

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL

1954

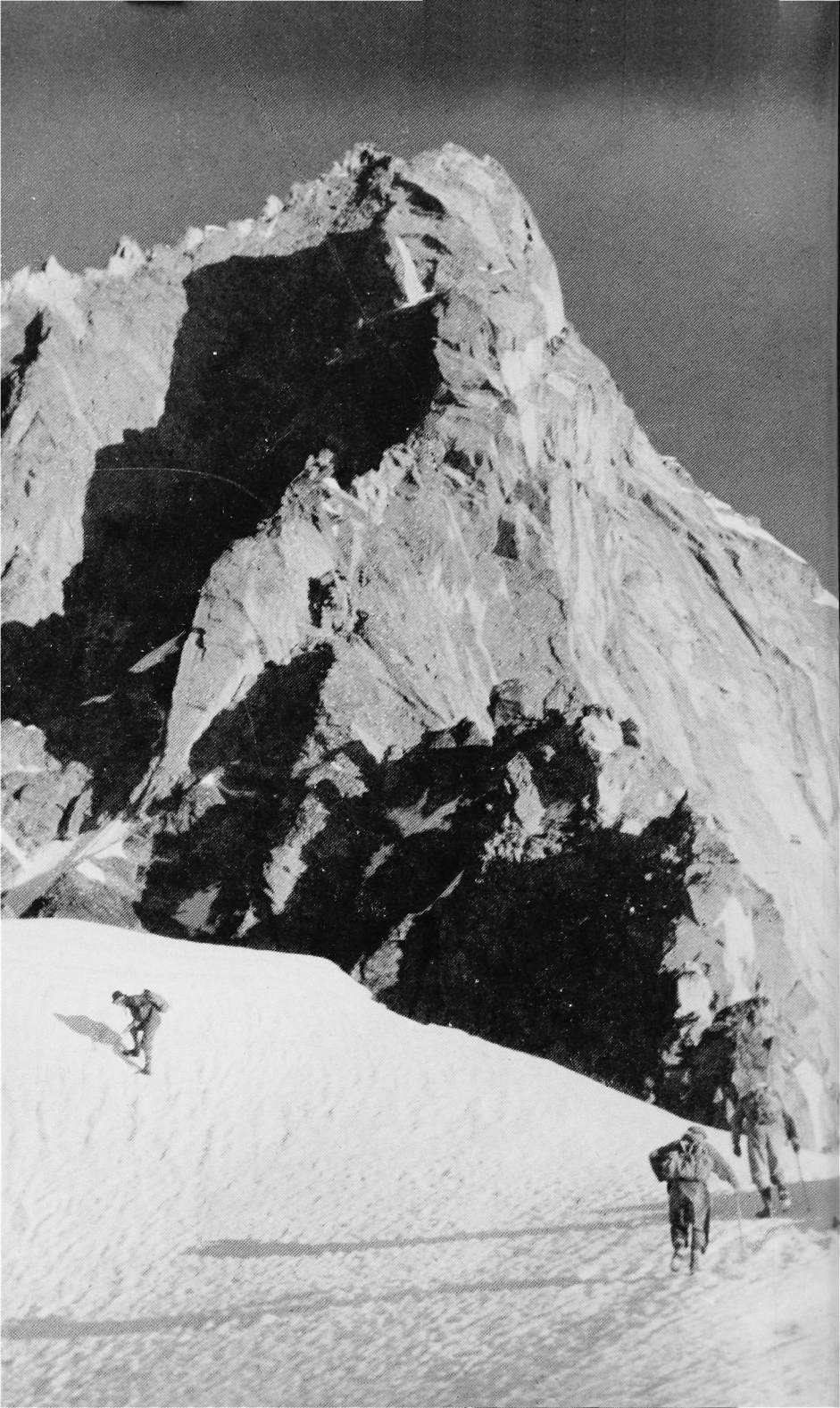
THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

1954

EDITED BY
F. H. KEENLYSIDE

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

This is the seventy-ninth issue of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL (Vol. X, No. 3, New Series), edited by F. H. KEENLYSIDE. Copies are obtainable, price EIGHT SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, from D. C. BULL, Rusland, Grange Road, Camberley, Surrey. Published by the Club in 1954, printed and bound by THE CLOISTER PRESS LTD., Heaton Mersey, Stockport.



THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. X. No. 3

No. 79

1954

CONTENTS

A First Glimpse of the South Col of Everest	<i>Page</i>
C. W. F. NOYCE	282
Memories of Lliwedd	A. W. ANDREWS 287
The South Face of the Gugliermina ..	H. G. NICOL 295
Le Piton Croux	E. A. WRANGHAM 301
Nun Kun, 1953	B. PIERRE 305
The Assault on Slab Recess	K. FITZGERALD 308
The North West Wall of the Olan ..	J. HAMMOND 314
Some New Climbs in Lyngen ..	P. R. FALKNER 318
Exploring Greenland	M. E. B. BANKS 329
A Note on Climbing Artificial Pitches	I. G. McNAUGHT-DAVIS 332
The South East Ridge of the Nesthorn	A. WAILES-FAIRBAIRN 336
Monument Valley	W. A. POUCHER 341
Poems	G.J.S. 348
Climbing Notes from Out of the Way Places	K. PAWSON 349
Otztal Meet	H. R. C. CARR 361
Everest Weekend	R. M. VINEY 365
New Climbs and Notes	E. C. PYATT 366
Editorial Notes 378
In Memoriam : Claude Barton ..	G. D. ABRAHAM 380
W. McNaught ..	H. R. C. CARR 382
D. H. Munro ..	J. H. MAWE 384
Sir T. K. Rose ..	A. W. ANDREWS 384
E. S. Simpson ..	J. M. BARON 386
Reviews 388
Officers of the Club 399

TRONCHEY ARETE; the climbers are nearing
the top of the Aiguille de Tronchey

E. A. Wrangham

A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SOUTH COL OF EVEREST

WILFRID NOYCE

I THINK that it is worth giving an account of our expedition's first impression of the South Col ; partly because it was a feature of our effort to establish a route for porters to that high point on the mountain, but also because, for me, the South Col in its own right will always hold a fascination unique among mountain places. In the excitement of the summit, this immense saddle stretched between two of the highest mountains of the world can never be forgotten.

For a week at the end of April, I had daily opportunity for inspecting the shining wall which guards the col between Everest and Lhotse. Gregory and I were in charge of teams of Sherpa porters carrying stores from the top of the ice-fall (Camp III) to the Camp IV site near the upper end of the great hollow known as the Western Cwm. Each day we looked up eagerly at the glaciated face of Lhotse (27,890 feet) which must be climbed in order to reach our pass.

Last spring the Swiss, thinking to arrive more directly, had climbed up the side of that rocky, steeply dropping spur which they christened the "Eperon des Genevois." They intended to reach the Col (25,850 feet) in one day, failed by a fairly narrow margin and exhausted their sherpas. In the autumn, after the accident in which one Sherpa was killed, they took a more prudent line up the steep, narrow central glacier, made two camps, and at the top traversed left to gain the Col. This line, with some variations, we followed.

Work on the Lhotse face started on 10th May, under the direction of George Lowe. But it proved a tougher nut than we anticipated : many steps to be cut, and ropes to be fixed. I was lucky enough to be with Lowe establishing Camp VII at about 24,000 feet on the 17th : two airy tents perched between a "serac," or ice tower, leaning over into space, and on the

mountain side a long overhanging ice-wall, which, however, could not fall on you, because a 10-foot crevasse gaped between. This crevasse we passed the same afternoon, by a steep snow bridge, and climbed some hundreds of feet up the slopes above. Then I had to return to Camp IV, and Michael Ward, with the Sherpa Da Tensing, joined Lowe. Reappearing on the 20th with eight Sherpas and the first loads for the Col, I met them coming down. They had been harassed by a bitter wind, and able to make very little progress. Lowe and Ward had felt slightly frost-bitten ; they had no oxygen.

My appearance therefore upon the South Col scene was greatly a matter of luck. If anybody deserved to see it first, it was Lowe. My job was twofold. There still remained the better part of 2,000 feet of route to be explored and secured : also, John Hunt was anxious to use the fine weather quickly, and get the first " lift " of loads to the Col. Therefore arriving in the afternoon at Camp VII, I arranged the loads in the snow and dosed my sherpas with aspirin for the morrow. Nearly all were knocked out by too heavy weights. Headachy groans issued from each tent. And it was dismally the same next morning. May 21st dawned fine, only a modest breeze ruffling our perch. But most of the Sherpas groaning declared themselves still unwell, and I decided on our alternative plan : to leave the majority " acclimatising " and to go ahead with the best, named Anullu, securing the route. Both of us would use oxygen. The remainder would swell Charles Wylie's party, due up that day, and give strength in numbers the next.

The face of Lhotse rises in a series of steep ice-walls, which you avoid if possible, cut steps up if you have to, and straddle with ropes if they would be too difficult for laden porters. This upper section seemed the hardest. Once or twice, missing the way, we had to cut unnecessary steps. Once or twice we came across ropes left hanging by the Swiss last year : a comforting handhold but better not used, for once we found the piton holding the rope at the top just ready to leave its hole ; and this above an awe-inspiring drop. We seemed to look straight down on the tiny tents of Camp V, set like toys on the level snow 2,500 feet below.

However, the steep slopes passed, the angle seemed to relent. As often before, there were final deceptions. Stepping up, we

came to another crevasse. Now we had become used to crevasses, apparently bottomless and very beautiful, cutting across the face. Usually the higher upper lip threw down a wedge of snow to serve as bridge. But here, though the two lips were often very close together, their closeness was only that of slender snow volutes and gargoyles. This formed a charming "pleasure dome of ice," descending through bluey-green transparency to utter blackness. But only in one place did these lips appear solid, though overhanging. I leaned across and prodded each lip in turn. They held firm, and I told Anullu to anchor himself in the snow and pay out the rope. I made the quick stride, and thrust my axe as hard as possible into the slope beyond. We were over.

At the head of this glaciated section you must clearly turn left, or you will be making for the top of Lhotse. We turned therefore, on to the snow slopes leading towards our Col. Anullu led here, at what seemed to me the pace of a fast Swiss guide, and we were over our ankles, except where hardened drifts demanded step-cutting. It was a strong effort. Moreover the situation of the "traverse" is sensational. Though safely placed, you are looking down an immense shining bowl to the white valley of the Cwm winding away between stupendous cliffs. Before you, obscuring the Col and part of Everest's final cone, is the spur which the men of Geneva claim as theirs. My plan was to break out on to the rib of this by a snow gangway, and continue over or round it to the Col. This gangway, when we reached it, hardened to crust. Two dozen steps cut, and we were on the ridge. After a short snow and rock scramble we emerged on the bald snow top of the Eperon (perhaps 26,200 feet). We were looking down on the South Col for the first time.

It is a desolate spot. Sweeping up behind into the cloud, the ridge above beckons mysteriously. Over the pass, flat and stony and snow-strewn, the wind moaned without pause. Even from Camp VII we had heard it. And in the centre of this plateau, pitifully insignificant, some yellow rags flapped round metal poles. This had been the Swiss camp of last autumn, the camp which they had left more than thankfully in the bitter cold of last November.

From the top of the "Eperon" we dropped the 300 feet or so to the Col, stopping to fix a line, which could be used as a handrail by weary Sherpas the next day. The site was scattered with remains of food, matches, candles, all in perfect condition. It was a ghost camp. Anullu pounced upon a Swiss rucksack, vowing that Tenzing had entitled him to the first spoil. This compelled him to leave his oxygen set, now nearly spent. I took a tin of Vita Wheat, sardines, and matches, all very welcome that evening. Then we started back. As we topped the "Eperon" the full beauty of Nuptse's ridge struck me. It swings its several mile long course, a thousand feet below our level, over serrated crest and tower; and from each serration there drops a moulded snow fluting, delicately pencilled in ridge and shadow. Beyond, over a sea of billows, the splendid snow pyramids of Numbur and Menlungtse peep out to south and west. And to the north of these Gyachung Kang and Cho Oyu nodded like old friends.

It was the flow of oxygen which heightened my enjoyment of the scenery. A week later, I was to come up again in support of the summit party. This time I was without oxygen, and for the top 500 feet carrying some 40 lb. from a Sherpa who dropped out. I was too concerned with my own breathing, and whether I could get up; for none of us had been to this height without oxygen. Now, however, I felt in splendid form. I stopped several times for photography and to point out beauties to the unheeding Anullu. Half-way down the traverse, we paused for precious drink, I took off my oxygen and went on without it, but finding that I was not enjoying life and the scenery so much, put it on again. That cylinder must have a record for long life. Thus stimulated I spent some time beautifying the route, cutting extra steps (unfortunately, many of these had been obliterated by wind-driven snow next day). In two steep places we fixed ropes. At the final snow-bridge I halted. It had been a splendidly enjoyable day's mountaineering. Charles Wylie's party was cheering and waving from Camp VII, and there were Hillary and Tenzing, come up to be a reinforcement to the 14 loads that must go up tomorrow. This would be the foundation for our assault parties. But for the present, the white gold of the setting sun was enough. Far down in the Cwm, there was tiny Camp V; and a still more indefinite

smudge in the distance, Advance Base Camp, with the rest of the party. Beyond again, the noble little pyramid of Pumori stood out black against sun-lined cloud. It had been a very happy day.

[This essay was written at Advance Base Camp intermittently between 23rd May and 1st June.]



H. J. C. H.

MEMORIES OF LLIWEDD

A. W. ANDREWS

I SAW Lliwedd first in 1889. I was on a reading party at Broadway and had heard rumours, but no details, of climbing in the Snowdon District. I bicycled to Llangollen, and arrived much exhausted, at the Hand Hotel, where I sat on the steps for at least five minutes till I could summon up enough energy to go in. In the morning I went on to Pen-y-Gwryd and put up with the Owens. The veil of mystery was still hanging round the mountains of North Wales, and my hosts were not giving anything away to casual strangers, so that I never discovered that some climbs on the West Peak had already been done. The first ascent, 1883, The Primitive Route and the Central Gully and West Peak by Eckenstein and Scully in 1887. Neither of these ascents were ever properly recorded in a climbing Journal. If the P.Y.G. book existed I never saw it, and I do not know when our first president, C. E. Mathews, began to take parties to North Wales, walking and exploring over the whole region but not doing much actual climbing. I did not even hear of the old legends that King Arthur was buried somewhere on Snowdon and that the burial party went along the ridge of Lliwedd, or the story of the shepherd, looking for a stray sheep in the Slanting Gully who was alarmed by the ringing of a bell.

That climbers were rather modest and detached in those days is clear from the fact that though the Climbers' Club was founded in 1898, I never heard of it till 1901 when I joined. And yet I ought to have heard something, as I had rooms at Magdalen near Coolidge, who lent me books and aroused my enthusiasm for the Alps.

So far as I knew Lliwedd was in 1889 still entirely a virgin peak. I went up an easy slope to the left of the East Gully and then down the Terminal Ridge to the Terrace above the steeper part of the East Peak. I was alone and had no rope with me so that I did not go far down but saw enough to realize the possibilities. I then went on to the West Peak and scrambled down

by what I feel certain was the Bilberry Terrace. I have since considered this as possibly the easiest route on Lliwedd. Though I have never tried the experiment I believe the whole route could be done without the use of the hands.

I then examined Tryfan and the Glyders and scrambled over all the easy faces. It is deplorable that I should have been so blind but the fact is that I had not "lost any lions," as the babu said when asked to go hunting, and was not thinking in terms of rock routes.

In the evening I cycled down to Bangor for my train to Oxford, and had an amusing experience of the limit to which credit could be stretched. I was fourpence short of my ticket to Crewe but a kindly bystander lent it me. At Crewe I got a ticket to Oxford from the stationmaster, at two in the morning, with a penny over for a welcome cup of coffee. At Oxford I borrowed from the cabman to pay for it and from my landlady to pay the cab fare. And everyone was pleased. The perfect circle not the broken round of earth.

I came back to North Wales in 1901 after 11 years of climbing in the Alps and the Horunger, and at once became absorbed in the quest for routes on Lliwedd. I then met J. M. A. Thomson who had done a few climbs on the West Peak though it was not till 1903 that Route I was climbed on the East Peak. So the whole field was open. I got to know Thomson well but it happens that I never did a new climb with him though we scrambled about a lot and looked at new faces together. Incidentally I learnt a good deal from observing his methods of climbing. Perfect balance and great caution combined with considerable strength of arm when he wanted to use a hold. He was certainly "the cat that walked by itself" or with his well-tried companions. He was also rather hard to know. The tradition is that he was never known to speak on a climb till Farmer's genial influence altered things. There is a story told by Thomson himself, who had a great sense of humour, that on one occasion he was going for a long walk on the hills with a professor of Bangor University, and a friend made him a bet that he, Thomson, would be the first to speak. They walked all day and at night returned home and finally the professor said: "I have a brother who is even more silent than myself." Thomson looked at him but said nothing. I fancy Thomson

was influenced till his later years by the traditions of what has been called "the gully epoch." He was quite capable of climbing any slabs but did not as Farmer and I did, look for them in preference for gullies, chimneys or ribs.

There was a tendency at Pen-y-Pass to form separate parties. Young's brilliant rope who did more outside Lliwedd, Thomson and his companion or companions and my party, J. B. Farmer and often my sister, Miss Benecke and Miss Hart. The distinction was that we climbed in tennis shoes, the soles being as thin as possible to help the feel of the rock. I remember Thomson, standing outside Pen-y-Pass before starting off for the day, and while putting in tricounis or nails on worn leather boots watching our foot gear. But he never made any comment. I do not claim to have invented tennis shoes for climbing but we were certainly the first to use them in North Wales.

I climbed with a good many of the North Wales climbers. Miles Mathews, Moss, Bartrum, Rose and Lady Rose, M. K. Smith and Mrs. M. K., Nettleton and Mrs. Nettleton, Young and H. V. Reade, W. R. Reade, H. O. Jones, Odell, Mallory, Todhunter, Eckenstein, A. J. Clark, G. K. Williamson and others. Eckenstein was not able to do much climbing when I met him at Pen-y-Pass owing to illness. He was without question one of the great mountaineers of his day. He had an extraordinary sense of balance and knowledge of mountain conditions. This was shown in his development of crampons. I learnt to use these from him and helped him in some experiments in the Alps on glaciers. The value of his teaching was demonstrated when I lost my axe on La Meije and had to go last on ice slopes of 55°. The last climb he attempted was in 1911. From a bivouac on the glacier we attempted the Aiguilles Rouges de Brouillard. Eckenstein became too tired to go on and I left him with a porter and finished the traverse of all the pinnacles to somewhere below Mt. Brouillard alone, which was quite justified, scree taking the place of ice and cornices. It was not more difficult than Crib Goch under the existing conditions. Every gully and face was however a death trap in that season. I am afraid this ascent was never properly recorded in the *Alpine Journal*. H. O. Jones made a note on it and Kurz alludes to it in the Mont Blanc Guide. A first ascent of all the peaks was claimed by foreign mountaineers many years later.

But my main climbing was with J. B. Farmer. As he was a botanist he had to devote a good deal of his time to his subject and most of my exploration on Lliwedd was done when I was alone. In early days no one else seemed much interested and we played about without thinking that our new routes might be jumped. But I only lost two. The Horned Crag and Mallory's Slab. Farmer had approached the ridge that leads up to the Horned Crag itself from the Eastern Gully, and I came up a slab from the other side and met him at the foot of the rib. It was all so loose and unsafe that we gave it up, though I think a little determination would have carried it through as we went up this way later. The sound route is by slabs to the right of the ridge. Another was Mallory's Slab. Farmer and I had tried it and he got well up the slab, rather nearer to the Shallow Gully, and got stuck. I was near the wall of the Central Gully. I suggested climbing up higher and holding him from above, and he was quite indignant and said that he might swing and hurt himself. At least my doubtful suggestion bore fruit and he recovered his poise and came down safely. I had done what I wanted in distracting his attention. As a fact the route Mallory took was just above or near where I was, but I thought it better to come down. We had looked at this slab for a long time and then Mallory went up, they say, to fetch his pipe.

When alone I carried a rope and hitched myself when exploring, for safety. If I had had no conscience and a few hundred feet of rope I might have invented most of the First Ascents. What interested me was to find a route theoretically and then, when it seemed possible, go and do it, not to push on regardless of difficulties and force the issue by sheer doggedness. I do not mean that the best climbers do not look at climbs carefully before they try them, or have no other resources than putting their noses against the rocks. As an example of the study I gave to the problems of Lliwedd I remember watching the water coming down the cliff in torrential rain, and my speculations as to the possibilities of routes on lines of least resistance. I remember two new climbs on Lliwedd which gave me more pleasure than any others. The Central Gully and East Peak Route and the Central Chimney. In both cases I had the pleasure of taking Thomson up to the foot to look at them and in each case he decided that it would not go. The East Peak

route follows a ledge that looks impossible from the halting place in the Central Gully, but from the terrace above, the Bowling Green of the guide, a distinct chimney can be found at the end nearest the Central Gully. The guide gives this as 70 feet but my recollection of it is as much less, at least the difficult part. I remember coming down to within a few feet of the ledge and seeing Farmer and Lady Farmer descending the West Peak and Central Gully climb just opposite. So when I got up there later with those two and Eckenstein I had only to point the way out to Farmer. I had a firm hold of the rope from above but his long reach made the step comparatively easy.

In the case of the Central Chimney, I went with Thomson up the chimney to the Birch Tree Terrace, which is part of the Roof Route, and then above till the Central Chimney proper steepens. I remember suggesting a route which Edwards afterwards did, up the wall of the chimney on the left to join the Avalanche, but it was not taken. I did not look carefully at the moment at the right-hand exit which I followed in the Central Chimney Route, though I thought it might go and be perhaps more difficult than the left. In my wanderings from the Great Terrace above I reached the Summer House in early days and saw that the slab below this was climbable. The only doubt was the ledge above the Birch Tree Terrace. When Farmer and I did this climb we came down especially for it in October. On getting to the bottom chimney on the first occasion we found it very slimy and Farmer decided that there was a special fungus attached to the sides that made climbing taboo. The oracle had spoken, I think he was possibly a little out of sorts, but the answer was given. So he went for a walk to botanize and I explored further. The next day we had no trouble at all.

I was very lucky in having Farmer as a climbing companion. He was an exceptional rock climber, with a long reach and very sound knowledge of the structure of rocks and especially clever in avoiding unsound holds. He was interested in many other things beside climbing but liked climbing with a few special companions. If he had chosen he could, without doubt, have made a name with many new climbs. Whatever the difficulty he never lost his head. I remember what I may call his divine detachment on our guideless traverse of La Meije. He had gone down a shallow chimney and I had given him the whole of the

rope as it was a bit awkward. He was standing on a ledge near the Zsigmondy Gap, quite secure but with no belay. I asked him if he could hold me and he only said, "I can say yes or I can say no, but I don't know." This was not good enough for me, though a little encouragement would have persuaded me to go down the chimney without a hitch. To unrope and go up to try to find a belay would have taken time, so I looked about on the right and found a delightful hand traverse leading to easy ground. An entirely new descent I believe. I happened to be a little weak in the lift of the leg in climbing and had developed fingers and arms inordinately to monkey standard, so that many climbs came easily to me which other climbers found difficult. I also specialized in going down and have I think climbed down nearly every climb I have been up. It is a pity that young climbers do not make climbing descents as they lose half the pleasure of climbing and invaluable practice. Skill in this would I feel have saved accidents many times.

The nearest escape from an accident that I ever had was in climbing a loose shallow chimney on the Gribin above Llyn Llydaw. I call this the case of the "Shameless Stone." This was possibly the only ascent as I have seen no record of it being done. Thomson had just passed a slab about 30 feet from the top and somehow touched a huge block that seemed part of the mountain. It came off and with a lucky quickness of reaction I just managed to get my nose down to the slab; the block hurtled past Farmer and Lady Farmer and A. S. W. Moore who were lower down and a fragment hit Farmer and damaged him rather badly though we got him down all right. They insisted that it was my fault as the boulder broke on my head which must have been exceptionally hard. As a fact it missed me by a good inch though a loose fragment damaged the back of my wrist. This is what may be called an objective risk, a very rare occurrence on mountains if due care is taken. Such risks come from falling stones, avalanchy snow, insecure snow bridges, etc. I use the word objective, "agencies outside the match," as Thomson cannot be blamed for this most unexpected happening. He was the essence of caution always.

Notes on a few other climbs may be worth mentioning.

Thomson and Eckenstein with my sister and myself had a delightful climb on the Great Chimney. We were introducing

Blodig to the pleasures of Welsh climbing which greatly intrigued him. He was of the school of great mountaineers but had never specialized on steep rocks, and though safe was a little slow. He had a playful habit of throwing down loose stones in the course of a climb, a habit avoided on Welsh crags, and I remember Thomson asking my sister anxiously if the yellow stone was still there. I may mention that I was below in the direct line.

A. D. Godley used to join us occasionally in North Wales. He had a wonderful sense of humour. I remember his slipping on Tryfan, fortunately only about six feet, into the bed of a gully, and saying, "If I had been quicker I should have said I was going to jump." But the incident that I remember best was on Lliwedd. He had got into an uncomfortable position, though held on the rope, and I thought he might come off. I instinctively applied the right injection and quoted the famous line from Homer, "Bear up oh my heart something more shameful hast thou endured," but in error I used the word *κραδίον* instead of *κραδίη*. Godley woke up and took notice and there was no more question of difficulty. The wrong gender sounded the bell! For pure speed nothing to my mind can come up to the Garter Traverse done with H. O. Jones and his sister. Jones first, his sister next and self last. They ran hard and never once looked back. Zatopek would have been well behind. I felt complimented but had hard work to gather up the loose coils. A case of "touch and pass," mostly "pass." It was rather like an ascent of the East ridge of the Matterhorn, a series of rushes in the effort not to waste time though these were due to the deliberation of my party. I had an interesting climb with Farrer who had asked Thomson and myself to take him on Route 2. When Farrer got to the slab he expressed his feelings with some frankness. In the account of Route 2, in the first guide I invented the term "Thank God Hold" for unexpected mercies in the way of knobs or other points of attachment. I had never seen the phrase in literature before my description, but it has evidently taken the popular fancy as everyone claims the first use of it.

Has Lliwedd lost its mystery and with it its great charm? I think not. The day will come when the world, I mean the climbing world, recovers its sanity and has time to enjoy

rambling on rock faces and exploring, instead of doing a set task on a numbered and graded climb. A new ascent is of course always exhilarating, but with the present guide-books very little is left on British crags. In the Alps most guideless climbers have to be explorers. And it is that side of climbing that still appeals to many. To them I suggest choosing an easy way up Lliwedd and wandering where your "ghost" leads. At least you may have the excitement of losing your way in the labyrinth, and find that, as the best story-tellers say, the way into fairyland is not by the barred gate, which you are trying to force, but the open door.

Something must still be added to give zest
To tales of stones, where each is like the rest ;
As men of old when blinded in the maze
Of Lliwedd's tangled and perplexing ways,
Had to use more embroidery, for none
Could tell, when they got home, what they had done,
And, as true lovers should, kept a sure hold
On careless tongues and kissed but never told.

But now, the probing of a grasping hand
Has torn the birch tree from its anchor's stand,
The "Thank God Hold," for those of hope bereft,
Swept every rib and pinnacle and left
No stone unturned, so that the Wayfarer
Might walk thereon, and tread the shining stair
That leads to Paradise, the stepping stone
To Heaven, if Heaven could still be won.

THE SOUTH FACE OF THE GUGLIERMINA

H. G. NICOL

THE trouble with the Gamba Hut is the walk. You leave Courmayeur in the heat of the day, and struggle for miles along a dusty road, past dusty pine trees, and the sweat trickles down your nose. The Italians, who never gave anybody a lift, pass you making rude noises with their car-horns, and even the swaying lurching hay-wagons are going in the wrong direction. After an hour or two you pass the caserne, where an incredibly dull passport carabinier wonders how you have got into Italy without an entry stamp. Without an entry stamp it is impossible for him to certify your exit.

"Entrata ?"

"Torino."

"Dove uscita ?"

"Gamba."

"Ma niente imprima ?"

"Niente."

"Entrata ?"

"Torino."

"Dove uscita ?"

This sort of thing can go on for hours.

It is therefore a pleasure to record that this time we went by car, as far as the upper rickety bridge over the Doire and parked in a clearing by the river. Packing the rucksacks and sharing out the loads was the first thing to do.

"If I take the primus and the petrol, will you manage the 200-foot rope, and the 100-foot rope, and the pitons, and the hammers—Oh, and this tin of marmalade ?" We sorted things out and started the steep hour-walk to the hut. Once there, the *gardienne* gave us soup and tea. We told her to expect us again the day after tomorrow, and spoke of a bivouac "*dans le paroi*." She begged us not to forget to call in on the way back, wished us good luck and at 2.30 we pushed off again. How hateful it is to

leave the world of grass and trees and running water ! We both vowed to sleep for an hour here in the sun on the way back.

To reach the Fresnay glacier you first cross the Col de L'Innominata, and descend thence by steep, loose rocks on to its western end. The glacier is extremely crevassed, but as luck would have it there were some steps leading across to the rocky *rognon* below the Pointe Gugliermi. Directly above, the south face looked relentlessly steep and difficult. A few feet above and to the right it was easy to pick out the traverse line where the climb begins. We climbed up to it, crossing some wide crevasses, and at about half-past seven, after 150 feet of easy rock climbing, found a perfect bivouac site.

We unpacked. Ted put on the stove and I went off to collect water which was conveniently at hand. Supper, consisting of soup, bread and tea lasted until about nine, by which time it was dark and a perfect night. On our left, clearly visible in the moonlight stood the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey, its west flank leaping in one gigantic bound out of the glacier, and crystallized in a cliff 3,000 feet high. . . . In front the steeply sloping Fresnay glacier glittering rather wickedly in the half-light, a tumbled mass of tumbled seracs inextricably intertwined . . . every five minutes the roar of an ice-fall . . . behind the Aiguille Blanche de Peuterey and the Gugliermi looking quite inaccessible. We struggled into our sleeping bags. Across the way, voices from the Noire could be clearly heard, and we wondered what they could possibly be doing at that time of night, on the south ridge of the Noire where bivouac sites are often as frequent as bus stops.

* * *

At 3.45 a.m. somebody woke up.

"It's time to get up."

"Blast ! Let's have breakfast in bed."

We agreed that this was by far the most satisfactory arrangement, since the dining-room and kitchen were conveniently placed at our elbows.

Breakfast is always rather a scrappy affair at sunrise. The stomach revolts not only at the unaccustomed time ; it can never get used to *saucisson* when it was expecting toast and marmalade. And as breakfast was particularly scrappy that

morning, we did not leave camp till 5.45 a.m. Ted had been battling long and unavailingly with a recalcitrant camera and *cassette* and everybody was in rather a hurry. One of us even remarked: "I feel a tremendous sense of urgency in the situation," with the obvious implication that his companion was not so stricken.

Not surprisingly then, we made a minor error of route-finding by leaving the *vires* too soon. I dithered and wasted time on an awkward chimney, sent a stone onto Ted's head while he waited at the bottom, and kicked him accidentally when he arrived at the top. At 6.30 a.m. Ted remarked acidly that "things were going well."

But now we were on easy broken ground below a salient buttress of the south face, the first important objective, and pleasantly informal climbing brought us after 300 or 400 feet to a sloping platform, from which point the "great difficulties" begin. The first instalment of these, is a right traverse onto the crest of the buttress. Ted polished this off smoothly, belayed round a massive bollard which I could see on the sky-line, and remarked briefly that if that was IV he wasn't worried. There follows up the very crest of the buttress, a series of six or seven pitches which could hardly be beaten anywhere for beauty of climbing or elegance of situation. Very steep without being strenuous, grade IV rock shot with veins of V, it made us anticipate eagerly the sequel to so perfect a beginning. After about the sixth rope length I thought the "detached flake," mentioned in the guide as an important landmark, was visible about 100 feet above my head. However, the direct line to it up an increasingly overhanging corner looked so hard, that I waved Ted over to a wide chimney on the left. This turned out to be unclimbable. Ted banged in a disconsolate peg and wondered what to do next. Farther left still there had been an unattractive line up steep and holdless slabs which we both dismissed at first. But every minute spent in the unclimbable chimney sufficed to reduce their angle by a critical degree, and soon they gazed quite benignly upon us. Ted moved across to the attack, climbed up quickly for 100 feet and belayed on a piton. In one further pitch the proper route reappeared, just above the detached flake, and the situation was once more in hand.

We settled ourselves in a rather constricted bay beneath an overhang and had something to eat—the usual unappetizing mixture of chocolate, sugar and dried fruit.

“What do you think happens next?”

It became quite obvious that we must try towards the left, by a simple elimination of the overhang above our heads, and the remarkably smooth wall in the other direction. The guide-book described a pitch of ever-increasing ferocity; first V then Vsup., then VI! I respectfully took off my sack and uncoiled the spare 100 foot rope, which was intended for haulage purposes. Ted drew on his gloves. Action! But all I could find was an amiable enough system of ledges from whose left extremity an ascent of no great difficulty brought an excellent platform within reach. Very puzzling!

“I’m stopping here. Let’s have the sacks.”

Sack hauling is the most strenuous activity in the Alps, especially with 100 feet of nylon line. The line is smooth and slippery and everything gets caught under the overhangs. After this experience we decided not to do any more sack-hauling; instead the second man would carry a rather heavier load. Again I set off in the direction of the great chimney which bounded our buttress on the left. The place was extremely steep and at one point a rather hard move presented itself—inquisitively, wondering, no doubt, how it should be dealt with. I tried it once or twice clean, but the mental association set up by tempting crack and waistband piton inevitably became a physical one and the problem was solved. Here all difficulties vanished, and we proceeded up a chimney which became progressively more accommodating until it debouched on a stretch of easy and very broken ground. Farther on, there appeared a ledge of large blocks, from which it should be possible to appraise what promised to be a highly entertaining piece of climbing.

It was a pleasant spot for dinner, and the fact that dinner consisted of chocolate, sugar and dried fruit detracted not one whit from our enjoyment of the position. The only snag was that the route had temporarily hidden itself. About 30 feet away on the left, at our own level, lay a platform which must be reached across, it appeared, a wall of quite unclimbable rock. The guide-book advised an ascent of 30 feet in an artificial



corner, followed by a diagonal rappel to the platform. We rubbed our hands in anticipation of this manoeuvre.

Ted volunteered to do the first part, spurred on perhaps by the sight of an old piton which indicated the way. He arranged our two stirrups round his neck, struck a rich experimental note from the pitons eagerly assembled at his waist, and looking (no doubt) like an inspector of telegraph poles, launched himself into the attack.

The pitch turned out to be much harder than it looked and Ted was obliged to place three pitons in addition to the two already there. After a half-hour wait, enlivened by a flow of quite excusable language from aloft, I followed, extracting all our own pitons. Now for the traverse! I took out the spare rope and fixed it to a sling round an excellent spike. Into this sling went next the climbing rope through a *karabiner*.

The trouble with a diagonal rappel is that you really want to go sideways, and any carefree direct descents, though possibly delightful at the time, are bound to be paid for sooner or later. Realising this, I made the first few feet almost a horizontal traverse, by leaning out precariously, like one of those sidecar enthusiasts in the motor-cycle races, and making the most of any holds which appeared. The whole affair is a most diverting one, with the added zest that any fall becomes an automatic investigation into the properties of pendula. It was, therefore, almost a disappointment to see a line of large if rather dispersed holds leading up into a recess and thence by a chimney to our terrace. A fixed rope was contrived by fixing the bottom end of the rappel cord and drawing it tight. Ted swarmed down this and quickly joined me. Two further chimneys followed, the first in free climbing which we hardly noticed—an impromptu without strings, the second—some variations on a single *étrier*. We found ourselves on the N.W. *arête* of the *Pointe Gugliermina* and quite close to the summit. In fact, according to the guide-book, only one pitch of 5 sup. (2, 3 pitons) barred the way. Neither the pitons nor the difficulty revealed themselves, however, and after an easy traverse along a convenient diagonal ledge and a steep ascent we could see the top. A stream of melt water proved only a momentary distraction and then a few minutes' scrambling brought us to the summit.

Here, after a great climb, what musings, perhaps even philosophisings should pass through the mind. The people who have been here before. Gervasutti on his epic first ascent. Bastien's and Julien's repetition many years later, burdened by enormous sacks for the Peuterey Ridge, and Gauchat's lightning visitation. But truth to tell we thought of nothing at all. One never does. Sunlight and warm rock have a powerful soporific effect, and the consumption of raisins and pain d'épice demands great concentration at high altitudes.

Presently Ted said : " You look worried."

" I suppose it must be the descent."

The descent is the trouble with every Alpine peak, as inexorable as the setting of the sun, and often as much to be feared. Usually it means loose rock and dangerous snow. This time, however, we were lucky. After an abseil into the brèche, the way went easily over rock neither particularly loose, nor steep, nor difficult. At 7 p.m. we were back again at the bivouac, with the intention of staying there a second night, it was such an agreeable spot.

The stone which fell into the marmalade next morning suggested, however, that we had overstayed our welcome and it was time to go down.

The sun was never hotter, nor the grass greener outside the Gamba that day.

LE PITON CROUX

E. A. WRANGHAM

IT lies before me as I write : a rusty thing, serviceable yet perhaps, but looking all its 18 years. It is blunt, straightforward, and I think rather contemptuous of those who criticise it or its friends without having attempted to savour their qualities. It looks unromantic at first, but the romance is there. After all it is from Italy, the land of wine, women, and song ; though perhaps the Chianti growers, the belles of Courmayeur, or Signor Gigli would not be flattered by its company. But romance springs from mystery, and the Piton Croux has not lacked an atmosphere of mystery. The Guide Vallot, that opium-den of the alpinist in England, does its best to foster this atmosphere. Pleasant dreams conjured up about the route are punctured by its rusty, but, elusive, form. All ways seem to lead to or away from the Piton Croux (and it lies on my desk, so what now ?). It wavers mistily in the mind's eye in the centre of vertical dièdres, traverses "à la Bavaroise," and hidden hand traverses. I feel that at any moment I may find myself suspended from it once more, with the whole vast east face of the Grandes Jorasses beneath me, watching Antony start across a traverse which Dick is clearly convinced is impossible.

No doubt the mystery was what attracted initially ; for the ridge of the Grandes Jorasses from Tronchey, perhaps the last great ridge of a major Alpine Peak to be climbed, had only three ascents recorded. I am still puzzled about this state of affairs. For contrast it with the Arête des Hironnelles which has had countless ascents, or with the Eperon Walker which, despite its difficulty, has had 16. Yet the Tronchey must be every bit as fine as the Hironnelles. It confirms what I have long suspected about Alpinists and Alpine climbs, that they are subject to a capricious fashion which beats Paris hats or Wall Street to a frazzle. Once a climb has become O.K., has achieved a certain cachet, it becomes the target of every aspiring Alpinist to the exclusion of the other, and often finer, climbs just next door. Professor Graham Brown discovered this when the

Sentinelle had had 12 ascents to the Major's three. Now the boot is on the other foot, with the Sentinelle scarcely considered and the Major all the rage.

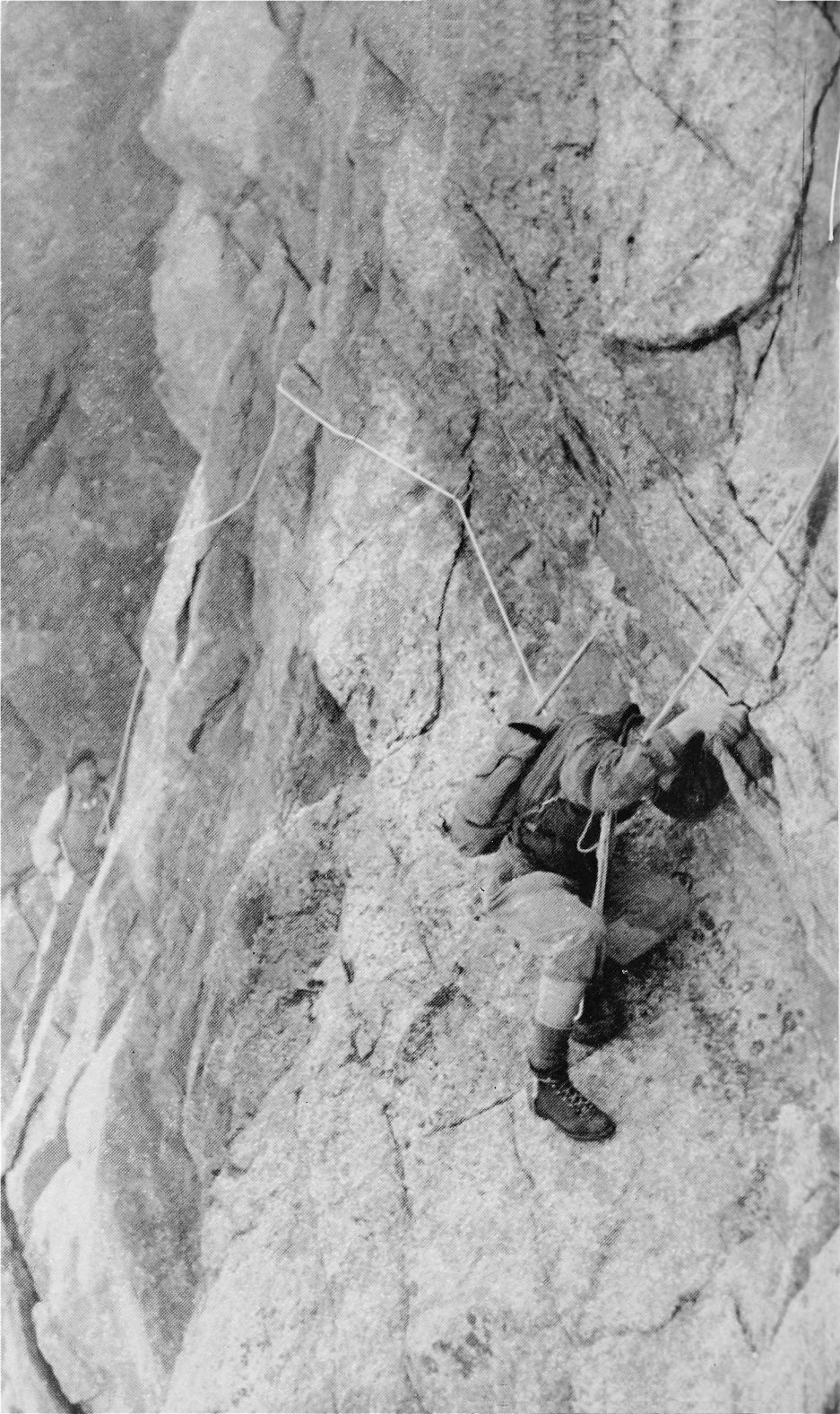
I found, however, that I was not alone in having marked down the Tronchey. Dick and Antony, whose cordée I had gate-crashed, were looking that way ; and one day in the Café Roma we found that Mike Harris and Ralph Jones had a similar ambition. So we joined forces.

As we settled down into our gîte under the Aiguille de Tronchey, which we had selected as the starting point for the climb, we reflected on the pioneer character of the expedition so far. Starting from the road in the valley we had pushed our way on the lower slopes through thick bushes, and on the upper through flocks of sheep and chamois (the former were even seen glissading a snow slope, under control). The tone of the expedition had also been set by some curious incidents on the way up. Antony had made his first "chute," a trivial affair of a mere hundred feet down snow and a few rocks, hardly worthy of so distinguished a member of the F.F.R.C.*; while Ralph had done a Burgener and broken his ice axe in half. We were comfortable in our gîte, warm (sleeping bags), well fed (petrol stoves), and well watered by a stream 10 feet away. Despite all this luxury, the ascent was in fact started next day, and after a certain amount of excitement over a loose block in a chimney, the party arrived at the foot of the first of the three towers.

At the same time some cloud also arrived, and we had our first discussion about the weather. These discussions all followed a curiously similar course. First would come an ominous warning from Dick, referring to electric storms and their behaviour on high mountains. Each member of the party in turn would then slowly rotate his right hand backwards and forwards (this being an O.K. gesture meaning that you have no idea what will happen). No decision would be reached, but the party, being by then rested, would in fact proceed.

It did so, but the details seem less interesting now than they did at the time. Ice and rock, interspersed with weather pauses and rain, led to the foot of the third tower. Now this tower, about three or four hundred feet of it, was presided over by the Piton Croux. It had chosen a worthy place. There seemed to be a larger proportion of air to rock than usual, the air being

* Fell From Rock Club—Ed.



downwards, outwards, and sideways, and the rock upwards. The glacier appeared to be, and was, farther away than usual ; one could understand why the intervening space between it and us had been Gervasutti's hardest climb. Now it is a fact that in situations of this kind tension mounts in proportion as the climbers fail to do so. Tension therefore mounted. Eventually two things happened simultaneously. Dick complained that he had not been allowed to move for an hour and a half, and we sighted the Piton Croux. But the climb was, and the story is, by no means over. Earnest members of the Old School, if they have stuck it this far, are strongly advised to read no farther. For in due course the following sight was seen : a member of the Alpine Club dangling over the Frébouze glacier, his rope passing through four pitons, and his hand still trying to clutch a sling in which he had recently been standing. Perhaps the rope should then and there have been cut as an Awful Warning. Instead some unprincipled youth completed the traverse by inserting two more pitons.

At this juncture Antony announced that he was too tired to do any more leading. Not knowing him very well, I believed this, and was preparing to inveigle Dick into doing the next pitch, which looked horribly steep. However, scarcely were the words out of his mouth than Antony disappeared upwards into the gathering clouds and darkness. He had overcome the last difficulties, and we were on the top at 8.15 p.m.

Bivouac was clearly inevitable, so the descent by the Rochers Whympier was selected, a bivouac being (as one in the party had found three weeks previously) warmer on rock than on snow. The Rochers Whympier are, however, unaccommodating. The ledges are snow filled, sloping, or both ; and the less steep side faces the prevailing wind. The wind availed itself of this state of affairs, and blew, fitfully but unremittingly, all night. Life was reduced to the periods of time between bouts of shivering, curious periods, rather like the moment waiting for a sneeze. In the far distance of time, as at the end of a tunnel, one could imagine dawn and a return of warmth. But it is a commonplace how short the memory is for unpleasantness and within an hour of starting down next day we were shedding clothes, and marvelling at the feeling we had had that we would never be warm again.

Descents bore me, and no doubt the reader as well. We reached the road exactly 48 hours after leaving it (30 of those hours had been spent roped). Then came, as usual, sleep and food, food and sleep. But in one of the intervals between food and sleep an awful thing was revealed. We were sorting out pitons, and there in the pile was an unfamiliar rusty one ; we turned questioningly to him who had come last, taking the pitons out. His look confirmed our horrified thoughts : he had taken out the Piton Croux ! Our minds went back to the Vallot Guide, and how the description of the route revolves round the Piton Croux ; and then we were once more up on the face of the third tower, and the cry again was heard : " Swing up more pitons," but faintly, mistily ; and again we slept.

NUN - KUN, 1953

BERNARD PIERRE

THE Nun, 23,410 feet in height, culminating over the Nun-Kun Massif about 60 miles as the crow flies east of Srinagar, was first scaled on 28th August, 1953.

I was accompanied by three compatriots: Mme. Claude Kogan, M. Michel Désorbay and Dr. Jean Guillemin; by M. Pierre Vittoz, a Swiss missionary residing in Leh (Ladakh); and by two Indian Himalayists, Flight-Lieutenant N. D. Jayal who had taken part before in the Indian Expeditions to Trisul (1951) and to Kamet (1952), and Captain K. C. Johorey, of the Bengali Sappers (Kamet, 1952).

The expedition left New Delhi on 11th July and reached Doda on 13th July, which was the end of their rail and road journey. From Doda, located south of the Massif, we started on a 150-mile approach, with a hundred or so porters, by Kishtwar and Yurod. We reached the foot of the mountain on 30th July. Base camp was set up at the foot of the Nun on the south side, at an altitude of 16,000 feet.

While the ascent of the Nun had already been attempted twice by British climbers (1934 and 1946) over the east ridge, it was now the western ridge that was chosen. In fact, Waller in 1937 and Vittoz in 1952 had reconnoitred that approach and had both concluded that it afforded greater chances of success.

Camp I was established at 18,000 feet as early as 1st August, by N. D. Jayal, Pierre Vittoz and Bernard Pierre. But bad weather set in and forced everyone back to Base camp. It was not until 8th August that the climb could be resumed, when Claude Kogan and Pierre Vittoz reconnoitred a route to the west ridge defended by a huge tower of rock and snow. Thus, on 10th August, could Camp II be set up at 19,200 feet by Michel Désorbay, Jean Guillemin, Bernard Pierre, and Ang Tharkey, sirdar of the six Sherpas. On 11th August, Michel Désorbay, Ang Tharkey, Pemba Norbu (one of the Sherpas) and Bernard Pierre started out to establish Camp III. But,

stopped by fog and snow, they were forced to halt at an altitude of 20,500 feet, where they set up a provisional camp.

The weather got so much worse that, the following day, sahibs and sherpas had to withdraw to Base camp, where they were doomed to inaction for a week. After this delay, snow having ceased to fall, the decision was made to get under way again. In the evening of 21st August, Claude Kogan, Pierre Vittoz, Jean Guillemin, Michel Désorbay, Ang Tharkey and Bernard Pierre were again up at Camp II which had been carried farther up, to 21,000 feet. But, once more, bad weather intervened, defeating their plans, so that, on the morning of 23rd August the leader of the expedition decided on a second retreat. In the course of the descent which was made extremely risky by a thick fog, the six climbers, in two ropes, were caught in an avalanche as they were in view of Camp II. Claude Kogan, Pierre Vittoz and Jean Guillemin's rope was able to stop their fall after some 300 feet. But the Ang Tharkey, Michel Désorbay, Bernard Pierre rope was rolled down some thousand feet. The three men were fortunate enough to undergo only a severe concussion and bruises ; but further action was out of question for them. However, they managed to be all back at the Base camp on 24th August.

The weather becoming more favourable again shortly afterwards, they determined to launch immediately a last assault as the period of time allotted for the ascent expired within a few days (the coolies were expected at the Base camp on 28th August). The rope Claude Kogan and Pierre Vittoz, spared by the avalanche, was the only one in a condition to undertake the attempt. I decided to go up to Camp III, while Dr. Guillemin and Michel Désorbay were to go as far as Camp I and the Sherpas as far as Camp II, as supporting parties. The two Indian officers were unable to take part in this final attempt as their leave was at an end.

When Claude Kogan, Pierre Vittoz, Bernard Pierre, and Pemba Norbu who had joined them, reached the place where Camp III once was, they found that it had been wiped out by a tremendous avalanche. Nothing was left of it. Fortunately enough, the two ropes had taken along a little tent for two and a few provisions for the way ; but they had no stove of any kind

and practically nothing to drink. Nevertheless, they spent the night there in order to try for the summit on the next day.

The night was very cold and, on the 28th the weather was exceptionally good. Two ropes: Claude Kogan—Pierre Vittoz and Pemba Norbu—Bernard Pierre left the little tent (19,200 feet) at 7-30 in the morning. At 21,600 feet, I found that I had not yet recovered from the accident in the avalanche and was unable to continue. I was threatened by frostbite, so, lest I impede the progress of the other two and interfere with the final success, I left Claude Kogan and Pierre Vittoz to go on alone. I returned to Camp III; there, with Pemba Norbu and three other Sherpas who had just come up from Camp II, I waited for the climbers.

The last 1800 feet of climbing consist of an immense avalanche-prone face. The two climbers traversed it on the diagonal and, at 12 o'clock, reached the final ridge. The rope progressed painfully along the ridge. At last, at 2-50 p.m., the summit was won by Claude Kogan and Pierre Vittoz.

29th and 30th August were devoted to breaking up the altitude camps. On 31st August, Base camp was evacuated, and the return march came to its end at Srinagar on 9th September.

THE ASSAULT ON SLAB RECESS

KEVIN FITZGERALD

(AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since 1949 I have read little, other than the collected works of Mummery, Whympers, Stephen, Winthrop Young, Smythe, Tilman, Shipton *et al.* Any resemblance, in the following account of a difficult and extremely dangerous expedition, to the styles of these great ones must, however, be regarded as purely fortuitous.—K.F.)

THE idea came to us one evening at Pen-y-Gwryd. Great deeds had been performed during the day and now we were at peace, our singing done for the evening and our well-earned tankards brimming. "Let us one day," said Hilton Jones, "try to get up Slab Recess Route on the Gribin Facet."

I paled. "It beat Kirkus and Edwards," I said, thumbing rapidly through the Glyder Guide. "Look!" I pointed, with a hand which shook a little, to the relevant passage: "Rope, if considered necessary, 80 feet." "You see the implication?" I said. "What point could there be in taking a rope to that awful crag?"

Moulam chipped in. He had just run back in his bare feet from a dip in the icy—but oh so beautiful—waters of Glaslyn. "Where that cliff is not absolutely vertical," he said, "it overhangs. There are no holds."

"Do you mind going into the Alcove?" said Mr. Briggs to a party staggering in from a "first day" muscle-opener on Cemetery Gate. "This Smoke Room is reserved for climbers." We relaxed as Hilton Jones outlined his plan.

"We must be fit," he began, "not only fit but ready for anything. We must train for two years, saying nothing to anyone in the Club or outside it." He began to sing:

In Pen-y-Pass there lived a lass
(With a rope and an axe and a tricouni nail),
Who sat with a Deacon consuming a Bass,
On the summit of Snowdon, Alas! oh alas,

For she had to come down to Llanberis by rail,
(With a rope and an axe and a tricouni nail),
And that is the end of my sorrowful tale,
Oh, that is the end of my tale.

How we laughed and stamped and roared as the song brought back memories of lonely nights in lonelier huts with the lightning playing round the seracs and the boulders flying off the roof. We went to bed sober, reflecting on the joys of fitness, on the Lovableness of the Unrelenting Mountain and the need for stout hearts in the morning.

Three months later training began in earnest. There was one exhilarating week-end during which Moulam did the first pitch of Charity in boots, Hilton Jones reconnoitred the lower slopes of Moel Siabod and FitzGerald gained the upper reaches of the Pig Track, ultimately, after many hours of exhausting effort, winning through to the Plateau of Bwlch Moch. Unhappily the weather broke for the attempt on the Summit Ridge of Crib Goch ; but that triumph was to come.

In the high summer of 1951 FitzGerald and Hilton Jones cut up the arête and, more dead than alive, achieved the passage of the ridge itself. Towards the end of an arduous descent they encountered a famous mountaineer sunning himself on a gentle slope. It was H. R. C. Carr. He spoke to them. Too often in these moments the *obiter dicta* of great men are misheard or forgotten. But not on this occasion. "Carr's Remark," as it has come to be known in climbing circles, from South Audley Street to the top of the Namche La, was committed at once to the paper round a packed lunch by the writer of this article. "You look tired, FitzGerald," Carr said.

It was shortly after this that Alan Hargreaves was told of The Plan and pronounced in favour of it. When shown the guide, he waved it away. There is still some doubt as to the words spoken while he waved. Some aver that he said: "I can't read mountaineering books." Others that he merely stated his inability to read. Of his next sentence there is no doubt. "The cliff will go," he said, "I've seen it."

Hargreaves put forward a vigorous programme of training walks. Under his aegis the Miners Track was explored from end to end. A long look was taken at Tryfan, including a day spent in searching for the mice, said by early explorers to

frequent the mountain. None was observed. Later the summit was gained by a strong party—except FitzGerald who collapsed from mountain sickness when a mere 1,500 feet of easy scrambling from his goal.

That night there was a green sunset, and great snakes wormed out of their fastnesses on the Cliffs of Llewyl as all nature stood hushed while the Spirit of the Mountain brooded over Capel Curig. “Cor ad cor loquitur,” murmured Hargreaves, as he set off on the lonely walk to Helyg. He was deeply moved. We were all moved. Even Longland who had walked over from King’s Lynn to collect a forgotten pipe was moved. It was a moving experience.

The Great Day drew nearer. In Seymour Street, the clang of hammers told of special nailings and the forging of pitons. In Pontypool, chemists watched anxiously as 80 feet of nylon rope began—but oh! so slowly, so very slowly—to take shape. Nothing was to be left to chance. One thought was in every breast, The Summit. If fear gnawed sometimes there was that tag of Brownings to sustain us or recollections of the grim day—so long, so very long ago, “O Postume, postume”—when FitzGerald was roped off Milestone Buttress.

The Great Day dawned. Outside Pen-y-Gwryd, a long line of cars packed with enthusiasts awaited the emergence of the party. Alas, that Moulam could not be with us. He was tied to a desk in the hotel sitting-room, trying to map a route up Snowdon which would entail the minimum of severe climbing. His place was taken by Mervyn Hughes who had prepared over the two years’ training period, in the passionate hope of a place in the assault party, by taking part in expeditions to Switzerland, the Atlas Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. How good it was to see this young mountaineer, his face alight with expectation, his rucksack bulging with drink, as he leaned on an ice axe for the preliminary photography. A man from Llanberis began to offer synthetic cream ices. Someone raised a cheer and we were off.

The long journey to the cliff was much as other journeys of similar difficulty. Hospitality was offered, but alas, could not be accepted, by the inhabitants of a beautiful chalet perched, all shimmering green, on the grassy slopes of an unnamed peak. We plodded on in silence.

And so at last to Ogwen on the great bend in the Holyhead road. From a nearby hostelry greetings were shouted, to be returned by us in the quiet tones which the seriousness of our mission and our love for the peace of the great wild places enjoined upon us. There at Ogwen we heard the rattle of tea cups for the last time on our journey. "Come," said Hilton Jones, "it is time." We plunged up the hill into a wilderness of boulders.

At last the cliff. With shaking hands and with our thoughts unspoken we took off our boots and donned rubbers. FitzGerald hastily wrote a last message of cheer and goodwill and placed it reverently in a sardine tin which some earlier traveller, averting his gaze doubtless from the grim bastion of the cliff, had paused there to open.

We roped up. Who should have the honour of leading? Solemnly Hilton Jones produced a coin and flung it skywards. "Heads," cried Mervyn. FitzGerald stooped to the coin and inspected it as it lay. "It would appear to be a salmon," he remarked, pocketing the Irish florin. Without hesitation Mervyn led up the cliff. At 15 feet he reported a narrow ledge and we heard him driving pitons. With difficulty FitzGerald gained his side. Soon the party was up and pacing anxiously about the stance while the next lead was worked out move by move. Far above a great tree thrust outwards from a cleft. Could this be avoided; was there a simpler way? We paused for photographs. The tension was extreme. Nerves were frayed. Buzzards wheeled slowly in the air around us. From somewhere came the plaintive cry of the stonechat. A small ball of clay hummed past us on its descent into the void.

Above us (after resting for an hour or so) Mervyn struggled with the cliff as inch by inch FitzGerald, enveloped in belays, paid out the rope. By midday, exhaustion and hunger on every face, we had gained a stance below the tree. The passage of this obstacle appeared from 10 feet below to be impossible. The tree overhung. "I'm going up," said Mervyn, and flung himself at the wall. For 20 anxious minutes he clawed his way and at last we were rewarded by his cry of triumph. We little knew then the appalling consequence of his action. By this time we were a full 60 feet on the crag, and FitzGerald was beginning to fail. At last he was hauled to the tree only to find that the

rope had been taken—for him—the wrong side of it. His cries of distress, as like a fly in a web he cast this way and that, were heard, it is said, by fishermen ankle deep in the cool waters of Llyn Ogwen. A green sunset—a phenomenon hitherto unobserved at 2-30 p.m.—began to manifest itself. From far away came the deep booming of a gong calling the Midland Association of Mountaineers to prayer. FitzGerald clung to the tree.

There are occasions in the life of every true mountaineer when he is afraid. Fear this time dogged our every step. The tree at last surmounted we were confronted by the crux. This involved nothing less than a step of nearly two feet on to a projection no bigger than a small desk. For the hands there was nothing, nothing at all, other than a ledge nearly four feet above the projection and barely two feet in depth. Failure stared us in the face.

Hilton Jones said something in Welsh, to which FitzGerald replied in Irish. Hughes said nothing, in Spanish. We were resolved. We would not admit defeat. We would press on. We pressed on.

If one had a gift for writing, which one has not, one would extol the delicate move of Hughes as he made his step, the blundering rush of FitzGerald across the chasm, the calm precision of Hilton Jones. But at long last we were safely across. As we gained the stance a green moon swam gently into the sky, her rays mingling with the deeper green of the departing sun. Clearly there would be a green dawn a bit later on. We struggled upwards.

About half-past seven the last stance was reached. It was small (a mere projection) but it sufficed. We lay down while Hilton Jones fitted together the collapsible divan he had carried in his sack. He pointed a minatory finger. "Rest," he said to FitzGerald.

By nine o'clock we were ready for the last dash. A desperate effort, a scramble among knife-edged blades of grass touched by the evening frost and we were up. Slab Recess Route had been conquered.

For a while we lay there tasting the sweets of victory and regretting that none of us smoked pipes so that we might afterwards describe the pleasure of this exercise on mountain

tops. Then FitzGerald sat up. "I've left my boots down there," he said.

"Pity," said Hilton Jones, "I'll just run back for them." And he did.

GLOSSARY

Pen-y-Gwryd	An hotel. Running water everywhere. Easy terms.
Vertical cliffs	Any mountaineering reminiscences, <i>passim</i> .
Overhangs	
Absence of holds	
Alcove	
Fitness	See any theological definition of Limbo. State of being able to go for a walk with Hilton Jones.
Singing mountaineers	See "Absence of holds," <i>supra</i> .
Cutting up arêtes	See "Vertical cliffs," <i>supra</i> .
Cliffs "going"	Usually expressed in German with the addition of the words "Mein Herr." ("Es geht mein Herr," said Hans. I studied the line for a moment. "Yes, Hans," I answered "it will go.")
King's Lynn	A town in Norfolk within easy reach of Llanberis Pass. (See also "Fitness.")
Chalet	Any building with eaves. See "Where to have tea in Snowdonia," issued by the Society for the Preservation of Rural Britain.
Leading	Going first.
Green Phenomena	See "Overhangs," <i>supra</i> .
Crux	See <i>Climbers' Club Journal</i> 1952.
Step	The move the other man can't make.
Move	A step.
Stance	Where to stay in North Wales.
Slab Recess Route	See relevant Club Guide.

THE NORTH-WEST WALL OF THE OLAN

JOHN HAMMOND

THE Olan is the westernmost of the major summits of the Dauphiné. To the north-west it throws down one of the great outer defences of the citadel of the Massif d'Oisans : a rock wall 3,600 feet high dominating the tiny Glacier de la Maye and the green and deserted Fond Turbat, or upper valley of the Bonu. It was the first of the unresolved problems of the Dauphiné to be successfully attacked, in August, 1934, by Giusto Gervasutti and Lucien Devies. The ascent was repeated in 1937, again in 1942, and four or five times since the end of the war. My interest in the climb, first aroused by a photograph in Jacques Boëll's "High Heaven," was further stimulated by Gervasutti's account of his first ascent in "Scalate nelle Alpi." The literary inducements became irresistible when I read, in the Massif des Ecrins guide-book, of a "superbe paroi rocheuse . . . son escalade est l'une des plus belles des Alpes." The opportunity came last July, when I spent some days climbing from La Bérarde with Gordon Dyke and Martin Ridges.

We first had to reach the Fond Turbat Hut—quite a hard day's work from the Val Vénéon. On 28th July we motored to a parking place between Les Etages and Champhorent, crossed the gorge of the Vénéon below Champhorent, then began the 6,000 feet of ascent to the Brèche de l'Olan ; steep zigzags past the plunging waterfall of the Lavey ; an amiable path up the pastoral valley of the Muande to the Lavey Hut, where we lunched and warned the *gardien* that we hoped to revisit him late the following evening ; and interminable moraines which finally led to the Glacier des Sellettes (where we examined our prospective route of descent by the North Ridge) and the Brèche. From the Brèche we looked down on a remote and mysterious valley, reminiscent of the Carneddys—until one looked up to the sharp-toothed ridges on either side and the wall of the Olan at its head.

The hut stood out clear and solitary 2,500 feet below. We hastened down the névé, broken rocks, and grass which separated us from it, found it empty, and cooked and ate a large dinner. We contemplated with satisfaction the empty valley, the symmetry and noble proportions of the rock wall above, glowing in the evening sunshine, and the prospect of having the hut to ourselves. But too soon ; suddenly, apparently from nowhere, an enormous French family materialised. We got little sleep that night. True, the family considerably ate their supper, then sang us—tunefully—a lullaby of folk-songs, some way from the hut ; but on their return there were the inevitable and interminable whisperings and scufflings. However, at least we did not oversleep ; and the silent and melancholy rites of a hut breakfast were enlivened by an attentive audience and a whispered running commentary.

At length there was nothing for it but to set out. We emerged from the hut and surveyed the face, now bleak and hostile, separated from us by a thousand feet of moraine and glacier. High above were the twin summits of the Olan, the Central and the North. From a notch in the ridge just to the right of the Central summit a horrible slabby couloir descends to the glacier, peppering it liberally with an assortment of stones. Our route lay up the ribs and buttresses to the right of this couloir. We therefore mounted to the glacier, crossed a first rimaye well to the left, hastened rightwards across the target area of the great couloir, and arrived at the rimaye below the face. With a sensational leap onto a foothold we were over the rimaye and embarked on the climb.

Steep and interesting climbing began immediately. A line of thin cracks led to a cave, from which we escaped by the right wall. We then, by a series of cracks and chimneys, gained a very steep rib, and for four hundred feet enjoyed vertical flakehold climbing on rock similar to the less respectable portions of Lliwedd. At the end of each ropelength I inserted a piton, but little time was lost in extracting them, since Gordon, as third man, was able generally to do so with finger and thumb. At length the angle eased and we emerged on a shoulder about 1,200 feet above the rimaye. Stones were whistling alarmingly down the couloir to our left—and continued to do so almost to the ridge—but fortunately kept clear of us.

A short stretch of scrambling up to the right now led to the base of the yellow central bastion, eight hundred feet high, which promised to provide the hardest climbing. We pressed on, for clouds had started to cover the hills of the Vercors to the west. There was first a short vertical section, leading to a detached block beneath an overhang. From here we were promised "120 m. continuellement de IV sup. avec des passages de V." The yellow wall above was certainly very steep, well provided with none-too-solid overhangs, and with no line of ascent apparent; but after a couple of false starts I found the line, going most improbably up overhanging yellow blocks which did not at first inspire much confidence but in the event were apparently firmly inset. The climbing was exhilarating, strenuous and quite exposed. Again there were no pitons to guide the way; but this time those that I inserted came out less easily, and to save time two were left for posterity. An easier, but still steep, section brought us to a diagonal crack, which in turn led strenuously to a ledge. Above was a bulging slab, which had to be crossed diagonally to a series of overhanging cracks, with great jammed flakes protruding from them, which led to the top of the buttress. The slab was graded VI, and gave delicate climbing rather like the main pitch of the Narrow Slab. The cracks were energetic, but relatively easy.

It was now half-past two, and well past lunch-time, but no sooner had we emerged on the shoulder than we were greeted by a flurry of hail, and looked up to see a grey and stormy sky. Mindful of the tribulations of Gervasutti and Devies on their first ascent we hurried on. The remaining 1,200 feet contained nothing harder than Grade IV, but, apart from a deep and comforting chimney at the beginning, it consisted of an apparently endless succession of slabs with rounded holds alternating with steeper pitches of loose rock, and would have been a nightmare to climb after a snowstorm. However, the storm held off. We advanced gingerly into the mist, moving together wherever we could, starting occasional patches of verglas, until at last a loose and difficult pitch landed us on the summit ridge just after five o'clock, after 11 hours on the face.

Our first anxiety had been resolved—we had climbed the face before the storm broke—and we halted thankfully for food. The next task was to get off the mountain before nightfall, and

we set off to traverse the Olan's twin summits and descend the North Ridge. This must be quite an entertaining route up the mountain, but in the mist it was complicated, particularly when it came to locating the five hundred foot gap between the Central and the invisible North summit—and heartbreaking to have to lose and regain so much height at this time of day. However, by half-past eight we were off the ridge and onto the benign upper plateau of the Glacier des Sellettes.

The prospect of a bivouac on the mountain in bad weather was now replaced by the brighter one of a bed at the Lavey Hut. Gordon took over the lead and skilfully piloted us down the remaining 3,000 feet of moraines and rock escarpments to the valley. Here hunger and thirst induced us to stop by a stream for a second meal, washed down by sherbert in a variety of flavours. Lightning flashed and spots of rain began to fall as we stumbled down the remainder of the path. Despite our midnight arrival, the hut *gardien* welcomed us warmly, and we were soon in bed. As we dozed off the storm broke at last, and my last recollection of the day is the noise of heavy rain bombarding the roof. It was a most satisfying sound !

SOME NEW CLIMBS IN LYNGEN

PHILIP R. FALKNER

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of climbing in Lyngen is the abrupt way in which one steps straight from the amenities of modern civilization into practically unknown mountain territory. There is an excellent daily bus service along the coastal road from Tromsø, and Lyngseidet, with its guest house, youth hostel, and two cafes, is a budding holiday resort ; yet the mountains only a few miles away are still incompletely surveyed and mapped. When I first visited Lyngen with the 1951 Oread M.C. Expedition, we actually found a quite worthy unclimbed peak, Tobretind, whose base was only three hours' walk from a bus stop on the Arctic Highway. In that year we picked a number of the obvious plums, and in 1952 Showell Styles and his party picked some less obvious but very choice ones. This year there were at least six British parties in the area. The Oread M.C. party, consisting of R. A. Brown, P. B. Cook and myself, arrived in Lyngen on 8th July. Two more members, R. G. Pettigrew and T. S. Panther, joined us a fortnight later.

As our base, we had the hut at Lyngseidet which we had used in 1951. Before embarking upon any extended camping trips, we decided to put in a couple of training climbs on mountains near to base. Our first choice was the north face of Rodbjergtind, a peak of 4,800 feet overlooking Kjosens Fjord. This face had the attractions of being quite long—the foot rocks are only about 800 feet above the fjord—apparently not too hard for a training climb, and finally, as far as we knew, of being unclimbed.

We set off for Rodbjergtind at 6.30 a.m. on 10th July. The approach along the fjord shore took longer than we had anticipated ; the going was very rough, and it was such a glorious morning that we kept halting to admire our surroundings. It was 10.0 a.m. before we reached the foot rocks. We selected as our route a prominent rock rib that ran the whole height of the



face, ending on a foretop on the east ridge of the mountain. This route fulfilled our expectations admirably, providing a pleasant moderately difficult climb of great length, very much like one of the easier buttresses of Tryfan extended for nearly 4,000 feet. After six hours of climbing we emerged on the foretop, and a cairn here indicated that we had now joined the east ridge route by which G. Billing, the well-known Swedish climber, had made the first ascent in 1946. The final part of the east ridge was longer and more difficult than we had expected, with a distinctly hard and exposed pitch on rather loose rock just below the summit. It was nearly 8.0 p.m. when we reached the summit and allowed ourselves the first long halt since the start of the serious climbing. We descended by an easier route, the west ridge, to the col between Rodbjergtind and the next peak to the west, Hemmeligtind. The summit of the latter looked temptingly near at hand. For a while we toyed with the idea of ascending it too, and even took a few tentative steps in that direction ; then we thought better of it, changed course, and descended snow slopes to the Rodbjerg glacier. From the glacier it is a straightforward walk down to Rornesdal and so back to the fjord shore, but even so it was 2.0 a.m. when we reached base. Our "training climb" had occupied about 20 hours and was actually one of the longest days that we had.

Our other training climb, the traverse of Urtind and Festningen, was chiefly notable for two things : for the only six hours of bad weather in the whole of the first two weeks ; and for the discovery, near to the summit of Festningen, of a lady's jacket of Victorian style, in an advanced state of decay ; almost certainly a relic of Elizabeth Main, the eminent lady climber, who with her two guides made the first ascent of Festningen before the turn of the century. From Festningen we had intended to continue along the ridge to a remarkable rock pinnacle, which suffers from the unfortunate name of "Kaiser Wilhelm II tind," inflicted on it by a German party before the first World War. Slingsby called it the "Aiguille de Dru of the North"—a gross exaggeration. The correct local name apparently is Urkjerringa. However, in view of the poor weather at the time, we left this polynomial pinnacle alone and descended to Kjosen.

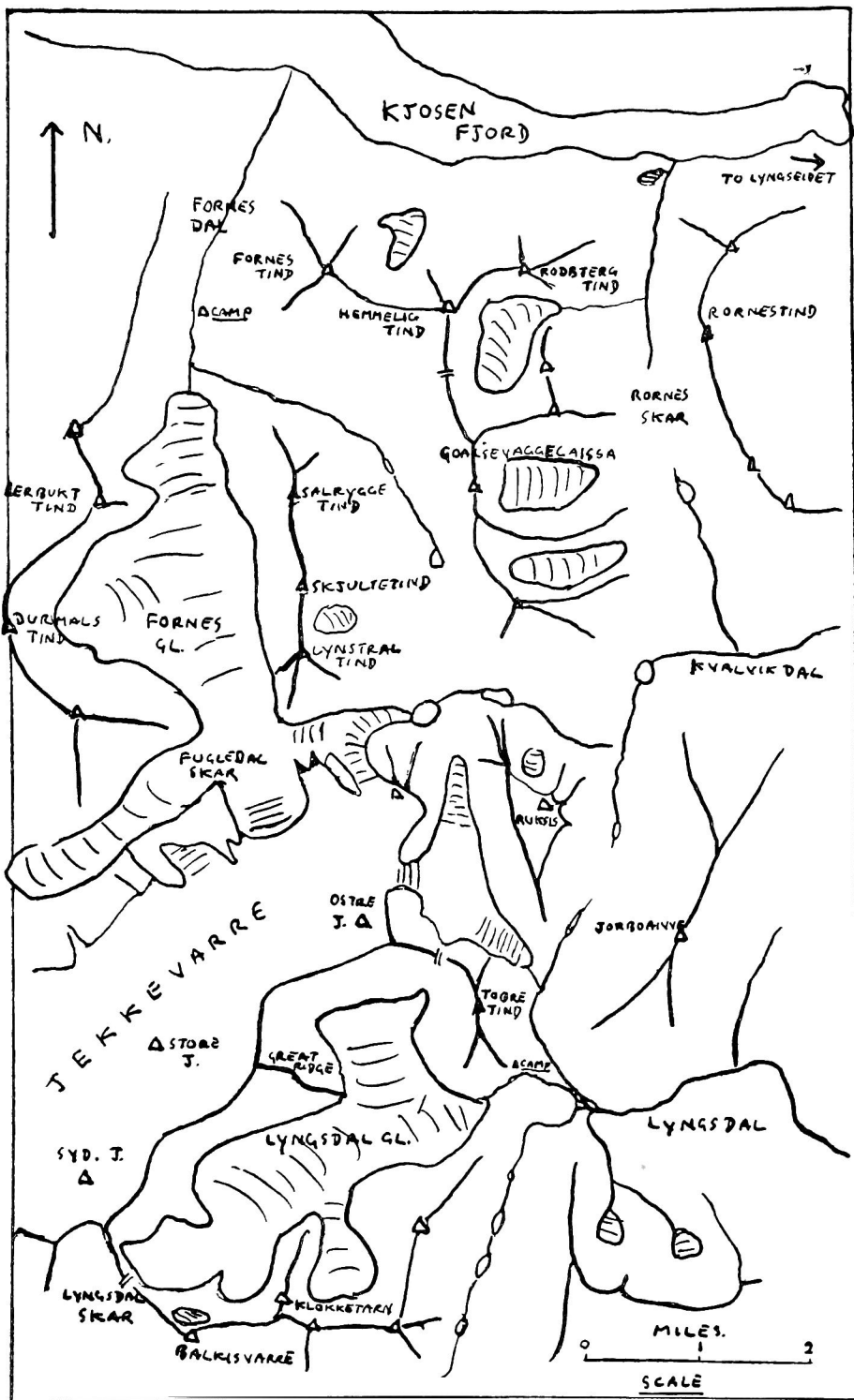
After these two preliminary climbs, we made five camping trips, each of about a week's duration, to various parts of the

peninsula. The first of these trips, and one of the most successful, was to Fornesdal. On 14th July we carried our gear up to a delightful camp site a mile or so below the snout of the Fornes glacier. Our first climb from this camp, Hemmeligtind on 15th July, was to some extent a disappointment. We had hoped that it would be a first ascent, as we had no information of any previous one. It was a tiresomely loose mountain ; and when we reached its flat summit we found a carefully built cairn—whose we do not know.

We next turned our attention to the peaks at the head of the Fornes glacier. Those on the west side were climbed many years ago, but the three peaks to the east escaped the early pioneers. The northern one, Salryggetind, though a conspicuous and quite easy mountain, was not climbed until 1951. We felt fairly certain that the other two, which remain well hidden until one is quite high up on the glacier, were still unclimbed.

The next day, 16th July, with the weather still excellent, we set off at 12.45 p.m. for the southernmost peak, Lynstraltind. A short walk up the valley followed by the ascent of a thousand feet of old moraine, brought us to the glacier. There were just sufficient crevasses to provide a little interest without interfering with one's progress. From the level snowfields at the head of the glacier a 1,000-foot snow couloir led to the south ridge of Lynstraltind. This ridge was actually quite easy, though pleasantly narrow, but it kept us in doubt to the end. Immediately beneath the summit was a deep and forbidding cleft, very steep on the far side. On descending into the gap we were relieved to find that the steep wall beyond had excellent holds and was very much easier than it looked. At 7.0 p.m. we were on the summit. There was no sign of any previous ascent, so a cairn was constructed and a record left. The descent was made by the same route. The snow couloir which had taken an hour to climb now provided an exhilarating four minutes of glissading and camp was reached well before midnight.

This ascent illustrates at once both the attractions and the limitations of Lyngen as a climbers' playground. I have several times been asked how the standards compare with those of the Alps. The answer is that, with a few exceptions such as the Great Ridge of Jekkevarre, and some of the routes on the



Lakselvtinder and the Jegervasstinder, the majority of the routes on the Lyngen mountains, though often long, do not maintain the continuous technical interest of the great Alpine routes. The standard is generally more like that of the Austrian Alps, the Silvretta or the Oetzal for example. The real attraction of mountaineering in Lyngen lies not in technical difficulty, but in the fact that the whole region is so remote and little known that on almost every climb one has a sense of pioneering and exploration. In addition, Lyngen possesses a scenic glory all of its own. In a small compass one has a unique combination of the quiet charm of the sea lochs and islands of Western Scotland with the more spectacular beauties of the Alps. Finally there is the midnight sun and the incomparable lighting effects that it so often produces. I mention these points because one party arrived in Lyngen this year under the misapprehension that they were coming to a new-found paradise for tigers—a sort of super-Chamonix, and were disappointed at the comparative ease with which many of the peaks could be climbed.

We followed up the ascent of Lynstraltind with another first ascent the next day. This was the central peak of the group, which we called Skjultetind (Hidden Peak). As a climb it was very similar to Lynstraltind and took about the same length of time. We returned to base on 18th July, well pleased with our bag of new peaks, but with our desire for some really hard rock climbing still unsatisfied.

Our next trip, to Lyngsdal, provided us with difficult climbing in plenty. To the north of Lyngsdal rises Jekkevarre, the highest mountain in Arctic Norway. In 1951 Brown and I had been in the party which had traversed Jekkevarre from west to east, and we had tentatively considered the possibilities of a route on the then unclimbed south face, which rises in one great sweep of cliffs 4,000 feet high straight from the glacier to the summit. We had then noticed, almost in the centre of the face, a great ridge, set at steep but by no means impossible angle, and apparently safe from ice avalanches from the summit ice-cap, which put much of the face out of bounds. This was the ridge that we had now come to climb.

We had camped in Lyngsdal in 1951 on a site which would have been almost perfect but for the presence of three playful

young bulls, which could not be persuaded to leave our tents alone. This year at the same spot we were met by seven young bulls. This was intolerable. We moved higher up the valley, crossed the streams from the Lille Jekkevarre glacier and camped at the foot of Tobretind. Nearby were three other tents belonging to an Edinburgh University party, which was spending two months in Lyngsdal. Three sunburnt Scots greeted us and offered us tea and biscuits. We learnt that they already had been up Jekkevarre by a route rather similar to the one we had in mind. Imagine the Tower Ridge of Ben Nevis with the Douglas Boulder increased to a height of about 2,300 feet so that it forms more than half the total height of the ridge, leaving the upper part of Tower Ridge at its normal size, and the result is a fair impression of the Great Ridge of Jekkevarre. The Edinburgh party, outflanking the "Douglas Boulder" by means of a snow slope to one side, had succeeded in gaining the crest of the ridge at its more or less level middle section and had followed the crest to the summit. It was now obviously up to us to attempt the steep lower part direct.

We set off in perfect weather at 8.0 a.m. on 23rd July, reaching the foot of the Great Ridge at 10.0. The first few hundred feet were unexpectedly easy; then, following a short horizontal arête, came an extremely steep rock nose, perhaps 700 feet high. Moving one at a time now, with Brown in the lead, we made slow but steady progress up a series of pitches of increasing difficulty, until, right in the centre of the nose, an unstable-looking overhang of very loose, light yellow rock barred further progress in a direct line. On the right the prospects were hopeless. To the left an outward shelving, slabby gangway slanted up diagonally just beneath the overhang. Cautiously Brown edged his way up the gangway using a peg for a runner at one point, and disappeared from view round a corner. More rapid movement of the rope now indicated that he was on slightly easier ground, but he had to run out almost the whole 120 feet of rope before he found a safe stance. From here direct upward movement was again possible; a delightful 80-foot chimney brought us back to the crest. We allowed ourselves a short rest and discussed whether the passage that we had just climbed was "IV Sup" or "V Inf." After a short easy section there was another steep nose ahead. This was

rather like the previous one ; up a bit—move left—up again—then back to the crest, but rather less difficult.

At 4.0 p.m. we reached the long, almost level middle section of the ridge. Here we had a meal and allowed ourselves a fairly long halt. On moving off again, we were able to proceed unroped for some distance, until we arrived at a steep step of about 150 feet. I was in the lead now and was relieved to find that the climbing, though steep and exposed, was not as hard as that on the lower part of the ridge. On the most awkward section I found a peg, useful for a runner, indicating that we had now joined the Edinburgh route. This step proved to be the last serious obstacle ; several hundreds of feet of scrambling followed, and then the long snow slopes of the summit dome.

Now a new complication arose : for some time Cook had been going very slowly. Near to the summit of Jekkevarre he became violently sick, and seemed to be suffering from an attack of food poisoning. He plodded on grimly; but was obviously feeling very weak ; it was 10.30 p.m. when we at last reached the summit. In the valleys a cloud sea had formed and the view to the north, of peaks silhouetted against the sun, with golden clouds lapping around their flanks, was supremely beautiful. So we stood on the summit of Jekkevarre, in a setting of sublime splendour, and faced with the problem of getting a sick man down some 6,000 feet of mountainside—a grotesque and rather frightening set of circumstances.

There is no simple and direct descent from Store Jekkevarre to Lyngsdal. We chose the route via Syd Jekkevarre and Lyngsdal Skar ; it is long and devious, but free from technical difficulty, and Brown and I were both familiar with the route from 1951. To Cook it must have seemed endless, but he carried on stoically, and was almost apologetic about his slow progress. That we all reached camp safely in six and a half hours, by a route which normally takes four hours for a fit party, is a tribute to Cook's endurance on this occasion.

A few days later Pettigrew and Panther arrived. All five of us spent most of the next three weeks in the southern part of Lyn-gen. We were much handicapped by bad weather but managed to make a few interesting ascents. The most notable of these was the first ascent, by Pettigrew and Panther, of Gukkisgaissa,

an imposing and complex 5,000-foot mountain, which lies about 10 miles south of Jekkevarre.

Our last camping trip, to the northern peninsula in mid-August, provided us with one of the finest climbs of the whole expedition: this was the traverse of Lenangentind and the first ascent of its western peak. Lenangentind, 5,500 feet, is the highest peak in North Lyngen and perhaps the finest mountain in the whole area. It was first ascended in 1898 by Hastings, Slingsby, Haskett-Smith and their guide, Hogrenning, via the Lenangen glacier and a steep snow couloir in the South West Face. We knew of no other ascent since then. From our camp North of Jegervatn (the Hunter's Lake) we looked straight up at the immense crags of the West Face. The North West Ridge, bounding this face on the left, offered an attractive route.

Brown, Cook and I left camp at 6.0 a.m. on Monday, 17th August. A pleasant walk through birch woods and a less pleasant walk up the execrably stony Strupskar valley brought us to the foot of our peak at 7.40. After ascending 1,500 feet of tiresome scree we entered a gully leading to the North West Ridge. For a few hundred feet we climbed on good firm snow; then followed a long stretch of wretchedly loose rock. Earlier in the season this would all have been under snow, but now late in a hot summer, the mountains were almost indecently devoid of covering. At 10.30 we gained the crest of the ridge at a height of about 3,400 feet. Ahead of us stretched a succession of rough red slabs, walls and arêtes, soaring up to end in a slender spire 2,000 feet above us. The climbing was never really hard, but there were several interesting pitches and a fine degree of exposure. Higher up we traversed a series of tottering pinnacles and at 1.30 p.m. arrived on the previously untrodden western summit (5,350 feet).

After constructing a cairn we pressed on along the ridge leading to the main summit. First came a steep descent of 300 feet, then two more pinnacles, then the final arête. The actual crest was a jagged knife-edge, with an altogether astonishing overhang on the right. The whole thing was really a gigantic rock cornice; we climbed mainly on the slabs of the left wall, where we felt safer.

The main summit was reached at 3.0 p.m. From the weather-beaten cairn Brown withdrew a real collector's piece—an 1898

vintage baked-bean tin. A note inside told us that the second ascent was made by a German party in 1933. The Germans had kept Hastings' original card as a trophy and had left a copy.

Our ascent had taken nine hours. We wanted to find a shorter route back and decided to descend the South East Face to the Strupen glacier, this being Hastings' route of descent. Starting down at 5.0 p.m., we first descended a narrow gully with several nice, homely little chockstone pitches, then a steep snow slope. At the foot of this, separating us from the Strupen glacier, were five of the most enormous crevasses I have seen anywhere, some of them with small offspring. There was one and only one way through the maze. We balanced along knife-edge snow arêtes and climbed down short ice walls, reaching the level glacier at 8.0 p.m. Hastings had found no serious difficulties beyond this point, but ice conditions can change a lot in half a century and our worst troubles were still to come. A high pass, Lenangen Skar, led over to the Lenangen glacier. Just beyond the pass we were faced by an awkward bergschrund. After some queer manoeuvres in claws on a rock wall, we found a place where we could jump across. These operations took an hour and I lost one of my claw points en route. As we descended the glacier the sunset in the north west warned us that we should soon be in semi-darkness. As the light failed the ice steepened ; and it was not the usual rough glacier ice, but was smooth, blue and water-worn, more like Scottish gully ice. Even in claws we felt distinctly unhappy, and the downward plunge of the glacier in to the twilight seemed to go on for ever. About 1.0 a.m. on Tuesday we reached a point where escape was possible ; possible, that is, by a dash across a slope of snow-ice, 50 or 60 yards wide, exposed to fairly continuous stone fall. Sprinting as rapidly as possible in claws, we crossed the danger zone and were able to unrope on easy ground, well out of the target area. The long, stony walk back to camp seemed interminable. I was unfortunate enough to reach camp first (4.0 a.m.). The others timed their arrival so that the brew was just ready when they appeared. We had been on the move for the best part of 24 hours, and so, with clear consciences, spent the best part of the next 24 hours asleep.

EXPLORING GREENLAND

M. E. B. BANKS

A POPULAR Sunday newspaper announced that all the members of the British North Greenland Expedition were trained mountaineers and, as if that were not enough, the same article went on to accuse us of all being sweet tempered. The fact is, of course, that tempers are healthily variable and of the 24 of us, seven are climbers.

In the summer of 1951, Cdr. (L.) C. J. W. Simpson, D.S.C., R.N., with Richard Brooke, Angus Erskine and I, all club members, had flown to Greenland and, in the course of a month devoted chiefly to hard glacier travel, had collected sufficient information to be able to plan in detail the two-year expedition which had already been sanctioned by the Admiralty and the learned societies. With a small staff Simpson, the expedition leader, worked unceasingly throughout the ensuing winter and spring to make possible the departure of the expedition by the mid-summer of 1952. Before we sailed away from Deptford in the Norwegian sealer, *Tottan*, we were delighted and honoured by a visit from our gracious patron, Her Majesty The Queen. She met each of the 25 members with a smile, a handshake and a few words, charming and apposite. She then joined us in a dedication service held on board the sealer by the Bishop of Portsmouth.

We sailed on 8th July and collected three dozen huskies at Ivigtut, a settlement on the S.W. coast of Greenland, and then entered the Arctic pack in which we spent some interesting days, during one of which we were beset in the ice. We found our way through and steamed into Young Sound late in July, shortly to be joined by a squadron of R.A.F. Sunderlands which then commenced what was probably the biggest Arctic airlift ever. Day after day the great aircraft took off from Young Sound and flew northwards for 200 miles, landing on an uncharted lake in Queen Louise Land where we were building our base. None of us is likely to forget the month of August with

its unrelenting labour that turned us all into hardened stevedores. We flew north over wild mountain ranges, over expanses of floating pack, dazzling white against a turquoise sea, over great glaciers which flowed down majestically from the inland ice supplying the pack ice with its icebergs. We gained a vivid impression of the beautiful but savage land we were entering.

Activities opened when a party of six men with three dog teams sledged out into the very heart of Greenland, that limitless white expanse which is the Ice-cap. When they were in position R.A.F. Hastings, flying from Thule air base in the extreme N.W. of Greenland, dropped them a prefabricated hut together with many tons of food and equipment. Unfortunately a Hastings, flying in bad visibility, crashed and some of the crew were injured. Even though they crashed within a mile or so of our ground party the predicament of these men was grave. The situation was redeemed by the co-operation of the Americans who landed an amphibian and a ski-Dakota and rescued all the marooned men. Three of the explorers then sledged back to base leaving the other three to winter in the loneliest meteorological station in the world.

Meanwhile it was my task to sail 200 miles to the north from Young Sound and land the expedition Weasels (oversnow vehicles) at a point on the coast opposite Queen Louise Land. Ice conditions to the north were difficult and for several days, coned from the crow's nest, we steered a crazy zig-zag through the ice floes during which time we saw a group of three polar bears and many seal. We tried to seaward and we tried close inshore but we were unable to ferret a way through until, in the end, we swam our ugly ducklings ashore onto an inhospitable stretch of coast close by a trapper's hut some 180 miles south of our appointed destination. There was then nothing to be done until the sea froze hard enough to enable us to drive north.

While we were cleaning out the hut Richard Brooke's glance fell upon a grimy old map hanging on the wall.

"A Matterhorn" he whooped, "and a Wildspitze too!"

Sure enough these were the only two named mountains in our nearest hills, the Barth Range. We immediately set out upon a fortnight's exploratory mountaineering with intentions upon these two peaks as well as the highest top, Point 5,781. Our approach march of four days, two of them spent in traversing

the interminable and beastly scree of the precipitous-sided Ardencape Fiord, placed our camp in the heart of the range and in a position to climb Point 5,781. This we ascended without difficulty over a long, easy glacier and if we missed the satisfaction of making a difficult route we were compensated by a summit view which was quite wonderful. We saw great distances over low-lying Shannon Island and the pack while in our more immediate vicinity we were amongst the spectacular scenery of the coastal fiords and mountains. Far, far away to the north we saw two pin-points of golden light—the high snow peaks of Queen Louise Land catching the afternoon sunlight.

The Greenland Matterhorn turned out to be the grandfather of all Devon tors, a 300-foot tower rising out of a steep scree mountain. Before we could reach it we had to follow a long ridge which took us over two other 5,000-foot tops. We made a rock climb of the Matterhorn and, apart from the novelty of climbing a mountain of that name, enjoyed a day on the ridges in perfect weather, irreproachable scenery and very satisfying quietude.

By the time that we arrived at the foot of the Wildspitze the first snows of winter had fallen and our camp was a snowy one. We flogged through the soft snow of a valley, but when we arrived at the outworks of the mountain the wind was too high and the rock too friable for us to be tempted onto one of the tottering arêtes. We ascended steep scree in a tearing wind that drove the stinging snow into our faces but when we reached our top we discovered to our delight that the true summit, an imposing fang capping a rock buttress, was a little farther over. We climbed the buttress under Scottish winter conditions and reached a position about 10 feet below the summit obelisk. The last few feet defeated us, despite combined tactics. Our rebuff was partly attributable to rotten rock and great gusts of wind-blown snow which might have thrown the leader, Richard, off balance and partly due to our reluctance to take risks in such an utterly remote place. We returned to the trapper's hut and our two friends in three marches, having performed no heroics but having drunk to the full the deeper joys of climbing the peaks of untrudged ranges.

By the end of October the world was in the icy grip of winter and the sea was frozen to a depth of 14 inches—sufficient to

support the two and a half tons of a Weasel. We were joined by four friends from base who had made a very fine 300-mile journey over glacier, mountain and finally by dog sledge to act as additional drivers. We sped up the coast in a race against the disappearance of the sun which even then only barely lit the southern sky. We left our vehicles and our two R.E.M.E. mechanics at the Danish station at Danmarkshavn, so that the remainder of us might spend the winter at base. We made this journey by dog sledge and by moonlight. Crossing the broken Storeström glacier was both eerie and exhausting as day after day we and the dogs struggled together to force the heavy sledges over unending ice hummocks. How welcome were the lights of base shining out through December's darkness!

We were all of us curious to discover our personal reactions to the cold and gloom of an Arctic winter and each of us, after his own fashion, solved his individual problem. Some had work to do, some made work, some created *divertissements* for themselves; most of us overslept.

The great task of the spring was to get the Weasels across the Storeström glacier but reconnaissance had revealed that this would be a formidable cross-country drive. After failing even to gain a footing on the glacier to the south—where hopes were highest—two Weasels were sent forward to force a direct route to base in a "twist or bust" effort. To everyone's surprise and by dint of following the snow-filled beds of glacier rivers, the passage went, not easily but without inflicting excessive damage to vehicles or sledge trailers. I then followed with the main body of Weasels, more heavily laden than the vanguard and, of necessity, we progressed more slowly and our trailers showed more wear. To reduce weight we changed tracks, putting on new ones and jettisoning the old ones. To bolt the sledges more securely we used, at one juncture, an ice axe to drill holes in the aluminium sledges.

We arrived at base travel-worn but intact and straightaway set about preparing the vehicles for our Ice-cap journeys. Trailers were again strengthened and our sledge caravans—our Ice-cap home—fitted out as elaborately as time and our skill in carpentry would permit.

Two Weasel groups, a Sapper captain with one and myself with the other, are now ranging over the inland ice with teams

of scientists, geophysicists, who, by seismic soundings and observations of gravity, are investigating the nature of the land beneath the 10,000-foot dome of ice. Each team has a R.E.M.E. Staff-Sergeant whose onerous task it is to keep the Weasels rolling in as adverse and primitive conditions as could be imagined.

It is a feature of expedition life that one has to turn one's hand to a host of jobs which one would never have dreamed of doing in the normal run of things. We are all perforce cooks, bakers, doctors, carpenters and beasts of burden. In addition, and my case is very typical, I have found myself rivet-making, metal working, radio operating, navigating and surveying.

The cold of winter came on slowly, giving us time to adjust both ourselves and our clothing. We could never take the cold for granted but we did learn to live with it with understanding. A second Arctic year lies ahead of us, a year we will live out with a maturer understanding of our strange environment (and of ourselves). The delays and setbacks we suffered in the first year were the natural outcome of choosing the most inaccessible tract of Greenland to explore and this in turn gave us rich experience in every form of polar travel. Henceforward we will pursue the ends of science, not always exciting but always rewarding. Our greatest journey, one we anticipate with relish, will be our 700-mile crossing of the Ice-cap from the east to the west coast.

Much of the pleasure of life derives from contrast ; expedition existence is made more satisfying by the backcloth of home life. Equally, in the summer of 1954 our appreciation of England, our joy in homecoming, will be heightened by two hard years of polar exploration.

A NOTE ON THE CLIMBING OF ARTIFICIAL PITCHES

I. G. McNAUGHT-DAVIS

SINCE each year more and more British parties are attempting difficult rock routes in the Alps, the knowledge of how to climb artificial passages quickly and safely is becoming an absolute necessity. For this reason I thought a note on experience gained in the Dolomites would not be out of place.

Whereas around Chamonix the artificial passages tend to be very short and a slipshod technique will enable a party to overcome them with difficulty, in the Dolomites the length and steepness of these passages necessitates a little forethought and practice. To enable a party to make the climb in any reasonable time it is essential to develop a smooth technique, one that is as automatic as the leadout—belay, leadout—belay has become on rocks of normal difficulty.

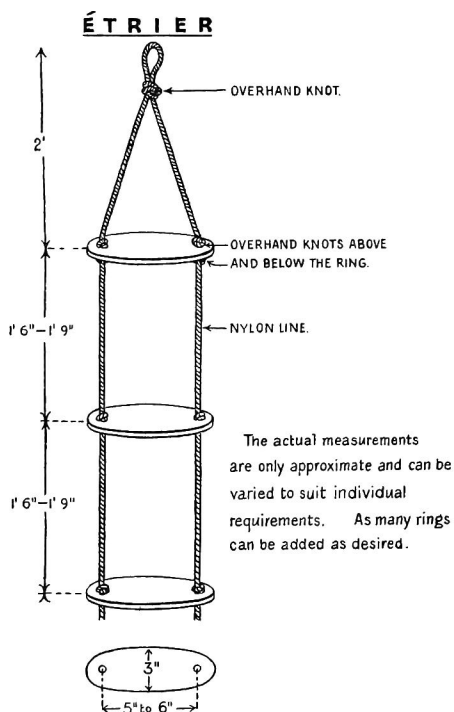
FIRST A NOTE ON EQUIPMENT

Rope.—Two hundred feet or more essential. We used 240 feet of nylon medium weight used double, originally intended as an abseil rope. This was continually used throughout the season. The great disadvantage is that being so thin it is very difficult to give the second man any real assistance. On free rock climbing the double rope enables one to keep up a good tension. On artificial work, however, it is necessary to pull the second on one rope whilst he disengages the other from a karabiner. From a small stance where one may be hanging from pitons or even stood in *étriers* it is impossible to pull the second man. For a tiring leader it is increasingly difficult on a single strand of medium weight nylon to stop a second slowly descending when his weight comes on the rope. It was found that a normal shoulder belay tended to invert one's position when stood in *étriers*, whereas a waist belay made the sorting out of the double ropes a complicated manoeuvre. A far safer

plan was to pass the second man's ropes through a karabiner and draw him up this way. It might be mentioned here that the task of the second is no less arduous than that of the leader. It is his job to recover all the karabiners and having his own two étriers he must see to his own salvation. The leader can only see that after making an upward surge he does not involuntarily descend.

If rope any thicker than medium is used considerable difficulty is experienced in drawing it through the karabiners. Twelve karabiners being an absolute maximum. As the normal equipment of a British Alpine party intent on rock routes of high difficulty will include a medium weight abseil rope of at least 200 feet. I feel quite safe in saying that this is the rope to use.

Étriers or Stirrups.—The key to lightening the work of both the leader and the second. Two each the minimum requirement and a fifth in the rucksack in case of emergencies.



Construction.—It is possible on the continent to buy these but as they are so simple to make I will give brief details. They can have two, three, or four rungs. Three rung *étriers* are the most popular in Italy and we found this type all that was wanted for most climbs. The side ropes are ideally made from nylon line. The rungs either from aluminium or brass tubes or better still plywood. These latter are made quite broad so that if the *étrier* is lying flat against a vertical wall the rung can be used without holding the *étriers* out with a hand much needed above. Another consideration is that, according to an Italian guide: "They are more comfortable to sit in on a bivouac!"

Other Equipment.—Apart from rope and *étriers* it is essential to have a sufficient supply of karabiners. At least 12, but 16 is a much more comforting number. Two piton hammers, numerous medium weight slings and several pitons are equally indispensable. The number of pitons will depend on the route. If the route is popular six should be enough in case of emergency, as most of the necessary pitons will be in place. If the route is recent and difficult the number can vary from 20 to 40.

So we have our equipment, other luxuries such as "abseiling machines" and padded helmets can be added throughout one's career.

And now a brief note on how to use this wealth of equipment.

Between the leader and the second we leave two ropes A and B for direct traction and one light cord for hauling up the rucksacks if a bivouac is planned. This latter must not be threaded through any karabiners or complications ensue. The leader plants or attains the first piton, clips in rope A through the karabiner and clips in one *étrier*. The *étrier* is then climbed to the topmost rung, not such an easy task on an overhanging wall. (It is seldom necessary for the second to give the leader tension through the rope to assist his upward passage, as long as the rope is taken in quickly and not allowed to slip out again when the leader does hang from the piton then all will go well.) The fight is then continued to the next piton which is already in place or must be planted. Rope B and the second *étrier* are now clipped through this. A descent is made with tension in rope B to retrieve the first *étrier*. If the pitons are close together or the *étrier* is long enough it is possible to descend on the second

étrier to retrieve the first. The second étrier is now climbed again and the third piton attained. The whole process is repeated, each time recovering the lower étrier and leaving the rope running through the various karabiners. The ropes should be used alternately A, B, A, B and left running through all the karabiners as a safeguard against a fall.

For medium weight nylon the force needed to move becomes excessive after 10 karabiners, and between 12 and 16 a static state can be reached depending on the convolutions of the rope. A normal 80-foot Dolomite lead on artificial will contain about 12 pitons. If a suitable stance has not been reached after this distance it is necessary to belay standing in the étriers.

This technique is simple enough in theory, understood by every schoolboy, but when put into practice many snags appear. If the springs on the karabiners are too strong the fingers are quickly lacerated and the resulting gore makes rope management tricky. The pitons are always difficult to lodge and the ones already in place have a disconcerting tendency to drop out. The étriers, slings and ropes delight in getting into a glorious tangle and many delightful hours can be spent stood in an étrier sorting out the problem. When the rucksack-rope is used for traction the resulting confusion when the sacks meet the constriction is indescribable.

For many years it has been standard practice to decry the "steeplejack" type of climbing, now however we must face the fact that this type of climbing has come to stay. Each year in the Dolomites, the Bergell and in the Mont Blanc region harder climbs are being made with many artificial passages, and even in Skye I hear there is now a completely artificial pitch. We are faced with learning a new technique, so perhaps this note may be of some use. I have deliberately ignored refinements of the sport, the use of wooden pitons for wide cracks, with star drills and expansion bolts for the blank face. Although the technique seems automatic and unvaried even straightforward to some people it is easy to be misled. The climbing is quite often as difficult as the hardest free passages, much more strenuous and usually in a frightening situation. Seemingly it is safer but pitons have been known to come out and the quotation: "The climb now eases off to vertical," is no exaggeration.

THE SOUTH EAST RIDGE OF THE NESTHORN

A. WAILES-FAIRBAIRN

I WAS introduced to the south-east ridge of the Nesthorn after the dinner which concluded the 1951 Cambridge Alpine Meet at Belalp. After dinner may seem an appropriately mellow moment for any introduction but this savoured more of after dinner madness. The normal way to the south-east ridge of the Nesthorn from Belalp lies over the Unterbächhorn and twice during our stay I had made light-hearted attempts to reach this peak, neither successful. We had just completed six active days based on Concordia leaving the body pleasantly drugged with exercise, and the dinner brought the mind into allegiance, yet I allowed myself to be persuaded that if the following day were fine I would ascend the Unterbächhorn. Alas, next morning was a perfect day and never have I felt so luxuriously relaxed in a sleeping bag.

“ Well, what about it ? ” Gruffly spoken it scarcely reached me through the haze of sleep. I temporised.

My companion was made of stronger stuff, pulled on his boots, and clumped downstairs. By the time I was ready he was striding up the hillside. A weird expedition it was ! He waited for me at the snow col two hours from Belalp, and we at once attacked the ridge. After one and a quarter hours the pace began to tell and I shouted that he had best go on alone, but we were there. I suggested a rope for the return. “ What rope ? ” was the taciturn reply. We were back in Belalp after an absence of six hours, I quite truthfully having been slow on the way down.

The memory of the Nesthorn seen from the summit lay quietly maturing, biding its season. So when last July, threat of more bad weather drove Julian Taylor and me from Zermatt, it seemed natural to revisit the Oberland. There were many things to do there, and we could finish with the south-east

ridge. Two days later found us at the Oberaletsch Hut, ostensibly to leave some food for our descent from the ridge and to traverse the Aletschhorn to Concordia, in fact to sunbathe, become unpleasantly burnt, and allow lethargy to get the upper hand. As we returned to Belalp rueful and troubled in conscience, Julian said: "You know what we have done, we have made a reconnaissance, and provisioned a base." Putting things that way made us feel much better. We had also met a well-read member of this Club who told us that Winthrop Young had bivouacked at the foot of the ridge and that his companion, no less a man than Mallory, had tumbled off, and added that the climb had proved so arduous that on the way back Young had subsided exhausted onto a boulder in the middle of the glacier and had only found strength to complete the journey to Belalp by providentially finding two biscuits in his rucksack. In retrospect the member appears either not to have been so well read as we thought, or to have allowed legitimate imagination to run away with him, because in fact Mr. Young did not bivouac, which explains the picture of misery sitting on the boulder. We knew none of this. If these twin stars of fame saw fit to bivouac, all the more reason for us.

By the time we had got ourselves organised the good weather had broken, but we got off after lunch one day with no more ado than Julian's catching me leaving out a torch, and my catching Julian leaving behind the spoons he had originally suggested putting in. We gained the Unterbächhorn by 6.30 and decided to cook our meal. Now I am a firm believer in lingering on summits the Smythian Way, armed with pipe and primus, but the weather this year would have none of these things. Thwarted ourselves we planned to thwart the weather and had brought an ample supply of Taylor's mountain diet, to wit, porridge—sugar—margarine—milk and cocoa, which we proceeded to brew alternately for an hour or so by when the God Thor was scowling darkly at our audacity and shaking an electric fist.

High time to bivouac. Julian took a fancy to a gully immediately below us and had soon abseiled into it and begun to hurl rocks down to the Aletsch glacier in competition with the thunder. Meantime I was hanging ludicrously in space,

abseil rope caught up on crampons, my temper clearly lost, while Julian had taken to jumping up and down on the slanting block he had chosen for our bed, whether to wedge it more firmly, or to get rid of it altogether on the principle that the night would be more comfortably spent standing up I never discovered. No sooner were we in our sleeping bags and tethered to the rock than the vengeful god twice sent lightning to our summit and sizzling down the mountain. But we sat smugly beneath our overhang and, with a wild weather laugh, agreed that we had pulled his beard with impunity.

The next part of the story is usually glossed over with some reference to the night having been passed comfortably enough. Dusk was delicious and gave us our only view, a murky one, of the Aletsch glacier sweeping in a glorious curve beneath us. I had fortified myself against the night with a packet of cigars much to Julian's puritan disgust. However, education is a continuous process in sincere characters and gained a notable triumph when he graciously acknowledged that for the first time he was really enjoying the aroma. Night, however, could not help having its tedious moments. Julian crouched like a chick in its shell, immobile, fakir-like ; I managed to keep tolerably still for perhaps half the time and then, in an orgy of wriggling which cost me two holes in my borrowed sleeping bag and a brace of bruised elbows, succeeded in hooking myself to the outside of the block and—slept. It was with mixed feelings I heard Julian say that it was dawn.

Another dose of Taylor's mountain diet and we were off along the ridge, which is sufficiently interesting to keep one's route-finding faculty alive yet nowhere hard. We gradually warmed to a steady rhythm, and after a moment's disillusion when we thought we had reached the intermediate point shown on the map between the Unterbächhorn and the Col, only to see it through the mist an hour ahead, we settled down properly to the day's work. Three and a half hours of unhurried climbing brought us to the Col where our appetite, supported by the evidence of Julian's clock, suggested second breakfast. I checked my altimeter, a superfluous instrument despite the bad weather, and we were ready for the main ridge.

The first gendarme rose steeply and invitingly ahead, and lightly brushing aside Julian's suggestion that it should be

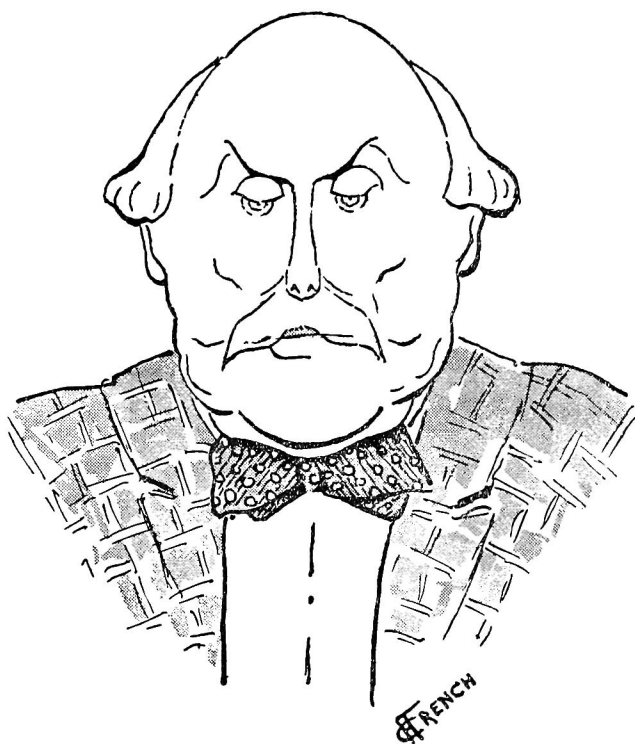
turned I went joyfully to the attack. Good rock for climbing at last! What was this? Deceiving, spiteful rock. It was palpably loose. Worse still the descent was not easy. As I was preparing a double rope my hand hold came away and sent me lurching into space. Mollified I climbed carefully down but had underestimated the difficulty and was left swinging on a doubtful hand hold. Thoroughly repentant I climbed back up and got the abseil rope out while Julian appeared with a glow of justification on his face and a flow from his tongue. We were unanimous in turning the giant gendarme which followed on the right. It was a magnificent piece of rock of the kind to provide "an interesting problem to rock gymnasts in the Lake District on a Sunday afternoon" and it went to my heart to go by on the other side, particularly as this involved ugly work with loose blocks. We debated the ethics of turning gendarmes. On Grib Goch, for instance, the position is quite clear; the nearer the knife edge is followed the more the merit. In the Alps the conscience would appear quite untroubled if an entire ridge were done on scree. Here we were, having spent eight hours on the ridge, interesting in its own right true, but not one of Nature's beauties, and an entire night out, with what purpose if not to reach and climb good rock. My adversary replied in terms which implied that it was the end that mattered—hang the means, and clinched the matter with the practical remark that since we did not know if there were steps down the glacier, which is the normal way up, time was still important. Further argument was cut short by Julian, who was now in the lead, arriving back on the ridge.

There followed the most pleasant climbing of the day. Good clean granite, sound rock, nowhere hard but demanding care in route finding, rather like the easier climbing in the Chamonix Aiguilles. We paused. Personal triumph; Julian's clock had stopped for no more serious reason than that he had forgotten to wind it up, while the altimeter told us we were two-thirds of the way to the top. Momentarily the cloud thinned and we caught a glimpse of the east ridge joining ours and of flat snow-covered rocks not far ahead. On again, now moving singly. Just before the top there is a short traverse which I took with care while Julian made unfavourable comparison between climbing in England and in the Alps—"Oh to be in shorts and gym shoes."

Then a short scramble led to an airy snow ridge, the last delicate defence of the summit.

The mist lifted and the sun went in giving views of black clouds, smoky grey clouds, and clouds the blue of chilled veins, the precursors of another storm. Nowhere this season had we steps to follow and this made us feel all the peaks most intimately our own, but now we were glad to be following in "other men's snow," namely the traces of Keenlyside's party who had climbed the mountain by the normal route the day before, so we plunged downwards with minds at ease to enjoy the wild bulging seracs, the gaping mouths of crevices, the sheets of blue ice on the right, with the thunder once more rolling overhead and the air alive with electricity ; small wonder I became intoxicated and could not resist some mild, quite unnecessary, crevice jumping.

After our dinner there was no madness, only contentment blending with a cigar which was only less good than the one smoked beneath the summit.



G. W. Y.

MONUMENT VALLEY

W. A. POUCHER

MONUMENT Valley, one of the Wonders of the World, straddles the State Line between Arizona and Utah, and is the most inaccessible spot in the United States of America. It lies in the centre of a vast desert which is the special Reservation of the Navajo Indians, and may be reached by a 215-mile desert track, either from Monticello in the north or from Cameron in the south. There is a lonely trading post some five miles from the valley and this is its only link with civilization. The scenic beauty of the region is crystallized in numerous obelisks of sandstone, which vary in colour through the red end of the spectrum, rise from the desert floor of pink and yellow sand to a height of 1,000 feet and display a variety of forms from the slenderest of pinnacles to the most majestic of towers. The upper walls of all these Monuments are smoothly vertical and in consequence no attempt has been made to climb them.

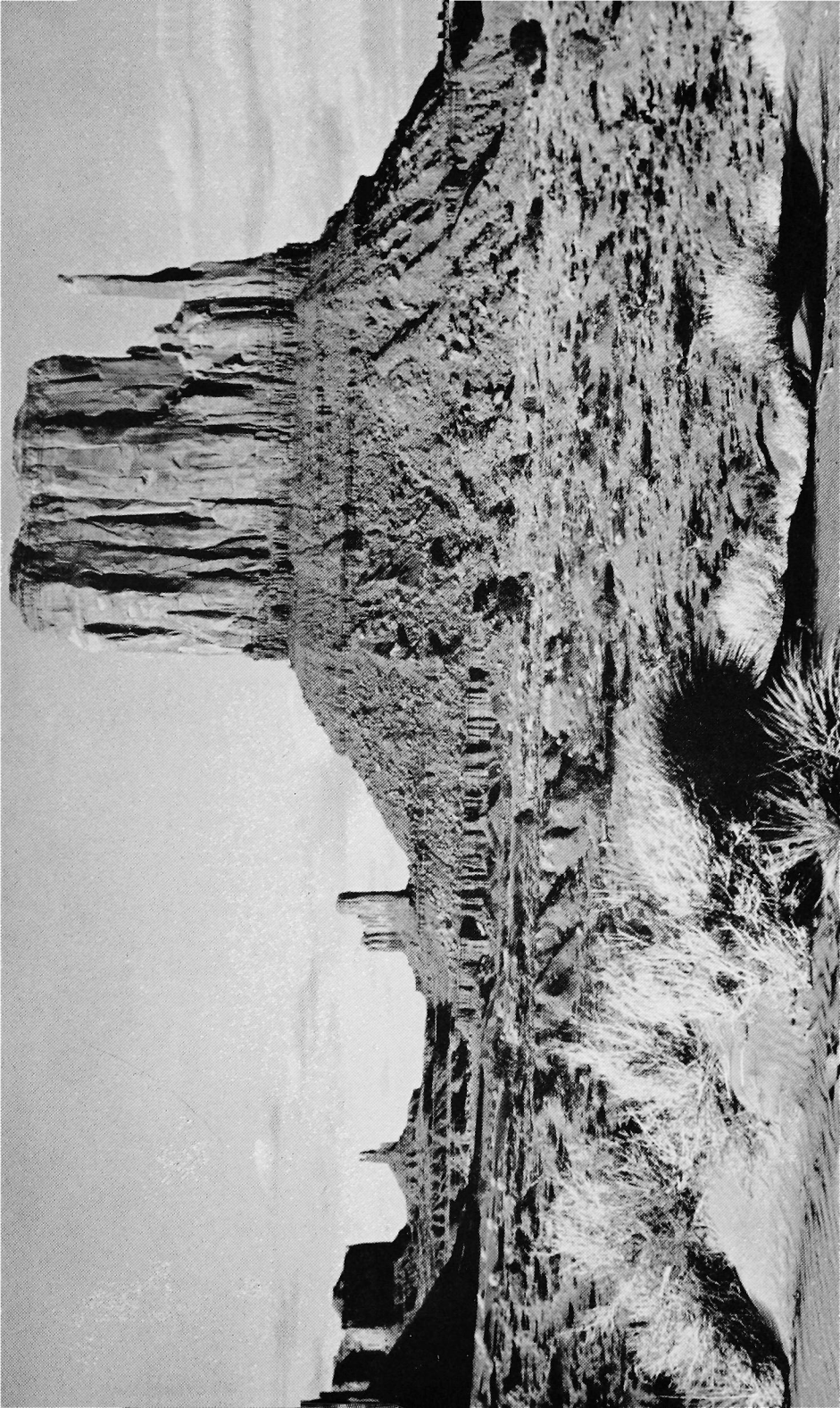
In the course of several trips to America it has been my good fortune to visit many of its most spectacular and colourful regions ; including the Grand Canyon, Bryce and Zion Canyons, the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, Blue Forest and Newspaper Rock. The only remaining marvel of Nature I wished to see in this wonderfully beautiful area was Monument Valley, and in the spring of 1952 I managed to reach it after the most exciting journey in my experience.

Salt Lake is the key to its discovery, and as the City is 2,200 miles from New York I travelled there by plane to save time. On arrival I found that Utah had just been swept by the worst blizzard for a century, with the plain and its surrounding mountains covered by a thick blanket of snow, and the evening temperature 20 degrees below zero. My friend, David Brittain, was at the airport to meet me, with a car and time at his disposal, but in view of the severe and unexpected conditions the risks of our proposed journey had increased tenfold.

During the evening we pored over the maps of Utah and Arizona and found there were two alternative approaches to our objective : a direct route of 500 miles through Monticello, which included a pass of 7,454 feet, known as Soldier Summit, through the Uinta Mountains ; a circuitous route of 650 miles by Navajo Bridge, the only one over the Colorado River in 1,000 miles, but with no high pass on the way. In each case, however, over one hundred miles of desert stretched between the nearest highway and the Valley, and its crossing involved problems no less serious than those of reaching its edge owing to the unforeseen heavy mantle of snow.

Briefly, these were the questions at issue. As the roads through the mountains would be snowed up, could we get to Monticello ? Was the track over the desert passable in a motor-car ? Could petrol be obtained anywhere between the main highways ? How were we to get back to civilization if the car broke down ? Must we take food and water, since the map stated that no water was available anywhere on our route. Could we find a bed at the trading post, or must we sleep out of doors ? Inquiry at the travel office in the city yielded no satisfactory answer to any of these queries and our proposed journey was regarded as fanciful for the time of year. Moreover, summer seemed to be the only favourable season for a trip to Monument Valley, and even then it was a hazardous venture. This was disappointing news and we retired to bed without coming to any decision.

The next morning was dull but with no further fall of snow in the night, and as the ploughs were busy everywhere we drove south to investigate. On the distant skyline rose the long chain of the Uinta Mountains, dominated by Provo Peak, 11,054 feet, and on reaching Springdale we turned off to the left to begin the long, winding ascent to Soldier Summit. As the clouds were down to about 8,000 feet we saw nothing of the beauty of the peaks around us, but the snow ploughs had made the road passable and with this as our only consolation we drove slowly up the broad, twisting valley, eventually to attain the crest of the pass without incident. But the country on the other side changed dramatically and with a steepening of the gradients ; so much so that we were soon running along the side of a deep and narrow canyon where the hairpin bends followed one another in quick



succession, ultimately to straighten out as we approached Price after a drop of nearly 2,000 feet from the summit of the pass. As this was the last town on our route we hoped to glean some useful information, but every inquiry proved fruitless.

The snow was thinner at this altitude and on leaving the town we entered the first section of desert. The white line of the broad highway into Colorado seemed to stretch ahead endlessly, and was hemmed in on our left by the long, shattered line of Book Cliffs, which assumed a dull red hue beneath the leaden sky. We followed them for no less than 70 miles, meanwhile the snow disappeared as the road descended gradually for another 1,500 feet to bring us to Crescent Junction. Although the map showed a few places on our way they turned out to be mere names, and we were therefore delighted to find some dwellings at the fork in the road, together with a petrol station, a café and two small aircraft that used the highway as a runway. We broke our journey there to take refreshment and to inquire as to the possibility of reaching Monument Valley, but once again with negative results.

We were now only 85 miles from Monticello, and continued our drive in this direction on the assumption that we might at least find primitive accommodation, providing we could reach the place which stood at an elevation of 7,066 feet. Fifteen miles ahead we encountered the sandy track leading to the Arches National Monument, and spent two enjoyable hours in viewing its extraordinary examples of Nature's weird architecture, epitomised by giant monoliths and titanic arches, all formed by the erosion of red sandstone.

Continuing on our way, we passed the nearby village of Moab at 5 p.m. and as it stood on the 4,000 feet contour we were faced with an ascent of over 3,000 feet in the next 63 miles. Progress was easy until we attained 6,000 feet, when snow, icy roads and sudden darkness made driving difficult. But at 7 p.m. we pulled up safely in the snowbound village to discover it consisted of a few dwellings, a sheriff's residence, a petrol station, a café, and, to our great surprise and joy, excellent accommodation in the brand new Navajo Trail Motel. We had no difficulty in getting beds, and as the proprietor was out we walked up to the café to eat and to make inquiries. We questioned truck drivers and Indians, but, surprising as it may seem, none of them had

been to Monument Valley and none could give us any information.

We were now desperate and our only hope lay in the owner of the motel who was there when we returned. He was a charming young man, had been stationed in Norfolk during the recent war, was delighted to meet an Englishman again and recommended us to risk the desert crossing to Monument Valley, as after only one visit he had concluded it was the greatest wonder of the west. Moreover, he advised us to make the digression to see the Goose Necks of the San Juan River, and was sure we should find a bed at the trading post. Here, at long last, was the news we wanted and we retired to bed with great anticipations of the morrow.

We left early next morning and carried ample reserves of food and drink in case of need. Twenty-two miles of icy tracks reduced our altitude and then a sharp descent left both snow and ice behind to place us on the soft red floor of the desert. After 27 miles of flat country the track descended suddenly through a winding canyon, enclosed on either side by spectacular vertical columns of sandstone, whence miles of juniper and yucca brought us to the sloping sides of a long ridge. We now drove over beds of tilted sandstone and climbed gradually to an opening in the crest of the ridge, which not only revealed the multi-coloured desert ahead, but also the conspicuous landmark of Mexican Hat, the key-point on our route.

Fifteen miles of rough going brought us level with this peculiar hump and in a nearby valley we passed several small monuments which heralded the approach of our objective. We turned off hereabouts to visit the Goose Necks, where for miles the meandering San Juan River had carved a twisting canyon through the desert, leaving vertical walls 1,000 feet high. From the lofty view-point above them we caught our first glimpse of the Monuments, some 30 miles to the south. After returning to the main track we descended gradually to the banks of this river, crossed it by a rickety bridge and then drove uphill again to attain the plateau. The fantastic monuments now rose into the sky before us, grim and aloof sentinels guarding this vast desolation, which for centuries had been occupied by roving tribes of Navajo Indians.

MONUMENT VALLEY; TOTEM POLE
AND THE YE-BI-CHAI DANCERS
W. A. Poucher



So far the weather had been fine and warm, but without a gleam of sunlight penetrating the leaden canopy. The atmosphere was so still that there seemed no prospect of the appearance of any blue, as without it our prospects of good colour photography were almost nil. We pulled up about 15 miles from the monuments and there refreshed ourselves with food and drink, meanwhile speculating upon our slim chances of success. However, just as we finished our repast a breeze came up from the south and within a few minutes streaks of blue appeared overhead. Perhaps our luck was in after all, so we got back into the car hurriedly and continued our journey.

The track climbed gradually while the valley sank away to the east, and when we were within five miles of the obelisks it became apparent that they were in fact the monuments on the rim, as away to the left we could see others extending for perhaps another 20 miles. The track wound in and out amid a wilderness of tumbled boulders that may well have been the debris from fallen monuments of past ages, and eventually we attained the crest of the pass immediately at the foot of Brigham's Tomb, one of the largest masses of sandstone on the rim. To our delight the sky was clearing rapidly and we spent the rest of the afternoon in photographing all the varied rim monuments as we proceeded south down the long track of soft golden sand. Some five miles from the pass we encountered the side track leading to the trading post, and on reaching it were gratified to learn that not only could food and beds be provided, but also a guide and a jeep for the exploration of the valley on the morrow. This kindly American told us that he was mainly occupied in summer this way, and from time to time had assisted Hollywood producers when they flew in to photograph these spectacular monuments as backgrounds for western films.

The evening looked so promising that after unloading the car we drove to another point on the rim to watch the sunset. Before us rose two remarkable obelisks, known as the Mittens, because their rock formations simulated the fingers and thumb of giant hands, and here we waited while the sun sank lower and lower towards the western horizon. Their colours changed as if by magic, until finally they stood up from the burning sands of the desert like titanic golden cathedrals, aloof, forlorn and

superb, and yet so unreal that they might have been the gigantic backdrop to a Wagnerian opera.

The weather was perfect next morning, and in the course of our 50-mile journey we were favoured with a limpid atmosphere, an azure sky and lightly scattered clouds ; all of which contributed to one of the most memorable highlights of my experience. Moreover, we had the good fortune to encounter a roving tribe of Navajo Indians, with their sheep and goats, which imparted life and reality to the utter desolation of this marvellous pageant.

We left the trading post at 9 a.m., our jeep loaded with food and water, and also carried presents for any Indians we might meet ; peppermints for the children and oranges for the women, but nothing for the men—all of them to be used as inducements to facilitate our photography. The extremely rough descent from the rim to the valley floor was exciting, even with such stable transport, and our guide took a circuitous route so that we might photograph every subject in the most favourable lighting. We ran across the Indians in the morning and were shown some of their dwellings, known as *hogans*, which are constructed of juniper wood, are circular in shape and always have their doors facing the east. About noon we came to the North Window, an immense break in the wall of rock on the edge of a chasm and hemmed in by vertical red buttresses through which several of the more isolated monuments are seen in attractive groupings. After refreshment we went on to see some pre-historic dwellings in an enormous cave, some strange hieroglyphics on a nearby rock wall and two titanic arches, amazing examples of erosion on the grand scale. Finally we made for the Totem Pole and the Ye-Bi-Chai Dancers which rise in splendid isolation at the extremity of the valley, 25 miles from the post. Since these were almost completely surrounded by tremendous dunes of soft golden sand a long detour was necessary to reach the Totem Pole, which is thought to be the slenderest pinnacle in the world. It rises to a height of 1,006 feet above the floor of the desert and its winter shadow is estimated to be 35 miles long. Without doubt it was the most spectacular needle of rock I had ever seen. We returned to the post at 6.30 p.m. to find a change in its occupants ; for during our absence two helicopters had arrived and their owners had come



to make the first survey of Monument Valley. Jokingly, they suggested a landing on top of the Totem Pole, not only to estimate its area but also to see what the valley looked like from this utterly unattainable perch.

We left for the south next morning with the prospect of a 270-mile drive to Kanab and civilization. I had already noticed a sharp, tapering peak rising from the desert in this direction and was told at the post that it was 20 miles away and on our route. It was lucky we had this information, as confused and indistinct tracks took us miles off our course, which we only regained by using this conspicuous rock as a landmark. Known as Agathlan, it is 6,825 feet high and has been climbed only once. This was on 29th May, 1930, when Ray Garner, Herb Conn and Lee Pedrick used 40 pitons and one tamp-in bolt to reach the summit where they were forced to spend the night. The total time taken for both ascent and descent was 25 hours.

We passed many strange formations on this lonely journey, including the weird and gigantic Elephant's Feet carved in dazzling white rock. Our car behaved splendidly until we reached the first petrol station on the main highway, when one flat tyre, followed by another next day, made us speculate on what we should have done if this had happened in the desert !

GRUNWALD

Hills that bow your shoulders under a load of pines,
green shadow, noon shadow, shadow of birds,
foam-loud water, heat shimmer, headlong
song without words in the hills, in the blood
gone mad, gone Siegfried-mad with your gladness
sadness

I am listening—O ! Speak not yet—
overtone of woodwind in pines
overtone of nature in small animal, me,
my longings, word without words,
dead with pine-needles on forest floor
or sifting the upper hills, far-off,
small bird beyond far-off branches,
beyond the wind.

* * *

RHYD

Far off stands sea like time, calling its children home.
Nearby the brown lake sleeps, reaches
streams like arms to cling to the hillside.
And in sky overarching, overmirroring slide
great white flocked clouds regarding
few sights, few sounds but wind, and water carding
heather and gorsefleece hills of bones and peat ; new lambs
cry to new world that hath such creatures in it as mother and birds
and these small secret people. Peace widens, overflows, laps, fills
these cottages left like morsels in a dish of hills.

G.J.S.

CLIMBING NOTES FROM OUT OF THE WAY PLACES

K. PAWSON

PERHAPS these notes, taken from diaries and from my memory, of happy days spent amongst the hills in various parts of the world may be of interest to other climbers. No great ascents are recorded, and for the most part they deal with the lesser, and occasionally relatively unimportant hill or mountain areas. They may remind mountain-lovers that the hilly regions of the earth are fortunately reasonably well distributed, and that even in "non-mountain areas" climbing of a sort can often be had.

I will deal with the various places mentioned in the order in which I visited them, thus keeping these notes more as a personal account than any attempt at an official "guide."

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Most of these islands are hilly, or possess hill regions, and in the main are covered with pretty dense bush, both "high woods" and undergrowth; in place of an ice axe one carries a cutlass or machette, and as on an ice peak the climber will often be able to record, "we had to cut our way to the summit." The elevations in the B.W.I. vary from around 3,000 feet in the case of Trinidad, Grenada and St. Lucia to about 5,000 feet in Dominica and a little over 7,000 feet in Jamaica.

In Trinidad, the island I know best, the main range lies across the northern part of the island, and is covered in very thick bush. Roads penetrate the main valleys for about six miles in each case and then become bridle tracks, generally zigzagging across the subsidiary spurs into the next valley. Some of the summits can be reached by good trails with only a strenuous walk, others need long tiring hours of bush cutting, especially if one meets the tiresome mountain mangrove such as covers

the summit approaches of the highest point—Mt. Aripo. I made two trips before I reached this summit, being stopped by lack of time in heavy bush a few hundred feet below the top on the first try. Mosquitoes can be a nuisance and it pays to take precautions against them as malaria is not unknown, and in 1945 was quite prevalent in the north east hills. The bulk of the approaches to the main ridge are from the south, the northern aspect being quite often almost sheer, greasy and unsafe, although I understand that a party of students from the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture climbed El Tecuche (second highest) from the North in 1944 or 1945. El Tucuche is often visited by an easy trail from the South, there being a small hut right on the summit.

Normally, in the West Indies, the only climbing difficulties are those caused by bush, distance, wet slippery mountainsides or route finding in the higher jungle regions which, though enchanting in sunlight can be dark and depressing in mist and rain. Above 2,000 feet it can be very chilly if rain and wind are present. In some of the north-eastern areas water must be carried in the dry season if one intends to camp out. Anti-snake bite kits should be taken, for these hills provide sanctuary for the Bushmaster, and though the chances are you will never come across one it is best to be prepared.

There is not much in the way of good rock climbing in the B.W.I. The North coast cliffs of Trinidad provide many short climbs—generally one has to climb down first. A friend and I once did an interesting cliff traverse of some few hundreds of feet, at no point more than 15 feet above the sea, near Balandra Bay on the north east coast of Trinidad. We were unroped and climbing in bare feet, a heavy swell washed us both off and threw us back on again, in my case I was placed back on the cliff in such a position that I had to repeat a difficult move which I had already safely accomplished prior to being washed off!

Apart from the sea cliffs, much scrambling and bits of rope work can be had in many of the rocky beds of mountain streams and on waterfall regions. For those who prefer to go down when they can't go up there are plenty of cave systems, some involving rope work. The largest and most difficult being Aripo Number 1, situated about 2,000 feet up Mt. Aripo.

St. Vincent possesses many bush hills worth climbing, but perhaps the most interesting is the dormant volcano of the Soufriere. This volcano erupted and killed many thousands of people in the early part of this century. A lava stream more or less divided the island on one side of the mountain and now the main approach is via this "dry river," as it is called. When I climbed the peak, wind and mist rattled across the summit and I never saw the crater 600 feet lower down, but even so it was possible to "feel" the emptiness below the summit ridge. The mountainsides above tree line seemed particularly miserable and desolate, but I am told that on a sunny day the colour effects are remarkable. Believing that a regular record of temperatures in the crater lake would give an idea when the next eruption was due, the local government was trying to get a volunteer to live on the mountain and take observations for them, but up to the time I left the West Indies in 1946 they had got no one willing to do it!

Jamaica is a lovely island and has many fine hills, Blue Mountain Peak (7,328) being the highest. It can be approached from Kingston by car to Mavis Banks; this is a particularly fine trip up mountain roads, and then on horse or foot to the mountain itself. A native boy and myself climbed the peak and back to our starting point in a little over nine hours, travelling altogether $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the last 13 miles being made along bush tracks in darkness, illuminated by fireflies and lightning—a rather weird yet intensely interesting effect.

ASCENSION ISLAND

As we took off from Ascension Island in October, 1945, flying towards Brazil I looked back and saw a tiny peak which attracted me. In 10 days I was back there (on unofficial leave!) for three days, with the sole intention of going up this hill. There was nothing very inspiring or impressive about the peak, it was only about 1,700 feet high, and known as Mt. Redhill, but it was a nice shape and I enjoyed the tramp over the rough volcanic and cinder slopes. Hard walking and scrambling took me to the top quite easily. Ascension Island is a desolate place, the only greenery being on Green Mountain, the highest point. A jeep can get up here reasonably easily. From either of these

hills the view is what one would expect on some parts of the moon—indescribably desolate and dead.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

On my way to the Antarctic with the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in January, 1948, our ship, the *John Biscoe*, called in at Port Stanley for final stores and stowage. This gave three or four mountain enthusiasts among us a chance to get the feel of rocks after the restricted life on board ship. There are several hills and rock outcrops near Port Stanley—Mt. William, Two Sisters and others. To get to these is only a matter of walking over wettish moors (camp as it is called locally). For the more distant peaks horses are required if one is to get there reasonably quickly. Shepherds' houses, shelter huts and convenient rocks provide camping and rest places. The fells of the Falkland Islands are lonely places, and a climber must be equipped for bad weather, especially in winter when severe blizzards sweep the hills. Wherever there is a habitation hospitality will be gladly given.

There are some very good rock climbs of varying difficulty on the Two Sisters. I am told there are better and longer ones on Mt. Low. Richard Brooke, Frank Elliot and G. Hattersley-Smith have worked out many new routes on these cliffs. The bulk of the routes are from 50-300 feet in overall length. While attempting to do a new "Girdle Traverse" on one of the Two Sisters with Richard Brooke in 1950, an ankle which had been damaged ski-ing in the Antarctic suddenly collapsed on me and I had a short pendulum fall, but was safely held by Richard; the most serious damage being the loss of an old woollen, well-patched Balaclava which I treasured. I hung at the rope's end watching it blow away across the moor, suddenly realizing that Richard had all the weight up top! We completed the climb safely and made a forced march back for dinner.

SOUTH SHETLANDS AND ISLANDS OFF WEST COAST OF GRAHAMLAND

WIENCKE ISLAND

Base A of F.I.D.S. is situated on a tiny islet near Wiencke Island, a few miles off the Grahamland west coast. I spent my first Antarctic year here, and during that time grew to love the

glaciers, snowfields and mountains around us. The peaks are not high—between 1,700 and 5,000 feet. As mountain climbing was not part of our programme, and as I was the only one really keen on climbing among the four of us who wintered at Base A, our mountain climbs were necessarily restricted. However, Bill Richards from the Falklands and myself climbed Jabet Peak (1,785 feet)—probably the first ascent. This was mainly snow and ice work, conditions were perfect and we could kick steps most of the way, the climb starting at about 700 feet altitude up Harbour glacier, up steep snow for a few hundred feet, across a bergschrund and up a steep couloir for 600 feet to a small saddle ; then a traverse round the far side of the peak (north west) up steep snow for 20 feet to the main ridge and then by a series of steps to the summit. Later in the year I ascended this peak with J. Blyth, also from the Falklands, conditions were much worse with soft snow, but in early 1950 when Richard Brooke and I went up again (described by Richard in *Climbers' Club Journal*, 1951) we found vastly different conditions, having to cut most of the way up the steeper sections of icy snow.

Along the same ridge as Jabet Peak are several interesting frost-shattered pinnacles, and to the north east the icy dome of Noble Peak, with a centre one somewhat higher (a little over 2,000). J. Blyth and myself climbed these last two during the summer of 1948/49 ; they involved nothing more than steepish snow and occasional ice.

Other minor peaks and one or two rocky ridges were ascended, the smooth snow dome on nearby Doumer Island was ascended for the most part on skis, and though during our year at Base A we got in much excellent glacier, snow and ice practice including practical tests of every form of snow bivouac, we were never able to attempt the higher peaks of the Sierra du Fief, or the wilder and higher ranges around Mt. Francis (over 9,000 feet) on Anvers Island, much as I longed to do so, planning many routes through binoculars and telescope.

Not far from base there were many small rock faces and these provided a simple rock training ground for the warm days of summer—only spoilt by the smell of a penguin rookery nearby.

ARGENTINE ISLANDS

These tiny islands, about 30 or 40 miles south of Base A,

though no more than about 200 feet high, contain one or two fine little cliffs, easily reached from the Base F Hut. None of the routes are long, seldom more than 30 feet, but several standards can be found. Frank Elliot, Richard Brooke, D. Jardine and myself have all worked out routes here. In fact I think Richard wrote quite a detailed guide to help other climbers calling at Base F.

DECEPTION ISLAND

Deception comprises several dreary-looking snow covered scree hills and tiny glaciers. It is a depressing place with the signs of old whaling activity everywhere. Apart from the "accepted" ascent of Mt. Pond, and a night ascent with Richard Brooke of one of the ridges near Mt. Pond the only climbing I did here was a traverse (again with Richard) of the fantastically shaped pinnacles near Neptune's Bellows. This involved many recognised and quite a few unrecognised forms of rope work, but negotiating the series of pinnacles and gaps, perched a few hundred feet above the sea was a most amusing experience, well worth doing.

KING GEORGE ISLAND

During a year at Base G, under the leadership of Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, I managed to get in quite a lot of climbing, though unfortunately due to the structure of the island there was nothing on a large scale. By far the finest climb was that of Ternyck Needle—a conspicuous nunatak which pierces one of the glaciers opposite base. Geoffrey and I climbed this by way of a birthday outing for me in May, 1949; he has well described the climb with other trips we did, in the *Alpine Journal*, and there is no need to repeat it here, except to say that we saw the Needle on many occasions, but that only on the occasion on which we climbed it was it in a fit state for the ascent. I can well recommend it to anyone who happens to be camped nearby. We did many climbs on King George Island, mostly on snow and ice, one or two on rock, but the rock is mostly rotten, frost-cracked and unsafe, although there is reasonably sound rock for short sections on the south east coast, and here we spent one very wonderful afternoon "geologising" and climbing. One fascinating ascent Geoff and I made was a

night trip up Snow Dome Peak from our glaciological camp-site, across the bay from base. We had been informed by radio of an aurora display behind the ridges under which we were camped, and as it was perfect weather and we knew the route well, we got out of our bags, put on our boots again and set off for the top. I shall never forget that night on the summit, we missed the aurora, but the star filled sky amid the faint white gleam of the snowfields, and the frozen sea below us, was a mountain memory to be treasured.

LAPLAND

I had always longed to see Lapland ever since Dr. W. Sladen had told me of a trip he made there with Peter Scott ; my chance came to spend a few weeks there in the summer of 1951, during which time I wandered around the north of Scandinavia, climbing here and there. I was alone and had to restrict my climbing to reasonably safe trips. I will not mention the Kebnekaisse area in detail as these notes are only meant to deal with out of the way spots, and Kebnekaisse is fully treated by guide-books and others nowadays. I would not, however, recommend anyone to do as I did and climb the mountain from Nikkalluokta in one day, carrying a heavy pack, after not getting proper sleep for four days. I arrived at the top feeling very tired and slept soundly in the tiny hut lashed to one of the slopes below the summit. The view from the top looking northwards to the midnight sun gleaming on distant ranges was something worth coming a long way to see, and though tired I felt thoroughly content. One can climb at any hour of night or day in these high latitudes in summer.

There are hundreds of places where one can climb in Lapland, and though the areas where real Alpine climbing can be found are limited, there is much that is worth visiting, whether the intention is to climb or just to wander through really wild country. Lapland is a country of vast horizons, of lonely misty lakes, lovely wooded valleys, desolate tundra and, along the borders of Norway, Sweden and Finland, the mountains—bearing quite an “Arctic” aspect in the higher and wilder regions. Farther to the East there are smaller hills, for the most part guarded by stunted forests and swamps. The thing I

remember most about a trip up one of these isolated hills in eastern Finland was trying to hold a compass course in mist and rain while floundering above the knees in swamp through a stunted forest. I had some hot coffee in my flask, and while sheltering on the summit and drinking this, the mists and clouds parted for a few moments giving a glimpse of rain-soaked forest, swamps and tundra, delicately shaded with misty blue shadows and the grey indistinctness of vast spaces.

At the very tip of Europe, at North Cape, the cliffs are quite impressive, and would probably yield good climbing, but I only saw these from the top on a rainy evening. Farther south, near Honningsvåg, a young Frenchman and I found a few cliffs on which to scramble while waiting for a ship. It is from the tiny ports along these coasts, from Kirkeness to Harstad that the ships go northwards to Spitsbergen, Bear Island, and other lonely regions of the north.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO

These notes should really have been inserted earlier as I visited these parts in May, 1950, on my return from Antarctica. The S.S. *Fitzroy* runs to Punta Arenas, on the coast of the Chilean mainland, and Tierra del Fuego, occasionally, from Port Stanley. The voyage through the stormy seas approaching the "Horn" can be quite rough, even in the Magellan Straits it can still be bad, but if one is lucky, once inside the Straits it will be smoother.

The west and south west of Tierra del Fuego where the main climbing lies is a fascinating wild country.

Jagged peaks are set in a wild confusion, against misty uncertain skies, surrounded by lesser ranges and tangled glaciers, and hidden by deep valleys and thick secret forests. It is a lonely and fascinating land.

Two friends and I spent three days in one of the tiny logging ports of Tierra del Fuego and spent our time climbing the nearer hills. We got above snow line, after struggles with dense forests full of the rotting trunks of fallen trees, but we never got onto glacier. One of our trips took us across large areas of windslab, which could be crossed at safe spots, and in one or two cases avoided. We never got higher than a couple of thousand feet but had wonderful views of the Darwin Range and Mts.

Sarmiento and Mayo. The weather on one of these days was very clear, the ranges to the south west were tossed in a wonderful fury of rock and ice against the purest of blue skies. Though all the mountains in Tierra del Fuego are below 8,000 feet there must be much fine climbing and pioneer work to be done. Transport is the difficulty and this would have to be carefully arranged with some of the small ship owners in Punta Arenas. One must have plenty of time for the weather on the whole appears to be poor.

MADEIRA

On our way home from the South in July, 1950, Richard Brooke and I had a day's tramping in the hot hills at the back of Funchal harbour. These, I think go up to 5,000 or 6,000 feet, we did not get to the top of the higher ones due to lack of time, but the trip was good fun, and took us through pretty scenery and past many lovely flower gardens clinging to the steep lower hillsides above the town. A wonderful break from ship life, made more complete by several glasses of iced lemon in a tiny waterfront café on our return.

TASMANIA

When I inquired in Launceston information centre if there were any rock climbing areas nearby, I was surprised to find that rock climbing seemed to be almost unheard of. However, I was advised to try the Cradle Mountain district some 40 or 50 miles away towards the west south west. During the past few days my wife and I had been amusing ourselves by minor climbs and scrambles in the rocky gorge of the South Esk river. A poor train and a worse train took us as far as Sheffield and from there motor transport got us into Cradle Mt. Reserve. The first view of Cradle Mt. Peak was very sudden and impressive. We had just about given up all hope of ever seeing a mountain ahead of us when the car suddenly topped a curving forest road, and there dead ahead, less than eight miles away lay a wonderfully jagged rock peak, with a ridge which appeared from that angle to bristle in little pinnacles. Later that evening we were camped in a rough mountain hut near the foot of the Peak. Cradle Mt. is only 5,069 feet high but is a lovely summit. It is very broken, and though not really very impressive as a

climb once you are on it, it is an "enjoyable" mountain. After a month on board ship it was just what I wanted—strenuous enough to feel to be climbing, yet easy enough to be able fully to enjoy the other hills around, the wild moorland, the air, and all connected with the ascent. We did not go up the normal easy scramble, but made what might be a new route, though of no great difficulty, only two or three spots classifying as anything above difficult standard. It was my wife's first real rope climb and I think it was as good an introduction as she could have had.

There are many hills in west and south Tasmania, some of those in the far south west still remain to be climbed. In some of these remote mountain areas I am told there is particular kind of bad bush which makes all approaches difficult and in the nature of an expedition—with the added danger of poisonous snakes. In some of the rough south western hills there are supposed to be animals that have long since disappeared from the rest of Tasmania. In Hobart there is an active climbing and caving association.

After leaving Tasmania we visited New Zealand. On the first part of the journey while flying to Sydney we saw the highest point in Australia, Mt. Kosciusko (over 7,000 feet) far below us and the other neighbouring mountain areas where winter sports can be practised for two or three months in a good year. But now the region looked particularly dry and very hot. During a few hours at Katoomba in the Blue Mountains I made the only money I have ever done while climbing. This was while scrambling near the famous Three Sisters, when I put my fingers into a deepish hold and felt something smooth and round—I pulled it out and found I was richer by one penny! The Blue Mountains are really canyons and hills not mountains in the real sense—but they are certainly blue and certainly very rugged and lovely.

I will not mention much about New Zealand for the interested can find masses of information elsewhere, and the mountain regions we visited in New Zealand are by no means "out of the way places" any more, although in the south west many peaks remain to be climbed and explored properly. We arrived between seasons—too late for climbing high, too early for ski-ing

but we went part way up the Tasman to the Malte Brunne Hut. A New Zealander, a German and myself intended to go higher next day, but, as often happens in the Southern Alps, the weather chased us back to the valley. Up in Arthur's Pass we got in one climb up Avalanche Peak (only a little over 6,000 feet), and in the North Island we climbed Ruapehu, after being stopped by weather the day before at 7,000 feet. As our holiday in New Zealand had been caused by us missing a ship we were quite content, and even if we hadn't been able to climb many peaks we had seen lots, and it was a good send-off for our coming voyage away from snow peaks to the green islands of the Pacific.

TONGA ISLANDS

Most of the Tonga Islands are low unimpressive places, but there are one or two old volcanic islands where mountain walking can be had if nothing more. The highest of these is Kao rising to 3,385 feet, and as the island is only two to three miles across in its greatest direction the trip up is quite steep. Landing on Kao, which is generally deserted, is very difficult, one has to leap ashore onto slippery rocks through heavy surf. The lower slopes are covered in thick jungle, the upper ones in rough grass and a fern-like vegetation. Climbing is hot tiring work and the slopes seem endless—especially if suffering from the after effects of sea sickness.

None of the other islands is as high as Kao, although two or three exceed 1,000 feet, and as these are very tiny islets in some sections the average slope is very steep. Though climbing difficulties are nil it is good training for the ankles. Here and there among the islands one finds cliffs where short rock climbs may be had, but generally the rock is a very sharp coral formation and climbing, especially on the sea cliffs, can be very painful. Coral also tends to look solid and be rotten inside. As on Trinidad there are one or two places where you can do your climbing and scrambling under the ground if not above it. Several caves and pot-holes exist. The deepest I know being 210 feet sheer at the shortest side. I used a curious mixture of techniques to descend this in safety, being lowered by a bosun's chair with a prusik sling, attached to my waist sling, sliding by a friction knot down an extra rope, in case the hauling rope

snapped or jammed. The system worked all right and my friend and I each took about four minutes to descend, getting wet through in a nearby waterfall.

The above notes will not have been wasted if they remind those of us who may be living for temporary periods in non-mountain areas, that even though we cannot have the Alps, or good British rock for a little while, we need not entirely forget what it feels like to climb, so that when we get back to our favourite mountains we can appreciate them all the more.

ÖTZTHAL MEET, AUGUST 1953

H. R. C. CARR

THE journal is nowadays devoted so exclusively to descriptions of very superior climbs at home and abroad, and, of course, to the greater mountaineering in the far corners of the earth, that I hesitate to inflict small beer about an Alpine Meet upon its readers. In these pages we can all share the excitement and suspense of great achievements by our leading climbers ; we can live in imagination with them upon pitiless slopes of ice, we can listen in wonder to the music of the new techniques with their sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, as overhang to overhang succeeds. Why should I expect you to turn from the sublime to the ridiculous, to the common herd upon the common grind ? In days gone by we tucked these trivial routines of the Club into the Bulletins, the convenient dustbins for the drier bones of our history, but not to be altogether despised because their function was humble and domestic ; even barren names and dates can rouse the memory very pleasantly “ thirty, and forty, and fifty years on.”

Last summer Austria was chosen because it was supposed to be cheap (the planning had to be done when the £25 allowance was still in force) ; its mountains were known to be easy, an advantage when it seemed that the party might be large and experienced leaders few. Luckily John Watson and George Densham were good enough to leave Macugnaga in order to join us ; turning from the Italian side of Monte Rosa to the peaks around Vent must have been rather like drinking ginger beer after old brandy, but duty called and they ran the western section of the meet, after Jack Denton had held the fort for the opening days. With Tony Wadsworth, John Clegg and Aubrey Denton to take charge of ropes we were not really short of leaders. No professors were employed.

May I here make some personal observations on the general subject of Alpine meets run by the Club ? Among our members we have many very expert mountaineers, but I feel we cannot

expect them to take a share in these gatherings, or rather should I put it that their attendance must be looked on as the exception rather than the rule? Men who are ambitious to give the best years of their strength to great climbs must form their groups of well-trying friends and carefully plan their short holidays for parties of two, or four at most. Novices can now learn the business in climbing schools. I have no idea how good, or bad, those schools are. I should have thought that the B.M.C. ought to circulate information about them; if this has been done, it has never come my way; but I imagine these schools offer a fairly cheap way of getting useful experience. Is there then any need for the Club to hold Alpine meets? I believe there is. To provide opportunities for members to get to know one another among mountains (this is often stated by candidates for membership as something they want) is surely one way of encouraging mountaineering (see Rule 1), but members who lack glacier experience must not expect to be taught by fellow members quite as they would be by a professional instructor at a school. Guides should not be so difficult to hire now that the currency is less tightly restricted, but otherwise let each learn as he can—on ordinary courses with his companions. Most good mountaineers have taught themselves. To sum up, let meets be friendly gatherings of members, and let us as far as possible, leave the formality of pupil-instructor relationships to the professionals.

The meet ran from 9th to 20th August in two sections, one based on Vent, the other at Ober-Gurgl: the former is certainly the better mountain centre, the latter the more attractive spot. The weather was good and most of us were pleased with our "bag." The district is very popular with Austrians, Germans and French: we met few English. All accommodation was very crowded until after 15th August. The general character of the huts in these mountains is well known and on the whole we all approved of them, though some were overcrowded. Membership of the Austrian or Swiss Alpine Clubs is very desirable in the holiday season and it is wise not to arrive at a popular hut later than 4 p.m. The Siegerland (for the Zuckerhütl) was thought the best hut we visited; the Samoar treated the party with special "club" concessions. Here is a list of peaks climbed during the meet: Taufkarkgl (by North Face);

Fineilspitz ; Similaun ; Hoch Vernagt ; Fluchtkogl ; Kesselwandspitz ; Weisskugel by North Ridge ; Wildspitz ; Hohewilde (traverse from Karlsruher Hutte by the Langtalerferner and down to Hohewilde Hutte) ; Schalfkogel ; Fermisanscheide ; Grosser Ramolkogl ; Zuckerhütl ; Stubaier Wildspitz ; Seewerspitze ; Kleinleiten Spitze ; Vord, Mittl and Hint Hintereisspitz ; Weisseespitz ; Hinter Schwarze by the Marzellferner (interesting glacier) ; Kreutzspitz ; Hinterer Spiegekogl ; Anich Spitz ; Nördlicher Ramolkogl.

Of all these perhaps the North Ridge of the Weisskugel (from the Brandenburger Hutte) gave the most interesting climb and without crampons demanded quite a lot of step cutting in ice. In August it is probably worth while to carry crampons on these mountains because quite a lot of steep ice may be encountered and some of the summit ridges are bare ice ; earlier in the season there would probably be plenty of snow cover and I doubt if crampons would be worth carrying.

The best selection for a short visit would be : Zuckerhütl, Hohewilde, Weisskugel with perhaps Gr. Ramolkogl to connect the Hohewilde with Vent and the Fluchtkogl to connect the Vernagthutte with the Brandenburger Haus. There is no rock climbing in the district ; the Dolomites are, of course, only a short day's journey to the South East, but walking into Italy over the mountains is actively discouraged. It was agreed that the district was suitable for parties wishing to gain their first experience of glacier travel and of mountains above the snowline. It would be ideal from mid-June to mid-July, or from the end of August to the end of September for elderly mountaineers in search of comfortable huts and days which are not too long. In winter and spring it must be about the finest ski-ing country in Europe.

Members who attended the meet were good enough to send me very detailed notes of their expeditions ; I shall be glad to send the file to any member who may be planning a visit. The motor road runs up to Ober Gurgl, but to Vent there is only a jeep road from Zwieselstein ; it did not, however, present any difficulty to the motorists of the party, even in the dark.

The Venediger and Glockner groups to the East, and the Ortler group to the West would present features similar to the

Ötzthal, though particularly in the latter group, the courses are of rather higher standards of difficulty.

I am most grateful to Mr. George Starkey, A.C., S.A.C., for information ; to Jack Denton for his constant and enthusiastic support ; and for the patience and good humour with which everyone accepted the minor trials of the meeting.

Those present were : Carr and Mrs. Carr, Watson and Mrs. Watson, Zaremba and Mrs. Zaremba, Denton, Mrs. Denton and Miss Denton, Wadsworth, Kermode, Aubrey Denton, Hessling, E. J. Clegg, Armstrong, Evered, Freeman, Gordon, Sancha, Densham. Non-members K. Bond, S. L. Barclay (since elected to membership), J. R. Willis, whom we met by chance at the Ramolhaus and who joined my rope on the Ramolkogl, has also been elected to the club.



EVEREST WEEK-END, October 1953

B. Hilton-Jones

EVEREST WEEK-END

To celebrate the ascent of Mount Everest by a party containing seven members of the Climbers' Club, all members of the successful expedition were invited to spend the week-end of the 17th October in Wales as guests of the Club. A large number of Club members descended on North Wales from all points of the compass, filling all the huts and camp sites available. Our guests appeared in fair force and climbing clothes. We were glad to entertain ten members of the actual team, together with four of the reserves and three members' wives. All regretted that Charles Evans and Wilfred Noyce were unable to be there. The hardy Himalayan mountaineers with sybaritic unanimity declined the offer of accommodation in the Club huts and stayed at P.Y.G.

On the Saturday we were blessed with the first of two superbly beautiful Welsh autumn days, and it was well utilised by all the many climbers in the district. In the evening an informal dinner was held at P.Y.G. attended by about 50 members. John Hunt showed his capacity for the acted paradox by making a short speech about the year's climbing in the Alps, and two of our guests took the "informal" literally by arriving just in time for coffee after finding The Sheaf climb a little damper than they had anticipated. The guests and their predecessors of the earlier expeditions were toasted in genuine Bouvier specially imported from Switzerland for the occasion. Afterwards John Hunt gave an unadvertised showing of slides of the Expedition to over a hundred members of the Club. Until very late at night, the specially erected bars at P.Y.G. proved once more that most of the best climbing is done in licensing hours.

On Sunday there was another superb day and a large number of climbers went to Clogwyn du'r Arddu—many of them even climbed it. Ed Hillary was given his first introduction to Welsh climbing with an ascent of the Chimney. The combination of late nights and glorious weather slowed some people down, however, and there was some near benightment in the area of the Great Slab where four climbers (not of the Club) became stuck below the 40-foot Corner. This led to several ropes spending the better part of the night on the cliff. However, mobility and therefore pride were retained throughout, and they all reached the top at about 5.00 in the morning. The episode was notable chiefly for a solo ascent by one of our guests, for reasons which still remain obscure, of the upper part of the Bow-Shaped Slab. The whole business delighted the national press which hailed the rescue of others by Everest climbers with the usual gleeful headlines.

R. M. VINEY.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

EDWARD C. PYATT

NORTH WALES

I am indebted to D. Belshaw for notes on the many new climbs made during the year by members of the Rock and Ice Club.

TRYFAN

Two new routes—Columbyne, 625 feet (Very Difficult), and Pierrot, 300 feet (Very Difficult)—have been made on a rock mass between the Milestone Buttress and Wrinkled Slabs. These are described in Glan Dena Log Book and I am indebted to E. Byne (M.A.M.), who led the first ascents of both, for this note of them.

LLANBERIS PASS

CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

SURPLOMB. 135 feet. Extremely Severe.

First Ascent: 1st March, 1953. J. Brown, D. Whillans (alternate leads).

The climb goes up the wall between the start of Brant and Slape, to a stance on the traverse on Slape. Then directly up the overhanging V-chimney above, finishing up the easier pitches of Slape.

Start: As for Brant.

(1) 40 feet. Ascend 10 feet to sentry-box. Step out to the right, with help from a sling on a very small spike, to a large hold. Continue on spaced holds to stance and belay below the overhanging chimney.

(2) 45 feet. Climb the chimney to stance and belay. This pitch is very strenuous in its upper half.

(3) 50 feet. Continue up the chimney until it is possible to step out to the left. Traverse left to a shattered crack, ascend to stance and belay.

Finish up last three pitches of Slape.

THE SICKLE. 175 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent: 30th August, 1953. J. Brown, D. Cowan.

Start: Just to the left of Brant Direct Start, at the foot of a 30 foot pinnacle.

(1) 30 feet. Ascend the pinnacle by the crack on its right.

(2) 25 feet. Step left and climb a steep wall. Traverse left along small ledges to stance and thread belay in a niche.

(3) 70 feet. Traverse right, past some dangerous looking blocks and climb the groove to the overhang. Traverse left on to a little slab. (A piton was inserted here to safeguard the next section, which is usually wet.) Continue left past the overhang. Ascend to stance and thread belay in a little corner on the right.

(4) 50 feet. Step right on to a slab. Then climb upwards to the left into Goats Gully. Easy scrambling leads to the top of the cliff.

CYRN LAS

SUBSIDIARY GROOVE. 340 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 22nd March, 1953. J. Brown, D. Whillans (Alternate leads).

The climb goes up the cliff to the right of Main Wall, via the slanting crack and the obvious corner above.

Start : As for Main Wall.

(1) 60 feet. As for Main Wall to the grass field at the slanting crack.

(2) 50 feet. Ascend the groove, starting from the slab on the left ; step out right at the top of the groove to stance, etc., in a crevasse.

(3) 60 feet. Continue up the crack in the same line. The rock here is doubtful ; stance and belay on large grass platform at bottom of corner.

(4) 45 feet. A rising traverse to the left for 20 feet, then back right to a stance and belay, six feet from corner (the second section difficult).

(5) 30 feet. Climb the steep wall above until it is possible to step left to stance, etc.

(6) 45 feet. Ascend the groove above to the overhang, swing down on to the slab on the right. Climb up easily to stance and belay.

(7) 50 feet. Climb the crack on the left of the slab to the bottom of the corner (running belay). Continue direct up the corner (this is strenuous), stance and belay at the top. Easy scrambling to the top of the cliff.

THE GROOVES. 400 feet. Extremely Severe.

First Ascent : 13th September, 1953. J. Brown, D. Cowan, E. Price.

To the left of the Schoolmasters' Gully is a long groove which leans to the left. The route follows this groove.

Start : Below the groove.

(1) 30 feet. Climb up easily to stance and belay below and to the right of the groove.

(2) 120 feet. Traverse left and ascend the overhang. Continue direct up the bed of the groove to stance and belay at the top.

(3) 20 feet. Climb a short wall on the left to a large platform below another long groove.

(4) 120 feet. Climb upwards, slightly right, until it is possible to move left into the groove. Continue up this, by the corner crack, to another large platform.

(5) 110 feet. Step up to the right. Then traverse left along a ledge to the foot of an overhanging groove. Climb the groove on large holds, until it is possible to move right with the aid of a piton. Scramble up easily to the top.

CRAIG RHAIADR

RED WALL. 300 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 11th October, 1953. D. Whillans, T. Waghorn.

Start : From a large heather terrace midway between the Cwm Glas Pinnacle and the huge detached pedestal at the foot of the crag.

(1) 60 feet. Climb a shallow groove for 30 feet, then traverse right to a grass ledge at the foot of a prominent smooth looking groove.

(2) 90 feet. Climb on the right of the groove until a step left can be made into it. The groove is followed to a turfey ledge on the right. continue up a grassy groove to a vegetated stance.

(3) 90 feet. Climb directly up from the stance by several grassy corners until a clean rock slab is reached beneath a line of overhangs, climb the slab moving slightly right to a small grass ledge underneath and at the extreme right edge of the overhangs (running belay). Step round the corner on the right then straight up to stance, etc., on the edge of the overhang.

(4) 60 feet. Step right then straight up to the top.

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

GIRDLE TRAVERSE OF THE EAST BUTTRESS. 825 feet. Exceptionally Severe.

First Ascent: 10th May, 1953. J. Brown, J. R. Allen, D. Whillans.

Start: At foot of Sunset Crack.

(1) 45 feet. Ascend easily to grass ledge. Traverse into crack.

(2) 70 feet. From the stance step right, climb the groove until a step right can be made on to the arête. Traverse right below the overhang to a bottomless corner. Ascend the overhang and continue up the rightward break to a running belay, which facilitates the crossing of the blank wall to a grass ledge on the right. (Rope move.) Piton stance.

(3) 75 feet. Traverse right for 20 feet, descend 10 feet, then a rising traverse leads into Pigott's. Climb the chimney to the Pinnacle.

(4) 80 feet. Traverse right under the nose, climb the wall on the right to a long ledge, continue along this, reverse the Crooked Finish of Chimney Route.

(5) 70 feet. From the ledge, a descending traverse to the right, round the arête, leads into a groove. Ascend the groove to a large flake. Traverse right and descend into a grassy corner.

(6) 85 feet. Descend the crack on the right of the grass ledge to a large hold, swing down on to a small rock ledge. Layback down the crack on the right, step right at the bottom and ascend the groove above, moving rightwards to a large grass ledge.

(7) 100 feet. From the large flake to the right of the ledge, abseil 70 feet to the grass rake on "Vember." Climb the grass to stance and belay on near side of "Curving Crack."

(8) 70 feet. Ascend "Curving Crack" to stance and belay at top of grassy slab.

(9) 100 feet. Climb the arête for 10 feet to a large flake. Abseil to the top of the first pitch of "Pedestal Route."

(10) 130 feet. From the top of the Pedestal an ascending traverse is made to the right into "The Corner." Step back left and ascend the flake until it is possible to hand-traverse back into the corner. Continue direct to the top of the cliff.

EAST GULLY WALL. 190 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 7th June, 1953. J. Brown, D. Whillans.

To the right of the East Gully climb are three steep corners, undercut at their base. The climb takes the middle corner, traversing into it from the right across a very steep wall.

Start at a 20 feet pinnacle at the foot of the steep wall.

(1) 65 feet. Climb the crack on the left side of the pinnacle for 15 feet until it is possible to step left. Traverse 12 feet to a very thin crack, ascend the crack, in which a piton has been inserted, to a stance and belay. A pinnacle.

(2) 85 feet. An ascending traverse is made to the arête on the left. Step down and move across the corner, avoiding a large loose flake. Climb the corner keeping to the left, passing a ledge with doubtful belays, to a ledge 20 feet higher with a good chockstone belay.

(3) 40 feet. Climb the corner crack direct to the top.

EAST GULLY GROOVE. 155 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 14th June, 1953. D. Whillans, J. R. Allen.

Situated on the steep wall of the Pinnacle, overlooking the East Gully.

Start : Scramble from the bed of the Gully to the bottom of the flat-topped pinnacle on the right.

(1) 20 feet. Climb to the top of the pinnacle by its right-hand edge.

(2) 70 feet. Climb a shallow groove to an overhang directly above, avoid the overhang by stepping to the right, traverse right into the groove proper, beneath a second overhang. Climb direct to stance and belay.

(3) 65 feet. Continue straight up the groove to the top of the Pinnacle.

GARGOYLE. 200 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 9th May, 1953. J. Brown, P. G. White.

The route goes up the first break to the left of Octo, starting with a traverse across doubtful rock, then ascending direct to the top of the cliff. Half-way up, it is possible to escape left up a grassy, broken groove.

Start : Scramble to the start of the first pitch of the East Gully. Traverse to the right until the steep wall bars further progress.

(1) 40 feet. Descend slightly across a groove, then traverse right to a stance and belay in a grassy corner.

(2) 75 feet. Climb the overhanging corner direct. This is difficult in its middle section.

(3) 25 feet. Continue up into the bottom of the narrow overhanging chimney.

(4) 60 feet. Ascend the chimney to the top of the cliff.

MOSS GROOVE. 250 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 14th March, 1953. R. Moseley, L. Rogerson.

The large prominent corner between Great Slab and Central Rib.

Start : At the top of the Forty Foot Corner (Great Slab).

(1) 30 feet. An obvious line up to the left, as for Great Slab.

(2) 130 feet. A slightly rising traverse is made back into the corner. Up this to where the crack narrows. Move delicately out left for a few feet, up and back again. Continue straight up to stance and belay beneath the large overhangs.

(3) 90 feet. Climb up beneath the overhangs to a wide crack which splits them from the slab. Through this and up the corner to the top. CARPET SLAB. 250 feet. Very Severe (Hard).

First Ascent : 4th October, 1953. J. Brown, D. Whillans.

Start : 40 feet to the right of Red Slab.

(1) 120 feet. Climb a short groove which is undercut at its base. Ascend the bulge with the aid of a piton (this was removed) to some large holds above. Continue up the narrow crack until it is possible to step left on to the grass. Climb the grass to stance and belay.

(2) 130 feet. Climb the slab on the left and continue up the grassy chimney above to the top of the cliff.

NEW GIRDLE. 710 feet. Very Severe.

First Ascent : 3rd July, 1953. H. I. Banner, D. J. Abbott, B. G. N. Page.

Start : As for original Girdle.

(1), (2), (3), (4). As for original Girdle.

(5) 80 feet. Pitch (2) of Lion.

(6), (7) 80 feet. Pitches (3) and (4) of Lion.

(8) 40 feet. Traverse into the corner on the right, Ribstone Crack, and work delicately out across the right wall. Stance, etc. on the other side of the rib.

(9) 30 feet. Pitch (4) of Shadow Wall.

(10) 40 feet. Continue the traverse to the right using the trees and walk 20 feet to more trees. Junction with Dead Entrance.

(11) 40 feet. From the right-hand end of the tree ledge work out to the right round the corner, then under an overhang to Bole Way.

(12) 40 feet. Climb slightly down to the right, over the derelict block of Dead Entrance, and across a fluted slab directly below an overhang. Up to join the Main Scoop Route just below the Scoop.

(13) 30 feet. Up the Scoop to the evergreen ledge.

(14) 50 feet. Up behind the chockstone, then traverse to the right-hand end of a vegetated ledge. Tree belay.

(15) 25 feet. Up the wall from the extreme end of the ledge to join the finish of Halan at the top.

OVERLAPPING WALL—DIRECT START. 100 feet. Very Severe.

Start : To the left of the large overhang which lies directly beneath the V chimney of the second pitch.

(1) From below the left of the overhang climb 20 feet, then traverse mainly on good handholds to a satisfactory ledge. Straight up the small rib on the right to a large quartz ledge. From the left end of this climb a shallow groove to a belay at the foot of the chimney of Pitch (2). EROSION GROOVE. Extremely Severe.

First Ascent : 26th April, 1953. D. Whillans, N. Allen, D. Cowan, P. White.

Right of Ribstone Crack. The above note is all that appears in the Cwm Glas Mawr Log Book. The full account will presumably be published in due course.

CORNIX. 250 feet. Very Severe.

First Ascent : 6th July, 1953. H. I. Banner, D. J. Abbott.

Start : At the foot of the Red Rock at an obvious scar.

(1) 45 feet. Climb a groove for a few feet, then diagonally left until a traverse can be made to the right up a prominent rake. Stance without a belay.

(2) 30 feet. Climb the left wall of the groove, exit on the left. Stance, etc. on the summit of the Rock.

(3) 115 feet. Follow the Girdle Traverse to a mossy ledge. Climb the shallow open corner above by bridging and the right wall. Out to the left to the holly tree belay of Halan.

(4) 60 feet. Follow Halan to the second tree. Instead of using this take the wall on the right.

CRAIG WENALLT

This crag is below Clogwyn y Bustach (O.S. Ref. 647527). One route has been made so far, Oxo, 220 feet, Very Severe. Full details will appear in the forthcoming guide-book—Snowdon, South and West.

SNOWDON—SOUTH AND WEST

THE MOELWYNS

During the year a large number of new routes have been made on various crags on the south face of the Moelwyns. This is part of the exploratory work in connection with the new guide-book and the accounts will not therefore be published in this part of the Journal. Anyone who is interested will find the details in the Club Hut Log Books.

THE OUTLYING CRAGS OF WALES

RADNOR

Once again I am indebted to E. H. Lane for the information in this section.

LLANDEGLEY ROCKS (C.C.J., 1951, p. 55)

On the lower tier, a short girdle traverse :

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. 80 feet. Severe.

First Ascent : 1st March, 1953. E. H. Lane.

Start : In the centre of the most continuous line of rocks are two slab pinnacles. Start between the main wall and the left-hand pinnacle.

(1) 20 feet. Climb easily between the pinnacle and the main wall to stance and belay at the apex of the pinnacle.

(2) 15 feet. Descend the Pinnacle Slab to the gap between it and the slab on the right.

(3) 10 feet. Traverse across the slab to its right edge (delicate), then make an awkward move over the right edge down to a grass patch.

(4) 35 feet. Traverse right for 10 feet on to a quartz speckled slab, up a few feet, move right along a diagonal scoop, then straight up to stance and belay at the top of the slab.

CRAIG Y FOEL (*C.C.J.*, 1951, p. 56)

Craig y Foel comprises several small cliffs and buttresses on the hillside above the Caban Coch Reservoir. Some routes have already been described there (Ref. above). The following are new :

On a group of four buttresses immediately opposite the suspension bridge leading to Elan Village are :

SIESTA. 75 feet. Moderate.

First Ascent : 22nd June, 1952. E. H. Lane, J. P. O'F. Lynam and N. Lynam.

BLUEBOTTLE GULLY. 50 feet. Difficult.

First Ascent : 22nd June, 1952. J. P. O'F. Lynam and N. Lynam.

Farther on, beyond Caban Coch dam on a buttress directly in line with a fence (enclosing a square of hillside just above the road) is :

TREE CREEPER. 95 feet. Difficult.

First Ascent : 19th January, 1953. E. H. Lane and E. C. Pyatt.

On the next buttress to the left and 100 feet lower down :

DETOUR. 75 feet. Moderately difficult.

First Ascent : 19th January, 1953. E. H. Lane and E. C. Pyatt.

CERIG GWYNION (*C.C.J.*, 1952, p. 102)

FLEDGLING WALL. 50 feet. Difficult.

First Ascent : 14th May, 1952. J. P. O'F. Lynam and N. Lynam.

On the lower tier of rocks, 40 feet right of the Tower, a slabby wall with a crack down the middle.

SOMERSAULT. 60 feet. Difficult.

First Ascent : 1st November, 1952. J. P. O'F. Lynam.

A wall below Arrow Buttress.

CRAIG Y BWCH

The crags marked on the O.S. Map in the Claerwen Valley above the Dol y Mynach Reservoir (Ref. 900621) are of no interest to the climber. Opposite the Marchnant Valley, however, is a slabby buttress, a little to the east of a small quarry :

ABBOT'S BUTTRESS. 115 feet. Difficult.

First Ascent : 8th July, 1952. J. P. O'F. Lynam and N. Lynam.

CORNWALL

I am pleased to be able to publish in this section the complete co-ordination between the Club Guide-book and the up-to-date information on Pedn Mên Du supplied by the Commando Cliff Assault Wing. Our thanks are due to Major A. D. Macpherson and Captain J. Barry for their helpful co-operation.

BOSIGRAN FACE

NAMELESS. 185 feet. Very Severe.

First Ascent : D. Kemp and N. Morin.

Start : From the path going across the Face, just right of a large leaning block forming a cave.

(1) 80 feet. Easily up broken rock diagonally left.

(2) 90 feet. Above the wall steepens. Go round the corner and up back to the right. Then move left to the foot of a wall with a groove in it. Up the wall to a triangular grass stance (piton belay).

(3) 15 feet. Up to the top just right of Zig-Zag.

PEDN MÊN DU

The following is the substance of the C.C.A.W. information. Fig. 15 of the Club Guide-book is reasonably accurate, though perhaps over-simplified.

To the north of the area shown in Fig. 15 there is a small rocky bay with four climbs. This can be reached by scrambling along the shore direct from Sennen Cove village, so that an easy approach to the climbing exists on this side also at low tides.

ZIG-ZAG CRACK. 50 feet. Very Severe, strenuous, not yet led.

The village end of Pedn Mên Du is bounded by a sheer 50-foot wall rising from a broad platform, which is usually wave washed at high tide. The wall is broken in the centre by a zig-zagging crack, which is the climb.

NORGE CORNER. 55 feet. Very Difficult.

Inland Zig-Zag Wall ends in a right-angled corner with a deep crack in it. The corner is reached by a 15-foot wall with rust coloured splotches. Then climb the crack.

SLIPPERY SHUTE. 50 feet. Severe.

Above the rust splotched wall and 15 feet right of Norge Corner is another corner, smoothly sloping and set in black rock. This can be climbed on small holds.

GANGES GROOVE. 50 feet. Severe.

Round the next corner and 10 yards south of Slippery Shute an 11-foot shelf is broken by a deep horizontal V cut which leads to the bottom of an overhanging groove. The route goes up the shelf via the V crack, with the groove as second pitch, then up the wide vertical V fault above. The only possible route on an otherwise overhanging face.

DEMO ROUTE. 60 feet. Severe.

20 yards south of Ganges Groove the cliff again turns at right angles to the sea and runs inland for 8 yards. At the seaward end of this wall is a flake. Up the flake and via a narrow chimney to a broad shelf. Up to the left over a nose to the top.

CORNER CLIMB. 60 feet. Very Difficult.

Sheer Corner of the Guide-book.

CIVVIE ROUTE. 60 feet. Very Difficult.

Walter's Chimney of the Guide-book.

GRIP TIGHT CHIMNEY. 60 feet. Moderate.

Grip Tight Gully of the Guide-book.

WATERSPOUT CHIMNEY. 25 feet. Severe, strenuous.

18 yards west of Grip Tight Chimney and 6 yards out from the cliff

face the rock ledge underfoot is cleft by a smooth 25-foot chimney. Up this, under certain conditions of tide and wind, the sea spouts in a spectacular column to cliff height. It is climbable at low tide.

On the 30 yards wide face between Grip Tight Chimney and the Staircase are a number of easily found routes and variations. (Main Face Climb and Banana Flake Climb of the Guide-book.)

STAIRCASE. 40 feet. Difficult.

Staircase of the Guide-book.

OVERHANGING CRACK. 50 feet. Not yet led.

At the right-hand side of the Staircase recess and 20 feet up is an overhanging corner with a crack in it. The corner, which is the crux, is about 12 feet high. Above it the route continues up an easier chimney.

DOUBLE OVERHANG. 45 feet. Severe.

A few paces right from the right-hand side of Staircase recess is the start of this climb. A crack which splits the steep wall is followed on good holds to a ledge at 16 feet. A step left and a second crack of similar length is climbed. Stance in a rocky scoop. Another step left and an overhanging crack leads to the top.

DEXTER ROUTE. 40 feet. Not yet led.

Four paces right from Double Overhang the Dexter Route starts easily to the bottom of a prominent left sloping crack, the bottom of the crack being level with the top of the gangway on its right. Climb the crack to the scoop below the final pitch of Double Overhang. The flake on the right is climbed to its apex, whence the last few feet are scaled on very small holds. This can be avoided by hand-traversing the flake down to the right on to easier ground.

THE AISLE.

Beyond Dexter Route the upper part of the wall turns a corner and slopes inland at an angle of 45° to the main cliff. This is Church Face. (The second pitch of Dexter Route forms the actual corner.) The lower part of the cliff to a height of about 15 feet turns seawards for 5 yards in a little wall. Up this runs the Aisle giving easy access to Church Face.

SINNER'S ROUTE. 50 feet. Moderate.

At the top of the Aisle Church Face is broken by a shallow gully—straightforward. (Mentioned in the Guide-book.)

CHURCH DOOR. 35 feet. Very Difficult.

Church Window of the Guide-book.

ALTAR ROUTE. 35 feet. Very Severe.

Church Face ends in a corner where the cliff again resumes its southward trend. This corner about 4 yards from the foot of the Church Door forms Altar Route.

NAMELESS ROUTE. 30 feet. Difficult.

For about 10 yards west from Altar Route the cliff is very broken and offers an obvious route. Beyond this is the steep Monday Face.

VERTICAL ROUTE. 50 feet. Very Difficult.

Just around the corner of Monday Face and 12 paces from Altar Route, this route runs up the sheer rock on ample holds.

VERTICAL CRACK. 50 feet. Severe.

This is the inset corner of Monday Face and starts 3 yards right of the Vertical Route. A semi-layback crack is followed by an easier chimney to the right.

From Vertical Crack the cliff continues sheer and unclimbable and then turns another corner to form a broad deeply serrated face overhung on the left and bordered on the right by the gully leading down to Irish Lady Cove. This is the Hayloft. (Hayloft of the Guide-book.)

Irish Lady Cove is marked on Fig. 15 in the Guide-book. The C.C.A.W. information details four climbs :

COMMANDO CRACK. 40 feet. Very Severe.

If the Irish Lady is faced from the floor of the cove there is a sheer wall on the right. This ends on its inward side as a flake separated by a narrow crack from a higher wall. The climb goes up this crack and finishes across the top of the flake.

COMMANDO CORNER. 45 feet. Very Severe.

From the same start as Commando Crack climb a few feet diagonally to the right then up a vertical incut corner.

TWIN CRACKS. 50 feet. Very Difficult.

Opposite the above climbs on the other wall of the Cove are the Twin Cracks—6 feet apart and almost parallel. Both can be climbed.

The various accounts of the climbs in Irish Lady Cove are difficult to follow, particularly as there has been a considerable rock fall there within the last year or two (i.e. since the Guide-book was published).

(The Guide-book described Irish Chimney, actually the left-hand branch of a double chimney, while *C.C. J.*, 1951, p. 75 notes two further routes—Irish Chimney Right Hand Branch and Grumbling Slab. The effect of the rock fall was to convert the Right Hand Branch into a crack and to make it no longer possible to use the Right Hand Branch as a start for the Left Hand Branch.)

The Commandos do not appear to have worked out a girdle traverse so far. The first ascent of this climb is therefore as described in *C.C. J.*, 1952, p. 105. All other first ascents here must be credited to C.C.A.W.

LAND'S END

A route here on the buttress left of Hotel Buttress, which climbs up over the Hotel drain outlet, would appear to be of doubtful utility. (It is 85 feet. Severe. First Ascent by H. Tantem and D. Kemp.)

CARN BARRA

A. J. Imrie who made a number of routes here in 1950 added others during 1952. The cliff would now appear to be worthy of detailed description.

The climbing area lies between two ridges—north and south. The present routes are on the steep lower part of the cliff below the wide ledge which traverses the face. The upper cliff has one or two promising chimneys, as yet unclimbed, which might serve as continuations. Easy ways down are not difficult to find. At the foot at sea level are

three platforms from north to south—small, medium and large. The small platform joins Zawn Kellys. This platform formation is more obvious at middle and high tides ; at low tide there is one continuous platform all the way along the cliff base.

THREE CRACK CLIMB. 45 feet. Severe.

Start : On right-hand side of small platform near V-shaped channel.

(1) 15 feet. Crack to sloping platform.

(2) 15 feet. 5 feet left another crack leads to a narrow platform.

(3) 15 feet. 4 feet left a smooth exposed crack leads to a grassyully.

EGASUS. 80 feet. Very Difficult.

Start : At extreme right of small platform.

(1) 20 feet. Climb up to the right to a ledge below a steep black mottled slab. Climb the right-hand edge of the slab to a ledge.

(2) 40 feet. Climb slabs on the right-hand side to a small ledge. Make an awkward step right and climb a small crack in the slab.

(3) 20 feet. Keep right up the slabs to grassy gully.

LEDGE CLIMB. 60 feet. Difficult.

Start : From right-hand edge of medium platform. Scramble up to the right end of a ledge.

(1) 20 feet. Up to a black platform with parallel cracks above.

(2) 20 feet. The left-hand crack to a rocky ledge.

(3) 20 feet. 10 feet left and up a steep slab.

HAMPSHIRE ZIG-ZAG. 110 feet. Very Difficult.

Start : At foot of the channel (low tide) between the medium and small platforms at the foot of a prominent vertical bowlike crack.

(1) 40 feet. Climb up to a small chimney by two small triangular platforms between slabs. Back up chimney.

(2) 30 feet. Up the left-hand flake against vertical wall, traverse right on to small square block below the definite overhang of the bowlike crack, thence right round a large block on to a platform.

(3) 40 feet. Up steep slab to the right of a lozenge-shaped protruding rock in the face. Steep with good holds. The climb ends in a small V-shaped cleft.

CAVE ROUTE. 90 feet. Very Difficult.

Start : At right edge of large platform close to a large block between two cracks. Large chimney with big chockstones 40 feet to the right.

(1) 30 feet. Climb right-hand crack to a stance on a ledge. Climb a short slab to a second ledge under a hole in the face on the right.

(2) 60 feet. Up through cave round to the left, traverse left round large boulder with a split in the west face. Climb the split to a large platform.

CRISS-CROSS FACE. 110 feet. Very Difficult.

Start : From the middle of a sloping seaweed-covered platform at the extreme right-hand end of the cliff. The centre of the face is split by four cracks forming an X. (Very prominent and easily recognisable.)

(1) 60 feet. From bottom left-hand corner of the X climb a shallow

gully leading left to a small platform (12 feet). From here follow a line of weakness to the right. Flake belay in a recess.

(2) 50 feet. Continue in the recess to a broad ledge by an overhanging block (or climb the wall outside the recess).

EDGE CLIMB. 90 feet. Hard Very Difficult.

Start : 50 feet right of Cave Climb at the right-hand end of reddish ledge at high tide level.

(1) 20 feet. Straight up the steep slab to a ledge.

(2) 20 feet. An awkward and exposed step right into the left of two nearly vertical cracks, which split the edge, and on across the right-hand crack to a ledge.

(3) 15 feet. Climb the right-hand crack to a broad ledge.

(4) 35 feet. Scramble to the bottom of a wide grassy gully.

First Ascents of all of the above by A. J. Imrie and party—the first five climbs in October, 1950, the last two in March, 1952.

CHAIR LADDER

A new climb is reported on the wall of the main buttress above Ash Can Gully by J. M. Edwards, N. A. and N. E. Morin. It follows a steep crack from near the top of East Chimney. Severe.

ELSEWHERE IN CORNWALL

I recently spent some time investigating the climbing possibilities of the Cornish cliffs outside West Penwith. On the north coast there are pinnacles on the beach at Bedruthan, but the rock looks poor. St. Agnes Head is steep on the Chapel Porth side. An isolated granite mass at Cligga Point, near Perranporth, offers nothing but scrambles and small pinnacles on the beach.

On the south coast there is another granite mass on Trewavas and Rinsey Heads between Marazion and Porth Leven. Trewavas is reminiscent of Carn Boel and offers only odd short pitches—Rinsey is short but steep, with prominent overhanging nose and caves (it is probably inaccessible as there is a house close to the edge).

The Lizard Peninsula provides a fine cliff top walk of more than 20 miles. The cliffs are mainly of serpentine, which is either impossibly steep or else at an easy angle, and hornblende schist, which looks in places as though it might provide climbs. The most promising hornblende schist areas are Predannack Head, the Quadrant (Lizard Point) and the cliffs near Landewednack. It is just possible that climbs exist on the serpentine at the Horse (near Kynance) and on a promontory east of Cadgwith. On Lizard the bathing beaches are more popular than those of West Penwith and this alone would make climbing impossible in the season at Mullion, Kynance, etc., even if the serpentine was a good climbing rock. (Each Commando group devotes one day of its training to Cadgwith.) There is gabbro, but only 30 feet high, at Carrick Luz near Kennack Sands.

East of Falmouth, Nare Head, which is pillow lava, looks encouraging and there may be one or two climbs. (Pentire Point at Padstow (north coast again) is the same rock. It looks very steep from a distance and may be worth investigating.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Our first duty must be to congratulate John Hunt, all the members of his party and all those who worked so hard in the back rooms, on the ascent of Everest. This was a remarkable feat both of mountaineering and of organisation, and we are proud that so many of the team are members of our Club. We also congratulate Sir John on the honour subsequently bestowed upon him by the Queen.

It is pleasant to think that our hut was used in the initial training period, and that many of the party were our guests in Wales after their return.

We would like to look upon Everest as just another first ascent secured by a happy party visiting the mountains for their pleasure, but the climb was much more than this. The series of gallant failures spread over 30 years had in itself focused public and international attention on the mountain. The summit had acquired a "prestige" value which we cannot blink. The whole of British mountaineering will temporarily glow in the reflected glory of the expedition's success.

It is for the rest of us, particularly the younger generation, to maintain this glow, not in competition with others but in climbing for its own sake. It is also for us to play our part in maintaining the traditional institutions of British mountaineering. Those who are impatient to reshape old institutions to new needs should remember that constructive criticism from within is more effective than disparagement from without.

An oak plaque presented by Herbert Carr to commemorate the Everest ascent is to be erected in Helyg. It will bear the names of all members of the Club who have taken part in the expeditions.

Our thanks are due to D. C. Bull who has undertaken the manifold tasks connected with the advertisements in, and the circulation of, this number. A. K. Rawlinson has been appointed Honorary Editor and will be responsible for the next number of *C.C.J.* He has the good wishes of ourselves and all the Club in this arduous task.

We have also to congratulate the Club and Herbert Carr on his appointment to succeed Peter Bicknell as President. Nobody has worked harder for the Club than Carr, who has many claims to be regarded as our second father; he became Hon. Secretary at a time of discouragement and at one time doubled the roles of Secretary and Editor, tasks which for a weaker member have proved quite enough when taken in succession. We look for new worlds to conquer under his presidency.

Our own members continued to make first-class climbs in the Alps last year. We do not hear of all expeditions, but the following, many of which are first ascents by British parties, are examples ; South East ridge of Bietschorn (Clegg, Fraser, Davis, N.M., and Huddart, N.M.), North West ridge of Grands Charmoz (Nicol and Wrangham) East ridge, Dent du Crocodile (Blackshaw, Chorley and Sutton), Arête de Tronchey, Grandes Jorasses (Wrangham, Rawlinson, Viney, Harris, Jones), South face, Dent du Géant (Wrangham and Nicol), Via della Pera (McNaught-Davis, Wilkinson, N.M., Ritchie, N.M. and Marshall, N.M.), Route Major (Nicol and Wrangham), South ridge, Aiguille Noire de Péteret (three parties, including Nicol, Tombes, Dyke and Sutton), South West face, Punta Gugliermana (Nicol and Wrangham), South face of the Meije (two parties including Dyke and Moulam), North West face of Olan (Dyke, Hammond, N.M., Morden, N.M. and Ridges, N.M.), South ridge of Salbytschin (Chorley, Fisher, Sutton and Kopczynski, N.M.), West face of Pointe Albert (two parties, Blackshaw and Nicol ; Sutton and Miss Gregory), North East arête, Aiguille de la Persévérance (Sutton, Chorley, Lawton, N.M.), Voie Cassin, Cima Piccolissima di Lavaredo (McNaught-Davis and Dolphin, N.M.), North face, Cima Grande di Lavaredo (McNaught-Davis, Wilkinson, N.M.), South face, Aiguille Dibona (Dyke, Hammond, N.M., Morden, N.M., Ridges, N.M.). It is reported that the Ryan-Lochmatter route on the Plan and the " Old Brenva " are now considered training expeditions in more advanced quarters.

Accounts of some of these climbs will be found elsewhere in these pages, as of more domestic events such as the Austrian meet and the Everest week-end in Wales.

IN MEMORIAM

CLAUDE W. BARTON

In the 1953 number of the *Climbers' Club Journal* there appeared a short note of the loss of Claude Barton. He was one of the few remaining original members of the Club and one who had much to do with the success which soon followed its formation. In those early days he was a keen "English" partisan, when the Wastdale Notes figured so greatly in first numbers of our Journal.

Claude was first of all a true lover of Cumberland and during a long, strenuous life found almost a full sufficiency of interest in the Lakeland mountains. With his late brother Guy, a busy medical man, he figured brilliantly in the early pioneering days. They kept a remarkable personal climbing book, a record of all their climbs. The descriptions have most meticulous accuracy, and are accompanied by numerous clever sketches in pen and ink of famous routes. This unique, heavy volume has been most kindly given to me by Claude's widow. Its extreme value and interest lies in the fact that it contains many actual extracts and notes from the old Wastdale Head Climbers' Book which has now altogether been lost. Of course, this book, compiled by the Barton brothers, should ultimately become the valued property of one of the British clubs.

Claude was a very worthy leader up the greatest climbs of the days when "big things" were available and enjoyed in preference to the boulder problem stunts of today. Claude led up Walker's Gully, the second ascent. He was a tall, lithe, lanky chap of perfect physique and great strength. I can picture him now mounting up to the huge final chockstone, and then swinging across the fearsome rift to back-up the final chimney. This was a feat which many previously had failed to achieve. Icy conditions prevented this on my first ascent with O. J. Jones.

Undoubtedly the outstanding performance by the "Barton Brothers" was the first complete ascent throughout of Savage Gully on the North Face of the Pillar Rock. Claude was

worthily proud of this, but nowadays it might be an unwise course with so many parties visiting the crags and gullies above the big rift. Another unforgettable day was that spent on the first ascent of the New West Pillar Climb. Claude was with us on that memorable occasion. How he enjoyed the venture! He never tired of talking of it, and in 1952 we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the now popular route.

Amongst many other pioneer climbs of the brothers, usually with Claude in the lead, was the Rake End Chimney on Pavey Ark and the North Gully on Doe Crag. They also did a great deal of new exploration on the Derbyshire gritstone rocks and visited the Coolin in Skye. Claude never climbed in the Alps and somehow had scant enthusiasm for the Welsh mountains, though he knew the Snowdon area well. The rock structure of Lliwedd had very little appeal.

Apart from his supreme interest in climbing, Claude took little part in sports such as football and cricket, but his skill as a tennis player was much appreciated. In all games he was more a participator than a looker-on. Finally his many friends will be pleased to hear of his early life and his many activities in a busy world. He was born in Harrow in 1877 and at the age of six months went to Cambridge where his father became well known as the vicar of Holy Trinity Church. Claude had no University career, but on leaving school he became a pupil under several leading land agents on big estates. He went as agent to Clapham in 1909 and stayed on until 1950. Motors and motor-caravanning were almost an obsession. He was a clever engineer and in 1921 started a most successful garage on the Keighley—Kendal highway. His marriage to Miss Dorothy Cunliffe took place in 1906. Her father was the well-known successful Manchester solicitor, Robert Ellis Cunliffe, who latterly retired to The Croft, Clappersgate, near Ambleside. In his beautiful home he made very many friends amongst the keen pioneer climbers, and his encouragement helped many of the younger school of mountain enthusiasts.

On 3rd April, 1950, Claude came to live in the shadow of his beloved Cumberland mountains and bought a house near Keswick, on the larch slopes of Latrigg. Alas! he did not have many years left to enjoy his new home at Thorny Platts.

He died there suddenly on 13th October, 1952, survived by his wife and family of three girls and one boy.

Claude Barton was a grand specimen of a big-hearted Englishman. He was always actively happy, and full of the joys of the high hills. Many are better for having known such a friend ; I am one of them.

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

WILLIAM McNAUGHT—1883-1953

By the death of Will McNaught on 9th June, 1953, the Club has lost a very faithful member, who was one of its most regular supporters during the 'twenties and 'thirties. He was the son of Dr. W. G. McNaught, a well-known figure in English music half a century ago. A Londoner born and bred, educated at University College School and at Worcester College, Oxford, Will followed his father as Editor of the *Musical Times* ; he was musical critic on various papers including the *Morning Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* ; he also wrote one or two minor works and did some broadcasting. During the 1914-18 war he served in the R.A.M.C.

Will was a quiet, genial, dreamy fellow, well content to devote his working life to the art for which he had inherited so great a talent, and his leisure to the mountains. His mountaineering began in the middle nineties with T. C. Ormiston-Chant, with whom he climbed regularly for many years, exploring the Lake District very thoroughly ; also visiting Snowdonia and the Grampians. Resembling Ashley Abraham in build, he was a good rock climber and enjoyed leading within his standard ; on harder climbs (above V.D.) he made a steady, imperturbable second ; many will recall occasions when his wit brought laughter at moments of damp and dismal frustration. While most of his early rock climbing was done in the Lakes (I have a note of an ascent of Moss Ghyll in 1901), he went to Wales more often in the 'twenties (one of his more memorable days, in Craig-yr-Ysfa's Great Gully, is recorded in the *Rucksack Journal* of 1921, and shall I ever forget the awful Boxing Day of that year when, with Will and Dr. Violet Pilley, I got pounded in darkness and a heavy snowstorm high up on the West Peak of Lliwedd and we had to sit out the endless night, while all

Pen-y-Gwryd came out to sing seasonally on the screes below and to help us off in the grey dawn with less charitable remarks!) partly because the journey was shorter, partly because his mother took a cottage at Beddgelert and he could combine a filial duty with his keenness for the hills. He gave me a great deal of help in producing the Snowdon Guide of 1926 and took part in many of our exploring expeditions in Cwm Silin and Cwm Glas. He was often at Helyg from the start; in the photograph* of the opening "ceremony" he stands beside the tree, looking down upon the rest of us, no doubt with a merry twinkle in the eyes behind the spectacles and with a sly dig at old Marples coming from his lips. On one of those early visits he walked up from Dolgarrog an hour or two before the Cowlyd dam burst causing terrible destruction in that valley: it was a lucky escape for him.

His qualifying list for the Alpine Club, which he joined in 1926, began with Monte Cristallo and the Ortler in 1911. He was with me and John Hirst on an ascent of the Matterhorn in 1921, and again in 1924 when with Miles Coventry we traversed the Wellenkuppe-Ober-Gabelhorn straight from Zermatt, a grand day which ended in one of those hilarious parties, with Will in his element at the piano, until an anxious *patron* put his head round the door and protested: "Messieurs, c'est bien trop tard pour la musique classique!" I think he joined all the Club's Alpine Meets in the 'twenties and he organised those at Belalp in 1929, Stein in 1930, Randa in 1931 and at La Bérarde in 1933. He served on the Committee from 1931 to 1934.

Will never married and perhaps in later life became something of a recluse. His first-rate mathematical mind found delight in composing puzzles, which, published in the *Listener*, brought him a considerable fan mail. For his sake we can only be glad that the end brought relief from suffering, but all of us who have been in the club for 25 years and more feel the sadness of this farewell.

H. R. C. CARR.

* Bulletin, December, 1925.

My thanks are due to John Poole and T. C. Ormiston-Chant (F. R.C.C.) for information they have kindly provided.

D. H. MUNRO

David Henry Munro was born at Rooiberg, South Africa, on August 9th, 1926.

His early years were a struggle against ill health, and as a result of this he took up athletics. At King's College, Cambridge, he showed great promise as a half-miler, until the demands of training began to clash with his work ; so in 1947 he gave up running and joined the C.U.M.C., leaving his term time clear for his studies.

Subsequently his enthusiasm for the hills absorbed more and more of his life, so that during the next five years he managed to spend a total of no less than nine months climbing.

Rock climbing came to him easily—aided by his long reach and lean figure, but it was on snow and ice, however, that he was at his best and happiest. He disliked considering a route at length, preferring to set about it at once or leave it alone. An accomplished photographer he would wander over the hills for hours with his camera.

I remember vividly his affection for the Northern Highlands and his youthful and burning enthusiasm when discussing his expeditions in the desolate country around An Teallach which he regarded as his personal preserve.

In the bad conditions that kept other climbers in the C.I.C. Hut on Ben Nevis on 1st April, David and Peter Smith decided they must do something. It appeared that they had completed South Castle fully and were descending easy ground when they were overwhelmed by an avalanche.

David's tragic loss cut short an academic career full of promise. At the time of his death he was Nuffield Research Scholar at Imperial College engaged on work that would have brought him his B.Sc. this year.

J. F. MAWE.

Sir T. K. ROSE

Sir T. K. Rose, who died on 10th May, 1953, at Hindhead, was 87. He was an original member of the Climbers' Club and the first Treasurer, was on the Committee 1901-1905, Vice-President 1920-1923 and President 1928-1930. For some years he had not taken much part in the Club's activities and many of

the younger members had probably never met him, but he was of great service to the Club in its earlier days.

He was educated at Dulwich and the Royal School of Mines, and worked for a time in this country and the United States for various commercial undertakings, specializing in gold extraction from ores. He took his degree at London University in 1891, proceeding to the degree of D.Sc. in 1895. Meanwhile in 1890 he joined the staff of the Royal Mint where he spent the rest of his career. He was appointed chemist and assayer in 1902, was knighted in 1914 and retired in 1926. His *Metallurgy of Gold* is a standard work on the subject and he also wrote *The Precious Metals* and made a number of contributions to the transactions of learned societies. He received the gold medal of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in 1921 and was President of that Institute in 1915 and Vice-President of the Institute of Metals in the following year.

He married in 1890, Jenny, daughter of the late J. B. Rundell. She died in 1938 and he is survived by a daughter.

He went to Pen-y-Grwyd a good deal in early days with Lady Rose who was also a climber, and went out with most of the early members and climbers who came to North Wales.

Among them I might mention Moss, Bryant, Price, M. K. Smith and Mrs. M. K. Smith, and myself. It is interesting to note that he first met M. K. Smith and Price below Crib Goch and asked the best way up.

He did several First Ascents :

The First Ascent of the Ordinary Route on the Idwal Slabs in 1897 with C. C. B. Moss. There is no Journal record of this but it is confirmed in J. M. Edwards' Cwm Idwal, and Edwards mentioned that he had got the information from Rose himself.

The First Ascent of Intermittent Gully on Glyder Fach in 1898 with C. C. B. Moss.

The First Ascent of the North Arête of Cyfrwy on Cader Idris in 1900 with F. W. Rose. He described this in a note in the December Journal of 1900.

What was probably his first ascent was Pike's Peak in the Rocky Mountains.

His First Ascent of Uranastind by the South Ridge is mentioned in Slingsby's Norway.

He was, I think, especially fond of Arolla and did many peaks there. He climbed the Zinal Rothorn and other major mountains, generally with Emil Gentinetta. He also climbed in the Savoy, the Dolomites, Dauphiny (where I climbed with him), the Lake District, Skye and the mainland of Scotland with the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

He was keen on cricket and cycling and recently wrote a description of the match at the Oval in 1881 when the Australians first won a test. His first cycle was the old penny-farthing, a fearsome animal, as he described it. I tried one once belonging to my brother but only stayed on it about as long as I should have stuck to a buck jumper. Rose was also fond of bridge and became a well-known player, representing Surrey County in a match for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup.

Besides climbing with me in Wales he joined my party in Cornwall. He was a keen rock climber and had some experience of snow and ice abroad. I remember him well as a most cheerful companion, reliable with the rope and always thoughtful of other people's feelings. The quality of his detachment and self effacement was well shown on one occasion. I was passing a corner, more or less in the sea, when the Seventh Wave came in. I immediately retired, like a startled fish, into the deepest hole I could find below a big rock and attached myself to the wall like a limpet, and waited for the wave to go back. As soon as I could breathe or see again I looked round for my companions who should have been on the rope. I had felt no tug and there was no sign of them. When I looked up I saw Rose firmly planted on a ledge some 10 feet above. When I got to him he explained that he was not wave borne but had been there all the time. In my relief I passed this rather lame excuse.

A. W. ANDREWS.

E. S. SIMPSON

Ted Simpson came up to New College, Oxford, in 1941. He had a quiet sense of humour, a vast store of mountaineering knowledge and, although he never made it obvious, a great desire for adventure. He was not a natural athlete but resolutely set about making himself physically adept. He at once joined the O.U.M.C. and climbed during his first year at almost every

opportunity. He had a brilliant academic career : a scholar, he took firsts in Honour Mods in 1942 and in P.P.E. in 1947.

After his first year at Oxford he joined the R.A.F., trained in Canada where he received his wings and commission and later served in India. There he attended the R.A.F. mountain school in Kashmir, but as he did not agree with the rest of his companions about the amount of climbing to be done, found this a frustrating experience.

When he returned to New College he played an important part in planning the first post-war O.U.M.C. meets in the Alps. Ted was one of a party which went to the Dauphiné. They hired a guide and finished by traversing Les Ecrins. He was prevailed on to edit the O.U.M.C. Journal for 1947, the first for 10 years. This he distinguished by a short but pithy editorial. He made an excellent editor and the Journal reflects a half-serious attitude to the writing of mountaineering articles on the part of those returning from the forces, which he seems to have shared.

Subsequently he climbed almost every summer in the Alps with guideless parties. He took his share of the leading and always contributed a wealth of information on the climbs, and a common-sense attitude to difficulties. Later, instead of settling down to an academic career, he took a job as economist with the Bank of International Settlements in Basel. As a result he became a proficient skier and came to know most parts of the Alps intimately. In 1951 he persuaded a party to visit Corsica. His self confidence and technical ability had by then greatly increased.

It was with great distress that his friends learnt of his tragic death with his fiancée above Chamonix at Easter 1953. His loss is keenly felt by all who knew him. His humour, steadfastness and common sense will be greatly missed.

J. M. BARON.

We also record with regret the deaths of W. G. S. Brooke, P. D. Smith and G. R. West.

REVIEWS

PREMIER DE CORDÉE. By R. Frison-Roche. Edited by P. E. Thomson, M.A. (Harrap, 1953, pp. 203.)

This is an edition, edited for sixth form use, of the first half of Roger Frison-Roche's very successful novel about the young Chamoniard who discovers that his vocation is to be a guide when he has an accident while attempting to recover the body of his father who has been struck by lightning near the summit of the Dru. It was written in 1940 and is well known here through the English translation which appeared in 1949.

It belongs to that category of books which succeed because of their interesting and well-caught backgrounds and which are read as dramatised documentaries. They may all be said to aspire to the condition of the Kon Tiki Expedition. There is plenty of vigorous physical action, plenty of local colour, and to all moral and psychological problems there are simple answers. "*On rentre tous ou on ne rentre pas*" is the nearest anyone in this book gets to self scrutiny.

It is, of course, sensational; holds are iced, ice-axes hum with electricity, snow powders the face, avalanches grumble. But Frison-Roche is, or was, a member of the Chamonix corps of guides and the sensationalism is a heightening of the sort of thing that actually happens (or, indeed, a selection from the much greater range of events which happen in a season) and not the introduction of adventitious thrills. Moreover, he has considerable descriptive powers and he conveys the particular quality of the guide's outlook. It is a pity that the first half of the novel does not include the description of the customs attending the transhumance of cattle to the Charamillon plateau, a particularly interesting section for the reader who knows the Chamonix valley only as a point of departure for peaks.

But the first half is tolerably self contained, though it ends with the disasters, leaving the triumphs for the second half, which is here summarised in English at the end of the volume. For school use it can be recommended—at least for French masters who climb. There are a number of Tairraz photographs—Dru, Géant (though he must warn his pupils that all climbing does not consist in swarming up fixed ropes), Charmoz-Grépon—which he can brood over while the boys get on with the translation. The notes are helpful (the only mistake which I detected was the statement that the *couloir Mummery* is on the Grépon; in fact, as we are told on a later page, it is the Y shaped couloir on the Charpoua face of the Verte). The author and a M. Claude Chaballier have helped Mr. Thomson with the omnipresent dialect. In a few years we may hope to find young men, inspired by

the book, greeting one another at the Montenvers with cries of "*C'mi té chi baille.*" As there is no pronunciation guide they will still not avoid the stigma of being tourists. For it is a stigma. Chamonix, we find, like other resorts, reserves its contempt for the people whose money keeps it going.

DOUGLAS HEWITT.

ALPINE JOURNAL, Nos. 286 and 287, 1953.

HIMALAYAN JOURNAL, 1952.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL, No. 144, 1953.

RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL, 1953.

OXFORD MOUNTAINEERING, 1953.

LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL, 1953.

M.A.M. JOURNAL, 1953.

OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB MONTHLY NEWSLETTER, VOL. I,
Nos. 1-7.

The "home" journals fall into two classes, extrovert and introvert. The former address the world and posterity with an authoritative record of event and achievement. Their purpose is to inform, their merit accuracy and completeness. They have an air of duty and responsibility, and scorning ephemeral things, they go to join their forbears on the library shelf, proud in due cycle to achieve the dignity of an index. The introverts are more frivolous. Careless of history and of the future they seek frankly to entertain, in particular to entertain the members of their own procreant club. They are introspective in that they are addressed only to their own circle of members. The outsider is welcomed, but he remains an outsider; doomed to sit silent among alien raconteurs, before long, let us admit it, bored.

The *Alpine Journal* is the type of extrovert. Stern in appearance and repellent in price, it remains loyal to its traditional duty of recording history past and present. In No. 286 past history is represented by a happily entitled biography of Martin Barry, "Quaker Microscopist," and other antiquarian delvings. To the present belong Roch on the first Swiss Everest expedition, Evans on Cho Oyu, and, in its different way no less significant, Chorley's record of a remarkable Alpine season. No. 287 celebrates the ascent of Everest. Here the *A.J.* suffers from its own high status. Tradition demands that a complete factual account of the expedition appear in it, and so it does; but it has been anticipated by the lectures, the film and the book. In addition we have Sir John Hunt's diary and Evans' account of the first ascent of the South Peak, which has not appeared elsewhere. It is curious that Sir Edmund Hillary's account of the final ascent of the main peak is omitted, but this is promised for the next number, along with further articles on special features of the expedition. It is to be hoped that these will cover the technical subjects so far treated only cursorily in the appendices to the book and for which the *A.J.* is clearly the right place. Meanwhile the present number has not forgotten things other than

Everest. The Editor investigates the early history of the Wetterhörner with length and learning, Colledge has a very brief article on the Brioschi route on the Nordend, and we have also, again rather curiously, the opening paragraphs of a lantern lecture, charming indeed, but never meant to be more than introductory to something to which we are not introduced.

The *Himalayan Journal* is another extrovert. This is a fat volume, reminding us that Himalayan climbing is not confined to the big publicised expeditions. Subsequent events have made the most interesting articles Houston's on the first approach to Everest from Nepal, in 1950, and Murray's account of the 1951 Reconnaissance.

The *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* is a hybrid: extrovert in its careful records of new climbs, in its authoritative "Observations on Munro's tables," and in its list of accidents; introvert in "A Cairngorm Odyssey" and elsewhere. It is intriguing to find that an article on looking after climbing boots suggests that you should not "do anything to your boots that you would not do to your own skin" and goes on to recommend saddle soap and dubbin.

The *Rucksack Club Journal* is introvert, but friendly. One feels that a newcomer to the party would be welcomed, but he must be tough to keep up. This number records the Club's Jubilee (on which we congratulate them), celebrated by a many voiced dinner (speeches reprinted in full) and, characteristically, by a hundred mile walk along the Pennines. There is also Mather's detailed and graphic account of his important ascent of the Peuteret ridge.

Many of us have encountered during the past year the persistent and irresistible salesman of *Oxford Mountaineering*. It is agreeable to record that his enthusiasm was not unjustified. This number ranges from the Alps to North-East Land and the Rockies, and two articles give relief from the factual reminiscence so remorselessly characteristic of most climbing journals: Tyson reconsiders Leslie Stephen and Steiner asks why we do it. In the best Oxford tradition he holds up his question, dusts and polishes it, and admires it from several angles; but answers it not.

The *Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club Journal* is again introvert and avowedly: this number is dedicated *in piam memoriam* Mrs. Inglis Clark, the founder, and reminiscent contributors sketch the history of the Club. There are also energetic climbs from Scotland to the Drakensberg, with diversions to the Alps and Pyrenees.

Introspective too is the *M.A.M. Journal*, with the emphasis on humour. Perhaps inevitably the humour is less risible in print and to an outsider than it seemed in Glan Dena, but at least it shows that the M.A.M. enjoy themselves. So do the Oread Mountaineering Club. Their monthly newsletter is just that, a private internal newsletter, on which comment would be impertinent. Suffice it that we admire their energy and clubistic spirit.

A. K. RAWLINSON.

THE ASCENT OF EVEREST. By Brigadier Sir John Hunt. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25/-)

It is not often that a reviewer finds himself writing about a book which he knows quite well all his readers will already have read. That clearly is the case with *The Ascent of Everest*. All members of the Climbers' Club knew the story to some degree before it appeared in book form, and almost all will have read the book some months before this review reaches them. In these circumstances the task of a reviewer is clearly to discuss rather than to summarise.

Firstly then to straightforward praise—and there is much to praise. The initial reckoning that it was a very good job considering the time in which it was produced gives way at a second reading to the conclusion that it is a very good job without any considering at all. It is lucidly and plainly written and tells the story in a manner that is fascinating to mountaineers, and from all that I can tell acceptable to the general public. From the reaching of the Western Cwm onwards it is by any standards a most enthralling tale to read. The photographs are very fine and the book is excellently produced and a pleasure to hold. Unlike many mountaineering books now published, it is worth 25/-. The appendices are of particular interest, and I for one could have done with more of them ; but the general public doubtless could not. Charles Evans' drawings help to lighten the text, and the cover by Heaton Cooper is an inspiration indeed.

As a story to be told there were many disadvantages. Every reader knows the outcome from the start. There were no great setbacks, no vital changes of direction or plan. No hard feelings and no internal conflict. On the other hand it is telling the story of a deed which, in the words of the Swiss " will always be in the history books," a deed which caught the imagination of the whole world : an adventure which is understandable to all men. I have heard it said that the style of the book is not worthy of the theme ; that John Hunt's solid prose and ordered narrative do not rise to the heights that the story demands. In this I do not agree. Later, no doubt, we shall have accounts by other members of the Expedition who will give us their own individual lights on the feats described, and they may tell the story in prose more imaginative, forcible or highly coloured than this. But that is not the point. This after all is the Expedition Book, and it must represent the Expedition. Just as " Annapurna " with its hectic and highly coloured prose symbolises perfectly the disorganised élan of the expedition it describes, so John Hunt's lucid story conveys equally perfectly the reasoned skill with which the Expedition was led. From this book people will always be able to understand the manner in which the first successful ascent of Everest was achieved. And when we come down to it, that is the greatest thing about this Expedition. It was not so much the sureness of the leader's approach to the problem as the way he appears to have viewed the business as a whole throughout. Compare this book with his articles in *The Times*, his diary written during the Expedition and the " Basis for Planning " ; all are written from the

same point of view, and one gets an indefinable feeling that any one of them might have been written at any one time. It is a tribute not only to the accuracy with which John Hunt analysed the problem before he started, but also the will-power by which the Expedition developed as it were to a script half written in the leader's mind. His own combination of dedicated purpose and experienced judgment must indeed have been a great factor in the success of the Expedition.

The first ascent of Everest was the greatest achievement of British mountaineering in this century, and shows British mountaineering at its very best. This book is a worthy and lasting record of that achievement and a sure reflection of the manner in which it was achieved.

R. M. VINEY.

THE MOUNTAIN WORLD. (Allen and Unwin. 25/-.)

As readers of this journal know *Berge de Welt* has since the war been the annual publication of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research. It has been published each year since 1946 in German, and there is also the French Edition, *Montagnes du Monde*, which has been running a few years behind the other. This year an English edition has been published under the auspices of Messrs. Allen and Unwin. All three editions are printed in Switzerland using the same plates. The object of the Foundation is to produce in *The Mountain World* a review of all the major mountain climbing and exploration throughout the world in a given year. This certainly is a laudable objective, and any attempt to achieve in book form the comprehensive and authoritative review of world mountaineering that the *Alpine Journal* no longer gives, deserves the backing of English speaking climbers. The standards hitherto maintained in the continental editions have been erratic; some years a very complete review has been given, in others the expeditions sponsored by the Foundation have received the lion's share of the space.

In the 1953 edition here reviewed the largest and most important section is that dealing with the first Swiss Everest Expedition in 1952. It opens with an historical survey by that polymath of mountaineers, M. Marcel Kurz, who is also the editor of the publication as a whole. To Englishmen brought up in the reading of the official histories of the pre-war British expeditions, it is refreshing to read M. Kurz's history written from a slightly more critical point of view. It is by just such a minor change of focus or outlook that an international annual such as this can be of best use. However, a change of outlook can be carried too far, and to write a history of Everest Expeditions prior to 1952 without any description of the British reconnaissance of 1951 is, to say the least of it, odd. It is good to see on the other hand that Dr. Houston gets some recognition of the fact that he was the first man to think seriously of the south side in recent years. The account of the Swiss Expedition itself if written in turn by the different members. Thus the ice-fall is described by Roch, the Western Cwm by Flory and so on. While this method is interesting in allowing one to gain a better

insight into the views and individualities of the team, it also involves overlappings and sometimes contradictions in the narrative which, with the natural differences of style, give an unevenness and lack of continuity to the story that is not even offset by the uniform badness of the translation.

The account adds little to what is known already, and the early verdicts on the expedition remain the same. Their passage of the ice-fall was a fine mountaineering performance, as was their somewhat surprising use of the Eperon des Genevois route to the South Col. They were clearly, however, taken aback by the scale of the mountain from that point ; the general exhaustion of the party at the South Col whence they were barely capable of moving downwards, only throws into greater prominence than ever the astonishing performance of Lambert (on his first Himalayan visit) and Tenzing in going so high after a mere Alpine bivouac. Lambert apparently survived his remarkable achievement very well. It is interesting to note that M. Kurz makes a determined attempt to change the name of the South Col to the Lho La and to call the Lho La the Khumbu La.

In the second half of the book there is a long description of sledging in North-East Greenland which is headed Mountain Exploration. Unlike some of the dreary descriptions of Arctic wastes which use the presence of ice as an illegitimate means of securing space in climbing journals, there actually are some mountains in this area, beautiful ones too, as the photographs show. Apart from a minor piece of tourism by Mlle. Maillart in Nepal, the remaining articles are about the Andes, a range of mountains of which the vast bulk of British mountaineers are very ignorant. Signor Ghiglione on the Southern Peruvian Andes is pleasant enough, but not as good as Hans Ertl on the Bolivian Andes. Here again it is refreshing to read : " This political climb, as it was called, was followed a few days later by the no less political ascent by the English . . . who climbed in the tracks of their predecessors, and pulled down the German flag with its hated swastika . . . " The presence of an Englishman called de la Motte and a Bolivian called Douglas Moore give this article a slightly unreal atmosphere which is maintained throughout its description of much good climbing. There is a photo of great beauty on page 152.

In all the annual comes under the heading of material which is read for what it describes and in spite of the way it describes it. If the publishers want book buyers in this country to pay 25/- for 60 good photographs and 230 pages of text, they will have to make that text very much more readable in future years.

R. M. VINEY.

THE VICTORIAN MOUNTAINEERS. By Ronald Clark. (Batsford 18/-.)

According to John Ruskin the Alps were best seen from below ; nevertheless, Mr. Clark suggests that it was Ruskin who startled people's minds into thinking about the tops. Forbes, Tyndall and

other scientists drifted from scientific research in the Alps into mountaineering for its own sake. Many artists—outstanding among them Whymper—followed a similar course. Clergymen, possibly shaken by Darwin, went to the mountains in search of purer beliefs and affirmation of their faiths. Others, like the renowned Albert Smith, were not prevented by their often genuine feeling for high places from turning their Alpine achievements to good financial account.

Early Alpine climbing seems to have had a similar effect on the non-climbing, literary public of the period as Himalayan climbing has on a comparable public today. When reading about the early climbing history of the Matterhorn, the attempts on Mount Everest during recent years must spring to mind.

A good deal of prominence is given to the early history of the Alpine Club which was both a result of and a prime mover in these early Alpine efforts.

Most of the characters are well known. Apart from those mentioned above, there are Coolidge, Conway, Leslie Stephen, Charles Hudson, Sir Alfred Wills and many others, including a number of indomitable ladies. Mr. Clark paints a very human picture of his Victorians. His numerous anecdotes about such strange and famous people as the Rev. James "Steeple" Jackson who climbed Pillar Rock at the tender age of 79, dubbed himself the "Patriarch of the Pillarites" and nominated a "Patriarch Presumptive," are delightful, and so are some of the chapter headings in verse. Many of the Mountaineers were distinguished writers who—literally—contributed to the book, thereby adding to its value.

There are numerous fascinating photographs of gentlemen with noble beards and of full-skirted ladies. It is surprising to find how very alive these pictures are, and at times, one almost tends to forget that none of the people portrayed are living. The illustrations are not mere accessories but form an integral part of the narrative.

Altogether a worthwhile and enjoyable book.

J. M. KRETSCHMER.

THE STORY OF EVEREST, 1921-52. W. H. Murray. (J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., 15/-.)

Mr. Murray has composed a straightforward and readable narrative of the history of Everest up to the point at which the Swiss were turned back in November, 1952. The various problems presented by the mountain and the controversies they have provoked are fairly summarised.

Mr. Murray's narrative is excellent, but his pen is apt to run away with him. Everest is not "one of the last great adventures left to man on the earth's surface," and Mr. Murray has quite enough imagination to realise this, if he could catch up with his pen. Even the dullest of his readers hardly needed to be told "if youth and energy are allied to

self-discipline and intelligence their possessors suffer little disadvantage."

Mr. Murray belongs to the soulful school: "Out on the mountain-side mountaineering is suddenly found to be straightforward and simple. It is an elemental adventure of the human soul, pushing forward to penetrate new country, to open new ground etc., etc." This is very fine, but is it true? Whatever views philosophers may hold on the nature of the soul, all (I believe) are agreed that it has no spatial properties which must place it at a disadvantage in pushing forward to penetrate new country or opening new ground. Perhaps we are captious, many of the most widely read writers on mountain topics also belong to the soulful school. We of the earthy school are more at home with Longstaff who, as the march brought him after rigours to a place of flowers and birds remarked: "To experience all this is worth the penalty of being condemned to climb the monster."

This book is very sound in substance, though a few may carp at some of the ornamentation. It is to be commended to all who are behindhand or rusty in their bookwork on Everest. It should be in every school library. The maps are not particularly helpful, the pictures not markedly illustrative of the text, and the bibliography is incomplete.

A latter edition is understood to include an account of last year's ascent.

AMERICAN ALPINE JOURNAL, VOL. VIII, No. 3. 1953.

APPALACHIA, VOL. XXIX, No. 2. DECEMBER 1952.

ACCIDENTS IN AMERICAN MOUNTAINEERING, 1953.

CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL, VOL. XXXVI, 1953.

BULLETIN OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF KENYA, No. 25, DECEMBER 1952.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE JOURNAL, VOL. XIV (No. 39), JUNE 1952.

SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN, VOL. 38, No. 8, OCTOBER 1953.

JOURNAL OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA, 1952.

JOURNAL, SWISS FOUNDATION FOR ALPINE RESEARCH, VOL. 1, No. 1, APRIL, 1953.

BULLETIN OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF UGANDA, No. 1, MAY 1953.

The *New Zealand Alpine Journal* describes itself as "a record of mountain exploration and adventure by members of the New Zealand Alpine Club" and it rather looks as if every member has contributed, because there are 65 separate articles in 207 pages. Three relate to the Himalaya and one to the Swiss Alps, the last including a brief glimpse of the National Character: on the summit of the Matterhorn "we were amused by the hearty greetings of two Englishmen who the night before had spoken to us politely, but with typical reserve. This overflow of exhilaration soon exhausted itself, and the old aloofness had returned when we passed them later in the day." In the Himalayan series, Hillary gives his account of the 1951 Everest Reconnaissance expedition, and Packard writes on Tilman's Annapurna venture. The

main article, by Riddiford, Lowe and Cotter, describes their 1951 expedition to Garhwal. This party included Hillary and they attempted Nilkanta (21,640 feet) but were forced to retire at just under 20,000 feet. Subsequently, they made the first ascent of Mukut Parbat (23,760 feet) which is about 6 miles from Kamet, as a splendid two-page map clearly shows ; the last stage consisted of a narrow 1,200 feet ice ridge, much of it climbed with one foot in Tibet and the other in Garhwal, and which took 6 hours to ascend in the teeth of a strong wind. The 61 N.Z. articles mainly record the steady discovery of new routes, often hampered by the prevailing bad weather.

Of all the journals reviewed here, the *American Alpine Journal* ranges most widely in space, time and outlook. Among expeditions of a purely mountaineering character, the principal first ascents are of King Peak (17,130 feet) in the St. Elias range, Yukon Territory—this attracted two parties, one of which also climbed Mount Augusta (14,070 feet) ; and Nevado Salcantay (20,574 feet) the highest point in the Cordillera Vilcabamba, 45 miles from Cuzco, Peru—the Salcantay expedition was briefly outlined by Bernard Pierre in last year's *C.C.J.* In the Andes, progress is assisted by 29 horses, 10 mules, and 14 Indians, in that order, and “ a more impressive cavalcade had probably never passed that way since the days of the last Inca.” When climbing from the North American icefields, an air trip to the nearest glacier is certainly preferable to taking a week walking the last 50 miles, but there is always the problem of getting the pilot back : “ After a sickening trial run down the glacier, Kirk calmly climbed out of the big plane, quietly remarking that he would probably have to wait for a little wind to help in the take-off. Five days later, after a slight wind had arisen in the night . . . ” On the other hand, various summits in Alaska are reached in the name of Science : a Harvard party go there to improve the map of the McKinley area ; and a U.S. Geological Survey team observes, in a true nineteenth-century spirit, that “ one critical section of this gabbro body was exposed near the summit of Mount La Perouse which meant that if we were to be thorough in our investigation we would have to climb the mountain.” We gather from Dr. G. R. de Beer, who continues his valuable mining activities, that someone, born in America of Scottish parents, and probably named Mackinnon, visited Chamonix in 1754. On slender foundations like this, Dr. de Beer erects an extravaganza of conjecture. Modern history is related in an account of the 1925 ascent of Mount Alberta (11,874 feet), at that time the last great unclimbed peak in the Canadian Rockies ; the second ascent was made as recently as 1948. Future developments are foreshadowed by Bradford Washburn, who discusses the best method of reaching and climbing Mount Hunter (14,580 feet), “ the most outstanding virgin peak in Alaska,” situated 9 miles south of Mount McKinley. Washburn's article is illustrated by his own magnificent aerial photographs, and he has obviously studied them with the greatest attention to every detail which might possibly affect a party on this “ long, steep, difficult climb.”

Another issue of *Accidents in American Mountaineering* suggests that a similar publication for this country is overdue ; we hope it would not have to report incidents like the following : "Williams hung there first by one hand and then the other for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours 400 feet above the ground. Someone in the crowd which gathered below finally realized this was not a stunt."

The *Canadian Alpine Journal* gives the impression of being deeply infiltrated by Americans, who again describe the King Peak—Mount Augusta expedition, and the Franco-American ascent of Salcantay ; while the most ambitious venture apart from these—to the Logan mountains, on the boundary between Yukon and Northwest Territories—is sponsored by Yale Mountaineering Club. The Yale party established one fact which may be of general interest : if you fall into a crevasse which has water at the bottom, and are temporarily submerged, remember that the prusik knot technique fails to work with wet nylon slings. Nine articles chronicle the cumulative process of exploration in Canada ; these have a greater average length than the corresponding N.Z. series (7 pages against $2\frac{1}{2}$) and are therefore much more readable, especially as maps are often provided. Many photographs, however, are poorly reproduced ; and others would gain by having a full page to themselves : there is a tendency towards groups of two, three and even four.

The Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research now produces a *Journal*. Alpine research already features in the *American* and *Canadian Alpine Journals*, which report enquiries into the physical properties of glaciers ; the Swiss prefer the card-index approach and give us a list of Himalayan mountain porters, with details of their careers and notes on the origin and meaning of Sherpa names, whence we find e.g. that Tenzing means equable and trustworthy. They also offer a world wide survey of new routes, but this is incomplete, as the North American continent is not mentioned.

After a surfeit of ascents assisted only by an occasional photograph, the reviewer's heart is gladdened by the splendid display in the *Sierra Club Bulletin*. Half of these relate to the Cordillera Blanca, about 150 miles north of Lima, which is said to have the greatest concentration of "ice-covered giants" in the Western Hemisphere. This range was first visited by a D.Ö.A.V. expedition in 1932 ; most of the major peaks have been scaled in the last few years, although many difficult ones remain. Another pleasing feature of the Bulletin is the attention devoted to plant and animal life : a survey of north-eastern Alaska and the adjacent Yukon region, as a cross-section of Arctic terrain, is illustrated by impressive photographs of forest, river, moose and caribou ; taken under summer conditions, they reveal a landscape far from bleak. Even in this remote wilderness, conservation is now being urged. For wealthy Americans, Fairbanks is only 8 hours' flying time from Seattle, as both the fisherman after record catches and the big-game hunter have realized. The Bulletin ends with a rousing chorus,

and connoisseurs of popular song should certainly try Henry Work's "Crossing the Grand Sierras," in 1869, "with the Lightning Palace Tra-a-a-a-ain." Although not another masterpiece like the same composer's "Marching through Georgia"—but we must remember where we are.

ROBIN L. PLACKETT.

We also acknowledge with thanks the receipt of :

JAHREBUCH DES DEUTSCHEN ALPENVEREINS 1952 (Munich, 144 pp., 16 illustrations, frontispiece and two maps).

MUNRO'S TABLES AND OTHER TABLES OF LESSER HEIGHTS (S.M.C., 1953 Edition ; 7/6 net).

KEVIN FITZGERALD ; A THRONE OF BAYONETS AND QUIET UNDER THE SUN (Heinemann, 5/- and 10/6 respectively).

Two fast-moving Buchanesque adventures, the former including a gun battle on Lliwedd.

Other books published by members recently include :

G. WINTHROP YOUNG ; THE GRACE OF FORGETTING (Country Life, 15/-).

WILFRID NOYCE ; MICHAEL ANGELO (Poems) (Heinemann, 8/6).

DOUGLAS HEWITT ; RETURNING WATERS (Heinemann, 10/6).

Bernard Pierre's recently published book on Salcantay will be reviewed in our next number.

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

President :

H. R. C. CARR

Vice-Presidents :

Sir JOHN HUNT

B. McKENNA

Hon. Treasurer :

E. R. MOULTON-BARRETT

Hon. Secretary :

R. M. VINEY

Hon. Editor :

A. K. RAWLINSON

Hon. Librarian :

W. H. WARD

Hon. Guide-Book Editor : C. W. F. NOYCE

Hon. Custodians :

A. W. ANDREWS (Bosigran)

R. W. BEARD (R. W. Lloyd Hut)

E. S. CHANTRELL (Helys)

D. THOMAS (Cwm Glas Mawr)

Committee :

A. BLACKSHAW

K. BERRILL

D. C. BRYSON

R. C. EVANS

A. B. HARGREAVES

A. J. J. MOULAM

J. NEILL

Sir G. SUMMERS

J. A. F. WATSON

=====P.Y.G.=====

PEN-Y-GWRYD HOTEL

NANTGWYNANT — SNOWDONIA

The home of British Mountaineering,
catering particularly for climbers. At
the foot of the Glyders and close to
Snowdon.

All modern comforts. Hot and cold
water in bedrooms. Spring mattresses.
Drying Room, Boot Room and
Billiard Room. Packed lunches.
Electric light.

TELEPHONE : LLANBERIS 211

A.A. & R.A.C.

STATION : BETTWS-Y-COED

FULLY LICENSED

=====P.Y.G.=====

TIMPSON CLIMBING BOOTS

★ *CLIMBERS designed them*

★ *CRAFTSMEN
make them*



TIMPSON CLIMBING BOOTS are designed by climbers and made by experts who know that your safety may depend on their honest workmanship. They are deservedly famous, yet you couldn't ask for more reasonable prices. Men's 56/9 to 105/-. Ladies', 52/9 to 100/-. (Nailing extra.)

★ Write for "Climbing Boots" Folder to:

Wm. TIMPSON Limited

Empiric House, Gt. Ducie St., Manchester

Re-nailing and Repairs.

You can take your boots to any Timpson shoe shop for repairs or for re-nailing to any design you prefer. Address of your nearest shop will be sent on request.



VIKING
nylon rope
from all good
Sports Outfitters

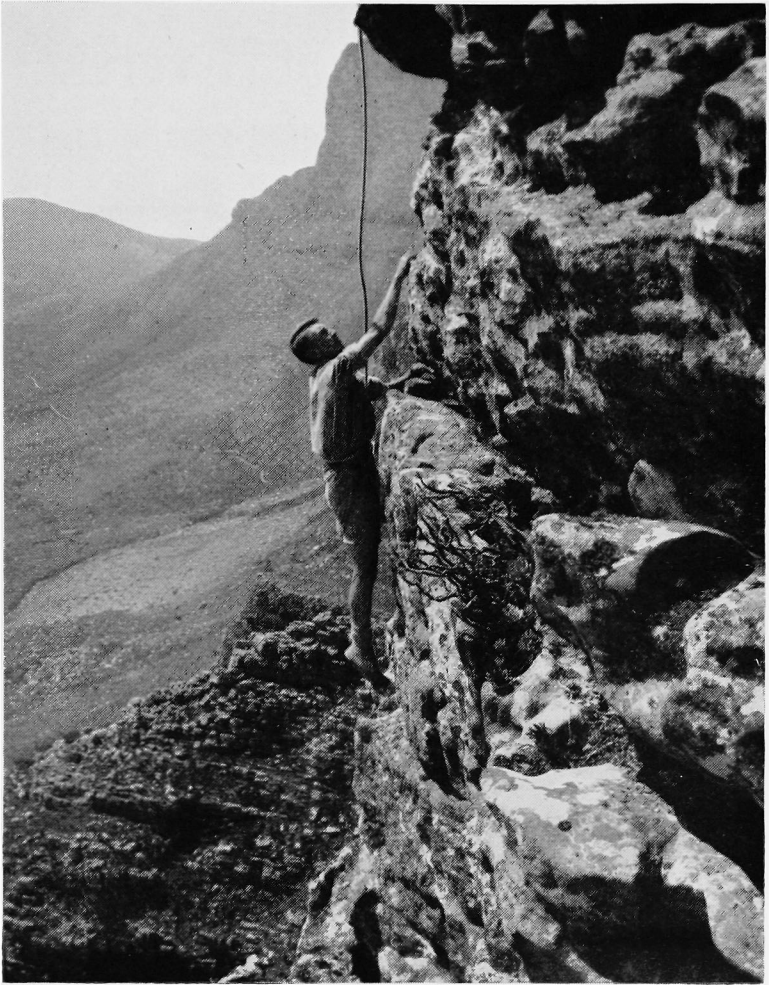


Table Mountain, Cape Town. A climber on the final sections of 'Spring Needle', a very severe rock climb.

For advice on how to reach the most suitable climbing areas in SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA, apply :

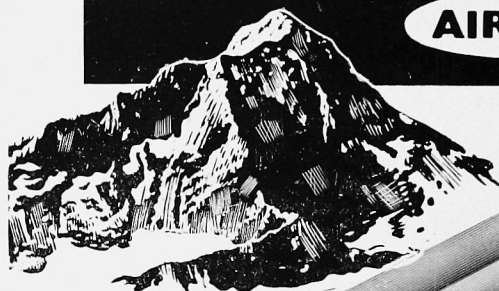
UNION-CASTLE

Head Office : 3 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON EC3

From the top of Everest
to climbers everywhere comes the

BEAUFORT

AIR BED



Here's the newest
and most
comfortable
air-bed.

Designed for
climbers who must
travel light, it weighs only $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.,
and rolls up like a cape.

The Beaufort Air Bed is strongly
made from a special rubberised
fabric.

Ask your sports dealer or write to :

BEAUFORT (AIR-SEA) EQUIPMENT LTD.,
BEAUFORT ROAD, BIRKENHEAD



**BEAUFORT ON
EVEREST !**

This is the climber's version
of the special Beaufort
air beds which were used
by the triumphant 1953
Everest Expedition.

STANDARD MODEL—
size 60" × 30".

Colours: Blue, Red, Green

DE LUXE Double-Layer
Model—size 60" × 36".

Prices from 50/- inc. P.T.

PILLOW, size 23½" × 14½".
Price 12/6, inc. P.T.

Mountain Holidays in the **TYROL**

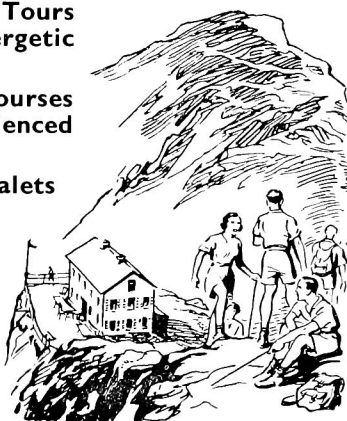
- Alpine Centres and Rucksack Tours for "daisy-pickers" and "energetic walkers."
- Professional Mountaineering Courses for beginners and experienced climbers.
- 500 Austrian Alpine Club Chalets for independent touring.

14 DAYS' FULLY INCLUSIVE HOLIDAYS

with Travel via the Short Sea Route

FROM 23 GNS.

Sleepers or Couchettes from 31/6.



For a copy of our Summer Programme and full details, write, phone or call :

AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB

(Dept CC), 143, New Bond Street, London, W 1.

MAYfair 0942.

ENGLISH LAKES **FISH HOTEL** BUTTERMERE

IDEAL CENTRE FOR
THE MOUNTAINEER
AND ROCK CLIMBER

THIS HOTEL IS FULLY
LICENSED AND THE
NEEDS OF CLIMBERS
FULLY UNDERSTOOD

Telegrams:
Fish Buttermere, Keswick.

Telephone:
Buttermere 203

Postal Address
BUTTERMERE, VIA COCKERMOUTH.

YOU CANNOT ALL CLIMB EVEREST...

... but all can now obtain Anoraks and Tents in Cotton/Nylon material which was used on the successful assault this year. This closely-woven material is impervious to wind and is water-repellent for hours. Illustrated here is Black's Anorak made in this wonderful material. The design of the Anorak itself has been adopted as a standard pattern in various parts of the world and is much in use by mountaineers of all degrees of experience.

In Cotton/Nylon Fabric ... 145/-
In Standard Windproof Duck Fabric 75/-

BLACK'S GREENOCK

THOMAS BLACK AND SONS (GREENOCK) LTD.
SCOTTISH INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, PORT GLASGOW
RENFREWSHIRE. Phone: Port Glasgow 41315

Branches :

22 GRAY'S INN ROAD,
LONDON, W.C.1
Phone : Holborn 5494

126 HOPE STREET,
GLASGOW, C.2
Phone : Central 4007



Thomas J. Gaston *Booksellers*

Specialise in

ALPINE BOOKS

S.A.C. Guide-books, Maps, etc.

Large stocks always on view

Catalogues issued — Books bought

Write to **190 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2**
TEMPLE BAR 8861

CAPEL CURIG

NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED

CAERNARVONSHIRE, NORTH WALES

Royal Hotel

A beautifully situated hotel in the heart of Snowdonia within easy reach of the mountain walks and climbs.
Many Bathrooms : Hot and Cold all Bedrooms
Good Food : Drying Room : Comfortable Beds
Fully Licensed : Special terms during Winter Season,
also for parties : Apply the Manager

Telephone : Capel Curig 230

ROBERT LAWRIE LIMITED

Alpine and Polar Equipment Specialists

CLIMBING & SKI-ING BOOTS

from stock or made to measure.

Accessory items of Clothing and Equipment :—Swiss and French Crampons, Ice Axes, Sleeping Bags, Rucksacks, Jackets, Socks and Stockings, etc.

Hand-sewn and machine-sewn repairs and re-nailings carried out to Climbing Boots.

Orders executed by Post.

Illustrated Catalogue not yet available, but Price List may be obtained on application.

Telephone:
Paddington 5252

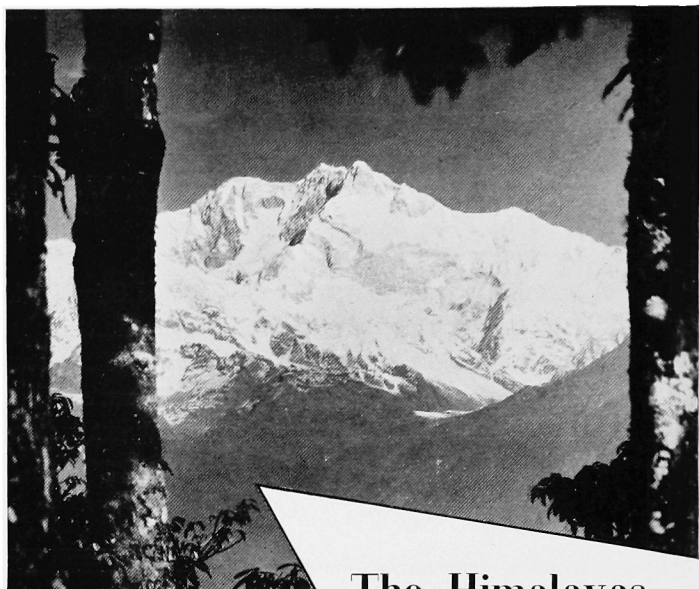
Business Hours: Daily 9 a.m.—6 p.m.

Telegraphic Address:
Alpinist, Wesdo, London

Sats. 9 a.m.—12 noon

54 Seymour St., Marble Arch, London, W.1





The Himalayas



IF YOU ARE GOING EAST, MAKE YOUR FIRST CLIMB
THE GANGWAY OF A P & O LINER

travel by **P & O**

EGYPT, INDIA, PAKISTAN, CEYLON, MALAYA, CHINA,
JAPAN and AUSTRALIA

Commando

Registered Design 839218
Soles and Heels

Standard Equipment for:—

the Commandos . . .	1940
the Antarctic Expedition .	1950
the Greenland Expedition	1951
the Korean Boot . . .	1951
the Mount Everest . . .	1951
the Himalayan Expedition	1952
the Greenland Expedition	1952
the Korean Boot . . .	1953

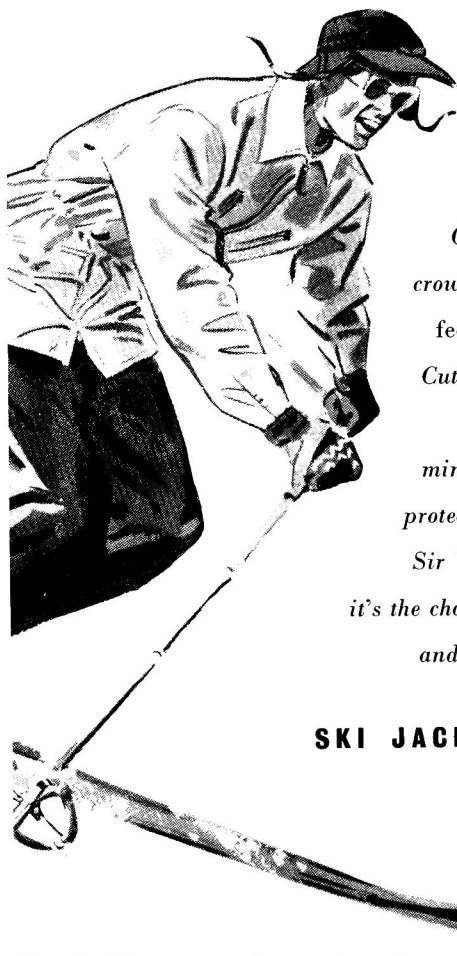


**as well as for climbers and
mountaineers the world over**

ITSHIDE
RUBBER CO., LTD.

the World's best Soles and Heels
PETERSFIELD • HANTS • ENGLAND

easily **DISTINGUISHED**
in a **GRENFELL**



There's something about a Grenfell that stands out in the crowd. It looks distinguished and feels outstandingly comfortable. Cut for freedom in action from a unique cloth, it combines minimum weight with maximum protection. Originally designed for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, it's the choice of distinguished explorers and sportsmen all over the world.

SKI JACKETS · RAINCOATS
SPORTSWEAR

Supplied in a range of attractive colours.

If any difficulty, write for name of local stockist to:

HAYTHORNTHWAITE & SONS LTD., Lodge Mill, Burnley, Lancs.





GLACIER CREAM

A protective cream for mountaineers, skiers and those exposed to concentrated ultra-violet rays either direct from the sun or reflected off snow.

High altitude, for use over 6,000 ft. (Red label) greasy, 3/7 & 6/3 a tube.

Normal (Green label) non-greasy, 2/7½ & 4/3 a tube.

Postage 6d. extra.

SAVORY & MOORE LTD.
143, New Bond Street, London, W.1

By Appointment
Chemists



to H.M. the late
King George VI.

ARVON'S *for your* MOUNTAINEERING EQUIPMENT

Best quality at the right prices

Now available ARVON'S own brand specially designed Climbing Boots, Zug double protection uppers fitted with original Italian Vibram soles price £5-15-0, with Tricounie nails £6-5-0.

Available in half-sizes—will send boot on appro.

Also a limited amount of Continental equipment including Ice Axes, Crampons, Abseil rings, Ice Karabiners, Soft Leather Uppers and Vibram Soles, Kletterschue, Pitons (Ice and Rock)

ORDERS EXECUTED BY POST. WRITE TO :
47 HIGH STREET, BETHESDA, NORTH WALES

CLIMBING GUIDES

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB

(Editor : C. W. F. Noyce)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| I. CWM IDWAL by J. M. Edwards. New Edition,
1946 | 5/6 |
| II. TRYFAN by J. M. Edwards and C. W. F. Noyce.
Reprinted, 1949 | 5/6 |
| III. GLYDER FACH by C. F. Kirkus. Reprinted, 1945 | 5/6 |
| IV. LLIWEDD by C. W. F. Noyce and J. M.
Edwards. Reprinted, 1946 | 5/6 |
| V. CORNWALL by A. W. Andrews and E. C. Pyatt.
1950 | 7/6 |
| VI. LLANBERIS PASS by P. R. J. Harding. 1951.. | 9/6 |
| VII. THE CARNEDDAU by A. J. J. Moulam. 1952 | 8/- |

All the above are obtainable from The Cloister Press,
Ltd., Heaton Mersey, Stockport.

Obtainable from Trinity Press, Worcester Road,
Malvern, Worcs. :

GUIDE TO BLACK ROCKS AND CRATCLIFFE TOR
by P. R. J. Harding and A. J. J. Moulam 3/6

Postage extra on all above prices

Partners : S. H. Cross, A. M. Cross, R. E. Hargreaves

O. D. G.
DUNGEON GHYLL HOTEL
(OLD HOTEL)

LANGDALE — AMBLESIDE

Telephone : Langdale 272.

Station : Windermere, B.R.

Car by Arrangement.

Ribble Service to door.

MR. & MRS. S. H. CROSS

LANGDALE : The home of the Climber

*At both
Hotels
you
will find*

HOT AND COLD IN ALL BEDROOMS
SPRING INTERIOR BEDS
HOME COOKING · FARM PRODUCE
CLIMBERS AND WALKERS WELCOME
DRYING ROOM · ELECTRIC LIGHT
FULLY LICENSED

ESKDALE : Good centre for the west side of Lakeland

BURNMOOR INN

BOOT

ESKDALE — CUMBERLAND

Telephone : Eskdale 24.

Stations : Seascale, B.R.

Car by Arrangement.

Ravenglass Miniature Railway to Boot.

MRS. R. E. HARGREAVES

*The Cloister Press Ltd.,
Heaton Mersey,
Stockport.*