

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
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EDITED BY
F. A. PULLINGER

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LEECHES AND LANDSLIDES

C. W. F. NOYCE

EVENTS of August, 1945, enabled me to take after all a postponed leave. A visit to Sikkim seemed as impossible as to the garden of the Hesperides and beset with as many obstacles. But friends I had failed earlier left me equipment at Gangtok, and there were my promises to Angtharkay. I should have to go, somehow.

Sikkim is a semi-independent state, made difficult of entry by the dual control thereof. A Deputy Commissioner at Darjeeling grants the frontier pass. A Political Officer at Gangtok gains from the Sikkim Durbar a permit (to visit certain zones) which must be forwarded to Darjeeling before the pass is forthcoming. I should be ashamed to tell how many telegrams passed between the three of us ; or of hasty reply-paid wires to the Truck Officer at Gangtok, the Equipment Officer at Calcutta, the R.T.O. at Sealdah. Thankful I was to arrive at Siliguri railhead on September 10th and to get to grips with the first land-slide. This lay before ever the borders of Sikkim were reached. Vertical jungle overhanging the Teesta had avalanched at the fifteenth mile from Siliguri. It provided the first of many jingly detours. The next was just inside Sikkim: a steep hillside of shale that looked (I think correctly) as though it could never be propped. Here again the porters, waiting their share of the National Revenue at the bend, ran across under my huge trunks, and we again changed cars.

It was a great relief to see Angtharkay's grin outside the Gangtok Dak Bungalow, but we were apparently by no means out of the wood. We were about to enter it. On our proposed route to Lachen the path was said to have slipped badly in

many places. This was true. Lachen is four marches from Gangtok. For the third, between Singhik and Chuntang, we started early. There were twelve major falls, carrying the path away. Indeed, with the steepness of the country, I marvelled that there was any path at all. Its engineers had certainly nothing to learn for ingenuity from mere constructors of atomic bombs. At the falls, almost always, it was the game to traverse up and round through thick dripping jungle, and here came the leeches, silent and unseen, hanging from the branches or weaving their way up feet and into the eyeholes of boots. Again I marvelled at the Sherpas who seemed unperturbed. One of them, barefoot, would hook the creatures off, if he troubled, carelessly with the adze of an ice-axe. I looked placidly at my own stout boots and extra long puttees. It was only when I took them off at evening and the things rolled glutted, like jelly marbles, from their bleeding holes, that I realised that there is no remedy. This too, I thought, is part of the game. The philosophy of our little woman porter, who took most of that rainy march at a gallop, with skirts flying and her ankles a plain honest crimson, is perhaps the only logical one.

We arrived late at Chuntang and heard that the Lachen road above was badly blocked and Lachen inaccessible in a single day. The whole of North Sikkim had been cut off for nearly two months and had had to rely for supplies (that should come from Gangtok) on the trickle that could be coaxed out of Tibet. But there joins at Chuntang from the East another road, that from Lachung, which was less badly broken. Its first march gave both leech and landslide. But we were coming North and gaining height rapidly in our changed ambition to attain a peak over the Dongkya La (18,030 feet) and return later down the forbidden Lachen Valley, what time the storms should have cleared. In fact, two peaks were possible in the time (a month's leave), Pauhunri, of 23,385 feet and Peak 20,330 feet, north of Chomiomo. But they are irrelevant here. From the plain merging into Tibet we saw the monsoon beat against the mountain wall, the clouds reach long fingers over the sunny brown land and retreat in disorder. But we knew that they were venting their wrath on the jungle and that we still ran the risk of being cut off above Chuntang on the return journey and so on the way back a day extra was allowed in case of need for bivouac by



the way and Angtharkay charged the first four and a quarter hours from Lachen without a halt. We were then faced with the problem. On the east side of the Teesta Gorge a huge spur had fallen, forming a lakelet on the pattern of the Gohna Lake in Gharwal. The path running along the west side was thus out of action. Above it, the vertical style Sikkim jungle rose some 2,000 feet before the angle eased at all. The 2,000 feet must be clambered, and we had been preceded. Lepchas, the gnome-like and knowing inhabitants of old Sikkim, have strange instinct of the right ways. They had been up, had even in trickier places fashioned a handgrip or marked a root worth pulling. For laden men the rock was difficult in parts, from the awkwardness of trees and grass. The leeches, Heaven be praised, were nearing the end of their season. I heard joyful whoops from Angtharkay in front. We rounded a knob and saw many miles below the red bungalow roofs of Chuntang. It had been only two hours up. Descent thereafter came easily ; even agonising semi-abseils by bamboo. The journey was finished, we said.

But my journey was not. In making road and rail arrangements from a capital city to a railhead one does not need usually to take Nature into account. I arrived at Gangtok three days later, on October 5th, to find the town cut off and evening storms causing fresh and bigger landslides each night. Telegraph, water, electricity, were off. The mail truck was overturned down the Rangpo Road, where I saw it later forlornly on its back against a tree. There were many breaches and one bridge swept away. The Maharajah's palace was damaged and houses in danger. Siliguri was out of the question. The impatience usually besetting return from leave (despite the surprise with which one is invariably greeted on arrival) was lulled to rest. I sat an afternoon at the Residency and pondered this one realm, where man is forever trying and where Nature seems still so unwilling to give up the struggle. It is assuredly inconvenient for poor man to be thus thwarted. Besides that Gangtok relies for so many of its supplies on all parts of India, there is the unfortunate position of North Sikkim. And though this is an exceptional year, the main inconveniences are perennial. How long will it be before a concrete road winds to Donkung, not dipping with each twist and contour but cutting its corners,

barricaded from landslides and impervious to leeches : before aeroplanes alight outside the Palace, or drop their loads of skiers at the huge heated hotels of the Upper Zemu Glacier ? Imagination is held at bay, for years at any rate. Kangchenjunga frowns loftily upon me for being capable of such thoughts ; and they come across the lawn to tell me that we can hope to set off to-morrow and by walking to Rangpo hope to reach Siliguri in two days. But we must start early . . .

A CLIMBING PROGRESS

J. H. EMLYN JONES

DAVID had never climbed before. But as a war-time climbing companion he had much to recommend him. Most conveniently he was serving in the same unit as myself and our periods of leave coincided. Further he even professed himself interested in the idea, and, as if to prove it, claimed the distinction of having dined with the O.U.M.C. on various occasions during his days at Queen's just before the war.

This was enough. Without further argument we decided that the company could carry on without us both for a week or so, and set about the inevitable last minute arrangements, which precede all service leaves. So it was that a few days later, at the end of November, two camphorated civilians hailed each other on Chester platform and boarded the North Wales train. Disdaining the frugal quasi-military comforts of Helyg for the flesh pots of Capel Curig, we settled in that evening at a local hotel and turned our thoughts to the weather and the morrow.

Both turned out to be cold and rather unpromising. With due regard to the party's capabilities, we started for Tryfan and after an exciting struggle just beat the local Commando to the start of the Milestone. David followed up the Direct with no apparent effort and we soon left behind us (we thought) the open-mouthed soldiery. By this time snow had started to fall, and traversing on to the east face we met the full force of the storm. Nothing daunted, we pushed on up the Gashed Crag and in spite of our numbing fingers by-passed another military caravan on the way. Nearing the top, I was thinking of congratulating David on his first day's achievements, when he ventured the hope that perhaps we would be doing some serious climbing later in the week.

Our second day broke cold but fine. Snow was sprinkled thinly on the tops and ice lay in many of the holds as we worked our way up the slabs and chimneys of Route II on Lliwedd. David squirmed up the Slab pitch without apparent effort, or the customary thanksgiving remark, but hesitated for the first time on the steep pitch beyond. As we reached the top Cwm Dyli filled with mist and gave us fitful glimpses of Crib Goch's elephantine back across the bay. We found a winter sun warming the summit rocks and as we turned two Brocken spectres were beckoning us out into the void.

On the third day the party was reinforced by the addition of Peacocke, who seized an off day from military climbing to spend a cragsman's holiday with us at Idwal. The weather now smiled on our efforts, and the leader's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of rubbers. On the Tennis Shoe chief honours go to Peacocke, who carried two pairs of boots, one on his feet and one on his back, and for one brief moment David's weight as well. After the traditional lunch, we assailed the Piton route by the right hand start with several variations of combined tactics. Above the piton itself David was proved to be no purist, and considerable coercion was exercised to keep him on the route.

Thursday, too, was fine. The Glyder Fach was our objective, but we tarried on the way long enough to get jammed in the Monolith Crack, and longer, to worm our way up its gloomy recesses. David's main worry on the Direct Route, apart from the Commandos, was strangely, the stability of the rock. Being a geologist and used to passing over the evolutions of centuries in a few seconds of the printed page, he presumably thought every rock poised ready to fall and carry him away at the slightest touch. He would agree, I think, with the dictum that the Final Crack is "the crux of the climb for rectangular excursionists." The rocks that day must have appeared like some fantastic Hollywood inspired bird's-eye stage setting as the numerous parties crossed and interweaved like a well-trained chorus.

At the end of the fourth day, David's novitiate seemed to be going well. The five-finger exercises—buttress, slab, chimney, crack and wall, had all been effectively performed, if not mastered, and it seemed reasonable, on the one day left to us, to turn to some full length composition. I was very anxious to revisit the Great Slab on Clogwyn du'r Arddu and considered that, with

some reinforcement from our Commando friends, the time was ripe. Let David describe our last expedition in his own words as he did in a letter to a friend, a day or two later :

“ We set off this particular morning bright and early—well, early—in our transport, attempting *en route* to organize a party. The idea was to arrange one of four people (including ourselves). The best we could manage was a three-some, E., myself and one Pte. Diamond, a tough-looking little Lovat Scout, who we were assured was the climbing king of this other outfit.

Well, we were dropped off at a point giving, according to E., the ‘ best approach to the climb,’ and heaved on our rucksacks—at least Pte. D. and I did. There is some sort of custom whereby the leader’s kit is always carried by some other member of the party. I don’t quite get the idea, but I got the kit.

Anyway, off we set. . . . I won’t stress the (as it turned out) very minor discomfort of the ‘ approach march.’ We’ll get to the climb itself.

No lunch—no time—too cold, anyway.

Rope up and off.

‘ The first move,’ said E., cheerfully, ‘ is the worst.’ He seemed to make it without much trouble ; my turn next as No. 2 on the rope. Well, of course, being fully engaged warming my hands, I hadn’t watched him too closely, and when I came to try, all I could see were two tiny hand-holds (which I was sure my hands were too cold to grip) and two foot holds about eight feet apart, over a drop of some twelve feet.

Well, I did try, several times getting half-way across only to pull myself back. So at last, after repeated complaints from E. that he was freezing to the rock and assurances that he was holding me from a lovely safe stance, I thought ‘ well, hell !’ and let go both hands, slithering over the rock face on to (miraculously) the far holds. Got up to E. to find the ‘ lovely safe stance ’ to be a ledge about 2 inches square.

That order of things characterized the climb.

About half-way up E. and I occupied the same—this time fairly ‘ wide ’ ledge—you know, room for one pair of feet and the toes of another. From here we started up the next bit. . . . I noticed a lot of what I thought to be rather unnecessary puffing and manoeuvring by E. in getting up what was quite a short pitch, though ice-covered. I started up and not surpris-

ingly completely failed to make it and was pulled kicking and struggling ineffectually for holds, ignominiously to the top.

But what of Pte. D. all this time? His testing time came in due course and he couldn't make it either. So having heard for the thirteenth time 'Me pack is upsetting me balance, sorr!' I replied with much feeling, 'Well, I'm up, so you'll have to come; I'm certainly not going down this lot,' and with that and no more ado, I unceremoniously dragged him up.

The rest of the climb about beggars description—loose bits of rock, crystals of quartz to tie on to, grass which slipped down as one climbed up it, a stiff wind and all over a 700 feet drop. If my literary powers of description rivalled my imagination, you should have clammy hands by now—I have.

But still that was not quite all. About fourish we at last got to the top and I thought in another half hour we would be back on the road. But it was not to be; for another hour, the light getting steadily worse every minute, we tottered over some pass or other on Snowdon and down the Pig Track—rightly named—over all sizes of boulders and angular bits of rock, to the final R.V. On the way home I heard the official description of the climb and didn't recognize it. You know, these climbing chaps have a jargon which is quite unintelligible to the uninitiated.

And I thought if Clogwyn du'r Arddu is climbing, I'm through with it. So, apparently was Pte. D. If the memory of his efforts to-day doesn't remain with the historians, it will remain with him to his dying day."

So David. I would add merely that he has climbed with me on various occasions since writing these libellous implications and has always, figuratively speaking, come up smiling. Of Pte. Diamond, I have heard no more. I would welcome a further opportunity of discussing the day with this dour young Scot, who perhaps could be persuaded to enlarge on the two dozen or so mono-syllables he uttered in expression of his feelings on that gusty December day over the cold grey waters of Llyn du'r Arddu.

TWENTY-ONE DAYS LEAVE

An account of the Canadian Alpine Club's 1945 Annual Camp.

C. REID

I UNDERTOOK the 2,400 mile journey from Montreal to Jasper with a certain amount of misgiving. My enthusiasm to climb in the Rockies was unbounded, but having been on the American Continent for less than a year, it seemed a long, long way to go for a three-week holiday. I need have had no fears. Not only was the climbing part of the trip successful enough to justify the perils and rigours of a three-day train journey in wartime, but surprisingly enough the journey in itself was very pleasant. My travelling companions on the way out were four other members of a British Research Team working in Canada, and with a little aid from the Canadians in the same coach, and quite a lot from the dining car, we were able successfully to combat boredom, even when passing through the interminable jack-pine bush of northern Ontario.

After passing through every kind of weather across the Continent, we arrived at Jasper, as we had half expected, in a rainstorm. Our dunnage, which we had reluctantly surrendered to the mercy of the railway officials in Montreal had followed us faithfully all the way, and not, as we suspected been disgorged at Winnipeg or Edmonton. Much to our relief, we at once saw also another party with luggage containing axes and crampons, and hastened to establish contact. The club transport organisation was apparently at work already, for the major burdens were being loaded into a battered truck.

The trip out to the Eremite valley consists of about fifteen miles down the Banff-Jasper highway, and into the Astoria valley which can be covered by car, followed by about twelve miles of walking along a fairly level, but muddy trail. Only a few hardy spirits felt like tackling it that evening, and fortunately, the fact that our luggage could be taken only as far as the end of the motor road that day gave us a good excuse for staying in Jasper overnight. It rained steadily all evening, and whilst eating an enormous dinner in the relative luxury of the Athabasca Hotel, we thought sadly of the advance party arriving drenched at a wet camp, without their sleeping bags.

Monday morning dawned fine, and after two of the incredibly ancient convertibles which seem to survive only in the west had succeeded in transporting fourteen people and about as many rucksacks to the foot of the trail, the twelve miles of relatively easy going gave us an opportunity to loosen up after three days of sitting, eating and sleeping. With five of us in the Rockies for the first time, stops to take photographs were frequent, and undoubtedly the "bag" of the day was an excellent colour shot of the Ramparts, which form one of the most impressive groups of rock peaks in Canada.

The journey into camp took about four and a half hours and we arrived at about 2-30 p.m. We were met by Eric Brooks and his wife Emmy, who at that time of day were the sole occupants of the camp. Several large mugs of tea and bread and jam appeared as if by magic. "Just so you don't want to go home again before supper-time," Emmy explained. The time between then and supper, however, was easily filled in making balsam beds in the large bell tent with which we were provided, unpacking highly compressed clothing from the duffle bags, and sorting out a few of the peaks visible from the camp.

The Eremite valley, just above Chrome lake where the camp was pitched is a very beautiful spot. From the head of the valley, where three snow peaks, Angle, Alcove and Anchorite form an impressive skyline, a wide glacier sweeps down to about 7,000 feet. From the west side, where the main features are two rock peaks, Eremite and Outpost, between which the larger peak, Erebus, is framed, another glacial tongue dips down into the valley. Like all the glaciers in the Rockies, these have receded rapidly in recent years, and between the sweeping

curves of two old lateral moraines, which have been pushed quite close together is now a characteristic shaped green lake—Arrowhead. From this pours the stream which, after dropping rapidly for about 400 feet, splits up into a number of meandering brooks on the flat floor of the valley. On the firm ground, which forms its east bank, in a clearing just below treeline, the camp was pitched.

Below camp the creeks rejoin each other and pour into Chrome Lake—green and almost opaque with glacial silt. At the northern end of the valley, one sees the beginning of the Ramparts, with the savage gash of Para-Pass—the col between Paragon and Parapet. From the camp, the Fraser group is not visible, but the beginning of the long east ridge leading up to Bennington can be seen.

Before we had been able to complete our survey, however, John Brett, the Eastern Vice-President of the A.C.C., whose enthusiasm and encouragement had persuaded us to come to the camp, came in with a number of other Montreal climbers whom we already knew. After this, we seemed to meet everyone in the camp—about sixty at that time—with amazing rapidity. To an Englishman, at least, the informality and friendliness of everyone is striking. Particularly since the war, most camps have contained only a small proportion of seasoned members of the club, with quite a large number of new members and guests. Nevertheless, no one is for a moment allowed to feel that there are any social barriers, or left with no climbing partners, on a day when they want to climb.

Climbing organisation, too, has become increasingly difficult since the war. There are no longer any active official guides in the Rockies, and consequently many of the senior members of the club sacrifice a considerable proportion of their time leading parties of the less experienced. Most people in camp had, at one time or another to thank Rex Gibson, John Brett, Henry Hall, or Bob Hind for leading them on an excellent day's climbing.

Mountaineering in the Rockies is, in general, rather less exacting than in the Alps. In this area, for instance, the Eremite Valley camp was at just above 6,000 feet and most of the surrounding peaks are only between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high.

The danger of small, sudden local storms is not so great, and afternoon snow, while soft and often difficult going, presents less real dangers than in the Alps.

These facts combine to make life at the C.A.C. camps perhaps a little less rigorous than in the Alps. 4 a.m. constitutes an early start, and for local peaks, a start at 7-30 a.m. is not uncommon. These times are earlier than one at first imagines, however, since as well as being on summer time, the Eremite Valley is at the extreme western limit of mountain time—4 a.m. for us was 3 a.m. in the next valley.

The camp was held for a fortnight and since on one day only was the weather too bad for climbing, a fairly impressive list of peaks was climbed. Angle, Anchorite, Alcove, Outpost from the Fraser Glacier, Simon and MacDonnell gave good snow and ice climbing, Eremite, Erebus, Memorial and Paragon provided excellent rock routes, whilst Parapet, Bennington and Oubliette, the three most serious expeditions undertaken, gave varied snow, ice and rock work. Of climbs in which the writer participated, Bennington and Oubliette were by far the most attractive and are worth describing in a little more detail. Neither were first ascents, but both were climbed in conditions more difficult than those encountered by earlier parties.

Oubliette was climbed not from the main camp, but from a "fly camp" of Logan tents pitched near the old Memorial hut, a mile or two below the tongue of the Fraser Glacier. The cabin itself, owing to the combined effects of floor subsidence (which has caused gaping cracks to appear in the cement walls) and an infestation of pack rats, is no longer a pleasant place to sleep in. Owing to a miscalculation of the party size, when the time came to split up into the four-man tents, it was found that there were seventeen people and only four tents. Unfamiliar with the nocturnal activities of pack rats, the writer cheerfully volunteered to use the cabin. Never again. After repelling what appeared to be organised attempts to eat, successively, a blanket, a sweater and believe it or not a pair of crampons, fitful sleep was attained to the accompaniment of unmelodious bangs as another band of the creatures jumped from somewhere in the rafters on to a large galvanised tin containing food. For once, after vivid and unpleasant dreams of struggling with enormous beasts, with jaws like crocodiles and the bodies of pack rats,

getting up at 4 a.m. was a pleasant experience. Possibly the rather vivid recollection of the difficulties on Oubliette are enhanced by the effect of the night before.

The first three hours of climbing were uneventful enough. After skirting the moraine to the right of the Fraser Glacier and crossing a tremendous rock-slide, which took longer than we had anticipated, we reached the steep snow slope at the foot of Para Pass. While crossing the rock-slide, we found a battered ski, with binding still intact. It was all that was visible of considerable equipment which had been lost in a snow avalanche in the winter of 1943, when the Lovatt Scouts were training in this area.

The long snow ascent to the deep notch of Para Pass was completed by 9-30 a.m. At this point the two parties divided, one lead by Rex Gibson to climb Parapet and the other, consisting of the writer, Doug. Arbuckle, of Edmonton, Fred Parks, of Vancouver and Frank Gabelein, of New York to climb Oubliette. Gibson had led the 1934 ascent of Oubliette and before leaving us pointed out the general line which his party had taken. Probably with his unerring ability to size up the condition of a peak, he suspected that we might hit a little trouble, for his parting gift was his precious piton, karabiner and hammer—"just in case we should need them on the way down." For the next two hours we were occupied by a long traverse across the west face of Paragon, the first of the Ramparts proper, deep into the gully between this peak and Oubliette and finally out and across the face of Oubliette itself. Most of the traverse was on a fairly wide, but sloping ledge and was not too difficult. Every fifty yards or so, however, we had to cross a steep snow gully and this took considerable time. Some of these gullies and particularly the big one between the two peaks, where the very steep snowpatch was perhaps forty yards wide, left us with the uncomfortable feeling that it would not be a pleasant spot to be in on the return journey, after it had had a few hours of the hot sun on it.

At length we reached the point which Rex had indicated, where a steep finger of snow pointed out the line of weakness in the cliff. It became apparent that the standard of rock climbing here was higher than anything we had so far struck in the district. As soon as we left the snow, our pace fell off rapidly and

only for short intervals were we able to move together. The rock was fairly sound—not perfect, but a lot better than most of the Rockies—but holds were scarce and when they did appear were of that unpleasant variety which look good from below, but grow straight out from the rock, sloping down at an angle of about 15 degrees, with no crack between them and the face.

The first 600—700 feet were surmounted without too much difficulty, however, and we arrived at a wide platform, at the foot of a steep wall. A preliminary survey showed a possible line straight up for about 70 feet, at which point the rock steepened, but a long, wide ledge running off to the right offered a line of escape. The first pitch went according to plan, but at this point we made our only real mistake. The rock straight above, which had looked impossible from below, on closer inspection looked feasible. Encouraged by a small pile of stones on the ledge below, which seemed obviously to be a cairn left by Gibson's party, we continued straight up—or rather one of us did, for a distance of about 20 feet. At this point to use the American, he found himself definitely "out on a limb." The rock difficulty had rapidly attained that of a British severe (or should one say Grade V now?) and soon brought home the difference between climbing with an axe and a heavy rucksack on doubtful rock and climbing unburdened on well tried routes. He stuck for about five minutes, retreated about 10 feet and ungracefully fell the remaining ten feet on to the rest of the party. This is one of the incidents which was firmly attributed to the effects of the pack rats.

After this setback, the line originally proposed, traversing to the right was investigated. After about 50 feet, another line of weakness was reached. A shallow groove, about 10 feet wide reduced the angle of the cliff somewhat and looked possible. It was very wet and most of the holds were filled with ice, but at least there were holds. After an exacting 30 feet pitch, it was clear that the main difficulty was over. An easy rock gully led up to the long knife edge between the two peaks of the mountain. Just above the difficult pitch we were overjoyed to find a rusty piton still embedded in the rock. It had been left by Gibson's party eleven years earlier. Later we learned that the wet pitch below had on the original climb been drier and had been ascended in rubbers. This did a little to bolster up our

self-respect, which had suffered somewhat by the time we got home. Coming out on to the sunny ridge, after four hours of gloomy grey rock was a wonderful morale raiser. On the east side a sheer cliff swept down to the Amethyst Lakes, which sparkled bright green in the afternoon sun. Twenty yards from us rose the final tower to the summit. Its angle was steep, but it was decorated with convenient cracks and flaked off blocks all the way up. Leaving rucksacks and axes on the ridge, the 90-100 feet to the summit was climbed in one pitch and took only a few minutes. The summit was simply a higher copy of the ridge we had just left. It was at least 70-80 yards long and nowhere more than 6-7 feet wide, with a snow-patch plastered on one side. We were unanimous in thinking our end was the higher, but to our disgust we saw a cairn left by the original party at the extreme opposite end. Grudgingly we walked over to it, walked back and descended to the rucksacks. After a very late lunch (3-30 p.m.) we began the descent. On the wet, slabby pitch, after the first two men had had considerable trouble and got extremely wet, we threw honour to the winds and after re-hammering it in, used the old piton for a rappel. The rest of the descent was uneventful, in spite of rather mushy snow in the gullies. The high spot was 600-700 feet of glissading in the snow gully below Para Pass. We arrived back at the memorial hut at 9 p.m. and were quite content to be waited on by the party which had got in considerably earlier from climbing on Simon.

Bennington, although a very attractive climb left none of the vivid memories of Oubliette. Although the start was at 5 a.m., I must have been in a coma in the early stages, for my recollection of the trip along the valley, up through the bush and on to the Fraser Glacier is just nil. I do remember that we reached the foot of the steep snow gully which was our route for 600-700 feet on to the ridge at 8 a.m. According to Bob Hind, who had climbed the peak in 1934 and was leading the first rope, we should have ascended this in about an hour. But again conditions were against us. There was less snow in the gully than there had been in 1934 and about half way up, where we had noticed from below that a few rocks were protruding through, it turned to ice. The two ropes (seven men in all) were climbing close together and there followed a dismal wait while steps were cut for the

next 100 feet. After this progress was easier again, but the gully took three hours instead of one and we arrived on the ridge at 11 a.m., with the prospect of fully five hours climbing on the 2,000 feet of steep rock ahead of us. The average angle of the whole ridge is not more than 30–40 degrees, but it is made up of wide horizontal patches followed by steep walls, rarely more than 60–80 feet high before the next break came. The exposure was thus not very great anywhere and I can think of nothing, save perhaps a few patches of dangerously loose rock, near the top, which calls for comment. As we cut through the small cornice on to the summit, a tremendous wind was howling round us and we wasted very little time there. We traversed the peak and came down on to the Fraser Glacier from the col between Bennington and McDonnell. In contrast to the funereal procession from Oublette we raced down to the camp in what must almost be record time. We were on the peak at 4-15 p.m. and back in camp at 7-45 p.m.

So much for the more serious side of camp activities. On several off days, there was a rock-climbing school, conducted by Rex Gibson and the writer, at which some hair-raising and bump-raising feats were performed. On one occasion the scene was enlivened by the arrival of several definitely non-climbing members of the Canadian press, complete with cameras, flashes, reflectors and the like. Their activities were strictly limited, but judging from the reports they took back they had all the mountaineering they required and perhaps a little more.

Meal time, which for Ken Jones, the cook, was a perpetual struggle to satisfy excessive appetites with short rations, was the high light of the evening. The miracles of cooking organisation which he performed to cope with—at the peak period—100 people at once, using only three small “tin can” stoves, are worthy of record. The joys of the camp fire are the sort which it is not possible to put on to paper. Among the more tangible things was a concert organised by Fred Parks. It came to a rather abrupt end, after a melancholy Ukrainian song, sung by the twin sisters, Olga and Amelia, who were the cook's assistants. They were so much better than anything else on the programme that there were no further volunteers.

The camp closed on the week end of July 29th–30th, but the writer was fortunate enough to be able to go down to the

A.C.C.'s new hut at the foot of the Saskatchewan Glacier with Rex Gibson. Here, unfortunately, the weather broke at last and the result was a little crampon work on some steep ice near the hut, and a lot of hut repairs, and roof shingling. I arrived back in Jasper on August 1st and joined a party of eight, headed by John Brett, who were on their way to Maligne Lake. The trip to Maligne Lodge was, I hope, the most hair-raising one I will ever undertake. The first stage of 18 miles to Medicine Lake was in relative comfort. Ten of us and ten rucksacks and quite a lot of food were distributed among two cars. At the lake a small rowboat with a small outboard motor was filled with as many people as possible and made to tow the remainder, stowed on an even smaller rowboat. This arrangement, whilst it would have made the four and a half miles trip up the lake rather slow, was reasonable enough while the outboard worked. When it broke down in the middle of the lake, however, and the only motive power was two small unbalanced oars, it became definitely hard work. Even inspiration, in the form of the Volga boat song, from the "passengers" in the second boat did little to make the rowers enthusiastic. At the end of the lake, more surprises were due. Here there was only one car—a 1924 vintage Packard—for the whole party. It looked impossible to take everyone in one trip, but we had reckoned without the resourcefulness of Nick, the half-breed driver, who loaded the car up to the ears, tied everything on with rope and then proceeded to handle the car the way his Indian ancestors must have handled their wildest ponies. The road on British standards was no longer a road, but might have passed as a very good footpath for agile goats. The old car bounced over boulders and through streams in a way that spoke wonders for these heavily built old time cars. It failed only once. At the narrowest part of the valley a fence had been built to prevent the Maligne Lake horses from straying. Across the trail there was a gate. Unfortunately the gate was at the bottom of a hill and just before the hill was a deep pool which thoroughly wetted the car's brake drums. The heavy load was too much and with Nick treading hard on the brakes and the car accelerating slightly, we plunged down the hill, carried away the gate and a six inch diameter gatepost which fortunately was pretty rotten at the base and stopped to inspect the ruins. The Packard, save

for a slight dent on one wing, was undamaged. The gate was a complete wreck. At the end of the journey we were all convinced that if the American Army had been provided with these ancient monsters, they could have dispensed with the Jeep.

At Maligne again, the weather was unfortunate. Only one climb was done—Unwin, led by Henry Hall—and an attempt on Sampson, the best rock peak in the area, by a new route was abandoned, in heavy rain and low cloud. After the relatively spartan life at camp, however, the three days of relaxation and excellent food were very welcome and we were loth to leave, in spite of the inactivity. Our leisure hours were also brightened somewhat by a party from the Film Board taking colour-movies of "typical scenes" in the Rockies. Some of these were highly synthetic, but the results of their labours should make an extremely interesting film.

After a farewell party, enlivened by several of Henry Hall's inimitable bear stories and by several large bottles preserved throughout camp "in case of emergency," Jasper was attained under rather less crowded conditions, without incident.

SKYE IN AUGUST

H. J. F. CAIRNS

OVER after-dinner coffee, we saw ourselves as a mobile party of four with the minimal baggage, wandering freely about the Coolins camping in any Coire that took our fancy. Over a vast pile of tents and rucksacks on a King's Cross platform, it became apparent that we were not quite as mobile as planned. Each of us, in his packing, had anticipated the same unlikely contingencies and had pandered to rather similar sybaritic whims. Also a further unfortunate alteration from the initial scheme of things had occurred ; one of the party had fallen off a horse on the previous day, broken his leg and so was unable to come. As we rocked draughtily in the corridor to the rhythm of the train, this accident took on a rather sinister light.

The journey can be imagined more easily than described. Depression was rife next morning, as the train trundled by its usual forthrights and meanders between Glasgow and Mallaig ; the rain beating against the windows became heavier the nearer we came to Skye. However, as soon as we boarded the ferry, we were cheered by the diverting occupation of throwing bread cunningly intermingled with rolled-up bits of paper to a squabble of seagulls ; it need hardly be mentioned that we failed to make even the youngest and most inexperienced bird eat even one piece of paper. Eventually we reached Glen Brittle and, after squelching through fields sodden with rain and exotically flowered with orchids, flappingly erected the tent on a deceptively dry and flat promontory of heather-covered rock within twenty yards of the sea. Supper was had in a pregnant silence, engendered by the breaking of a cherished two-pint bottle of methylated spirits. I should have mentioned that for our cooking we were dependent on any drift wood dry enough to burn. And so to bed.

After the routine interval of time, it became sufficiently light to see, from one's procrustean bed, the exact point of the tent which were leaking. Because of this, we made an earlier start than on any other day during the week. Once the complexities of breakfast were over, a sudden enthusiasm became the order of the day and we plunged into a neighbouring cloud aiming for Coire Lagan. Our enthusiasm seemed justified, for as we struggled on, the lower limit of the cloud kept level with us ; however, this convenient process ceased when we reached the level of the Alasdair stone-chute. Once on the ridge we were presented, as usual in such circumstances, with a charmingly inconsequential and unexpected topography, associated with a rapid loss of sense of direction, time and place. Suffice it to say that eventually we overcame this feeling of other-worldliness sufficiently to return to Glen Brittle rather than down into Loch Coruisk.

The following day is similar in several respects, but the tops of the mountains were clear of cloud for many short intervals. Huddled on the top of Sgurr na Banachdich furtively nibbling some raisins, we were rewarded by two magnificent concentric rainbows, which arose near Sgurr nan Gillean and dipped down into Loch Coruisk at our feet. We watched the disintegration of first the outer and then the inner arc until our teeth were chattering and we were once again enveloped in drizzling cloud. That evening, the food situation was greatly relieved by negotiations with the farm resulting in daily milk and ample bread, but unfortunately no potatoes. Our diet, although overwhelmingly rich in animal protein, was grossly lacking in fruit and vegetables. Bulk was largely made up with quarter-cooked concentrated oatmeal ; this is a successful dish (hot or cold) in that it produces an almost immediate nauseating sense of repletion and theoretically goes on cooking inside one's stomach, thereby avoiding the necessity of packing a large lunch, but in a few other respects is not all that might be desired.

Our last seven days at Glen Brittle are rather jumbled together in my mind, because we were struck by a heat-wave. Each day became hotter than the last, the streams dried up and soon the Coolins even dispensed with their morning caps of clouds. Fortunately there was usually enough wind by the sea to keep the midges at bay. Perhaps the best day we had was that spent

in walking round the coast to Loch Coruisk and thence back over the ridge ; the whole day was spent in boiling sun and being the best day was characterised particularly by rather abstract pleasures and so will probably not stand a detailed description.

Much of our time was spent in swimming and the numerous inefficient occupations to be had by the sea. We indulged extravagantly in childhood pursuits, catching eating-crabs with curved iron bars and trying to impale flat-fish with a fork tied to the end of a stick. We climbed to the foot of all the neighbouring more unfrequented cliffs in search of unusual flotsam and jetsam and were rewarded with about 2 lb. of paraffin wax for cooking with. Numerous bonfires were kindled wherever much drift-wood had collected and all the time the mountains seemed strangely remote.

Accounts of climbing holidays should contain at least one description of an epic climb—a climb which is either new, or done under bizarre conditions, or made unusual by the vagaries or imagination of its performers. Unfortunately I cannot truthfully produce any such story to form the nucleus of this article. We only twice went climbing “seriously ” and on neither occasion were we in the least original. Once we walked over to Coire na Creiche and climbed Waterpipe Gully. It was a rather stuffy day as far as I remember, and for the first time the midges flew their true colours. The character of this gully is enlivened by a sense of uncertainty, the whole being loose and sections phenomenally so. At one point, the leader, a sort of modernised Agag, went up treating the rock in a most conservative manner ; when my turn came to follow, I sent down a considerable stream of mixed mud and man-size boulders on to the third man, who in turn showed that if attacked in a thoroughly painstaking manner the whole pitch could be made to dissolve in fragments at a touch. The noise made by chunks of basalt skidding down greasy rock and finally crashing into the foot of the gully was most pleasant. As that particular pitch was not over-endowed with holds, it will probably be much harder now. When within about 500 feet of the top, we met a particularly tenacious and venomous band of midges and so left the climb, the two energetic ones to walk to the top of Bidein Druim na Ramh, while I went home to prepare supper. It was by then rather late in the evening and as I walked along the road, the shadow of the opposite

hills crept up the end of each ridge I passed, so that soon only the very tops could maintain a russet indifference to the gathering dusk of the valley. By the time the fire was lit, the Coolins made a mere shapeless bulk, just visible against the darkening sky. Supper seemed an anti-climax.

Our other day's climbing was spent on the Cioch Direct in the now routine sunshine. Banks of cloud lay over most of the sea, rising to a height of about 50-100 feet ; out of this irregular wisping cotton-wool, rose Rhum, Canna, and on the horizon a seemingly never-ending line of peaks forming the Outer Hebrides. The sky was cloudless. Most of the time we were in the shade, but when we stepped in to the more exposed sunlit areas, the rock was hot to touch. I felt that, if one untied from the rope, it would be possible to climb for ever across the broad expanse of Sron na Ciche, being bound down by no place or person and never touching flat earth again. We hurried back to Glen Brittle, as this was the day on which we were moving to Sligachan.

We had a convenient taxi to take us and our baggage to Sligachan. As we drove along, the Coolins receded in almost fawn-coloured splendour, adorned at 1,000 feet by two solitary Paul Nash clouds. Not a breath of wind stirred the grass by the road. How different from the scene on our arrival, when we saw, as Mendelssohn must have, the islands resting sombre and aloof as though separated by many hundreds of miles from the mainland.

At Sligachan, the party came to a tottering close. One member departed, while the other two stayed for two more days. Lack of wind gave the midges their chance and every morning and evening myriads of tiny minds had but a single thought.

We packed for the last time. It looked as if we were in for a hot and hazy day and Sgurr nan Gilleann by 9 o'clock formed only a blue shadow with no visible detail.

The train was full, but after we had accidentally spilt some verbena we had the compartment to ourselves.

HAMLET AT HELYG

II B, or not II B—that is the question :
Whether 'tis safer on the whole to risk
The bitter scorn of outclassed climbing skill,
Or else deceive the cragsman's feeble mind :
By overgrading, fool him ? To grade, to brood
No more, and by this subtle means to end
The blasphemous remarks in certain logs
That I could mention—'tis a supposition
Too frenzied to be true. To grade, to doubt ;—
To doubt ! perchance to think—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that dubious mood what thoughts may come,
When we have classed some frightful climb as mild,
Should make us pause : this is the time
The youthful pioneer may quickly age ;
For who would bear the stigma consequent
Upon such deeds, the editor's delay
In publishing the journal, and the spurns
Received from fellow-members of his club.
O, what a rogue and peasant-slave is he !
When he himself might his quietus make
By piton hammer. Who would rucksack bear,
To grunt and sweat along the Idwal path,
But that the dread of those who write our guides,
Those satirising jesters, from whose cracks
Few Lakeland climbs escape, defeats him still,
And makes him rather do his climbs in Wales,
Than fly to regions that he knows not of ?
Thus criticism cows us, every one,
And thus the pallid hue of city life
Is crusted o'er with Gallt yr Ogof sludge ;
And expeditions of importance great,
That nightly gull him with intelligence,
Are made to Capel Curig.

R. L. PLACKETT.

UNCLASSIFIED

“ Where do I go from here ?”

Asks the mountaineer.

“ I’ve climbed the nose and crossed the snows,
And done the traverse on my toes,
I’m up the chimney, round the boulder,
Past the steep bit on the shoulder,
Singing like Tristan to Isolde,

Now I’m on the summit,

What is the next step, damn it ? ”

A spirit voice replies,

“ Look upwards to the skies

Don’t give up hope, maybe a rope
Will drag you up the sunlit slope
And dangle you in paradise,
A place of endless rock and ice,
Where no one ever classifies

The various heavenly routes

For rubber shoes and boots.”

Alternatively, sir,

Descend if you prefer

The way you came (reverse the same)
Or if you find that rather tame
Go down the ordinary way—
It’s not so difficult they say—
And live to climb another day,

Far from the madding squash,

Sans guide et sans reproche.

E. F. BOZMAN.

TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS

Begone, all those who bound from cliff to cliff,
Enmeshed in fifty yards of nylon rope,
Who finding Hard Severes not really stiff
And Avalanche a reasonable slope,
And who, without a semblance of apology
Has wished on us this blasted numerology.
But we, who climb in tennis shoes and hope,
Whose faith sustains us as we clutch and strive,
Whose need is charity and tautened rope,
Whose paradise is merely to survive,
If we should climb a Very Difficult's asperities,
We like to boast of overcoming such severities.
Come ye whose knees are gashed by every crag
Come ye, the short of breath and scant of skill,
Come, let us raise on high rebellion's flag,
Attack the weakest spot The Treasurer's till.
We are the chaps who pay the most subscriptions,
We won't have numbers ; we want plain descriptions.

R. A. MALLETT.

MEDITERRANEAN CLIMBING

J. H. DIXON

MALTA to the climber or mountaineer, is uninspiring until you go to the west coast. Here there are no peaks, but the cliffs rise in places 500 feet from the sea. The rock is all limestone which, in the places where it has weathered hard, gives good climbing, though in places far too great profusion of holds. The faces are all steep—in fact it is almost all face climbing.

The Navy provided 120 feet of 2-inch Manila and after a few days solitary reconnaissance, the proposition was put to the battery. The only two who said they would like to climb were two P.T. instructors, who, I suspect, were shamed into it. Needless to say, we had a grand morning on easy stuff and after that more and more joined the "X" Battery Climbers' Club. Another rope was procured and one of the P.T.I.'s took to leading like a duck to water.

We found some thirty good climbs of all classes, from easy to severe (I don't know the new gradings and must confess to a liking for "only to be attempted by a party of experts led by an ace of aces!") There was only one chimney, but it was a good one of 120 feet with a tricky step "out and under" at the top. Our demands for new trousers were big and also for new skin. The climbs were mostly only 120 to 200 feet, but the girdle traverse of one face was 11 long pitches, one or two of which were tricky. One in particular was a crouch traverse under a large bulge on a particularly smooth slab. We had no accidents, which was perhaps lucky, for the Army might have taken a low view of them.

One day I was asked to find something long and difficult. As I had long had my eye on what looked like an obvious route up a 500 foot cliff rising straight from the sea (just south of Wied Zurriecq), I went out early one morning. The first part, a 300 foot slab at an Idwal slant, went in about two hours. The slab finishes under a 30 foot vertical pitch, at the foot of which there is a comfortable 18 inches wide ledge. I found that what I had thought to be a crack was merely a groove—a shallow one—containing a series of tussocks, each of which when removed revealed an outward sloping hold ; for the hands. There were pinch-holes and not enough of them. This pitch took me two hours, as I did not want to have to go down. The rest was easy, but I shall not do that climb again. Soon after I left Malta.

A few miles west of Suez there is the great mass of Ataka—only 3,000 feet high, but it rises straight from the sea-level desert.

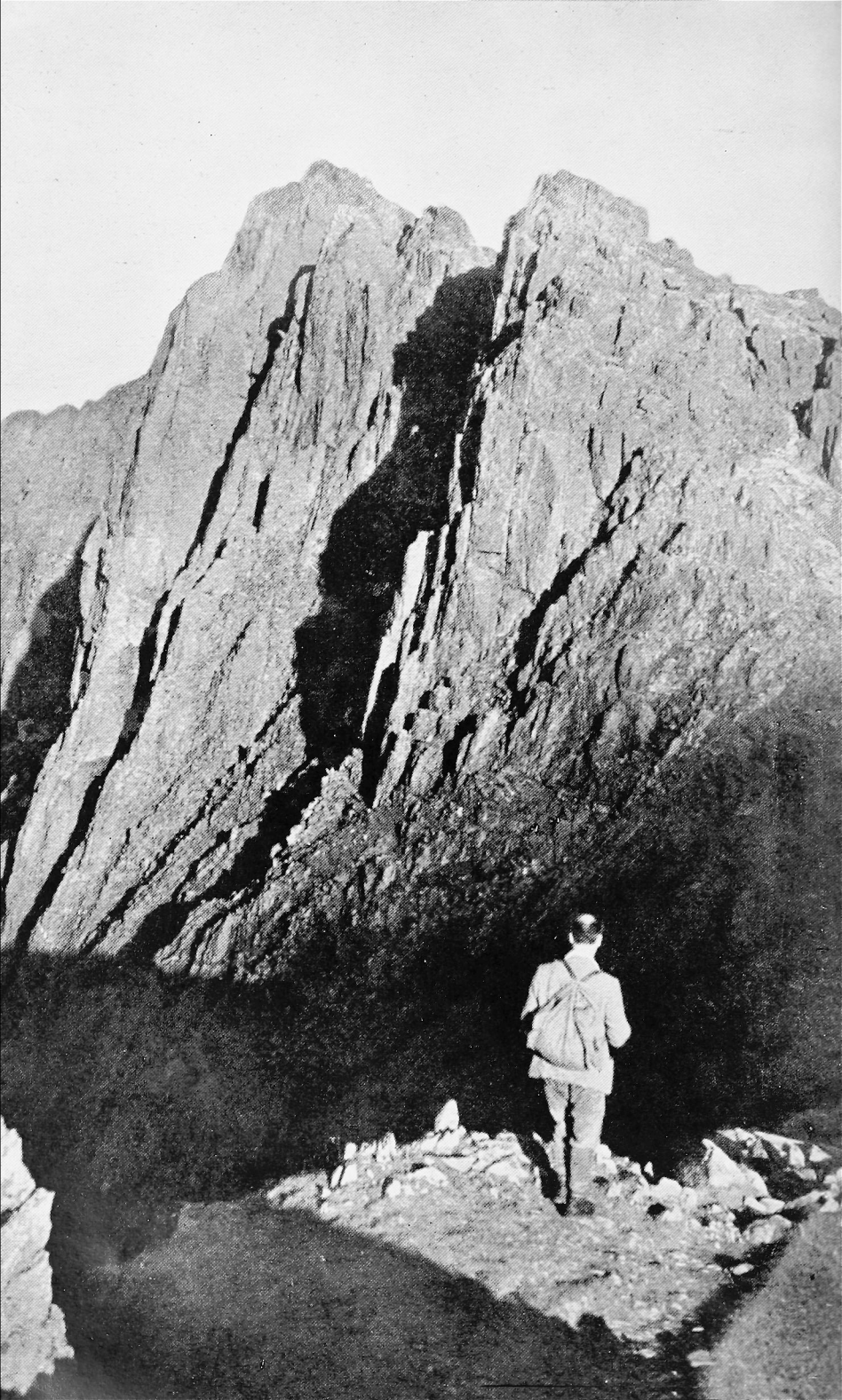
There is a good path up it, but paths are odious things. The route found was certainly interesting, but it was not climbing, for that mountain comes to pieces whenever you touch it. Also need I mention that it is hot. My chief memory is of terribly unstable screes and a wonderful view from the top and, one day, a glorious sunrise with wonderful colour effects. Also the artillery ranges at the foot made the approaches hazardous at times.

Having got the transfer I wanted, I found myself on the train for Damascus one February and saw from the window a sunset fading on the most glorious snow-mountain, Hermon. Once seen it was irresistible. Letters in your journals have described " Hermon in the Distance " and I feel Hermon at close quarters needs describing. The chance came along and one Friday afternoon two sergeants, five gunners and I set out in a truck. We camped at the snow line (about 4,700 feet), cooked a fine meal, and some rum and a fire helped us to enjoy our evening. A howling gale and driving snow made the night pretty uncomfortable though we were under the lee of a rock. When we set out at 6 a.m. after some food, spirits were not too high. The wind was pouring down the mountain, driving particles of ice with it. The climbing was easy though step-kicking was necessary. One man got cramp and another, whose hands and

feet were going numb, had them heartily rubbed and one of the sergeants took them down. The rest of us got to the French Trig Point on top at about 12.00 ; it had been too cold to stop and though it sounds slow, those were the longest 5,000 feet I ever did, also the coldest. The party were fairly well done in, but hot tea and rum did the trick at the " Base Camp " and the truck turned up in time.

Next day I went up by a different and more interesting route and found steep hard snow and rock—only outcrops of 100 feet or so, but good stuff—and also found everything encrusted with horizontal icicles up to 4 feet long. At the top I thought of the words of the Apostle describing Christ's climb to the top (it was almost certainly Hermon) and how " The clouds descended and we were afraid and our clothes became glistening and white"—I fear I have the quotation wrong, but is there not something heavenly about all mountain tops?

I went up by different routes several more times. Once to get to my bivouac I had to pass a Jebel Druse village and was almost forcibly invited to attend a wedding feast. This was a great privilege and a thrilling sight. The dancing in itself is uninspiring, but the rhythm, the eerie lighting, the smells, the crooked buildings took one back many years. That mountain and its surroundings will not be forgotten. Even the people, like all hill people are " honest, sober and reliable " and generous too.



A GREAT WALL OF ROCKS

J. E. Q. BARFORD

THE first time I went there was in July 1936, the day after a visit to Cwm Du of Mynydd Mawr and a feast of bilberries. This was to prove our undoing as by the time the leader had reached the top of the first pitch of Pigott's, the second's stomach had remembered the previous day's feast and the climb had to be abandoned. A week later we were aroused from our sleep at 1-20 a.m. by insistent and clamorous knocking at the door of Helyg. Our visitors were two members of the Rucksack Club from Talybraich who explained that they were seriously worried because two of their guests had not returned from a visit to the cliff, where their stated intention was to climb Linnell's Narrow Slab route. This sounded grim, so we collected the First Aid kit, piled it into the cars and drove round to Llanberis. We called at the police station, succeeded in rousing a sleepy sergeant who had heard of no accident and therefore set out up the Llanberis path to the cwm. The night was black and very wet, as it always is on these occasions, and by the time we had climbed up the scree to the foot of the West Buttress our spirits were low indeed. We raised our voices and hailed the deeper blackness above. There was no answer except for the croak of a raven annoyed at being disturbed at such a time. After a few minutes of this futile occupation we crept into one of the disused mine adits at the foot of the buttress and spent a cold and wet two hours waiting for dawn. This came at last and disclosed no corpses at the foot of the buttress or climbers on it, so we returned to Helyg to breakfast and bed.

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CRIB GOCH BUTTRESSES.

October Sunset.

B. R. Goodfellow

About midday we were woken to listen disgruntledly to the apologies of the two men we had set out to rescue. They had had a minor accident in roping down from the climb which they had been unable to complete, but had rescued themselves, had their wounds dressed in Llanberis and returned to Tyb in the morning. They said that they had climbed many Very Severs in the Lakes and had not expected any serious difficulty with the climb. There are two morals to be drawn from this little story.

Two days later in dampish conditions three of us went there again intending to do Longland's. The place had now a considerable reputation with us and the party became distinctly lukewarm when it was found that the initial chimney was very hard and greasy. By common consent it was left.

Nearly a year later on the second of August 1937 I went there again with a better leader, Jim Joyce. We first tried the Curving Crack, but to my content found that the first pitch was very hard, left it alone and instead climbed Longland's without incident or special difficulty. This was a most enjoyable day and changed my feeling of horror of the cliff to one of friendship. A few days later I had the pleasure of leading Steuart Palmer up the climb, during one of his infrequent but always stimulating visits to Wales. He had never climbed on the cliff before.

Easter 1939 saw a large party from Helyg there again with the Curving Crack as the specific objective. I made such a noise leading the first pitch that no one could be persuaded to follow me. As I had little stomach for doing the rest of the climb solo I ordered the others to go up the terrace in force to the top of the climb and lower me a strong rope. This they did and with this re-assurance I climbed the rest. In September, I returned to Longland's once with Nea Morin and once with a comparative beginner and again felt the awkwardness of the little chimney crack at the start of the slab ; the keen pleasure of the slab itself in both its sections ; the joy of having accomplished the difficult step modified by doubt at Faith and Friction ; the short fierce tussle with the final overhang and the peace of the long walk home in the dusk.

In 1940 work on the Llanberis guide kept me away but in September 1941 I returned with Nea Morin. The climb chosen was the Curving Crack and I had fair confidence in my ability to climb it. It was not to be ; the rocks of the first pitch

were dampish and when I was three-quarters of the way up I realised I was not going to make it. I started to descend—but my strength failing, I fell off, not suffering much damage. I am quite convinced by this experience that if this pitch is lay-backed any climber with insufficient strength to complete it will fall off if he tries to descend—the layback is almost as strenuous in descent as in climbing. Nea decided after this exhibition that the crack was best climbed by jamming and went up quite quickly and neatly. She led the more difficult parts of the remainder, the first time this had been done by a woman. We stayed in the corner the whole way up, not moving out on to the edge to the right at the top.

Three days later we returned with Menlove Edwards to the West Buttress. An attempt was made to get on to the buttress over the initial overhang at a point below the foot of the Concrete Slab (otherwise known as the Hourglass)*. This failed although the possibility remains and should be tried again some day in really dry conditions. We retired to the Terrace and walked down it to the beginning of the Narrow Slab. We went round and up past a little ash tree and started to traverse to the right. We were soon stopped by a smooth and untraversable groove-wall with a rib surmounted by some large blocks on its far side. At this stage Nea and I were prepared to call the whole business off—not so J.M.E., who is made of sterner stuff. He gathered in the spare rope and lassoed the further and finer block, then swung on the anchored rope across the impasse and climbed up the rope to the continuing ledge. Nea and I joined him by the same method.

Menlove continued round to the right, until the ledge finished in a steep corner, then up this to a point on the Narrow Slab traverse just above Linnell's jump—a pitch of 100 to 110 feet and a very fine lead as we found when we came to do it. The crux is a little extremely delicate overhang in the crack with tiny and widely spaced holds. Without knowing at that time that we were, in fact, on the Narrow Slab route, we continued round the cliff until we were at the foot of the Narrow Slab itself. Then we held a council of war. We had started late and seemed to have been climbing for a long time. There was about an hour

* *Now again re-christened White Slab—see "New Climbs and Notes" in this journal page 80*

of daylight left. Should we bivouac and complete the climb the next day? After a little discussion we agreed to go down, but not by the way we had come. We returned to the grass ledge on which Linnell's jump lands. Menlove climbed up the thin little slab to the edge and then stepped round out of sight to the ledge at the top of pitch (1) of the Narrow Slab. It all looked very difficult and I safeguarded myself by using a doubled rope. This stuck and Menlove had to climb back to retrieve it. We then traversed to the foot of Longland's slab and so home. This was a day of great climbing and a good introduction to what were then the wilder parts of the West Buttress.

At about this time the editor of this journal conceived, rather lightly, the idea that it would be a good thing if an article on the cliff were written for him and Menlove agreed to do it.

So in June 1942 Menlove and I were back again stopping with Mrs. Roberts at Hafotty Newydd, with the intention of spending all our time on the cliff. The weather had other views and we only had half a week on the rocks, one day being wasted, as has already been related, in looking for our ropes which we had hidden too well.

We tried the Sunset Crack on the East Buttress, a very nice climb, but with a stubborn last pitch to which we could find no solution. Another climb was not led—the Pedestal Crack; this was done on a rope by Menlove, the indications being that it is very difficult especially by the direct start. This climb is probably as hard as any climb on the cliff, in North Wales, or the British Isles. It has only been led three times. It would be difficult to imagine any more direct way up the cliff; it is possible to drop a plumb-line from the top to the bottom of the crack.

The Birthday Crack was also done on a rope, unnecessarily since this climb is nowhere near as difficult as the East Buttress ones. It is a good way of getting to the terrace and it is strange that it is so rarely done. The first pitch is a delightful wall of rough, jug-handled rock. The crack itself is hard and of considerable technical interest.

Pigott's I did for the first time—Menlove had of course done it before. I was not allowed a shoulder in the little corner. The crack itself was full of rope slings and inserted chockstones which I was only too pleased to use; Menlove, following, cast them all down and climbed the place clean. The last bit of

this pitch is as memorable as anything on the whole cliff. From a wedged position too comfortable to be easy to leave, near the top of the steep crack, a delicate step to the right is immediately followed by a delicate step up to the next ledge. The last pitch was done round on the right, safeguarded by a lasso over the corner. Hoyland's direct finish was tried and found to be too difficult in the prevailing conditions.

The greatest pleasure was reserved until the end of the week—the Great Slab. It is not possible to praise this climb too highly and together with the Dinas Mot Direct is probably Colin's finest memorial. The precision of the qualifying step which tries to bar access to the Green Caterpillar ; the traverse across to the first field, apparently the only key and that a subtly hidden one ; the safety and delicacy of the hardest move are a fitting approach to the culminating glory of the Great Slab itself. The climbing here is not very hard, but the position of the place would be difficult to equal and the climbing and lack of good belays is such as to call into full operation the mutual confidence of the members of the party in each other, which is the key to success and pleasure on this buttress.

The next year we held the first wartime summer meet at Helyg, at the same time as the Alpine Club were holding their first meet at Penypass. The Alpine Club at its expensive dinners in London had several times showed considerable interest in the Black Hollow and the cliff which encloses it ; and it was partly to redeem half promises to them that on June 28th a large party cycled round to Penypass from Helyg. Later, three ropes went up Longland's and the peace of the cliff was decisively shattered for many hours. The weather was perfect and the return walk to Penypass was as satisfying as it always is after these days.

A few days later a party including this time only two members of the Alpine Club returned and did the Great Slab and the modern division of the pitches was firmly established as the best way.

In September 1944 it was felt that the Chimney route might be feeling neglected, so we set out from Penypass to try it. The first pitch was a fair imitation of a waterfall and for the reasons given in Francis Keenlyside's entertaining article in this journal last year, the climb was abandoned.

Two days later the cliff was thought to have dried sufficiently for climbing and I climbed the Narrow Slab having selfishly discarded two members of the party before they had properly started. On pitch (2) much effort and time was wasted by the leader in trying to get to the corner at too high a level. Scotty Dwyer and Dick Morsley who were on the East Buttress called across correcting instructions and the corner was reached. The leader is here faced with the problem which Linnell solved by jumping. The jump is not a nice one as it is backwards and sideways and some people prefer to climb down and across on excruciatingly small holds. Not so the leader on this occasion. There is rather a good handhold high up—which is actually the key to the step round the corner itself. This is so good that a line sling can be put round it. With this sling as a handhold it is possible to face the direction of the jump and the whole affair is made much easier.

The first pitch of the Slab itself, pitch (4) of the climb, is the great one. It gets progressively harder until the final move, which is the hardest of the lot and fifty feet above the belay. For a leader in good condition it is very enjoyable, as there are just sufficient holds to make it justifiable and these though small of good quality. The next pitch is perhaps as hard towards the top, but it can be so well safeguarded that there is not the same quality of excitement about it. The remainder is good scrambling in an enjoyable position. This climb as a whole is harder than Longland's or the Great Slab, in fact the true grading is probably VI, VB, VA, respectively. The position of Bow Shaped Slab must be considered indeterminate as no one, except its inventor and one rumoured other party, has led it right through.

Another incident of this day deserves record. Scotty Dwyer and Dick Morsley had been busy all day on the East Buttress and during the long period of delay at the top of the first pitch of Narrow Slab, they appeared in an incredible position in the middle of one of the large sheer walls of the buttress. After some consideration this was identified as the outside finish of Pigott's, but instead of finishing up the chimney they kept left and connected with variation (c) of the last pitch of Pigott's. They were the nearest approach to the "flies on a wall" simile I have ever seen.

Towards the end of 1945 I stole an extra fortnight's holiday and settled accounts with the Chimney route, did the direct finish to the East Buttress and repeated the Great Slab for the joy of it. The Chimney route in good weather falls below VI and is very nice in the style of the Holly Tree wall—pleasant gymnastics on good rock. The rickety innards are no longer very rickety.

I wrote a good ending to this article, but the editor thought it was too didactic, so we must finish here with no ending at all.

NOTES ON THE LESSER CLIMBING OF ENGLAND

E. C. PYATT

THE following is an attempt to summarise published information on the rock climbing in England outside the Lake District. Just sufficient details are given (situation of rocks, nature of climbing, etc.) to suit the scorners of guide-books: believers in guide-books can obtain more detailed information from the references, most of which are available in the library. Unfortunately they are in many cases out of print now.

There must be many more small crags, cliffs, quarries, etc., on which climbs have been made, but which have never been recorded in British mountaineering literature.

This climbing has developed its own unorthodox technique, because the shortness of the climbs, the comparative lack of exposure and the possibilities of frequently repeated visits have tended to produce an experimental approach to problems which is absent in high mountains. New styles thus created often lead to improvements in the technique applied to high mountain problems, resulting in the all round progress of the art and many of our leading rock climbers discovered and developed their abilities on these lower rocks.

Permission is required to visit many of the places mentioned and intending climbers should enquire locally before starting to climb.



GENERAL REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbing in the British Isles. England.* W. P. Haskett-Smith.
- (2) *Mountaineering.* (Lonsdale Library) Section on *England*, by W. P. Haskett-Smith.
- (3) *British Mountaineering.* C. E. Benson.

The country is divided for convenience into a number of areas, each one characterised by its own particular rock type, or by its topographical situation relative to the major centres of population.

THE WEST

CORNWALL—CLIFFS (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 146).

Climbs up to 200 feet long, mainly on granite (also some greenstone and killas). Several interesting long traverses. Standard not particularly high yet. Any footgear. A first-class climbing rock. The Climbers' Club have a hut at Bosigran on the north coast. Climbing so far in the following areas :

- (a) on the north coast between Cape Cornwall and St. Ives. [All refs. (3) and (4) are in guide-book form].
- (b) on the south coast between Logan Rock and Carn Les Boel. [(2), (5) and (6).]

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbing on the Cornish Cliffs.* A. W. Andrews. C.C.J. (O.S.) Vol. 7. p. 55 (1905).
- (2) *The Cornish Cliffs.* A. W. Andrews. C.C.J.(N.S.) Vol. 5. p. 43 (1934).
- (3) *The Cornish Cliffs.* A. W. Andrews. C.C.J.(N.S.) Vol. 5. p. 103 (1937).
- (4) *The Cornish Cliffs.* A. W. Andrews. C.C.J.(N.S.) Vol. 5. p. 210 (1938).
- (5) *Cornish Cliffs.* J. Donkin. M.A.M.B. No. 4. p. 17 (1937).
- (6) *The Cornish Cliffs.* G. P. Pinder and C. R. O. Bartlett. C.M. p. 59. (1944).
- (7) *Dartmoor Tors and Cornish Cliffs.* A. R. Thomson. R.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 116. (1916).

CORNWALL—INLAND (O.S. 1 in. Sheets 136 and 143).

Granite. Standard not high. Any footgear. One crag at Roche (7 miles south-west Bodmin, 5 miles north St. Austell) gives climbs up to 80 feet high [(1) gives full account ; (2) note only]. Also short climbs up to 25 feet on moorland tors [(3) describes typical example on Bodmin Moor].

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Some Short Climbs on a Cornish Rock.* D. G. Romanis. C.C.J. (N.S.) Vol. 2. No. 3. p. 140. (1923).
- (2) *Roche Rocks, Cornwall.* A. D. M. Cox. O.M. p. 93. (1935).
- (3) *Tor Climbing in East Cornwall.* R. G. Folkard. L.M. Vol. 1. p. 9. (1941).

DEVON (O.S. 1 in. Tourist District Map—"Dartmoor").

(a) Granite tors cap many of the Dartmoor hills and provide climbs up to 50 feet. Standard not generally high at present. Any footgear. The following have been recorded. [Refs. (1), (2) and (3) ; (3) is most recent and informative] : Hey Tor, Hound Tor, Bowerman's Nose, Sheep's Tor, Leather Tor, Vixen Tor, Great Mis Tor and Great Staple Tor.

(b) Two climbs 200 feet long have been made on the Devil's Rock, a granite outcrop on a hill called the Dewerstone (6 miles north north-east of Plymouth, near junction of rivers Meavy and Plym). Standard high. Rubbers. [(4) pitch by pitch description]. Other lower climbs in the vicinity (3).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbing in the British Isles. England.* W. P. Haskett-Smith. Sections on *Dartmoor.* p. 29 and *Tors.* p. 150.
 (2) *Dartmoor Tors and Cornish Cliffs.* A. R. Thomson. R.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 116. (1916).
 (3) *Climbing on Dartmoor.* A. D. M. Cox. O.M. p. 63. (1935).
 (4) *The Devils Rock.* A. D. M. Cox. C.C.J. (N.S.). Vol. 5. p. 145. (1937) O.M. p. 78. (1937).

SOMERSET (O.S. 1 in. Large Sheet [Fifth Edition] 111).

Limestone. Rock unreliable, vegetated and usually excessively steep. Any footgear. Standard—considered dangerous at the moment. The rock scenery of Cheddar Gorge is impressive, the east side rising in places 400 feet almost vertically; the west side is lower and at an easier angle. (1) notes climbs on short outcrops above the east wall. (2) details a variety of climbs on both sides of the Gorge. A climb is also reported in Burrington Coombe, further north.

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Exploration of Cheddar.* M. W. Guinness. C.C.B. (N.S.). Vol. 1. p. 162. (July, 1926).
 (2) *Climbing at Cheddar.* W. K. Marples and R. Bates. C.C.J. (N.S.). Vol. 4. p. 236. (1931).

THE SOUTH-EAST

NORTH SUSSEX (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 125).

Sandstone outcrops up to 35 feet high. Standard of technical difficulty high. Rubbers. The only satisfactory climbing near London. [(2) and (4) are general accounts]. Main outcrops are :

(a) Harrison Rocks—east of Forge Farm, between Groombridge and Eridge Station (4 miles south-west of Tunbridge Wells). [All refs. (2) gives detailed guide, (6) brings this up to date.]

(b) High Rocks—adjacent to High Rocks Halt (S.R.). (2 miles west of Tunbridge Wells.) Other rocks in the immediate neighbourhood (6), (7).

(c) Eridge Green Rocks, behind the church (2½ miles west of Tunbridge Wells) (6).

(d) Stone Farm Rocks (2 miles south south-west of East Grinstead) (6).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *A Guide to Harrison Rocks.* M. O. Sheffield and H. C. Bryson.
 (2) *Rock Climbs Round London.* H. C. Bryson.
 (3) *Rock Climbing in Sussex.* R. W. Clark. S.C.M. Vol. 13. p. 29. (Jan., 1939).
 (4) *Recent Developments in Sussex Rock Climbing.* E. C. Pyatt. S.C.M. Vol. 18. p. 146. (June, 1944).

- (5) *Harrison Rocks*. A. R. H. Worssam. C.M. p. 19. (1944).
 (6) *Detailed Guides to All Outcrops*. L.M. Vols. 1 and 2. (1941-43).
 (7) Notes in O.M. p. 92 (1935) and O.M. p. 81 (1937).

SOUTH COAST (O.S. 1 in. Sheets 117 and 134).

Chalk. Cliffs usually featureless and vertical or overhanging. Rock completely unreliable. Any footgear. Standards determined by danger rather than difficulty. On the Eastbourne side of Beachy Head are some pinnacles and cracks which have been climbed. [All refs.] Climbing possibility is also noted between Folkestone and Dover (1).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbing in the British Isles. England*. W. P. Haskett-Smith. Sections on *Beachy Head*. p. 5 and *Chalk*. p. 18.
 (2) *Chalk Climbing on Beachy Head*. E. A. Crowley. S.M.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 288. (May, 1895).
 (3) *Chalk Climbing on Beachy Head*. H. S. Bullock. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 1. p. 91. (Feb., 1899).
 (4) *Climbing on Beachy Head*. S.C.M. Vol. 9. p. 688. (Nov., 1935).

SOUTH MIDLANDS AND WELSH BORDER

MONMOUTHSHIRE (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 92).

At Symonds Yat on the River Wye. Limestone pinnacles (Pear Tree Rock). Rock unreliable. Pitons used in ascent described.

REFERENCE :

- (1) *The Pinnacles of Symonds Yat*. J. Jenkins. O.M. p. 76. (1935).

WORCESTERSHIRE—KIDDERMINSTER (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 71).

Sandstone. Standard not yet high. Rubbers. Climbing in the Habberley Valley one mile north-west of Kidderminster. Also at Kinver Edge 5 miles from Kidderminster.

REFERENCE :

- (1) *Sandstone in Worcestershire*. T. S. Knowles. C.C.J. (N.S.). Vol. 3. p. 189. (1928).

WORCESTERSHIRE—MALVERN (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 81).

Ivy Scar Rock on the east side of North Hill. Igneous. Reference-notes only.

REFERENCE :

- (1) *Malvern Hills*. Ivy Scar Rock. O. and C.M. p. 120. (1929).

SHROPSHIRE—PONTESBURY (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 60).

Igneous rock giving routes from 50 to 200 feet long. Rather vegetated and loose at present. Standard high. Rubbers. On the south side of Pontesford Hill (near Pontesbury 7 miles south-west of Shrewsbury). [Ref. (1) is in guide-book form.]

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Rock Climbing in Shropshire*. By Members of Birmingham U.M.C. M.J. Vol. 2. p. 42.
 (2) Note in. O.M. p. 90. (1935).

SHROPSHIRE.

Scrambling is reported on the Stiperstones (6 miles north-west of Church Stretton) [M.A.M.B.] Climbing of a fairly high standard has been done on Breidden Hill, just over the Montgomeryshire border. [O.M. p. 90 (1935)].

LEICESTERSHIRE—CHARNWOOD FOREST (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 63).

A few miles north-west of Leicester, on the property of the Charnwood Forest Golf Club. No further details.

REFERENCE :

- (1) Note only in. O. and C.M. p. 119. (1929).

LEICESTERSHIRE—BREEDON HILL.

On the north borders of the county. Dolomitic limestone in quarries. No up-to-date information.

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak*. E. A. Baker.
 (2) *Practice Scrambles in Derbyshire*. E. A. Baker. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 1. p. 55. (Nov., 1898).

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE (O.S. 1 in. Sheet 54).

The Hemlock Stone—isolated sandstone block—4 miles from centre of Nottingham.

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak*. E. A. Baker.
 (2) *Practice Scrambles in Derbyshire*. E. A. Baker. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 1. p. 55 (Nov., 1898).

NORTH MIDLANDS

DERBYSHIRE—DOLOMITE (O.S. 1 in. Tourist District Map—"Peak District").

A sound rock. Standard not high. Rubbers. Vertical faces with magnificent holds. Only two outcrops.

(a) Brassington Rocks—marked Rainster Rocks on O.S. Map, one mile north-west of Brassington Village ($5\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Matlock). [(1), (2), (3) : (3) descriptive guide.]

(b) Harborough Rocks—one mile north-east of Brassington Village. [(1), (2).]

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak*. E. A. Baker.
 (2) *Some Gritstone Climbs*. J. Laycock.
 (3) *Brassington Rocks*. J. Tindale. M.J. Vol. 2. p. 186.

DERBYSHIRE—MOUNTAIN LIMESTONE (O.S. 1 in. Tourist District Map—"Peak District").

Climbs on High Tor, near Matlock [(1), (2) and (3)] : in the Winnats and Cave Dale at Castleton (3) and in Dovedale (4). Remarks apply as for climbs at Cheddar. Special safety precautions necessary. [(3) gives general account].

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbs on the High Tor at Matlock*. W. Smithard. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 6. p. 124. (1904).
 (2) *High Tor Gully, Matlock*. W. Forbes Boyd. R.C.J. Vol. 1. p. 171. (1909).
 (3) *Climbs on Mountain Limestone*. H. Bishop. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 12. p. 147. (June, 1910).
 (4) *Ilam Rock*. A. R. Thomson. R.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 51. (1915).

DERBYSHIRE—GRITSTONE (mostly on O.S. 1 in. Tourist District Map—
“ Peak District ”).

A magnificent climbing rock. Standard very high indeed. Any footgear. Climbs of all types and standards varying from 30 feet to 90 feet, with a sprinkling of still longer routes (some of them as long as the shorter climbs in North Wales, or the Lake District). A long girdle traverse on most outcrops. [General references (1), (2), (3), (4), (6), (21), (26).] The outcrops listed below are divided for convenience into four regional groups and the nearest industrial centres are named :
 South-East (Derby, Nottingham, Leicester).

(a) Alport Stone, an isolated pinnacle, 2 miles from Wirksworth. [(1), (2).]

(b) Black Rocks (Cromford Rocks), 2 miles south of Matlock. [(1), (2), (3), (12), (24) ; (12) gives latest guide-book.]

(c) Cratcliff Tor, Robin Hood's Stride and Row Tor, half a mile west of Birchover, 4 miles south of Bakewell. [(1), (2), (3) and (14) ; (14) up-to-date guide article.]

South-West (Leek and the Staffordshire towns).

(a) Back Forest, 300 yards from footpath between Roche End ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile) and Danebridge ($1\frac{3}{4}$ miles), $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Leek (25).

(b) Bosley Cloud, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from North Rode Station, one mile from Bosley Station, 5 miles from Macclesfield (2), (3).

(c) Roches and Hen Cloud, north of road from Upper Hulme to Danebridge, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-east of Leek. [(1), (3), (19), (22) and (24).]

North-West (Manchester and South Lancashire).

(a) Bleaklow, on north edge between Shining Clough and Stable Clough and on south-west edge in Yellowslacks Valley (2 miles north-east of Glossop), (17).

(b) Castle Naze, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Chapel-en-le-Frith. [(2), (3).]

(c) Dovestones, north of Laddow (qv.) on edge of the moors, overlooking Ashway Gap Castle (3), (16).

(d) Kinder Scout, the central hill of the Peak District (2,088 feet). Extensive flat plateau with crags outcropping round the flanks. [(1), (2), (15) and (24) ; (15) modern guide-book style.]

(e) Laddow Rocks, 2 miles north-west of Crowden Station. [(2), (3), (8), (18), (24) ; (8) gives up-to-date descriptive account.]

- (f) Ravenstones, north of Laddow (qv.), overlooking Yoreman Hey Reservoir in Holme Clough. [(3), (16), (24).]
 (g) Whimberry Rocks, 2½ miles south of Greenfield Station (2).
 (h) Windgather Rocks, close to Five Lane Ends, 2 miles south-west of Whaley Bridge [(2), (11) ; (11) gives latest guide-book.]

North East (Sheffield and South Yorkshire).

- (a) Birchin Edge, 1¾ miles east of Baslow (13).
 (b) Burbage Rocks, 6 miles south-west of Sheffield, 2 miles Hathersage. [(10) gives up-to-date guide.]
 (c) Chatsworth Edge, continuation of Gordams Edge (qv.), on opposite side of Chesterfield-Baslow road (13).
 (d) Gordams Edge, 1½ miles north-east of Baslow. North of Chesterfield-Baslow road (13).
 (e) Rivelin Edge, 4 miles west of Sheffield (13).
 (f) Stanage Edge, 7 miles west of Sheffield. [(3), (16), (20) and (23). No recent published guide.]
 (g) Wharncliffe, 6 miles north-west of Sheffield. [(1), (5), (7), (9) ; (9) is latest guide-book.]

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak*. E. A. Baker.
 (2) *Some Gritstone Climbs*. J. Laycock.
 (3) *Recent Developments in Gritstone*. Ed. by F. Graham.
 (4) *Practice Scrambles in Derbyshire*. E. A. Baker. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 1. p. 55. (Nov., 1898).
 (5) *Wharncliffe Crags*. C. F. Cameron. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 4. p. 124. (March, 1902).
 (6) *Concerning Gritstone*. A Gritstone Novice. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 6. p. 73. (1903).
 (7) *Wharncliffe Crags, near Sheffield*. H. Bishop. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 13. p. 37. (1910).
 (8) *A Guide to Laddow*. H. Pearson. M.J. Vol. 1. p. 219.
 (9) *Wharncliffe Crags*. Members of Sheffield U.M.C. M.J. Vol. 1. p. 308.
 (10) *A Guide to Burbage*. Sheffield Climbing Club. M.J. Vol. 2. p. 176.
 (11) *Windgather Rocks*. C. D. Milner. M.J. Vol. 3. p. 27.
 (12) *Cromford Rocks*. E. Byne and D. I. Critchley. M.J. Vol. 3. p. 91.
 (13) *Some Lesser Known Gritstone*. E. Byne. M.J. Vol. 3. p. 96.
 (14) *Cratcliff*. E. Byne and D. I. Critchley. M.J. Vol. 3. p. 194.
 (15) *Kinder Scout*. E. Byne. M.J. Vol. 4. p. 24.
 (16) *Gritstone—Notes*. M.J. Vol. 5. p. 144.
 (17) *Gritstone—Notes*. M.U.M.C.J. pp. 7 and 28. (1939-41).
 (18) *Laddow Rocks*. J. A. Stoop. R.C.J. Vol. 2. p. 54. (1911).
 (19) *Climbs on Hen Cloud and the Roches*. S. F. Jeffcoat. R.C.J. Vol. 2. p. 192. (1913).
 (20) *Some Derbyshire Climbs*. F. C. Aldous. R.C.J. Vol. 2. p. 306. (1914).
 (21) *Lesser Climbing*. Morley Wood. R.C.J. Vol. 5. p. 173. (1924).
 (22) *New Scrambles on the Roches and Hen Cloud*. L. Henshaw. R.C.J. Vol. 6. p. 89. (1927).
 (23) *Some New Gritstone Climbs*. Part I. A. E. Chisman. R.C.J. Vol. 6. p. 345. (1929).
 (24) *Some New Gritstone Climbs*. Part 2. A. E. Chisman. R.C.J. Vol. 6. p. 443. (1930).
 (25) *More Gritstone Climbs*. R.C.J. Vol. 7. p. 71. (1931).
 (26) *Gritstone*. C. D. Milner. W.J. p. 29. (1935).

In addition to the above many short notes on new climbs, etc. occur regularly in R.C.J. and M.U.M.C.J. (8) and (9) have been published also in booklet form.

CHESHIRE (O.S. 1 in. Sheets 43 and 44).

Sandstone. Outcrops as indicated :

(a) Helsby Hill (ten minutes from Helsby Station). Standard exceptionally high. Rubbers. (2) and (3) are in guide-book form and describe over 70 routes (20-70 feet long with a 400 feet girdle traverse).

(b) Alderley Edge, near Manchester (1).

(c) Beeston Castle, near Beeston Castle Station (1).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Some Gritstone Climbs*. J. Laycock.
- (2) *The Climbs at Helsby*. A. B. Hargreaves and C. F. Kirkus. W.J. p. 28. (1930).
- (3) *Some Further Problems at Helsby*. R. C. Frost and F. G. Stangle. M.J. Vol. 3. p. 199.
- (4) *A Guide to Helsby*. H. A. Carsten. In preparation.

THE NORTH

N.E. LANCASHIRE AND WEST YORKSHIRE (O.S. 1 in. Sheets 26, 30 and 31)

Gritstone. Remarks as for Derbyshire. Outcrops at :

(a) Almscliff, one mile from Weeton Station, 6 miles from Harrogate, 12 miles from Leeds. Large number of recorded routes. [(2), (3), (4), (5) ; (5) modern descriptive account.]

(b) Blackstone Edge, near Smithy Bridge Station, between Rochdale and Todmorden (2).

(c) Brimham Rocks, 4 miles east of Pateley Bridge, isolated boulders (1).

(d) Cadshaw Rocks, east of Bolton-Darwen road, 1½ miles from Entwistle Station (6).

(e) Colden Valley, near Heptonstall Church, near Hebden Bridge (10).

(f) Hathershelf Scout, near Mytholmroyd Village, near Hebden Bridge (2).

(g) Ilkley District, climbs on Cow and Calf Rocks and in Rocky Valley (7).

(h) Skipton District, climbs on Simons Seat (Skipton, via Barden, 9 miles ; Bolton Abbey, 6 miles) ; Embsey Moor (5 miles from Skipton in direction of Grassington) and Rylestone Fell (5 miles from Skipton in direction of Grassington) (3).

(i) Spofforth Rocks, left bank of Crimpe Beck. North of Spofforth. 4½ miles south-east of Harrogate (8).

(j) Widdop Rocks, on Heptonstall Moor beside Widdop Reservoir. Distant equally from Hebden Bridge and Colne. (9), (10).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Climbing in the British Isles. England*. W. P. Haskett-Smith.
- (2) *Some Gritstone Climbs*. J. Laycock.
- (3) *Recent Developments in Gritstone*. Ed. F. Graham.
- (4) *Almscliff Crags*. C. E. Benson. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 8. p. 40. (March, 1906).

- (5) *Almscliff*. D. I. Critchley. M.J. Vol. 4. p. 109.
 (6) *Cadshaw Rocks*. A. Allsopp. M.J. Vol. 5. p. 213.
 (7) *Climbing at Ilkley*. W. H. Greenwood. Y.R.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 269. (1911).
 (8) *A Spofforth Pinnacle*—Columbus Junior. Y.R.C.J. Vol. 4. p. 157. (1913).
 (9) *Mystery Buttress—Widdop Rocks*. H. K. Hartley. M.U.M.C.J. (1929).
 (10) *Gritstone—notes*. R.C.J. Vol. 3. p. 150. (1916).

NORTHUMBERLAND (O.S. 1 in. Sheets 2, 4, and 6).

Climbing in various parts of the county on various types of rock as below :

(a) Simonside, 2 miles south-west of Rothbury. Gritstone. Climbs up to 50 feet long (1), (3).

(b) Wanney Crags, in the heart of the moors, 8 miles west of Cambo. North of Sweethope Lake. [(1) ; (3) describes some climbs.]

(c) Below the Roman Wall, near Hexham. 3 miles north-west of Bardon Mill. Dolerite. [(2) describes climbs]. Climbing also on Sewinshields Crag nearby.

(d) Lion Rock on Belford Moor. Sandstone (4).

REFERENCES :

- (1) *Northumberland—notes*. C.C.J. (O.S.). Vol. 4. p. 149. (March, 1902).
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CAPE WRATH TO FORT WILLIAM

A. J. YOUNG

IN June, 1945, I was able to realise a long cherished ambition, previously forbidden to me by security regulations, to explore the wide open spaces of the Northern Highlands of Scotland. I wished to carry out my plans in some original way and to climb as many of the better known mountains as possible. Studying a map I noticed that both Cape Wrath and Ben Nevis were situated on longitude 5° west. Accordingly, I decided to walk from Cape Wrath to Fort William down this geographical nonentity, climbing the higher peaks that fell within plus or minus $10'$ of longitude of 5° west.

I had exactly three weeks holiday in the year and careful planning of the trek, with the aid of Bartholomew's half-inch maps, showed that it might be done in that time at the reasonable average of nine miles a day. Further careful planning and booking of rooms at hotels showed that I must carry four days' food with me, a tent and a sleeping bag. I cut out every unnecessary ounce, yet when a startled shepherd weighed my pack, which was a Bergan, it came out at 40 lb.—a fact which I confirmed later.

Twenty-four hours after leaving London I arrived at Cape Wrath Hotel, Durness, on June 2nd. Next day, in brilliant weather I set off for Cape Wrath with another guest of the hotel and his wife. They soon left me behind, as the secret of carrying such a pack as I had over long distances is to rest whenever you feel like it, until thoroughly trained to walking a long way without a rest. The route was an easy one over a motorable road to the lighthouse. I camped for the night behind a hill just to the south of the cape.

JUNE 4TH took me on my way down the coast, under a blazing sun, to the magnificently inaccessible Sandwood Bay, where I stripped and cooled off in the sea. Then on to Strathan, up in Strath Shinary, where I camped by the river facing Farmheall (Farveal), 1,709 feet, over which the sun rose next morning.

JUNE 5TH saw me following a good track, not shown on the map, to Kinloch Bervie. Just before reaching Badcall I topped a rise in the road and saw a magnificent panorama of hills. Foinne Bheinn (2,980 feet), Arcuil (2,580 feet), Ben Stack (2,364 feet), Ben More Assynt (3,273 feet), Ben Dearg (3,547 feet), and the Fannichs, just to be seen on the horizon, made a wonderful picture to which my camera did not do justice. I pushed on, took a short cut to the Durness road which I then crossed and camped on the north shore of Loch na Claise Carnaich, at the foot of Foinne Bheinn (Foinaven), as a full gale whipped the waters of the loch. After a good night on a bed of heather, I set off to climb this mountain.

JUNE 6TH. I had examined Foinne Bheinn (2,980 feet) the night before and decided on my line of attack. Reaching the head of the loch, I crossed Allt na Claise Carnaich and ascended a ledge on the west spur of the mountain. At one spot I had to traverse some rocks, those above me and to which I was holding over-hanging me. This very short traverse led to the summit of the spur, a fairly level stretch of grass and bog. Resting here for some time I had a really fine view of the coast and lochs between Lochs Inchard and Laxford. There were heavy storm clouds about though and misty atmosphere prevented my taking any photos.

I turned again to the mountain ; the third pitch led over a steep grass and rock buttress to another spur, on about the 1,750 feet contour. This spur I had seen in profile and it seemed to be the end of the summit ridge. After another long rest—the rain had ceased, but a high wind was blowing—I went on and came to the final steep face of the mountain. I toiled up this with many rests and at last found the cairn on Cearn Garbh (Garvmore they call it locally) 2,952 feet high, the second highest peak in the group. I arrived at the top at 12-15 and rested till 12-30, admiring the magnificent view over the country ; the weather having cleared a little I could follow the whole of the march undertaken yesterday.

Clouds boiled in the corrie to the east and spilled over the ridge ; but I got a view of the end of the ridge and, though it was hardly necessary, I took its bearing which tallied almost exactly with my calculation made last night—a useful check. Setting the bearing on the verge ring of my compass I set off through the cloud which had now descended. All went well and on reaching the end of the ridge I reset my compass from my notes. It started to rain and blow a squall, but I kept on fine in the lee of the summit ridge. Soon I reached the uncaired summit of Ceann Mor (2,980 feet), a grassy summit, the highest of Foinne Bheinn. Then I came, after a long time, to another well-defined peak, wondering if I had come a mile I set my compass for the next leg. With counting the different peaks I had become confused in identifying them. Now, on this leg, thinking I was descending from Creag Dionard, I quickly found myself descending the world's worst scree. Cloud was all about me ; a high wind nearly blew me off my feet and the mountain side was very steep.

“ Well,” I thought, “ that peak was not Creag Dionard. Anyway, get off this blighted mountain, 'tis no place for the sane in this weather.”

Accordingly, I came down lower and lower until suddenly the clouds swept aside and there was Loch na Tuadh shining below me, with Arcuil frowning at me above the loch.

“ Blast Arkle ! ” I thought. That night I camped by the road near Lochstack Lodge.

JUNE 7TH. I headed south from the main road and soon came to the west foot of Ben Stack (2,364 feet).

“ I started off the wrong way by circling round the north-west shoulder. From here I set off up a wide grass terrace that I should have come upon from another direction. As I reached the top end of this terrace I took five hinds by surprise. The nearest one looked up suddenly, let out a startled belch of astonishment and fled precipitately down the corrie with the others in full cry.

I now found myself on a wide col or, as they say in Scotland, a bealach. From here the way up to another shoulder was obvious, by means of a grass covered gully. Reaching this shoulder I

rested for some time and took a panorama photo of "The Land of a Thousand Lochs"—a truly wonderful sight. Then I climbed the final peak, again by a series of obvious gullies, grass covered. The summit is one long ridge running north-west to south-east and falls away steeply on the north face; it also drops a short way on the south to a small plateau and then drops away steeply from this on the main south face.

I walked along the ridge and admired the magnificent surroundings whilst chewing two squares of chocolate. Quenching the resulting thirst from a pool on the plateau, I came back along the ridge, banged a couple of stones on the dilapidated cairn for good measure and descended as quickly as possible. In all I stayed on the summit only ten minutes, too aware that I had yet to walk eight or nine miles to Kylesku. I came down the correct way, found two more hinds on the bealach and descended down the stream to the loch just after midday."

Then followed a long walk over desolate wind-swept moorland, by a good track, to Kylestrome and across the ferry to Unapool Hotel. In this fine spot, surrounded by the beauties of Loch Glencoul and with Quinag (2,653 feet) towering behind us to the south, I had a day's rest.

JUNE 9TH dawned cloudy and the solo ascent of Quinag was unjustified in such a gale and such cloud conditions. Instead "I made a pass at it," by crossing Bealach a Chornaich, and down to Loch Assynt, thence to Inchnadamph Hotel, in fine weather.

JUNE 10TH was a stiff day. I had to take a freshly provisioned pack up a relative height of 2,734 feet and to travel 11 miles, yet I only started for Conamheall (Conaveall), 3,254 feet, at 10-30 a.m.

"It was a fine day with a light breeze. Had it been otherwise, climbing with that pack would have been ghastly and it was bad enough as it was. Climbing up the steep west face of the pass north of Conamheall, where there was supposed to be a track but where there was not one, I reached a stream foaming over emerald mossed rocks a short distance below the pass at 1-30 p.m. and had my lunch. I reached the top of the pass at 2-15 or so and then, trusting the map, I contoured round the north

shoulder of Conamheall where the track was supposed to be. I became involved in the most terribly unstable scree I have ever touched ; this held me up greatly as I had to proceed with the utmost caution. Finally I arrived on the summit by the cairn at 3-15 p.m.—a terribly long time for the climb I fear.

After a time I packed down to the col between Conamheall and Ben More. Leaving my pack here I dashed off up the latter peak (3,273 feet), an exercise which was almost a rest to my shoulders. Returning, I finally quit the col and took to more unstable scree, this time on the south side, just after 4 p.m. I arrived at Dubh Loch Mor forty minutes later." I got into camp at Benmore Lodge at 7-15 p.m.

On JUNE 11TH I got a lift in a lorry to the main road to Inchnadamph. From here I walked south over trackless moorland, through Rhidorroch Forest, in vile, wet and cloudy weather. Eventually I came to the Ullapool track at the head of Glen Achall ; my arrival coinciding with that of a patrol of troops proceeding west at quick march pace with full equipment. The corporal leading them looked me up and down, a wet, peat splashed tramp in a slouch hat.

"What's the idea?" he said, grinning at my pack, "Where are you from?"

"Up north," I replied, "heading south."

A soldier, hearing this as he passed, looking florid in the face and nearly whacked—as were most of them—glanced south towards Ben Dearg and quickly looked at me.

"You know, I believe you like this," he said passing on, straining to keep up their killing pace.

Dropping down into the gorge at my feet I camped at the foot of Doucharry Falls, one of the finest I have seen. Here I built a fire and dried my clothes.

JUNE 12TH was another stormy day ; Ben Dearg and its satellites hidden in cloud rendering them out of the question as a climb. I walked up Glen Doucharry to its head and crossed the steep pass, having about 100 feet of sheer climbing to do. There is no trail up this glen. Then, though visibility was quite good, I foolishly misread my map ; an error due to over-

confidence and insufficient care in reading it. Instead of descending into Allt Lair I came into the next valley to the east—Strath Vaich. This ended my trip : it put me a day behind schedule ; a heel of one of my boots had been flapping in the breeze the last two days ; I had nearly run out of solid fuel and could get no more. I returned to London via Garve intent on completing the trip next year, re-organising it in the light of the experience I had gained.

Thanks to "getting the sack" from London in August, for writing a book* published that month, I was able to get away again and decided to spend ten days completing my trip. This time I travelled to Ullapool, walked up Glen Achall, past Douchary Falls to the ruin of the cottage in Glen Douchary, on August 11th. August is the month of the midges and I had lost my pipe in the train coming north. I paid for it.

On AUGUST 12TH I had a scratch breakfast which I shared with the midges, packed up and fled from the spot.

"I started off up the river and after a while the sun came over the top of the hill, parting the mists in a most picturesque way as they swam in wreaths about the hills. Accordingly I veered south, up Allt na Creige Duibhe, under a very warm sun. At length I gained the north west ridge of Eididh Nan Clach Geala (3,039 feet) and gained its summit at 12-30 p.m. After a while I dropped down to the col, had some of my lunch and set off again at 1-30 p.m. I ascended Ceann Garbh (3,039 feet) and traversed round a loch to the foot of the north-east summit ridge of Beinn Dearg (3,547 feet). The sight of a large wall running across the upper slopes of the mountain made me wonder what men of men had erected this monument. By following the wall I reached the summit at 3-15 p.m. beholding a wonderful view of limitless space around me. An Teallach, to the west looked like a North-West Frontier mountain and seemed it would provide some useful climbs. After a long rest I set off down again, travelling west round the ridge and then down into Allt Leacachain, where I camped by the road to Ullapool."

AUGUST 13TH. I set off up the track in Allt a Mhadaidh.

"Thence I reached the foot of the north ridge of Sgurr Mor, 3,637 feet, in two hours and set off up it after a long rest by a

* *Himalayan Holiday*, published by Herbert Jenkins.

stream. It was a very strenuous climb. The first pitch led up to a wide shelf, a relatively easy climb, but warm under the blazing sun and in the still air. During this first climb I obtained a view almost in elevation of the north ridge and immediately came to regard it with some respect. I had realised that it would be a stiff climb as the ground was extremely broken, but I had not realised its steepness. Indeed, so steep was it in one place that my route was in shade for about fifty feet. I climbed up gradually, gruelling hot work, climbing straight up the sunbeams. Gradually I saw Carn na Criche and Beinn Liath Mhor sink to a lowly level, then the horizon came into view above them and I had only another 500 feet to go. At last I reached the cairn on the summit, cast off my pack and lay full length in the gentle breeze. My first concern was water ; the only water visible was a small lochan on the col between Carn na Criche, (3,148 feet) and Sgurr Nan Clach Geala, (3,581 feet). The nearest way to my destination, Nest, was over that way. Wasting no time, I took Carn na Criche in quick time and had a welcome meal by the loch at 1-30 p.m.

Again, the most direct route led over Sgurr Nan Clach Geala (the Peak of the White Stones) and as I approached it, three hinds and a fawn appeared silhouetted against the sky, their long necks and pricked ears appearing stretched even more over the skyline in their wondrous surprise at seeing an Australian hat below them. From the summit I walked due south to the col, thence down a corrie to a track which took me down Allt Leach a Bhealaich to Nest."

I should have reached Achnasheen to-day, but instead of having a day's rest there I had a seven-mile walk there next day.

AUGUST 15TH. A long day's march due south, mainly over trackless ground, took me over fifteen miles and two passes to Loch Monar. Here I camped by the loch in a fine situation, but not appreciated next morning when, again, I battled with myriads of midges in a drizzle.

AUGUST 16TH saw me crossing into Glen Farrar from the foot of Loch Monar, thence up Allt Garbh Choire, from where I saw Sgurr na Lapaich buried 700 feet deep in cloud, making it unreasonable to climb it. Instead I crossed the unnamed pass east of it and circled round to Benula.

AUGUST 17TH. A warm, sultry day, the peaks buried in masses of cloud down to the 3,000 feet contour, making things impossible. A great pity ; I had looked forward eagerly to climbing Tom a Choinich (3,646 feet) and walking along over Carn Eige and Mam Sodhail (Man Soul)—a grand walk on a fine day, no doubt. Chancing the weather clearing, again I made a pass at it by crossing the divide by what might be called the Bealach Toll Easa to Glen Affric. I went up this glen to Athnamulloch, where I camped.

AUGUST 18TH. I marched up Allt na Ciche and crossed the pass at its head, dropping down to Cluanie. Thence, looking like a tramp, feeling a bit like a tramp, I tramped up the road to Tomdoun. When I was well into Glen Loyne, I hitched the remaining five miles to Tomdoun. Though the hotel was full, the proprietrix most courteously allowed me to have my meals there and to camp on a breezy bluff in her field, overlooking Glen Garry. Here I had the pleasure of encountering Mr. Alan Arthur, a past President of the S.M.C. and Mr. Humphreys, the headmaster of Leigh School. The former, I am told, has climbed over 200 and the latter over 100 Monroes ; that is, peaks of over 3,000 feet. A notable achievement, to say the least.

AUGUST 20TH. After a day's rest at Tomdoun, Mr. Humphreys very kindly ferried me over the River Garry and then I set off down-river to Greenfields. From here I turned south and passed between the hills into Glen Cia-Aig, camping at its foot in the beautiful Mile Dorcha.

AUGUST 21ST saw the holiday ended at Fort William, Ben Nevis smothered in cloud, gales and rain. Three days went by with no improvement and I had to leave, disappointed not to have done Ben Nevis as a full stop to 175 miles walk in 17 days marching and 20 days all told.

I cannot let this article go without some comments and warnings ; it seems to me that the foregoing account glosses over too much that occurred on this jaunt across Scotland. Aware that critics might wish to submit passages of this account to the B.R.U.C.*, this may appear pedantic.

Be that as it may, the mountains of Scotland are not to be played with too lightly ; what they appear to lack in altitude,

* *Vide* vol. VII, No. 3, p. 226

compared with a Swiss Alp, they make up for in latitude. Furthermore, some glens are not by any means accessible ; anyone thinking of such a trip as this must realise this fact and must be completely self-reliant if he is by himself. The importance of having some knowledge of bush-craft was born upon me when I found I could follow a track, shown on the map, only by following a faint trail of marsh grass growing in a small depression that had once been a ditch ; or, as frequently happened, by trailing deer. Often, too, the presence of the trail was betrayed only by a different type of heather growing along it to that which grew alongside it. A good map, with the ability to read it in detail is a prime requisite, as also is a prismatic, or aperiodic compass.

Personally I consider that when spending so many successive days in the blue, with some risk of injury when alone, protective clothing is highly essential. I would not have got far against midges if I had not worn a hat, or in socks and only a pair of shorts. Trousers, vest, pants, shirt, pullover, wind-breaker, wind-proof, anklets, Australian slouch hat with chin strap ; a large square of alpaca triangulated into a scarf, against cold, sweat, wrapped round ones head against midges when in camp, an emergency sling or, torn up, bandages ; these were all essential. Also a pair of good quality boots is essential, well-nailed and of which a heel is not liable to start flying about the place. Also a gas cape.

Space will not permit me to add to these essential points ; except to say that it should be a cardinal rule of such a traveller to make himself known to any person he may see in the hills. I expect that the gossip of the glens, afforded by my grey slouch hat, relieved many a shepherd or ghillie of some slight concern as to my whereabouts. Finally, may I say that, given these essential points and some minor ones, no finer or cheaper summer holiday is to be found in these Islands than exploring a country by travelling over it in a straight line. But avoid August for such a venture!

SPECIFICATION AND SYSTEM OF TESTS FOR CLIMBING ROPE

*Interim Report to B.M.C., by R. P. Mears,
dated November 5th, 1945.*

SPECIFICATION

Hemp and flax ropes for climbers appear to be manufactured in three weights, viz.:—

Full weight .. about 5 lb. per 100 lineal feet.

Three quarter .. ,, $3\frac{3}{4}$,, ,,

Half weight .. ,, $2\frac{1}{2}$,, ,,

but there is no recognised definition or specification for a climber's rope.

It is suggested that a complete specification for the properties required in a climber's rope should be drawn up and that climbing clubs might assist purchasers of ropes by arranging, when so asked, for pieces to be cut from a rope before purchase and tested professionally.

It is further anticipated that a specification and system of tests would prove a great stimulus to manufacturers and result in better ropes being provided for these purposes.

A considerable and probably somewhat costly programme of tests would, in all probability, be necessary before a satisfactory specification could be decided on.

KNOTS

It is well known that, at knots tied in a rope, the tension strength is reduced by about 50 per cent. It is further generally conceded that in particular no type of "middleman" knot is wholly satisfactory. The rope, too, is a crude and hard material when used in the form of a

loop to support the human body. It is suggested that climbers should be attached to cored eyes in the rope by means of spring attachments or improved snap-rings connected to body belts made of webbing or other suitable material. If that were arranged and knots eliminated, it is anticipated that a lighter weight climbing rope than that normally carried would be found to give adequate strength and greater elasticity.

THEORETICAL STRENGTH OF A CLIMBING ROPE

This is a difficult subject. Ropes are usually assessed for strength in accordance with a gradually applied load within the time limits of $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 minutes, as laid down in British Standard Specification. If a shorter or a longer time is taken in the application of the load, the breaking load as registered may be reduced.

Goodsell, in his article entitled, "On the Requisite Strength of a Rock Climber's Rope," published in 1939 in *The Climbers' Club Journal*, produces a simple formula for ascertaining the tension produced in a rope by a falling weight. The method has some good points but is fundamentally incorrect because it assumes :—

Difficulty (1) That Young's Modulus "E" is constant in a rope with increasing load, although a glance at a load-extension curve for any rope of what-ever material shows this to be far from the truth

Difficulty (2) It may also be wrong in assuming that the rope will break when the tension in it, due to arresting the fall of a weight, equals or approaches the figure given as the rope strength, in accordance with the ordinary loading tests as laid down in British Standard Specification.

Difficulty (1) has, with the assistance of W. H. Ward, been overcome and figures for the actual tension in the rope, due to a falling weight, when fixed at the top have been worked out in special cases, thus :—

Rope fixed at point of attachment.

Falling weight—150 lb.

h equals height of fall.

l equals length of rope to fixed attachment.

T is instantaneous tension in pounds.

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{for standard manila 5 lb. rope} \\ T = 300 + 34 \frac{h}{l} \end{array} \right\}$$

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{for 2.56 lb. nylon rope (see below) } \\ T = 300 + 14.4 \frac{h}{l} \end{array} \right\}$$

where $\frac{h}{l}$ is figured per cent., thus $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{if } h=l, \frac{h}{l}=100 \\ \text{if } h=\frac{l}{2}, \frac{h}{l}=50 \end{array} \right.$

The actual graphs as worked out do not produce rigidly straight lines but these simple formulae give near approximations to the results obtained.

Two points will be noted :

- (a) at high values of $\frac{h}{l}$ the resulting tension is greatly in excess of that given in the Goodsell formula, using for manila rope his value of E as 67,000 lb. per square inch.
- (b) the force generated in a manila rope is about double that in the two nylon ropes mentioned ; this is only to be expected due to the great elastic yield in nylon.

These results are worked from the load extension curves of the ropes and nylons tested.

It will also be apparent that, even for very moderate values of $\frac{h}{l}$, the tension generated will exceed the strength of the rope which may be taken as about 2,500 lb. for the standard 5 lb. manila rope, 1,650 lb. for the 2 lb. nylon, and 2,000 lb. for the 2.56 lb. nylon.

Where a spring is inserted at the point of attachment of the rope, these values for the tension " T " are eased considerably, perhaps by 30 per cent. for the manila rope and by 15 per cent. for the nylon where the spring gives to the extent of about 15 per cent. of the length " l " of the rope. This reduction must be taken as approximate only.

Difficulty (2). Some light has been thrown on this uncertainty in an article published in *The Rucksack Club Journal*, Vol. II, No. 1, of 1911, entitled, " The Limit of Strength of the Climbing Rope," wherein the statement is made that, with high velocity loading, the rope does not develop its full strength, as determined by the ordinary loading tests, and this assertion is accompanied by some not-too-reliable experimental results.

A Zurich report, a copy of which has been received, shows that no comprehensive shock loading tests have been carried out there.

It is now hoped that shock load testing will be carried out through the medium of some of our enthusiastic supporters.

EFFECTS OF THE USE OF THE CLIMBING ROPE IN ARRESTING THE FALL OF A LEADER ON BOTH THE LEADER AND THE SECOND

It is well-known that, if a leader falls and the rope is held too rigidly over a rock projection, or round a driven ice axe, the rope is liable to break. Seven instances of this actually happening can be pointed out in articles and written accounts to which the writer can refer ; also, such actual experience bears out the theory given in the previous paragraphs headed " Theoretical Strength of a Climbing Rope."

With the practice now well-established of the " second " first anchoring himself and then holding the leader's rope over his shoulder, the risk of the rope breaking in the event of a leader's fall is greatly reduced, since the second's body thus becomes a " shock absorber." Several instances can be quoted where this has in fact occurred.

Bird, in his article entitled, " The Strength of Ropes " (*Climber's Club Journal*, Vol. 4, p. 192), makes the point that, unless a leader's fall can be arrested with a force not exceeding 1,000 lb., the leader would be killed or at least severely damaged by the snatch in the rope. He gives no facts on which to base this round figure, and makes no reference to the effect on a holding second of a momentary force of 1,000 lb.

In the several instances that have come to light where in rock climbing a second has held a falling leader, there has not been a single clear case where either the leader or the second were seriously injured by the rope itself. These several instances are not conclusive and it is hoped that much more information will be received on this subject. The information lately received from Zurich is pertinent, it reads :

" As a rule, good ropes stop the falling of a man, but the shock can be so violent that he may be killed or at least very badly injured by it."

NYLON

It appears that ropes made of nylon will be useful to mountaineers in three sizes, which it is proposed to classify as :

Nylon "quarter."
Nylon "medium."
Nylon "full."

Nylon "*quarter*" will be the 1.14 lb. per hundred lineal feet type.

Nylon "*Medium*" will be the 2.56 lb. per hundred lineal feet type ; the 2 lb. type would not be used.

Nylon "*full*" is yet to be tried out. It would be made so as to have a thickness for gripping of not less than that of a "three-quarter" Beale, and not more than that of a full weight Beale. It would probably weigh a little over four pounds per 100 lineal feet.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. British Ropes Ltd., three types of nylon ropes have been tried out over periods of several days in actual rock climbing, viz.:

- (1) Nylon "quarter" for roping down, dia. $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, weight 1.14 lb. per 100 feet, strength as ordinarily tested 900 to 960 lb.
- (2) Nylon "medium," dia. $\frac{4}{18}$ inch, weight 2 lb. per 100 feet, strength 1,650 lb.
- (3) Nylon "medium," dia. $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, weight 2.56 lb. per 100 feet, strength 2,000 lb.

(1) The nylon "quarter" would appear to be thin for the purpose but with its extreme smoothness, roping down by any method was not found to be unduly trying. Its wearing qualities were found not to be good, a matter which it is hoped that the manufacturers can improve. Surface abrasion can be aggravated by the extreme elasticity of nylon, which has an extension of 36 per cent. at fracture on a load-extension curve, i.e., $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the corresponding extension of a manila rope. Consequently, if a line of this type is hung so that it becomes deflected over any edge of rock, it is liable to abrade badly at that edge due to the vertical elastic waves set up in the material as a climber jerks down. The result on test was that the strength at the worst abraded place was reduced from 900 to 600 lb. It is to be realised that, as an emergency spare, a hundred feet of this material weighs only about one pound and can be put in one's pocket.

(2) The 2 lb. "medium" was found to be rather thin, but otherwise delightful to handle. It was found to abrade considerably. The five abraded samples cut from the rope, on being retested, unfortunately broke in the grips of the testing machine, so that exact figures for the loss in strength were not obtained, but based on the figures for breaking in the grips the loss in strength may have amounted to 12 to 15 per cent.

(3) The 2.56 lb. "medium" was also found to be delightful to handle, and, while of the size and weight of Beale's Alpine Line, it had with its extra elasticity the effective strength of a full-weight (i.e. 5 lb.) rope. It appeared to abrade much less than the 2 lb. rope and its wearing qualities seemed to be only slightly inferior to those of manila. This rope was returned to the makers and, when tested at eight places, including those marked as abraded, the worst showed only a 5 per cent. loss of strength. Load-extension test also showed no loss of elasticity after the equivalent of 16 days of hard use.

PRELIMINARY OPINION ON NYLON

In accordance with Bird's article as previously referred to, with loads up to 1,000 lb., good rope would be capable of a resilience of 40 lb. per foot length, the corresponding figure for nylon is 100 lb. per foot.

In accordance with the table given in the article entitled "The Limit of Strength of the Climbing Rope," as also previously referred to, the best Beale 3-strand rope had a resilience per foot length of 490 ft./lb. per fathom weight. The corresponding figure for the nylon "medium" 2.56 lb. is 1,513 ft./lb.

Nylon material also appears to lose little of its elastic properties in use.

Nylon rope appears to be better than hemp rope from all points of view, with possibly three exceptions :

- (a) wearing qualities may not be as good.
- (b) when hanging deflected against an edge and in any way shock-loaded, it may have a greater tendency to abrade, due to the vertical elastic waves set up in the material. This might be serious in the event of a leader falling over an edge when held by a second above such edge.
- (c) being very smooth, it is harder to grip.

These opinions are "preliminary," they are based on very short and limited experiences of the use of nylon. Much more experience with this material will be necessary before trustworthy opinion can be formed.

FURTHER RESEARCHES

Knots and Connections.

It is hoped that arrangements already undertaken for testing some knots and rope connections to snap links, etc. will proceed.

Shock-Testing.

This has proved to be a universal difficulty, and it appears that no trustworthy shock-testing on climbing ropes has been carried out either in this country or in Switzerland. Further enquiries are being made in America and elsewhere.

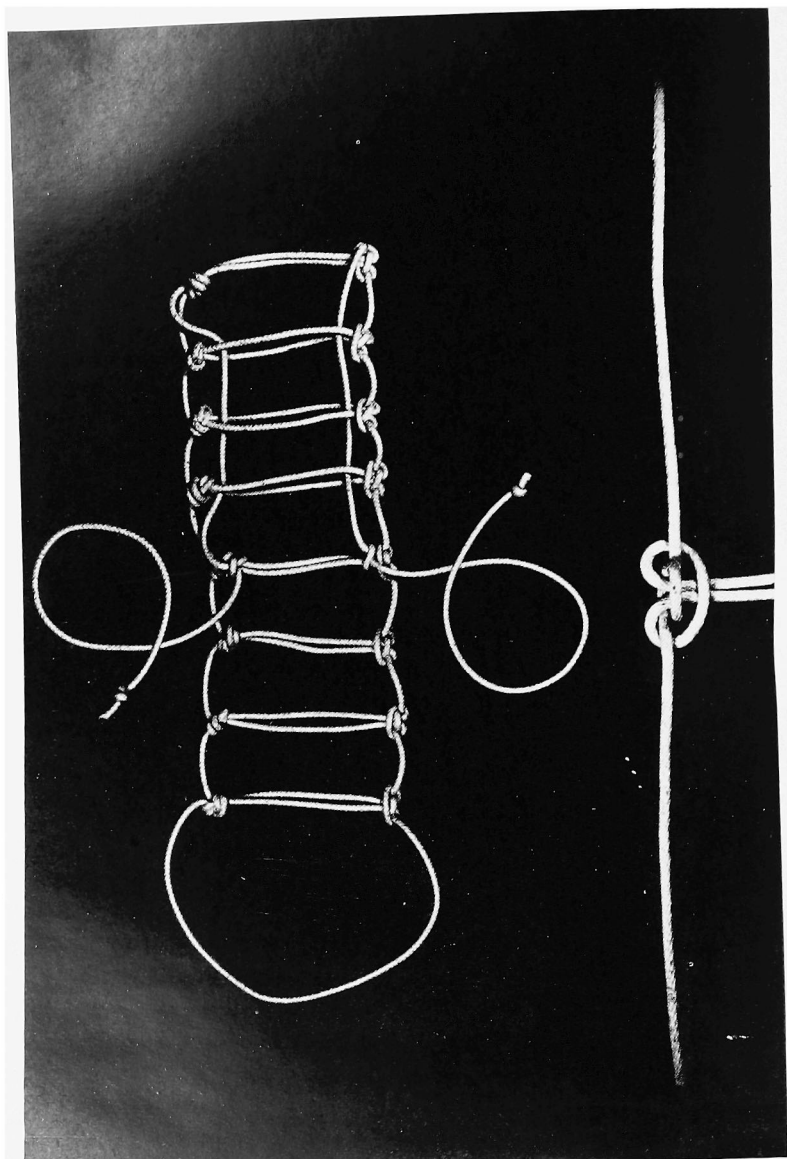
Effect of the Rope when a second holds a falling Leader.

It is hoped that much more information will be received as to the effect on both the leader and the second, caused by the snatch in the rope when a leader's fall is arrested by a holding second.

The results of extended tests on nylon, manila and sisal ropes carried out in America have now become available, and many parties have used nylon medium in this country since the above report was written. The rope is delightful to handle even when soaking wet or half-frozen, and retains its strength with usage better than hemp or sisal and has a higher resistance to wear. The 4 lb. rope can be recommended for general use and parties who normally take the risk of climbing on line will find it more pleasant and safer to climb on nylon medium than on manila line. The introduction of nylon may lead to a general revision of our conceptions of rope technique, because its great elasticity makes the reasons for indirect belaying less overwhelming.

Nylon will probably be very expensive for some time ; perhaps twice the price of the best manila climbing rope.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.



THE ROPE STRETCHER

THE ROPE STRETCHER AGAIN

With further experience a number of defects have been found in the rope stretcher described in the 1944 journal (p. 270). One of the most serious of these is the slipping of the knots holding the transverse ropes along the longitudinal one. An improved knot has been evolved to prevent this and an illustration of the knot and of a stretcher made with them accompanies these notes. At least eighty feet of rope are required to make a stretcher if this knot is employed, and this will not include sufficient for the additional carrying slings shown in the illustration. These additional slings can either be made in the main rope, or by using separate short lengths and will be found to reduce considerably the burden on the men at the sides, since they can be passed over the shoulder and the weight supported from there.

As with all First Aid methods this stretcher is of no use without practice in its manufacture and application before the occasion of need. It is every climbers' duty to know how to use the First Aid Equipment and the broad details of the First Aid organisation in the districts where he climbs, and if he also knows how to make and use this stretcher his capacity to help in emergency will be further increased.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.

IN MEMORIAM

MICHAEL JOHN BULKELEY

Mike came up to Balliol in 1940, with a Blundell's Scholarship, to read medicine. However, he did not seem to be cut out for that career and in 1942, after passing some exams and failing others, was called up. During his two years at Oxford he figured notably in the O.U.M.C. I do not know whether he had done much rock climbing before, but he seemed to know the Lake District and North Wales very well. Although he never had the opportunity to become in any way remarkable as a rock gymnast, he will be remembered by all who knew him for his hardiness and enthusiasm. It was this unquenchable enthusiasm with a long-suffering good nature that made him an ideal climbing companion. I remember how, after walking over the hills from Colwyn Bay to Helyg to join a winter O.U.M.C. Meet, he appeared at breakfast time and, notwithstanding the little sleep he had managed to snatch lying in the open on the way over, insisted on joining the day's expedition. When I saw him for the last time, in 1944, he was a 2nd Lieut. in the Royal Artillery, and talked of going to India and so perhaps seeing the Himalayas at someone else's expense. Aged 23, he was killed in action in April, 1945.

H. J. F. CAIRNS.

W. R. READE

William Russell Reade was born January 6th, 1874, at Blundellsands, where he spent his whole life. His father, Thomas Mellard Reade, was an architect and civil engineer of original mind, who made quite a reputation as a geologist, and W.R. was introduced to the Welsh Mountains in early childhood, when he used to accompany his father on geological expeditions involving long days over the hills. His first great interest was in small boat sailing, which rapidly developed and he became an expert helmsman and racing tactician and an acknowledged authority on tidal currents and weather lore.

He was a member of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club for over 40 years.

W.R. was always very keen on physical exercise and delighted in long walks, the record being one of over 80 miles from Windermere to Blundellsands in 1898, on which he was accompanied by W. P. McCulloch, a young friend who shared his sailing interests and who was also a brilliant rock climber.

It was with McCulloch that on May 7th, 1898, he made the first ascent of Tŵll Du.

We first met at Easter, 1907, when W.R. joined Geoffrey Winthrop Young's party at Pen-y-Pass and our subsequent companionship remained unbroken. This was when W.R. became known to all his mountaineering friends by his initials to distinguish him from that brilliant contemporary rock climber, H. V. Reade, who was usually a member of the party.

During that Easter we climbed with O. Eckerstein, J. M. A. Thomson, A. W. Andrews and J. B. Farmer, mainly on the East Peak of Lliwedd.

For many years he was a constant member of the Easter parties and his adventurous spirit was always on the look out for new routes.

At Easter, 1909, W.R. led what became known as Reade's Crack Central Gulley, thus solving one of the major problems left at the time of production of the guide published by J. M. A. Thomson and A. W. Andrews.

He was very retiring and reserved, but one of the most unselfish of companions, who was respected and liked by all who knew him and was always at his best when helping and inspiring the younger generation to develop originality and initiative. This is so well expressed in Winthrop Young's historical notes in the club guide on the Lliwedd Group, where he writes :

" Yet another very individual pioneer was W. R. Reade. No one in the school of British Climbers has ever remained through a long climbing career so consistent a seeker for and initiator of new climbs. He was solely interested in pioneer work and in his generous encouragement to others I believe him to have had a more genuine effect on the improving standard of British rock climbing than half-a-dozen of the meteoric careers and names which are now sometimes cited in our journals as points of new departures in our climbing history."

W.R.'s work for Helyg is too well known to need reference and he was equally enthusiastic over Ynys Ettws.

We were very close friends and climbing companions for 38 years and only last January, when he was 70 years of age, we went up Snowdon under almost Alpine conditions, he enjoyed the day enormously, but voted for the easiest line of descent as " he wanted to come back again," but it proved to be his last visit.

W.R. will be widely missed by many friends who will always associate him with the Welsh Hills, where his spirit always lived.

GEOFFREY L. BARTRUM.

M. K. SMITH

The death of M. K. Smith, C.B.E., ends a close association especially with the mountains of North Wales. He was an original member of the Climbers' Club and served on the Committee. He was one of the group of mountaineers who used to meet regularly at Pen-y-Grwd in the 80's of last century. On the occasion of the accident to Salt on Lliwedd he showed remarkable energy and made his way alone to the top to get down and try to help. His name appears in the Climbers' Guides as having carried out exploratory climbs on Lliwedd with such companions as Eckenstein, J. M. A. Thomson and others.

His close companion from 1889 to 1911, both in the hills of Wales, Lakes and Scotland was W. E. Corlett with whom he also spent many summers in the Alps, especially in the then less visited districts such as the Maritime Alps, the Levanna, Tarantaise and Dauphine districts. They also did a lot of climbs in the Central Pennine Range, the Bernina, the Ortler and other eastern ranges in Austria.

M. K. Smith was a cautious as well as a strong climber ; he could always be relied on in any difficult place. If in any emergency such as that due to falling stones, or snow tending to avalanche, his flow of language could always be relied on to enliven the situation. He was steady and useful on the rope. Despite an assimilated appearance of severity, he had a kind and generous nature and made a good and reliable companion.

He continued to climb in the Alps and in Great Britain after his marriage and made several expeditions with Mrs. M. K. Smith in the period between the two Great Wars, his wife being a well known member of the Ladies Alpine Club and survives him.

In later years he spent several short holidays on the Cornish Coast and enjoyed the descent of difficult granite cliffs amidst the screeching of gulls and the roar of the Atlantic Ocean.

He served his country well for many years as Secretary of Trinity House.

To us who often met him on hills and mountains, his death is a great personal loss.

S. B. DONKIN.

A. W. ANDREWS.

“ M.K.” must have been the last survivor, with the exception of his friend and leader, W. E. Corlett, of the group of pioneer climbers which C. E. Matthews used to collect each year at Pen y Pass, and out of which subsequently grew the Climbers' Club. His portrait appears in the illustration to the historical article by Matthews in the *Climbers' Club Journal*.

A man of striking appearance, fair-haired and powerful, with penetrating blue eyes, he made a notable figure at all early gatherings, and his musical resonant voice was as audible on the

Snowdon cliffs as at club dinners, as it exploded in slow amusement or pretended indignation. He was at once reserved and friendly ; direct, trenchant in comment, and unchanging in his loyalties through the long years. His response was immediate to all real climbers, real beauty and genuine folk. I owe to his instant cordiality to a young beginner, when we met at P.Y.G. in the early '90's, my first instruction in winter climbing in Wales and my first advices where to go when I started in the Alps. M.K.'s advice was as sound as himself.

He was active in the promotion of the Climbers' Club, and remained all his life interested in its activities, ready with suggestion, or with an effective, silent dissent that cleared the air in discussions. Apart from serving on Committee his insuperable modesty, especially about himself as a speaker, made him refuse consistently presidencies or other office. It was a loss to others, perhaps to himself ; but he could never be brought to believe how high he stood in the affection and the respect of younger climbers. His was a clear and rock-like personality and a deep-lying mountain enthusiasm. He contributed not a little to establishing the high traditions of English climbing in the years of its beginnings.

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

H. R. STIRLING

Major Hugh Richard Stirling, R.A., was killed by a V-1 bomb in Southern England on the 29th August, 1944. As he was not actually in action at the moment he is correctly described as having "died on active service."

His age was 28. He went to Rugby (Whitelaw's House) in 1929. After leaving Rugby he was articled to his father, with a view to becoming a solicitor, but had not served the term of his articles when war broke out. Holding the rank of Lieutenant in the Territorial Army he was on active service at the outbreak of the war and rose to the rank of acting Lieutenant-Colonel with the substantive rank of Major.

After leaving Rugby in 1934 he devoted much of his spare time to working at the Rugby School Boys' Club in Notting Hill.

He left a widow and two children.

A fine character and endowed with exceptional charm, he will continue to live in the memory of a wide circle of friends.

H. M. MAHON.

E. H. L. WIGRAM

On December 1st, 1945, Edmund Wigram was climbing on the Idwal Slabs with his wife when he slipped and fell a considerable distance, sustaining severe head injuries from which he died next day in Bangor Hospital.

Edmund began his mountaineering career while still at school. The Wigrams have always been devoted to the mountains and their family forgatherings were as large as the meet of a small club. In 1929 he left Marlborough and came up to Trinity already an accomplished climber and with a great deal of Alpine experience behind him. It went without saying that he joined the C.U.M.C. at once, and as an undergraduate he was also a rowing enthusiast, becoming a stalwart of the First Trinity Boat Club. He chose to study medicine.

In his second year he was elected Treasurer of the C.U.M.C. and the following year he became President. Up to that time the Club had by tradition held an Easter meet in Wales or the Lake District, and a Summer meet in the Alps. But now new ground was broken. The Easter meet was held in Glencoe and the Summer meet at Turtagrö in Norway, two of the happiest and most successful parties ever organised by the C.U.M.C.

After leaving Cambridge he continued with medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, when he still found time for the Alps in summer and for short visits to Wales, where Helyg was always one of his favourite resorts. In 1935 he was invited to join the expedition to Everest and he went again the following year. In 1938 he married and settled at Oxford where he was appointed to a post at the Radcliffe Infirmary. Then the war came ; he was commissioned in the R.A.M.C., but much of his service was in the training of troops for mountain warfare.

It is difficult for one with no experience of real mountaineering to assess his ability as a climber. He was always a leader and nothing so much impressed those who followed him as his competence and reliability ; there was nothing flashy about his performance and one felt always that he had in hand great reserves which he never had occasion to call forth. The memories he leaves behind among his friends will in the first place be of his own character and good fellowship. No party which included him could ever be dull. It often happened that on such parties

were those who followed the scholastic profession and who of necessity erected about themselves a facade of respectability during term time. This was a matter of great concern to Edmund, who feared that unless steps were taken this might become a permanent barrier between them and the freer outlook which he and others enjoyed. It was entertaining to see him at work, and when eventually success crowned his efforts—as it invariably did—no one seemed to be more gratified than the object of his attention.

That he should have fallen on what was, to him, easy ground, and that just after the end of the war, makes his death the more tragic. Our sympathy must extend to Mrs. Wigram in her terrible experience and to her and to the children in their cruel loss.

J. A. RAMSAY.

(This note was written for Cambridge Mountaineering and is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor.)

MAJOR E. A. M. WEDDERBURN

On Christmas Eve, 1944, after seven months in the line in Italy, Sandy Wedderburn, as second in command of the Lovat Scouts, was reconnoitring billets for his regiment in a rest area at Aquila degli Abruzzi. He was in the highest spirits at the prospect of a period of skiing on the Gran Sasso, when he fell from the top of a great marble staircase at the hotel and was killed instantly.

The climbing world has thus lost, at the age of 32, a most accomplished and enterprising all-round mountaineer, teacher and encourager of innumerable youthful climbers, and his friends have been deprived of the most delightful climbing companion it is possible to imagine, and a character whose persistence and determination in the face of ill-health were an example to all.

It is difficult to speak in a few words of Sandy's climbing career. He had done so much, and not even his intimate friends knew all that he had done, for he was not given to publicity. But there can be little doubt that, but for his chronic ill-health, he would have been one of the leading climbers of his generation. As it was, he led in initiative and enterprise, and his body could hardly keep pace with his ideas.

Always abreast of the latest developments in Continental mountaineering, he had been joint editor of the *British Mountaineering Journal*, and had himself written an excellent little text book entitled *Alpine Mountaineering*. His knowledge of the history and literature of mountaineering was enormous.

As a rock climber he was a living example of the fact that strength counts for but little, as compared with balance. He excelled on pitches which needed to be thought out, and so it mattered little to him whether he was leading a new ascent or not. His form, however, was temperamental, and he could and did fall off on the easiest places as well as the most difficult. But nothing could intimidate him, and one always had the impression that if hard pressed he was capable of pulling out a superlative effort. His snow and icecraft and knowledge of snow conditions in summer and winter was outstanding for an amateur, as indeed befitted one who had qualified and received the diploma for a Swiss guide. The speed and excellence of his step-cutting, with either hand, up or down hill, was particularly remarkable, and one was tempted to wonder at the legend of him as a youth of sixteen spending a whole day step cutting in a couloir on the Aiguille Verte ; for what manner of a couloir could it have been to occupy such an iceman all day ?

He was always a great champion of ski mountaineering, and as president of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club (which enjoyed a year of unparalleled success under his leadership) he organised the first ski mountaineering meet in its history. His own expeditions included an ascent of Monte Rosa in June, and a high level route from Chamonix to Zermatt, as well as many tours in the Bernese Oberland and elsewhere. As a summer mountaineer in the Alps, Norway, and other countries he had carried out many notable ascents, and had even intended to attempt the north face of the Matterhorn, but was unable at the time to find any guide willing to accompany him.

It was to be expected that such a man would be selected in the war as an instructor in mountaineering, and in Iceland and Scotland he did his share in instructing ; but he was always hankering after active service, and after commanding a special Commando, which was, however, disbanded before carrying out the operation for which it was formed, he eventually became

second-in-command of the Lovat Scouts at the end of 1943, to his great delight. Considering that he had suffered at various times (including during the war) from asthma, bronchitis, gastric ulcers and a weak heart, the fact that he commanded a parachuting Commando and was later second-in-command of a special mountaineering unit, must be regarded as no mean triumph of skilful management, no less than of mind over body.

But it is as a companion in the hills that one likes best to remember him. Amusing, interesting, patient, unselfish, uncomplaining, always ready to encourage others, always willing to fit in with anyone else's ideas. No word of complaint from him when you knocked stones down on to him, if he thought that would put you off—even when, as on one occasion, his arm was broken, a fact which he only disclosed long afterwards. Unobtrusively and without making anyone feel uncomfortable he always managed to carry the heaviest rucksack, and to do most of the work about the hut. At the end of a long day it was always he who remained behind to accompany and encourage any lagging member of the party. His songs and stories and his mouth organ enlivened the night for a benighted party. He was always the first to encourage a beginner to lead, when he thought it safe to do so, and his anxiety when the leader got into difficulties was so well concealed until afterwards, that the leader always had the feeling of his moral support to cheer him on.

He can never be replaced by those who knew him, but it is equally certain that he will never be forgotten by his friends, and that they will carry his memory into the hills with them wherever they go.

A. M. GREENWOOD.

It is with regret that we also have to record the death of Trevor Crains, W. M. Crook, R. A. J. Warren Codrington, Arthur Hackett and T. E. Lowe.

ROLL OF HONOUR

1939-1945

J. D. Allen
P. G. H. Amory
H. J. R. Barker
N. J. M. Barry
Denzil Biggane
R. J. Borchardt
C. J. C. Bowen
M. J. Bulkeley
R. D. Crofton
W. E. Evans.
R. A. Fanshawe
O. Goodman
A. D. Hardie
W. F. Haselfoot
J. C. W. Hawkins
C. F. Kirkus
R. P. Lawrence
D. N. Lee
A. T. Leggate
J. N. Mahler
H. R. Stirling
J. N. Wallworth
R. A. J. Warren-Codrington
R. A. C. Webster
E. A. M. Wedderburn
A. F. Wigram
R. T. Williams

LIST OF MEMBERS WHO SERVED IN H.M. FORCES

1939-1945

E. C. Allberry	Major	R.E.M.E.
A. P. G. Baker	Lieut.	R.A.
H. G. Balfour	Major	R.A.
G. A. Ballance	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
J. M. Baron	Sub.-Lieut. (A)	R.N.V.R.
C. L. Bartrum	Lieut.	R.M.
D. Bartrum	Lieut.	Army
R. W. Beard	Army
E. B. Beauman	Wing-Cdr.	R.A.F.
L. W. Bennett	Army
M. C. Bentall	Capt.	Army
N. Bicknell	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
V. G. Biller	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
J. S. M. Bingham	Capt.	Army
E. N. Bowman	Capt.	R.A.
L. Brett	Capt.	Army
P. A. L. Brown
G. J. Bryan	Lieut.	R.E.
A. Bumstead	F.-O.	R.A.F.
J. H. Buzzard	Wing-Cdr.	R.A.F.
R. D. C. Carpendale	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
H. R. C. Carr	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
J. D. Chomley	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
J. R. Clarkson	Lieut.-Col.	R.I.A.S.C.
W. J. O. Coleman	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
R. J. Collinson	Capt.	Army
B. W. Cornwell	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
J. W. Cortlandt-Simpson	Lieut-Cdr.	R.N.

A. D. M. Cox	Major	Army
C. N. Craig	Capt.	R.E.
E. R. Culverwell	Lieut.-Col.	R.A.
A. M. D'Aeth	Capt.	Army
G. L. Densham	Lieut.-Cdr.	R.N.
J. Densham
J. H. Dixon	Major	R.A.
P. J. Drinkwater	F.-O.	R.A.F.
J. V. Durden
A. R. Edge	Wing-Cdr.	R.A.F.
R. C. Evans
B. G. Evers	Capt.	R.A.
P. S. Fallows	Army
W. J. Fallows	Army
J. R. Fearon	Capt.	R.M.
F. A. Fielden	Lieut.	R.E.
J. R. G. Finch	Lieut.-Col.	R.E.
R. G. Folkard	Lieut.	Army
D. J. V. Forster	Capt.	Army
R. C. H. Fox	Capt.	Army
C. H. French	Capt.	Army
A. A. Garson	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
J. Gask	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
J. M. L. Gavin	Lieut.-Col.	R.E.
J. S. T. Gibson	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
A. M. Gilmour	Major	Army
H. K. Goodger
F. Graham	Major	Army
J. A. B. Gray	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
A. M. Greenwood	Major	Army
J. W. Hackett	A.-L.A.	R.N.V.R.
R. K. Hamblin	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
R. M. Hamer
E. A. H. Hamson	Capt.	Army
C. B. C. Handley	Major	Army
E. W. Hardy	Cdr.	R.N.
R. S. Hargreaves	R.N.V.R.
J. M. Hartog	Major	R.C.S.
H. T. D. L. Hessling	Major	Army
R. C. Hind	Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R.
G. K. Hodgkin	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
A. C. B. Holliday	N.-A.II	R.N.V.R.
C. R. Hughes	Capt.	Army
H. C. J. Hunt	Brigadier	Army
J. A. Ingham	Wing-Cdr.	R.A.F.
J. H. E. Jones	Major	R.E.
W. N. Jones	Lieut. (A)	R.N.V.R.

J. B. Joyce	..	Lieut.-Col.	R.A.M.C.
A. M. Keith	Army
B. H. Kembball-Cook	..	Capt.	Army
G. H. Kirkus					
R. A. Klapka	..	F.-O.	R.A.F.
A. Lammer	..	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
J. C. Lloyd	..	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
T. G. Longstaff	..	Capt.	Army
R. M. Longstaff	..	Lieut.	Army
C. G. Lowen					
H. J. Lucie-Smith	..	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
B. McKenna	..	Cpl.	Army.
P. M. Mahon	..	Capt.	Army
A. D. Malcolm	..	Capt.	Army
R. G. Mann	R.A.M.C.
A. E. Marples	..	Capt.	Army
W. K. Marples	..	Lieut.	R.E.
E. H. Marriott	..	Major	R.A.
C. J. Martin	..	Surg.-Lt.-Cdr.	R.N.V.R.
S. D. Mitchell	..	Lieut.	R.A.
R. C. G. Moggridge					
P. R. Mosedale	..	Lieut.	Army
E. R. Moulton-Barrett	..	Capt.	R.A.
R. M. Mumford	R.A.F.
W. E. Nelson	..	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
P. W. W. Nock	..	F.-Lieut.	R.A.F.
C. W. F. Noyce	..	Capt.	Army
J. R. Noyce	..	Capt.	Army
N. E. Odell	..	Major	Army
T. A. H. Peacocke	..	Major	Army
N. P. Piercy	R.N.V.R.
G. A. Pixton	..	Cpl.	R.A.F.
O. Polunin	..	Lieut.	Army
A. Potter	..	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
L. S. Powell	..	Capt.	Army
O. F. Price	..	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
W. W. Price-Rees	..	Capt.	Army
D. G. Proctor	..	F.-O.	R.A.F.
J. G. R. Rawlinson	..	Major	Army
J. K. Reid	..	Lieut.-Col.	Army
E. Rice-Jones	Army
A. J. Rickards	Army
A. E. Rideout	..	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
C. G. Rob	R.A.M.C.
J. V. Rob	Army
R. Rowlandson	..	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
R. Scott Russell	Army

D. Ruttledge	Lieut.	Army
J. C. Ryle	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
L. Sancha	F.-O.	R.A.F.
D. G. Sheffield	Major	R.A.M.C.
T. H. Shire	Surg.-Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
D. H. Simpson	F.-O.	R.C.A.F.
A. W. Slater	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.
C. E. L. Slater	Lieut.-Cdr.	R.N.
R. B. Smith	Lieut.	Army
A. J. M. Smyth	Wing-Cdr.	R.A.F.
R. W. Stallybrass	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
W. W. Stallybrass	Capt.	Army
G. Swift	Capt.	R.A.M.C.
B. H. F. Templer							
J. H. Terry	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
J. C. G. Tilby	Major	Army
H. W. Tilman	Major	Army
H. D. Tollinton	Major	R.A.
E. M. Viney	Major	Army
A. M. Wadsworth	Major	R.A.M.C.
S. R. C. Walmsley	Capt.	Army
E. W. K. Walton	Lieut.	R.N.
A. L. Warr	Capt.	Army
D. J. Watson	Lieut.	Army
H. P. Watts	Capt.	R.A.M.C.
R. H. Wheelock	Lieut.	R.A.
E. H. L. Wigram	Capt.	R.A.M.C.
A. D. Williamson	Capt.	Army
J. F. Winser	Capt.	R.E.
J. Winthrop Young	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.
L. A. C. Wood	Capt.	R.A.M.C.
R. S. S. Wood	Capt.	Army
P. O. Work	O.-Sigmn.	R.C.S.
A. J. Young	S.-Ldr.	R.A.F.

This list has been prepared in response to a general request and the Secretary has done his best to make it as complete as possible, but naturally, there are certain to be quite a number of omissions, and undoubtedly a number of ranks and regiments will be incorrect.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

SHEAF CLIMB.

Between the Narrow Slab and Longland's is an area where the overlapping sheaf structure of the West Buttress is perhaps most marked. The most conspicuous slab is a rather light-coloured one with a long crack in its upper part, known in the past variously as the Concrete Slab, or the Hourglass Slab ; in future it will be known neither by its texture nor its shape, but by its colour—the White Slab. The difficult pitch of Narrow Slab crosses it low down. Starting from the stance at the end of this pitch the Sheaf climb avoids the first 120 feet of this Slab by easier rocks on its right, goes on to it for a few feet half-way up, and is then forced out right again, successively up two grooves and over their retaining walls to join Narrow Slab a fair way up its scrambling section.

This makes a fairly straight line up the cliff, in line with pitch (3) of Bow Shaped Slab. The fact that in its upper part it runs slightly across the grain of the slabs complicates route finding, and at one point necessitates a very bold move over an overhang. Otherwise the climb is not at all extreme and is well protected.

First Ascent October 17th, 1945.

Party : J. Campbell, A. D. M. Cox.

Standard : VI.

Start : As for Bow Shaped Slab.

(1), (2), and (3) 140 feet. As for Bow Shaped Slab.

(4) 125 feet. From the stance beside the White Slab, down 10 feet and round a corner to the right (as for Bow Shaped Slab). Then straight up on the rocks to the right of the White Slab without serious difficulty. Good stances and belays at about 40

and 80 feet. Above the second stance go up a steep little slab over an edge on the left, and up a short chimney to a stance in a nook on a chockstone.

(5) 35 feet. Move left and slightly down into the crack on the White Slab. Up the crack until it becomes hard, then leave it for a grassy perch on the right (line belay).

(6) 30 feet. Up the corner behind the perch and into the foot of a very unpromising groove with an overhanging right wall. (This would lead into the crevasse below the last pitch of Longland's) Running belay (20 feet). A crucial move then has to be made out over the overhang. Stance immediately.

(7) 30 feet. A new slab and groove lie ahead. The corner is climbed as a layback to a fine little ledge and block belay.

(8) 170 feet. The groove above appears difficult ; so from the ledge make an enormous stride and swing round the blind corner on the right. This lands one on yet another slab, which turns out to be the easy upper reach of Narrow Slab, perhaps 180 feet above its last difficult pitch. By keeping to the edge of the slab the grass rake need not be used for about another 70 feet.

TERRACE CRACK.

About 60 feet to the right of the Pedestal Crack is an unclimbed vertical corner, the main feature of this end of the East Buttress. The same distance right of this again, where the cliff is now quite low, is another less prominent break, which shows two thin cracks a few feet apart. Terrace Crack is the left-hand one of these.

The route is comparatively slight, with the interest concentrated in the second pitch. This has the openness of a face climb, unusual on this Buttress.

Standard : VA.

Start : The easy approach to the Eastern Terrace crosses a gully, directly below the cave on the Terrace. About 25 feet to the left of the gully is the start of the climb. Probably any one of the three cracks may be taken without great difficulty as a first pitch. The left hand one is the line of Terrace Crack proper, but the right hand one appears the easiest.

(1) 35 feet. On to a grass ledge in the right hand corner, then up the corner for 15 feet and across grass ledges to a line belay at the foot of the main crack on the left.

(2) 60 feet. Up the crack. The holds get smaller towards the top, but are always adequate. Easy ground at 45 feet ; thread belay in the little chimney ahead.

(3) 20 feet. Up the chimney, emerging on to the Terrace.

This may be the route referred to on page 15 of the guidebook as "Another Climb," which Colin Kirkus led in 1931. A rope sling of antiquity was found at the top of pitch (2). On this occasion it was led by David Cox.

Further climbing of the other routes on this cliff by many parties since the publication of the guidebook has made it necessary to adjust the standards a little and also to correct some inaccuracies. After discussion with several people who have led the climbs in question the following re-classifications are suggested —

Sunset Crack VB.

Chimney Route VA.

The "rickety innards" are not really very rickety and the overhang is not as difficult as the one on Longland's. The hardest move is in the second pitch but it is no more than a bit of gymnastics in the Holly Tree Wall fashion on perfect rock.

Direct Finish to East Buttress. The standard of this comes down to IIIB if the approach to it is made along the upper of the two ledges at its foot.

Birthday Crack VA.

Bow Shaped Slab .. VI.

Great Slab VA.

This is probably the easiest as well as the most delightful of the West Buttress climbs now that it is fairly clear of loose rock and vegetation.

The corrected pitch lengths of the Chimney Route are as follows : (1) 45 feet, (2) 50 feet, (3) 45 feet, (4) this remains 80 feet, but the last thirty are walking to the belay at the foot of the continuation chimney.

The description of the third pitch of the Narrow Slab may cause misunderstanding. This would more accurately read as follows :

"At a point two or three feet above the ledge the rib is seen to be broken.

(3) Step up steeply and awkwardly, then traverse to the rib edge by the breaking ledges and then step round on to its far side, a slab surface."

CLOGWYN Y GEIFR

ADVOCATE'S WALL.

First Ascent September 9th, 1945.

Party : C. Preston, R. Morsley, D. McKellar (all of the J.M.C.S.).
Standard : VB.

Start : The climb begins 30 feet to the right and below the first "gigantic" chockstone in the kitchen.

(1) 60 feet. Start in the corner under the large overhangs, then veer right to the ledge which can be seen there. Thread belay on the left.

(2) 70 feet. Up a crack for 10 feet, then traverse delicately on the bulge for 15 feet. This is the crux of the climb ; a running belay is available for the leader as he attempts the traverse. Continue straight up the fault for another 40 feet or so to a belay.

(3) 70 feet. An obvious chimney leads to grass with a belay on the right. A grassy gully or easy rocks then leads to the summit exit.

The first ascent was done in stockings on greasy rock. The texture is perhaps sounder than usual on this cliff.

CRAG BY LLECH DU

COVENT GARDEN.

This lies on the crag just to the right of Llech Du in Cwm Llafar. A small left-hand crag is separated from the main crag by a well defined gully. The lower slabs of the main crag have not yet been climbed, the present route traversing right from the gully on to the backbone of the ridge above them. This ridge is then followed to the top. There is much grass at present and the climb is reminiscent of the Amphitheatre Buttress.

First Ascent Christmas 1944.

Party : E. C. Pyatt, K. C. King.

Standard : IIB.

Start : In the gully, 40 feet below a rectangular green chockstone.

(1) 35 feet. Up turfey ledges on the right wall to a recess with a tombstone belay.

(2) 30 feet. Up 10 feet to a grassy rake. Traverse left up this to the foot of a groove on the right

(3) 35 feet. Up groove.

(4) 15 feet. Walk on to the edge of the ridge to a grass platform. Belay round the corner.

(5) 45 feet. Climb the rib above the belay. At 35 feet step left across a scoop to a grass ledge.

(6) 35 feet. Continue the traverse to a recess, then up this to some large fallen blocks.

(7) 40 feet. Up the short crack between a detached block and the wall. From the block step on to a slab round the corner. Traverse across this to a thread belay.

(8) 100 feet. Scrambling and walking.

(9) 40 feet. Climb the splintered blocks thirty feet to the left of an overhanging nose. Cross ledges to spike belay.

(10) 35 feet. Easy climbing up the edge on the right.

(11) 40 feet. Up the chimney to the right of an overhanging nose to finish on the neck joining the cliff to the mountainside. Cairn.

CRAIG YR YSFA

SKYLINE CHIMNEY

First Ascent August 20th, 1944.

Party : J. M. Béchervaise and C. H. S. R. Palmer leading through.

Standard : IIIB. Boots.

Start : About 150 feet below the top of " D " gully immediately above the one and only pitch in that gully. The wall above the gully is split by three parallel grassy grooves about 15 feet apart. The climb takes the middle groove immediately below the most prominent rib on the face.

(1) 60 feet. Up the groove, tending right to the foot of the rib. The holds have to be unearthed. Leave the rib on the left and move easily under the overhanging wall to small belay.

(2) 40 feet. Move right and up a wide open chimney for 25 feet ; then over a block to the right to a grassy corner.

(3) Up the wall above, 15 feet, to the foot of a chimney. Up this, very narrow at first, or on the right edge, to the top of the wall.

CLEAN RIB

First Ascent August 26th, 1944.

Party : J. M. Béchervaise.

Standard : IIB. Boots.

Start : This is the rib which continues, with an awkward start, directly from the top of the right hand groove.

(1) 60 feet. Up the left hand of the three grooves. Plenty of digging is required. 15 feet above where the angle eases there is a small belay.

(2) 40 feet. Move to the right to the foot of the rib. Then up to the right to the crest. The first few moves are delicate. Exhilarating climbing on good holds follows to a belay and stance.

(3) 40 feet. Continue straight ahead to the top of the rib.

UNTIDY BUTTRESS

First Ascent August 20th, 1944.

Party : C. H. S. R. Palmer and J. M. Béchervaise leading through.

Standard : IIIA. Boots.

Start : The buttress immediately to the left of the upper part of Amphitheatre Buttress is Untidy Buttress. It looks as if it had been hit by something hard and displays enormous stress cracks in the middle. It begins in the bed of Avalanche Gully about 150 feet below the knife edge of Amphitheatre Buttress. The first 50 feet looked difficult so the party reached the crest by a rake on the right.

(1) 40 feet. Up the rake on the right hand wall to the crest of the buttress.

(2) 45 feet. Up easy rocks to a large flat-topped block. From the top of the block step across the gap to the wall which is climbed on small holds to the next terrace.

(3) 35 feet. Scramble over flakes and big blocks on the left to a sentry box. The through route is too small so pull over the outside of the block and climb right to a platform.

(4) 40 feet. A few feet of scrambling then 30 feet over chaotic broken rocks to the foot of the second pitch of Beaumont's Chimney and up that or—

(4a) 40 feet. Up to the left along the gangway, past a small pinnacle, round the corner to the foot of a greasy slab split by a tiny crack.

(5) 15 feet. Up the slab. Then there is pleasant scrambling to the top of the cliff.

CRAIG RHAIADR

HEATHER CLIMB.

First Ascent July 12th, 1945.

Party : J. Campbell, C. Preston (leading through).

Standard : V. (in boots).

The total length is about 385 feet and 100 feet of rope is required.

(1) 40 feet. Start in the gully and easily up it.

(2) 60 feet. Continue up the fault until it is necessary to take to the left hand wall to avoid a small overhang. Then back on to the green patch above the fault.

(3) 60 feet. Up the right hand wall of the gully over broken rock and grass.

(4) 40 feet. To the left to a prominent white rock.

(5) 35 feet. To terrace behind the white nose.

(6) and (7) 150 feet. Go up the broken wall, starting to the right of the prominent cleft.

CWM IDWAL : EAST WALL

SUICIDE WALL. ROUTE I.

First Ascent October 7th, 1945.

Party : C. Preston, R. Morsley, J. Haines.

Standard : VB. (because of its brevity ; the technical standard is very high).

Start : The long ledge of the East Traverse (Cwm Idwal, page 39) is a conspicuous feature of the upper part of the East Wall ; about half-height to the descending slabby continuation of this ledge to the right,

is a small grass ledge, consisting really of just two large tufts. This is the key to this section of the wall. The route starts below it and a little to the left about a hundred feet below the bottom of East Traverse, goes up to the ledge, then slightly right to the conspicuous line of overhang, then back left up easy slabs to the top.

(1) 35 feet. To the ledge. There is no belay here. The first party improvised a "psychological" one with pitons.

(2) 55 feet. From the right-hand end of the ledge go up with difficulty, then bear right to the slab which is bounded on its far side by the diagonal overhang, and then left more easily up the slab.

This climb compares in difficulty with the hardest gritstone and sandstone climbs and, like those, prior reconnaissance on a rope is recommended. It is usually wet and was first led in socks.

GALLT YR OGOF

Three climbs have been done on Dolphin Buttress. This buttress bounds Nant y Gors on the right-hand side looking from Capel Curig and lies to the south-east of the upper cliff before one reaches Skyline Buttress. Its name is derived from its appearance from the road whence its shape is reminiscent of its graceful marine namesake. It is also conspicuous by the numerous square cut overhangs which from close quarters make the possibility of continuous climbing appear remote.

CRACK AND WALL.

From Helyg the crack is clearly visible about half-way up the buttress. It leads to a broken terrace backed by steep walls.

First Ascent August 24th, 1944.

Party: C. H. S. R. Palmer and J. M. Béchervaise leading through.
Standard: IVA.

Start: At the bottom of the crack by a splintered rowan tree.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the crack direct.

(2) 12 feet. Descend to the left along a sloping crack.

(3) 25 feet. Straight up the line of weakness to a poor stance with a thread belay.

(4) 50 feet. The Crux. Continuing the weakness curious overhanging organ pipes are climbed and then easy scrambling leads to a ledge.

(5) 40 feet. Moderate climbing leads to an easy walk off to the right.

AIRY CORNER.

First Ascent August 28th, 1944.

Party: C. H. S. R. Palmer, J. M. Béchervaise.

Standard: IVA. Boots. IIIB. Rubbers.

Start: 75 feet to the right of the Crack and Wall and 30 feet higher up. At the foot of two parallel earthy cracks.



- (1) 20 feet. Up either crack.
- (2) 15 feet. An easy chimney to the right.
- (3) 20 feet. Traverse on to heather ledge.
- (4) 30 feet. An awkward slab corner.
- (5) 50 feet. Moderate climbing leads to the top.

THE OVERHANGS.

First Ascent August 30th, 1944.

Party : J. M. Béchervaise, C. H. S. R. Palmer.

Standard : V.

Start : This climb follows roughly below the three square overhangs which appear in vertical line. Start to the left beneath an overhanging rock by a smooth slab at a steep angle.

- (1) 30 feet. Up the right hand crack.
- (2) 20 feet. Traverse to the left beneath the overhang to a position below awkward rocks. Stance and belay high up.
- (3) 40 feet. Two parallel cracks are used first the right-hand one then the left to a small belay at the back of a heather terrace.
- (4) 50 feet. Two sloping ledges lead to the right, then over heather to a large flake belay under the third overhang.
- (5) 30 feet. Hand traverse for 10 feet round a corner then over 20 feet of easier rock to a belay and stance.
- (6) 50 feet. Follow the line of the rib to another belay and stance.
- (7) 50 feet. Easy rock leads to the summit of the buttress.

THE CHANT.

This is a girdle traverse of the whole of the lower cliff, the route is shown on the photograph, and succeeds in incorporating the nice pitch of Chalkren Stairs.

First Ascent August 6th, 1945.

Party : J. E. Q. Barford, H. K. Gregory, F. A. Pullinger.

Standard : IVB.

In doing this climb the opportunity of revisiting the final pitches of Chalkren Stairs was taken, and in consequence the statement in last year's journal that Pitch (6) as described there was then new needs correcting. This finish was first done before the war.

GLYDER FACH

A large number of new short routes have been made on the east side of Glyder Fach by C. H. S. R. Palmer and J. M. Béchervaise. These routes will not be described in detail here ; they are recorded in the Helyg log book as follows :

The Chant Route,
Gallt-yr-Ogg
J. E. Q. Barford.

Approach Gully, IA or less.
 Approach Buttress, IIA.
 Skylight Route, IB.
 Grooved Buttress, IIIB.
 Scramble Gully No. 1, IA or less.
 Giant Steps Buttress, IVA.
 The Stovepipe, IIB.
 Dissected Buttress, VA.
 Big Boulder Gully, IIB.
 The Chateau, IVB.
 Scramble Gully No. 2, IA or less.
 Two Tower Buttress, IIIB.
 Central Gully, IB.
 Great Tower Buttress, IVA.
 Brown Gully (not climbed).
 Skyline Route.
 Curving Gully (not climbed).
 South-east Buttress (not climbed).

LLIWEDD

PERDITION.

First Ascent August 4th, 1945.

Party : H. K. Gregory, F. A. Pullinger, J. E. Q. Barford.

Standard : VA.

This starts from the right-hand end of Heather Shelf and goes up a steep chimney immediately to the right of Purgatory, until it is possible at 90 feet to traverse back left to the first Paradise Purgatory stance. It is a typical Lliwedd chimney, hard of its kind, and rather loose and wet.

POTENTILLA RIB.

First Ascent October 7th, 1945.

Party : R. A. Hull, C. B. Machin.

Standard : IV.

This rib lies between the second pitch of Yellow Slab and the Horned Crag route.

Starting at the top of the first pitch of Yellow Slab go up steeply, bearing slightly left past two grass patches and up a groove just left of two overhangs, lying one above the other, high up on the rib.

PAVEY ARK

RAKE END WALL.

This is the wall to the right of Rake End Chimney.

First Ascent August 9th, 1945.

Party : H. A. Carsten, E. H. Phillips.

Standard : V. Rubbers. The difficulty is well maintained but nowhere excessive. It is harder than Stoa's Crack.

Start : At the far side of the broad rib bounding Rake End Chimney on the right and 15 feet from the chimney.

(1) 80 feet. Ascend the right edge of the rib for 15 feet. Traverse to the centre and continue up an ill-defined crack. Where the rib steepens, go round the corner on the right and follow a diagonal crack to a huge block beneath an overhanging corner. Stance on the right. Thread belay.

(2) 20 feet. The overhanging corner is climbed by layback to a bilberry ledge. Thread belay 5 feet along the ledge.

(3) 55 feet. From the lower end of the ledge step left on to a slab. Go straight up this, to the right of a slight overhang, until it is possible to step on to the arete on the left. This leads to the large grass terrace at the top of the first section of Rake End Chimney. Stance, etc.

Walk 30 feet to the foot of the wall on the right of the upper section of the chimney.

(4) 40 feet. Climb the left edge of the wall until it steepens, then break away to the right and up to a grass ledge. A thread belay may be arranged by inserting a small chockstone into a crack.

(5) 20 feet. Back to the edge on the left and up to the top.

STOAT'S CRACK : Variation to Pitch (7).

This goes up the wall above the grass shelf at the top of the open groove, instead of avoiding it by the bilberry groove on the left.

First Ascent August 8th, 1945.

Party : H. A. Carsten, G. G. Macphee.

Standard : V. Harder than any of the rest of the climb.

(7a) 30 feet. A conspicuous hold beneath a slight overhang can be seen half-way up the wall. Starting slightly on the left, climb diagonally towards this and continue in the same line to the top.

The leader of this variation considers that Stoa's Crack is considerably over classified.

TRYFAN

STOATS' GROOVE.

This climb lies up the slabby right-hand side of the South Gully and takes a fairly direct line to the summit of the mountain.

First Ascent September 28th, 1945.

Party : D. A. Hanson, W. Lathbury, H. Mykura, J. Butler.

Standard : IIIB.

Start : On the right-hand side of the rib in South Gully and about 80 feet above the rib's nose. Here there are a series of grooves ; the right-hand one is taken.

(1) 40 feet. Up the groove to the grassy terrace which runs leftwards from the top of the rib in South Gully. There are two belays at the back of the terrace.

(2) 40 feet. Up the slab ahead to a line belay on the left. Delicate.

(3) 30 feet. Up the groove just right of the belay until it steepens. Large flake belay.

(4) 50 feet. Continue up groove until it ends, then left and up on to the terrace below the Final Wall of Pinnacle Rib.

(5) 50 feet. Up the initial overhang of the Final Wall on good holds to a shaky belay on the ledge which leads to the left.

(6) 40 feet. Up steeply to the right to a large flake, then back to the left and straight up the groove.

The last two pitches correspond to the Final Wall described in the Tryfan guidebook, and are the hardest part of the climb.

STANDARDS

All standards given above are provisional. Views of leaders repeating the climbs are requested. The pitch lengths given are in many cases based on memories rather than measurements and are not uniformly accurate.

GENERAL

The year has been an active one, being remarkable for a long spell of fine weather in the summer and the presence in North Wales of a group of fine rock-climbers for an extended period. These were the men of the Mountain Training Cadre, known latterly as the Mountain Training Wing, which was established by the War Office at Llanberis. When complete, which was not till the end of June, the unit consisted of about ten instructors who ran small courses for soldiers and who also helped with the Cadet Course in August.

When not on duty, most members of this cadre did a good deal of normal rock-climbing and being on the spot were able to take full

advantage of the fine weather. Many new climbs were done, most of which through the courtesy of individual members of the cadre and R. Morsley we are able to describe above, and amongst the old climbs Lot's Groove was led in boots by C. Preston.

Also a new "record" was established for the round of the Welsh 3,000-foot peaks by J. W. Haines and E. A. H. Hamson. Firbank's time of 8 hours 25 minutes had been beaten by Captain Rivaz of the O.C.T.U. at Capel Curig by 7 minutes earlier in the year. Haines and Hamson did the round in the opposite direction, starting from the Anafon valley above Aber and finishing at Llanberis, and their times were 7 hours 25 minutes and 7 hours 51 minutes, respectively, from Foel Fras to Snowdon. No special training or reconnaissance had been done beforehand. Haines approximate times were :

Anafon Valley	7-00 a.m.
Foel Fras	8-15 ,,
Foel Grach, Carnedd Llewelyn, Yr Elen, Carnedd Dafydd, Pen yr Oleu-wen						
Ogwen Valley (M.A.M. hut) arrive				10-00 ,,
			leave	10-15 ,,
Tryfan (11-0), Glyder Fach (11-30), Glyder Fawr (11-45), Y Garn (12-30), Elidyr Fawr (1-10)						
Llanberis Valley—arrive Nant Peris				1-30 p.m.
			—leave Blaen-y-Nant farm			2-10 ,,
Crib Goch (3-0), Crib y Ddisgl						
Snowdon	3-40 ,,
Llanberis	5-15 ,,

Most climbers, in our Club at any rate, will probably take a poor view of our publishing an account of this "record"; it is in the hope that the times now given are so good that they will discourage others from racing over our hills with a stop watch. Like Samivel's "Alpiniste Chronomètre"—otez-lui sa montre : il n'a plus d'impressions.

J.E.Q.B.

REVIEWS

BRENTA. By T. Graham Brown. (Dent & Sons, 1945. 25/-).

Dr. Graham Brown's definitive account of his explorations of the great Brenta face of Mont Blanc has been eagerly awaited, and, it may be said at once, fulfils the great expectations entertained by those who were familiar with his interim papers in the *Alpine Journal*. In one respect the book sets a new standard in mountain literature. The topography of the face is revealed by the remarkable collection of photographs and by the lucid appendix devoted to it, in a manner unexampled hitherto, at any rate in an English book, for so considerable an area—roughly 7,000 feet across and 4,500 feet high. Owing to war-time difficulties it has been necessary to print the photographs in a body at the end of the book, instead of in the text, but the system of reference by footnote, together with the legend on the plates themselves, makes it a simple matter to follow the narrative almost throughout on the appropriate pictures.

There are three strands in the book : the narrative of the expeditions, an account of the circumstances and reflexions which gave rise to them, and the series of poems which form the chapter headings. The narrative is as admirably lucid as the photographs to which it is linked, and the account of the genesis of the climbs is most interesting. Of the poetry one may say, using Alexander Graven's description of the ice ridge, that it is "as you find it." In writing serious verse to avoid the trite, and sometimes even the bathetic, is as difficult as to make a new route in the Alps, and it would be unreasonable to expect our author to be invariably successful. But the composition called "The Oread," has high poetic qualities : in it a dexterous, mostly monosyllabic, verbal pattern is applied to a simple but elegant metrical structure to produce a most musical result. And since I have suggested that elsewhere Dr. Brown's verse does not always escape the obvious, I should in fairness add that here I was completely baffled by the presumably apocalyptic significance of the last two lines.

Before the present series of explorations climbing on this side of Mt. Blanc was limited to the "old" Brenva route of 1865, that singular *tour de force* led by Jakob Anderegg, described in Moore's classic work and only repeated twenty times (and descended once) in the sixty-two years to 1926. This route, as is well known, runs up the right-hand edge of the Brenva face and emerges more or less (according to which exit is possible in a particular year) to the right of the summit of Mt. Blanc. Dr. Graham Brown's ventures have added the Sentinelle route, direct to the summit of Mt. Blanc, Route Major, direct to Col Major, the high pass between Mt. Blanc and Mt. Blanc de Courmayeur, and the Via della Pera, which runs up the great Pear Buttress direct to the summit of Mt. Blanc de Courmayeur. These routes, which are in ascending order of steepness and difficulty, were made in 1927, 1928 and 1933. The first two ascents were made in the company of Mr. Smythe, who has also described them; amateurs of textual criticism, and students of human nature, will find it interesting to compare the two accounts. The third, and hardest, exploration was made under the leadership of Alexander Graven and had only been repeated once, by Gréloz and Roch, before the outbreak of war in 1939. The fact that Graven's great powers were severely taxed on the right hand flank of the Pear Buttress, and that the famous Swiss pair were forced to take the less difficult but more dangerous left-hand flank, is an indication that the deterrent aspect of this route shown by the photographs is no deception. The scale of the Brenva face will be apparent when it is remarked that the Pear Buttress, which comprises about one-fifth of the whole ascent, is itself about the size of the East Buttress of Lliwedd and set at much the same angle. The author estimates the average angle of the whole ascent at between 50° and 55° . This is extraordinarily high for so great a mountain flank, as may be seen by comparing it with the imposing East face of the Matterhorn, which is just over 40° . The angle of the face, though everywhere high, decreases from left to right, Route Major averaging about 45° and a line from Col Moore to the summit of Mt. Blanc about 40° . The Sentinelle route, which lies to the left of this line, but is not quite direct, may be estimated at about 40° and the old Brenva route, which diverges to the right, at considerably less. When the size of the face and the nature of the ground are taken into account, the steepness of all three new routes must be very impressive to anyone who has ever actually measured the angle of a great face he has climbed. But what adds to one's admiration of the adventurous spirit behind these climbs is the fact that it seemed in each case not impossible that major difficulties would be encountered at or near the exit, when the great height would add to the difficulty of overcoming them. An enforced retreat from such a position would have been in any case a formidable undertaking, and bad weather would have made it a desperate one. In the event such final difficulties did not occur in the first two, guideless, ascents. The

exit from Route Major, however, which had been an ice slope at a moderate angle in 1928, had become a most formidable cliff in 1933, when it was overcome by Graven's splendid icemanship on the second ascent. On the Via della Pera the ascent of the Pear Buttress itself provided the major difficulty and the ice above was surmounted with comparative ease. But again, it must be remembered, Graven was in the lead.

I have dwelt on these points at some length because, no doubt, some of our younger climbers will wish to repeat these ascents when the Alps are again open to us, and because they may, from a hitherto enforced lack of Alpine experience, form a false impression of the difficulties the climbs would present to them. Thus, as far as one can judge from the photographs, the rocks of the Pear Buttress are not intrinsically more formidable than those of the East Buttress of Lliwedd and certainly not to be compared with those of Du'r Arddu. It is true that Graven was temporarily stopped at one place, but even here he does not appear to have reached the point of discarding sack and axe, let alone boots. Thus we may reasonably reckon, even when allowance is made for the great height, that the rocks of the Via della Pera would not present an insuperable obstacle to a first-class home-trained party, provided they, and the party, were in good condition. But such a party would be well advised to get a good deal of ice training, over a considerable number of less formidable expeditions, and even then to expect that their difficulties would be mainly ice, and pace on ice. No (wholly) English party has ascended any of these routes, since the Smythe-Graham Brown party of 1928 and while the present standard of our homeland climbing gives every reason to think that a really good party might be successful, provided they devoted a reasonable length of time to ice training beforehand, the fate of two of our finest rock climbers on a neighbouring face in a pre-war season is a warning against thinking that, even with the best of flying starts from an excellent rock technique, enough experience of ice and knowledge of snow conditions can be acquired in two or three weeks.

The conditions which must be fulfilled to reduce the objective dangers of the Via della Pera to a reasonable degree are set out on pp. 157-9 and it will be seen that good judgment is needed to pick the rare right day, when freedom from objective danger is combined with relative freedom from ice and snow on the Pear Buttress itself. The safe side of this buttress faces 20 degrees West of North. It gets no afternoon sun because it is then in the shadow of the mountain, and little morning sun. Professor Graham Brown says he is not certain whether it gets any morning sun in summer or not, but if he is right as to the bearing, and I am right in a rough calculation, it should get a little morning sun from the end of April to the middle of August, though even on midsummer day the sun rises only 35 degrees North of East in the latitude of Mt. Blanc, so that it never strikes this (very steep) face at any but a fine angle.

This is but one of a number of fascinating topographical problems raised by the book, but in a review which has already run to an inordinate length there is no space left to do more than advise any member who has not yet read "Brenva" to do so—and then to read it again and even again. He will certainly not be disappointed.

G. F. PEAKER.

MOUNTAIN CRAFT. By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (Methuen, 1945. Price 25/-).

By the omission of the original Chapters IX-XIX the size of *Mountain Craft* is reduced by half and the editor of the old version becomes the author of the new. The omitted chapters were contributed by high authorities, but their information had become out of date and could not easily have been revised under present conditions. With their practical information about ski mountaineering, mountain photography and the various ranges of the world, they were in any case hardly more than appendices to the body of the text, and the book may even be thought structurally better for their omission.

This, of course, is not the only change. All but one of the illustrations are new, with Wales now strongly represented. The original material has been slightly compressed; so too has the printed page, advantageously. And there are considerable textual changes and additions, especially in the two main chapters which deal with rock climbing (Chapters IV and V). In fact, the book has undergone a revision which reflects the changes that have taken place in British mountaineering at home and in the Alps in the last twenty-five years.

As regards the specifically alpine portions, the only thing which has occurred in this period to call for modification of the text is the decline of guided climbing—a change of practice, perhaps, more than one of attitude. Geoffrey Young is, of course, supremely qualified to write of guided and guideless climbing, and is in a position to kill outright the view that to take a guide detracts in some way from the merit of an ascent—"neither historically nor technically does this criticism seem defensible." This is almost beyond argument, as is also his general thesis that "no adventitious aids can ever supply the training and grounding in all branches of the craft which can be had from a good guide in the initial years." One hopes that there are very few beginners whose sense of mountain ethics would forbid them to act on such obviously sound doctrine. The mountaineer "has still to have learned his craft as before, from a good guide or expert, or he must have mastered the complicated technique of the tool-shop." The latter alternative cannot fairly be said to be one which would suggest itself to the average British climber. There will, however, always be some who lack either the money or the opportunity to act on the former, and they are, of course, the people above all others to whom the study of

Mountain Craft is to be commended. For to an extent not approached by any other book it can make it safe for parties of beginners to go to the Alps on their own. It is a book which, so far as any book can be, is formative not only of technique but even of judgment, and it still remains unquestionably the authoritative, and perhaps the only pleasurable, handbook of alpine practice. For this reason its re-appearance at the moment when the Alps are again coming within striking distance is especially opportune.

It may be argued in criticism of *Mountain Craft* that in places it is difficult to escape the feeling that the combination of fine writing and detailed technical description is too much of a *tour de force*. Certainly it is sometimes achieved at the expense of immediate clarity. Yet its literary quality is the essence of the book, and this perhaps primarily for its implications. The method of treatment is the book's major lesson. If any kind of finality were attainable in mountaineering knowledge, the author might claim to have achieved it. Yet he regards no point as simple, nothing as cut and dried ; broad issues and minutiae alike are treated with the same profound respect. The literary treatment is a part of the author's attitude. If mountaineering were a question of technique alone, its principles could be reduced to formulae or jargon ; what is over and above technique is as nearly captured in this book as words are likely to capture it. Complexity of expression is only a reflection of the author's view of the complexity of the subject.

With regard to rock climbing, in the new version as in the old, the author's views on points of technique and methods of development are often provocative. Personally I have never been convinced that "rhythm" is a term that can strictly be applied to a good climber's method of movement on severe rocks. Certainly there is a rhythm in a party moving together roped on an alpine climb, but it is surely different in kind from the interrupted and often painfully slow progress of a leader on a severe climb, who at best can achieve no more than momentary smoothness of movement between long pauses. Again, I have the impression, perhaps wrongly, that the break between grip and balance climbing appears as over-sharply defined, emphasis on the basic importance of footwork tending to obscure the fact that finger-strength and confidence in the use of small handholds has played almost as great a part in the advancement of technique.

The most considerable new section in the rock climbing chapters deals with artificial aids ; but of more general interest (for "pegophilism" of the continental type has hardly yet appeared in this country) are the pages which deal with modern rope technique. Here, as elsewhere, the author's mind has remained open to new ideas. He does not dismiss a new technique because it is not familiar to his own experience, nor does he discard his own opinion because it has not been accepted as the general practice. There are many debatable

points in these pages, the most important of which is perhaps the question of "Psychological"¹ belaying—the deliberate use of unsound belays in order to give the leader confidence. These points cannot be adequately discussed within the limits of a review.

But the new passages on technique do not constitute the real importance of *Mountain Craft* from the rock climber's standpoint. The rise in the standard of performance and the adoption of some new technical practices are not the most significant developments in British rock climbing. They seem unimportant in comparison with other changes which have been introduced or emphasised by the war years. While there is perhaps a greater interest in climbing than ever before, the number of young climbers who have experience of anything but rock climbing in Britain is, owing to the war, smaller than it has ever been. There has inevitably been a disproportionate attention to British rock climbing, and this tendency has been strengthened by the effects of recent military mountain training. Men introduced to the mountains under military direction have seldom taken to the hills as such, but have not uncommonly developed a real taste, sometimes accompanied by great aptitude, for the excitements of rock work. Such developments imply both a probable increase in the evils of competition and a possibility that there may develop a distinct school of climbers among whom rock climbing becomes an end in itself, divorced not only from alpine but also from British mountaineering. For the rock climber, therefore, the real importance of the new *Mountain Craft* is its reassertion of a sense of proportion. Geoffrey Young gives no separate treatment to British climbing except on a very few technical points. He does not see mountaineering as divisible at all; whatever the field in which the climber may practise it, the same set of values must obtain. Hence the new technical passages on rock climbing, whether debatable or not, are unimportant compared with the rest of the book. They will have served their purpose if they prevent it from being thought out of date. The outstanding addition to the old text is not to be found in the technical sections, but in the two or three opening pages of the book, a passage which contains the essence of the author's doctrine. If readers were to go no further than the middle of page 3, the decision to revise the book rather than merely reprint it would have been justified.

A. D. M. Cox.

MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHY. By C. Douglas Milner. (The Focal Press, London. 19/6)

From personal observation and experience I find that advanced photographers fall mainly into two groups; the one revels in the technical processes and the whys and wherefores of photographic chemistry and science; the other (possibly rarer) type makes himself master of a plain straightforward technique of high quality, and

¹ "Psychological" in the contents, "psychical" in the text; the form surely correct?

concentrates mainly on giving expression to his appreciation of nature by trying to achieve perfection in composition.

The technician (which I will call him for brevity) achieves a very high overall standard in the quality of his prints—sunshine, shade, and luminosity of a pleasing beauty ; the purely pictorial photographer will have his failures (which he can and does burn !) but his successes charm and please the senses by that “ something ” evinced by perfection of line and composition which cannot be taught except by very loosely defined rules and precepts.

Now, from Mr. Milner's reading matter, it appears that he is a photographer who has a bias in favour of the technician, and I feel that whereas the keen amateur will revel in this book, the photographer bent only on producing pictorial landscapes (and who has already attained a reasonably high level of technique) will find the reading matter somewhat tedious and will lay the book down after looking at the illustrations, some of which are most inspiring.

This book is really an illustrated text book of high merit, which will be invaluable to the beginner and, as I have said, to the man who takes his photography as an artistic science.

I am disappointed though in the small space which Mr. Milner devotes to the essential ingredient of a first-rate mountain photograph—composition. I know that it is one of those attributes which is inherent, or has perhaps been developed only after patient and persevering study of high quality photographs and paintings, but it is, nevertheless, the very essence of successful mountain landscapes.

F. S. Smythe, who is probably one of the most successful (if not the greatest) mountain photographer of this generation says in his book *Over Welsh Hills* :

“ At the same time photography is no mere technical process ; it is redeemed by composition, and I would go so far as to say that this is of even greater importance in photography than in painting. It is the choice and composing of a subject that raises photography to the level of an art, and an art distinct from any other art.”

To conclude, therefore, I regret that I must record my disappointment in that when I opened this book I hoped I should find inspiration and guidance as to the more aesthetic aspects of mountain photography, but found instead a most impressive collection of technical data.

To be fair to Mr. Milner I must end with a note of congratulation for, and admiration of, his thorough marshalling of all relevant material factors affecting this branch of photographic art, which beginners and advanced amateurs (who are so disposed) will find most instructive and interesting.

R. J. COLLINSON.

A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO SONAMARG, KASHMIR. (Himalayan Club, 1945.
3 rupees, 8 annas.)

Generally speaking the Himalayas do not provide suitable ground for short mountaineering holidays, still less for intensive training and practise in mountain craft. Indeed, it is possible to take part in many serious climbing expeditions in the range without gaining as much experience of mountaineering as a day in the Alps would provide. The mountains are so big and the distances so great that the climber spends a very large proportion of his time and resources in the simple approach to his peak, involving only straightforward problems of transport and minor organisation. Even when the mountain is reached the establishment of the necessary high camps, usually a protracted business, rarely calls for climbing of a high order.

The mountains of Kashmir are an exception to this rule. A suitable base can be reached quickly and easily from railhead. The peaks are on an Alpine scale of magnitude and can be climbed or traversed direct from the main valleys. Thus the climber, free from the anxieties of supply lines and the responsibility of porters, can, if he is energetic enough, spend a long series of days on ground of a high standard of difficulty and great variety, returning each evening to a comfortable valley camp.

There are those who express regret that Climbers' Guide Books were ever written, and there is certainly some justification for this point of view. But guide books have their uses, and when all is said the busiest can always refrain from using them. Without a guide book the newcomer to a district is liable to waste a great deal of valuable time in framing a climbing programme on the spot, and in choosing the most profitable ground. In country so little explored, from the climber's point of view, as Kashmir, a guide book has the enormous additional advantage of showing clearly and concisely what has been done or attempted, and which of the peaks and routes are still virgin ground. It is with this in mind that the authors of *A Climbers' Guide to Sonamarg* have compiled this excellent little volume. Most of the descriptions of peaks and routes are in the form of suggestions for first ascents. As far as I know nothing of the sort has been attempted before in country hitherto so little visited by climbers. It will be an enormous help to anyone contemplating a climbing holiday in the district.

E. SHIPTON.

NATIONAL PARKS IN ENGLAND AND WALES. A Report by John Down. H.M.S.O., 1945.

NATIONAL PARKS: A SCOTTISH SURVEY. A Report by the Scottish National Parks Survey Committee. H.M.S.O., 1945.

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL FOREST PARK COMMITTEE. (Hardknott) H.M.S.O., 1945.

Most British institutions have grown from small and haphazard beginnings ; very often their beginnings were voluntary and amateur. Eventually the state has reluctantly recognised a going concern—usually only when it was also a paying concern. The whole British Educational System is one example ; the B.B.C. is another, so is the Arts Council. It now begins to look as if Land Nationalisation may come in the same way, not by direct Act of Parliament, but by an expansion and adaptation of the amateur National Trust, aided by state-imposed death duties. For now this body, which has struggled for fifty years on a voluntary and—considering the handicaps—highly successful basis, finds itself by a couple of sentences from the Treasury Bench, the rather startled nucleus of a far-reaching Government Scheme. I say startled because the first reaction of those who have campaigned so long for National Parks was one of amazed delight ; it had begun to seem that all such plans would never be more than a series of dreams.

If the Chancellor's Scheme becomes law—and this will probably be by the time these words are read—then the Trust will provide a sound basis on which to build whatever eventual shape the scheme takes. These three pamphlets point the way together with the well-illustrated Trust's Jubilee Volume¹. Mr. John Dower was a singularly happy choice to draw up the Report for England and Wales, for a professional architect and town-planner, who is also a keen walker and shot, as well as being an admirably clear and logical writer, is obviously an ideal choice to assess the merits of, for instance, the Rambling-Grouse controversy in the Pennines. He writes good sense on this as on many other aspects of administration and policy. He lists twenty-two "possibilities" for Parks and reduces this to a short list of ten ; in this Snowdonia is placed second (after the Lake District), with the Brecons and Black Mountains eighth. In the longer list the Berwyns with the Merioneth coast and mountains, Plynlimmon, Radnor and Clun Forests and Elenith (Elan, Towy and Cothi) are also suggested.

The Scottish report by a Committee again gives a fairly detailed list of suggested districts, but its terms of reference did not include the consideration of administrative policy. However, Mr. Dower has firmly laid down the general principles. The Hardknott Committee was appointed by the Forestry Commission to advise how best to administer that part of the Commission's territory which has been set aside as a National Forest Park. It is an encouraging development that the Commission should now be making such agreements with

¹ "*The National Trust*," edited by James Lees-Milne, Batsford, 1945.

the Trust. Previously their policy had not always been a happy one ; it is by no means satisfactory now, but there does seem to be a new awareness of other values besides the purely departmental one. We have mainly to thank the Friends of the Lake District for this, their annual report¹ continues to be encouraging reading. Pugnacious and outspoken they, unlike other known societies, realise that attack is better than defence. But the Hardknott Report is also practical and sensible ; it remains to be seen how it will work out in practice.

E. M. VINEY.

LADIES' ALPINE CLUB, 1945.

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL.

WAYFARERS' JOURNAL.

I read all these journals with pleasure ; they are all about the right things and the right places, so my critical faculties were about as blunt as a child's at the circus. When I finished I realised that this was not good enough, I had to review them. I thought again, and remembered that I had not really enjoyed the second and revised edition of the Pigott rope stretcher (R.C.J.) ; this was because I had disobeyed the moral injunction to practise the knots now and not wait for emergency. To those who obeyed, I plead that my wife dislikes old ropes in cats' cradles on the drawing-room floor ; but to you, who also shirked, I need no excuse.

It is polite and proper to take the ladies first, more particularly since the Ladies' Alpine Club Journal did not consider the C.C.J. worthy of review at all. Their journal on this occasion covers more distant parts of the world than most of the others. One member managed a holiday in Kandersteg in 1944. There are accounts of climbing in China in 1938 and in the Rockies during the war. It is interesting to note that there were at that time no nails in Canada either. Miss C. E. Engel discovered Horace Walker's initials engraved on a rock with the date 1863. This practice, permissible when the mountains were lonely places, must now be frowned upon. The disadvantages of the popularity of the more accessible mountain ranges are also brought forcibly to mind by "Echo from the Golden Age," written in Breuil 80 years ago.

The ladies are more observant of the detail of mountain landscape than most of the male writers in the other journals, but W. Ramsden, writing in the Cairngorm Club's journal on the "High Tatra," also notices these details and even includes a delightful photograph of one. The reader is struck by the sturdy vigour and local patriotism of this

¹ Friends of the Lake District. Report and News Letter, April 1946.

very old established club. (It is nearly 50 years since the Climbers' Club first arranged to exchange journals with a kindred club, the Cairngorm.) The journal becomes almost a family affair, but to an outside reader, unacquainted with the Cairngorm, the accounts of expeditions contained in the journal tend to be too similar one to the other.

The most important article in the Fell and Rock Journal is "A National Park for the Lake District," by A. B. Hargreaves. The case for National Parks in the Lake District and Snowdon Forest is unanswerable. The arguments are moderately put, using sweet reasonableness where prophetic fervour would be proper, but perhaps less convincing to the owls and the pussy cats who have to be convinced. I wish the article were printed in a somewhat less enlightened journal, for the readers of the F.R.C.C.J. must be already converted. A.B.H. does well to point out that the Duddon and Eskdale National Forest Park is not a National Park. The name is a sham, devised to deceive the slack who like to believe they have won a victory when they have escaped a rout. The Forestry Commission has withdrawn a few of its more outrageous intentions but is still bent on choking valleys and hillsides with geometrical plantations of alien conifers. Excellent and reasonable as the article is, A.B.H. has rushed one fence. He says "It is clearly in the national interest that the hill sheep farming industry should be protected and assisted"; it may be, but it is not obvious. The classical economists thought differently and their heads were clearer than the heads of the N.F.U. and the landlords who clamour for agricultural protection.

In "Vergil Knew," Mr. E. Banner Mendus takes retrospective joy in acute discomfort. After reading this article I hope I shall never attempt to climb solid ice over which water falls copiously. Pleasure, like poetry, is clearly related to recollection in tranquillity. Miss M. R. FitzGibbon also goes *à la recherche du temps perdu*, but her time was not lost. She has some sound remarks on Arnold Lunn's latest book, if it still is his latest by the time this appears. H. Westmorland takes us to the mountains of his youth in the Golden Age of British Rock Climbing, while E. M. Turner takes us to the Lake District of prehistory, in the climber's sense.

The Rucksack Journal gets away to a flying start with an excellent photograph of Red Wall. J. Z. Bujak contributes a short account of his ascent of the East Peak of Nanda Devi. Fuller accounts of this expedition have already appeared from Mr. Bujak's pen in a Polish Library Pamphlet and, I think, also in the A.J. The Polish Library Pamphlet had a number of excellent illustrations which I should have liked to have seen reproduced in the more lavish manner of the R.C.J. Toni Nicholson, P. E. Brockbank and others give accounts of expeditions notable for the toughness and energy displayed. A. Medlycott in "Confiteor" gives examples of his own rashness. There will be few readers who, if they were honest, could not parallel these naughtinesses

from their own experience. D. G. Ritson records a holiday in the far North of Scotland, which is also described by J. R. Cottrell in the F.R.C.C. Journal. These two articles will certainly cause these unfrequented Scottish mountains to become less so. I liked Frank Kiernan's "Indian Summer."

It is a pleasure to welcome once more the Wayfarers' Journal after an absence of six years. The editor has set himself a high standard, though he appears to have given his own best photographs to the R.C.J. Marco Pallis contributes a long and interesting article on the almost universally recognised symbols, the Way and the Mountain, calling in evidence the cosmological systems of several religions. I am inclined to think that his use throughout of the word "symbol" is a mistake. I suggest that "parable" would be more nearly what he has in mind. The first and proper sense of a symbol is a "mark" or "token," something which stands for something else. He overlooks the very high importance of symbolism in the processes of rational thought, processes which he tends to depreciate. In fact all rational thought can only be communicated by means of symbols such as words and figures. It is true that reason itself does not always proceed symbolically, but it is an historical fact that notable advances in the technique of using symbols have always led to marked advances in the sciences concerned. Mr. Pallis draws a distinction between ordinary human speech and symbolical human speech, such as fairy tales. This is really a distinction between a first-order symbol and a second-order symbol. Words are in any case symbols, but when they are used as in fairy tales, they symbolise concepts which are themselves used as symbols for further concepts. If this is so, he is surely wrong in supposing that symbolism is more direct than discursive thought. In fact it is less direct because it has to use a symbol for a symbol. Its value lies in this because, as Mr. Pallis shows, indirect routes tend to be easier (c.f. Glyder Fach Direct via Gibson's Chimney and via Rectangular Variation). The relation which Mr. Pallis describes as subsisting between symbol and thing symbolised is the same as that generally conceived to subsist between appearance and reality, in that the symbol is described as the appearance on a lower plane of the reality existing on a higher plane. He also holds a firmly monastic view of reality and this seems to involve him in the uncomfortable position of maintaining that anything symbolises everything. He describes the journey from the many to the one, which is the same (for him) as the journey from appearance to reality, as a process of resolving dualisms into higher unities stage by stage. At each stage dualism breaks out again in the unity reached, and has in turn to be resolved. The attainment of the highest unity, symbolised by the top of the mountain, is the final goal. One asks how he knows that there is a top to the mountain? There seems no reason to suppose that this process of resolving diversities into unities should not go on forever and leave the wayfarer in a treadmill of infinite regress. Mr. Pallis establishes the essential identity of the way and the

goal by pointing out that the same symbol, in this case a cairn, is used for both. This is a dubious argument and might perhaps be used to establish the identities of Members of Parliament with Military Policemen. I have ventured to criticise the argument not because I wish to destroy it but because it is important to test it. Even if my criticisms are sound and the argument does not hold water, the article will be read with both pleasure and profit by all those who have paused to ponder the curious relationship between mountaineers and mountains.

I have given so much space to Mr. Pallis that I must be brief with his fellow contributors. F. H. F. Simpson's "Barley Sugar" is good, but not sweet. R. E. H. Kennedy well describes the first hair-raising summer ascent of Gardyloo Gully in 1933. The expedition appears to have been unknown to the editor of the 1936 Ben Nevis Guide.

March, 1946.

F. H. KEENLYSIDE.

AMERICAN ALPINE JOURNAL, Vol. V, No. 3, 1945.

JOURNAL OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA, No. 47, 1944.

APPALACHIA, Vol. X, No. 7, June, 1945, and No. 12, December, 1945.

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, Vol. 29, No. 5, October, 1944 ; Vol. 30, No. 4, August, 1945 ; No. 5, October, 1945, and No. 6, December, 1945.

The reviewer scans his pile and is eaten up with envy. Not just that Envy who says "I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt," but the full grown nostalgia of six years waiting for the high hills. Why worry about the Alps if you have a continent at your back door? If the Drakensberg, or the Rockies, the Colorado, or the Delaware, wait for you at the week-end?

There is something here for every taste. Take your pick. You would choose exploration in the great ranges? Take "Aconcagua at First Glance," with Arthur Emmons (A.A.J.); the Alps? Try Edward Hartmann's "Happy Days in the Bergell" (A.A.J.). Or perhaps you are feeling idler and would rather shoot the rapids of the Rio Balsas in Mexico, its left bank enticingly marked "Region Inexplorada" on the map, or would follow the Canyons of the Yampa and Green rivers to visit (astonishing phenomenon!) a dinosaur quarry ("Appalachia"). You can enjoy yourself ski-ing in Cashmere with the Ski Club of India ("Appalachia"); exploring that speliologists' paradise, the Muizenberg Caves, some eighty of them within a mile or two (J.M.C.S.A.); or just "Pushing and Pedaling through Vermont" and its green hills alongside Lillian Birrell ("Appalachia").

Volcanoes are much to the fore. Climb one in Guatemala, with James Andrews ("Appalachia") or, better still, watch one, Paricutin, start as a wisp of smoke in a field and become a mound a hundred feet high in a day and a mountain nearly two thousand feet high in a few

months (S.C.B.). You can admire equally the fantastic wastes of the Arizona desert in Thelma Bonney Hall's delightful "Arizona Impressions" ("Appalachia") or the grassy hills of New Hampshire in Henry Childs' "Mount Willard Ramblings."

Among so much that is strange, one recognises old friends with something of a start. Frank Debenham, for instance, giving the neatest of professorial lectures on "Mapping as You Go," by a simplified sort of plane tabling ("Appalachia"); or Jessie Whitehead recounting the "Charms and Powers" of her white warlock of a neighbour, George Washinton Brown ("And you'll never have no more rats on earth bother you so long as you live, and I'll put it so low as a mouse.")—a famous tit-bit this.

There are tales, too, of mountain adventure. Modern folly is most candidly exposed in "Hazard on Mount Willard" ("Appalachia"): ancient tragedy is movingly related in "The High Adventure of Mr. Randall," an American who perished on Mont Blanc while attempting his first major ascent after thirty years of vicarious enthusiasm for the Alps (A.A.J.). Scholarship is not wanting either. Dr. Monroe Thorington contributes a fascinating paper on "The Ibex and Chamois in Ancient Medicine," full of the most fearsome remedies for almost any complaint ("Appalachia")

The most noticeable feature compared with our journals is the absence of papers so familiar to us of reminiscence or of "alpine mysticism and cold philosophy." The only effort in this vein, Howard Palmer's "More About Mountain Mysticism" is remarkable for that sort of hardy common sense which manages to miss the essential overtones of experience but which by sounding the blunt fundamentals can drown the flutings of the over-sensitive (A.A.J.). The pre-occupation with "practical" papers is but a sign of the vigour with which these clubs are using their enviable advantages.

The American journals are a happy antidote to the distorting propaganda of Hollywood. The Sierra Club, in particular, prints a series of extracts, by no means all about mountains, from its members' letters written in every theatre of war, some naive, others sophisticated, some gauche, others sensitive, but all preoccupied with values other than material. Together they give a fascinating bird's-eye view of life in the forces all over the world and stimulate a healthy reaction to that unwelcome impact of the army of occupation which many of us have felt.

The Sierra Club is heavily engaged with National Parks. There are several excellent articles which suggest that now, especially, when we are preparing our National Parks policy, we might well profit by the mistakes of others.

The best of these, and perhaps the best piece of writing in the whole of this batch of journals, is "Problems of Interpretation of the National Scene," by Ansel Adams, a profound analysis of the aesthetics of appreciation of natural beauty in its minutiae as well as in its grandeur

and a passionate plea for the preservation of the Parks from commercial "resortism." "The huge and aggressive business known collectively as *Travel* is a more dangerous adversary than all the oil, lumber, cattle and mining interests combined."

There are many fine photographs, in the "Sierra Club Journal" particularly. Outstanding among them is the set of sixteen by Ansel Adams which are introduced by his article and are designed to illustrate his thesis. There can be few, if any, more comprehensive revelations of the beauties, small as well as great, of the mountain scene than this little work of art. A portrait of quite remarkable perception by him bears witness to his versatility and humanity alike.

The protagonists in the numerical classification controversy will note that it is universal in America and (masquerading under the easily penetrated disguise of the alphabet) in South Africa. It really seems as though we are once more left in splendid isolation, or do we still like the early Christian virgins "glory amidst the flames in our unsullied purity"?

The taste for marked trails is unattractive. "Appalachia," for instance, devotes a horrifying article entitled "Five Thousand Trail Signs" to discussing the best way of producing indestructible, undamageable signposts. Still less reputable is the performance of a G.I. mountaineer traversing the Charmoz in "sneakers" who left a piton in the Ice Chimney "to confound those who would follow along the route. It is an angle piton, invented by Dick Leonard for the American Army, and unique, I am sure, in the Mont Blanc massif." There are no inhibitions about pitons to be found in these journals!

Finally, a side light on South Africa. "The Natal mountaineers are hardy souls who pride themselves on being tough. The women even forego the pleasure of cosmetics and nail polish." (S.C.B.) It is comforting to think that there may still be a chance for us after all even if we have not got a canyon in the back garden.

G. A. DUMMETT.

MANUAL OF SKI MOUNTAINEERING. Edited by David R. Brower and compiled under the auspices of the National Ski Association of America. (The University of California Press, Berkley and Los Angeles. Price \$2.)

This book invites comparison with the *Handbook of American Mountaineering* reviewed last year, it covers all phases of high mountaineering and rock climbing, written from the point of view of the man who uses ski to reach his climb. The book is packed with useful information, some about techniques unknown over here and is written more objectively than the A.C. handbook. Like this, however, there are a number of detail errors. It is certainly a book worth a place on the mountaineer's as well as the skier's bookshelf.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.

THE WHITE TOWER by James Ramsey Ullman.

Collins, London, 1946. 10/6.

A tedious novel about an improbable party and an even more improbable mountain. A best seller in America.

J. E. Q. BARFORD.

NUTRITIVE VALUES OF WARTIME FOODS. Medical Research Council War

Memorandum No. 14. London. Published by H.M.S.O.

Price 1/-.

This is a comprehensive analysis of foods obtainable in this country during the war and will be found very valuable in planning balanced diets for climbing parties or expeditions. Even when more varied foods are available it will still be found useful for the information contained for basic foods.

EDITOR'S NOTES

I can hardly start these notes without some apology for the late appearance of this Journal. The time has been reached when even the most tolerant critics have hinted that no reasonable excuse could be forthcoming, and that the whole affair is tainted by blatant procrastination. Clearly it would be imprudent to explain the great weight of responsibility which has prevented the conclusion of so important a publication, but I do feel entitled to remind the gentle reader that bricks cannot be made without straw. One good result of the delay has been that the President has written an annual report of so much greater eloquence than I could command, that it has been reproduced here in its entirety. It only remains to amplify this report with a few further notes and to pay tribute to the zeal and energy with which Jack Longland as President has led the committee in its many activities during the past eighteen months. He has been able to give the lie to the suggestion, which has sometimes been put forward, that the club is controlled too much from London, by successfully dominating that capital from his retreat in farthest Dorset.

Members will be glad to learn that A. D. M. Cox (address University College, Oxford) is taking over the Editorship of this Journal. It is hoped that the increased activity of this Summer will give literary opportunity also, and that sufficient material will be forthcoming to preserve the new Editor from the fate of nationalisation.

* * *

Perhaps typical of the country as a whole, the British Mountaineering Council is tackling its problem boldly, and encountering the difficulties inherent in swift democratic action. The desire to frame protective rules by common agreement is there, and the difficulty of taking any action once the rules are made is there too. At least one may be encouraged by consideration of the old proverb about setting a thief to catch a thief when one reflects on the formidable departmental organisation waiting to entangle any Government department which may be so unwise as to attempt to interfere with our liberties.

The B.M.C. have wisely decided to delegate a number of their responsibilities to local district committees, one in the Lake District, one in Wales, and one in the Peak District. Their function is to provide liaison with local clubs, youth hostels, first-aid organisers and local people, to take local action on all matters affecting the amenities of the district, and to report to the central committee any local development which appears to require action on a national scale.

The B.M.C. have expressed their views on National Parks and their boundaries to the Government Committee on Boundaries of National Parks and the National Parks Committee of the C.P.R.E. A review of the excellent government white paper on that subject appears elsewhere in this Journal. It must be admitted, however, that one cannot view the immense list of the country's needs without feeling some apprehension about the ultimate fate of the plan for National Parks, and persistence will be required over a long period if anything is to be achieved.

The B.M.C. in addition to the other activities referred to in the annual report, is about to publish a "Penguin" book called "Climbing in Britain" (prepared mostly by Barford), which should satisfy the great need for a simple comprehensive book on the subject. The B.M.C. is still apparently boggling at the thought of tackling the system of classification of climbs, and reference to new climbs in one of their circulars uses both systems at random.

A report of the B.M.C. sub-committee on the specifications for climbing rope is given elsewhere in this Journal.

Our representatives of the B.M.C. are G. L. Bartrum and F. H. Keenlyside.

* * *

The rebuilding of Ynys Ettws is still held up pending the granting of the building licence (which has so far been refused), but fairly complete plans have been prepared by the sub-committee and were on view at the annual general meeting. Space will not permit the inclusion of the sub-committee's report in this Journal, but I should be pleased to loan a copy of the report and the drawings to anyone interested. As soon as the licence is granted an appeal for funds will be launched, and the plans can then be put into effect.

* * *

Users of Helyg are reminded that the log is intended to be a record of their climbs and expeditions and of their observations on the hills. There is no harm in gilding the bare factual record if there is anything interesting to say, and in the past the book has maintained a high standard both as a record of achievement and as good reading. Recently, however, the standard has been declining, there have been too many entries, mainly facetious, which are of interest to none but the writer. Another irritating form is the extolling of self virtue in hut cleaning,

which has in any case been indicative rather of the normality of sloth, than any peak of virtue. Above all, if there is anything wrong with the Hut don't grumble about it in the pages of the log, *do something about it*.

* * *

The Cornwall Bird Watching and Preservation Society has asked us to co-operate in the protection of the rare or more interesting cliff breeding birds when climbing on the cliffs during the nesting season. In particular, Buzzards, Ravens, Auks, Kittiwakes, Fulmars and Perigrene Falcons should be treated kindly. The latter had a bad time during the war and were almost wiped out by Government action, and it is hoped that in the course of time they may be re-established in some of their old haunts.

* * *

It is hoped to re-organise the London Library in the near future, and to try to find some room in which it can be accommodated, for easier access by members. This may be done by sharing with some other club if suitable accommodation can be found, and the necessary additional book-cases are forthcoming. The opportunity will also be taken to remove some of the rarer old books from the Library in Helyg, which will have the advantage both of making room for more modern and less valuable books at Helyg, and preserving the old volumes in surroundings in which they can be better protected.

ANNUAL REPORT

By THE PRESIDENT

The year has been made memorable by happy returns, and familiar figures have emerged from prison camps in Germany and Singapore, from schools of mountain warfare in the Lebanon and Kashmir, from strictly incidental reconnaissances in the Atlas and Apennines, and from all the tasks by land, sea and air which their mountain training helped them to complete so gallantly and speedily, to make Helyg and the parties met on the Pig Track and even Committee Meetings more cheerfully representative of the whole tradition of the Club than they have been these six years past.

There have been losses as well. W. R. Reade, elected in 1898, was for years a veteran with the youngest heart that any Club has had the luck to claim, and several distinct generations of members will recall with special affection his encouragement of their most desperate imaginings no less than his part in bringing Helyg into being. The death of W. Lloyd Davies, elected 1899, also carries memories back to our pious founders, while the loss of younger members is a bitter reminder of the cost of victory in Europe and the Far East. A fall on the Idwal Slabs cost the life of Edmund Wigram, who had safely returned from war service, and who before that had represented the Club in an Everest party.

Membership of the Club is expanding rapidly, rising from 433 in May, 1945 to 452 in January, 1946. Numbers will increase with the growing accessibility of the mountains, and the Club may soon be asked to consider whether any limitation in membership should be imposed and if so at what point. Meanwhile Club Meets in Wales, at Bank Holiday week-ends and for longer periods in June and October, have gathered in some of our most active members, and bolder plans are afoot for 1946, including the experiment of a visit to Norway.

The 1944 Journal preserved an honourable tradition by appearing in 1945, for the better confusion of posterity, but was in itself remarkable in recording quite as much of current achievement in places as far apart as Petra, Mount Kenya and Craig yr Ysfa, as of those ancient memories which have added such antiquarian charm to most club journals during the war. The same number of the Journal also rounded off the series of austerity Guides, an epithet deserved both by the system of classification adopted and by the method of publication, but which is intended as no disparagement of the devoted band which completed the task in face of such peculiar difficulties. All the Club's regular guide books are now out of print, except the reprints of the Clogwyn du'r Arddu, Craig yr Ysfa, "Three Cliffs in Llanberis." The Committee have therefore decided to reprint enough copies of the whole range of guide books to cover the expected demand for the next five years, by which time it is hoped that the activities of members will have put them all out of date and that enough heroes can be found to write new ones.

There have been good climbs made during the year. The Army's Mountain Training Cadre has been stationed at Llanberis for many months, and their instructors, some of whom have reached a level of training rarely enjoyed by any save professional guides, have made new climbs notably on Clogwyn du'r Arddu, and the East Wall of the Slabs, solving on the latter cliff the long-standing problem of Suicide Wall, a very fine achievement. They have also lowered the time for the Snowdon fell-walking circuit, and clipped more and more minutes off the record for the ascent of Snowdon from Llanberis. Our own members have made new variations on Lliwedd, a girdle of the Hely nursery-slope Gallt yr Ogof, and several smaller climbs, as well as a fine new route in Lakeland, Rake End Wall on Pavey Ark. For the rest, Clogwyn du'r Arddu and Craig yr Ysfa are increasingly visited since the new guides came out, but more distant attractions have not been forgotten, the most surprising instance being the short and successful season enjoyed at Chamonix in late September by one fortunate member.

During the year the Club has played a large and increasing part in the work of organisations which have been formed to ensure that, in the words of the Journal, mountaineers "speak with one voice supported by all the mountaineering opinion in the Country," and that the traditions and methods of good climbing, which the Club has since its origin exemplified, are handed on to the many thousands of would-be walkers and climbers who are now beginning to visit the mountains regularly. Our members Geoffrey Winthrop Young and Geoffrey Bartrum took the lion's share in founding the British Mountaineering Council, on which the Club is represented by Bartrum and F. H. Keenlyside with G. A. Dummett as a member of one of its Committees. The growing importance of the work of the British Mountaineering Council is brought home to us by the impending resignation of John

Barford from the Honorary Secretaryship of the Club, as he now feels he must devote his spare time to the big job of acting as Honorary Secretary to the B.M.C. The Club has paid their tribute to Barford for his work with the Club at the Annual General Meeting, but this Annual Report must not be allowed to pass without recording our gratitude for the efficiency and devotion with which John Barford has, as Secretary, brought the Club through the difficult years of war. The actions of the British Mountaineering Council which will most affect the Club are, first, their work for the establishment of National Parks which will safeguard the future of our climbing grounds ; second, the education and encouragement of novices ; third, the support they have given and are giving to the First-Aid Committee in the extension of the First-Aid Scheme throughout the country, including Scotland ; fourth, the plans for setting qualifying standards for professional guides in this country ; and fifth, investigations into the specification and supply of all kinds of climbing equipment. The club has recognised the valuable work of the First-Aid Committee by giving a donation of 25 guineas and an annual subscription of 5 guineas, and by inviting A. S. Pigott, who has done more than any living mountaineer to ensure the efficient conduct of mountain rescues, to become an Honorary Member of the Club.

The Club has also given much help in schemes of mountain training. Three members, on the invitation of the B.M.C., ran a most successful training week in Langdale for "leaders" selected by the Central Council of Physical Recreation. Mainly through the initiative of T. A. Brocklebank, two training courses have been held at Llanberis for selected boys of the Army Cadet Force. These courses, the last of them handling 100 boys at once, were largely staffed by members of the Club. Similarly, the records of the Mountain Training Schools initiated by the Army for producing soldiers qualified to fight as mountain troops show a long list of members of the Club as instructors and officers commanding. At the same time the Club's own tradition as a training ground for safe mountaineering can be seen at work by reference to the large number of new members who have joined during the year.

The increasing size of the Club and the greater numbers wishing to visit Wales have given urgency to the plans for a new Club Hut at Ynys Ettws. The special Sub-Committee has worked hard to produce revised details of the building and equipment, and their very careful report has been accepted by the full Committee. A much longer lease of the site has been obtained on very good terms, detailed estimates are being prepared, and we wait only for a building licence to be ready to start work. To cover the cost of building and equipping Ynys Ettws, an appeal will shortly be sent to all members of the Club, and we look for their support with every confidence. Meanwhile Helyg is beginning to fill up again, and, although there were considerable periods last year when the cottage was uninhabited, it is clear that the accom-

modation there will in future be strained. In view of the impending run on Helyg, members are reminded that guests can no longer be found room at Bank Holiday week-ends, that those intending to stay at any time must notify the Hon. Custodian in advance, and that as paid assistance with cleaning is so hard to find, all parties are asked to do their full share of work, even if they leave another party in possession on their departure. The Club owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Stuart Chantrell and his new assistant, M. S. Eggleshaw, who combine in a passionate appeal to any members who can spare a few clothing coupons, and so enable some tea-cloths to be bought. At Bosigran the hut dues have been largely increased to avoid our running into debt, and the heating and cooking equipment has been renewed.

During the year the Club has lost the services as Hon. Treasurer, of Bryan Donkin, to whom we owe a lot for his wise management of our finances, but we have been very lucky in securing A. W. Osborne as his successor. Our new Treasurer, with less than his usual admirable caution, reports that the Club's annual accounts show an insignificant loss on the year's working, and he also draws the attention of members to the fact that the last premium of the Helyg Sinking Fund will be paid in December, 1946, that all the Helyg bond holders will be repaid during 1947, and that thereafter the cottage will be shown on our Balance Sheet at a nominal figure much less than its real value. In contrast, the Committee have decided that the war-time concessions about payment of members' subscriptions should be cancelled, and they wish to remind you that, in face of the heavy programme of expansion ahead of the Club, it is more than ever necessary that members should pay their subscriptions punctually, to which the Treasurer adds the note that a Banker's Order is the easiest way of paying and forgetting.

One other officer who has given long service to the Club, S. A. Marples, our Honorary Librarian, has had to resign his post, and Bill Ward has taken over the task in his stead.

It remains only to commend the Club's activities in many fields during the last year to the approval of members and to say that the coming year gives promise of being even more busy and fruitful.

J. L. LONGLAND

25th January, 1946.

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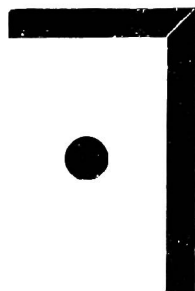
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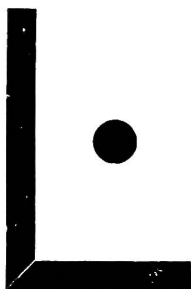
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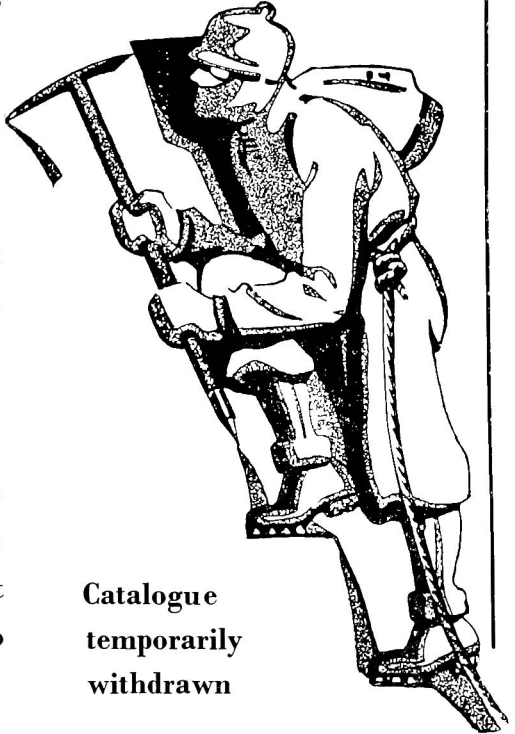
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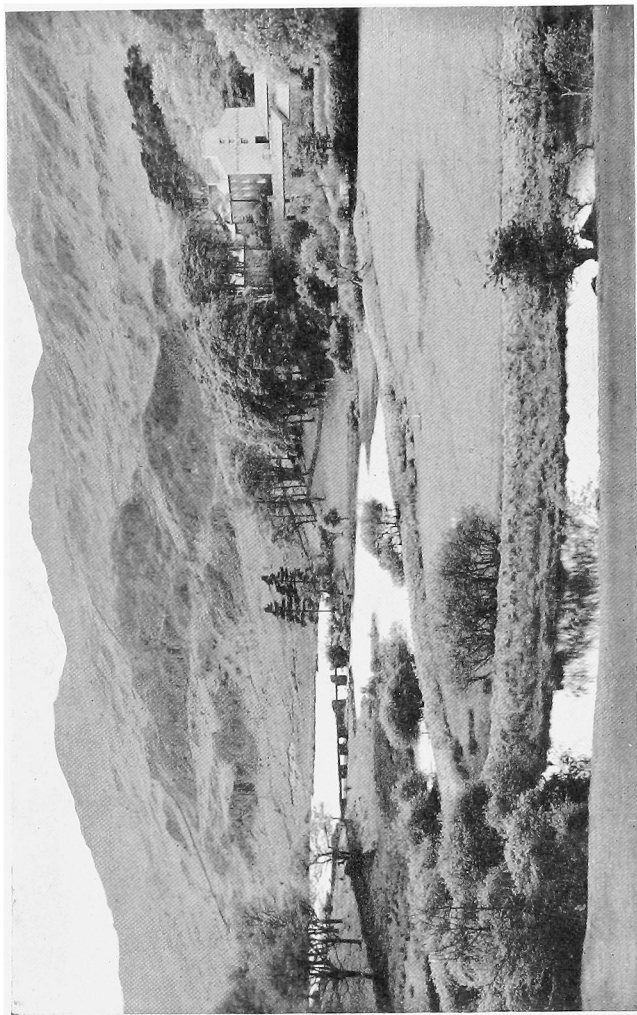
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