Our intended destination for that night had been the police post at Wadi Musa village, twenty-five miles to the west of Maan, and a mile or two short of the entrance to Petra; but two hours before we reached Maan torrential rain had come on and made the road temporarily impassable. Our arrival at Maan, where the car went heavily aground in the flooded wadi at the entrance to the town, caused the greatest satisfaction among the inhabitants. How the mud-brick buildings of which Maan is mainly composed stand up to this kind of weather if it is at all normal in winter is difficult to understand. This was May, when it was considered to be very unusual.

By getting up at 5-30 next morning we managed to be on the road for Wadi Musa by 7-0. I had always been under the impression that Petra is in the heart of the desert, but as we drove west we came into country that was at first semi-desert

and later partly cultivated. The height must have been between 3,000 and 4,000 feet. (Maan is above 3,000), until the track began to go definitely downhill, winding down the long Wadi Musa towards the village. There was nothing to suggest that we were approaching a range of mountains, until quite suddenly they came into view, four or five miles ahead. •

Unfortunately our party possessed no map except one on a scale of 1 : 3,000,000, which made no attempt to mark mountains or, for that matter, any other natural features whatever except the Jordan. My knowledge of the Petra range is therefore based solely on superficial appearances. From our first viewpoint the mountains appeared as a fine collection of jagged fawn-coloured rock peaks, rising abruptly out of a wide valley. As mountains they were not large ; some of the peaks may have had as much as 3,000 feet of rock, but the nearer ones seemed to be more like half this height. I believe the highest of them, Mount Hor, goes to about 6,000 feet above sea level.

It was not possible to take the car beyond the village, and local tradition demanded that we should hire horses and take with us an armed soldier for our protection ; the soldier's horse, I was relieved to find, was the only one capable of a trot. About an hour's very slow procession took us down into Petra. The wall of rock, though not more than a few hundred feet high on this side, appears to be unbroken so far as easy entrance is concerned, but an extraordinary cleft called the Sig, only a few feet wide, winds into the mountains between vertical walls for more than a mile and suddenly leads out into the old city. Very little of the actual city now exists, but its site is a stretch of level ground about a mile across and entirely ringed with mountains. It is in the steep faces of these peaks that the thousands of rock tombs and staircases which are almost all that is left of Petra are cut out. These tombs vary in design from the simplest type of unornamented rock chamber to great three-storey facades carved out in elaborate detail to a height of 70 or 80 feet. The most perfect of all stands at a bend in the Sig itself, and the first glimpse of its glowing pink facade, partly seen between the high, dark walls of the cleft, is an astonishing moment.

Unfortunately we only had one day at Petra, a short enough time for sight-seeing in a place of that scale, and quite inadequate for mountaineering reconnaissance as well. We were not able

in that time even to form any clear idea of the geography of the range. The ring of peaks around the city did not appear to us to be the unbroken rock barrier we had supposed, as at two points the hills seemed to be rounded and easy. Otherwise the ring is complete, and beyond it the mountains appeared to continue to the south or south-west for several miles. The dominating peak above the old city is a fine flat-topped mass called Um el Biyara, whose steep face would give perhaps 1,500 feet of uncompromising climbing. The rock of all this range is sandstone, mostly pink or fawn-coloured, though every other colour can be found in the detail of it. The brilliance and variety of the rock colouring is one of the most remarkable features of the place.

Probably most of the peaks would not be difficult to climb by the easiest route, but a party could easily spend several weeks exploring them, and long routes of any standard of difficulty and exposure could be found on many of them. The attraction would be comparable to that of Skye ; the scale a good deal bigger, and the rock on the whole much steeper, nearly as rough and not much less sound. This is surprising, as the quality of the sandstone is such that steps can be rubbed, rather than cut, without difficulty ; indeed Nabataean staircases will sometimes be found ready made on the easier places. Many of the rock faces are practically vertical, and the face routes would often be forced into the gullies. Any of the tombs gives an excellent bivouac shelter, and there are at least two springs inside the city.

On the following day we drove south-west again from Maan down the desert road towards Akaba. As far as a small place called Negb, an hour and a half's driving from Maan, the country was rising all the way. At Negb, the railway (which no longer runs through to Medina) reaches its terminus, and we were surprised to find ourselves on a broad tarmac road. This appears to be a wartime construction, and one which farther on seemed likely to become completely drifted over by sand and flood deposits within a year or two.

As far as Negb the country had been slightly undulating, stoney desert, monotonous to a degree. A few hundred yards further on, however, the capacity of this country for springing surprises, already apparent in Wadi Musa, was even more

strikingly demonstrated. At a bend in the road we suddenly found ourselves confronted with an almost unbelievable panorama of mountains. The desert broke away abruptly in a steep escarpment to a dead flat plain, faintly green at that time of year, 2,000 feet below. Out of this plain, from the middle distance to the horizon, rose a fantastic collection of rock peaks, striking up singly at first like islands, and further back merging into a continuous tangle of mountains. All this was spread out below us, rising to our level only in the distance where the bigger peaks were. The contrast to the country we had been driving through could not have been more complete.

Our lack of an adequate map has left me with no idea of the extent and general configuration of this range, but from the viewpoint at Negb it was obvious that it contains an enormous number of peaks, some of them remarkably fine ones. The principal oddity of the parts that we saw was the total absence of any normal hill-and-valley structure, each independent peak rising abruptly, often vertically, straight out of the level plain of the desert, which surrounded it evenly on all sides like the sea.

We followed the road down the escarpment and drove south across the plain for about twenty miles from Negb. There was a fairly normal line of steep, red hills on our right, and on the left we began to pass the outlying islands of the main range. Our map showed a place called Guweira, where we should turn off left for Wadi Rumm. We had some difficulty in identifying both the place and the turning, the former consisting of one building, and the latter of a few faint tyre marks which diverged from the tarmac road at different points up to two or three miles apart. The set of tracks which we gambled on soon led us into extraordinary country. They ran across great open flats of dried mud on which one could drive at any speed and wherever one liked among weird rock peaks of red Nubian sandstone. For long stretches the mud would be so hard that no wheel-marks were visible, and it was a curious sensation to be driving completely at random with no compass and no map big enough to show within ten miles either where we were or where we were aiming for. This was particularly so when we eventually lost the tracks completely and spent half an hour casting about at speed on the mud flats. We were beginning to suspect that we were really lost, when a couple of violent bumps announced

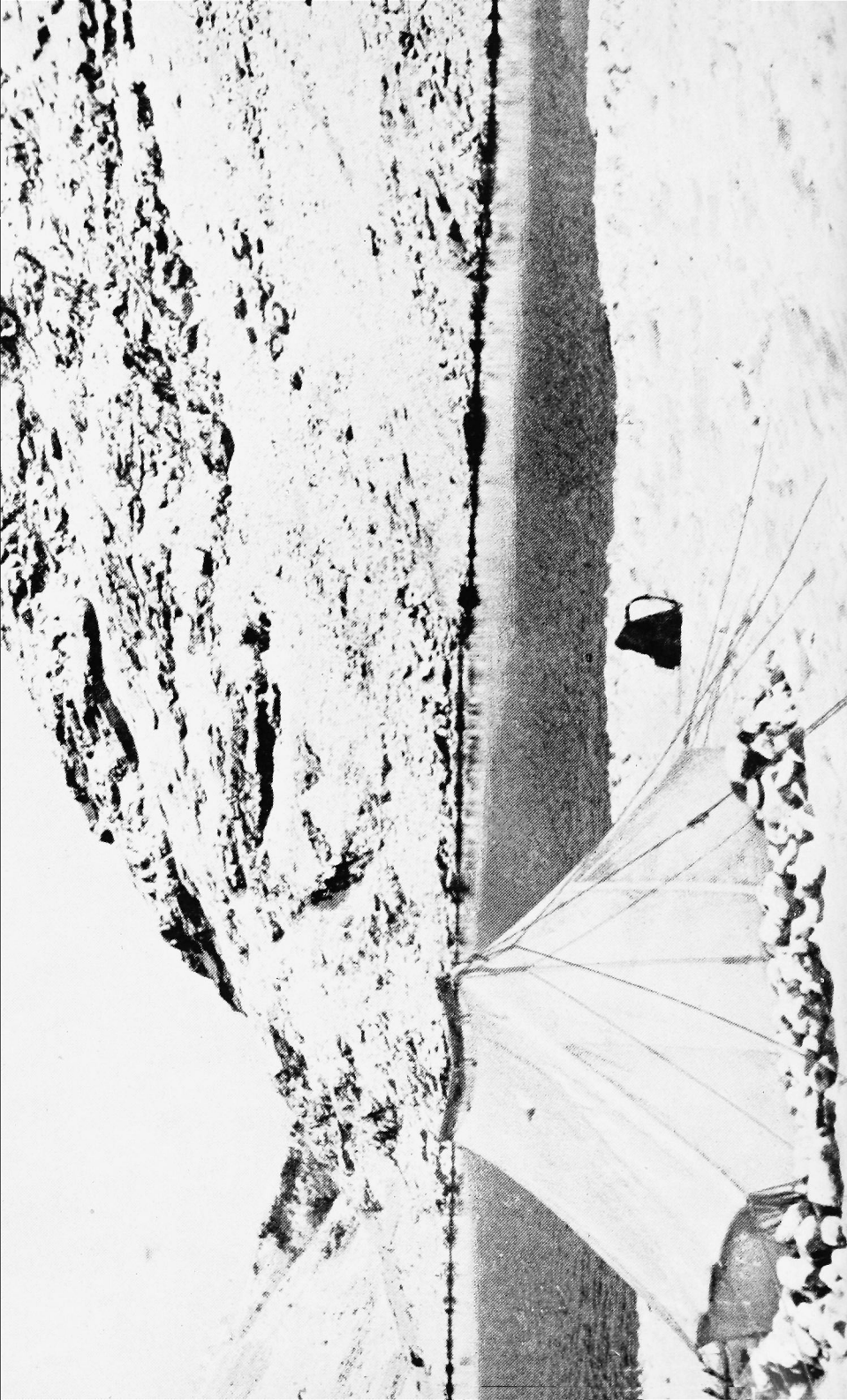
that we had struck a well-concealed and deeply rutted track running at right angles to our previous course. This track soon brought us over a low saddle and into the north end of Wadi Rumm. The ground surface had changed from baked mud to sand with a thin covering of light green scrub.

Any anticipation I had had that after Lawrence's description the reality of Wadi Rumm might prove a disappointment had been disposed of from the moment when we saw the view from Negb. As we came into the Wadi and drove down it, it became clear that his chapter is not only brilliantly vivid but also exactly accurate except for quite minor points. The scenery was far finer than anything we had seen at Petra. The floor of the Wadi is almost dead level, about three-quarters of a mile in width and perhaps ten miles long as far as the "glowing square" at the far end. Tremendous cliffs go straight up on each side for its whole length, so that the effect is of a magnificent enclosed avenue rather than a valley. In many places the cliffs might have been sheer for nearly 2,000 feet, but foreshortening made any accurate judgment difficult, and the place was so impressive that in any case the exact scale of it seemed unimportant. The structure of the cliffs themselves and of the grey domes of the peaks which crown them on either side of the valley is described in the *Seven Pillars*, an account which can hardly be improved on, except that its solitary error of detail is one of some importance from the climbers' point of view, the very marked striations of the cliffs being in fact horizontal and not vertical.

The broad layout of the peaks around Wadi Rumm is simple. The walls on each side of the valley constitute the supporting buttresses of two massive mountains, whose size may be appreciated from the fact that their base on this side extends for the whole length of the Wadi. In the open "square" at the south end is a third peak, called Khazail or Khazali, finely placed but of a lesser calibre than the other two and easily climbed, so we were told, from the far side. Seen from Negb, the two main peaks stand up on the horizon more prominently than any others. The one on the west side of the Wadi is a big lump of a mountain with a long skyline shaped like a bracket. This is the peak of Rumm from which the Wadi is named, and obviously a route could be found on it direct from the Wadi ; the British resident

at Amman told us that it had in fact been climbed by an R.A.F. officer and an Arab, who took many hours for the climb. The problem is probably mainly one of route-finding, as there seemed to be several possible lines up the main cliff, and one would expect the upper part of the mountain to be of no great difficulty. The peak on the east side of the Wadi, however, is the dominating feature of the whole range, and a far finer mountain than Rumm. It is attractively named Um Ashrin, or Mother of Twenty. My recollection is that we were told that it is the highest peak in the range ; certainly it is the most impressive, and has never been climbed. Above the great walls of vertical red sandstone, the rock sets back in a series of fawn-coloured domes building up to a fine summit, which might be 3,500 feet above the level of the Wadi floor, and possibly 5,000 above sea level. The top 1,500 feet, though interesting and complicated, looked unlikely to stop a party which had overcome the lower wall, which from this side offered no weaknesses other than one or two not obviously impossible gullies. One would not attempt it, for preference, without a careful reconnaissance of the other sides of the mountain, which, however, we were told were of much the same steepness and complexity. If this is the case, the climb will certainly be a first class mountaineering problem, comparable, one would imagine, with Jebel Kassala as regards length and difficulties of route-finding. The problem of thirst will also be very similar.

An unclimbed mountain always appeals to the imagination, but there are a few which do so in a special way, seeming to have all the qualities that make for a perfect ascent. Um Ashrin struck one immediately as in this special category. For a few minutes our resolutions not to climb broke down completely while we tried to stretch our remaining days to fit in time for an attempt on it. But time had already run out. Next day we were bumping north up the desert road on the first stage back to the Lebanon.



WINTER CAMPING IN BRITISH MOUNTAINS

J. M. BÉCHERVAISE

IT is desired that this article be as objective as possible ; to pass on experience, some gained at cost, rather than to explain or tender reasons for wishing to gain practical acquaintance with the elements, or willingness to undertake such ventures. These aspects, with their personal solution, always precede effort and are either present and fully explicable, or incomprehensible, in a climber's mind. It should be unnecessary to affirm that they are multiple ; that, although there is often enormous pleasure in the act of winter camping itself, this is subordinate to other spheres for which it provides a key. At the outset, I must state that I have not had the privilege, as yet, of possessing any of the superlative equipment commonly used on expeditions to the greater mountains. That which is described has been personally designed or adapted, carried up and carried down, patched and altered and improved and, for its purpose—that of providing a standing camp in any weather and at any place in British mountains—has, I hope, many seasons still before it. With my mind filled with the glory of scenes without number and my heart quickened by retrospective delight, this account shall yet be confined to the physical conditions for their enjoyment.

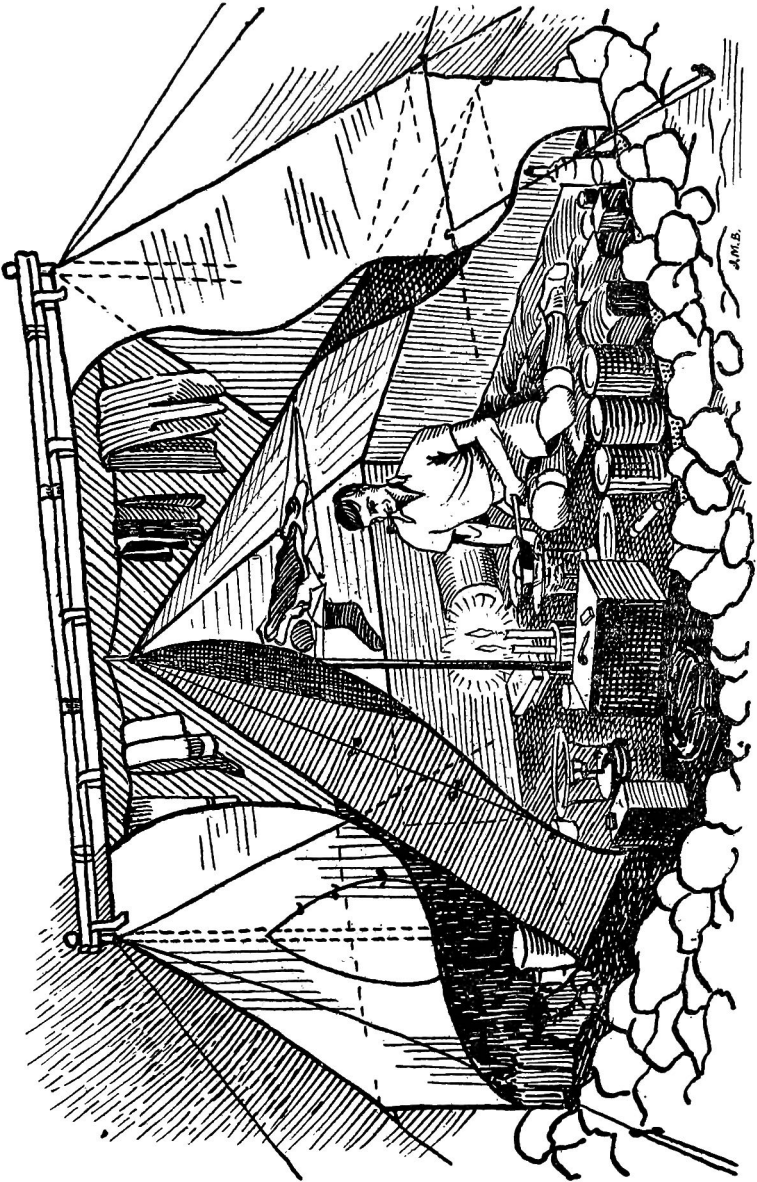
Shelter takes precedence over all other factors. Even in our own mountains, the period between December and April can yield circumstances under which life, without it, could not be easily sustained for more than twenty-four hours. Storms, lasting three or more days, with gusts of up to 100 m.p.h. velocity, are not uncommon whilst their ammunition is varied in form, quantity and temperature, but may be equivalent, in

one day, to anything up to four inches of rain. The lowest temperatures occur in clear, still weather and are frequently below zero Fahrenheit, but wind requires much greater respect, even when warm enough for rain. The reason for this is, of course, that, beneath the clothing, the layer of warm air surrounding the body is disturbed and requires incessant effort and expenditure of energy to maintain it.

The tent, to withstand any possible siege, must be firmly anchored to the ground on every side. A flysheet is impracticable. This fact was impressed on the writer, when, after a night of acute trepidation and sleeplessness, he once performed a *prima luce* dance with a razor, cutting away the flysheet in a whirl of sleet, in order to prevent a parachute descent of some miles. (The razor ceased therewith to function !) The walls of the tent require firmer fastening than pegs can achieve. The best method is doubtless with about a ton of snow or rocks. These require flaps or bags of hessian or canvas, about a foot wide, sewn to the bottom of the walls. If rocks are used, it is essential that they are packed away from the walls themselves, as the constant flapping of the tent soon wears holes ; snow or grassy sods are most useful for this purpose. Similarly, the guy-ropes, if in contact with stone, soon wear through, so that, where necessary, carefully constructed apertures through the piled rocks must be left. The guys should be numerous—about two feet maximum distance apart, few tents, other than those made for the purpose, having more than half the required number. Those lacking must be attached as part of essential preparation. The usual metal strainers are used, though it is possible that a fine, flexible steel wire with some type of spring may form the ideal stay.

Wooden pegs should be at least fifteen inches long for snow but are apt to be useless for rock and frozen earth. Pitons are useful in these cases but most anchorages will require stabilising with rocks and other “contrived” belays. The cord used should be fine and strong ; cotton, in my experience, having proved unsatisfactory on account of its stretching propensities. Beale's stock a suitable nine-strand hempen line ; very light, intensely strong and weatherproof.

The site chosen should take advantage of any natural shelter from westerly gales. An entrance to the tent of “stocking”



form is undoubtedly best but the essential is that it may be made to close firmly by additional flaps sewn in, or by other such means ; also, entry should not necessitate disturbing the protecting rocks at the base.

The finely woven "Jeppara" cloth, or any of several other excellent materials on the market (pre-war), provides sufficient cover in single thickness and may be essentially so for mobile camps, where weight counts greatly. My most satisfactory standing camps, however, have always been with double tents, one pitched inside the other, its guys passing through "button-holed" rings inserted accurately in the outer tent. This not only provides protection against the penetration of fine ice particles, to say nothing of the almost inevitable mist from drumming rain, but gives greater stability, less air agitation and complete freedom of movement against the walls of the inner tent. Hoarfrost from condensed breath does not form so readily on the "ceiling," and boots, by the added protection less hardly frozen, are more easily thawed over the "Primus."

The shape of the tent, provided its poles are strong and rigid, seems immaterial although the ridge pole of the rectangular type may have a tremendous lateral strain imposed upon it. I have found a double pole, one strapped above the other, stronger than a single length of more than equivalent thickness. Vertical poles can often be strengthened by interior strutting ; on at least one occasion, a contrivance of leather boot-laces having ensured the safety of a one-pole tent.

The floor must be proof against moisture and sufficiently durable to withstand a good deal of wear. It may be sewn into the tent. Heavy proofed canvas is very satisfactory ; rubbered fabrics seem to deteriorate very easily and don't pack well.

It is a good plan to have the outer tent sufficiently large to provide storage for food, ropes, boots, fuel and the large quantity of wet clothing which is bound to accumulate. Here it may be partly dried whilst waiting its turn over the stoves inside. An inner tent no larger than is necessary, though large enough, conserves warmth and better reflects and diffuses the light from candles or electric torch.

On the subject of clothing much could be written but is already most capably expressed by many well-known authorities on mountaineering. The cardinal rule is to preserve a warm dry

change within the tent and, under no circumstances, however harmless the day may appear, to use it for outside wear. Thick pyjamas, slippers and pullovers are generally sufficient, though, in severe frost, one may be forced into a sleeping-bag, with operations of cooking, etc., maintained from this constricting integument.

Sleeping arrangements depend upon taste and training. Personally, I find two eider-down sleeping bags of familiar type, laid directly on the ground sheet, one inside the other, with a pillow constructed from boots and clothing, sufficient for severe conditions. The pneumatic cushion type of bed or canvas stretcher on light, bent steel rods would probably be worth its weight to some.

A couple of pressure stoves, with detachable supports (for ease of packing), are adequate for cooking and surprisingly efficient for drying clothes. A "cobweb" of string may be laced in the triangular apex of the inner tent if rings for this purpose have previously been sewn into the tent. I have known the "summit" heat to be 150°F., with the "ground" temperature, inside the tent, reasonably comfortable—whilst outside, snow fell! Drying operations are a steamy, uncomfortable business and great care is necessary to prevent clothes being burnt. Danger from carbon monoxide is known to exist in a tightly-laced tent, whilst its incidence is considered higher when the flame is in contact with a cold vessel—probably as a result of less perfect combustion. I invariably have a small ventilator exit at the top of the inside tent and, when alone, whilst drying clothes, generally lift part of the brailing to ensure an inflow of pure air. Naturally, a wind, free from moisture, is more efficient for the purpose and a well-guyed line may usually be erected to take advantage of this possibility. Spare line, by the way, is seldom unwanted at some stage of the camp.

It is not proposed here to discuss either food or clothing in particular; both depend on personal tastes and theories. Problems of preserving fresh foods are not difficult to overcome in winter, especially if the outer tent is a natural refrigerator.

Weight, however, is important and war-time difficulties of transport have done much to reduce the amount of unnecessary baggage. I have found it best to send, by registered post, in neatly sewn hessian containers, as much as possible to the

"base" village. These packets weigh about fifteen pounds each. Carefully numbered and catalogued, they await one in convenient form for transport to the camp site. In passing, it should be stressed that packing is important. Food travels well in large tins, each carefully secured against misadventure in the post by strips of adhesive tape or light soldering. Frequently I have been fortunate in securing the aid of fellow-climbers or local friends as porters, although sometimes the establishment of camp has depended on several solo journeys. Pack-horses and sleds have been used when conditions were favourable. A total weight of 150—180 lbs. will include everything required for a fortnight's camp, including rope and boots, for one individual. It is not easy to keep down to this quantity but one or more companions greatly reduces the average.

Obviously, the tents must be taken in the first load. Once erected, they will form the home for other stores until the camp is complete. A careful erection of tents, on a sunny meadow at home, is part of essential preparation. From this, not only are defects in the tents likely to be discovered, but a complete "pitching" chart may be made, with the ideal position and distance for every peg located. To establish camp in a blizzard is no easy task; however, if all pegs are first driven as accurately as possible according to a pre-arranged chart and if the outside tent is laid out, weighted with stones, guys and strainers approximately in place, the insertion of poles and gradual raising of the tent is made much simpler.

Striking camp may be a grim business, especially if the tent is stiff with ice and the joints of the poles immovable. The tent should be last item packed. Often it is better to detach the poles over a flame and thaw the ungainly folds of the tent in the warmth of a byre, within the hospitable walls of a valley farm.

Where a really excellent site is discovered, such as may call for future visits, it is quite possible to *cache* certain items towards another winter. I have never had my mountain stores illegally broached. A small wooden case or two, heavily painted against the ravages of weather, a few biscuit tins similarly treated and a small sheet of galvanised iron are all that is required. Except to their owner, they are lost to sight amidst a wilderness of rocks. Well camouflaged in inconspicuous places, they will weather the year and be welcome symbols of past pleasure and joyous anticipation.

GREAT GABLE AND STYHEAD TARN
Tent can just be seen on
near edge of tarn.
J. M. Béchervaise



Men who camp under adverse conditions are not martyrs. They enjoy food and warmth no less, probably more, than the sybarite of the luxury hotel—what is more—and here there is a difference—they generally achieve it. Vision is primarily necessary but only experience teaches the true rewards of this branch of “mountain-craft.”

The accompanying sketch shows a typical ensemble. It, with this article, tries to depict the linen on which the tapestry of great days, made richer by latitude and season, may be woven.

HEIGHT AND DEPTH

C. W. F. NOYCE

FEW that climb hills would consciously measure the depth of their feeling for them by the height to which they had climbed. Yet the more men see mountains, and the more desire for them compels strong limbs to clamber as high as they may be found, the harder it becomes to realise that they may be loved by mere looking. It has come to be felt, though seldom expressed, that the title mountaineer is the title simply of achievement ; and that he who has not visited the summit has no right within the sanctuary.

In an essay that is itself mountain poetry, Fiona Macleod championed stoutly the view that mountains are in fact enjoyed more wholesomely from their sides than from their summits. To know Ben Nevis you have not to climb to his crown from which the whole scene appears flat and meaningless as a cardboard diagram, but to explore the glens and glades and crags of his flanks, to see him from different angles and in different lights, to watch the wild life that is upon him and the people to whom he is a lifetime companion. In that spirit, Wordsworth lived with the Cumbrian Hills until they seemed to him so friendly that they must posit a benignity in all nature which we find difficult to believe, though we should wish it true. Wordsworth walked mainly the valleys, and seems seldom to have climbed above 2,000 feet. Yet he watched and knew in a manner to reduce to absurdity those who set out to climb all peaks above 3,000 or 4,000 or 13,000 or whatever it be. For they have not time to see, with the Recluse, the sun couching between two horns of the height across the valley ; to enjoy from a hillside, at daybreak, the October slopes.

“Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern”—not time to enjoy anything in fact, beyond the sensations of alternate tense movement and tiredness, and the pleasure which we must grant them of ticking off the peaks and precipices of their

achievement. They have their reward ; but they must confess, in matters of appreciation, the justice of poor Ruskin's harshly criticised invective against grease-pole climbers.

Mountaineering as we know it was in its infancy when Ruskin attacked it in the spirit largely of Wordsworthian feeling. I think that in that state of infancy is to be found the answer to the question of height and depth. To those who have the equipment and technique, unknown before last century, the desire to explore each facet of the peaks, while they have strength and youth for it, is not the sin against nature that Ruskin feared. We are bound to climb, by the urge which is too instinctive to be possible of defence, by the desire to see over the top and to tread the untrodden ways. But the criticism of our elders is justified if we do no more than this ; if we fail to get full enjoyment from Ben Nevis both by way of his northern buttresses and of his southern glens ; to mix physical activity with joyous relaxation, the rough rock with the smooth water of lower streams, the struggle in cold snow with warm lazy chattering among the woods and villages below. Such contrast I believe gives a possibility of pure pleasure (not necessarily of mountain feeling) that was denied even to the Wordsworthians before. Then if that contrast of the mountain climbing with a more general penetration be continued through life, we may come to a wholeness of appreciation too which will embrace all mountains. The Alps now are to us, from the climbing aspect, something of what Scafell and Snowdon were to Wordsworth. The Himalaya we shall for a long time I think enjoy most fully from the valleys without adventuring far above the snowline. My own one passage above 20,000 feet, and that on a most lovely mountain, I found was for retrospective rather than present enjoyment. With the highest peaks, most men would admit that their motives were too well alloyed with ambition and very hard to define ; even if they argued for the astounding sensation of gladness and strength that comes after intense effort at a height. But the inaccessibility, for most, of the Himalayan tops gives scope for admiration without the fretful desire to be up and over them. It is possible in these conditions to maintain that reverence which they as no other hills know how to inspire. And it may then be that here among them is still to be sought the highest mountain felicity.

CRAIG YR YSFA MEMORY

A. B. HARGREAVES

READING the most excellent Craig Yr Ysfa Guide, published in the 1943 Journal, brought back to me a number of sudden, clear-cut memories, particularly of an old adventure, one of many experienced during the period 1927—1934 when I had the good fortune to be in at some of the major proceedings of the Welsh revival in the matter of rock climbing.

The Guide says “Pinnacle Wall, Direct Start—C. F. Kirkus and A. B. Hargreaves—1932” and describes this item as “Standard VI” (which, being put back into the old nomenclature means, I understand, “very severe”). Well, it certainly was very “VI.”

As I was constrained to “retire” from serious climbing a couple of years after that I think it would probably be the last time I climbed on Craig Yr Ysfa and the day dug itself into my memory, not only because this new thing was done but because of a little bit of “fun and games”—as a happening “not according to plan” used then to be called. I had always had fun on my occasional visits to the place because they were usually to do the Great Gully, which is hardly a small man’s climb. For instance, I remember, very early on, being introduced to the place by those *maestros* of a previous generation, J. M. Davidson and W. R. Reade. I believe my language, when trying to back up the Big Pitch with one ear on one wall and my toes scratting on the other wall, was considered shocking—and there was also some little trouble over my going to ground in a hole under the Capstone and refusing to move until towed out on the rope—though I believe I got a bit of my own back on that nice little penultimate pitch. Later on, when I had acquired cunning and the habit of not taking much notice of how six-footers did things, I used to go up the right-hand crack of this

Cave Pitch, most interesting, certainly "stiff," as per Guide ! I also remember a winter ascent when our party of three got so wet and cold that we had to walk all the way back to Helyg *roped*, the knots having somehow got seized . . .

But this day with Colin was much "funnier." The previous year he had made the Pinnacle Wall climb—solo—and he proposed that we should go there to do it (a) so that he could get my opinion for classification purposes, and (b) ((a) turned out to be only a blind) so that he could have a go at a little thing he had tried the day he did the climb and which he thought might go if he had a bit of moral support . . . I suppose I ought to have detected that there was something out of the ordinary in the lad's mind because he not only piled a lot more food than usual into the sack (that is, about a war-time week's ration of body-builders and energisers) but also a little bag which jingled, and the Helyg poker. This latter was quite a normal item of our equipment in winter because funds did not run to ice axes—but we did not usually borrow it in summer time—though the hearth brush was sometimes requisitioned then. Well, it was a nice fine day, not too hot, and we talked a lot on the way over about Clogwyn du'r Arddu, and gardening, and about Menlove and *his* gardening activities on Idwal East Wall (blast him !), and about a certain young woman who had recently changed ownership—and about the Pinnacle Wall, of course, but no information was given me about the "little thing" we were going to try. We began by doing the Amphitheatre Rib (very good climb) just to warm up, and from there I had pointed out to me the run of the Pinnacle Wall climb ("It's a pity one has to go right along that Bilberry Terrace to get on to it instead of straight up the corner") and then my attention was drawn to the wall below the said Bilberry Terrace ("What about that crack, that would straighten it out a bit, wouldn't it ?") I was cocky enough to second this proposal but I did jib at Colin trying to do the thing unseen, because it looked a perfectly horrible place. and I insisted that we commence operations by my going to the top of the crack and fetching him up it on a rope. This turned out to have been a wise move ; it took about an hour, several pulls and a lot of Colin's energy to get him up. He then reported that it would probably go if thoroughly gardened (he had already removed quite a lot of stuff) so I was sent down

with the poker and spent another hour preparing the pitch for the lead. Then Colin led it, having very great difficulty, especially at the start and the finish (which would have been quite impossible as it was before it was cleaned up). I remember very well the "poor belay" near the top—and the difficult traverse out to finish; that was about the hardest bit. It was just the sort of pitch to justify Menlove's famous description—"very annoying." We were both pretty exhausted after this and were glad to fall to on the sardines wrapped in sliced tongue, and the jam sandwiches laced with Nestle's milk; we also opened a tin of bully which, with Carlsbad plums, was to constitute a final *bonne bouche* . . . But before we had got to that stage the aforesaid little bag was produced and I was surprised and rather shocked to see that it contained a little hammer and a couple of flat pitons. I say shocked because we two were generally agreed that steeplejack's ironmongery was out of place on crags, British crags at any rate, *unless* there was something that could not possibly be led safely without such aids and which, if it could be done, would result in the completion of a climb—such as on the Overhanging Wall climb on the East Buttress of Scafell, made by Linnell and my namesake. Anyway, this was the first time to my knowledge that C.F.K. had thought of using the things and the place where he thought they might be required was directly above us where we sat on the Bilberry Terrace at the top of the Direct Start crack. This was a nasty-looking V groove of perhaps 30 feet, approximately perpendicular to start with and definitely overhanging at the top where it gave on to the Quartz Ledge of the Pinnacle Wall climb. I again proposed to go round to the top of the pitch and drop a rope so that Colin could try it that way first, but he said he had already been some way up it when he had done the Pinnacle Wall climb and he thought it would certainly go if he could get a piton fixed below the top overhang; also, time was getting on, so he decided to try it "clean." With some difficulty my leader got himself lodged in a sort of saint's niche about 20–25 feet up and then proceeded to fix the piton in a crack at the back. This was not so easy because he had to hold himself into the niche with one hand while hammering the piton with the other. However, he eventually got it in to his satisfaction, then he ran his rope through the ring and climbed down

for a rest. We both pulled hard on the rope and the piton was O.K'd as firm. Then Colin went at the pitch. His idea was to use the rope running through the piton to hold him in (a la Leo Maduschka, *vide* British Mountaineering Journal of about that time) while he leaned back and reached upwards for the holds which he hoped existed above the overhang. He tried once—and came back into the niche—he tried again (harder) with me holding the rope taut—and then—(a loud “ping” and a “whirr”)—the piton was out and Colin was in mid-air . . . Fortunately, although the Bilberry Terrace from which we were operating was quite broad at that point, I had a belay, though rather a small one, and was able to get some rope in during his gracefully parabolic descent, because he landed on his stomach at the very edge of the Terrace and just as the rope came tight on him he bounced over the top of the Direct Start crack . . . The brakes held, but only after I had been dragged several feet with the belay rope (line) stretching like elastic. I can still see his legs waving in the air . . . But although the leader was saved (it was a fairly soft landing)—at the usual cost in second man's hand-skin—a disaster had occurred; the bully tin had got kicked overboard during the proceedings so we had to eat the Carlsbad plums neat.

We did *not* do the Pinnacle Wall climb (ordinary way) just to preserve our nerve, according to the old prescription, although we did try—dithering down the Quartz Ledge into the corner and then back, even more ditheringly—in fact, as the sun fell we crept silently up one of the Amphitheatre gulleys (roped—short run outs) and slunk, chastened, down to Helyg where nothing was said about the day's doings—in fact I don't think even the Direct Start was logged.

As I did not try the pitch myself I cannot say whether or not it seemed climbable, with or without artificial aid, but it does seem worth commending it to the attention of post-war “tigers” because if it would “go” the combination of it with the Direct Start and the upper and difficult part of the original Pinnacle Wall climb, would obviously form a superb route worthy to rank with the best on Clogwyn du'r Arddu. It may be identified in the illustration facing page 143 of the Journal (25 of the Guide reprint) by reference to the bottom end of the Quartz Ledge where there is a bit of turf (see also

illustration of Quartz Ledge) with a black V slot just below it ; the attempt was either by way of the V slot (I think it was) or a little further to the right, facing in, where on the photographs the angle appears to be easier.

At the beginning I referred briefly to the new Guide to Craig Yr Ysfa and I must say that it seems to me a very fine job of work, particularly because it must have been a most boring business combing the uninteresting sections which form the major part of the cliff. However, the authors evidently had the satisfaction not only of making several new routes but of breaking new ground where there are further possibilities. Being one of the last generation to regard the rest of Craig Yr Ysfa as useful merely to hold up the walls of the Great Gully I should certainly like to be taken on a conducted tour, secured by competent tugs fore and aft, of the Cirque and the Dancing Floor.

HARDLY VII G MINUS

E. H. L. WIGRAM

THE nimbus hung greyly over the hills as we splashed our way up the lonely cwm to the foot of Clogwyn y Pysgll. Only a week before, under very different conditions, MacSnort had led his party with superb daring to conquer the great 'Slab and Overhang' route and now the Sou-Sou Wall remained as the only unclimbed problem in the Principality. MacSnort had called his route a VII D, but Jones, or Prehensile Pete as he is better known, who was his able second on that memorable climb considered it to be hard of that category, possibly exceptionally so. The matter will not of course be decided until the climb has been visited by a board of referees from I.B.A.D.E.D.O.C. (International Board for assessing Difficulty, Exposure and Danger of Climbs), but it is evident that the climb is of a very severe character.

The rain did not worry us unduly as we knew that the Sou-Sou Buttress was always wet and the crux of the climb would undoubtedly prove to be the overhanging groove, a feature easily recognisable from a distance owing to the lush green moss which it contained. Our permit for carrying pitons had not unfortunately arrived from the S.P.B.B.R. (Society for the Prevention of Bavarianising British Rocks) so that we would have to attempt the problem without assistance.

As we rounded the shores of Llyn Ddanklly the great crag came into view, a series of giant overhangs with scarcely a backward sweep throughout the whole of its 1,100 feet. The rain fell continuously into the little llyn, accompanied by the regular splash, splash of the water dropping directly from the upper cliffs. The Sou-Sou Buttress yawned upwards into cloud over our heads while the 'Slab and Overhang' glistened

evilly to our right. We roped up quickly with Surefoot Sam (J. Smith) in the lead, myself second, and Wullie Wigglebotham in the rear.

The first five overhangs were passed in turn with stretches of vertical but broken rocks between. Smith considered this section to be Standard VI A plus, though Wigglebotham, who did not reach his form until later in the day is quite definite that it was at least a Severe VI M, if not a moderately difficult VI N minus. My own feeling is that those rocks were at least a hard severe. We were now placed on an airy ledge directly above the Llyn. The rain had ceased but the rocks continued to drip dankly. Above us rose a smooth overhang, broken only by the great mossy groove. Climb it we would though we knew we must not disturb the moss for fear of a penalty from the M.P.A.F.R.B.—W.S. (Movement to Prevent Alterations on the Face of Rural Britain—Welsh Section). After fixing the belay securely to a rocking spilikin and tightening the line round his waist, Smith started slowly upwards. Never was his name of 'Surefoot' more justified, never did he climb with greater delicacy and precision. Progress was slow but perceptible. After a struggle lasting a bare one hundred and five minutes he drew himself into the 'Pepper Pot,' a small but ample ledge perhaps six inches by four. Another six overhangs could never stop us now and when we joined him on his airy perch some two hours later after following quickly in his footsteps we knew the climb was ours. The standard never relaxed for an instant and the final pitches were accomplished in the gathering dusk.

Smith still maintains that the standard of the majority of the climb is VI C plus, while that of the mossy overhanging groove should be considered as VII G minus, thus making the climb as a whole at least a very good VI P. Wigglebotham considers the great pitch to be only just a VII B and rates the climb as a whole at VI Z. Personally I thought it was very hard indeed.

The I.B.A.D.E.D.O.C., the S.P.B.B.R., the M.P.A.F.R.B.—W.S., and the B.R.U.C. (Board of Registration for Unjustifiable Climbs) have been notified of the ascent and it will be interesting to hear what they all make of it. In any case a good day's climbing was had by all though personally I should have been far happier on the Gashed Crag.

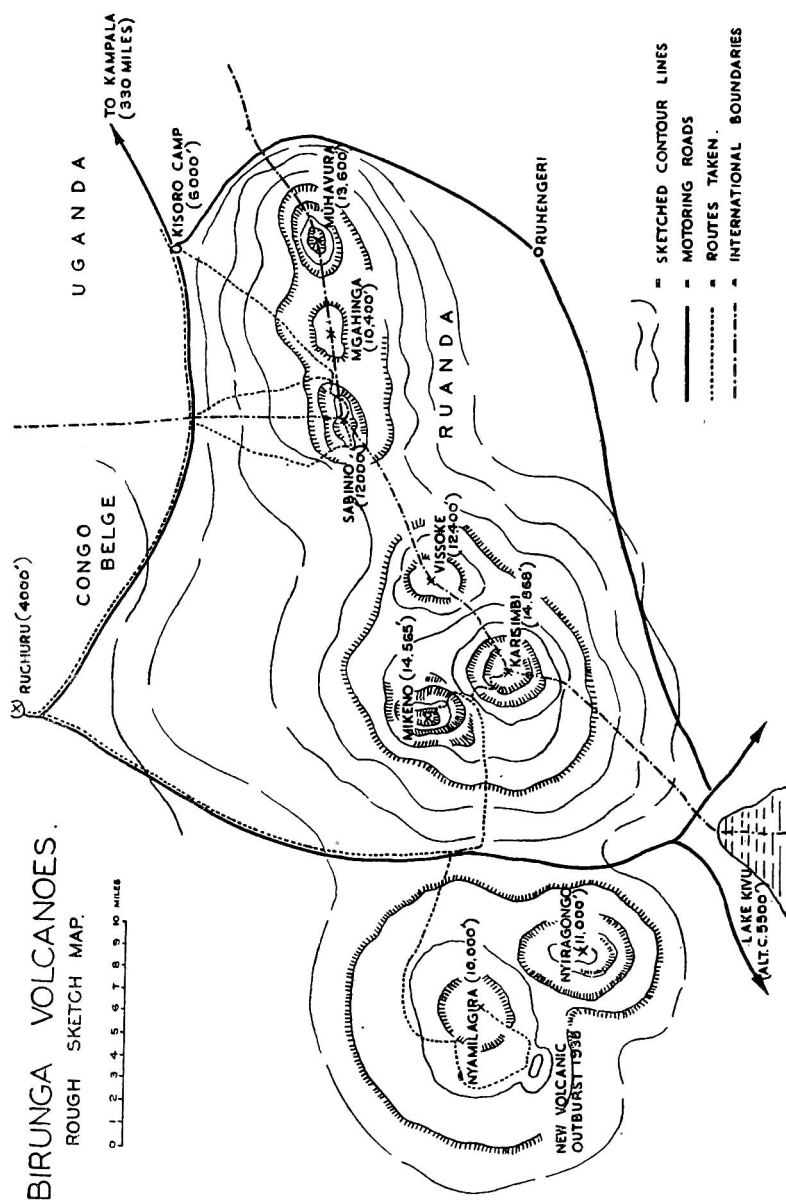
SOME EAST AFRICAN MOUNTAINS

R. M. BERE

THE BIRUNGA VOLCANOES

I SHALL not easily forget my excitement, some years ago, on receiving a telegram asking me to join an attempt on Mount Mikenno in the Belgian Congo and the chance of a first visit to the beautiful volcanoes of the Birunga or Bufumbiro range. This range is shared between Uganda, the Belgian Congo and the mandated territory of Ruanda and lies across that great depression, the western Rift Valley ; two of the volcanoes are still active. Mikenno (14,565 feet) is the second peak in the range and, like many other peaks in many parts of the world, has been compared to the Matterhorn, which in certain aspects it does slightly resemble. From the climbing point of view it presents the rather unusual phenomenon of being a distinctly difficult peak, not entirely bare rock and yet below the level of perpetual snow. Ours was the third ascent, the two previous successful climbs having been made by Belgian parties : I was climbing with N. S. Haig and R. T. Wickham, in December, 1934.

These mountains create their own abominable weather, so it was after a long walk through dripping forest that we made our camp at a little under 10,000 feet, just above the bamboo zone. The next morning we were away before dawn and the weather promised to be reasonably fine for the ascent ; we quickly reached the gap between Mikenno and Karisimbi (14,868 feet), the highest point of the range, and began the serious business of the day. For the next two thousand feet the route lay up the steep side of the mountain, through rapidly changing belts of vegetation to the Alpine zone proper, where, on a small shelf



on the ridge at about thirteen thousand feet, Van Hoef had camped while making his first ascent in 1927. From here we were able to get some idea of the work in front of us.

The mountain is capped by a rocky tower about a thousand feet high and the ridge we were on seemed to run straight to the central and steepest part of this tower. The tower is not pure rock but composed of a series of walls of lichen-covered basalt, together with ledges and apparently overhanging pitches of moss: the prospect was not encouraging but luckily proved easier than it looked. There was a simple little chimney, perfect in its way, a steep wall of some thirty feet with an awkward finish over an overhanging bulge of moss, a pleasant interlude in a gully, practically free of vegetation, and a final drive five hundred feet of exposed but not very difficult climbing, with occasionally a delicate and difficult step. The summit was quite bare of vegetation and there were a few patches of snow. It was after dark when we got to camp; we had had one of the best and most successful of mountain days.

I have since spent many delightful days amongst these mountains. Karisimbi, the highest, is picturesquely named 'Place of the cowrie shells,' on account of its snow cap and perfectly shaped cone. There is no climbing but there are recollections of a hard struggle in a bitter snowstorm and a high wind. Nyamalgira, 'the Commander,' is lower (10,000 feet) and still active and in 1938 was the scene of a new volcanic outburst, the source of which I was lucky enough to be able to visit. There one saw a new mountain-side in the making and the appalling devastation caused to the forest where it lay in the line of the lava stream. A river of molten lava seemed like a sort of hellish glacier, escaped from a nightmare. The glacier forms were there too, medial and lateral moraines of grey ash riding on the surface of the scarlet stream, racing away at twelve miles an hour, finally to dissipate in Lake Kivu, four thousand feet below. Plant life was beginning on the ash, almost before it had cooled down. Shaped rather like Tryfan is Sabinio (12,000 feet), 'Father of Teeth,' and the length of its jagged crest gives a pleasant scramble, which I have twice enjoyed.

These volcanoes are the home of the rare mountain gorilla, now absolutely protected I am glad to say, and their most typical habitat is the 'cold forest,' above and below the saddle

between the peaks of Mikeno and Karisimbi. This forest is perhaps the most lovely that I have ever been in, the dominant trees being a beautiful yellow flowered *Hypericum* and a huge *Hagenia Abyssinica*, with a great variety of tree orchids. I have never been lucky enough to catch sight of a gorilla, though I have seen his tracks and sleeping places and sampled the succulent shoots of young bamboo and wild celery, off which he prefers to make his meal. The flora of these mountains is unique, ending in the incredible land of giant lobelia and groundsel, which is a feature of the alpine zone of most central African mountains.

These volcanoes, as is the universal view of apparently inaccessible mountains, are held by the natives to be the home of demons and devils, although some are honoured by being thought of as the home of the gods. Karisimbi is thus honoured, for the gods sit in judgment on her throne and order the evil souls to be thrown into the boiling cauldron of Nyamalagira ; a worse punishment it is hard to imagine.

RUWENZORI—THE PORTAL PEAKS

The main peaks of Ruwenzori have all been climbed, the range having been the scene of many expeditions great and small, the two chief names associated with it being those of the Duke of Abruzzi and Dr. Noel Humphreys. As if guarding the highest summits on the Uganda side is an interesting range of rock peaks, which have for a long time remained not only unclimbed but practically unexplored. These are the Portal Peaks, so called by Sir Harry Johnstone, who, while naming them after Sir Gerald Portal, somewhat theatrically described them as the 'awful portals of the snows.' They are the most prominent feature of Ruwenzori seen from Fort Portal Township, are near, but not on, any of the recognised routes to the glaciers and even their approaches, probably on account of the steepness, are practically unknown to the Bakonjo native hunters. For greater clarity of description one might say that the Portals stand in much the same relation to Mounts Stanley and Speke, as do the Aiguilles to Mont Blanc ; rock climbing of the Chamonix standard could be found amongst them.

In 1935 I carried out a brief reconnaissance of the range without making much progress, but I decided on a possible

route up the southern Portal, or to give the native name 'Rutara.' It was not until 1942 that I was able to return to Ruwenzori and having as my companion R. N. Posnett, we decided to put this route to the test. We made our objectives the ascent of Rutara and the col between this peak and Kihuma, the central Portal, which is slightly higher and which we thought might be climbed from this col. We failed to reach the col, however, and had to be content with the ascent of Rutara.

Anyone who has not been on Ruwenzori, cannot hope to imagine either the density or variety of the vegetation, and as on our particular route we had neither hunters' tracks nor the tracks of any earlier parties to assist us, we got full benefit of the dense bush and forest. After two days we camped on a ridge at about seven thousand feet, with a good view up the Mobuku valley to the snows and with the Portals immediately ahead, a steep valley separating us from the peaks. We saw a long, steep, densely wooded ridge leading to the middle of the cliff of Rutara, this ridge being nearly six thousand feet from the point at which we should strike it to its end, and which we hoped would not be cut off from the face by an impassable gap. The nearly vertical face of Rutara was cut by an upward sloping transverse line, which practically connected our ridge with the summit rocks, and up this we hoped to be able to find a way. What the apparent line of weakness was we were unable to see.

The next morning we dropped down about eight hundred feet, crossed two rivers at the bottom of the valley and were soon at the base of our long ridge, up which we started, almost at once entering the bamboo forest. Here we were lucky, and for a few hours, we were helped greatly by the tracks, firstly of elephant and later of giant forest hog. Above the bamboo the ridge steepened and the thickness of the bush increased but we eventually found a flat place to camp at about 10,500 feet, having to clear away brush and brambles to put up a small tent. The next day was worse, and it was all we could do to gain a thousand feet, camping here in that preposterous land of giant heather and moss which is unique to Ruwenzori, a thick carpet of moss covering fallen tree trunks so that it is impossible to tell, until you have fallen through, whether you are on solid ground or five feet above it. Here, where we made our 'mossy camp,' the

ridge was not more than twenty feet wide. We knew we must be near the top of it, although we could see nothing, nor had we been able to see anything for the past two days.

It was no hardship to make an early start from this camp, and progress being unexpectedly easier, we found in half an hour that we had reached the end of the ridge, with a little gorge about a hundred feet deep separating us from the face of Rutara. We had considerable difficulty getting down the gorge but having wasted a deal of energy, we found from below an easier way for the porters and an excellent camping place near the shelter of an overhanging rock, so we sent back for our few loads. As we thought this might be the easier of our two tasks we spent the rest of the day ineffectually trying to reach the col between Rutara and Kihuma. We had plenty of good exercise but no results, finding our way always blocked by untraversable cliffs falling away a thousand feet below. We made several attempts to get above them, climbing chimneys that ended in nothing, and always the everlasting *Helychrisum* which had to be hacked out of the way, for here we were above the heather in the strange land of giant lobelia, tree groundsell and *helychrisum*, the highest vegetational belt. Our camp, when we got back to it, was much more comfortable than either of the last two.

My barometer had ceased to function but we guessed that we were about fifteen hundred feet below the top of Rutara (c. 14,000 feet) and immediately underneath the line of weakness seen from below. We still did not know what this would turn out to be and were impatient to find out. On either side steep cliffs fell past us from high up on Rutara, but immediately above us progress was evidently possible for two or three hundred feet, where a prominent rocky tower stood away from the mountain. Behind this we should find the solution or otherwise to our problem and we climbed up to it as quickly as we could. The answer was hidden until the last possible moment, a short passage of quite steep rock, with the tower on our left, and a practically unclimbable ridge on our right and we were on the line. It was almost a boulevard, a grassy valley almost a hundred yards wide in places, cut out of the cliffs and sloping upwards at an easy angle to the summit ridge. It was quite hidden and the walls of this valley were steep impossible



rocks. On the left a magnificent cliff, partly overhanging, rose over a thousand feet to the top of Rutara. There were some rock steps in the boulevard but they were evidently easy and there was groundsell to cut down to allow any progress at all, but one cannot avoid that on Ruwenzori. The rock scenery was magnificent and on the grandest scale and this easy way was as entirely unexpected as its revelation was dramatic. It was a great moment, the unexpected on mountains bringing so often difficulty and disappointment.

At the top of the boulevard we were practically on the summit ridge, perhaps two or three hundred feet from the top ; we scrambled down a little and traversed round the bottom of a steep cliff, up a gully with a few miniature waterfall pitches to a tiny tarn just below the top. There were three or four points that might each have been the highest, we climbed them all but there was no difficulty. We had finished the climb in a blizzard and we had no view, so could not ascertain, as we had hoped, the possibilities of a long traverse of the Portal ridge, so that must wait for another day. We were driven from the top by snow and sleet but the sun came out as we were resting and cooking at the top of the boulevard and we looked down to Lake George and the hot plains ten thousand feet below. Our view towards the highest peaks of Ruwenzori, which should have been magnificent, was unfortunately blocked, but we came down well content. The following morning Posnett developed a severe attack of malaria, which absolutely vetoed any further exploration ; all the way down his temperature persistently refused to drop below 103 degrees, so our descent, or rather his, is best left to the imagination.

MOUNT KENYA—AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT

I have not much excuse for writing about Mount Kenya, except that the only decent photograph I have to illustrate this article was taken on that mountain, where I spent some days at the beginning of this year (1944). Mount Kenya is a respectable mountain, you can reach its foot by train and reach the glaciers the day after leaving your hotel. The East African Mountain Club maintains a well situated little hut, albeit unfurnished, and as there is a reasonable chance of good weather, you can enjoy Mount Kenya as you can enjoy a mountain in

MT. KENYA, NELION AND BATIAN

The attempts mentioned were

(a) up the face shown and (b) the
left hand ridge of the near peak

R. M. Berr

the Alps. The highest of the twin summits, Batian (17,040 feet ; Nelion, forty feet lower is the other), was first climbed in 1899 by Sir William Mackinder and two Italian guides and re climbed twice in 1929 by Shipton and Wyn Harris, when they varied the original route and made the first ascent of Nelion. Some three years later Shipton and Tilman made a very fine traverse from the north and the mountain, though frequently attempted, has since been actually climbed only about six times. From the point of view of difficulty Shipton compares the ascent of Nelion and Batian to the traverse of the Meije in the Dauphine. Mount Kenya is volcanic, as are all the other great East African mountains except Ruwenzori, but the crater has, long since, been eroded away, leaving the present peaks, remains of the lava plug below the original level of surface activity.

My companion on this trip, R. Dreschfield, had had no previous climbing experience, so I hardly expected even to be able to try the final ascent and thought that I should have to be content just to enjoy the scenery and the nearness to the glaciers. The vegetation is similar to that of Ruwenzori but, owing to the lower rainfall, is less dense and less gigantic, the alpine zone being open moorland, studded with well spaced giant groundsell and lobelia. From Nanyuki we had three mules to carry our loads and, after camping the first night at about twelve thousand feet on the moor, we reached the hut (15,800 feet) in the early afternoon of the following day. The hut is built on a rocky promontory above the lateral moraine of the Lewis glacier, and, although we found the last thousand feet up loose moraine and scree extremely tiresome, the mules did not seem to mind it at all : we sent them and the muleteers back to Nanyuki, with instructions to come up and collect our loads five days later. There was a bad storm that afternoon, but for the remainder of our stay at the hut we had almost perfect weather.

The first day we climbed Lenana (16,300 feet), a straightforward glacier peak above the head of the Lewis glacier, enjoying the unafrikan pastime of threading our way between great crevasses, but the grand peaks of Nelion and Batian were too close and I had to try them. We did so the following day, and after breakfasting in the hut, we strolled across the glacier to the foot of Nelion, where, after first scrambling up some loose

boulders, we roped and started up the steep rocks. To begin with all went well, but I must confess that on an easy, though very exposed traverse across vertical rocks, I felt badly the lack of confidence, which one is bound to feel if one has not been on difficult rock for a long time. Somewhat higher an ugly chimney with an overhanging top proved too difficult and we had to call it a day. Our height was about 16,400 feet, the view was superb and to the south was the wonderful spectacle of the snowy dome of Kilimanjaro, over two hundred miles away, literally seeming to float in the sky. The next day we climbed Grigg (16,000 feet) on which there was no difficulty, but which gave us a fine view of the peaks, as it was a little way back from them ; we crossed the head of the two main valleys that lead up the mountain from the south, looking down into several of the lovely tarns, which are such a feature of the high moorland ; circled round behind Lenana, kicked steps up a long steep snow-filled gully, where luckily the snow was in excellent condition, crossed a small pass at the head of the Lewis glacier and came down the glacier to the hut and the evening of a perfect day.

But we could not keep away from Nelion and returned the following morning, starting with the comforting and lazy thought that the peak was too difficult for us and we need not make a very serious attempt to climb it. Again we crossed the glacier but instead of going directly to the face we scrambled up loose blocks to the lowest point on the south-west ridge, up which we had decided to try and make our way. Most of us find an arête the most attractive part of a mountain and this was no exception to that rule. We got I suppose to within five hundred feet of the top of Nelion, without meeting any serious difficulty, when suddenly and absolutely our progress was blocked and to continue was quite impossible. The day was perfect, with hardly a breath of wind, and the situation one of the best a mountain can give, so we enjoyed the peaceful idle hour, only climbing slowly down when distant Kilimanjaro became hidden in cloud.

HOLIDAYS AT WORK

F. H. KEENLYSIDE

THIS discursive history is designed to pay tribute to those who undertake the arduous and messy task of writing Climbers' Guides. These unfortunate people have to climb all manner of routes on mud, vegetation, scree and boulders which no one would ever climb for pleasure but which, for the sake of completeness, have to be included in the Guides. The task often becomes one of finding the least uncomfortable route through a tangled mat of wet undergrowth with fingers clawing in mud and boots alternately standing on and kicking away sodden tufts of grass. On these routes it is a rare luxury to lay hand or foot on rock.

I became inadvertently attached in an insubordinate capacity to a writer of Guides in the pangs of composition ; so did David, with even less advertence. Even Charles had not realised what he was in for.

We reached Capel Curig soon after 07.00 hours on 16th September. It began to rain as we knocked on the door of the Midland Bank and we were already damp by the time the owner of the motor had dressed and breakfasted. It was raining hard when we reached Pen y Pass and it continued to rain until after lunch. The rain abating, we set out for Dinas Cromlech. On reaching the foot of the crag I realised that these Llanberis cliffs had been neglected not because they were too small but because they were too steep.

John decided to take Charles up Spiral Stairs. I was instructed to lead David up Holly Buttress in order to check the grading of the climb which had been provisionally put at IV. It went, he said, very easily in boots and B.D. had considered the climb of lower standard. The first few moves bring one to a

holly tree at the bottom of a cleft. The cleft is climbed with help from the tree until it is possible to perch one's boots in the topmost twigs (thus began our arboreal education). From this perch the climber has to effect a lodgment on the slab wall facing him. Every time he leans towards the wall seeking a hold the holly tree leans further out from the cliff. (This is a subdivision of tree technique in which we were to gain further experience.) Alarmed by the crackling of twigs the climber eventually transfers himself to the slab as the lesser evil, and this is ascended either direct or astride a matchstick on the right. The climb proceeds up broken ground, verdant but steep, until another holly tree is reached in a somewhat similar cleft which soon becomes a vegetable groove petering out on open rock near the top. Here two promising holds broke away under pressure, but a short vertical crack was reached and ascended to the top of the buttress. Shortly after our arrival we were joined by the Spiral Stairs party. We expressed our view that the climb was IV and that B.D. must have climbed it in rubbers. John admitted that ours was the first recorded ascent in boots and this was our first experience of the innocent deceptions practised by guide-book writers.

To encourage the party, John allowed us to climb on Lliwedd the next day. David and I accordingly spent a day on rock that was not only clean but eminently climbable—Avalanche, Red Wall, Longland's Continuation—very pleasant—no trees and little grass. Charles, however, had rashly expressed an interest in the Far East Cracks where he met a lot of damp dirt.

Next day we were brought back to our task on Dinas Mot. John and David ascended Slow Ledge ; in the lower part this was largely bog walk and heather scramble, but the upper part appears to have been very fine indeed. Charles and I were sent to find, measure and describe a reported route on the buttress flanking the left wall of Jammed Boulder Gully. From the foot of the gully we scrambled up to a large grass and heather shelf. After a little prospecting we thought the best route would be close to the gully wall. We went up grass into a little cave, then out of it up a botanist's corner, round a rowan tree and up a lot more greenery. Here we found an obvious crack on the left, followed by another crack and a traverse on the wall of the gully to a large flake (60–70 ft. of real rock !). Thirty feet more on

mud and heather took us to a slimy overhanging corner which, severally and combined, we failed to climb. Charles rightly said it wasn't worth climbing anyway and compared the Welsh forests unfavourably with those of Sikkim. We descended until we could get on top of the Jammed Boulder and finished with a slime slide down the gully. John thought very little of our efforts, and we thought little more. Our only useful work of the day was then done by a visit to Ynys Ettws and a discussion on the vexed question of destruction or reconstruction.

Patches of sun the next morning reminded John that there were measurements to check on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, so away we went. The bottom chimney of the Chimney Route on the East Buttress had water running down both walls and dripping down the middle from the overhanging chockstones. Stockings were the wear. After David and I had joined him at the stance, John went on until the chimney shrank to a crack at 20-25 ft. As the difficulty is not supposed to arise for 65 ft., John was reasonably disconcerted, particularly when the crack proved wet and slippery. On the unanimous advice of the party, a prudent but inglorious retreat was beaten. Yesterday's memories were still rankling in Charles bosom, and his querulousness was heightened by his not having become rock-borne. Nevertheless, the day was not altogether futile, as an inaccuracy seemed to have been found in J.M.E's. original account. Subsequent inspection from the cwm supported the impression that the chimney narrows much less than 65 ft. above the stance. Nevertheless we are bound to defer to those who have actually been up the climb, and our doubts are at present only those of armchair strategists.

Wednesday brought an uninviting morning but no rain fell. John was off to work again at Dinas Mot, cleaning up and straightening out the bottom half of Slow Ledge. As David and I came round the corner we saw him wedged half-way up a dank groove throwing down tussocks of mud and grass; Charles was standing patiently below in his by now traditional position under a shower of dirt. Having performed their virtuous task, they girdled the Nose, apparently with no higher aim than their own pleasure. David and I were allowed to climb the very pleasant Cracks Route, I can't remember why unless it were to check the grading. This time it had been

declared (by C.A.F.) that the climb was undergraded ; I thought not, but C.A.F. wore boots and I wore rubbers and I shirked the mantelshelf at the top. After descending West Gully, we all climbed the boulder called Dinas Mot Pinnacle. John forgot to think up an excuse for this hedonistic exercise.

Sun on Thursday morning again tempted us to Clogwyn du'r Arddu. We thought the slabs on the West Buttress would be drier than the cracks on the East, and John selected Narrow Slab. While eating our sandwiches by the llyn, a party of two were seen at the foot of Pigott's ; John hurried across on a pastoral visit to reinforce the faith and unite the church. On his return he started up the first groove. The party made slow progress with much chopping and changing of rubbers and stockings. After his experience on Tuesday, Charles insisted that I should go last and in consequence it was I who never became rock-borne. After a while the rope dislodged a large boulder, which slipped over Charles's head and crashed between David and me, removing a large part of the grass shelf on which we sat. John leaned out from his eyrie with interest and asked whether the rock had struck my foot ; on being informed that it had, the writer of text-books remarked with relish that it was a very good example of the objective dangers of climbing on unfrequented cliffs. While I was digesting this he added that time was now short and he would prefer a rope of three. Thus discarded I walked home and had leisure to enjoy a lovely evening in Cwm Dyli. A little later David also was discarded from the foot of Longland's, to save more time. It was just as well, the remaining party of two only got off the climb as dusk was falling.

Friday was my last day and I had to catch a train. It was accordingly decided to do a short climb on an adjacent cliff. The tendency to proximity and brevity was sharply accentuated by heavy and continuous rain. We walked down the valley to Clogwyn y Grochan. Our instructions were to do the girdle traverse of the cliff as being eminently suitable for boots on a wet day. The start is at the foot of a reasonable 30 ft. groove. The next pitch is a pleasant forest ramble through a shelf of dwarf oaks and rowans. Emerging from the undergrowth the climber is brought up abruptly at the prospect of an airy little traverse. First down a little, then along a little, then

awkwardly up the crack between two tremendous rock flakes which lean somewhat out from the cliff. This outward leaning gives an appearance of unreliability which has been belied by the four passages so far made. The next pitch begins with a 25 ft. abseil followed by a traverse on insubstantial grass tufts. It was with relief that I finally despatched the middle man down the abseil, thereby relieving the strain on the foundations of the doubtfully stable block. There followed a very long wait and the rain came on with renewed vigour as the wind got up. The wait was in fact due to prolonged but unsuccessful search for a belay round the next corner, but it left me wetter and colder before I untied my rope, hitched it over the top of the block and descended. The stance at the foot of the abseil was unsatisfactory. It consisted of a decayed gorse bush and a little earth. With every movement the earth yawed a little further away from the rock, and the effort of hauling the abseil rope round the belay and down caused the gap between earth and rock to widen distressingly. I was glad to re-attach myself to the rope and to proceed round the corner, where the rest of the party were trying to conceal the ersatz belay that had been used.

There followed another verdant ramble into the corner down which the stream pours. Here the accepted technique is gingerly to pull towards one a large rowan tree, but we were by now accustomed to forestry ; as soon as a hold is secured the climber lodges in the upper branches and proceeds to slide down the trunk. There follows a very slimy traverse into the gully proper, and a little back-and-boot work to reach its bed. The route now lies through the waterfall and the next section is done as quickly as possible into the cave at the back. A short walk along the edge of a flake finishes on the large sloping ledge known as Lords. Crossing the pitch to the pavilion end (rain having stopped play), an easy downward scramble lands one on a small triangular grassy ledge, down which one slithers to a block belay at the foot. Fortunately, while poised over the abyss at this point, I could not see what was in store for me and had leisure to work out the posture in which my flesh had the fewest possible points of contact with my soused clothing. Transferring to rock, the way goes up to the left for a few steps until a foot and a hand can be wedged in a crack on the right. After a warming tussle, a small ledge is

reached and the climber notes with retrospective alarm the exiguous belay provided by niggardly nature.

The wind had now increased to a gale from the west but fortunately the face of the crag was not exposed to its full force. The slabs up to the left presented a loathsome appearance, glistening with running water, resounding to the drumming of the rain, sloping uncomfortably out into the air and no hold for toe or finger visible from below. The leader secured by two pitons stood on a patch of grass, the earthy foundation of which was being washed away down the slabs. The second man set out with the air of Laval facing the Maquis. He took a line rather too low down and it was but too apparent that neither his feet nor his hands found comfortable contact with rock. His traverse was a tour de force of prolonged insecurity. How he got across is not known and cannot be recorded ; the slipping and scraping of his nails on the wet rock was macabre. At last he seemed to have reached his journey's end by placing one foot on a tuft of grass within a yard or two of his haven ; it appeared to be the first hold he had touched in twenty minutes. The relief was short-lived, for the grass sailed out from its moorings. John held him with aplomb and the pitons held John. It was already after 6 and John wisely decided to make for the top of the crag and home without completing the last pitch of the traverse. He moved up and away to the right, eventually securing himself to a yew tree out of sight. This had the great advantage from my point of view that the rope would be more or less above me when I crossed the slabs. Closer acquaintance proved that the slabs did in fact possess holds if a line somewhat higher than that taken by my predecessor was selected. In dry conditions they might reasonably be V.D. (sorry, IIIA), but conditions were not dry. From the yew tree we proceeded to the top of the crag by the finish of Brant or Slape through steep yew, holly and gorse, bush-whacking to the last. I just caught my train.

SELECTIONS FROM A FORTHCOMING ANTHOLOGY¹

ARNOLD LUNN

ADVOCATUS DIAOBOLI

THOMAS JEFFERSON HOGG, the friend and biographer of Shelley, cordially disliked travel in general and Switzerland in particular, and he would never have undertaken the journey described in *Two Hundred and Nine Days* but for Jane Williams' insistence. Hogg could not resist making love to any woman who attracted Shelley's fancy. "I attach little value to exclusive cohabitation" wrote Shelley to Hogg apropos of Hogg's advances to Shelley's first wife, Harriet. Mr. W. S. Scott has recently published the letters which were exchanged between Shelley, Mary Shelley (the poet's second wife) and Hogg. Even the most censorious of critics will find it difficult not to make allowances for a man who was being urged by his best friend to take full advantage of the passionate advances of his friend's wife. "I shall be very happy," writes Shelley "to see you again, and to give you your share of our common treasure, of which you have been cheated for several days. . . We will not again be deprived of this participated pleasure."² One of Shelley's loveliest poems *To Jane*—the *Recollection*, was written to Jane Williams, with whom Shelley was in love at the time of his death. Her first husband, a Mr. Jones, to whom she had been unhappily married in the West Indies had deserted her, and she took the name of Edward Williams, drowned with Shelley, and later of Jefferson Hogg though she was never legally married to anybody but Jones. Hogg deprived of "participated pleasure" by Shelley's death resigned himself to the prospect of a posthumous triangle, and

¹ *Switzerland in English Prose and Poetry*. Edited by Arnold Lunn. To be published in 1946.

² *Harriet and Mary*. Golden Cockerel Press.

resolved to marry Jane. Now Jane knew that Hogg was one of those Englishmen for whom "black men begin at Calais," and she therefore insisted on Hogg undertaking a continental journey as an exacting test of his devotion. Hogg sadly missed the "three things which daily habit has taught me to consider a prime necessity of life—law, Greek or an English newspaper." He resented the fact that the lower races of humanity were not always resigned to being treated as such. "We were obliged," he writes of Venice under the Austrians, "to go personally to the police for our passports; they told us to take off our hats, with which order we sulkily complied."

Hogg seems in retrospect to have been far more jealous of Shelley, who had loved and been loved by Jane, than the living Shelley had ever been of Hogg, for nothing else can satisfactorily explain the fact that Hogg devotes twenty-eight pages of his book to Geneva without ever mentioning Shelley or without ever recording a single visit to the Maison Capuis where Shelley had lived in the summer of 1816.

Bern in 1825. I approached this city with great expectation because I had seen a beautiful panorama—because I had been told, that it is the abode of Swiss beauty, its focus and very centre—and because I had heard all who visited it repeat, one after another, the most lavish and exaggerated praise. I was disappointed in all respects: the panorama was flattering to an excess—the women were in the streets in their Sunday attire, yet they appeared hard-featured, stern and rusticated; and the strangers who visit the place repeat, like parrots, the laud that has originally been bestowed by some innkeeper, or interested inhabitant. The stone arcades which line the streets on both sides, are solid; they are good against sun and rain; but being low, have a gloomy aspect, especially on a Sunday, when the shops are shut . . .

We visited the only public amusement in the place, the fosses, in which the bears are kept; there were two young bears and two old ones in separate places, open courts, as in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. Persons of all ages and of all ranks, from the counsellor, or M.P., to the beggar, are never weary of gazing at the animals, and hang over the wall in fond delight; the opulent sometimes spend a halfpenny in pears or gingerbread to throw to the bears. They watch them eating; and if the bears catch a piece of gingerbread in their

paws, the happiness of the spectator is complete. This is the only notion a Bernois can form of pleasure : when he reads that we soon become tired of pleasure, he understands of feeding bears ; a man of pleasure, or a woman of pleasure, is a person who is occupied all day long in throwing gingerbread to bears . . In the evening we visited a sort of raree-show of Swiss views and costumes ; when we travel, we go to see persons and things that we would not tolerate at home.

A beautiful simile. St. Gotthard. The eternal granite is remarkable, all is granite, the solidity of which has a noble appearance : the whole country is one great Waterloo Bridge.

Kantonligeist.³ Switzerland is the Scotland of Europe ; a land that supplies servants—a land to be boasted of by its inhabitants, and quitted. The Swiss, like the Scotch, are all of good families, and of old families ; I should like much to see a person from either nation of a bad family.

The quarrels amongst the different cantons are very ridiculous ; each petty state will have its separate coinage, to the unspeakable inconvenience of travellers : they cannot agree to have one general money, so cordially do they hate each other. The mutual dislike of the neighbouring inhabitants of Geneva and the Pays de Vaud is extremely strong : a good Vaudois, of an old family, complained to me most bitterly of the Genevese, and lamented that they had been turned into Swiss, and their country made one of the cantons ; he insisted, in a great rage, that the wretches ought to have been handed over to the king of Sardinia, if he would have accepted of them. It should seem that they endeavoured to prove themselves to be not unworthy of his contempt by requiring a passport at the gate, before they would permit their fellow-countryman to enter their old town.

The Pfarrer of Gadmen. I was civilly received at a wooden house ; I asked for supper immediately, and was told that in a short time they would give me what they had for themselves, and I was conducted to a good clean bedroom. After a short toilette I came downstairs, and found the person who received me, conversing with a German traveller of the mercantile class. I was dying with thirst ; I asked for wine, a bottle was given me, which was good, and for water ; a bottle was brought from the opposite side of the table ; I remarked that it was not fresh,

³ A Swiss expression for excessive cantonal patriotism.

and I was answered that he had just fetched it himself from the fountain. I thought that my host talked well for an innkeeper, or waiter, and in the corner of the room I saw many books. When he went out of the room I examined them ; I found many German works, and to my great surprise, the Elzevir Scapula, a Virgil, some other Latin classics, and a Homer, Tauchnitzii. I admired such volumes in a valley of gotherds, and I learned of the traveller that I was not at an inn, but in the house of M. le Cure. When he returned I did all in my power to repair, by respect, the injustice I had unwittingly done to the proprietor of a Scapula by taking him for a landlord . . . I asked in what language the mass was said in his church : he told me that I was in the canton of Bern, where they are Protestants. Soon afterwards the loud crying of a child in the next room showed that all questions about the mysterious sacrifice of the mass would be out of place.

The following passage occurs in a letter, dated November 29th, 1825, which was written by J. T. Hogg to Peacock, and first published in The Athenians by W. S. Scott (Golden Cockerell Press). I am indebted to Mr. Scott and his publishers for permission to reproduce this extract.

I was much pleased with Germany and with the Germans ; the banks of the Rhine satisfy my ideas of Paradise and Rhenish of Nectar. With respect to Switzerland I was rather foreign than English in my feelings : the English admire that scenery very extravagantly ; foreigners, and T.J.H., look upon it as a frightful wilderness : parts are certainly lovely, but the greater portion deserves no better name ; some places had an extraordinary effect on my nerves and imagination, and it seems to be a strange insensibility, which is not affected in a like manner. I expected a dread and dismay, of which I could have had no notion, when I was in those horrible regions, where vegetation has ceased, and where there is nothing but bare unchanging rock, perpetual snow and everlasting ice ; I cannot describe the satisfaction I used to feel, when I descended to flowers and vines and fruit trees and felt a genial air, and saw the clouds in their proper places, above my head and not beneath my feet. The fatigue of ascending to these abodes of the damned is beyond all conception, and the recollection of it adds to my dislike of the Alpine passes : the Simplon is bad enough, but

St. Bernard, and especially St. Gotthard, will always be remembered with pain and terror. I used to think of you when I was on the mountains and to wonder, if you also would be a worshipper of Switzerland.

A LESS EXACTING HOGG

By way of contrast to the disgruntled traveller, let me quote a tribute to Switzerland from John Hogg, brother of J. T. Hogg. The quotation is from Letters from Abroad, published in 1844. I was delighted to discover that one at least of the early travellers had discovered the exceptional beauty of Lungern.

Passing through the lovely valley, and by the lake of Sarnen, I saw that *bijou*—the small, but most enchanting of lakes—the Lake of Lungern—of which the water is of an exquisite blue, transparent, and truly “*splendidior vitro*”; it is surrounded by, or as I will rather call it, set in, mountains of the loveliest and most pleasing forms, clothed with delicious verdure, and at its southern extremity is seen that snow covered Alp—the Wetterhorn, erecting its lofty pinnacle in vivid contrast with the rich green of the mountains below it, and the deep and azure sky above it. This scene, though less sublime than some I had witnessed, yet perhaps exceeded all I had experienced in extreme beauty

Being again fairly in Italy, I must say that I felt great regret on quitting that beautiful and pastoral district of Switzerland—a country, which, I may safely state, for its extent cannot yield to any in the world, in interest and in varied and stupendous scenes, that present themselves on all sides to the traveller. The kindness and simplicity too of the inhabitants I always found added much to the delights of the country.

NOTES MADE BY TENNYSON IN SWITZERLAND

(1869)

“The last cloud clinging to the peak when all the mists have risen.” “Snow and rock thro’ cloud unbelievably high.” “The top of the Jungfrau rich saffron colour at dawn, the faded moon beside it.” “The vision over the valley of Schwarenbach.” “Splendour of sunlit clouds passing over the shadowed peak of the Eiger.”—*Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir*. By his son.

REMINISCENCES OF TENNYSON IN SWITZERLAND
(1869)

Mürren. We were looking towards the higher Alps, and Tennyson said that perhaps this earth and all that is on it—storms, mountains, cataracts, the sun and the skies—are the Almighty ; in fact, that such is our petty nature, we cannot see Him, but we see His shadow, as it were, a distorted shadow.

Schaffhausen. It was exceedingly sultry at the falls of Schaffhausen. These were very impressive, but to escape the sun we were glad to take refuge in a shed pervaded by an atrocious odour of decayed cheeses, or some such horror. " This is my usual luck," says Tennyson, " I never go to see anything which is very impressive, without encountering something mean or repulsive. Now this sublime cataract, and this disgusting stench, will for ever dwell together in my memory."

Grindelwald. Today we bought two large carved bears, for which, after breaking a good deal of French over the dealer, we agreed that Tennyson should pay one hundred francs. These bears are now in the entrance hall at Aldowroth, keeping watch and ward, quite ready to welcome the arriving guest with a friendly hug . . . The Aigle (Adler) is a huge hungry-looking caravansary, with curiously uncomfortable beds. Tennyson's especially, had none of the caressing and consenting softness of that to which he had been accustomed ; suggestive of anything but sleep, it was hard and lumpy, and of the pronounced German type . . .

The glacier nearest the hotel is much discoloured by the debris from the mountain. Tennyson's farewell words were : " That glacier is a filthy thing ; it looks as if a thousand London seasons had passed over it."

Wengern Alps (sic). We came across a man who blew a loud blast through a cow's horn, which produced a varied and prodigiously prolonged blast. Tennyson said : " You'll have to pat half a franc for that noise. The man subsists on the ghost of a sound."

Packing. One afternoon I was packing Tennyson's portmanteau, packing for both of us, as he was suffering from gout. The weather was so hot that we had taken off our coats, he, the while, being seated on the edge of his bed, smoking his pipe . . . the dear fellow volunteered something very kind about the

trouble I took for him. I assured him it was no trouble, quite the contrary. He was silent for a while and then he said : "Locker, I think you have a physical pleasure in packing."⁴

QUEEN VICTORIA IN SWITZERLAND

During the holiday in Switzerland at Lucerne the party had frequent expeditions to the mountains and behaved very much like ordinary tourists. On one occasion they went up to a monastery at Engelberg. Colonel Ponsonby accompanied the Queen into the large church. She had never seen a Roman Catholic service before. "I am not quite sure whether it is not high treason to advise the Queen to enter a Roman Catholic Church"⁵—the quotations are from Sir Henry Ponsonby's papers—"She was deeply interested, but on the whole she was not favourably impressed and there is no danger of her forsaking the Protestant faith especially while there is a bitter Protestant like me at hand. On relating her impressions she was understood to say to Canon Duckworth, who was one of the party, that the chanting was very fine, 'Like the chanting of the Georges.' Duckworth, puzzled, asked what was the chanting of the Georgian era? or did George IV chant and had she heard him? But Prince Leopold explained that she had referred to St. George's (at Windsor)."

⁴ Frederick Locker-Lampson's *Reminiscences in Tennyson. A Memoir*, by his son.

⁵ From *Harry Ponsonby: his life from his letters*, by Arthur Ponsonby (Macmillan).

LEBANESE MEMORIES

J. CORTLANDT-SIMPSON

THIS story really begins at sea one morning in June when Rommel was thundering at the gates of Egypt and all who could were leaving the Delta. I had spent two unexciting years in Alexandria, but the engines of war turn swiftly and when a salvo of torpedoes sent the ship and all we possessed to the bottom I little knew what compensation the Fates held in store. Then came Beirut and the Lebanon, a mountaineer's fairyland past all expectation ; a French Riviera town in an Arab setting, with its facade of cosmopolitan civilisation mingling inextricably with the traditional life of the East. Before one was half out of the town on the way to Damascus the road was already twisting up the foot hills, and the pine woods were closing in on either side. I had known vaguely that the biblical Cedars of Lebanon came from a hill country, but I had no idea of the height and extent of the twin ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The former is infinitely the more attractive. It forms a mountain chain extending for some hundred miles from Tripoli in the north to the borders of Palestine in the south. To the west its feet are washed by the Mediterranean ; a narrow coastal strip of cultivation and the dark green foothills tower over the coastal road. To the east it looks across a high wide basin part irrigated and part desert to the barren Anti-Lebanon. The latter range is for the main part treeless and without water. It is best admired from the distance of its neighbour, whence the pleasing contour of Hermon's nine thousand feet marks the eastern sky line. Beyond this lie Damascus and the desert.

The Lebanese foot hills rise steeply from the Mediterranean shore. They are vine terraced, and planted with olive woods

for the most part on their gentler slopes. As the steepness increases the terraces give place to woods of dwarf pines, smaller editions of the parasol pines of Provence. The rock is generally lime or sand stone and for the main part soft and of little value to the climber. The rivers, mere trickles in a boulder-strewn bed in summer, are raging torrents in winter and spring and have cut deeply into the rock. Their gorges are the finest part of the range and a grand mountaineer's playground. They divide the foot hills into a series of spurs, reaching down from the backbone of the range towards the sea like the fingers of a giant hand. These spurs rise at a sharp angle for some three thousand feet, where the first eminence is often the site of a calvary. The succession of steep buttresses reaching into the distance, each crowned by a monastery with white walls and a red tiled roof, has a pleasing perspective as one looks along the coast. Above this point the gradient usually eases off and the hills merge into subsidiary mountain ridges. Here about there are a number of villages and the mountain side is terraced and cultivated. Higher up the steepness much increases and in remote corries of the main backbone are delightful hamlets, whose only contacts with the rest of the world are by water-worn mule tracks which are frequently blocked by snow or washed away altogether.

All along the main ridge the upper two thousand feet are of naked rock and scree, sun scorched and barren, though even in the intense heat of summer isolated patches of snow lie in its hollows. It rises to its highest point in the north where the great rounded mass of Quornet es Saouda just clears ten thousand feet. From thence it dips gently as it stretches parallel to the coast, rising and falling about the seven thousand foot mark, until it sweeps upward once more to Sanine's eight thousand three hundred feet some thirty miles to the southward. It is this superb mountain whose sharply defined ridge of pink limestone looks down on Beirut. I am never likely to forget my first impression. It was July and sticky hot in the town. The advance party of our lately wrecked ship's company had just arrived to form a base, and everything was new and strange. Coming suddenly round a street corner the sight was unforgettable. It was evening and the summer's dust hung over the foot hills in a purple haze, rendering details indistinct and the distance un-

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certain. High above this shroud, remote and beautiful, shone a ridge of rose pink rock capped with a tiny snow field. It hung framed between the double line of houses, ethereal, utterly detached and seeming part of another world.

No description of this happy mountain country would be complete unless it contained an appreciation of its people. It was a wonderful year that we spent there, and I think that our pleasure was due beyond all else to their whole hearted hospitality and primitive charm. The Lebanese peasants have in their veins the blood of ancient races whose names have made bible history. This is no place to trace their lineage but perhaps it is sufficient to say that they are a Christian-Arab people, who have added the advantages of a gentle creed to the best of their eastern traditions. There are Moslem and Druse minorities but the mountain peasants have all the same endearing quality, their hospitality is beyond compare.

When I knew it their land was impoverished, and food was desperately short in the remoter villages. If starvation was not actually present, it was never far away. But come amongst them as a stranger, an itinerant mountaineer roving their mountains and gorges, a man of war seeking a transient peace far from home, and all doors will be opened to you. As you scramble up the mule track the girl you meet with a basket on her head will take down her burden and shyly offer you a handful of figs. The peasant will halt his donkey and hand you a bunch of grapes from its swaying panniers. In the village someone is sure to beckon you into the house for a cup of coffee, and in five minutes they will be pressing fat olives and goat's milk cheese on you. No matter if you have no common language ; your welcome is written clearly on their faces. If you pass by his door towards evening your host may press you to spend the night under his roof. You may do so without fear and sleep sweetly, indeed politeness forbids you to draw back. Your bed will be a palliasse stuffed with hay and laid on the ground, with perhaps a sheep skin for greater softness. For covering you will have a quilt in a clean cover, one side of cotton sheet and the other of net to show through the gay colours of the material. Your pillow will be new washed, of native embroidery and also stuffed with hay. What if the windows are innocent of glass, and the floor is of baked mud ; it is polished as smooth and hard as tiles,

and the mountain air drifts sweetly through the empty embrasures. But perhaps if it is summer your bed will be spread under the vine which clusters the front of the cottage beneath the stars ; you will sleep soundly in such surroundings.

My first opportunity to penetrate far into this land of promise came in September in the form of five days' sick leave following a short bout of " sand fly." The fever had left me weak, and an understanding P.M.O. raised no objections when his patient announced that he intended to go climbing and therefore preferred to recuperate on duty and take his " sick leave " when he was well and strong. There were two of us who for days beforehand pored fascinated over the swelling contours of the map. We selected the highest and remotest village within our reach, Quartaba its name, a cluster of white houses amongst the vine terraces close under the main ridge at about four thousand feet. Boots and clinkers of a kind we found after searching the town, and the boatswain produced a rope of a suitable size. It was one of life's greater moments when we shook the dust of the town off our feet on a couple of borrowed motor bikes. The road or rather the track was formidable ; its surface consisted of crushed rock covered with loose stones and dust for a depth of six inches. Riding a motor bike was nothing if not exciting, particularly when descending. The loose surface gave no grip and one was rather apt to negotiate the hairpin bends crabwise. I, for one, was more frightened than I have ever been on a rock face ! For three thousand feet we zigzagged up the foot hills until the native fishing boats seemed no more than white dots far out on the furrowed sea. Then the road ran back into a defile and the view was shut out by the scrub covered mountain side. On and up we climbed, our progress marked by prodigious clouds of dust. To the goatherd grazing his flock on the other side of the ravine we must have resembled two small whirlwinds passing over the mountain side.

We had reached the four thousand feet mark when the walls that enclosed us fell back and we emerged to a prospect so magnificent that we both stopped our machines involuntarily and gazed in wonder. The track wound on under an overhanging limestone cliff, high up on the side of a great gorge, and what a gorge, for sheer breath-taking splendour I doubt if Europe contains its equal. Above us hung the cliff, beneath

our feet the mountain side fell away steeply in scrub and crag and precipice for full three thousand feet. We could not see the river bed, it was hidden by mists which rose out of the depths, but we had an impression of a tremendous cliff falling sheer to the torrent below. The rising mists twisted upwards to join a ribbon of cloud which was drifting slowly down the gorge towards the sea. Where the cloud veil parted, the opposite wall showed dimly, a curtain of grey rock rising scrub covered and precipitous for nearly five thousand feet above the torrent. The whole gorge was utterly wild and remote, a glorious mountain wilderness.

Throughout our short stay at Quartaba we invariably experienced the most generous hospitality. My companion was an experienced skier and ridge walker but he had never done any rock climbing, and our first object was to find suitable rock faces. We were attracted also by the news of a native fair to be held early in the morning at Laclouq, a site on a neighbouring plateau some two thousand feet above the village. There is something peculiarly enchanting about a community that elects to climb two thousand feet in the dawn to take its pleasures on a mountain top. We rose at daybreak and duly arrived at the appointed place. We found a single white cottage shaded by an immense ilex and surrounded by a little area of greenery where a spring gushed out of the mountain side.

About a hundred men and women of all ages were there assembled in their traditional costumes, indeed in these mountain fastnesses they rarely wear anything else. We were greeted by a local sheik and led to a place of honour under the ilex, where throughout the morning curious and intriguing little dishes were placed before us. This was something of a surprise as at that time we had not yet learnt to expect so much kindness. I saw a young kid slaughtered and immediately cut up, and presently this appeared before us in the shape of little lumps of raw flesh wrapped up in a piece of flat unleavened bread. This was my first experience of raw meat, but meat in any form is a luxury in the mountains and there was no holding back. Our hosts dipped their diminutive meat rolls into a saucer of ground spices and ate them with evident relish. We did the same and found them tender and surprisingly good. We had been promised native dancing and horse racing. The latter never

materialised though there were a number of fine Arab stallions prancing around and showing off their paces. The dancing turned out to be a kind of local edition of the "palais glide," performed in groups of half a dozen to the monotonous music of a reed pipe. The piper faced the dancers and led the measure and occasionally one of the onlookers would beat time on a hide drum. At intervals throughout the morning a native "poet" would intone ballads of his own composing in a nasal voice. He had a dreamy far-away look and was obviously a much respected personage. Whenever he held forth there was a hush among the surrounding company. The gist of his theme was translated to us thus: "That at present the world was sad because the nations were at war, but presently happy days would return again and in the meantime men must be brave and strong." As noon approached and the heat increased the people began to disperse, and we too took our leave and returned to the village below. I felt that I had caught something of the fascination of being present at a primitive native function, which is the privilege of the happy few who are able to penetrate far into the wilds.

That day at Laclouq found us also our rock climbing, for the western edge of the plateau was bounded by a craggy ridge of grey rock terminating in a semi-isolated mountain somewhat resembling our own Tryfan. This is Jebel Hasroun (about five thousand five hundred feet) which offers better climbing than any other mountain I discovered in that country. The rock is grey limestone which appears to have been hardened by some process. Indeed most of the rock in that particular mountain group has the same grey colour and is a good deal harder than the brown and pink rock which forms the bulk of the range. There is still a fair amount of rotten rock, but its condition is usually evident and one gets used to it. The mountain resembles Tryfan in that an inclined terrace cuts slantingly across its steeper face, and the real climbing begins above this line. A fair number of climbs of some three or four hundred feet can be worked out, including some of considerable difficulty on the smooth and exposed walls which rise above the upper end of the terrace. The face is not divided into buttresses and gullies to the same extent as many of our own crags and the climbing is mostly of the face type. Short chimneys and flakes occur here

and there, and there are a number of cracks and other interesting situations. In short the mountain offers satisfactory climbs of almost any standard and is well worth a number of visits.

One hazard it produced, though fortunately only once, which I have no desire to see repeated. Two of us were on an exposed face climb and I had just led out about a hundred feet and got a belay. I was gathering the rope in when I felt my companion stop. Then he shouted something I could not quite hear, but I made out that he was unroping and going down. I shouted at him not to unrope, but that if he could not manage the climb I would come down again. He shouted out that I was on no account to descend and then : " There's a snake between us." And so there was, a venomous looking serpent was occupying the only possible hold. It must have slipped out of a crevice after I had passed. You cannot shy stones at a snake above you when you are balanced on two nails and a finger tip, and to unrope and go our opposite ways was the only solution.

Jebel Hasroun is reached by the road I have already described. It leaves the coast at Jbail (the ancient Byblos) and penetrates some twenty miles inland to remote villages close under the backbone ridge. At Torzaya, a Moslem village conspicuous for its graceful little minaret, the road divides. To the right it leads over a shoulder into the great gorge of the Adonis river and so on to Quartaba. To the left it zigzags up the mountain side and eventually winds its way up a narrow ravine. Halfway up this defile the mountain rises into view, a great cone of grey rock which seems to fill the ravine and block the way out. But the road twists round its foot and eventually leads out at the plateau at Laclouq. Jebel Hasroun has one most satisfactory quality, its top really is a top and quite isolated. To sit on this crest in the cool of the evening when the clouds have gathered beneath your feet and distant peaks swim like islands in a rose misty sea is an experience no mountain lover is likely to forget.

Early in November the rains came and the clouds hung low on the mountains, while the weather generally became more reminiscent of our own hills. Then a month later the snow began to fall and one morning Sanine was wearing a new white cloak. At Christmas-time people were thinking of hiring skis and buying drinks for the transport officer ! About this time I

acquired in the course of my duties a new motor cycle combination, a formidable machine of immense size and power, not swift to be sure, but a giant for one-in-three gradients with a surface like the bed of a water-course. After the sidecar had been enlarged by the shipwright it proved of the greatest value in transporting three people with their skis to the snow line. This was considered by the more enterprising young officers to be an important form of military training. Perhaps we were fortunate in having an understanding commanding officer who was also a mountaineer. An excellent article on "Syrian Snows" has already appeared in the journal so I will say no more on this subject. Although deep snow may be encountered at about six thousand feet and less than an hour's drive from Beirut, its surface is usually bad owing to the powerful effect of the southern sun. I believe that good snow conditions may generally be found in the neighbourhood of "The Cedars," in the highest part of the range to the north. However, good snow or bad the unaccustomed sport was much appreciated by the Navy, and a party of bell-bottomed sailors on skis is a happy sight.

It was when the snows were fast melting and the mountain side was scarlet with anemones that my three wheeled Boanerges came into its own. Being a three-seater it opened up new and fascinating possibilities. I found that I could fill the sidecar with camping kit and sit one passenger on top of this and another on the pillion without overtaxing its power. My office writer was a good driver who was always glad to spend a day in the hills. This meant that two of us could go off on an expedition and we had a driver who would take the bike round to a pre-arranged rendezvous, say in the next valley. This enabled us to travel without rucksacks, a great boon in a hot climate, and to cover much greater distances in the short time available. By this means we accomplished several first class ridge walks. The finest of these was the traverse of Sanine. We had an early breakfast and set out just before dawn. By the time the sun rose we were well into the mountains. Our destination was Faraya, a remote village nestling in a corrie beneath one flank of the mountain at about four thousand feet. It was a lovely spot, hemmed in by cliffs on three sides, whence three waterfalls tumbled over into the valley, their torrents meeting in the middle

of the village. All around wherever springs rose up from the rock the mountain side was dotted with clumps of rhododendrons. We set out from the village at six, and climbed up through the vine terraces and past the waterfall until we reached the receding snow line. Then we had a long climb on hard packed snow, kicking steps where the angle was steepest. By ten o'clock we had reached the nearer of the twin summits. The view was superb, we must have had fifty miles of coast in sight. Mount Hermon, thirty miles away across the wide valley, seemed no distance at all, while far to the northward a blue mountain wall rose dimly out of the desert haze. It was rather exciting to find afterwards that these were the Taurus Mountains of Turkey and fully a hundred miles from us. We traversed the ridge to the second summit two miles away. We had climbed over four thousand feet and the midday sun was overpowering. There was only one sensible thing to do and we sought the shade of a rock and did it. It was three o'clock when we awoke and rubbed our faces in the snow. We dropped straight down the face of the mountain, glissading down the hard snow which lay packed in shallow gullies. The motor-bike with our sleeping bags and supper was to wait for us at a bridge over the torrent five thousand feet below. We were dog tired as we trekked down the mule track to the appointed place that night, for we had traversed sixteen mountain miles, climbing and descending some nine thousand feet. The anti-climax came when we reached the bridge to find no trace of either supper or bed. I think that the two mile climb up the opposite hillside to the nearest village was the weariest I have ever experienced. If ever Lebanese hospitality was appreciated, it was that night.

As the summer wore on the higher parts of the range became dry and burnt. There was no shade there, and except for the sword lilies in the cornfields below, the wild flowers soon withered. Ridge walking lost much of its springtime charm and we discovered too that it was not on the ridges but in the gorges that the more interesting mountaineering problems lay. Owing to the softness of the rock the streams have cut deeply into the mountains and their beds are frequently walled in by vertical cliffs of considerable height. It was in these green and shady depths, with the roar of the torrent ever in our ears, that we found the finest field for adventure. We worked out a game

of gorge scrambling which was the inversion of ridge walking, the object being to work along the bottom of the gorge keeping as close to the water as possible. The smaller streams which are fed mainly by surface water dry up to mere trickles in the summer, and their beds become parched and dry. There is no pleasure to be had here, but in certain places the rock strata retained the snow water from above, and ice cold springs burst out of the mountain side some two thousand feet below the arid crest. In one case this gives rise to no mere spring but a full size torrent which issues from the foot of a limestone cliff.

This is the source of the Nahr el Ibrahim, known to the ancient Greeks as the river Adonis, whose magnificent gorge had so impressed us on our first journey to Quartaba. It adds to the charm of this remote and beautiful river that its source is the birthplace of the Venus and Adonis legend. Indeed the scarlet anemones which deck the mountain side were held by the ancients to spring from the drops of that unhappy youth's blood, which returned to life anew every springtide. On making inquiries it appeared that few Europeans had ever penetrated to the remoter depths of the gorge and this added to its attractions. There were four of us who set out by car early one morning on the Quartaba road. The track winds on for some six miles beyond that village to Afga close to the source of the river. Our intention was to divide forces, the Captain and I traversing the length of the gorge to the sea a distance of some 25 miles and taking two days for the trek. The other two were to retrace their steps for some distance by road, and then hiring donkeys to carry food and sleeping bags for the four of us, to descend into the gorge at a place about halfway to the coast where we were to meet for the night. At this point a mule track leads down to a bridge over the torrent and there is a tiny hamlet, the only habitation on its entire length, which bears the musical name of Chouéouine. The source proved worthy of its associations, a fitting setting for the love story of a goddess. Beneath a towering cliff yawned a great cavern from which the torrent thundered to tumble headlong down a cataract and disappear in a cloud of spray into the gorge below. An ancient stone bridge spanned the river and in the shadow of the cliff stood the ruins of a Roman temple to Venus.

We scrambled down the gorge and were soon lost in a world of rocks and water. Crumbling cliffs shut us in on either hand and wherever there was soil enough the bank was lined with plane trees. The going was rough, and sometimes difficult. Wherever the water swept past the base of the rock we had either to traverse its face or climb above the buttress. As this was frequently overhanging and rotten, traversing was often out of the question and we had to scramble up and over a good deal. A second torrent joined our own and presently the thunder of the water increased and we came to a superb waterfall. The river here was about the size of the Dart at Hexworthy, and it plunged over a shelf of rock in a drop of some hundred feet. The gorge was full of mist and spray which caught the sunlight and formed a perpetual rainbow. As we descended the scale and grandeur of the scene increased. The mountain side stretched upwards for a seemingly immense distance, its covering of virgin forest and scrub broken by buttresses of grey rock which led upward to the jagged sky line. Waterfalls laced the green and broken background like silver threads as they tumbled down to join the river from far away snow fields. We saw one magnificent little torrent which fell a thousand feet in three or four bounds. In one place where a side gulley ran down steeply into the main defile its rivulet had spread out a level fan of aluvial soil. A thicket of young plane trees had grown up on the site and between their leafy branches we caught a glimpse of white walls. We approached the little building deferentially, wondering what manner of man had elected to spend his days in this solitude, some monk or hermit perhaps. It stood beneath the spreading boughs of an ilex. The door was wide open and we peered in. The floor was swept clean and beneath the single pointed window stood a rude altar on which someone had laid an offering of wild flowers. Just that and no more ; a chapel in the wilderness, a monument to the piety of the charcoal burners who are the sole beings who haunt the forest.

These men spend their days out on the slopes, and we came frequently on the small clearings they had levelled to plant their curious cones of brushwood. The distant smoke of their fires curled lazily upwards to be lost against the ribbon of sky far above. The paths they have made run here and there in the scrub and indeed there are no others ; frequently we had

to force our way through virgin bush. We came to a place where the cutting action of the water had been so sharp and deep that the rock had fallen in again above, and for some way the torrent thundered down a tunnel of its own making. At this point the river bed was falling steeply and judging by the sound of the waters there must have been an underground waterfall. A funnel shaped fissure cleft the roof from which rose a continual mist. Surely this was as fitting a place for an oracle of the ancient gods as any at Delphi. We sat down to eat our sandwiches by the side of a rivulet, deliciously cool and fresh in the noon day heat. The going had been heavy, and what with the early start it was not surprising that heads began to nod and we dozed for a while. The sun had passed behind the jagged ridge and the gorge was in deep shadow as we dropped down to Choueouine in the cool of the evening. It was typical that at the first cottage we came to, the woman of the house should call us in and press us to spend the night under her roof. She seemed genuinely upset when we tried to explain that we had to meet companions at the bridge below. She even insisted on spreading two beds under the vine before the cottage, just to show us how comfortable she would have made us.

The Captain had strained a leg muscle which was beginning to pain him a good deal and he was anxious to reach the rendezvous and the donkeys before it got worse. It was dusk as we approached the bridge, but to our dismay there was no sign of the others. We yodeled and shouted but there was no reply save our own mocking echoes and the distant cries of a goatherd calling to his flock. We rested for an hour, tired and depressed. There were only two alternatives ; to go back to the cottage whose charming hospitality we had reluctantly refused before, or to plod on up the mule track before us until we reached the Quartaba road some two thousand feet above. The former was infinitely the most attractive, but the Captain feared that his leg might set completely and he would be unable to return to duty for several days. Dog tired and in pain as he was, he courageously determined on the second alternative. The ascent of that mule track was something of a nightmare and it took us three hours to rise fifteen hundred feet. It wound up through the pine woods and fortunately showed white in the darkness. After we had climbed a little way the moon rose above the

opposite ridge and aided our path finding. The Captain was utterly worn out and presently he was unable to keep going for more than twenty minutes at a stretch. At intervals he lay down on the track and slept, while I sat by him struggling to keep awake, and roused him up again when twenty minutes had passed. It was clear that the others must have missed the way ; they were probably camped somewhere on the mountain side. After two hours we had risen about a thousand feet and the Captain's leg seemed to be getting better. We knew that if we could once reach the road there was a cottage and certain hospitality close at hand. It was an astonished peasant who was roused from his bed at eleven o'clock by two worn out Englishmen. May Allah prosper his family for the kindness he showed us that night.

About a fortnight later I returned with another companion to Choueouine and traversed the lower part of the gorge. Before night closed in on us the Captain and I had been able to see that its northern side was walled by a tremendous cliff. In one place this fell sheer a thousand feet to the torrent. For the most part it was quite vertical and there appeared to be only one route across it. This was where a fault cut across its face about four hundred feet above the river bed. It was our intention to try and find a way across this fault. This did not prove difficult though the situation was the grandest I met in all that wild country. It made a fitting end to the first wonderful day's trek. I only wish we had been able to go the whole distance in one expedition as was our original intention.

Looking back from our own green island the Lebanese hills have lost none of their first charm. Europe has higher mountains and infinitely greater problems in rock and snow and ice, but it is the complete remoteness and wildness of these eastern solitudes that is so enchanting. The peasants, too, have all the naïve charm of a primitive people who are still living far back in time. In these gorges one feels that one has stepped back into the past and caught something of the feelings of the early explorers. One day the words of the poet of Laclouq will come true, and then who will return with me to my Lebanon ?

ACCIDENTS IN THE WELSH HILLS

J. A. MARTINEZ

ARTICLES on climbing accidents appear from time to time in the journals of mountaineering clubs. Although they make depressing reading they help to keep before the mind of the climber the ever menacing possibility of an accident and the methods of avoiding or dealing with it. No apology is therefore offered for another article on this subject, especially in view of the persistently high accident rate in the hills at present.

The various organisations which cater for the climber and fell-walker have the major responsibility in this matter, and much is being done by them to spread knowledge of sound mountaineering practice amongst newcomers to the hills. The First Aid Committee of Mountaineering Clubs published a booklet in 1938 dealing with rescue equipment and its use, first aid posts and evacuation routes. This booklet, now in some respects out of date, will shortly be replaced by a section on First Aid in a publication to be issued by the newly-formed Standing Advisory Committee on Mountaineering. Climbers' Club guide-books now contain leaflets indicating the first aid posts and evacuation routes in the districts which they describe.

Great responsibility too attaches to the more experienced climber, and much can be done by careful personal instruction of beginners in rope work and general mountaineering sense. The usual practice of asking where other parties are going should not be neglected ; it is more than a source of conversation. For the same reason, in many Youth Hostels members are required to write their destination in a book before setting out. These young people, many of them improperly

acquainted with the hills, are very dependent on the use of cairns for route finding. On two recent occasions in the Snowdon district fell-walkers have lost their lives, it is presumed through losing their way. Climbers should consider this when the sight of a cairn on a well-worn path arouses in them the urge to demolition.

A. S. Pigot has kindly sent me an analysis of 29 accidents in the Welsh hills which have been reported to the F.A.C. in the last five years. They can be classified as follows : Climbing 21 ; Fell-walking 5 ; Flying 3.

Excluding the last group, comment on which is beyond the scope of this article, the injuries were : Fatal 9 ; Head 6 ; Arm 2 ; Leg 6 ; Shock and bruises only 4 ; Not known 5.

The frequency of injury to the head and legs should be noted. It is likely that in the fatal cases the cause of death was severe head injury.

The bases from which rescue work was organised were : Idwal Cottage 25 ; Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel 2 ; Helyg 1 ; Not known 1.

The value of Idwal Cottage (Y.H.A.) as a base for rescue operations is now firmly established.

Previous writers have laid down rules of conduct for rescue workers which experience has taught are the most effective.¹ They are worth repeating.

The occurrence of an accident should not alter the rule that the first consideration is to ensure the safety of the party as a whole, and that this depends on adequate contact with the base. If this is likely to be prejudiced by an attempt to reach the injured man when he is lying in an inaccessible spot, the attempt must be abandoned. Thus a great responsibility rests with the uninjured man in a party of two. If he cannot reach his companion with safety he must leave him and look for help. If he can reach him but cannot move him a more difficult problem arises, and the procedure depends on the nature of the injuries. If the man is dying the reasonable course is to stay with him. If there is a broken leg the patient should be placed in the most comfortable position, given all the extra clothing, and left while help is sought. In cases of head injury the decision may be

¹ See articles by Wilson Hey (1935), *Journal of the F.R.C.C.*, Vol. X, No. 2 ; and C. P. Lapage (1943), *Ibid.*, Vol. XIII, No. 37.

extremely difficult. Severe injuries with obvious gross fracture of the skull are rapidly fatal. Concussion, on the other hand, is a condition from which recovery is rapid and complete. One moment the patient may be deeply unconscious ; a few minutes later he may be well enough to walk down with assistance. *Such a patient must not be left alone.* Some years ago a girl lost her life in this way. She was left unconscious on the Heather Terrace by her companion who went to fetch help. When the rescue party arrived it was found that she had partially recovered, tried to descend, and had fallen again. It is advisable in these cases to watch the injured man over a period of approximately half an hour for signs of returning consciousness. If he does not appear to be recovering rapidly enough he should be tied securely to a good belay. It may be possible to leave an explanatory note with him, or to penetrate his semi-conscious state with spoken instructions not to move. Though apparently not hearing, he may remember on regaining consciousness.

In deep unconsciousness from a head injury breathing may stop, and if the heart is beating artificial respiration must be kept up until it is certain that the patient is dead or that spontaneous respiration has been established.²

It is at this stage that some attempt is made to check haemorrhage. The best method is by direct pressure on the bleeding point with an improvised pad and firm bandage. A small emergency first aid box is very useful for this, and every rucksack should carry one. A tourniquet should not be used unless all other methods have failed. Although it is often wrongly applied, even its correct use is dangerous, especially in the arm where half an hour's use may be followed by long-standing paralysis. If it is necessary to use one it should be loosened every half hour and only reapplied if bleeding recurs.

If more than one member of the party is uninjured, the strong runner is sent down. He should if possible carry a written message giving the exact site of the accident, the type of injury, the general condition of the patient, and the treatment which

² Schafer's method of artificial respiration is not a good one. Sylvester's is preferable. Kneel above the supine patient, facing him. Grasp his wrists and bring his arms slowly above his head, elbows bent out. Then carry his arms down, place them across his chest and put your weight on them. Repeat about twelve times a minute. If a stretcher is available an even better method is to tie the patient to it and rock it see-saw fashion twelve times a minute over an improvised trestle.

it has been possible to administer. Messengers often arrive at Idwal Cottage, I am told, with only vague impressions of where the injured man is lying. If there is likely to be plenty of help in the valley the messenger should go all out as far as the base, but if he thinks he may have to act as a guide on the way back he must spare himself on the descent and remember to collect some food for himself before going up again.

The organiser at the base has many duties, and here experience of local conditions and personnel is invaluable. The rescue equipment is sent up by the first party. Other parties are sent up at intervals with food and hot drinks to meet the party coming down and to take over the stretcher. It is impossible to send up too many stretcher bearers. As many as ten men may be required for the Eustace Thomas stretcher over difficult ground, and frequent changes are desirable.

The organiser must also decide whether to send for an ambulance and a doctor, and where the doctor is to meet the patient. This is a difficult decision to make, but a necessary one, because neither must be kept waiting for the other. It is unwise to summon the doctor needlessly, since his own patients may suffer as a result. It is therefore essential to have an accurate description of the injuries at the base. One of the less obvious duties of the organiser is to ensure that all the rescuers return safely, and this may involve making a list of those sent up and checking it on their return. Clearly the organiser must possess considerable knowledge of local conditions, must have useful contacts in the valley, and be prepared to shoulder a great deal of responsibility. Climbers in North Wales are well served in this respect.

At this point it is convenient to give some account of the methods of treatment which the rescue party can use on reaching the injured man.

Shock. All severe injuries are associated with shock, recognisable by pallor and a weak pulse. The treatment is to administer warmth, internally and externally, and to relieve pain by morphia³ and adequate splinting where necessary. The

³ Two ampoules, each containing Omnopon gr. $\frac{1}{4}$ are kept in each set of equipment. To use an ampoule unscrew the cap, remove the stylet from the bore of the hypodermic needle, apply a dab of iodine to the skin of the arm or thigh, plunge the needle in deeply and squeeze in the contents. One ampoule may be sufficient and will last about three hours. Use the second only if pain is intractable or if the journey down is a long one. Notification of the use of

patient should be wrapped in the eiderdown and wind-proof cover, and the head kept low.

Head injuries are the commonest of the severe climbing injuries. Haemorrhage from the scalp often looks alarming, but, as elsewhere, can be controlled by a pad and firm bandage. Deep unconsciousness may require artificial respiration. The treatment of simple concussion is that of shock. Restless patients must be tied firmly to the stretcher since they may try to get off or pull at their bandages.

Fractures of the leg are the next commonest lesion. If compound, the wound is swabbed with iodine and a dressing applied. The leg is then fitted into the Thomas splint and the boot tied very firmly to the lower end of the splint. The ring of the Thomas should be pressed tightly against the buttock, and the tension on the limb be such that movement will not jar the fractured ends of the bone. The lower end of the splint is strapped to the lower crossbar of the stretcher, and the patient's trunk tied down. He must feel so secure that all fear of pain during the descent is abolished. The double Thomas splint should be used if both legs are fractured. Here too a good pull must be kept on the limbs.

Fractures of the arm are dealt with quite simply if the patient can walk by slinging the wrist below the chin. If the stretcher is used the arm should also be bandaged to the chest. Splints produce further immobilisation and reduce discomfort. They should be used for the arm or leg, even in the absence of a fracture, if there is an extensive wound of soft parts.

Fractures of the spine are fortunately rare. There is a painful tender swelling over the fractured vertebra. Trunk movements are painful and in severe cases the legs are paralysed and insensitive. The patient must be rolled over very gently and placed on the stretcher face down. Bending of the spine in a forward direction must be avoided at all costs ; it may result in permanent damage to the spinal cord.

Abdominal injury should be suspected if there is severe abdominal pain and tenderness and gradually increasing shock. Rapid removal to a hospital is of the utmost importance. It is wiser not to give drinks.

this drug is required by the Dangerous Drugs Act. This will be done by Mr. Wilson Hey if a report is sent to him. A record of the dose given, and the time, should accompany the patient to hospital.

Chest injuries are better transported in the sitting position. In contrast to abdominal injuries the patient is not much disturbed by transport and there is less urgency.

Fractures of the pelvis are of little consequence in themselves but may be complicated by injury to the pelvic organs (usually the bladder). In such cases there is much pain and shock. The double Thomas splint should be used unless its application is found to cause pain from direct pressure on the fracture. It will be sufficient then to wrap a folded blanket firmly round the pelvis and strap or tie it to the stretcher.

Rucksacks now contain tablets of one of the sulphonamide drugs. They are used where there is an extensive wound which is likely to take a long time to heal, and especially in compound fractures where healing is much prolonged by infection. Four tablets are swallowed as an initial dose, and two more every four hours. A shocked patient is likely to vomit them. If this happens he should try again when his general condition has improved. It is advisable to keep a record of the quantity given, and the time, and send it with the patient to hospital.

After the injured man has been sent away by ambulance the equipment must be collected and checked, damage and deficiencies noted. Finally a detailed report is made out and sent to our representative on the First Aid Committee. The knowledge obtained from these reports has assisted the Committee to assess the value of equipment and to give advice on rescue methods. The Committee is now responsible for the maintenance of the equipment, and it has set up a scheme for remuneration of local helpers which it is hoped will lead to smoother co-operation with these valuable men.

The evacuation routes for accidents in the Welsh hills have been worked out and should be known to all those who climb in the district. It is not intended to describe them in detail here but to point out that the procedure becomes simple if it is remembered that the whole area is served by two bases.

At Idwal Cottage telephone and car are available. The Warden knows where to find help quickly and has extensive experience as an organiser. The area served by this base includes Cwm Idwal, Glyder Fach, and Tryfan. In the absence of a car at Helyg it is better to send messengers from the east face of Tryfan direct to Idwal Cottage.

At Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel there is also a car and telephone, and Mr. Lockwood will act as organiser. This centre serves the Snowdon group including Clogwyn du'r Arddu and, be it noted, Craig yr Ysfa. Casualties from the latter cliff are evacuated via Dolgarrog, an apparently circuitous route, for it is more expedient to bring the rescue equipment by car from Pen-y-Gwryd than to carry it up from Helyg. In this case the doctor and ambulance are summoned from Llanrwst by a telephone call from Dolgarrog.

If an atmosphere of gloom has been cast over the reader by the perusal of this note, perhaps it can be dispelled by the description of an accident in which conditions were ideal and the work of rescue went off as smoothly as anyone present could have wished.

On a fine afternoon in March, 1938, I had come down to Helyg with a friend after a good day on the Holly Tree Wall. We were down early and were looking at the stream with a view to a bathe when a messenger arrived by car from Idwal and asked us to help in the rescue of a man who was lying injured on the far end of the Heather Terrace. We drove our car to Gwern-y-Gof-Uchaf and there met two Rucksack Club men who had brought the equipment by car from Idwal. Together we carried it up to the top of the Heather Terrace and found the injured man lying comfortably with his leg securely fixed in a Thomas splint. He had been walking down the Heather Terrace with some friends and had slipped and fallen headlong down the slope. There was a compound fracture of both bones of the leg about four inches above the ankle. By a stroke of good luck there was a surgeon in the vicinity. He was soon with the injured man and dressed the wound and gave him morphia (which he always carried with him in his climbing jacket). A messenger had been sent down to Idwal with the diagnosis, and very soon the folding Thomas splint was brought up and applied.

On our arrival with the rest of the equipment we wrapped the patient in the eiderdown and tied him securely to the stretcher, fixing the lower end of the splint to the lower crossbar. The descent was made in about an hour with parties of ten, frequently changed, for there was plenty of help. We slid the stretcher over steep grass and heather, and carried it over

boulders. It proved most effective. The patient insisted that he was perfectly comfortable, and his appearance confirmed his statement. At the farm the ambulance, summoned by a telephone call from Idwal, was waiting for us. It had not been necessary to send for the doctor from Bethesda. The surgeon travelled with the patient to the Denbighshire Infirmary and operated soon after arrival. Recovery was rapid and uneventful.

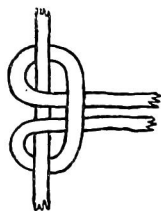
A fortunate combination of circumstances made for a happy outcome in this case. Conditions are rarely so favourable, but by prompt and intelligent action and the use of common sense it is always possible to alleviate suffering and perhaps even to save life.

A ROPE STRETCHER

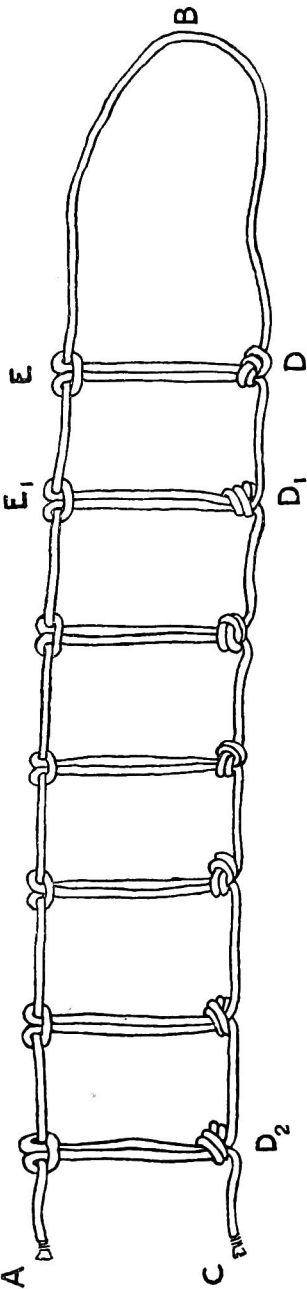
THE stretcher described below has been invented by Mr. A. S. Pigott and tried out over rough country, although not yet in an actual accident case. It is thought that it will materially assist in transporting the victims of a minor accident or of exhaustion to warmth and safety in the shortest possible time. More serious cases will require a rigid stretcher as is provided in the First Aid kits. Any reports of its use or comments on it should be sent to the Honorary Secretary of the First Aid Committee, Mr. A. S. Pigott, Hill House, Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.

The diagram shows how this stretcher can be made easily and quickly from a climbing rope. Start twelve feet from one end (A—D) and tie a series of loops nine inches apart, using the ordinary overhand knot (D). The loops should be roughly three feet long *before* they are tied and are easily measured by taking the distance from one's nose to outstretched finger tips. After the first knot has been tied they will be about 28 inches long and 23 inches long in their final state. An eighty-foot rope is enough for eight such loops, which will give a bed of about six feet. Longer ropes can be usefully employed by making more and closer loops. Bend the ends of the loops over (E) and pass the free end of the rope (A) through. Before tightening knots at E adjust shoulder loop at B to suit the height of bearer. Pad the bed with coats, woollies and so on. Place a rucksack, back uppermost, for a pillow, unbuckle straps, pass both round first loop, one strap through first three knots at E, the other through first three knots at D, both round third loop and rebuckle. Only the three knots so used at E will require lashing with string or handkerchief to prevent loosening.

If you have five helpers do not make a shoulder loop for the bearer at the foot end. It is better to carry with a man each at A, B and C, and one at each side in the middle. This method



DETAIL OF KNOT E



prevents bumping or pressing on the patient's feet. With only four helpers it will be necessary to make a shoulder loop for both of the end bearers even though it means shortening the stretcher.

It is hoped that this form of stretcher may be found useful for getting the patient to warmth, shelter and medical attention quickly. If his condition permits time could be saved by carrying him down to meet the rescue party coming from the valley. Broken limbs must be immobilised so that movement does not cause pain. A broken leg might be tied firmly to the sound one, or a broken arm to the chest.

Since the above notes were written, this stretcher has been tried out in an actual accident, where injuries were not sufficiently serious to demand a rigid stretcher. The claims made above were completely justified. Details of any further experience in the use of this stretcher would be very useful.

PAINTING

J. M. HARTOG

OR some people would call it *painting-out*. Certainly it was the application of paint, even if other paint had been applied to that particular bit of rock before. I had forgotten all about it till this autumn when putting on my climbing boots (happy occupation !). It was then that I noticed the green mark. There had been a lot of discussion about the colour, and eventually a mixture of green and grey was chosen. The pedantic might insist, if he knew all the facts, that really we had no other choice.

There are always people who oppose one's artistic efforts, however well directed. But we were subtle and bribed two friendly neutrals to sally forth on push-bikes and report if the enemy were holding our objective in strength. Meanwhile we set out, five of us, guarding in our midst the precious brush and pot. Four ropes were taken for engineering and a certain amount of refreshment for weary bodies.

What a glorious night, Christmas night, walking along the road beside the lake with stars brilliant and the moon rising behind the mountain. Not a cloud in the sky, but that added brilliance which appears with the frost.

Our scouts report about a dozen people at the base of the climb and others higher up. Many torches flashing and much shouting. After holding a council of war we decide that we will make our approach from the top and not the bottom. So with great stealth we make a traverse across the boulders below the cliff where the enemy were, going one by one and very silently (!) or so we hoped. When we had all congregated at the far side we climb the path beside the crag. Even now we only talk in whispers and make sure that our feet do not slip on the loose stones. As we come out on to the heather, the moon

is lighting up the whole mountainside and two men sitting just below the path. At first we thought it was an enemy outpost, but it turned out to be only two lost spectators enjoying the evening. We enlisted them somehow.

There was a second motive in our rather delaying tactics. We would wear down the enemy morale ; we felt sure, as we worked our way to the exit of our climb, that few people would remain inactive on so chilly a night, however hostile to our aims. Complete silence indicated an ambush or abandonment of the position.

As we abseiled down the first pitch it was obvious that the enemy had already retired. Afterwards we heard that they had gone for a midnight bathe in the lake. We then started our rope manoeuvres. A large block made a satisfactory belay. Paint-pot and partisan were tied on, and abseil ropes made ready.

It was an awkward position really, on a perpendicular face, 60 feet below the belay and 60 feet above terra firma. A small ledge ran across part of the main wall. Painting out one letter ten feet high took a little while. We started the job at 2 a.m. and finished half-an-hour later. We had painted out the emblem of victory and restored the rock to its pristine state. I did a little myself at the end—just the finishing touches. In the end I got so tied up, that I was almost bent double and couldn't straighten up, and had to ask for assistance up the first 30 feet. But most of the work was done by another stouter stalwart.

Then for a quick distribution of the more edible contents of the sack, back up the final pitch and down an easier route. We were back at 3 a.m. The only casualties were a paint-pot lid (which was dropped) and some yellow paint which had been covered by green.

THREE CLIFFS IN LLANBERIS

J. E. Q. BARFORD

HISTORICAL

THE cliffs which are included in this section of the guide book have not been generally noticed by climbers until recently but they have always contributed to the wild and desolate impression which Llanberis makes on the casual tourist. As usual in Wales the more obvious gullies were done before the end of last century but the early explorers did not penetrate far up the hillside and except for a passing reference by Edgar Llwyd the remarkable basaltic cliffs of Craig Nant Peris were not noticed until 1933 when an active day was spent there by C. H. S. R. Palmer. As with most other modern discoveries in these hills J. M. Edwards took the predominant part in exploration here and at the time the guide-book was written hardly anyone else had even climbed on the cliffs except those who had been with him on his bold explorations.

The naming of the climbs and of the cliffs themselves shows the fruit of his lively imagination. In this connection it has been thought proper to drop the old names of "The Castle" and "Columnar Cliff" in favour of the Welsh name Dinas Cromlech which is both adequately descriptive and original. In any case, the appellation of "columnar" really applies to the remarkable rocks higher up the hillside and not to the cliff we are concerned with which is of a massive wall and corner formation.

It may be of interest to record here the reason for some of the names especially those which are not directly descriptive. The valley is in a vertical landscape and is consequently not quite what one would expect. Nebuchadnezzar's Crawl derives its name from the seven years which Nebuchadnezzar spent on his belly with the beasts of the field and his head buried in the long grass, as one may well do on this climb.

The overhang at the foot of another climb looks rather like the sort of hat which the Egyptians used to wear, hence the name "Pharaoh's Passage" and from that "Pharaoh's Wall." Dives Route was so named because the pioneers hoped for better things above; incidentally they did not achieve their desires because of the many crumbs that dropped. Now the route is quite different. Sexton's Route was so named because of the sombre coat tails of the third man who wore a black tailcoat to protect him from the incontinent elements. On later expeditions the naming of the climbs became less solemn and does not involve any knowledge of the Bible or of the peculiar habits of the early parties.

INTRODUCTION

The cliffs line the lower slopes of Esgair Felen, overlooking the main road in Llanberis and are well seen from the road. There are three of them Dinas Cromlech, Carreg Wastad and Clogwyn y Grochan lying along this hillside only a few hundred feet above the road.

The methods of description adopted follow closely the standards set in the proper guide books. Left and right are used in the climbers' sense of the words that is always facing the cliff.

No footwear has been recommended as most of the climbs are as easily done in boots as in anything else; however the writer of the guide book always felt the necessity of keeping his safety factor as high as possible and most of the climbs are classified on a rubbers or kletterschuhe basis in consequence. This is probably due to excessive timidity, but at present one is never quite sure how much stuff is going to come away. This same consideration leads to the employment of running belays wherever possible and considerable confidence is gained by being attached to the cliff every few feet on a long runout.

The pitch lengths given in the descriptions are all the bare lengths of the pitches they describe. No account of the rope for tying on and belaying is taken. The cliffs are extremely well provided with belays although not always with stances, and the pitch divisions adopted are dictated by the spacing of the stances not of the belays. In general however it is desirable for the leader to have eighty feet of rope to play with here as on all

Welsh cliffs, as most leaders on these cliffs will like to bring their second up to a good stance before moving on.

Although all of this sort of climbing is artificial the routes themselves are not ; in all cases the easiest lines up the cliffs are followed and it is seldom possible to turn a difficulty. Never do the routes look for difficulty ; this comes naturally from the steepness of the cliffs and the uncompromising nature of the rock. This is fundamentally sound and the few loose holds there are rapidly disappear as the cliffs are more frequently climbed.

The climbs represent a fine feeling for technique and position, a gentle courting of vertical walls and overhangs that gives new joy to the climber who thinks he has tasted all the joys that Wales can offer. The slag heap and vertical vegetation school of climbing has been unfairly maligned ; generally in practice one finds that when real difficulty appears it shows itself as a steep or overhanging wall of sound rock with a healthy tree belay to give security. As a whole the cliffs may be said to represent justly the latter day attitude to rock climbing, a careful working out of a steep cliff for its own sake and a connoisseur's search for fine situations.

There remains little to be done which is easier than what has already been done ; Cenotaph Corner and Ivy Sepulchre remain for the next generation. On Carreg Wastad it appears that there is a possible opening between Shadow Wall and Dead Entrance but this has not yet been led although it has been christened in advance as Trilon Wall.

CLASSIFICATION OF SEVERITY

The standards adopted throughout are in accordance with the numerical system without the " A " and " B " sub-divisions. As most of the climbs have been done only once or twice the standards are to be regarded as necessarily approximate. Also although few have been placed in the highest grade the level of technical difficulty is often quite high and it is only the comparative shortness of the climbs as compared with other cliffs which keeps the number in this class low. Even the climbs which have been put in the lower grades are steeper than is usual on most Welsh cliffs.

DINAS CROMLECH

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CHARACTER

This is the most impressive cliff of the group, consisting as it does of massive pillars of clean rhyolite forming a "castle" standing out from the hillside. It also contains the greatest variety of climbs and most opportunities for the medium party. The centre of the cliff is dominated by a tremendous square cut corner, Cenotaph Corner. This has two lesser jewels on either side to enhance its beauty, a small clean-cut corner—Sabre Cut—on the left and a jagged untidy, vegetable crack on the right—Ivy Sepulchre. Of this trio only Sabre Cut has been climbed. The other major feature of the cliff is the Valley which is a line of ledges running across the top of the cliff at about three-quarters of the total height. Above this line a multitude of short cracks of every type, a few of which have been climbed, lead to the top of the cliff.

Thus we have, from left to the right, firstly a stretch of broken rocks with some good short scrambles and much heather. Then come the three columns of Parchment Passage, Pharaoh's Passage and Pharaoh's Wall. The first of these is an easy way up, the second a good way down, the third a climb of high quality and considerable interest. The centre of the next section of the cliff is a large ledge which has been called the Forest, about 90 feet above the foot of the cliff which is more diffuse in structure hereabouts. The Forest is the focal point for three climbs—Dives, Sabre Cut and Spiral Stairs. Then come the virgin rocks of Cenotaph Corner and Ivy Sepulchre with only the devious course of Horseman's Route disturbing the easier anteroom of the latter. To the right of this the cliff lies back more and one third of the way up is broken by the large heathery expanse of the Heath,



through which Sexton's Route and Nebuchadnezzar's Crawl struggle on their way to steeper rocks above.

Beyond this is a detached and easy buttress—Flying Buttress—and immediately beside this an easy gully—Castle Gully—before the cliff disappears into the broken rocks and scree of the hillside.

On this cliff most of the easier routes have been done. The possibilities of more difficult routes are obvious to even the cyclist's eye. It is a good cliff and it is surprising that it has been neglected so long considering that there is a large amount of quite straightforward climbing on it and that it is so easily accessible.

The approach from the road is sufficiently obvious to need no description. The cliff is the first major one on the North side of Llanberis as one descends towards Ynys Ettws. It is approximately opposite Dinas Mot and at about the same level.

When approaching the cliff from the road it is easier to avoid going straight up to the base as various awkward broken rocks impede the way. A diagonal course up the hillside from the left or the right is usual.

PARCHMENT PASSAGE

145 feet. A steep climb otherwise of little merit, a plague of vegetation and loose rock on the more difficult and steeper moves.

Standard : II.

Start : At the foot of the left hand of the three conspicuous columns on the lower left-hand section of the cliff. The climb chooses the easiest way up this column.

(1) 55 feet. Scramble up assorted mud and vertical vegetation to a good tree and a botanist's paradise.

(2) 35 feet run-out 50 feet climbing. From the tree go up the corner on the left and then follow the gangway back into the main groove to the right to a fine holly and an awkward platform.

(3) 35 feet. Through the tree with difficulty and then either of two short cracks on the right wall lead to the top. The left-hand crack is awkward but comparatively sound, the right hand straightforward and loose.

PHARAOH'S PASSAGE

140 feet. Overhanging, a good route to descend.

Standard : V.

Start : The climb lies up the middle of the three columns on the left of the cliff. It starts with an overhang in the corner.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the overhang, finishing on a good tree, roots then trunk. This pitch is extremely difficult.

(2) 70 feet. Continue up the wide, easy chimney above to the top of the cliff.

PHARAOH'S WALL

120 feet. Steep, open, sound rock. A good route.

Standard : V. Strong fingers required.

Start : This climb lies up the right hand of the three columns, first up a subsidiary arete, then up the right wall of the corner proper, then up the second half of the crack itself.

(1) 25 feet. Climb the edge of the little wall below the column, to a sloping grass platform with thread belays below the corner proper.

(2) 45 feet. Climb the wall a few feet right of the crack in the corner up to a large pot hole and from there traverse left at the height of the break in the crack. Belay, etc. The wall is steep and the strain on the fingers continuous on this pitch.

(3) 40 feet. Up the continuation crack easily.

HOLLY BUTTRESS

195 feet. Steep, direct and interesting.

Standard : IV.

Start : Immediately below a large and robust holly four yards to the right of the foot of Pharaoh's Wall. The climb goes up the steep crack behind the holly and then follows the line of holly trees and broken rocks to a steep finishing crack or an exposed traverse off to the right.

(1) 20 feet. Awkwardly to holly.

(2) 65 feet. Climb the holly and then the vertical monkeystick behind it to two good belays and an unstable stance.

(3) 20 feet. Climb broken rocks slightly to the right up to the holly tree and a fine belay.

Unfortunately from this belay it is possible to walk off easily to the left.

(4) 20 feet. Continue the natural line to the final big holly.

(5) 60 feet. Again climb the holly to the vegetable middle section and thence up the steep crack straight ahead to the top.

An alternative finish :—

(5A) 60 feet. When the holly tree has been left a few feet behind, and the vegetation in the crack has been reached, it is possible to traverse across the steep wall to the right, to the gentle slab at the top of the Spiral Stairs. Easily up this slab to the top of the cliff.

This variation is easier than the normal way but is more open.

DIVES ROUTE

265 feet. A fine route with varied pitches and an open finish on good rock.

Standard : IV. Strenuous in the lower section : delicate in pitch 5.

Start : To the left of Cenotaph Corner there is a stretch of cliff leading up to a wet corner beneath an overhang and the Forest. The climb goes up the centre of this section of the cliff to the Forest. From the Forest an ascending traverse is made to the left to the top of the cliff.

(1) 35 feet. Scramble to the foot of the overhanging crack in the centre of this section of the cliff.

(2) 30 feet. Up the crack on good holds to the holly tree.

(3) 50 feet. Keeping close below the overhang bear up to the right over a large damp area of the cliff to the Forest. This section demands care as here loose rock goes side by side with difficult climbing.

(4) 30 feet. Scramble up between the trees to a belay high up on the right edge.

(5) 60 feet. The large corner above and to the left is Sabre Cut. Traverse across the foot of this at a level rather higher than the belay. Step on to the obvious horizontal traverse which crosses the wall beyond. Where this ends climb up a few feet to a good ledge (belay). Up the little crack on the left of the ledge for 5 feet to another small sloping ledge on its left. Walk delicately round the corner to the left on this ledge to the sloping slab of the Spiral Stairs.

(6) 40 feet. Up the Spiral Stairs to the top.

SABRE CUT

185 feet. A fine route. Loose rock on the first pitch. Very steep and quite exposed.

Standard: V. An exercise in verticality.

Start: In the damp and broken wall below the Forest there are three obvious approaches open to that haven. The right-hand one of these is reserved for this route, and starts in a vertical corner behind a rowan tree. When the corner becomes too difficult an escape is made up the steep wall on the right to the Forest. From there the route goes up the clean cut corner which is the first gap in the cliff's defences to the left of Cenotaph Corner.

(1) 80 feet. Up the corner behind the tree until it divides. Step on to the corner to the right and up the wall on not too solid rock to the Forest. The most difficult pitch.

(2) 30 feet. Scramble up between the trees to a belay high up on the right edge.

(3) 30 feet. Up the corner to an inserted chockstone and a stance.

(4) 45 feet. Climb the corner. A good pitch.

SPIRAL STAIRS

230 feet. Steep, good rock on the harder parts, exposed.

Standard: III.

Start: Below and to the right of the large ledge at the foot of Cenotaph Corner. The climb goes to this ledge, then along the line of least resistance to the Forest from there to the left avoiding the steeper rocks ahead.

(1) 100 feet. Scramble to the large grass ledge below Cenotaph Corner, most easily from the right.

(2) 60 feet. Fairly low down on the left wall, gain the obvious weakness and traverse horizontally leftwards until a few strenuous moves upwards give access to the Forest and many belays.

(3) 70 feet. Climb the crack on the left wall opposite the largest trees and traverse round the wall to the left. Follow the line of weakness with a short left traverse when in doubt to an easy slab sloping down to the right, which gives on to the top.

Holly Buttress (Variation Finish) joins this route at the foot of the sloping slab.

HORSEMAN'S ROUTE

345 feet. A mixed climb with a fine finish in a good corner. Vegetation, an exposed traverse on bad rock, and some extremely good rock. The final pitches may be avoided along the Valley.

Standard: IV. Loose rock on some hard moves.

Start: At the foot of Ivy Sepulchre. A way is made up this until it steepens, then a descending traverse to the right round the corner and up the short wall common to Sexton's Route and Neb's Crawl, to a large corner leading to the top.

(1) A steep dirty slab leads to a ledge running across the foot of the Sepulchre.

(2) 25 feet. The steep wall above is climbed on the left by means of a crack to a decaying tree and ledge at the foot of the outward jutting mass between Cenotaph Corner and the Sepulchre.

(3) 25 feet. Step down to the right until a dirty chimney gives access to the roots of the vegetation on the next ledge.

(4) 20 feet. Up another short chimney to the large ledge and trees.

(5) 80 feet. Traverse downwards along the ledge to the right. Step across the damp scoop and up the broken wall round the edge of the buttress. Unsatisfactory belay and stance. The step across is exposed and the broken wall tends to be loose in a generous sort of way.

(6) 25 feet. Continue up the narrow rake to the foot of a comfortable looking chimney.

(7) 40 feet. Up the chimney, and along the ledge above to a belay, between the feet of the two cracks in the wall above.

(8) 25 feet. Climb the wall. (The cracks to the left and right belong to the Sexton's Route and Neb's Crawl respectively).

(9) 30 feet. Walk up to the right through the trees to the foot of the large corner. Belay in corner.

(10) 35 feet. Climb the corner. This is quite hard and leads to a difficult landing beneath the overhang. The hardest pitch of the climb but good rock.

(11) 30 feet. Climb the overhanging chimney up to the right to the top, stepping out of it shortly before the end.

SEXTON'S ROUTE

215 feet. Steep, insecure, vegetation on the hardest move.

Standard : IV.

Start : On the rake at the foot of the gully which faces left, about thirty feet right of the bottom of Cenotaph Corner. The climb wanders vaguely up the indeterminate section of the cliff to the Valley.

(1) 55 feet. Back up the overhanging gully to a large spike, then step delicately round to the left to a good stance and a belay. The step round is difficult and the vegetation insecure, but the move can be safeguarded by passing the rope round the large spike.

(2) 30 feet. Straight up to the grassy slopes of the Heath on the right.

(3) 50 feet. Follow up the grassy slopes and broken rocks to the little wall of Neb's Crawl.

(4) 25 feet. Follow the barbed left-hand crack which finishes awkwardly on a ledge with many trees.

(5) 50 feet. Walk to the left and up the steep wall above the tree to the Valley. This is a fine steep pitch on good rock.

An alternative finish :—

(5A) 50 feet. Keep in the right angle corner immediately behind the trees and on the left wall of the corner. This is considerably harder than the other way, but is a pitch of similar type.

NEB'S CRAWL

190 feet. A heathery route with a little rock here and there. Short pitches.

Standard : III.

Start : The climb starts in the gully to the immediate left of the Flying Buttress. It goes up the left wall of this gully and across the heathery glacia (the Heath) above to the steep wall and up this on a parallel course to the Sexton's Route to the Valley.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the left wall of the gully to the Holly Tree on its edge.

(2) 80 feet. A short pull up the wall above leads to the luxuriant heather which is followed to the foot of the rocky step at the foot of the steep wall ahead. A corner between the little step and a large one to the left gives access to the top of the large step. There are intermediate belays, but the whole pitch is little more than scrambling.

(3) 30 feet. The wall ahead has two cracks in it. The left-hand crack belongs to the Sexton's Route which shares this stance.

Climb the vertical wall between the cracks to the tree above. Belay, or

(3A) 30 feet. Climb the right-hand crack half-way, and then leave it to traverse to the tree. This is a very severe variation.

(4) 25 feet. From the trees a grassy ledge tilts up to the right. Follow this to the larger ledge above.

(5) 60 feet. Climb the wall above to a rocky shelf, also sloping up to the right, with a large belay on it. Then step round the corner to the left to the Valley. This is a pitch of the Valley Traverse, or

(5A) 25 feet. Descend the ledge to the wall which encloses it on the right. Up the little crack in that wall to the Pinnacle ledge of the Flying Buttress Climb. Hence to the top or the bottom of the cliff by that route. This pitch is also part of the Valley Traverse.

THE FLYING BUTTRESS

365 feet. A mountaineering route with a pleasant clean finish.

Standard : II.

Start : Either in the gully to the left of the buttress or up the broken slopes on its right. The route goes up the buttress to its summit, then on the main cliff to the pinnacle ledge of the Valley Traverse. It then follows a diagonal line up to the right and to the top of the cliff.

(1) 60 feet. Back up the dirty chimney in the bed of the gully until an escape can be made to the right to a large ledge in the centre of the buttress, or

(1A) 70 feet. The centre of the buttress can be climbed direct, or more easily on the right.

(2) 75 feet. Follow the centre of the buttress to its summit and down the other side to a large ledge.

(3) 60 feet. On the right of the edge opposite, the wall is broken by large rocky steps. Climb these steps for 15 feet until the edge can be reached. Step round to the left, squeeze past the little tree to the large block on the next edge. Past this block an easy ascending traverse leads to the left to the pinnacle ledge.

(4) 50 feet. A steep wall on the left leads to a gangway which slopes up to the right.

(5) 50 feet. Right to the ash tree and then take the chimney ahead.

(6) 20 feet. Scramble to the top of the Castle.

CASTLE GULLY

195 feet. A vegetable gully. The first climb done on this cliff. Quite pleasant.

Standard : I.

Start : To the immediate right of Flying Buttress, at the mouth of the Big Cave. The route follows the Gully.

(1) 25 feet. Climb up to the right of the big chockstone.

(2) 70 feet. Walk up the bed of the gully.

(3) 40 feet. Climb up the vegetable chimney ahead until level with the holly tree. Step across to this, and then traverse in an ascending line to a corner and belay in the gully proper.

(4) 60 feet. Take the left-hand groove and afterwards up a short chimney to the top.

CLIMBS IN AND ABOVE THE VALLEY

IVY SEPULCHRE CRACK

50 feet. Steep and strenuous, perfect rock.

Standard : III.

Start : From the valley a little to the right of the top of Ivy Sepulchre. The crack is large, clean cut, and of the monolith type.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the crack.

CENOTAPH CORNER FINISH

50 feet. Steep, good rock.

Standard : IV.

Start : From the Valley the line of the Cenotaph Corner is continued by another large right angle corner. Start at the foot of this.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the corner for twenty feet, and then break out to the left on to the steep wall, and so over to the left-hand skyline. The initial moves are hard.

TRIBUTARY CRACK

40 feet. Pleasant, good rock.

Standard : II.

Start : From the Valley a diagonal crack a few feet to the left of the Cenotaph Corner continuation offers an easy exit from the Valley.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the crack which slopes up to the left skyline.

VALLEY CROSSINGS

500 feet. A series of short pitches with pleasant sylvan rambles between.

Standard : II.

Start : At the top of Holly Butress, Dives Route, or the Spiral Stairs. The climb follows the line of major ledges across the top of the cliff until it is forced on to continuous good rock at the finish.

(1) 20 feet. A little to the left a pleasant little chimney gives access to the big ledge above.

(2) 40 feet. Walk to the right along the ledge to the overhang. Belay.

(3) 20 feet. Step across the top of Sabre Cut under the overhang awkwardly, to the holly trees on the next ledge.

(4) 50 feet. Continue the line, climbing over the large detached blocks. Stride across the wide chimney which presently appears ahead and up the slab on its far side to a belay.

(5) 40 feet. Descend to the corner. Step round on small holds to the upper corner of the large ledge which is called the Valley. Belay.

(6) 120 feet. Walk and scramble across the Valley to good belays just beyond the top of Ivy Sepulchre. This is not climbing.

(7) 40 feet. Descend into the corner until a long stride can be made round the right-hand rib to a ledge, sloping upwards to the right on its far side. Belay.

- (8) 20 feet. Rope or climb down to the ash tree below.
 (9) 20 feet. Walk to a belay in the right-hand corner of the ledge.
 (10) 20 feet. Walk down the shelf, until a crack in the rib to the right gives access to a good stance and belay on that rib.
 (11) 50 feet. Straight up the rib until it steepens and then take to a gangway leading to the right.
 (12) 40 feet. Right to the ash tree, and then take the chimney ahead.
 (13) 20 feet. Scramble to the top of the Castle.

CARREG WASTAD

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CHARACTER

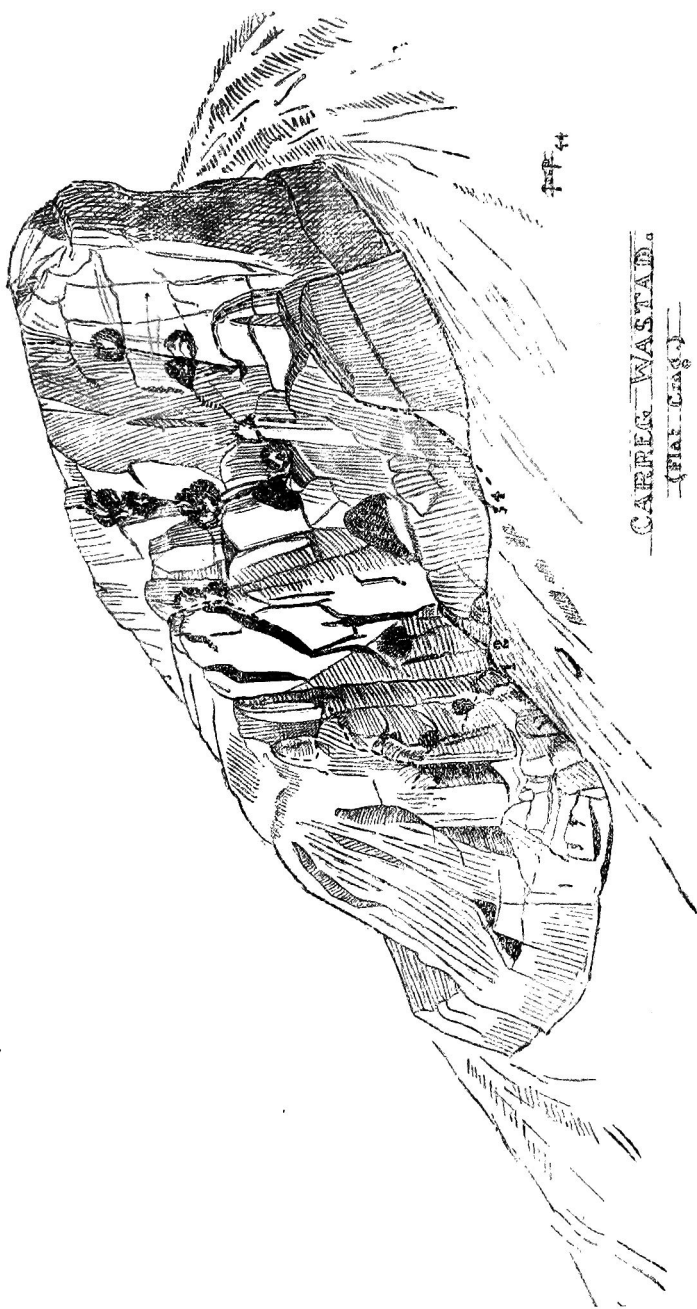
In the way it stands out from the hillside this crag almost rivals Dinas Cromlech itself—a small core of hard rock less affected by the age old warfare of the weather and decay than the softer stuff around it. It has no gullies and is very steep ; in shape it appears like the blade of a shovel laid on its side. On the left it consists of steep slabby walls in which no breach has yet been found. In the centre there is a deep cut vertical corner which has not been climbed. On the left of this is a fine climb, Crackstone Rib, which approaching the rib on the left from the foot of the corner makes a direct way up it. The rock here is good although an occasional loose hold has still to be removed. On the upper half of the cliff to the right of the corner is the conspicuous diagonal overhang of Shadow Wall, approached by a steep groove, forming the left edge of the Trilon. Beyond the Trilon is a scoop in the cliff occupied by a line of healthy yews and other less pleasant vegetation. The upper half of this scoop is climbed by Dead Entrance no connection having yet been made between the first yew and the second.

Beyond this again is another steep buttress followed by the much larger opening of the Great Scoop, a capacious dish in the cliff. The cliff terminates at the right hand end in a fine prow of steep rock supported on a lower triangular buttress of reddish rock which culminates in Red Rock Summit.

The cliff is immediately opposite Ynys Ettws in Llanberis, six to seven minutes walk from the road at the point where the bridge leads to Blaen-y-nant and the path to Cwm Glas begins.

CRACKSTONE RIB

180 feet. A fine route, open, steep, good belays.



CARREK WASTAD.
(HAR. C. 1886.)

Standard : IV. Technically harder than Shadow Wall but better rock. The standard is maintained throughout.

Start : Just left of the centre of the cliff, at the foot of a steep gully-groove. The climb goes up the rib on the left which has hollies on it.

(1) 35 feet. Climb up the groove to the first holly tree.

(2) 25 feet. Traverse left across the steep wall for 12 feet and up to the second holly tree and a rather restricted stance.

(3) 40 feet. Step round the corner to the left and go delicately up the edge with a fine view everywhere. Towards the end of the pitch move uncomfortably off the ridge proper to the third holly tree on the right.

(4) 25 feet. Up the wall behind the holly tree, a little to the left, and so to a grassy ledge. Dubious belay over to the right.

(5) 25 feet. Easily up the corner on the right to the fourth tough and durable holly tree.

(6) 30 feet. Traverse across the left retaining wall slightly below the level of the holly tree and either up the crack with the tree in it, or more easily round the corner to the left and up the easier rocks beyond. This is a pitch of considerable merit, and quite delicate for these cliffs.

SHADOW WALL

215 feet. A very steep route up the cliff. Exposed on the most difficult move, loose, probably dangerous.

Standard : V.

Start : At about the centre of the cliff there are two parallel vertical grooves terminated by an overhang about two-thirds of the way up. On their left there is a perpendicular yellow wall like a trilon. The climb goes up the obvious groove to the left of the trilon as far as the overhang, and then right, up under the overhang, round the corner and through the hollies to the top.

(1) 80 feet. Scramble up heathery ledges to the foot of the corner.

(2) 40 feet. To stance above holly tree.

(3) 40 feet. To the overhang. This pitch is loose and harder than the last.

(4) 30 feet. The hardest pitch. A series of awkward mantelshelves lead up to the right below the overhang, and are followed by an awkward step round the corner to kinder places.

(5) 25 feet. Through the robust trees to a ledge at the top of the cliff proper.

DEAD ENTRANCE

360 feet. A generous route with many stout trees, mostly holly, and good stances. Steep and exposed on the traverse and on the descent from the traverse.

Standard : III.

Start: As for the Main Scoop Route. On the cliff there are two large yews, and above the upper one a line of trees leads to the summit. The climb approaches the upper yew by means of a descending traverse from Red Rock Summit and then follows the line of forest to the top of the cliff.

(1) 35 feet. As for the Main Scoop Route.

(2) 70 feet. As for the Main Scoop Route.

(3) 60 feet. Follow the long horizontal grass ledge to the left. At 40 feet progress becomes difficult. Descend the little grassy scoop for 15 feet, traverse across two large and rather loose spikes, and up to the ivy covered and derelict block on the continuation of the traverse. The descent of the little scoop is difficult.

(4) 30 feet. Descend the corner to the left of the block, by the vegetation at first, and then by roping down from the tree which is conveniently placed where the corner becomes narrow and steep, to the trees of Green Park, or

(4A) 30 feet. If the proper pitch is considered unfair, the original route can be followed. Descend to the large spikes of the last pitch, down about 7 feet more, and then traverse left across a little rocky bay to a sloping rock shelf on the edge beyond. From here jump on to the Green Park, or more awkwardly swing down on the hands from the sloping shelf (Pitches 3 and 4A may be taken together).

(5) 15 feet. Traverse left across Green Park to the yew tree.

(6), (7), (8) 130 feet. Up the little slab to the right of the yew and follow the line of trees to the top of the cliff. There is very little rock on this pitch but it is quite steep and there are belays every few feet.

MAIN SCOOP ROUTE

235 feet. Short pitches, what rock there is, is generally good.

Standard: IV.

Start: To the left of the foot of the reddish semi-detached buttress, called Red Rock, at the right-hand end of the cliff. The climb goes up the fault on the left side of this buttress to its summit and then follows the line of least resistance up the main scoop ahead. The summit of Red Rock may be reached more easily from the right.

(1) 35 feet. Up the obvious gangway, touching rock only once, to a holly tree.

(2) 70 feet. Up the interesting chimney, which relents at 20 feet and gives a belay. Follow the line more gently beyond to the heather and the summit of Red Rock.

(3) 50 feet. Easily up the gangway to the left, below the steep buttress which forms the cliff's right wall, to a good stance just to the right of the Main Scoop.

(4) 40 feet. Down 10 feet on the left to a ledge in the Main Scoop. Climb over a small square block and up the difficult and no longer grassy groove above to an oak and a large holly tree.

There are three belays at 30 feet on the left. This is by far the hardest pitch on the climb, but is reasonably well protected.

(5) 40 feet. Straight ahead up the two easy chimneys, behind the quartz chockstone, to a large and well upholstered ledge.

(6) 40 feet. Straight ahead up the final wall to a good pull up over the overhang at the top, which, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious, is called the Hard Court. A good rock pitch.

CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

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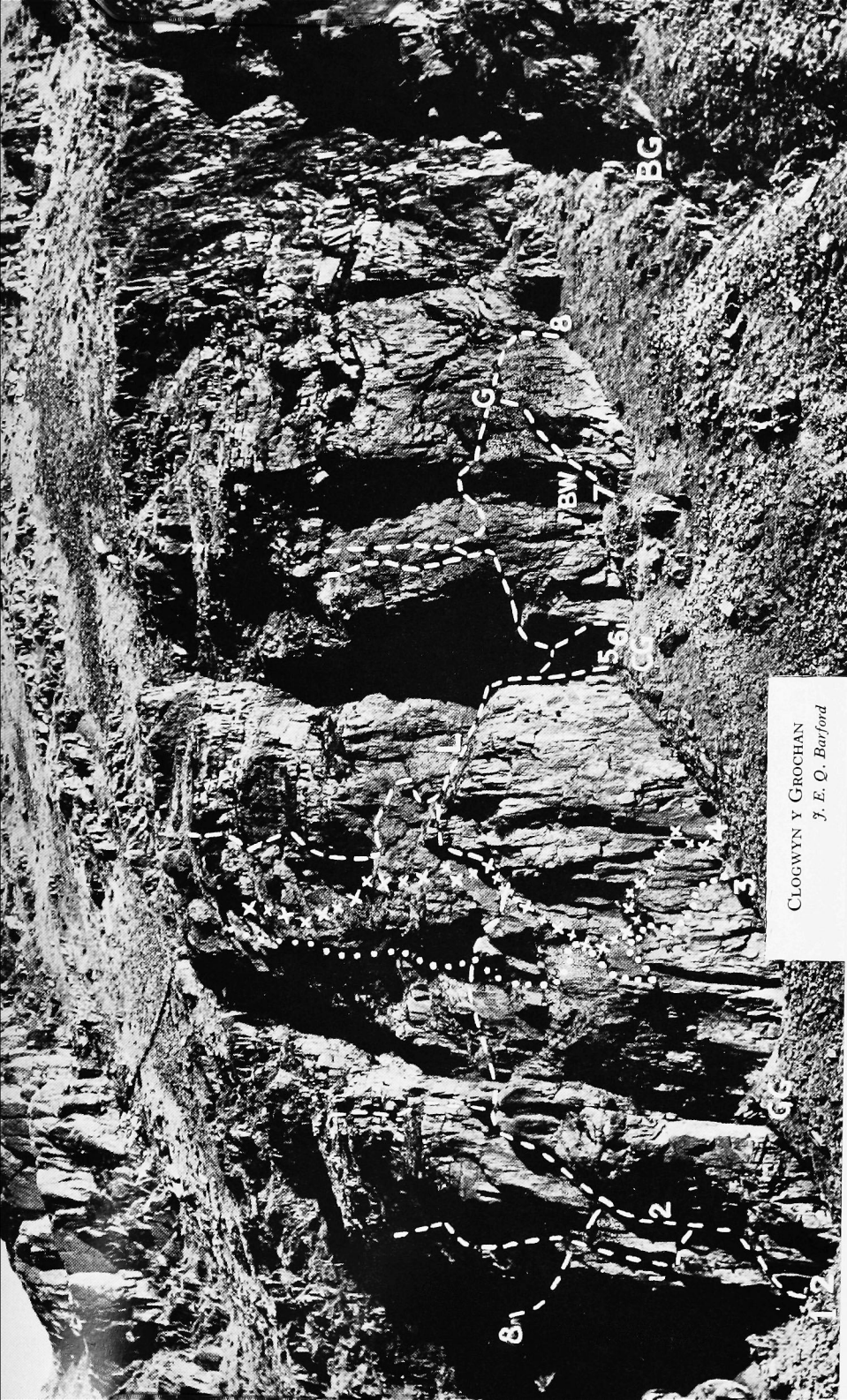
CHARACTER

This cliff is bounded on the right by Bryant's Gully, a main line of drainage providing a pleasant moderately difficult climb in an exceptionally dry season, and on the left by a more difficult and comparatively dry gully. Between these two lines the cliff is split by three other gully corners all damp and mostly unclimbed, very horrid places, blocked by wet and loose overhangs. From left to right it has been suggested that these might be named Goat's Gully, Central Gully, and Broad Walk. Central Gully is the one which has been called in the past simply "the horrid gully."

Apart from these major vertical divisions the cliff is characterised by a complete change in geological form and physical appearance at approximately half height. The lower half is of characteristic Welsh rhyolite, here vertical and smooth with an occasional groove crossing the awkward bulges. Above the level of the girdle traverse the rock deteriorates in quality but is no less steep. At the very top it changes to bedded pumice tuffs, a quite extraordinary formation. It is better provided with holds on the upper section though no very great complaints can be levelled against the lower half in this respect.

The major difficulties are all caused by excessive steepness, not by any fault in the rock itself. The harder climbs here have a quality of fierceness that does not match the genial warmth given by their southern aspect but is more reminiscent of other steep places on the north facing cliffs of Wales.

Between the easy gully on the left and Goat's Gully the cliff becomes progressively more formidable, finishing in a steep clean buttress,



CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

J. E. O. Barford

Goat's Buttress on the gully's edge. Hazel Groove goes up the immediate left of this buttress and the Girdle takes an interesting diagonal crack across it at middle height, where the rock relents slightly. This crack is a large scale edition of the Râteau de Chèvre on the Grépon, and rather harder. From Goat's Gully to Central Gully the lower half of the cliff is too steep ; but two routes Brant and Slape have been driven up it. Higher up the right wall of Goat's Gully breaks into a curious system of overlapping slabs, crossed by the traverse, which towards Central Gully follows the large ledge of Lords the very definite termination of the steep rock below.

At the Central Gully the total height of the cliff becomes somewhat reduced, the steepness more unrelenting and the rock less good. The extreme edge of the buttress here has been forced to yield a route, but the other route up this section of the cliff approaches the middle section from the right deviously across Broad Walk, a wide wet steep scoop in the cliff. From Broad Walk to Bryant's Gully the cliff is of a craggy and overhanging tendency with little prospect of any continuous way.

The cliff lies on the north east side of the Llanberis road well down towards Beudy Mawr and about four hundred yards below Ynys Ettws. It is reached from the road in about six minutes.

HAZEL GROOVE

320 feet. A good route. Sound rock. Delicate in places.

Standard : IV.

Start : At the foot of the first obvious gully to the right of the cliff end. The route follows this for a few feet and then breaks out under an overhang to the left to a hanging groove which gives steep and good climbing to the large yew ledge.

(1) 50 feet. Scramble up the grass to the corner.

(2) 30 feet. Straight up the corner by way of one holly tree to another good holly tree where the groove splits.

(3) 50 feet. A narrow ledge leads to the left. Walk along this and then swing gingerly down on to a small sloping platform below the overhang. Step delicately across the steep wall to a tree, and then up to the good hollies.

(4) 70 feet. Climb up the groove by the holly trees and heather to a minor ledge with two small hazels. Above this the groove splits. Take the right-hand branch which starts off with a gentle overhang, and so by two even more slender hazels to a large one. There is a large yew higher up.

(5) 50 feet. A large corner and a rounded chimney leads up to the left to the top of a heather rib.

(6) 50 feet. Climb the edge on the right and traverse past an oak to a holly.

(7) 50 feet. Above and to the left is a little holly growing at the foot of a niche. Climb to this, swing up on the holly to the top. There is then 30 feet of scrambling to a good belay and stance.

NEA

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 Butress.

Standard : IV. 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 the 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 in a 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.

BRANT

365 feet. A fine steep climb first on a wall and then on a series of slabs. Good rock, exposed, extremely strenuous.

Standard : VB. The hardest climb in this group of cliffs.

Start : Between Goat's Gully and Central Gully, on a pile of large blocks and 10 feet left of the beginning of a steep chimney-groove which has a hiatus at 20 feet. This groove is the start of Slape. The climb goes up the wall above strenuously, to a capacious ledge with a robust holly and other trees. From here, it bears down to the left beneath a little overhang and then up a difficult V chimney to a long ledge. Beyond this the region of overlapping slabs is crossed and the climb finishes up the main nose of this part of the cliff.

(1) 50 feet. Climb 10 feet up the wall to the beginning of a small scoop then cross over to the left up small but sufficient holds to a large hold which gives access to a small ledge beyond. The movement to this large hold is the major difficulty of the climb. A little ledge with a large thin flake on it is crossed and the wall above it climbed more easily to a much larger ledge with a yew and holly tree.

(2) 30 feet. The little corner behind the holly at the extreme left hand end of the ledge is climbed. Traverse from here upwards and downwards along the ledge to a comfortable stance and a large belay.

(3) 55 feet. Continue the line of the descent. Belly traverse under the little overhang to the foot of the V chimney beyond. The ascent of this V chimney is severe, but it very quickly leads to an easy ledge up to the right.

(4) 30 feet. From the right-hand end of this ledge an ascending traverse to the left is made up the wall above. The last move

from the wall on to the slab which terminates it is difficult. An extremely small belay and stance is reached.

(5) 50 feet. Continue up the slab and the steep rib to a more vegetable section beyond. From here a steep awkward corner and a grass landing leads to a grassy ledge which is one of the stances of Bluebell Traverse. There is a small belay here in the corner and another small one on the wall about 3 feet left of the corner.

(6) 30 feet. From here the route goes up the little wall behind the stance, across the slab above to another vegetable section. A good belay.

(7) 50 feet. Bear up to the right and across a vegetable slab by an ancient yew and up the derelict rocks to a much larger and more ancient yew on the skyline.

(8) 60 feet. Follow the main nose of the buttress to the top.

SLAPE

325 feet. A fine steep climb, good rock, very exposed, strenuous. Standard: VB. Comparable to Brant.

Start: Between Goat's Gully and Central Gully from a pile of large blocks, a corner groove runs up the cliff from bottom to top, the first marked groove left of Central Gully. The start is at the foot of this. The climb goes fairly directly up the same section of the cliff as Brant, often using the same stances.

(1) 20 feet. Up the corner for a few feet till a long step leads over on to the right edge at ledges that are the base of the main continuant corner.

(2) 40 feet. A few feet up to the left a gangway, which is in part inverted, slopes up and away from the groove to the Transverse Ledge and Holly tree at the top of Pitch 1 of Brant. This is the route. It is precarious at the start and difficult on the central inverted section, where the rock above throws the climber outwards.

(3) 20 feet. About two-thirds of the way along the ledge there is an ash tree. Climb the wall which is well furnished with incut holds, to the immediate right of this. Another stance of Brant is gained.

(4) 70 feet. An easier chimney from the right-hand end of the ledge leads to the triangular grass ledge of Bluebell Traverse.

(5) 80 feet. Avoiding the easier ways to left and right, the back wall is climbed by a corner crack a little left of centre to blocks and a stance. Traverse to the right over steep rock for 12 feet until it is possible to go a little left up a break in the cliff. This is steep on large holds, some loose. Avoiding the ledges which appear, go straight up the quartz slabs to the large ledge of yews, a stance used by Ledge Way also.

(6) 35 feet. Up easily to the left just on the right of the arete to a stance on loose blocks. Brant arrives here also from the left.

(7) As for Brant, or 20-30 feet to the right.

LEDGE WAY

315 feet. The beginning is a typical gully, rather wetter than usual, but sound rock, the rest interesting and quite steep with large comfortable stances and one or two difficult moves.

Standard: III. This is well maintained.

Start: At the foot of the first deep wet cleft to the left of the mouth of Bryant's Gully. This is called Central Gully. The route goes up this to the overhang and then breaks out along the large ledge to the left and up the more broken rocks to the top of the cliff. On the upper part several lines may be followed.

- (1) 20 feet. Up the right-hand corner of the gully.
- (2) 50 feet. Chimney up through the waterfall to the cave, then traverse out across the blocks on the left wall to the large ledge (Lords).
- (3) 40 feet. Walk across Lords.
- (4) 30 feet. Beyond the little tower where the ledge narrows, a steep little wall leads back right to a pile of large blocks.
- (5) 40 feet. Stepping off these, traverse back to the left of the large yews. This pitch is steep and has technical interest.
- (6) 20 feet. Walk to second yew.
- (7) 30 feet. Climb up over awkward ledges behind the yew to a ledge a little to the right.
- (8) 40 feet. Continue up the ledge to the right and then back left to the top of the ledge.
- (9) 60 feet. Up the steep wall ahead, fastidiously avoiding the shrubbery by keeping slightly to the right of it.

LONG TREE GATE

210 feet. A very steep route. Extremely strenuous on the first pitch. A pleasant exercise in technique.

Standard: V. This is reduced to IV if the first pitch is avoided by climbing the first pitch of Ledge Way.

Start: At the foot of the nose immediately to the right of the first pitch of the Gully of Ledge Way. The climb goes up this nose, then across to the foot of the Long Tree, up this, back to the right and up a breach in the defences of the steep cliff above.

- (1) 50 feet. It is necessary to climb the first twenty feet almost completely on the arms, the holds being much too far apart. There is a resting place about fifteen feet up. Then traverse to the left to the foot of the large ash tree.
- (2) 30 feet. Climb the tree to the next ledge.
- (3) 30 feet. Traverse round the corner to the right and slightly up to a small stance and a thread belay.
- (4) 80 feet. Go up in the right corner and then take the left-hand crack. Up this past various gorses and holly until it steepens. Move to the right into a short crack to a ledge with a little tree.
- (5) 20 feet. Straight up on the left by a little thin tree.

SCRAMBLER'S GATE

210 feet. The first three pitches are scrambling through the primeval jungle, the rest good steep climbing on typical rock.

Standard : IV.

Start : 30 yards to the right of the foot of the prominent gully of Ledge Way, at the foot of Broad Walk. The route goes up the easy chimney to the holly rake, up the short wall above to the large ledge of the Gardens and round this ledge to the left to Broad Walk, a wide open and rather damp scoop which runs up this section of the cliff. The scoop is crossed by a descending traverse to the left within a few feet of the Long Tree Gate climb, and then follows a fairly direct path up the vertical face to the top.

(1) 40 feet. Up a short easy chimney formed by a detached pillar and the cliff, to the holly rake and a sloping stance.

(2) 30 feet. Up the little wall above which is well provided with good holds and through the heather and the sturdy trees of the Gardens above.

(3) 30 feet. Traverse the ledge to the left, round the corner to the oak tree.

(4) 80 feet. Descend on the left to where a traverse can be made across Broad Walk to the foot of the little crack. Up this crack to a stance. Step from the stance to the rake on the left and up this to the tufts of grass. From here bear slightly to the right up the reddish slab to a narrow ledge where the wall abruptly steepens then to the left for 10 feet, to a stance among holly bushes.

(5) 30 feet. Up on the immediate left and then bear right to a little corner. Up the corner delicately to pull out on the luxuriant heather. Walk on to a good stance.

BLUEBELL TRAVERSE

745 feet. A girdle of the cliff above the steepest section. A fine route, varied climbing, some on very good rock.

Standard : IV. (Harder by variation.)

Start : About 60 feet to the left of Bryant's Gully, below and to the right of this end of the Gardens.

(1) 30 feet. To the Gardens. Up the wet corner which has a steep crack as exit.

(2) 70 feet. Through the Gardens to the tree belay at the end of the third pitch of Scrambler's Gate.

(3) 40 feet. Descend on the left to where a traverse can be made across Broad Walk to the foot of a little crack which leads to a rocky stance. This is part of the fourth pitch of Scrambler's Gate.

(4) 50 feet. Rope down twenty-five feet to the sloping rocky stance at the foot of the crack on the left. This stance which has a thread belay is used at the end of Pitch 3, of Long Tree Gate. It is better to carry on round the corner to the left and down to the large bluebell ledge, or

(4A) 90 feet. Instead of climbing the crack which leads to the Scrambler's Gate stance, descend twelve feet from the end of the traverse, and step round the corner to the small thread belay stance of Long Tree Gate, where the ordinary way is rejoined. This variation is very severe and is reserved for the purist. The rocky stance of Scrambler's Gate can be used to safeguard the moves for the leader.

(5) 30 feet. Descend the Long Tree, monkey fashion, and climb up a few feet to a belay beside the gully.

(6) 40 feet. Descend into the gully and back up the slimy chimney to immediately below the overhang. Traverse out over the big blocks to Lords. There is a belay at the end of the traverse and also a thread twenty feet farther on.

(7) 60 feet. Walk across Lords to the far side.

(8) 40 feet. Descend to the large triangular grass ledge below. There is a belay low down on the right.

(9) 75 feet. Walk across the ledge and take the narrow rocky gangway which leads out to the left. After 10 feet go up the slab, delicately, to a small tree belay which can be used as a thread. Cross over to the left and up to another bluebell ledge with a tiny belay in the corner.

(10) 75 feet. Step delicately up the overlapping slabs and then traverse to the left over yet another bluebell ledge to trees on the edge of the second gully.

(11) 20 feet. Cross the gully to the pile of blocks on its far side.

(12) 80 feet. Descend the long crack to the left to a large and robust holly. There are intermediate belays. This is Pitch 3 of Nea in reverse.

(13) 50 feet. Climb up into the upper left branches of the tree and reach for the good holds in the little scoop on the corner. Swing round on the hands and scramble to the large yew of Hazel Groove.

(14) 80 feet. Walk off to the left taking the line of least resistance to the easy gully which ends the cliff.

LIST OF FIRST ASCENTS

DINAS CROMLECH

| | | | |
|---|-------|-----|--|
| 1892 | | .. | CASTLE GULLY. |
| 1931, October 18th | .. | .. | HOLLY BUTTRESS.—J. M. Edwards, S. C. R. Walmsley. |
| The easy variation to the last pitch was done on December 18th, 1931, and the modern start June 9th, 1931, both by J. M. Edwards. | | | |
| 1931, December 6th | ... | ... | SPIRAL STAIRS.—J. M. Edwards, S. B. Darbshire. |
| 1931, December 6th | .. | .. | VALLEY CROSSINGS.—J. M. Edwards, S. B. Darbshire. |
| 1931, December 18th | .. | .. | FLYING BUTTRESS ROUTE.—J. M. Edwards. |
| 1933, February 2nd | .. | .. | NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S CRAWL.—J. M. Edwards, C. F. Kirkus. |
| 1933, March 27th | .. | .. | PARCHMENT PASSAGE.—J. M. Edwards, O. S. Bell. |

- 1933, March 27th .. PHARAOH'S PASSAGE.—J. M. Edwards, O. S. Bell.
 1933, April 17th PHARAOH'S WALL.—J. M. Edwards, A. B. Hargreaves.

1933, May 13th DIVES ROUTE.—J. M. Edwards, T. E. Davies.
 The first pitch of this climb was first climbed on December 18th, 1931, by J. M. Edwards, as a variation to the Spiral Stairs.

- 1933, June 17th SEXTON'S ROUTE.—J. M. Edwards, G. G. MacPhee, R. W. Stallybrass.

The hard variation to the last pitch was led by J. M. Edwards on May 13th, 1933, as a start for Dives Route.

- 1939, October 21 CENOTAPH CORNER FINISH.—R. Hind, J. E. Q. Barford.

- 1939, October 21st TRIBUTARY CRACK.—R. Hind, J. E. Q. Barford.

- 1940, October 20th HORSEMAN'S ROUTE.—J. M. Edwards, J. E. Q. Barford (leading through).

CARREG WASTAD

- 1935, April 21st DEAD ENTRANCE.—J. M. Edwards, C. W. F. Noyce.

The easy way of reaching Green Park was invented by R. Hind on Good Friday, 1940.

- 1935, May 7th MAIN SCOOP ROUTE.—J. M. Edwards, B. McKenna.

- 1935, July 14th SHADOW WALL.—J. M. Edwards, J. B. Joyce.

- 1935, July 14th CRACKSTONE RIB.—J. M. Edwards, J. B. Joyce.

CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

- BRYANT'S GULLY.

- 1935, January 20th LEDGE WAY.—J. M. Edwards, B. McKenna.

- 1935, February 17th HAZEL GROOVE.—J. M. Edwards, B. McKenna.

- 1935, April 20th LONG TREE GATE.—J. M. Edwards, C. W. F. Noyce.

- 1935, April 20th SCRAMBLER'S GATE.—J. M. Edwards, C. W. F. Noyce.

- 1935, May 5th BLUEBELL TRAVERSE.—J. M. Edwards, Miss M. Glynn, Miss Ida Corrie.

- 1940, August 5th BRANT.—J. M. Edwards, J. E. Q. Barford.

- 1940, August 8th SLAPE.—J. M. Edwards, G. F. Peaker, R. G. Donaldson.

- 1941, September 10th NEA.—Mrs. N. E. Morin, J. M. Edwards.

IN MEMORIAM

D. F. H. BIGGANE

Flying Officer D. F. H. Biggane, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., was killed in action over Germany in December 1942. He was a most interesting, lovable and rather complex character, and to enlarge upon his many fine points would take more space than I may claim. He was a first class climber, and the Helyg log bears ample testimony to the standard of his achievements in the early war years, when he was up at Cambridge.

He was a true man of the rocks, for they, and the Welsh rocks in particular, were his happy hunting ground. He was a great stylist, and to watch him moving gracefully, carefully and with the minimum of effort up such a slab as Mickledore Grooves was an experience never to be forgotten. The "wide open faces" were his delight, and upon them his technique of delicacy and nicety of balance came into its own and he excelled. In chimneys and cracks he was never so comfortable. He did not enjoy to the same extent the cruder methods for which they called, but in such places he could always be relied on for an amusing time.

He was indeed a curious mixture of efficiency of the rocks and haphazard lack of concern about his equipment. He would walk from Scafell to Langdale in his Sunday shoes; he seldom carried a rope, and when he did, he did not expect other people to trust it, so we took our own. He would do similar odd things in every day life at Cambridge, and his eccentric ways led to the weaving of numerous comic tales about him, which only served to amuse him, and to make everyone like him the more. On one occasion he set off from Helyg for Dinas Mot, for which crag, remote as it is from Helyg, he had such an affection that it became known among us as "Denny's Mot." He took with him an old envelope on which he had scribbled what he could learn of the route, and an ancient rusty piton from the tool

drawer in the hut, "just in case." At the top of the first pitch the envelope blew away. A little later, the stone which had served as a piton hammer split in half and nearly dislodged the second man. Despite these mishaps they accomplished the climb successfully, but with some doubt as to the route taken. At first, such tales of apparent incompetence led to distrust and doubt, but one had only to climb with him to realise that he was a first rate leader upon whom one could always rely in any difficult situation.

His quiet and modest, but deep courage was well displayed on those days when he could not find a companion. Then he would climb alone, and he amazed many of us by ascending in this way such climbs as the Munich Climb on Tryfan, Asterisk on Gimmer Crag, the South-West on Pillar Rock, and Lot's Wife on Glyder Fach.

From Cambridge he went to the R.A.F., and his colleagues in Bomber Command evidently appreciated him as much as we did. He became very fond of flying, perhaps because of its affinities with climbing, and his deeds in the air made some excellent stories. I remember well the great joy with which he told me of flying over the Alps to Italy in bright moonlight. His own supreme modesty and capacity for under-statement left me to guess at the part which he himself had played in these operations, but his navigator, now a prisoner of war, has written to say that Denny was the bravest man he ever knew ; and if we had thought, we might have known that he would be.

We have lost an incomparable climbing companion and a great friend. All who knew him in the Climbers' Club and C.U.M.C. will agree to this, and will join in an expression of sympathy with those who knew him better than we did, and so have lost more. This stanza by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, which was a favourite of Denny's seems an appropriate conclusion :

I have not lost the magic of long days ;
I live them, dream them, still.
Still am I master of the starry ways,
And freeman of the hill.
Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run—
I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.

C. F. ROLLAND.

SIR JOHN BRETLAND FARMER

Sir John Bretland Farmer died on January 26th, 1944, at the age of 77. He leaves a widow and one married daughter. He was on the committee of the Climbers' Club from 1903—1912 and President from 1910—1912. Just before his death he had been elected as an Honorary member. He belonged to the Alpine Club for many years till he resigned.

He went to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1883 and became a Fellow in 1889, a post he held till 1897. He was Professor Emeritus of Botany and formerly Director of the Biological Laboratories of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London. He was awarded the Royal Medal in 1919, on the recommendation of the Royal Society of which he was a Fellow, and was knighted for his great services to Botany. He did much valuable research and many of his pupils took high positions. He was much interested in the administration of the Royal College of Science and was instrumental in getting the necessary financial help for the establishment of a Department of Economic Botany with special reference to the cultivation of rubber. He was recognised as one of the leading authorities on botany and wrote a number of books.

When I first began to climb with Farmer at Pen-y-Pass, I think in 1901, he was already a skilled rock climber. He was senior to me at Magdalen and I had never been out on the hills with him and was agreeably surprised when he asked me to join him on an expedition. From that time we climbed together constantly in Wales. He liked wandering over the hills and collecting rare plants for his garden of Alpines at Berkhamstead and carried thoroughness to the point of filling his rucksack with the soil in which each plant had been growing. Fortunately for me he bore his own burden. I managed to interest him in the exploration of Lliwedd in which I had involved myself, and we did a number of new things together. We were emerging in those days from the gully epoch and with J. M. A. Thomson's inspiration were tackling slabs and open faces more freely. Farmer had a genius for making use of small holds. Not quite in the ways in which I used them myself as an upward method of propulsion, somewhat like an ape, but he employed hands and fingers to assist the balance of the feet more than most climbers.

He had a very long reach and could, like Pope, almost reach the next pitch if the one he was on proved unsatisfactory.

I remember how this helped him in our climb from the Central Gully on to the East Peak. I had examined the place carefully and knew that for me the crux might be when I got beyond the narrow ledge that had to be traversed to a shallow chimney with holds almost out of my reach. We enjoyed that climb because both Thomson and Eckenstein, who had done so much new work on Lliwedd, had looked at it carefully but not found the exit. We had the pleasure of taking Eckenstein up it. Farmer, as usual, led and had no difficulty.

Farmer was a very careful climber and we never had an accident. I remember well two occasions that confirmed my confidence in him. We were trying to make the first ascent of the Horned Crag and had started from the East Gully. The slope was very loose but Farmer had got beyond the difficulties to the bottom of a rather earthy chimney which led to the ridge. About ten feet higher we should have got up with no trouble, but wisely he decided to get down as there was no possible holding place for the second on the loose rubble below. On another occasion we were trying the slab known as Mallory's Slab. I think I was on the right route and Farmer rather too far to the left. Anyhow he got stuck on a bit that seemed to have no hold and asked if I could hold him. As a matter of fact I couldn't have done so from where I was, as I was only a little way above him and he would have swung round in an awkward way. So I suggested going up a bit higher and at any rate got the reaction I wanted. Farmer forbid me to move, saying that he might hurt himself if he swung round, and disengaged himself with great skill. I have often wondered whether my suggestion acted as an irritant and took his mind off the strained position he was in, or whether he decided wisely to move at once without waiting for me.

Our last big climb on Lliwedd was, I think, the Central Chimney. The difficulty of the climb lay in a long reach from a stance above the Birch Tree Terrace on to a bollard from which a sketchy ledge led round an overhanging slab till it was possible to get on it. Farmer put out an arm and was up while I had to hug the buttress with side pressure holds. After that he made me do the work.

It was not always easy to tie Farmer down to the somewhat mechanical task of exploring Lliwedd, which consisted largely in the gradual widening of circles from fixed points that could be reached, but he was ready to join in attempting anything new.

What he really enjoyed most, I think, was wandering on the hills with friends. Lady Farmer and my sister were often with us.

What most impressed people about Farmer was his un-failing good temper and kindness. He was always ready to listen and to help younger climbers. Though he could seldom be persuaded to talk on his own subject he occasionally delighted us with some brilliant excursion into botanical fields which we enjoyed even when it was beyond us. He had the secret of bringing the best out of any material. Even the silent Thomson was persuaded to talk on climbs and became normal and human.

Farmer was a keen fisherman and on days when we couldn't climb I have watched him casting for hours on the small lake above Pen-y-Pass. He excused his occasional lack of success by a tale of cannibal fish.

Farmer was fond of all rock scenery and particularly appreciated the Cornish cliffs, though he had a preference for less amphibious expeditions.

Before I climbed with him in the Alps he had done a good deal, especially in the Combin district where he climbed with J. C. Morland and Maurice Bruchez of Val de L'Agice, but he preferred rambles on the hills to set expeditions. Most of the things I did with him were relatively easy and for these Lady Farmer and Morland were often our companions. I can recall two regions among others which are specially suited for wandering. The Ortler district where we stayed at the delightful Osteria Buzzi on the Italian side of the frontier, and the Graians, the paradise of guideless climbers.

One day on the Herbetet stands out from all others. The rock climbing is reminiscent of North Wales, difficult or easy according to the line taken.

Though Farmer loved rock ridges he did not neglect ice and snow, and we spent many days in practising on the Tribulation Glacier. Later we took up crampons and Farmer showed great aptitude at once.

The biggest climb we ever did was the Meije which I have described elsewhere, but I believe we both enjoyed our exit from Dauphiné by way of the Obiou and the Mont Aiguille even more.

We had fled from Pellafol and its winged insects and pitched our new silk tent on the slopes when Farmer, with a sly humour, suggested that I should try and get some milk. I returned with an empty can in sadness, having realised that what I thought was the French for a cow was something quite different.

We got off the desolate plateau down a wall that had been so badly constructed that we had to hold it together with our hands. I wanted Farmer to pose on it for a photograph when he got off, hoping to get my own back but he was too cunning and refused.

He had a dry humour rather like Godley, as any members of the Climbers' Club who were present at the speeches he made at the annual dinners will long remember.

A. W. ANDREWS.

Farmer was notable as a scientist, as a personality and as a climber ; and for his many active years he lent distinction to mountaineering. He was the leading authority on our mountain flora. He was also a man of such balanced interests and genial humanity that it would have been difficult to say in his vigorous years whether his climbing was incidental to his botanizing or his botanizing incidental to his climbing. Everything in mountains interested him ; and in later years when his climbing was ended, he returned as often to fish and to walk among hills.

As a climber he was *sui generis*. He was sound in every branch of mountaineering ; but he followed no one branch very far. Rock climbing was his forte ; and many years before others ventured alone upon cliffs, even before Hugh Pope's admirable paper on the subject, he was an audacious solitary explorer of our untrodden precipices. He spoke of the search for new flowers as the attraction, but he certainly looked to find them in singular and barren places ! Before the East Buttress of Lliwedd had been ascended or trodden at all, he had ' girdled ' it at half its height. After much debate I believe his most likely line of crossing was afterwards located just above the level of the

Thank-God Slab. His solitary wandering across and high up on Scafell Buttress, somewhere up to the neighbourhood of the Hopkinson Cairn, here also undertaken before any of the completed ascents, was perhaps an even more daring and ante-dated exploit. He gave the like scientific excuse for it. A long-bodied, long-headed man, of great vitality and keen eyesight, he climbed powerfully, adhesively, and much by balance. In his climbing he exercised an entirely independent discretion ; and he always seemed to take it for granted that others would do the same, and that everyone was competent to enjoy himself on the hills in his own way.

Apart from his many climbs with A. W. Andrews, his most frequent companion for many years, at Pen-y-Pass or Pentrevoelas, was John Morland ; but he often introduced scientists of the calibre of Professors Blackman or Fearnside. Every summer also he brought up a large party of botanical students. With them he started his notable Alpine garden in upper Cwm Glas, and he superintended it for many years. To enable the students to find their way into this remote cwm in bad weather, he worked out the ingenious high-level route from Pen-y-Pass, and ' Farmer's Cairns ' remained for many years—and in some sections still remain—a wanderer's blessing under the disguise of mountain mists.

His Presidency of, and interest in, the Climbers' Club did much for it, at a critical period in its history. He was an experienced man of affairs, and an excellent chairman. He spoke as he talked, wittily and impressively, with a resonant and mellow voice. He had a tremendous and glorious laugh, and many were the Climbers' Dinners which were got going by the sheer infectious sound of it. Most reticent about his own performances and talents, he was always ready with genial encouragement to others, and especially to younger climbers. His keen eye measured men quickly ; but he respected in others the complete independence he took for himself ; he made no suggestions and he led no climbing group. But his example was impressive and unusual ; and although he would have been the first to disclaim it, I am inclined to think that our free and individualistic island climbing owes not a little to his bold and kindly influence, during its formatory years.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

P. G. HEATHCOAT-AMORY

Patrick Gerald Heathcoat-Amory of Chevithorne Barton, Tiverton, Devon, was the eldest son of the late Major Ludovic and Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory of Chevithorne. He was born on April 27th, 1912, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He joined the Inner Temple in 1931 and was called to the Bar and practised for a short time. In 1936 he went as private secretary and assistant to the late Earl Peel when the latter visited Palestine as Chairman of the Royal Commission. He was Conservative candidate at the Bridgwater by-election in October, 1938. His long association with flying and with the Oxford University Air Squadron made him keen to join the R.A.F. on the outbreak of war and it was an abiding regret to him that a very slight defect of vision disqualified him from service therein. But, characteristically, he accepted the position and threw himself with zeal into his career as a soldier. He was reported missing, believed killed in action in Libya in May, 1942. Such is the brief, and public, career of Patrick Heathcoat-Amory. But those who knew him well heard of his death with dismay. For if ever there was a born statesman it was Pat.

He was not a particularly fluent speaker but the force of his personality, which was both dominant and charming, were worth the utmost gifts of oratory. Moreover, the sincerity of his views was so striking that he imposed his outlook upon many a meeting which was hostile to his political convictions. The service of England was the mainspring of his life and he never departed from it. His candidature at the Bridgwater by-election, shortly after the Munich settlements, was memorable. He opposed uncompromisingly all attempts at a diplomatic settlement with Germany and particularly any suggested return of her colonies, showing from close personal knowledge and observation that such efforts must founder upon the rock of German diplomatic duplicity. Such opinions were unpopular in October 1938, yet there would be few to controvert them now.

That by-election, now half-forgotten, marked the crisis of his political career. Those who knew him were not surprised at the way in which his political opinions had matured. At Oxford—he was President of the Conservative Association—his principles were firm and clear-cut and in all political matters

he regarded the well-being of England in international affairs as paramount. Yet he found that the proposition of these ideals in simple and forcible language was intensely unpopular with the people to whose welfare he was devoted. Himself so single-hearted and courageous, he was surprised and apprehensive at the unwillingness of the electorate to face unpleasant issues. He was under no illusions as to the reasons for his defeat in his effort to enter the House of Commons. His opponent was more experienced and enjoyed the advantage of being a regular broadcaster yet it was for his political outlook that Pat was so heavily penalised. However, the depression quickly passed and with the oncoming shadow of war he threw himself into his duties as an officer in the Territorial Army with enthusiasm.

He was a man of amazing charm, of handsome presence and easy manner. He enjoyed the fine position to which he was born and educated and he possessed to a high degree the ways of the born leader. And he was a most loyal friend. He lived his life with eagerness and zest and in his passing England has lost a faithful servant and a future political leader.

K. R. F. STEEL MAITLAND.

The above note gives testimony to the character and public career of Pat Heathcoat-Amory. Of his mountaineering I can add but little. I well remember him on an O.U.M.C. meet at Helyg in 1933 as a most reliable climber, and a sound organiser in emergency. He brought to mountaineering that same eagerness and charm that characterised his other activities.—EDITOR.

E. R. TURNER

By the death of E. R. Turner in the spring of 1943 the Club has lost one of its few remaining founders and original members.

He was the first editor of the Club Journal and applied himself with zest to a not too easy task.

Turner did not claim to be a great climber, but he was an ardent lover of the mountains, particularly of the Welsh hills, and was a frequent visitor to the Snowdon District which he knew intimately and was often to be found at Pen-y-Gwryd or Pen-v-Pass.

In his early days he visited Switzerland for winter sport at St. Moritz or Davos, but his work as a member of Lloyds prevented his visiting the Alps during the mountaineering season. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

M. K. SMITH.

We also regret to learn of the deaths on active service of J. D. Allen, R. A. C. Webster, and C. J. C. Bowen.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

CLOGWYN PEN LLECHEN

THE LEDGE CLIMB.

First Ascent May 11th, 1943.

Party : A. W. Bridge, J. Kenny (No. 4 Commando), J. Lyn (No. 4 Commando).

This climb lies about 50 yards to the right of the ridge. A cairn marks its foot, and the climb goes from the cairn to a tree silhouetted on the skyline.

Standard : III.

Start : At cairn.

(1) Climb slightly overhanging rocks to a grass ledge of good area.

(2) Working towards the tree climb a steep short wall to another good grass ledge.

(3) The crack on the left of the wall above is avoided, and instead a nice mantel-shelf movement gains more grass above.

(4) Climb the overhanging wall and on to the tree.

(5) Traverse easily left to the top of the cliff.

This was done in boots in wet conditions.

CRAIG YR YSFA : THE CIRQUE

ANGLE GROOVE.

First Ascent June 24th, 1944.

Party : Michael Ward, F. H. Keenlyside, A. R. H. Worssam.

Standard : V. Socks or boots.

Start : The position of this climb is described in the Craig yr Ysfa guidebook.

Scramble up the broken rocks in the left-hand corner of the cirque until a good belay is reached level with the "little ledge beside the Angle Groove" referred to in the guide. The route takes the line of comparative weakness ahead.

(1) 65 feet. The first fifteen feet up the chimney are easy. From there the awkward bulges are passed by bridging with the back against the left wall. The walls are too far apart for comfort. At 50 feet the chimney diverges into two cracks ; bridging becomes impossible, and the right-hand crack is climbed with difficulty until two large holds are reached at the top. Move on to the wall at the left and then right over turfey ledges to a large grass stance and belay.

(2) 30 feet. (40 feet of climbing.) Traverse left to the ash tree terrace of Spiral Route, and from there climb mostly on grass up and to the right to a large belay.

(3) 30 feet. Straight up the chimney using the left wall. Easier than the first pitch but with awkwardly placed holds.

THE AMPHITHEATRE

On June 28th, 1944, a series of new routes were made on the left wall of the Amphitheatre, which leads up to Amphitheatre Buttress. These climbs therefore start from the scree of the Amphitheatre and finish on the well scratched highway of Amphitheatre Buttress. Together with Reed Rake (the alternative start to Amphitheatre Buttress) they seek out the major weaknesses of this small section of cliff. Starting from the bottom we have :—

FIGURE OF EIGHT.

First Ascent June 28th, 1944.

Party : C. A. Fenner, Roger Hartog.

Standard : V. Rubbers.

Start : About 100 feet up the wall from its lower end two large semi-detached blocks project slightly from the face of the steep cliff one above the other, giving the appearance of a figure of eight. The start is 15 feet to the left and above the lowest point of the lower block. To the left and above the apex of the upper block a thin crack runs upwards and to the right. This is the route and is reached by following the left inner edge of both blocks.

(1) 30 feet. A wide steeply sloping V scoop following a 5-foot vertical crack leads to a sloping grass shelf under the left side of the upper block. Thread belay in top right-hand corner of shelf.

(2) 15 feet. From the left end of the shelf a nearly vertical crack parallel to and about two feet from the edge of the upper block is followed to a grass ledge. Belay.

(3) 80 feet. From the right end of the ledge, traverse right on small sloping holds to the centre of the upper block and up to a small sloping shelf at its apex. A very delicate move left is made on the vertical wall above until a flake hold high up is brought within reach.

The crack gives strenuous climbing on similar holds to some detached blocks which can be passed with caution to attain the steep ribs which run down to the left. The second of these two ribs forms the boundary of the Amphitheatre Buttress climb.

Next there is a very steep section of cliff ending abruptly in a steep, deep-cut crack, the "fierce looking vertical crack" of the guidebook. This is the next climb.

COCKROACH CRACK.

First Ascent June 28th, 1944.

Party : William H. Ward, George G. Freeman.

Standard : III. A. A good crack of continuous interest in clean rock. Generally done in boots.

Start : More or less at the foot of Reed Rake. The climb traverses across to foot of the Crack, then up that, to finish on the ledge at the foot of the difficult section of Amphitheatre Buttress.

(1) 30 feet. Traverse easily over grassy ledges to the left to the foot of the crack.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the crack. It is strenuous in places but relents at 40 feet, where the climber emerges on to more open rock, and climbs a narrower crack to a ledge. The flake which blocks the top of Reed Rake is climbed on the left. There are intermediate belays, but their use complicates the climbing as the space in the crack is confined.

REED RAKE

This is the name now given to the alternative start of Amphitheatre Buttress. It offers an easy way up and down this cliff. Above it there is another stretch of steep wall which shows signs of weakness about 100 feet higher up the scree.

COFFIN SCOOP.

First Ascent June 28th, 1944.

Party : J. E. Q. Barford, John Glass.

Standard : III. B. Proper in boots. The first section consists of fairly open climbing on quite steep rock.

Start : Immediately below the bottomless end of a deep cut grassy groove in the upper part of the cliff. The climb works up to this, first to the left, then back right under the overhang into the groove, then up its right hand fork and up the steep rib above the 15-foot chimney in this branch. This last section is artificial as one can easily walk up the grassy left branch.

(1) 60 feet. A tricky 10-foot crack in the steep wall gives access to a grass tuft. A line is followed up to the left to a grass ledge below the line of overhang. Parts of this are delicate. Walk along the ledge to its right hand end where belays may be arranged.

(2) 45 feet. Climb the chimney scoop on the right and up into the continuation groove. This has one steep step and then gives out on to easy grass where a belay may be found some feet higher.

(3) 45 feet (of climbing). Walk down the grass again to the foot of the chimney which forms the right branch. Up this, and then up the steep ribbed wall on the left to the top of the cliff.

Beyond this the cliff steepens again until another grassy chimney slopes down from the left. This chimney reaches right down to the easy broken rocks just below the foot of A Gully.

CRADLE CHIMNEY

First Ascent June 28th, 1944.

Party : J. E. Q. Barford, John Glass.

Standard : II. A. A straight chimney with a grassy finish.

Start : At the foot of A Gully, on grass ledges below the foot of the obvious chimney on the left by some large blocks. Originally the same point was reached by climbing up from lower down the Amphitheatre on the left, keeping as close to the steep wall of the main cliff as possible. There seems little point in this however.

(1) 100 feet. Climb for twenty-five feet to another large grass ledge ; then straight up the chimney above. The first forty feet of this are interesting: the remainder disappointingly grassy. There are intermediate stances and belays.

The name derives from the comfort of the place.

CRAIG Y TRE MARCHOG

This cliff lies at the head of the cwm which holds Ffynnon Llugwy below the rocky hillsides leading to Carnedd Llewellyn and Pen y Waen Wen. It is reached by taking the usual path to Craig yr Ysfa as far as the ffynnon, then by keeping straight up the cwm instead of striking up the hillside to the bwlch as one does for Craig yr Ysfa. The cliff though small is a very impressive one with considerable areas of overhanging rock. The name is an invention as no local name has been discovered and will serve to perpetuate the fine old controversy about the true location of Bwlch y Tre Marchog.

One climb has been done so far ; it is a fairly devious route.

GAWAIN.

First Ascent July 2nd, 1943.

Party : H. E. Kretschmer, J. H. Emlyn Jones, R. D. S. Carpendale, William H. Ward.

Standard : V. The difficulties are steep and sharp.

Start : At a cairn just left of the lowest point of the cliff, below a steep corner.

(1) 40 feet. Easily up a slab and ferns to the foot of the steep corner which is blocked by the first boulder (a sort of pinnacle).

(2) 55 feet. Up the pinnacle and across to a mantel-shelf by a sort of layback movement. From there up the steep corner, then past a holly tree and up easy rock to a knot of rowan trees. The corner itself is about 30 feet high with the mantel-shelf 12 feet up on its left edge.

(3) 55 feet. Along the ledge which issues diagonally to the left, then move steeply to the top of the second boulder, a very large semi-detached flake.

(4) 45 feet. Across and up the weakness in the slightly overhanging wall above the right edge of the top of the flake. The crossing to easier ground is there. Then eight feet up an easily inclined slab and 25 feet over easy ground, bearing right to the top of the second bilberry traverse.

(5) 12 feet. Up to the platform on the top of the third boulder.

(6) 50 feet. Up the overhanging wall above the centre of the platform. Then easily for 70 feet to a large grassy hollow.

(7) 15 feet. A nice little slabby wall leads to the top of the climb. This is even more easily avoidable than the previous pitches.

CWM IDWAL. THE EAST WALL

In these notes and in the guidebooks that have recently been published it has often been stated that standards given to climbs are provisional and subject to modification—both by later opinions denying the infallibility of the original judgment and by actual physical changes in the climb itself. This latter process has taken place to a remarkable extent on Rake End Chimney. This was considered ten years ago to be one of the hardest climbs on the cliff ; now it is one of the easiest, as the removal of the impeding vegetation has revealed good jughandles and made the last move (the crux) straightforward. The standard is about III. B. but is well maintained. This combined with its fine position makes the climb a very good introduction to the cliff.

DINAS MOT

DOLERITE DUMP.

First Ascent June 26th, 1944.

Party : J. E. Q. Barford, David Pepper.

Standard : III. B. A crack, a chimney and a wide easy gully. Boots are proper.

Start : About 60 feet west of the foot of Western Gully, at the foot of the buttress immediately left of the ' obvious corner gully ' which forms the approach to Slow Route. The climb goes up the broken rocks at the foot of the buttress to the foot of a steep little crack, then round the corner to the left up a vertical corner crack, then the obvious chimney above to finish by an easy wide gully pitch on to the Girdle Traverse. The climb deserves a continuation on the upper cliff.

(1) 25 feet. Easy rocks to the foot of the steep overhanging crack.

(2) 30 feet. Traverse round the corner to the left and up steep grass to the foot of another steep crack.

(3) 35 feet. Climb this until it is possible and desirable (at 15 feet) to traverse right and out of it. Up the slabby rocks beyond the rib and back left to a grass ledge above the top of the crack, or

(3A) 35 feet. Climb the crack throughout. This is harder than the other way.

(4) 30 feet. Again walk round to the left and up the grass to the foot of the chimney.

(5) 30 feet. Climb the chimney.

(6) 70 feet. Scramble easily up the wide gully which leads rightwards to the Girdle Traverse.

BOULDER BUTTRESS ROUTE. Variation.

First Ascent June 26th, 1944.

Party : Clifford Fenner, Roger Hartog.

Standard : III.

Precise details of this variation are not available as the party had no pencil. Instead of choosing the groove of Part II of Boulder Buttress an easy ascending traverse was followed to the left for about 100 feet, then a wide rocky bay climbed until a break out to the right to the skyline was possible. This top section looks steep.

GARDEN GROOVE.

This is the left hand of the Twin Grooves the right hand one having been climbed by Steuart Palmer in 1934. In future the right hand one will be known as Twin Groove. The twins are not very handsome. These two grooves form the right hand end of good climbing on Dinas Mot, the cliff becoming broken up and very grassy to the right. They form the next major fault beyond Black Cleft.

First Ascent June 30th, 1944.

Party : J. E. Q. Barford, Roger Hartog, Michael Ward.

Standard : II. A. This standard is well maintained, and the climbing is now on very good rock in the less easy sections. A natural line, and enjoyable climbing.

Start : At the foot of the left hand groove. The climb follows this groove to the top of the cliff, taking a right hand cast when it meets an overhang.

(1) 30 feet. Up the groove for ten feet. Where it becomes steep break out on to the left wall and then back right to a rowan tree.

(2) 30 feet. Continue up groove.

(3) 20 feet. Continue to just below the first overhang. Threэд belay suitable for line.

(4) 40 feet. The badly cemented overhang is passed on the right wall with surprising ease. After 20 feet there remains only heather, less now than before.

(5) 80 feet. The groove steepens ; at twenty feet decisively and it is necessary to step to the right and up this wall to regain the shallower continuation of the groove above. This gives out into a large heathery bay (50 feet). Up this to a spike belay below the again steeply rising groove. There are intermediate belays. Twin Groove can here be attained by walking to the right to the pinnacle belay at the end of pitch 4, of that climb.

(6) 30 feet. Up the corner groove, cleanly and steeply. After fifteen feet step to the right and up the right flanking slab to a belay in the second overhang, which is of impressive proportions.

(7) 110 feet. An easy ascending traverse to the right on a slab. Back left to a corner (25 feet. There is a block belay here.) On the left access is possible to the final uniform section of groove. Follow this to the top. If one gets tired of it there are traverses

either to the left or right ribs. This pitch is shared with Twin Groove.

Practically every piece of turf removed from this climb has revealed a jug handle in magnificent rock, and the climb deserves popularity. It is interesting too, as one gets good views of the slabby rib on the right (between the twins), and of the steep buttress to the left. Apart from these which offer temptations, an independent finish for Garden Groove could be made by breaking out to the left from immediately below the second overhang, to the skyline ridge.

LORRAINE.

To the account of this climb given in the 1942 Journal (page 42), it should be added that all pitches except the slab pitch had been previously led by Dr. Edwards.

GALLT YR OGOF

THE CHALKREN STAIRS.

This climb has been very substantially cleaned up and is now one of the best routes on this cliff. It has been led without lassoeing and fitted with a new finish. As the climb has altered considerably as a result of all this a complete description is given below.

First Ascent (in this way) July 21st, 1943.

Party: F. K. Elliott (J.M.C.S.), Clifford Fenner. R.H. (J.M.C.S.). 225 feet.

Standard: IV. The hardest moves are delicate, and later opinions may put the standard higher.

Start: At the foot of the treed slop half-way between One Pitch and Green Gullies.

(1) 75 feet. Follow the right edge of the slope over freshly uncovered rock to a rowan tree. Step up to a stance and a belay beneath the overhang.

(2) 35 feet. Climb the detached block on the left, then step right with difficulty on to the inverted V slab. Climb up on small holds to the crack above, up this to a rock stance with a belay on the floor.

(3) 20 feet. Ascend diagonally left to a 'box' stance. Belay.

(4) 25 feet. The Crux. Traverse right with a final very delicate step to the second vertical rib. Up this on poor holds to a perched block under the overhang. Two thread belays.

This move can be steadied by means of a lasso—as described in the guidebook.

(5) 30 feet. Traverse right over a grassy rib and down to a stance and belay below a groove.

(6) 40 feet. Climb the groove for 15 feet, then the difficult crack above to the final stance and belay.

GLYDER FACH

THE DIRECT. A POSSIBLY NEW FINISH.

First Ascent August, 1943.

Party: F. K. Elliott (J.M.C.S.), Clifford Fenner.

Standard: IV.

Start: Three feet to the left of the square recess on the Verandah Traverse. The climb lies up a shallow chimney very similar in character to Gibson's.

Climb with difficulty to a belay five feet to the left of the final flake. Traverse five feet to the left to a thread belay on the corner.

Traverse diagonally upwards to the left on the North East Wall. At 10 feet a leaning spike projecting from the foot of a 35 feet vertical crack is reached. Up the spike and crack to finish about 10 feet to the left of the final flake.

LLIWEDD

BIRCH TREE VARIANT.

This described in the 1941 Journal, page 52, corresponds with the Birch Tree Terrace Avalanche connection described on page 46 of 'Lliwedd.'

CRACKS RIB.

A party climbed this in June, 1944, probably the second ascent and found it distinctly harder than the guidebook implies, and a worthy route. The long pitch can be bisected by traversing to a ledge and belay of Far East Cracks.

Y GARN. THE TOWER BUTTRESS

THE CRACK AND CENTRAL FACE CLIMB. VARIANT TO 5TH PITCH.

At the point where the crack bends away to the right, a traverse was made to the left to reach the arete, by Burke and Seal of No. 4 Commando.

GROOVE ROUTE.

First Ascent May 27th, 1943.

Party: H. C. J. Hunt.

Standard: II or III. Rock fairly sound.

Start: At a cairn, some twenty feet right of the crack, on a ledge which runs right to the nose of the buttress. The route goes up the steep broken area of rock.

150 feet. Straight up the obvious shallow groove which bears slightly left to the arete.

THE CLIFF ON THE NORTH FLANK OF THE N.E. ARETE, FACING
LLYN CLYD.

A deep chimney here was climbed by H. C. J. Hunt on May 27th, 1943. The chimney had an awkward exit, from which two pitons were removed. The route was marked by previous scratches.

STANDARDS

All standards given above are provisional. Views of members repeating the climbs will be most helpful. The pitch lengths given are in many cases based on memories rather than measurements and in consequence are not uniformly accurate.

GENERAL

Clogwyn du'r Arddu and Craig yr Ysfa gained in relative popularity both inside the club and outside it.

Most of the big climbs on Clogwyn du'r Arddu were done, with the exception of the Pedestal Crack and Bow-shaped Slab. A small group of active climbers with some of its leaders living conveniently in Bangor has done *inter alia* Narrow Slab, Great Slab, Longlands, Pigott's, Chimney Route, Curving Crack and Sunset Crack.

One of our members led the Great Slab in December, with a boot shod Commando on the other end of the rope. A result of this ascent and one during the meet in July is to confirm J. M. Edwards' suggestion that Pitches (2) and (3) are best taken in one. Also it is becoming usual practice to sub-divide pitch (1) by using the good stance which has now been excavated above and to the left of the top of the Green Caterpillar which is provided with adequate belays rather than to go right up to the cave belay. Generally, although not unanimously, it is thought that the leader can provide better protection for the rest of his party by doing so.

Most of the good climbs on Craig yr Ysfa have been done one or more times, including Pinnacle Wall, the Grimmett, Arch Wall, Gomorrah, Spiral Route, Amphitheatre and Nameless Ribs. Spiral Route is very much harder than Gomorrah, but research has produced a good belay behind the frail ash tree. This section of the cliff improves with gardening. The original name for the Spiral Route was a good one—on a hot day after having a breakfast of the secretary's porridge one is very near to turning into a pillar of salt, especially on the little slab below the frail tree. Some of the lower moves are very hard also.

The appearance of the guide book has stimulated interest in this cliff considerably and at the 1944 June meet this increased interest led to five new climbs being done, one Angle Groove of a high technical standard and another Cockroach Crack of great interest but comparative ease.

A new route on Raven Crag in Langdale was done during the Lakes meet. This is called Savernake and has not much to recommend it, except the avoidance of the difficulties of Bilberry Buttress, while keeping to the same area of steep rock. Bilberry Buttress is good climbing, and hard.

At Easter 1944, a small party sampled some of the climbing that Glencoe has to offer. Among the rock climbs done were the South Buttress of Stob Coire nan Lochan (Plackett's route), Agag's Groove, The Red Wall and January Jig-saw on Rannoch Wall. In this area there is room for many more climbs ; many cliffs that compete with Clogwyn du'r Arddu in size and steepness although not in beauty of form are quite unexplored.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.

REVIEWS

UPON THAT MOUNTAIN. By Eric Shipton. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1943. 12/6.)

This book is probably the most important record of mountaineering achievement which has appeared since the publication of Geoffrey Young's "On High Hills." It is however, more than a mere record of adventure in the mountains ; for it contains the author's considered opinions on a number of topics which are of paramount interest to the modern mountaineer explorer. It seems particularly appropriate that the excellent Foreword to Eric Shipton's latest volume should come from the pen of our most recent Mountain Prophet.

The title of the book, taken from some lines of Shelley on Mont Blanc which are quoted inside the title page, is perhaps inadequate. It gives little hint of the scope and variety of the contents of the volume which contains accounts of all Shipton's important expeditions, as well as his views on a variety of topics ranging from our educational system, which he criticises, to the relative merits of small as opposed to large expeditions. Not only does he review previous Everest expeditions, but after giving interesting accounts of those in which he himself took part he proceeds to discuss in the light of his own experience, the whole problem which the ascent of the mountain poses. In recounting his adventures, which in themselves are sufficiently enthralling, he traces his development from hill-walker to mountaineer and from mountaineer to the more liberal role of mountain traveller. To quote from the Foreword : " In the present volume he relates his whole Odyssey."

The author's early day-dreams were of strange country. He tells us that in early childhood he had plenty to stimulate his imagination, as much of his time was spent travelling about in Ceylon and Southern India. But as he says, " these longings are seldom expressed and are generally submerged by the weight of conventional upbringing and education, but sometimes sufficient remains to have a decisive effect upon later life." Just how decisive this effect was to prove in his own life we can judge by reading the pages of his history.

During his first Alpine seasons Shipton chose to travel and climb amongst the lesser peaks, mostly in Dauphiné. " Knowing no one who was interested in climbing " he " had no alternative but to start with guides." In discussing the relative merits of guided and guideless climbing he contends that " the experience of climbing with a first-class guide is an important part of the education of a mountaineer " ;

but he considers that "in many ways it is better to be taught the rudiments by an expert amateur." His "last season in the Alps was the best of all." On that occasion he was climbing with amateurs and accomplished eight of the classic ascents in the Zermatt and Chamonix districts. Yet in spite of the admission that it "was the best of all," we get a hint of that early revulsion from the set-piece in mountaineering which was to become a determining factor of his future doctrine. Already, in the Mont Blanc range, we find him "longing for the peace of Dauphiné"; and though the programme at this time is more ambitious he has to admit "... we never encountered serious difficulties . . . but I am certain that it was partly due to the fact that it is so much easier to find the way about well-known mountains." Later on we shall see how this revulsion influenced his attitude towards the highly organised Everest expeditions.

Like all young people Shipton was soon faced with the problem of "what to do in life." Through the lack of imagination displayed by the head of his prospective college, instead of going to the University to study geology he went out to work on a coffee plantation in East Africa. This brought him within sight of Mount Kenya. Batian, the highest summit of that mountain, had been climbed by Mackinder and his guides as long ago as 1899, since when no second ascent had been made. Nelion, the second highest point, still remained untrampled. With the mountain within view of his new home, it is not to be wondered at that he was soon laying plans to make an ascent of Nelion. Two visits were made to Mount Kenya. These expeditions are vividly described, the stories of their successful accomplishment being recounted in two of the most exciting chapters of the book. An adventure with Tilman on Midget Peak, which almost ended in disaster, forms a fitting pendant to the tales.

Upon the Kenya chapters, there follows an account of a journey into that fantastic region referred to romantically as the Mountains of the Moon. The Ruwenzori mountain scenery must surely be the most "weird and wonderful" in the world. In writing about this extraordinary region Shipton displays his considerable descriptive powers. We are amazed by the grotesque vegetation, and fascinated by the fitful glimpses we get of snow-clad mountains rising above a tangle of rotten undergrowth which covers their lower slopes.

The chapters of the book devoted to the Mount Everest expeditions are perhaps of particular interest. Though many of us will agree with the author's contention that these expeditions have become "invested with a glamour foreign to the fundamental simplicity of the game," and thus should not be singled out for disproportionate attention, yet it is quite natural that the climbing of the highest peak in the world should be a subject of absorbing interest to mountaineers if not also to other readers. Many books have been written about Mount Everest. Some of these are the official accounts of particular expeditions; others are the personal records of those who have taken part in them. Each has something to say which is of interest, but few have anything new to add

to what was already known about the mountain. In discussing the problems involved in climbing the mountain all these authors have tended to approach them in much the same way ; and in describing the expeditions most of them have tried to romanticise the undertaking, leaving out those details which would seem to spoil the story as a romantic adventure. Probably the best of the books so far published was the official account of the first Reconnaissance Expedition of 1921, if only for the reason that it contained the excellent sections written by Mallory. It is surprising however, how a good writer like Rutledge can still hold the attention as he manages to do in *Everest : the Unfinished Adventure*. The great merit of the Everest chapters in Shipton's book is that here, for the first time, we have the whole problem set before us in its true perspective, and that by an authority who demands our attention. We find no purple passages, but instead a plain statement of what it is actually like on these expeditions. We hear for instance that "one of the most tiresome things about an Everest Expedition was the amount of time one had to spend in bed. It was not usual to spend more than six hours on a job, so the day's work was generally done by three o'clock. In spring at any of the lower camps the sun would disappear at about four o'clock ; . . . so from four o'clock until about nine o'clock the next morning was spent in our sleeping bags." In bad weather "we usually spent twenty-four hours in bed." And when talking of life at the higher camps he says : "There is a certain grim satisfaction to be derived from struggling on upwards, however slowly ; but the bulk of one's time is necessarily spent in the extreme squalor of a high camp."

It is only when an expedition has been organised on a vast scale, has cost a large sum of money and its objective has been given much publicity, that the climbers feel bound in duty to remain on the spot, for fear of missing one of those brief moments of perfect weather which are essential for the accomplishment of their task. During such periods of enforced idleness on Everest Shipton would argue interminably about the disadvantages of large expeditions and the boredom which was almost inseparable from them. Those of us who have heard him on those occasions, and felt the truth of much of what he had to say, must now derive the greatest satisfaction at being able to read his cogent reasoning on this subject which is treated at length in two chapters bearing the titles, Large Expeditions and Small Expeditions, respectively.

In expounding his doctrine of the light and mobile expedition, he has occasion to give us his personal reflections on many aspects of expedition management. He thinks that individual members of a party should be given more to do, and that too much stress should not be laid upon the quality of leadership in a single person ; in this respect he seems to favour the inclusion of one or two scientific specialists, who would be given freedom to work on their own. And in the matter of food he would like more attention devoted to the evolution of a simple but well balanced diet. He favours the practice

of living off the country wherever this is possible, but he would not carry austerity in the matter of food to the extremes advocated by the Tilman school—at least on Everest.

A good deal of legend has been allowed to grow up around the relatively straightforward game of trying to climb Mount Everest. It still remains a romantic adventure. But before our attempts to climb the mountain can again be viewed in their proper perspective, there is much debunking to be done. If we are mountaineers of the true tradition we shall be grateful to Eric Shipton for what he has done in this book to set these matters right.

Shipton's first opportunity for putting to the test his ideas on how an expedition should be run came when he returned after the expedition to Mount Everest in 1933. The following year, with Tilman as his companion, his party made their brilliantly successful penetration into the Nanda Devi basin. A brief account of this, his first expedition to be run on the new lines, appears in the present volume. It was probably the impressions left by this undertaking that finally determined his preference for the career of mountaineer explorer rather than that of mountain climber. His further development in this direction however, was interrupted by the renewed attempts to climb Mount Everest in which he had to take part ; for "having once taken a share in the attempts to climb the mountain, it is hard to stand aside." Yet the interruption was not complete, because in 1935 he himself was made the leader of one of these expeditions. The Reconnaissance which he led in 1935 had the advantages firstly of a relative absence of publicity and secondly of freedom from the necessity of making an all out attempt to climb the mountain. As a result Shipton was left free to experiment, which he did by splitting up the party into small units of two or three climbers and allowing these men considerable freedom of movement, instead of pinning down the whole party to a single task. The success of this expedition was almost a complete vindication of his theories. Not only was much exploratory work accomplished, a new map made and twenty-six peaks (all over 20,000 ft. high) climbed, but also at one stage "we were in a position to make a strong attempt on the summit if these (the snow conditions) had proved to be good." It is unlikely that the subsequent attempts to climb Mount Everest would have been successful if Shipton had been their leader ; but it is permissible to speculate upon what additional knowledge might have been gained for the benefit of future climbers had he done so.

In 1937 Shipton turned his attention to exploration in the Karakoram mountains. Here was a mountain range on a scale which eclipsed anything to be found in the Himalayas. If it could be shown that his methods were practical for such country, and even had advantages over the traditional methods, he would feel that his arguments had been sound. The problem was to get a party across the main watershed formed by the Karakoram range into the region around the headwaters of the Shaksgam river ; and what constituted the difficulty was the time limit set by the opening up of the passes on the one hand and

the melting of the snows on the other. For "the most formidable problem in travelling in the uninhabited regions of the Karakoram is that presented by the rivers." In 1937 his party succeeded in "its main purpose in the fixing and detailed mapping of the country surrounding the Aghil Pass," but "there still remained much of the Aghil range to be explored." So in 1939 he sets out again to spend the summer "in the region of the Hispa-Biafo watershed." "The winter of 1939-40 was to be spent in the country to the east of the Shimshal pass." This was because during the winter, "the rivers, instead of presenting the traveller with impassable barriers, might even be used as high roads by which to penetrate into the heart of the unexplored regions." Unfortunately the daring second part of this plan was never put into execution because, while the party were at work on the Snow Lake, they heard news of the outbreak of war on a wireless set they had with them. There's a touch of irony in the thought that if Shipton had not broken away from the Tilman creed of total austerity, to become what Tilman terms a theodolite he might never have had that wireless set with him, and the rest of his plan might have been completed before he heard of the outbreak of war.

It is difficult to say how much this book will be appreciated by the ordinary reader ; it certainly contains many exciting passages. The accounts of the different expeditions are well put together and the writing is good. But what makes this an unusual book of its kind is the maturity of the author's thought about expeditions and our whole approach to the mountains. In commenting upon his own experiences on expeditions nothing is exaggerated, and all is subjected to a critical analysis. And out of it all we see how his own healthy attitude towards mountaineering has been evolved, and what that attitude has become. For Shipton has not been content simply to go on expeditions ; he has wanted to know what is the most perfect way of going on them. The story of the last Shaksgam expedition is a fitting climax to the book ; for though this remained an unfinished adventure, it illustrates perfectly Eric Shipton's conception of what an expedition should be.

It is difficult to level criticism at the way any book is turned out in times like the present, when the quality of the bulk of the paper has sunk to such deplorably low levels, and when the distribution of the ration is open to considerable criticism. But on observing the garb of many an author of smaller stature one often finds him respectably clad, so one feels that Shipton's publishers might well have allowed him a better quality of the utility suiting. The four maps which this book contains are really a disgrace to its pages, particularly when one considers that the author is one of our most distinguished explorers and moreover a man who has himself turned his hand to the task of filling in the *blank on the map*. The illustrations however, are worthy of the work : they have been carefully picked from amongst the best photographs available for the purpose, and they are quite well reproduced. In times of paper scarcity one can hardly expect to find an index.

C. B. M. WARREN.

MOUNTAIN JUBILEE. By Arnold Lunn. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15/-.)
SWITZERLAND AND THE ENGLISH. By Arnold Lunn. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15/-.)

It may be said of Arnold Lunn that he is his own plagiarist, and it is a pity.

Much of his present writing is merely a permutation of what he wrote before. That is why *The Mountains of Youth* is so very much better than *Mountain Jubilee*.

He can write with distinction as a word painter, as a scholar, as a dialectician, as a skier and as a mountaineer. He can and does write, beautifully :—

"In the west the last lingering star surrendered. In the east the finite and the infinite met, where the clear-cut lines of the summit ridges showed sharp against the unending distances of pure space. At noon the sky is a roof, at dawn an emptiness without end. There was promise rather than revelation of colour in sky and in lake, and the silence was only ruffled but not broken by the little wind which goes before the dawn . . ."

His style is always easy, but these choice gems, one feels, are exhibited as part of Arnold Lunn's conscious virtuosity, and the reader finds himself only resentfully appreciative. Perhaps this is a little unfair. Perhaps word painting is usually self-conscious, and we can see the italics, even when they are not—as in "Cold Comfort Farm"—actually there in print.

Arnold Lunn's merits, his services to skiing and mountaineering, and the excellence of whole generations of Lunn's will be readily admitted by most, but some people would prefer his biography in chronological order, and only once. Some would also that he should concede a measure of home rule to British Skiing, particularly to the *British Ski Year Book*.

The trouble with Arnold Lunn is that he has been too prolific. He has been very democratic and he has argued with anyone who would, always using the whole battery of his experience and learning (some of it very sound and impressive, some of it less so, but always clever enough to confuse). When he talks or writes, he can rarely resist the temptation of dragging in scoring points of past arguments. This makes much of his writing diffuse and uneven. Often the hounds are confused by a multiplicity of hares, and sometimes, as does happen with clever men his arguments come full circle.

Much is related over and over again to the point of tedious elaboration. Good and exhilarating points like the story of Lunn's resistance to Nazi infiltration into olympic circles, are often blunted by this belabouring technique.

In *Mountain Jubilee*, Arnold Lunn quotes himself as saying, "I have a very untidy outside, but a very tidy inside. I classify things into those which I can lose, such as hats and overcoats, and those I cannot, such as passports and legation bags." We feel that he should add further classifications :—Things which have already been well put,

points which have been made and established by Arnold Lunn, and others which have not yet been made, and which may still be used in the particular book which he is writing.

Whatever Arnold Lunn's failings he has the great merit of stimulating thought. His youthfulness, and the obvious zest and enjoyment with which he tells his favourite stories, his bold heresies, his clear and impartial analyses, and at times his speciousness extraordinarily thinly disguised as objectivity, all this still makes his writings both readable and worth reading. Besides, his faults are so enormous that they will be readily forgiven by most.

Much of both books has previously appeared in print, and a lot of *Mountain Jubilee* is repeated in *Switzerland and the English*. The latter is meatier and more coherent, but possibly the author's vagaries are more amusing in the former book.

Mountain Jubilee has already been widely reviewed elsewhere. It concerns itself mostly with skiing and Arnold Lunn. It moves rapidly and whimsically backwards and forwards in time and space, always calling nostalgically at Mürren on the way. There is much about ski racing and at times his musings are reminiscent of the sorcerer's apprentice. A lot of the skiing talk will only be of interest to those who have skied. As a skier I found much which helped to evoke the self-indulgent, reminiscing emotions which one has of winter mountains and sunlit snows, of speed, fear and cold and of the interminable skiing shop talked in huts and railway trains.

There is a fine and salutary chapter on Alpine Mysticism and Cold Philosophy with a timely reminder that mountaineering is "neither a substitute for religion nor a civic duty. It is a sport ; for we climb, not to benefit the human race, but to amuse ourselves . . ." and " . . . though the individual mountaineer is entitled to claim that he is a better man than he would have been if he had never climbed, he should not imply that he is a better man than those who do not climb"

One of the better chapters is Lunn on Smythe on Whymper, but I don't feel qualified to be a further entity in the regress.

Switzerland and the English opens with a dedicatory clarion call from Lunn to Lunn. After an introduction of the book and an introductory chapter on Switzerland, we are well away on Arnold Lunn's favourite and most convincing heresy about the classical and the hebraic attitudes to scenic beauty. He then proceeds to an historical account of Englishmen in Switzerland, both erudite and interesting. His commentary on the eighteenth and nineteenth century is that of a tory, and perhaps to those who are not, it will seem less profound. We then have the romantic movement—the Switzerland of Turner and Ruskin (sheaves of Ruskin ; but, I find, much more palatable than the original John) the Switzerland of the English water-colourists, of Wordsworth, William and, for good measure—Dorothy, the Switzerland of Shelley and Byron, and the Shelley and Byron of Arnold Lunn.

He also paints a portrait of the Mother of Alpine Clubs—delightfully mischievous in some parts, and a little sententious in others. There is rather too much preoccupation with the Blue Ribbon of the Alps. Readers of this Journal will be interested in Lunn's assessment of the contribution of contemporary English climbers to mountaineering. Much is omitted, but the very sketchiness probably makes his assessment more true than, say his more detailed estimate of the English contribution to contemporary skiing. Many will be startled to ask who is Captain Marples who suddenly appears on the scene like a minor prophet of the Old Testament to put Mr. Lunn right about the relative merits of British and German climbers.

Finally, we come to the Englishman in the winter Alps. We soon recognise the author, and after the last ritualistic "dismiss" of the "combined" English figure skaters, he never really leaves us until the end of the book. Notes for specialists at the end of the book abstract Lunn's scholarliness—and his gift for journalese.

Quotations in both books are numerous and well chosen.

The illustrations of *Mountain Jubilee* are all excellent. I have not yet seen those of *Switzerland and the English*, but I have little doubt that they will be up to the same standard.

H. E. KRETSCHMER.

THE HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN MOUNTAINEERING. By Kenneth A. Henderson. (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1942. Price \$2.75.)

This book is as easy to review as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—in fact it is a sort of encyclopaedia of the techniques of mountaineering and of mountain travel compiled in a very catholic spirit from many recognisable sources, and containing much new information of a valuable kind which I have not seen published anywhere else. On the dust cover the publishers claim that it is "the first handbook to deal specifically with American mountains and American conditions." They would seem too modest—it deals just as well with the techniques required on Lliwedd, the Weisshorn, the Rosengarten, Eiger Nordwand or for langlauf and ski-touring. The chief omission is advice on the manners and ethics of the use of mountain huts, presumably because there are none or very few in America; the only incompleteness in the section dealing with belaying on rock. Most other matters of which one can think are concisely and comprehensively dealt with; the author has gone to very considerable trouble to gather all the available information and to give references for further reading. The substance of Maduschka's articles in the B.M.J. is reproduced but not presented critically; this is a fault which appears to a less degree in other places; I feel that the author does not draw a clear enough distinction between new or experimental techniques and those which have been established and generally agreed over many years.

In the mountain rescue section there is a description of the "Stigler" stretcher and its uses. This is the only stretcher mentioned and it is

interesting to notice in this respect how practice in this country and in America has diverged. A comparative test should be made as soon as one of these stretchers can be obtained ; on the strength of the account of the Stigler device given here it would appear that this offers several advantages over our designs.

There are many other items of new equipment and aids of very great interest described : the use of " Polaroid " and " Calobar," in snow-goggles, a new light-weight pressure cooker, screw karabiners, ventilated rubbers for climbing in hot conditions, new types of dehydrated foods available in America now and presumably available here after the war, " Neoprene " proofing for tents and clothing, the use of aerial photos for route finding in new country, expansion bolts to quote a few.

A few detail criticisms can be made ; but these detract very slightly from the overall value of the book. The author states that Italian hemp is superior to manilla for the very reason that it is inferior—its smoothness to the hands which makes checking a fall very much more difficult. It is also surprising to see the fisherman's bend described as a reef, a reef as a " square " knot, and a layback as a " lieback."

Colonel Llewellyn would take exception to the statement that " fat once used (for frying) should be thrown away and a new supply brought out for the next meal " ; in any case this would seem to be bad expedition practice as it would unnecessarily increase the loads to be carried at the start. Again the theory of lightning is distorted by the statement—" In electric storms the static electricity in the earth tends to flow to the high spots, ridges, peaks, etc."

The delivery of supplies by aircraft for big expeditions is described. The relative merits of dropping supplies by parachute or free are summed up and capped by the fact that " dynamite can be dropped free in cases but a different mode of delivery is required for percussion caps."

The concluding chapter reviews the mountain ranges of America and provides a good reference for anyone who gets the opportunity of climbing there ; the drawbacks of each district as well as the virtues are stated.

The book is profusely and excellently illustrated and it is to be hoped that copies will quickly be made available over here.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.

KNOTS, TIES AND SPLICES. For Seafarers, Travellers and all who use Cordage. By Commander J. Irving. (George Routledge & Sons Ltd. 1944. Price 3/6).

This is a complete revision of the book of the same name originally written by J. Tom Burgess. Its scope is sufficiently indicated by its title ; it is well illustrated and well worth its place on a climber's bookshelf. The only notable omission is the Prusik knot and its uses.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL, Vol. LIV, Nos. 267 and 268.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL, Vols. 23 and 24.

THE FELL AND ROCK JOURNAL, No. 38.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL, 1943-4.

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL, No. 83.

THE LADIES' ALPINE CLUB JOURNAL, 1944.

CAMBRIDGE MOUNTAINEERING, 1944.

The war-time editors of our journals find themselves in the position of the Israelites of old, who were called upon to make bricks, not indeed without straw, but with straw, as we say to-day, in short supply. New expeditions, and even "various expeditions" have to be supplemented with reminiscence and rationalisation.

In an incautious moment a former editor of the A.J. wrote :—

"Who knows, fond questioner, how soon
On thee shall fall the sacred fire,
And thou, on some great peak at noon,
Feeling, shall need not to enquire,"

and so writing, went some way towards cutting the ground from under his professional feet (a piece of mountaineering the hazardous character of which is not redeemed by any acute technical difficulty). For by the very perfection of his statement Mr. Yeld might have deterred all future aspirants from attempting to say why we climb mountains.

Fortunately mountaineers are made of sterner stuff, and do not shrink from repeating, and attempting to improve upon, the essays of their predecessors, whether with axe or pen.

"Yes I care not any more

Though they've all been climbed before,

And the names they keep in bottles may be numbered by
the score."

In the journals under review, Messrs. Simpson and Beck (F. & R. J.), Andreae (S.M.C.J.), Cooper (R.C.J.), and Miss Fitzgibbon (L.A.C.J.) all deal competently with this question. The last named does perhaps adopt "a somewhat Olympian attitude when . . . speaking about compatriots so far misguided as to live and work and rear their broods in Midland and Northern black countries. Who so base as live in Sheffield?"

The Cairngorm Club Journal reprints Dr. Collie's "Dreams"—a more severe venture of the same kind—loftier, and therefore more perilously poised above the abyss of bathos. Only the supremely confident can mount this pitiless slope without the anchor of humour, or the lifeline of irony, unaided, and unscathed.

The F. & R.J. is embellished, as usual, by several poems. The founders of the Alpine Club had an uncompromising rule against the admission of poetry. At that time this was a wise and salutary provision. Our rude forefathers were few and they had their reputation in a wider world to consider. No doubt they remembered that even the best crank can only turn one spindle. To climb mountains was enough. To emit poetry as well would have been decidedly too much.

With equal wisdom the editors of younger periodicals have relaxed the rule. Mountaineers are by now almost respectable, and if poets are still suspect, yet "God forbid sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request." So long as the editor of the F. & R.J. confines himself (editors, like chairmen, are *ex-officio* masculine) to giving countenance to such knaves as Messrs. Lloyd, Béchervaise, and Johnson, he will not strain his credit with our worships, or indeed with a wider assembly . . . These are poets above the tribal class.¹

The R.C.J. is somewhat diminished since the Doughty days of old, but taut and racy as ever. The editor, who appears to hold novel views on punctuation, supports his appeal for relatively strawless bricks by a commendable (and indeed almost strawfree) example. Among other good things the journal contains an amusing article on the mountains of New York State by Solari, and some esoteric humour by Milner. The palm for humour, however, should perhaps be awarded to the Cairngorm Club Journal, where the Rev. Sydney Smith is utterly confounded in the last line of p. 288.²

Those who prefer a drier vintage may turn from Scotch mists (*The Times* recently spoke of Scottish mists, but this seems to be carrying a proper deference to the edge of servility) to the arid shores of the Mediterranean, whence comes Tilman's "Zaghuan by Verey light" (A.J., Vol. LIV), which will bear comparison with this writer's immortal remarks on the Abominable Snowmen. A very pretty wit here. The same volume also contains Hasler's lively sketches of two notable Oberlanders—Christian Jossi (son) and Fritz Amatter, Hodgkin's vivid "Ascent of Jebel Kassala" and "The Ala Dagh," and Noyce's account of the neighbourhood of Trisul. Perhaps it is chiefly notable for Geoffrey Young's "Mountain Prophets"—an account of the heroes of the golden and the silver age by one who had unrivalled opportunities for observing them, and who has recorded here his observations in a paper which is likely to endure. Some of the flawless lines are sharply etched—the acid does not lack bite—but on the whole, the faithful will be relieved to hear, it may still be held that "there was no clay about the feet of our idols, save that collected by their sturdy tramping."

The paper concludes with a tribute to Farrar, who will be remembered for many things, and among them for the high level at which he kept the Alpine Journal during the last war. His present successor may be congratulated upon being a worthy rival in this respect, and, indeed, our best thanks are due to all the editors and their contributors for keeping these various lamps burning for us through the stormy night.

G. F. PEAKER.

¹ The tribal class are poets who repose too much confidence in the maxim :
 "There are nine and sixty ways
 Of inditing tribal lays
 And every single one of 'em is right."

Experience show that this generalisation is altogether too sweeping.

² By the statement, to wit, of an ascent of the Mitre Ridge, that "it Mitre been worse."

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE JOURNAL, No. 30, June 1943.

JOURNAL OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA, No. 46, January, 1944.

APPALACHIA, Volume X, No. 7, June 1944.

These Journals are produced by three Clubs that are very much alive in spite of the war. They all come from countries where mountain travel as opposed to mountain climbing is a much more considerable part of the mountaineer's practice than it can be in this country or even in the Alps. It may be several days' hard work on stony trails or through tangled bush before the mountain is reached. While we may envy the wide spaces that make this possible, there are probably many New Zealand rock climbers who will envy our gentle stroll from Pen y Pass to Lliwedd or from Helyg to Craig yr Ysfa.

Here are many tales of climbs and mountain journeys far from the war, but the obituary notices in both the New Zealand and the South African Journals are a sad reminder that kindred clubs throughout the world are losing many of their best men, while two interesting articles in "Appalachia" are accounts of warlike tasks, the landing on Kiska and a Greenland Ice Cap party.

Three recent fatal accidents in the New Zealand Alps brings from the editor of the N.Z.A.J. some stern words on carelessness and ignorance. Two of these accidents occurred on the same day and appear to have been due to wind-slab avalanches. As these are of very rare occurrence in New Zealand, F. W. Chapman contributes a brief note on the diagnosis and treatment of wind-slab conditions.

There seems to be a rather rampant feminism among climbers overseas. The South African Journal has "An Essay Without Man" (from which we learn of an advantage of male company hitherto undocumented), the N.Z.A.J. records the achievements of the Women Climbers of New Zealand, while "Appalachia" has an account of a solitary ascent by a woman. The self-sufficiency would be even more admirable were it less self-conscious.

"Appalachia" starts off with a most interesting account of the birth of a volcano, a class of phenomena that fascinated in early childhood, but whereas Jules Verne, the elder Dumas and G. A. Henty have palled with the years, volcanoes remain exciting. A cheerful article discloses, rather surprisingly, that piton technique and rock engineering à la Munich are displayed every week-end along the Potomac. "Colonel Bestor Robinson may be seen hammering in pitons and snapping in carabiners with an enthusiasm that would lead one to believe that his very life depended on it. A glance at what he is doing and the position he is in leaves you with no doubt that his life does depend on it. He is busy on the Pincushion Crack doing a two-rope tension climb." It was perhaps more surprising, a few pages on, to find a picture of rock climbers using a direct rock belay without the intervention of a human shock absorber.

All three journals have fine photographs and all three, in topographical and historical articles, display an affection for and interest in

the mountains which goes beyond mere exercise on their faces. It is clear that members of these three clubs returning from the wars will find enthusiasm undimmed even where opportunities have been most restricted. The home fires burn brightly.

F. H. KEENLYSIDE.

EDITOR'S NOTES

A year of hope for mountaineers, as for every one, and some tangible fulfilment. Now the great achievements of the summer find us everywhere on the threshold of the mountains, and it is something more than an escapist dream to plan expeditions in Europe. It remains to be seen, however, if the inevitable chaos following in the wake of military success will have resolved itself by next summer, and above all, if we can disentangle ourselves from the comprehensive financial web we have spun.

Skye has been opened to the public again, and the ink was hardly dry on the proclamation, before anxious enquiries were made for accommodation. Camping is still not allowed, but a large new Youth Hostel was opened in Glen Brittle this summer. This will undoubtedly fulfil a great need, and even this summer it was well patronised in spite of the difficulties of transporting food to such an isolated place. The building does not seem to fit in too well with the rest of the glen, from an architectural point of view ; it stands alone on a prominence, unscreened by trees, dark in colour and quite unlike any other building in the glen. However the scenery is probably big enough to absorb any small scale inconsistencies ; many people will enjoy themselves in this hut, who might otherwise not have been able to go to Glen Brittle, and that is the main thing.

In sympathy with the general mood, planning has been going on apace. The British Mountaineering Council has been formed, incorporating representation from all the British Clubs. Having spent the summer swearing bonds of eternal friendship and weaving about itself a formidable constitution, it has now to show that it can act. The original name (the Standing Advisory Committee on Mountaineering), now happily superseded, gives a clue to the prime causes of its foundation. During the middle years of the war, hill walking and climbing were widely used by the service departments for training, and this even spread to a more limited extent to the pre-service training of youths. This activity caused a general demand for information on mountain matters which no one club or individual was able to supply completely and authoritatively. Simultaneously, the improved military position encouraged the start of post-war planning on a national scale, and it became clear that if mountaineers were to make any effective contribution to these plans and to protect their own special interests, they must speak with one voice supported by all the mountaineering opinion in the country.

In the matter of service training the B.M.C. has been formed too late to do more than supplement the work previously carried out, largely by the Alpine Club, but this will doubtless develop into the more productive activity of providing information and assistance to the educational authorities and the organisers of youth training schemes. To this end, an elementary handbook on British Mountaineering is in course of preparation, and representatives have been appointed to the Central Council of Physical Recreation. The training of youth in the hills and wild places is no new idea, and is of unquestionable value, but it has sometimes failed through lack of encouragement or information, and the B.M.C. could certainly help. Nevertheless the main impetus must come from the youths themselves, and it would be a most unhealthy sign if too much organisation or control were allowed to creep in.

On such matters as access to mountains, national parks and preservation of amenities the B.M.C. should have a lot to say, and it is satisfactory to note that representation of mountaineering interests has been secured on the National Parks Committee of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, a body with a good record of action behind it. There will doubtless be the fullest co-operation with that excellent and active body the Friends of the Lake District.

On a more limited scale the First Aid Committee which has been active for several years, has already shown the value of co-operation between clubs, and there is no reason why the B.M.C. should not achieve similar success in other spheres. At the same time we must be careful to preserve a sense of proportion, and to remember that we are mountaineers because we enjoy mountaineering, and not for any high moral purpose, nor do we wish to become a highly organised recreational or political machine. There is no object in sacrificing individuality to megalomania.

The demand for guides continues and the supply diminishes, so that a massive reprinting will be necessary when the controls are removed. It is to be hoped that the controversial question of standards will be settled before then. Since last year the guide book editor has had many more letters on the subject, with an equal divergence of opinion, mostly recapitulating ideas already discussed, and enlarging on them. It is interesting to note that a number of people have "crossed the house" in both directions, and that in several cases the same reason is advanced by both parties in support of the different systems they favour. On the whole the tide seems to be setting towards the numerical system. The preliminary sections of guides which have been published in the journal have used the numerical system, but as has been emphasised, it is largely on trial, and before embarking on this system or reverting to or modifying the old or whatever is decided to be the best, it would be desirable that some measure of agreement should be reached with other clubs. It would be a great pity to miss this unique opportunity for revision, when all guide producers will find themselves in the position of having to

reprint, and surely this is a matter where the B.M.C. might take a hand. Whatever may be said in favour of one system or another, there is nothing to be said for retaining the present inconsistencies in standard nomenclature between different districts.

* * *

The Ynys Ettws sub-committee has been reconstituted, and it is not too soon, for it has much work before it. It must endeavour to have its plans completely settled by the time, which cannot be far distant, when building will again be permitted. It would be premature to discuss the matter now, but this much is certain, that the hut will be for a maximum of eighteen people, that a small bridge, and approach road to the hut will be necessary, and that the preliminary plans of the cottage published before the war will need modification to accommodate eighteen satisfactorily. Meanwhile, Helyg continues to fulfil our needs adequately. It is not easy to keep it as clean and tidy as we should wish (for that matter this applies to all club huts just now) ; sometimes this gets a bit beyond the superficial titivating of the amateur char, and this has evoked truly self-sacrificing efforts and most exemplary purges by a few, and self-righteous entries in the log by others. All previous efforts, have, I learn, been recently surpassed by John Watson and Maurice Eggleshaw, who have virtually repainted the hut and left it, to quote Stuart Chantrell, " better than it has ever been since 1933."

* * *

The Lockwoods are leaving Pen y Gwryd. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Ridett are taking over, and as soon as the dilapidations caused by the housing of a preparatory school have been made good, the full accommodation will again be available. Meanwhile the hotel is open for a limited number. It is good to learn that P.Y.G. is still in sympathetic hands and it is especially fitting that this birthplace of the Climbers' Club should be run by the son of one of its earlier members. These mountain hotels have always been an integral part of North Welsh mountaineering, and though there has inevitably been a change of emphasis towards the huts, yet we have always continued to visit the hotels as well, and they form a valuable liaison between the climbers and the local inhabitants. Our best wishes go to the Ridetts in their new venture and to the Lockwoods in their retirement at Hafod y Gwynt.

* * *

Members will be sorry to learn of the death of E. R. Turner. He had much to do with the foundation of the club, and had already been going to Wales for ten years when it was founded. Indeed he was still to be found regularly at Dinas Mawddwy until his death. Only recently he wrote to me suggesting sending a signed menu he had preserved of the inaugural dinner, and recalled how he had spent many

hours with George Bryant scouring the visitors book at Pen y Gwryd for those likely to be interested in the formation of the club. He edited the club journal during its first six years.

* * *

The Library in London has now been moved from the basement of Alliance House to the Conference room in Messrs. Kennedy and Donkin's offices. Members wishing to use the library during business hours would be well advised to ring Kennedy and Donkin (Tel. Abbey 6601) to enquire if this room is free ; outside business hours, application should be made to the caretaker as before. This change will give much more space for the books and greatly improve the arrangement of the shelves. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Messrs. Kennedy and Donkin for their continued kindness in making this space available to us.

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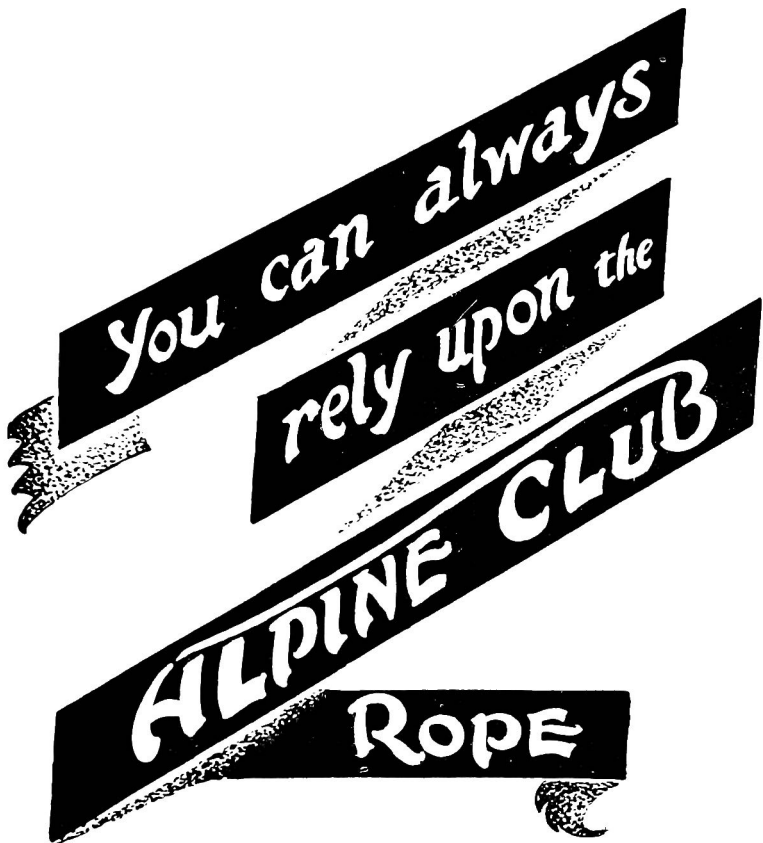
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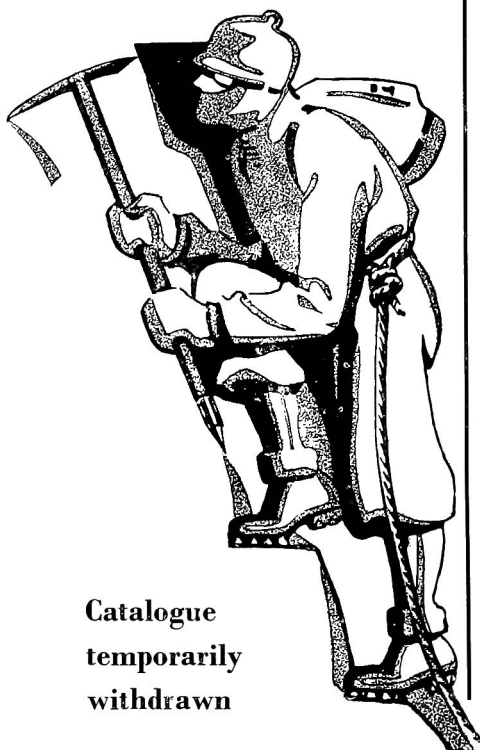
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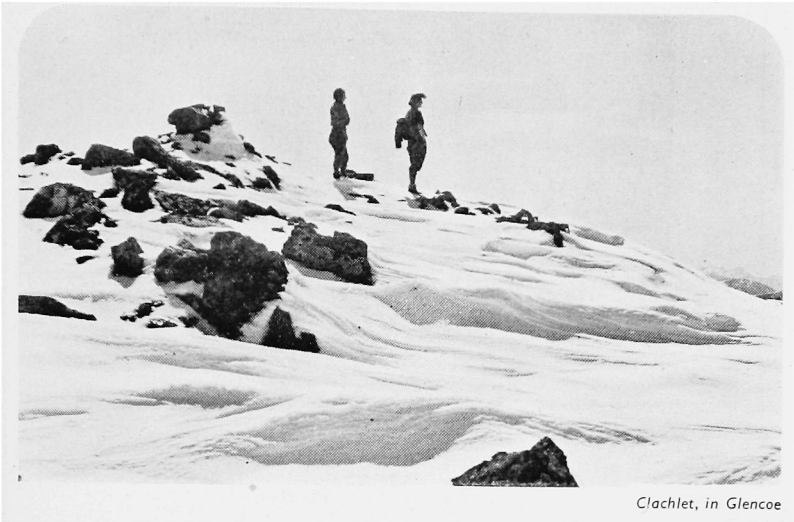
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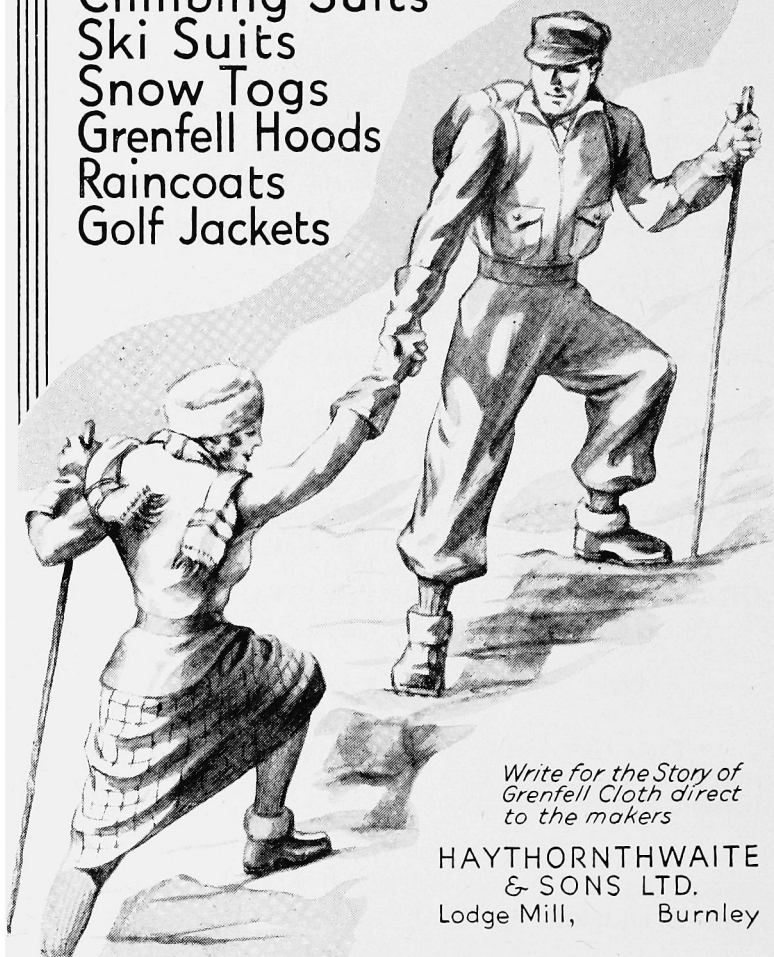
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