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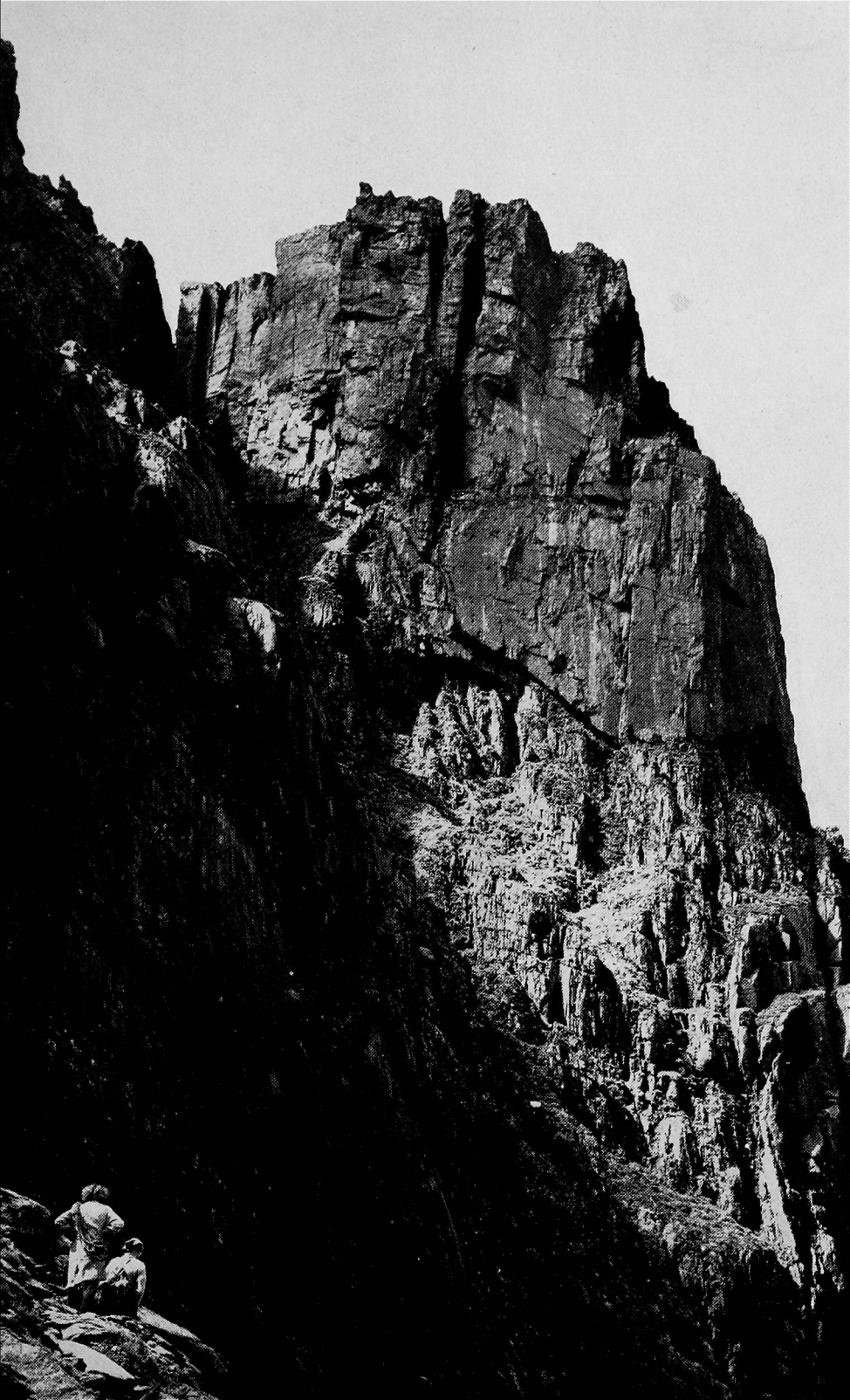
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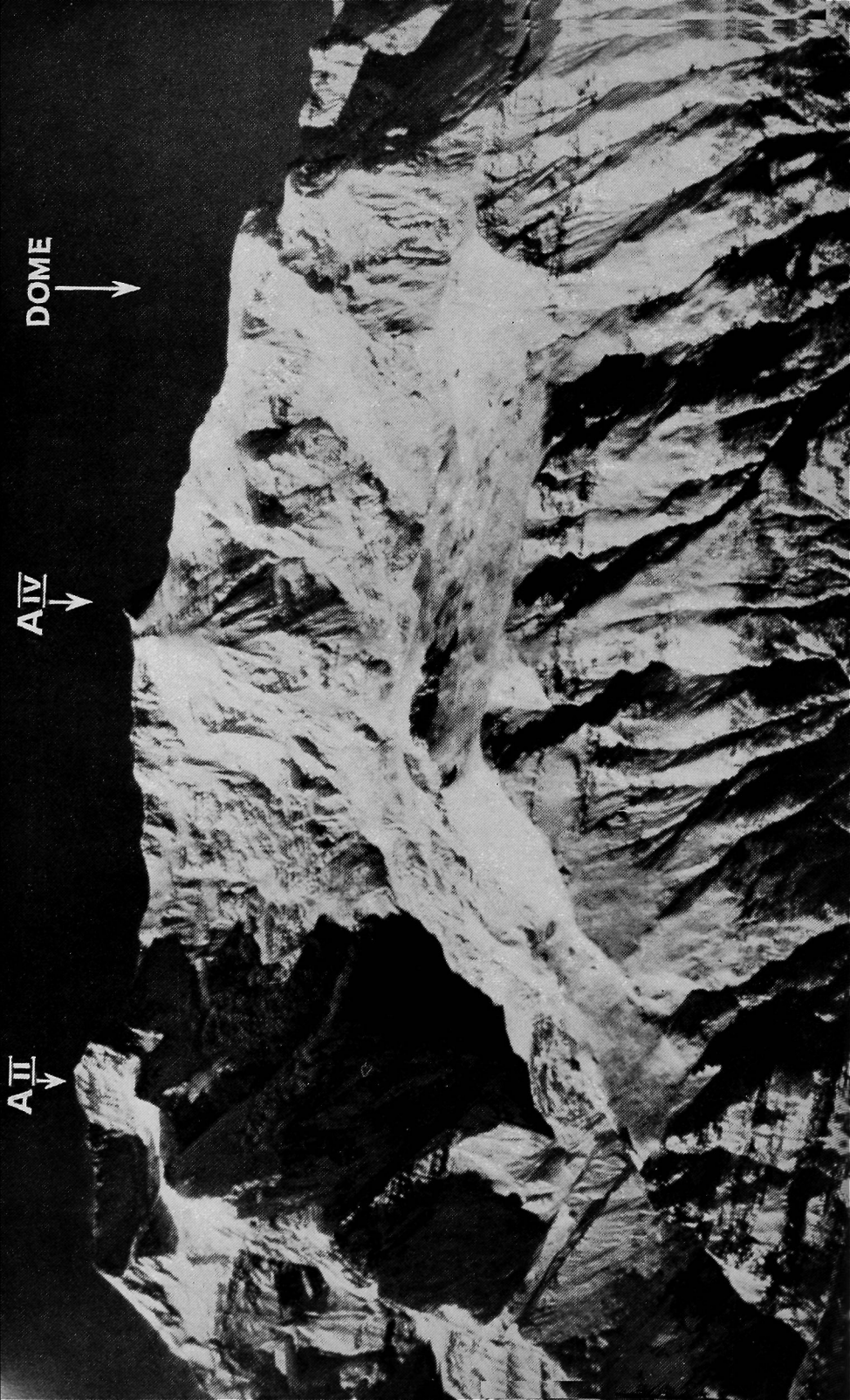
CONTENTS

| | <i>Page</i> |
|--|------------------------|
| Annapurna II | C. J. S. BONINGTON 137 |
| Lakeland Report | ... J. A. AUSTIN 145 |
| Trivor | C. J. MORTLOCK 153 |
| Some Welsh Developments | ... C. T. JONES 157 |
| Ruwenzori | ... J. R. NAISH 161 |
| Recollections of Early Climbing in Wales | H. H. HUGHES 169 |
| Saltoro Expedition 1960 | K. J. MILLER 176 |
| Entity | C. J. MORTLOCK 183 |
| The Pilgrims | A. W. ANDREWS 185 |
| Wedding Cake | ... JOHN COLE 186 |
| Just an Old-Fashioned Climb | B. E. H. MADEN 191 |
| By Helicopter to Paget | V. N. STEVENSON 196 |
| Over the Sea to Skye | ... TOM PATEY 202 |
| New Climbs and Notes: | |
| I. Snowdonia | ... C. T. JONES 217 |
| II. Cornwall | 227 |
| III. Ireland 1960 | SEAN ROTHERY 228 |
| IV. Greenland | ... JOHN HUNT 229 |
| Editorial | 231 |
| In Memoriam: G. L. Bartrum | 235 |
| William Ernest Corlett | 336 |
| A. W. Southall... .. | 237 |
| G. H. Francis | 238 |
| B. H. Williams | 240 |
| Club Meets 1960 | 244 |
| Russian Visit | 247 |
| Reviews | 258 |
| Officers of the Club | 269 |

PINNACLE FACE, EAST BUTTRESS,
CLOGWYN-DU'R-ARDDU
(on the occasion of the Russian Visit).

D. Thomas





A II ↓

A IV ↓

DOME ↓

ANNAPURNA II

C. J. S. BONINGTON

ANNAPURNA II WAS A WHITE PIMPLE on the far western horizon, lost in the mass of the Himalayan chain. It was an exciting moment, however — our first sight, from the ridge immediately above Katmandu, of our ultimate goal. Months of preparation and frustration were behind us. Our party of six British, two Indian, and two Nepalese officers, supported by nine Sherpas, was at last united. Jimmy Roberts, our leader, knew personally only three members of the party before the start of the expedition. He must have awaited our arrival in Katmandu with some misgivings.

Our aim was Annapurna II, an unclimbed peak of 26,041 feet. Its name implies that it is a mere subsidiary summit. This is far from the truth, however. It is a fine mountain in its own right, deserving a name of its own. It is fully twelve miles from Annapurna I and is separated by an eighteen-thousand-foot col. It was first attempted in 1950 by a British party led by Tilman, of which Jimmy Roberts was a member. They discovered the only feasible route, from the north, up a spur on to the long ridge leading over the shoulder of Annapurna IV to the final summit pyramid. They had started late in the year, during the monsoon, and consequently did not get much higher than 24,000 feet, just below Annapurna IV.

Two Japanese expeditions both investigated the southern approach, and attempted Tilman's route without success. In 1955 a small German party reached the summit of Annapurna IV but realised they did not have the resources to attempt the main ascent. In 1957 Charles Evans and Dennis Davis attempted the mountain, but on reaching Annapurna IV they decided that a larger expedition would be necessary for a safe attempt on the long ridge to Annapurna II.

Our mountain therefore was well explored. We should undoubtedly be able to reach the shoulder below Annapurna IV at about 24,000 feet. We should then be faced with a two-mile-long undulating

ridge, with the steep final summit pyramid at the end of it. Our success was by no means assured.

The approach march took eighteen days, across Nepal and up the Marsyandi Kola to the north of Annapurna. We established a main base camp at a height of 11,350 feet, near the village of Manangbhot, at the beginning of April. Jimmy Roberts planned an early arrival so that we could have a comprehensive period of acclimatization. The winter was particularly late, however, and our movement was restricted for the next three weeks by freshly fallen snow. In spite of this the entire party was able to get some useful acclimatization in the mountains to the north of Base Camp. These ranged from 20,000 to 21,700 feet. A few had been climbed by the Germans and Japanese, but there was still great scope for exploration. Our own achievements were limited by the bad weather and our own lack of experience. Only Dick Grant, Jagjit Singh and Jimmy Roberts had climbed in the Himalaya before. As a hardened rock gymnast I found the scale of things very difficult to comprehend.

After three weeks of most enjoyable wandering and exploration we gathered once again at our main Base Camp, ready to start the assault on the mountain. There was still a great deal of snow about, from about 13,000 feet upwards.

On the 14th of April we were ready to start. Seventy local porters were to carry our kit up to an advanced base camp at 15,000 feet. Most of the porters were women, some with babes in arms. We presented a colourful and motley cavalcade as we made our way along the narrow path winding through the pine woods. Most of the route was covered by snow, through which we tramped a path for the porters.

The Advance Base Camp had been established on the previous day by George Lorimer, a rather portly Gurkha major. Unfortunately it was much too low, an hour's walk from the start of the serious climbing. This was the site of Charles Evans' camp in 1957, and Urkien, our cook, who had been on that expedition, persuaded George to stay there. The ghost of Charles Evans was to crop up on several more occasions, since three of our Sherpas had been with him, and what he had done in '57 was law in '60, in spite of the fact that conditions had changed.

Of necessity Jimmy Roberts had to make a fairly inflexible plan. We were a large expedition, but not a very strong one. We were extremely lucky to have such a good group of Sherpas. Dawa

Tenzing, the Sirdar, was now fifty-six years of age. He could still carry a good load. The other Sherpas had a wealth of experience behind them. Ang Nyima had performed well on Everest in 1953, Urkien and Tashi had gone to the top camps on Kangchenjunga. Annalu went to the top camp on the Swiss Everest Expedition without using oxygen. They all quickly proved to us that they were fine and dedicated mountaineers, who enjoyed the climbing for its own sake.

The party was now split into a trail-breaking party consisting of Dick Grant, myself, Tashi and Ang Nyima, and two carrying parties. I am going to tell the tale of the trail-breaking party. Himalayan accounts all too easily begin to read like campaign histories. The only way to avoid this danger seems to be to concentrate on one's own personal impression of events and people, even at the cost of giving an incomplete account of our expedition. The complete story of any one expedition, anyway, is very much the same as any other. Camps are established, loads are carried, frictions develop.

Our own little group was a very happy one, and in the next few weeks we got to know each other very well. Dick Grant is one of the strongest, least selfish, and most agreeable people I have had the pleasure to know. We must have spent hundreds of hours lying in our sleeping bags, narrowly confined by the walls of the tent, not saying much, but never irritated by each other's company. Tashi was forty-six years old. He had taken part in the pre-war Everest expeditions. He was a fine mountaineer, and a delightful companion. He was never depressed and talked nineteen to the dozen, in a mixture of English, Hindi, Nepali, and Sherpa. This was very relaxing, as I could never understand more than a few words, but just chipped in with an occasional "Atcha" or "Tashi, very good Sherpa". This always seemed sufficient. Ang Nyima was very different. He, also, was a strong mountaineer, but he was always very reserved in manner, and we never got to know him in the same way we did Tashi. His English was quite good, since he was serving with the Gurkhas. At night in his sleeping bag he always studied an English grammar.

Our work, from the start, was hard. There was a great deal of fresh snow in which we often sank to our thighs. To make matters worse it snowed with monotonous regularity each day, filling in all the tracks we had beaten so painfully. This was also a great burden to the carrying parties who had to make their own trails.

On our route up to the snow dome the only serious obstacle was presented by the ice-cliff. We reached it just as the afternoon blizzard started. Even so, it was a delight to cut steps in ice and play with problems of the vertical. A long tongue of snow led up to the ice wall, which was vertical for about 20 feet. An hour of cutting, hammering in a few pitons and careful balancing took us to the top. A hundred feet above we established the site of Camp II at 19,000 feet. That afternoon we returned cold, tired, but happy, through the driving snow.

It took us nearly two weeks to reach the top of the dome and establish Camp III. By this time we were all exhausted by the constant wading through the snow, and by the driving wind. Once on top of the dome the snow became hard, but the wind was murderous in its savagery. We therefore decided to build a snow hole to give us better protection. Camp III was to be our jumping-off point for the placing of our three final camps.

From the top of the Snow Dome our horizon at last widened. Hitherto we had only been able to see the mountains to the north, a jumble of 21,000-foot peaks leading into Tibet; now we were able to look down to the south on to the foot-hills of Nepal, veiled by an opaque cloud of haze. In the foreground, however, Machapuchare held our attention — a fish-tail of snow and ice towering steeply into the sky. It must surely be one of the world's most beautiful mountains. To the west, a great hump of snow, was Annapurna I.

While the carrying parties ferried loads up to Camp III, Dick and I with our two Sherpas planned to establish Camp IV and push on to the shoulder below Annapurna IV. We set out on the 29th of April. It was a day I shall always remember. It started normally enough, a traverse along a long ridge, with slopes of 45° hard snow. We were battered by the wind, but we were used to that. We made our way slowly, putting in marker flags and occasionally fixing a rope. At first Dick led, and then I took over the lead, up a fairly steep slope of hard snow. Suddenly each step became more difficult to make. I was panting hard, and it was all I could do to resist sitting down. At the top of the slope we rested. As soon as we set off I experienced the same feeling of complete exhaustion and lassitude.

It was all I could do to keep going myself. I had no energy left to worry about the rope or Dick in front. If he had slipped it is

doubtful if I could have held him. I can now guess how many unexplained accidents have occurred at great altitudes.

We at last reached the site we had planned for Camp IV, below the final slopes leading to the shoulder of Annapurna IV. Wearily we tramped out a space for the tent, and fought the wildly flapping canvas. Tashi and Ang Nyima then left us to return to Camp III. We crept into the tent, and lay exhausted in our sleeping bags. After an hour's rest we started to cook some soup for supper. Dick succeeded in spilling this over my bag. That our tempers did not fray was quite a tribute to our relations. Anyway, on the following morning I got my revenge by spilling the tea water over him. The night that followed was the most uncomfortable one we spent on the mountain. The walls of the tent flapped wildly, and we got little sleep wondering when we should blow away altogether.

On the following morning it was still blowing a gale, so we decided to return to Camp III. Here we were greeted with the news that Jimmy had decided to evacuate the mountain for a rest, and to await an improvement in the weather. We were all relieved to be going down. We had taken over two weeks to reach Camp III; it took us six hours to get back down to our main Base Camp. The joy of pine trees and warm smells and running water was acute. It was a delight to stride carefree, without worry, through the shade of the forest, to eat fresh meat again, to laze in the basking warmth of the sun.

We spent seven days at Base Camp. They were very necessary, but frustrating. Paradoxically, the weather changed on the day we left the mountain. As we looked up at the ridge, so far above us, on which we had toiled for so many days, there was no tell-tale snow spume blown by the wind. The nagging thought was at the back of everyone's mind that perhaps we had wasted the only good weather we were to get that season.

There was soon light relief, however. We were summoned to the local court at Manangbhot to appear before the village elders. Three charges had been raised against us: that we had smoked (the local people were forbidden to smoke on religious grounds), that we had offered cigarettes to the local people, and that we had shot Musk Deer. We duly sent Prabakhar, one of our Nepalese officers, escorted by a few Sherpas, to appear in court. They were taken into a dark and dirty room, crowded with drunken Manangbhot elders, and were summarily fined 3,000 rupees. After a lot of bargaining

Prabakhar reduced this to 60, 30 to be paid on the spot, and 30 if we got away without further trouble. He also handed over a thousand cigarettes, which they presumably smoked in secret, behind locked doors.

We now congratulated ourselves on having won the battle, but they had the last laugh. While we were resting at main Base Camp a party had slipped up to our advanced base and ransacked it.

At last we were ready to renew our attack. Jimmy now streamlined the party so that we could reach the summit with all possible speed. Dick Grant, Ang Nyima and myself were to form the assault party, supported by six Sherpas. Crawshaw, Ward, Jagjit Singh and Prabakhar were to go as far as Camp III, and help us to Camp IV. After this we should be on our own, with the six Sherpas. We intended to make two carries to IV, staying there on the second night then, two carries to V, situated on the shoulder of Annapurna IV. On the fifth day we should push along the ridge to the foot of the summit pyramid, and on the sixth make the summit attempt. This assumed perfect weather, and we were quite prepared to alter our plans if necessary.

On the 9th May we left our Base Camp, and in three days were back at Camp III. All the equipment and food were already there. The weather remained perfect. The move up to the shoulder of Annapurna IV went as planned, but on the fourth day, as we set out to spend the night at Camp V, clouds began to form, and the wind bit at us with rapidly increasing savagery. Dick and myself had started to use oxygen at Camp IV; Dick's set however, was not functioning correctly, and, carrying fifty pounds, he was getting no flow of oxygen. Only a man of his considerable physique and determination could have maintained the pace he set.

The following morning the weather was still worse. We had the frightening feeling that a bad weather spell might have set in. We decided, nevertheless, to establish Camp VI, and then return to the shoulder. We should then at least be in a position to make our bid for the summit. We had had an uncomfortable night, with three of us crammed into the tent. To make it worse Ang Nyima was a chain-smoker. What little oxygen there was in the tent was soon drowned by clouds of smoke. We were also worried by Dick's oxygen set. We suspected some moisture had got into the control switch, and had frozen up. We ended up by toasting the set over a *primus*.

On the 16th we at last set foot on virgin ground. Only two miles away towered the black pyramid of Annapurna II. Face on, it looked very steep and forbidding. The ridge leading across to it also proved nerve-wracking. We were crossing slopes of 45° and 50° of hard snow, buffeted by savage gusts of wind and flurries of snow particles. Dick and I in our oxygen masks looked like men from outer space. Behind us were the dim shapes of the Sherpas, advancing hesitantly from step to step. Every now and then, through a break in the clouds, the grey wedge of Annapurna II loomed mistily. After half a mile we came to the first step. The ridge dropped away vertically for a hundred feet. We climbed a few hundred feet down the south side, until we could traverse back on to the ridge, across steep soft snow that felt unpleasantly insecure. Shortly afterwards we reached another step of the same type. It was now after mid-day, and though only half-way along the ridge we decided to dump the kit and return. The site of Camp VI was three hundred feet lower than that of V.

On our return to camp, Dick sent four of the Sherpas back to Camp III, keeping Ang Nyima to make the summit attempt with us, and Urkien and Mingma to support us. We resolved that night to return to Camp III ourselves if the weather did not improve, to avoid eating all the rations we had carried that far. If it was a good day, however, we planned to make a bid for the summit.

That night I slept fitfully, listening for every breath of wind. Early in the morning I opened the tent flap and to my joy saw a cloudless blue sky. What was more, there was no wind. We quickly gulped down our breakfast and fixed new cylinders to our oxygen sets. By seven o'clock we were ready to leave. Mingma and Urkien were to follow with the two tents for Camp VI. This time the route went easily, and by ten o'clock we were at Camp VI, changing our oxygen cylinders again. Dick's was still giving only a partial flow. Beyond the site of VI we quickly struck difficulties, some steep windslab. We worked our way up as near the edge of the cornice as we dared and continued cautiously.

By mid-day we were at the foot of the final pyramid. We could see a ribbon of snow clinging to most of the ridge, but at one or two places it was broken by bands of rock. Meanwhile the clouds had been boiling up around us. Huge Cumulo-Nimbus towered over the plains to the south. Tendrils of cloud were groping blindly up the ridge we were standing on, at times masking the summit completely. We said nothing, but we were all wondering what would happen if

we hit more difficulties when high up the ridge, or if the weather broke.

We were climbing as quickly as possible, not troubling with belays. A few hundred feet of steep hard snow led to the first rock band. It all sloped the wrong way, and was hideously loose, like the tiles of a roof badly in need of repair. We stepped up delicately, easing our way beneath huge, tottering blocks, until we could join the ribbon of snow clinging to the crest of the ridge. A slash of the axe, step up, pant, another slash of the axe. It went on endlessly. Suddenly I found myself in soft snow. It was deep, and unstable. Glancing down, I saw Dick taking a belay. I had no safe hand-holds or foot-holds, everything was slipping away. A struggle, and I was up, panting. Dick followed, muttering "Bloody fool!"

It was a marvellous day. There was emotional tension and fear, but there was also enjoyment. This was not slogging. It was real climbing. It led to our objective. A boulder interrupted our snow ribbon. Climbing delicately over it was a joy. We hardly noticed the massing of the clouds, or the time passing. All that existed was the slope in front and the rhythmic swing of the axe.

The summit was at last in reach, a bare hundred feet ahead. At half-past three on the afternoon of the 17th of May we reached it. It was a very satisfying top. It reached a good, uncompromising point. We had to cut steps out immediately beneath it. We carried out the usual ceremony of flying flags and taking photographs. To the east we could see Manaslu and Himalchuli. To the west the mass of Annapurna I sprawled across the horizon. Dhaulagiri, a white dome, could just be seen. To the north peaks broke through a heavy blanket of cloud.

We had achieved our aim. The return, in retrospect, seems an anti-climax, though at the time it was the most exacting and dangerous part of the expedition. Annapurna IV was also climbed by two parties. Urkien and Mingma made the first all-Sherpa ascent of a peak and Crawshaw, Ward, Prabakhar and Tashi also climbed it.

LAKELAND REPORT

J. A. AUSTIN

"I LIKE THE LAKE DISTRICT. It's a nice place: the fishing is so good." Thus spoke an old and revered 'Welsh' climber.

Well, I suppose there is no smoke without fire, and I have no doubt that the fishing is good; but I am not in a position to discuss fish, and in any case I am not interested. Generally speaking people who habitually climb in Wales tend to think that modern developments are confined to that district; they usually echo the sentiments expressed above. Well, far be it from me to stoke the flames of a Wales *v* Lakeland controversy, yet I think a brief report on the last ten years of Lakeland climbing is of interest and would not be out of place. You see, I think that as with the fishing so with the climbing: it's good.

It is still a fairly widespread belief among 'Welshmen' that Kipling Groove is the hardest climb in the Lakes, that C.B. is of course worth doing, and that this thing Hell's Groove which we see at the top of the Scawfell honours list must be quite hard. Of course whispers, or shouts (depending on your position), have come down of a big steep crag only ten minutes from the road, containing a network of overhanging and hair-raising climbs. This is either dismissed as a rumour, just the wild wafflings of poor Lakelanders, or perhaps an odd visit is paid, Overhanging Bastion climbed, and possibly even Thirlmere Eliminate. Honour is then satisfied, the Lakes are written off, then back once more to that land of rain, the Pass.

It is a comfortable way of carrying on; it saves all this trouble about dividing one's efforts, and enables one to concentrate on the business of ticking off the Llanberis routes with a clear conscience. But just as Welsh climbing seems to have shot ahead these last ten years, so has Lakeland climbing. The jump in the Lakes has not been so marked as in Wales, possibly because in 1950 Lakeland climbing was of a higher standard than Welsh climbing, but more probably because there is no Llanberis Pass up north. Any developments are widely scattered, and, with the single exception of Castle Rock, there is no place in the Lakes in which one can look at a crag and

say "There is a new standard". Climbs to be attempted ought to be selected beforehand so that at least you can stay on the right side of the district. There is none of this business of "The Pass every weekend and we'll decide what to climb when we get there". This I am afraid is an idea foreign to the Lakes. But the climbs are there just the same, even if on occasion you do have to walk to get to them.

In 1951/52 Brown and Whillans were busy covering the walls of Llanberis Pass and Cloggy with new routes of a standard previously only dreamed of. At the same time leaders in the Lakes were pushing on to higher standards, more cautious perhaps and a little slower, but the resulting climbs although fewer in number were of a similar standard. The most outstanding climber of this period was Arthur Dolphin, a Yorkshireman and a climber of great skill and drive. The routes he led are scattered all over the Lakes, but Langdale was his centre and appropriately enough his most formidable routes are in this area. He solved the 'old problem' of *Deer Biell Buttress*. This is a climb for the man who delights in difficult rock. It is very sustained, steep and extremely varied, a route for the rock connoisseur rather than the collector of elegant lines, although it is *the* line of the Buttress. The standard is roughly comparable with Cenotaph Corner, perhaps a little more sustained. A sister route on Bowfell is the *Sword of Damocles*. This is similar in standard to *Deer Biell Buttress*, not quite so sustained but a truly elegant line, a great open dièdre containing an extremely difficult crux and some really exposed and enjoyable laybacking. Just over the hill on Scawfell he made three undeniably great routes, *Hell's Groove*, *Pegasus* and *Trespasser Groove*. All are superb climbs, steep, bold and difficult, worthy successors to the routes of Linnell and Kirkus.

In Buttermere, Peascod produced a long roll of climbs, and among his later additions were two rather more difficult routes, *Delilah* and *Cleopatra*, both very strenuous and in character rather similar to the climbs on the Three Cliffs. On Castle Rock, Harold Drasdo led his now famous *North Crag Eliminate*. All these are first class, difficult enough to warrant an extreme grading and, as any leader of Drasdo's incredible route will testify, full of the spirit of boldness and adventure.

In 1953 Arthur Dolphin lost his life on the Géant. Peascod emigrated to Australia and for the next couple of years new routes of difficulty were left to those two gentlemen from Manchester, D. Whillans and J. Brown, assisted on occasion by R. Moseley. In

a series of sporadic visits they produced several short climbs and one good route. Brown led his now well-known *Laugh Not* in White Ghyll. *Pendulum* — a rather frightening bit — was Moseley's contribution to Deer Bield, and Whillans made his route on Castle Rock with *Triermain Eliminate*. This climb is steep and, like Whillans himself, hard and very fierce. It is really only a couple of variation pitches on Harlot's Face, but it seems more serious and much more difficult. Since the first ascent in 1952 it has had no more than half a dozen ascents, and even today it must be numbered among the very hardest pieces of climbing in the British Isles. The scene for the last climb of their series was Dove Crag over in the Helvellyn range. Dove Crag is a huge, dark, overhanging cliff, frighteningly steep and very blank — an awe inspiring place. Not much at all in the way of lines. Any route on the main cliff is a major undertaking and *Dovedale Groove* is no exception. It is steep, smooth and direct, and shares the strangely formidable atmosphere that seems to hang around all routes on this crag. Today, seven years later, it is still unrepeated — the atmosphere? — or perhaps its rather remote position. Generally speaking though the Manchester climbers were concentrating on Wales, and, except for an occasional visit, the Lakeland crags were left to rot.

Not until 1955 did things start to happen again in the Lakes. That year saw Paul Ross and Pete Greenwood start to clean up Borrowdale, a process which never seems to end. Between them, climbing separately and together, they added a good dozen routes, some short, some hard, and some good. Probably the best was *Obituary Grooves* on Black Crag. Long, steep and exposed, yet containing nothing out of the ordinary in the way of difficulty, it is comparable with an average Welsh Hard Very Severe. But it was on Castle Rock that they made their mark. Climbing together they led *Thirlmere Eliminate* (not to be confused with *Triermain Eliminate*), a really fine climb, steep and fingery, almost Welsh in character, and with a superb position. At one time it enjoyed the reputation of being the hardest route in the Lakes, but is now recognised as being only of Harlot's Face standard; 'Only' is not quite the right word for *Harlot's Face*, Jim Birkett's last major route, a serious undertaking comparing with Cemetery Gates in the Pass. Greenwood was responsible for *Angels' Highway*. An excellent name this, even if it is hard to see where Greenwood fits in. It is a good climb, very strenuous and, like everything else on 'the Rock', steep and exposed.

Trinity Climb was the result of a rare visit to Scawfell and the high crags by Whillans. It is a great place this Scawfell, a true mountain crag — no trees — and as with Cloggy everything on the East Buttress is worth doing. Trinity Climb, although a sister and near neighbour of Hell's Groove and Pegasus, has not shared in their popularity and has been somewhat neglected. This is most unjust, for it is a fine climb, bold and steep, following a great corner slashing down the left-hand end on the East Buttress. Not over difficult either, just about Extreme. A few months later, while snow was still resting on the ledges, Whillans led Morty up *Delphinus* on Raven Crag, Thirlmere. A truly great climb. The line is so steep and impossible-looking that it is hard to convince one's self that it is only a little harder than Kipling Groove. It winds its way through a series of ceilings and finally finishes by traversing across the lip of the great Cave in a pitch of superb position and exposure. This is the best that Thirlmere has to offer and visitors should certainly aim to include this climb, if necessary at the expense of one of the more orthodox climbs on Castle Rock across the way.

For the next couple of years large quantities of new rock were climbed, especially in Borrowdale, Langdale and the Eastern Fells. Some of this rock contained some very hard climbing indeed, as in the case of *Ross's Bludgeon* on Shepherd's Crag, or Joe Brown's route *Eliminot* in White Ghyll (better known as the Pod). Both routes are hard, comparable with the harder routes of Llanberis, but in both cases the line is not particularly good and neither one is likely to become a classic. A few good, rather more pleasant, climbs were done during this period such as *Grendel* or *Fire-dragon*, the product of Drasdo on his 'new' crag — Scrubby. Scrubby along with Eagle Crag, Hutaple and Falcon Crag has been the scene of some intense exploration in recent years. The climbers concerned have not, until this last year or so, been active elsewhere, and their efforts have been directed towards bringing standards more up to date and in line with the rest of the Lakes, rather than towards the production of a few harder routes. The East Gully Wall of Pavey Ark gave a route of similar standard and quality in *Cascade*, which, although artificial in the sense that one can escape between pitches, gives 200 feet of delightful climbing. But generally speaking these climbs, though not easy, rarely exceeded Hard Very Severe standard. Two routes stand out in this period, however, as climbs of much greater stature: the still unrepeated *Phoenix Climb*, Ronnie Moseley's

great route on Scawfell, and *Post Mortem*, the great central crack of Eagle Crag in Borrowdale, first led by Paul Ross. Both have great lines, steep, impressive and inescapable, and both are obviously equally very hard. Certainly in the 'harder than Cenotaph' class.

1959 in Wales was a great year. In the space of six months climbs previously regarded as impossible for normal human beings were toppled from their pedestals, to be climbed by as many as a dozen different leaders. Cenotaph Corner became a standard route occupying much the same position as Spectre did eight or nine years earlier, and for the first time since Streetly's Red Slab a leader outside the Rock and Ice Club made a major route comparable with the top Brown and Whillans routes. It was the year of Cloggy and the high crags. In the Lakes it was a slightly different story. New routes were done, old problems solved, but somehow with an odd exception the really great routes were missed, and it is difficult to escape the feeling that '59 was a Welsh year.

In Langdale several new routes were done and almost all the regular climbing cliffs gained at least one new addition. Probably the best of the bunch is *Inertia* on Gimmer. It is rather well put together to finish up Dolphin's pitch, the Grooves Superdirect, and provides a good way of doing that climb, though the new pitches are, if anything, a more difficult proposition than the Superdirect itself.

On Scawfell the great groove above Mayday was scaled at last. This particular 'last great problem' has attracted climbers for 20 years. In 1938 Birkett made his climb Mayday. Up a couple of very difficult pitches he went into the bottom of the groove, then deciding it looked too difficult he traversed out round the corner and finished up close to Overhanging Wall. The groove itself is about 90 feet long with another 80 feet of rock above. It is nicely shaped, slanting elegantly up to the right. Steep and exposed, it was obviously one of the best lines on the East Buttress, and it was unfortunate that on the first ascent considerable aid was used from inserted chocks. Since then Les Brown has led it free, keeping to the groove all the way instead of moving right as on the first ascent. It is a great route and obviously very hard.

Paul Ross made two important new routes on the roadside cliffs, one on Castle Rock which he named with his usual happy choice *Rigor Mortis*, and one on Falcon Crag, Borrowdale. *Rigor Mortis* shares stances with Thirlmere Eliminate, and as such may be regarded

as a series of free variations. Its main pitch, however, is bigger and more obvious than the original route and stands on its own as an important addition to the climbing in the Thirlmere area. It is ultra-modern in technique, i.e. slings, a piton and a rope move are used, but the crux is 'free' and it seems probable that it is at least as difficult as Triermain Eliminate. *Falcon Crag Buttress* is another route on which some artificial aid (4 pitons) is used. Its substance is a large hanging corner at the top of the crag; the route takes a more or less direct line up to this corner, then climbs it. (This is where the pitons come in.) Its great corner pitch, difficult and superbly exposed, makes this route the best on the crag, and one of the best in the valley. In standard it does not seem to be in the Rigor Mortis class, but it is still a good hard climb.

This last year has not been a good season. The weather broke early and the haul of new routes has been small. As sometimes happens on these occasions, against all the signs and portents, it turned out to be a vintage year. Climbs such as the fierce *Red Groove* on Pavey Ark, *Sidewalk*, Les Brown's route up the well-known line out of A Gully on Dow, or Jack Soper's fine new route *Hrothgar* (the straightened-out version of Deflected Route) on Scrubby, would in an average year be amongst the most important events. This year they are overshadowed by five great new routes of a size and quality not usually attained in the Lakes. Indeed two of these climbs, Whillans' route on Dove and Oliver's route *Ichabod* on Scawfell, must be numbered amongst the 'great climbs' of the district.

On the East Buttress G. Oliver led his party up the great open corner above Morning Wall and named it *Ichabod*. It is one of the last great obvious lines of the East Buttress, and is certainly the most impressive yet climbed. To the left of Overhanging Wall Les Brown made his climb *Armageddon*. Like Oliver's climb it is a route of tremendous exposure and also like *Ichabod* it includes some very difficult climbing and a rather fierce rope move. Lower down, in Eskdale, is a relatively new climbing ground, Heron Crag. The cliff resembles Esk Buttress in that it has a central pillar flanked by two wings. It is not quite so big, but it is near the road. The central pillar is split by a crack and this is the line of Les Brown's *Gormen-ghast*. Steep and impressive, it is a major route of no little difficulty.

In Langdale recent additions to Pavey Ark have completely altered the character of its climbing, which in the past has tended

to be rather old-fashioned. The best of this modern stuff is *Astra*, which takes the line of the 'impossible groove' above Hobson's Choice. The huge groove is smooth, white and open, but fortunately the route follows a really beautiful line up the outside edge. Difficult and exposed, the climb is certainly the best on the crag and is comparable with the big routes of the 'Pass'.

High up in the Eastern Fells, on Dove Crag, Don Whillans led a great new climb called *Entity*. Remarks on the atmosphere of Dove Crag written earlier should be re-read here. It is a fearsome place. In the short space of six months this climb has already become a legend, and many are the tales told about it. Tales of the great dobbing match that took place the night before, how the star in a moment of terrible anger produced "the dob of all dobs, right from the floor it came". How at one point on the climb, leader and second were climbing together, 150 feet apart, the leader making desperate moves at the front end, and the second climbing Very Severe stuff at the rear. Although it was only the second day of the holiday they both packed up and went home — to recuperate. Of course I cannot personally vouch for the truth of these stories, but there's no smoke without fire . . . * The line is a great one, the best on the cliff, and the standard is very high. It is probably the most formidable proposition in the Lakes today.

Climbing in the Lake District is practised today at a pitch as high as, or higher than, it has ever been. Several keen groups have been climbing at a very high standard and together have succeeded in lifting Lakeland climbing out of the doldrums of the mid 50's to its present level, where it may be said to match in quality and interest the best in the country. Probably the most significant features of the last ten years have been the rise in importance of Borrowdale as a climbing centre, and the opening up of the Eastern Crag, typified by Drasdo's guide book. Yet the pattern of development as laid down in the late 1930's and early 40's is the pattern still followed today. It is interesting to note the areas that Dolphin selected in his article of 1948, chosen to represent modern Lake District climbing. He picked out climbs on the East Buttress of Scawfell, on Tophet and on Dove Crag, with an honourable mention for Castle Rock. If we could substitute Borrowdale for Tophet this list would be applicable today.

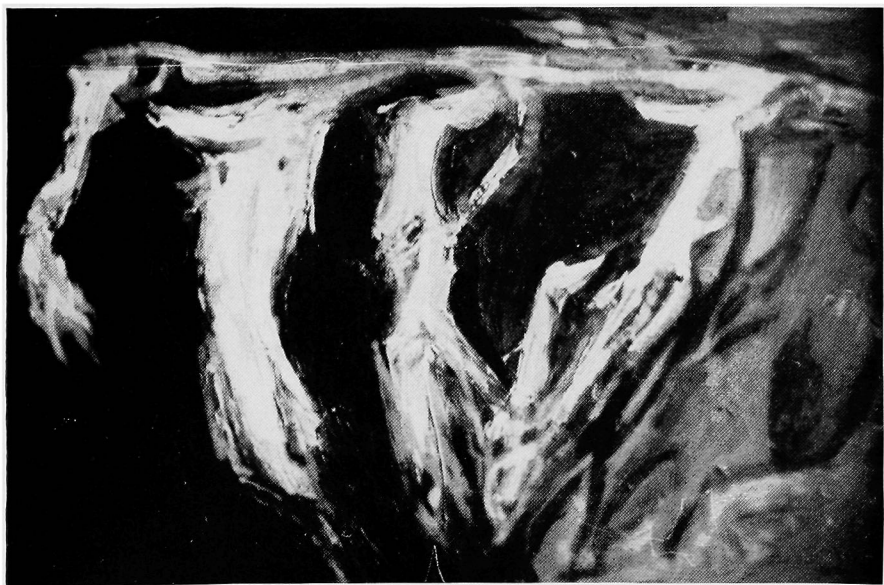
**Editor's note*: See the article by Mortlock elsewhere in this number.

In Wales the tide of exploration seems to be shifting to 'new' cliffs outside the well-known centres, but developments in the Lakes will, I think, follow well established trends. Scawfell with its great walls and grooves will continue, as ever, to dominate the 'grand' climbing of the district. Castle Rock will gradually retire, and, for the rest, steady development everywhere, with possibly, in ten years' time, another magnificent route on Dove.



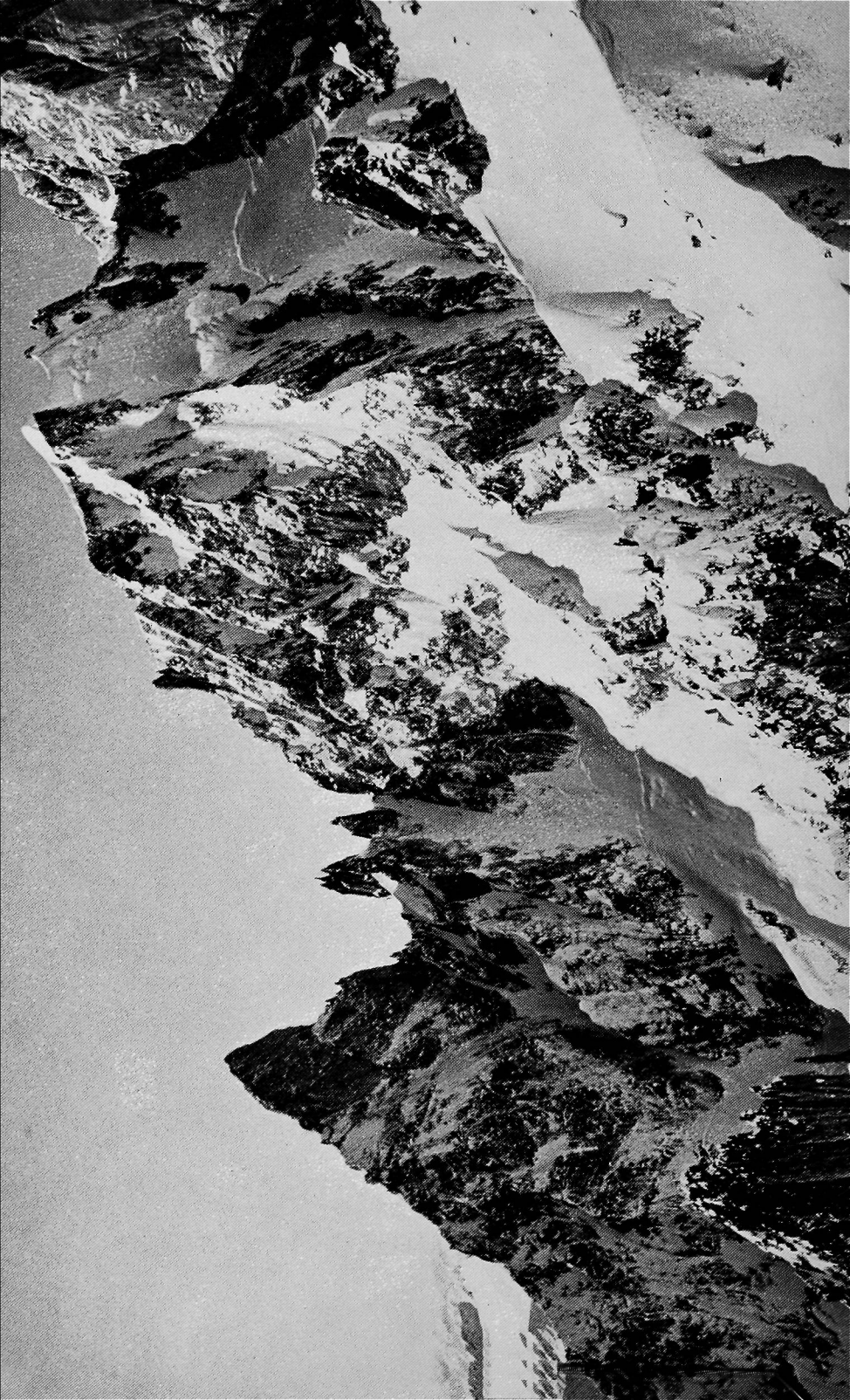
SAVOY, 1957, 40 ins \times 30 ins.

C. Fishwick



COULOIRS: PECLET — POLSEY, 1958
(4 ft. \times 3 ft.)

C. Fishwick



TRIVOR

C. J. MORTLOCK

DON WHILLANS AND I WERE to reconnoitre the approaches to Trivor (25,370 feet), an unknown mountain in the Karakoram range, some 30 miles east of Rakaposhi and part of the Disteghil Sar group. We reached Gilgit in June, by way of Karachi and Rawalpindi. Wilfrid Noyce and the main party were about a month behind us.

We experienced all the usual troubles associated with the transportation of three and a half tons of baggage by ship, train and air to Kashmir. Stomach disorders revelled in the heat. Fitness was obviously a mirage, though various forms of combat kept us amused, as did any liquor we found.

Ancient jeeps took us from Gilgit for sixty miles to the small village of Minapin, a green oasis in the barren Hunza river valley. Roads and driving were akin to a sixth-grade Alpine rally on unsurfaced roads. From here another 17 miles took us to the last village on the approach, Nagar, the summer home of his Highness the Mir of Nagar (his home, a tent). After our march, we feasted on chickens, their texture being similar to rubber. From here the route was excellent, being a wide, much frequented track — for two miles! The remaining twenty miles or so to Base Camp were unfit for anything except the ibex; they took four days! Only vigorous physical activity by Don spurred our fifty porters to follow him across scree, rubble, and generally untracked desert country. The first day involved an eight hour 'bash' in great heat and without water — the 99% silted glacier snout water was drunk by the gallon. We slept like lords (neolithic type). Somewhat similar days passed, along a tortuous, unexplored glacier, and temporary base was established on a grass knoll above the glacier. Trivor was still out of sight but we did not care. We felt like cheering as the porters disappeared back to Nagar. Traditional rivalry between Nagar and Hunza (two adjoining states through which we passed) was localised into stick and fist fights and general unpleasantness between the Hunza high altitude porters and the Nagar 'coolies'.

A short day up the glacier, leaving the Liason Officer and toilet accessories behind, led us to an idyllic base camp at about fifteen thousand feet. A week of reinforcing Base with equipment, a few days of rest and we moved on with our two Hunzas. We rounded a corner of the glacier and looked up to the head of the glacier with a four-mile ridge leading to the summit. The glacier looked simple. It was, but the scale fooled us. It took another nine hours to establish Camp One above the second ice fall! The porters returned to Base, probably on all fours as we were all so shattered. The next day we went up to the ridge. It took five hours to climb a fifteen-hundred-foot alternate ice and deep snow slope. Don went like a bomb as usual and reported that the way seemed clear for a major attempt on the summit. Our height was twenty-one thousand feet.

A few weeks later Don and I camped here, at Camp Three. The main party was backing us up, with our Hunza porters working only as far as this. The ridge initially proved straightforward once we had located a route round the cornices and time-wasting ridge humps. A three-hundred-foot steep ice slope down to a col delayed us; Don hacked steps and fixed a rope down it. The views were magnificent from this narrow ridge — to the east the Shimshal Glacier and ranges of Sinkiang, to the west the Trivor Glacier and approach route. The next day we went up the far side of the col: steep snow, an exposed ice traverse round a bulge to a rock gendarme, another exposed ice traverse to another gendarme and we were overlooking the next col. It was an exciting day. Wilf now took over the lead with Don. Camp Four was hacked out of the top of a sixty-degree ice slope which went down to a small col and on either side of the col about three thousand feet to the Shimshal and Trivor Glaciers. This camp was a few hundred feet lower than Camp Three.

The route to Camp Five was only a thousand feet higher and perhaps half a mile away. So short a stage was nevertheless the crux of the whole route. It involved a three-hundred-foot descent to a col, a loose rock traverse, another descent to a col, and up more severe rock, with awkward soft snow patches, to a snow slope leading to a rock niche siting Camp Five. Wilf and Don obviously coped well with the technical difficulties (Jack and I watched them from Camp Four). Avalanche dangers, loose rock and inadequate belays were the principal hazards. We noticed one strange factor. Don kept resting and was moving very slowly. On their return to Camp Four (having left Five ready for habitation) Don went to bed feeling ill.

Jack and I agreed to return early the next day from Camp Three with the tent needed for their Camp Six and summit attempt.

At 5 a.m. the next morning Jack and I hightailed it for Camp Four. The dawn was indescribably beautiful from the ridge, the surrounding peaks being lit like candles on a birthday cake. We reached Camp Four by 7.30 a.m. Bad news: Don was still ill — pains in the legs, high temperature etc. Jack took his place and left with Wilf for Camp Five. I stayed on with Don to await Dr. Sandy Cavenagh who was due to arrive the same day. He arrived quicker than expected! At 10 a.m. we heard a shout from the end of the ridge a hundred feet directly above the camp. I looked out of the tent. It was Sandy and Geoff Smith, but Sandy was hurtling down the ice slope. By the greatest stroke of luck he landed in a deep drift level with the tent. This saved him from a further three thousand feet to the glacier. Thus, patient Don greeted the Doctor, "Are YOU all right, mate?" He was unhurt. Unfortunately Sandy decided Don wasn't. In fact he declared that he had all the symptoms of polio and the next seventy-two hours would decide his fate. During that period he was to remain in bed. Sandy and Geoff returned to Camp Three and I stayed with Don.

Meanwhile Wilf and Jack had set up Camp Five and next day, in cloud, deep snow and bad weather, moved up about a thousand feet, establishing Camp Six in a crevasse at about twenty-three thousand feet. The following day the weather was foul and both slept as much as possible. Contrary to expectations the next day dawned fine and at 6.30 a.m. they set off for the summit. The snow/ice slope proved a snare and they were forced to climb two long rock ribs, which were easier but still very time-consuming. Wilfred led all the way as Jack was not at peak fitness, having a throat ulcer which made him vomit daily. By 1 p.m. they had reached the final summit ridge and after a two-hundred-yard traverse were sitting on the summit. The views were magnificent: Disteghil Sar, Momhil Sar, Rakaposhi, the unclimbed Batura peaks and Kinyang Chish, with the Russian Pamirs visible on the horizon.

At Camp Four Don and I were very worried about the summit pair. Our signal arrangement with them had failed; there had been no answer to our shouts, no sign of them at all due to bad weather. On the evening of the third day we saw two tiny dots on the summit ridge about a mile away and perhaps four thousand feet above us.

We yelled for joy. They were safe and had climbed the peak as well. Slowly they descended — bivouac seemed inevitable — but they just reached Camp Six by nightfall. The next day Don left for Base Camp (he had no after effects). I prepared a feast for Jack and Wilf who arrived in the late afternoon almost completely exhausted.

Commenting on our success, it was obvious that we were lucky to find a route up the mountain in so short a time, and that we were lucky with the weather and general conditions. Many factors combine in the success of an expedition but outstanding were the tenacity and magnificent competence of Don and the exceptional endurance of Wilfrid Noyce, who not only ran the whole organisation but from Base Camp onwards set such a superb example that the rest of the team were inspired to maximum efforts.





SOME WELSH DEVELOPMENTS

C. T. JONES

*I look out into the West, now into the East,
And there far away, yes, there is a lighting as of a dream that is bright.
Yes, master the news is good.*

The Sentinel, J. M. EDWARDS*

THERE ARE NO REALLY GREAT CLIMBS in Wales which are now un-repeated. Even Taurus has been toppled from its overhanging pedestal and has joined the ranks. The aura of mystery that used to swirl round the supremely difficult climbs has now diminished and the incredible is now commonplace.

But Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu is still majestically disgorging two or three new routes per year, despite those grooves that still shine with dampness and the grass ledges that seep with wetness. At the end of the summer of 1959 Hugh Banner forced a way up the wall between Curving and Pedestal Cracks and found his *Troach*: a splendid bit of wall climbing. The Pinnacle has proved its worth and steepness with two more climbs. On the front of the Pinnacle face is hunched the pinnacle itself, leaning slightly to one side and clutching in its maw a brown jersey that I dropped behind it one day last Spring whilst doing Pinnacle Flake.

But I am wandering from the point. This part of the Pinnacle is steep and what holds there are often spiky and loose and are likely to snap off. Indeed this has happened several times. But fortunately a gangway or so, a ledge and a little hole in the rock unlocked another route, *Pinnacle Flake*, and *Spillikin*. It was not really hard as these things go. But then again what is difficulty?

"The rest of the party were unable to follow": this was the result of Pat Walsh's ascent of the corner to the right of the White Slab. A fierce unprotected pitch of 150 feet, which was done in mistake for Sheaf. Surely a blow struck for Scotland?

What about solo climbing? Certain of us have been heavily reproved for soloing Curving Crack. Now consider all the tedious

*Reproduced from *Samson* by permission.

paraphernalia of the present-day climber. Does he know in his own mind that he could climb without slings, pitons, karabiners, P.A.'s, nylon rope? Haskett-Smith climbed Napes Needle without the rope or any other 'illegitimate means'.

So we climbed Curving Crack. Made us puff and sweat a bit as well. But there was always a nice crack to push one's hands into. So why not? No rope drag. One gets to a stance, stamps about a bit and then starts up the next pitch. Just once in a while anyway.

One day in October it was cold and blustery and Les Brown and I both felt ill on Maen-du'r-Arddu due to the fast pace and a heavy sausage breakfast. So we went to the foot of *The Steep Band* in the Far West Buttress because it was the nearest rock. The initial slab is much harder than it looks and I had miserably failed to follow Hugh Banner up this pitch some months previously. This time I managed to lead it but contortions were necessary. The crack above was wet and aloof and so Les went round the corner to drier and more hospitable ground. It was quite a long stride and trouser seams creaked ominously.

Dolwyddelan nestles in the Lledr valley, and if you stand in the door of the hotel with a pint pot in your hand you can just see the top of Carreg Alltrem which cleanly rises out of the conifer trees. Bob Downes climbed the prominent cracked *Penamnen Groove* some years ago. But there are other routes as well. Just to the left of Penamnen Groove are two routes of a similar standard, *Fratricide Wall* and *Lightning Visit*. Yes, two brothers were extended on this wall and it certainly is steep. I couldn't get up the last few feet of the groove even with a piton and had to traverse out right to the arête to finish the climb.

South Snowdon has proved its worth and now we have quite a lot of wonderful steep hard routes on newly-attacked crags.

Even Tremadoc has raised her head to produce *Vector* on Craig Bwlch-y-Moch, which never actually climbs any overhangs but winds its way in and out of them. It was on this route that the third man dangled twice ignominiously on the end of the rope and was then lowered to the ground amidst the whirring of incriminating cine cameras from above. Then there was that big corner at Tremadoc into which I put all those pegs. It was very green and grassy then, but now it is clean and the little spikes in the slab are bristling. Joe Brown climbed the whole lot clean — the top overhang as well —

in October. Now it is de-pegged and clean, divested from iron-mongery, in fact a lady again.

Castell Cidwm occupies a romantic position rising from the bank of the stream which tumbles into Llyn Cwellyn. The doubters have scorned this as a 'V. Diff.' playground. But here we have a steep 300-foot cliff with three hard Very Severe climbs on it pioneered by J. Brown and his friends. From here you can just see the top of Cloggy over the valley. Perhaps the rock does look a bit friable but with care and precision an upright posture can be maintained; the handholds tend to be of a good incut nature interspersed with blocks large and small. A grabbing technique will not suffice and it is necessary to stand and think on this crag more than on others. It saves its tit-bits for the top where the overhangs are large and awkward to surmount. Three pegs were necessary to climb the top roof of *Dwm* (surely one of the shortest and most expressive of names). And of course *the Curver* and *Vertigo* as well.

Carreg Hyll-drem, the ugly crag, is an overhanging brutish crag which rises practically from the roadside near Nantmor. Before this year it was virgin and certainly ugly. But here again there are three new routes; and the ugliness has been lifted slightly and *Hardd* now delicately feels its way up the right hand end. There are blocks on this crag as well. With ingenuity and good aiming it would be possible to hit one's friends' car (or even one's own!) on the road below. In fact gawping trippers have been scattered at least once by this means.

South Snowdon, Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu. What else to talk about? Oh yes! Pillar of Elidyr. What a very long walk it is to this crag; but it has a quality of remoteness. There is a cluster of cracks to the left of Corrugated Cracks. Such a lot of nice cracks, unclimbed cracks, hand-jamming cracks, wide cracks, damp cracks. Thus they all spawned *Mexico Cracks* (we went to the Dolomites just afterwards and Denis Grey and Joe Brown played a record 'Mexico' at least 50 times and nearly drove me to distraction). A small eddy of exploration has washed over Craig-y-Rhaeadr recently. Everybody looks up at this crag and thinks what a wet place it must be. This is not so. In fact it has its own charm, and it might be possible to go anywhere at a high Very Severe standard. There are lots of cosy little grass ledges connected by little steep walls, so that trepidation can every now and then be relieved. There is a large pedestal stuck on to the bottom of the cliff and from the top of it a rising gangway

runs up to the left to absorbing interest above, where everything becomes steep and tufty. This part is wet but it is still interesting.

It is a big cliff, over three hundred feet high. But why bother explaining all this to people? It is a good crag and I am glad that I know it.

I wonder if there's anything that we've forgotten. Oh yes! There are one or two things. Gallt-yr-Ogof, crag of the cave. In the upper part of the cliff nestles the Cave itself. Very black and slimy it is too. We had slipped and slid about in its recesses two or three times before we actually got up. A crack splits the top part of the ceiling of the cave; it was difficult to get into because of the mud and slime. If you tried to get through a hole in the ceiling of a house with its edge smeared with butter and oil perhaps you will have some idea of our problem.

But what of the future? Well, there's that groove on Llech Ddu, and we really ought to go back to Cwm Silyn and try that wall again. What about that big buttress in the Rhinogs that Johnnie Lees was talking about?

I'll throw my P.A.'s. in the back of the van and go to Ynys. If it's fine tomorrow we could walk up to the Big Cliff and go up to the West. If we could lassoo that spike and pull round the overhang we might get into that crack and then

RUWENZORI

J. R. NAISH

SINCE I ARRIVED in Zanzibar in December 1956, it had always been my intention to go climbing on local leave. The choice lay between Mt. Kenya and an expedition to the Ruwenzori. Of the two, Kenya offered the more serious mountaineering enterprise; the final reaches on Mt. Kenya by the normal route involve a long rock climb of Very Difficult standard with perhaps a couple of Mild Severe pitches. This brings one to the top of the lower of the two peaks, and in order to cross to the higher one it is necessary to cut steps across the Diamond Glacier, the name of which describes the kind of ice one is likely to come across: it took the first ascensionist Mackinder, and his two Swiss guides three hours. There are a number of much harder routes also.

The less accessible Ruwenzori are more of a mountaineering expedition. This range of peaks, lying along the Belgian Congo – Uganda border, are well-known for their bad weather and rough approaches; the normal routes to the tops of the three main peaks, however, are snow climbs of only moderate difficulty. The range was first extensively explored and all the main peaks climbed by the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition in 1906. The account of the expedition makes fascinating reading and gives one a good idea of the kind of conditions one may expect. Unfortunately I did not read this book until I had returned from the Ruwenzori, and therefore failed to realise, before it was too late, that the Duke of Abruzzi's Spartan habit of getting up before dawn and reaching the summit of his peak by six or seven in the morning was no idiosyncrasy. Winds passing westwards over the steamy Congo forests take up water which is conveniently deposited on the slopes of the Ruwenzori, and a morning which looks bright and sunny at seven o'clock may turn to mist and rain by nine.

Having heard from the Secretary of the Mountain Club of Kenya that there was no party going to Mt. Kenya when I could get away, I was glad to turn my thoughts to the Ruwenzori, and, through the Mountain Club of Uganda, got into touch with a small Cambridge

party who hoped to visit the Ruwenzori in July 1958; but unfortunately their arrangements fell through. However, by that time I was determined to get there and I therefore decided to go on my own.

In order to have as much climbing time as possible, I flew to Kampala in early July. After 18 months on a small flat island, it was exciting to look out of the window of the aeroplane and see the scrub-covered plains and high blue hills of Tanganyika passing underneath. In Kampala I spent an interesting evening with the Secretary of the Mountain Club of Uganda, but was rather dismayed to find out that there were no proper maps of the Ruwenzori. The one which he lent me, and the only one I had, looked like a blue-print. There was some hachuring and some contour lines, but no scale on it, and the ink ran across the paper whenever it got wet — which it frequently did.

The following day I travelled by bus to Fort Portal, one of the most uncomfortable journeys I have ever made. It took 15 hours to cover 200 miles. At about half-way the bus driver stopped at a small depot and announced he did not feel like going on that day as his lights were not in very good order. The rest of the passengers took this very philosophically, but by that time I was so incensed by the driver's constant halts for tea, beer and conversations with his friends in the villages en route that I insisted the bus went on to Fort Portal that night; after a long argument, the driver agreed to go. We reached Fort Portal late that night, five hours behind schedule.

The next day was a Sunday and I went round to see Mr. Bhimji, who supplies all the expeditions which set off from Fort Portal to the Ruwenzori and who is a very good salesman. So good, in fact, that he persuaded me to take up quantities of potatoes, tinned fruit and other costly and heavy delicacies with which I later loaded down far too many porters. He also arranged transport to Ibanda the following day, which is about 40 miles away and 5,000 feet up, at the beginning of the foothills of the Ruwenzori.

So on Monday I set off by van, loaded up with stores and equipment. It is accepted that the expeditions supply each porter with a blanket, a jersey and the standard amount of food for every day he is in the hills: the ration includes maize, flour, dried or tinned meat, beans, nuts, tea, sugar and five cigarettes a day each. Recruiting porters was quite a haphazard procedure: I had been told by the District Commissioner that he had asked the Gombolola (or area) Chief to lay on willing men, so we drove to his headquarters, not

far from Ibanda. He wasn't in and could not be found, so a little disheartened we drove on up the dirt road towards Ibanda. On the way we met a number of small, cheerful young Africans with bags made from monkey skins round their necks, who had heard something about an expedition and were wandering down to see what it was all about. They all shouted at me to take them on, and thrust grubby papers under my nose, which were recommendations of previous expeditions. I told them we would meet later that evening at Ibanda. When the time came it was a bit of a circus — there must have been 30 of them all shouting and showing off. I had no idea how to choose, so I picked out nine for their physique and cheerful expressions. One of these was Sadekia, my headman, through whom I issued all orders; we both spoke some Swahili, but most of the others only knew their own language. Sadekia had been on a number of expeditions before, including some long trips with a surveyor when they spent up to five or six weeks in the mountains, and he turned out to be not a bad choice, although he hadn't got the character to influence the others much, for either good or bad.

From Ibanda one gets no startling views of pure white snows glinting in the equatorial sun — the hydro-electric station for the Kilembe mines, which is where I spent my last night before setting off, is surrounded by small steep hills covered in scrub which effectively cut off any views. However, if one wanders up the valley leading into the mountains, one does get a sight of the foothills of the Portal Peaks which rise steeply to about 9,000 feet or 10,000 feet, covered in very thick vegetation, mostly small trees: beyond them one can only see the clouds which hang over the main peaks. The manager of the Kilembe Power Station goes in for market gardening and has two or three acres of fine tomatoes, lettuces, pineapples and other vegetables which are watered by powerful sprays throwing clouds of transparent drops over the garden. The whole scene is very green and cool and peaceful; quite an ideal base camp, shut in as it is by the small, steep scrubby hills. I slept in a disused wooden bungalow which the manager kindly put at my disposal.

On Tuesday morning we started off for the first hut through bamboo along a narrow and overgrown path. The bamboo were about 10 feet high so I saw nothing of the country round about, only the porters with their heavy, ungainly-looking loads high up on their shoulders, supported by a band of banana fibre round their

foreheads. Each man was carrying about 55 pounds. After a few hours in the bamboo we began to rise a little, though the process was a painful one; we climbed to the top of a rise, descended almost as far the other side, and then climbed again, and so on. By now we were among trees and bush and the path was extremely overgrown, so that creepers and brambles brushed against the face and hands and we scrambled over or under trunks that had fallen across the path. Every now and again we crossed small streams, tributaries of the Mobuku River.

The porters made frequent halts in this kind of country, and once I rashly offered to carry one of their loads to show them how it should be done, but I only just managed to last an hour with the unshapely 55-pound load banging up and down against my spine and the banana-fibre head-band forcing my head back. The last part of the day was a very steep climb up to Nyinabitaba Hut at 8,400 feet. I was very unfit and was carrying about 40 pounds myself, so that the effort was most painful. But at last I felt, on the top of the ridge, that we had achieved some distance and height and were beginning to enter the Ruwenzori range.

On Wednesday we continued along the path and reached Nyamaleju at 10,440 feet. This day's journey was much the same as the last, through thick bush along a narrow muddy path. On the way we descended steeply to the Mobuku River and crossed it on a new suspension bridge below the junction of the Mobuku and Bujuku Rivers. The bridge is an elaborate construction in wire and wood, suspended between two trees. After it the path was broader and the gradient easier.

The next day we reached Bujuku Hut, which lies in a cirque formed by the three main Ruwenzori peaks, Mts. Baker, Stanley and Speke. The country we travelled through was entirely new to me though I had read of it in earlier accounts. Leaving Nyamaleju we soon descended to the river level and the bogs. Some people prefer to plod steadily through, sinking at times up to their knees in dark mud, covered with bright green mosses; others prefer to jump from grass tussock to tussock, which requires more skill, especially with a load on, and much more energy. The country was moorland, something like a moor in the north of Scotland but wetter, and the trees looked dead and were festooned with pale green lichen. Having passed through the Bigo swamp one begins to climb up through a narrow valley among trees and more bogs,

which after some hours leads one to the entrance of the great Bujuku lake cirque.

Like the others, Bujuku Hut is a corrugated iron construction, with a fibreboard lining and a good warm stove inside. The porters slept in caves on the way up and at Lake Bujuku they slept in the famous Cooking Pot Cave near the lake, which was the base of many earlier expeditions to the Ruwenzori, before the huts were brought up. The Bujuku cirque is most impressive, not least because of the thickly growing giant Groundsel and Lobelia, both of which reach a height of 10 feet to 14 feet and give a moon-like appearance to the countryside.

The next day I had intended to visit the Stuhlmann Pass which lies between Mts. Stanley and Speke, but my headman, Sadekia, obviously did not understand this, and we soon found ourselves climbing up the rocks on the Speke side, and, within a few hours, we reached the snowline. The porters travel, even at this altitude, with nothing on but a pair of shorts, shirt and a jersey, but I had loaned Sadekia a pair of trousers, more jerseys and some gymshoes: by wrapping his feet in sacking I managed to fit him up with a pair of crampons and together we set off up the snow. I had realised by now that we were not very far from the summit of Mt. Speke, and although the mist had come down and visibility was about 100 yards we decided to go on, as the route appeared quite straightforward. Unfortunately it started snowing very soon, and visibility became less and less, so eventually, very regretfully, we decided to turn back. I believe we were about 20 minutes from the top. On Saturday the mist was right down to hut level, and I thankfully took a day's rest.

On the following day Sadekia and I again attempted Mt. Speke, this time by the John Glacier, but a heavy mist came down when we were in the middle of an ice-fall and again I had to turn back. I had never been in a large ice-fall before, and found it confusing and eerie, with the thick mist surrounding us and putting us in a little world of our own, bounded by steep ice walls and slopes and crevasses. Sadekia began to get very cold and lose heart: he was slipping all over the place, sometimes 10 feet at a time, and I never felt very secure on his belays as he was using his long walking staff as an ice-axe which he would thrust into some convenient crack. We didn't see the mountains any more that day.

I was getting tired of Mt. Speke by now, so on Monday we

crossed the Scott Eliot Pass, 14,260 feet, to Kitandara Hut, which is beautifully situated on the shores of a small lake at the foot of Mt. Baker. Next day, getting up at 6.30, my Headman and I climbed to the snow-line of Mt. Baker by about nine o'clock. Instead of climbing up behind the hut, through the undergrowth and over great slabs of rock directly toward the summit, we made for the Freshfield Pass and approached Mt. Baker along its southern ridge. From the ridge we had some very fine views of the Stanley Massif but certainly wasted a lot of time, especially as we were often forced off the ridge by difficult rocks covered in greasy moss and lichens.

I left Sadekia at the snowline and climbed in three-quarters of an hour to the top of Edward Peak, 15,980 feet, cramponing up a snow shoulder and scrambling along the final rock ridge. The view from the top was magnificent, although the mists were already beginning to blow up. I could see the routes we had attempted on Mt. Speke, and, across the valley, I could pick out the peaks on the Stanley massif; to the east the flat, brown plains of Uganda stretched for many miles.

By this time I had paid off seven of my porters, who had returned to their village in the foothills, so with my Headman and one other experienced porter I went up to the Elena Huts on the following day. These two huts are set at the foot of the Elena Glacier on the Stanley massif and are the highest huts, being 14,800 feet up. They are the only huts near the snow-line, and are placed on rock slabs 500 feet above the level of vegetation. On wet days they often get a sprinkling of snow, but it soon melts, even at this height.

After a cold and sleepless night, I looked out to find two inches of snow had fallen during the night. I had a hurried breakfast and set off alone up the Elena Glacier towards the Stanley Plateau. The glacier-foot can be reached in a minute from the hut and lies between the rock faces of Elena and Savoia and more rocks which fall away on the right towards Lake Bujuku about a thousand feet below. The glacier is crossed by a number of crevasses, most of which were bridged or half-bridged by snow and ice. Looking down into their recesses, and listening to ice tinkling down to bottoms which I could not see, accentuated my feeling of loneliness.

I reached the top of the glacier in about an hour and could see the beautiful peaks of Margherita and Alexandra rising from the far end of the plateau. But although they were beautiful I did not like the look of their cornices and turned to the easier Moebius Peak,

16,159 feet. I made across the plateau and ascended the snow and rock cone of the peak, across a small crevasse, then, scrambling up some rocks with crampons squeaking, I reached the top in about 30 minutes. From the top I had another magnificent view, this time over the Congo, although the hills and forests were so distant they did not seem to be part of the world in which I was living. On the way down the Elena Glacier I discovered one or two bridged crevasses which I must have stamped across on my way up early in the morning. Mist was again blowing up and it started snowing, so we packed up and went down to the Bujuku Hut that afternoon, in order to make a last attempt on Speke on the following day.

Low mist again prevented me from carrying out this plan, so I recrossed the Scott Eliot Pass to Kitandara intending to return to Ibanda. However, when I reached Kitandara Hut the place was alive with porters, and inside the small, one-room hut was an incredible shambles of rucksacks, wet clothes and food: this was the party I had heard about before I left Fort Portal, who were approaching the Ruwenzori from the unfrequented Nyamagasani valley in the south. They had taken 14 days to reach Kitandara and had to cut their own path a great deal of the way. The party had been organised by the provincial Survey Officer, Fort Portal, and included a freelance American film photographer who was making a film about Africa for R.K.O. Pictures and wanted to put in a sequence about the Ruwenzori. In spite of the mess in the hut, I was very glad to see them all as they were the first English-speaking people I had met for 10 days.

The next day we all went to the Elena Huts and on the following day climbed to the Stanley Plateau, where the American tried to shoot a few sequences for his film in thick mist, snow and poor visibility. My time was running out, and I had to leave them that afternoon and go back to Kitandara. Next day my porters and I crossed the 14,400-foot Freshfield Pass and descended to Nyinabitaba along a fantastic path — the trees and undergrowth were so thick that part of the way we were hopping from branch to branch, anything from 5 to 10 feet above the ground; at other times we descended a steep rocky stream bed, sank up to our knees in a watery bog, and pushed through thick bamboo forest.

On the way from Nyinabitaba to Ibanda next day we found the path had been chewed up by elephants — numerous trees had been knocked down and lay in our way, and the ground had been churned

up by their enormous feet. The fact that the headman said the elephants were still in the vicinity made the trip more exciting, and a little bit faster. Unfortunately I never caught sight of any. On a path which is only 2 or 3 feet wide an elephant's foot looks gigantic and the depth of the imprint makes for very rough going. They are not popular with the locals, who cultivate simple food crops on the slopes of these foothills — one carefree walk by a herd of elephants can easily destroy the year's work of half a dozen farmers.

At Ibanda I paid off Sadekia and the last porter and that evening, in Fort Portal, I took off my clothes and had a bath for the first time in two and a half weeks! In spite of the bad weather, I had enjoyed my trip more than any other mountain expedition I had been on. The Ruwenzoris are still not properly mapped, and are a pure delight for mountaineers who tire of well-worn paths up well-known peaks. I am sorry to think that I may never recapture the peace and loneliness of climbing in that vast, empty range of mountains, but I shall always remember the Ruwenzoris as misty, isolated and magnificent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CLIMBING IN WALES

(composed for a talk to students)

H. H. HUGHES

Editor's note: Henry Harold Hughes, M.A., F.S.A., A.R.I.B.A., of Yr Aelwyd, Bangor, was an original member of the Club. He was born in 1864 and died in 1940.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED to tell you something of my early experiences in mountaineering in North Wales. This takes me back to a period so distant that my recollections are dim and I have forgotten the details of most of the early climbs. It is only those that had some especially difficult feature, or possessed some point out of the common, that are still vivid in my memory.

Forty years, and more in some cases, have passed since some of the more memorable climbs were attacked and mastered. At that time comparatively little rock climbing had been done in North Wales. Tryfan was beginning to be recognised as a fairly safe mountain for the beginner and learner. A limited number of climbs had been carried out on the mountain. The rock faces of the Glyders had never been climbed, nor had Twll Du, commonly known as the Devil's Kitchen. I do not even know the names of numerous of the climbs that have been carried out in later years. The names by which we knew the old climbs may have been changed.

In most of the early climbs I had the good fortune to be associated with Archer Thomson, afterwards a member of the Alpine Club, a most excellent all-round mountaineer, especially on rock faces, without whose aid certainly many of the more dangerous climbs would not have been mastered. Another man who was closely connected with us in our climbs was Henry Edwards, then living in Bangor, whose dry humour relieved many a wearing experience. The number therefore as a rule consisted of three, a perfect number for rope work on a difficult climb. In such cases the number should

rarely be exceeded. The danger from an accidentally shifted stone in a gully is immensely increased if there is too much rope between the first and last man. As an example, when attacking a then new gully on Lliwedd, with six men on the rope, Thomson leading, myself bringing up the rear, a stone was dislodged by the leader. It missed the other men but made a direct bee-line for the last man. The gully was narrow and hand and foot holds poor. There was no means of shifting position and I was fortunate in saving my head at the expense of a cut and damaged arm raised to protect it.

Welsh mountaineering is an excellent preparation for that in Switzerland. There is in Wales as difficult rock work as in Switzerland, and, in a hard winter, there may be much ice and snow work. The glaciers and the danger from falling stones as the sun's power increases, of course, are absent in our country. For an arduous Swiss climb, however, the mountaineer should be in first class condition. It is often necessary to start long before the break of day and to spend several hours work toiling up the lower slopes, before the really difficult climbing commences. I have had breakfast — coffee and rolls — soon after 1.30 before starting on a climb in Switzerland. The rock faces in Wales are rarely situated at any great distance from roads.

Our general headquarters were either at Pen-y-gwryd or at Ogwen Cottage, but sometimes at an out-of-the-way farm house, with an occasional visit farther afield as to Cader Idris, where I once climbed the famous gully of Mynydd Pencoed on Craig-y-Cae with Thomson.

Mrs. Owen then ran Pen-y-gwryd. Her husband, Harry Owen, mentioned by Charles Kingsley, who had been forty-four years landlord, had recently died, in 1891. Ogwen Cottage in those days was small. It was enlarged to its present size at a later date. Both Mrs. Owen at Pen-y-gwryd and Mrs. Jones at Ogwen always most good naturedly received and fed us if we turned up, no matter at what hour, even if they had retired for the night. In winter, if we could complete the difficult climb before dark, we were satisfied. We depended on a single folding lantern, lighted by a candle, to guide us down. On occasions naturally we got into difficulties. Leading down one winter night from Carnedd Dafydd to Ogwen, roped together, the second man with the lantern, I suddenly disappeared over a rock face to the consternation of the other two men. The second man, hampered by the lantern, had not full control, and

allowed the rope to run out too quickly. Fortunately no damage was done. The fall was only about twelve feet.

On other occasions we found ourselves half-way up in water before we saw the mountain stream we had struck, but it was all in a day's, or night's, march.

After dark and in mist on the Glyders, aiming for Pen-y-gwryd one night we lost our bearings. Stupidly we had no compass with us. We managed, however, to get down the mountain side and hit on a river, but could not make out in what valley we were or what river it was. But this did not matter. If you follow a river sufficiently far it must lead you to safety. We therefore followed it laboriously with the help of the lantern, in the dark, climbing over boulders and rude stone walls. After more than an hour we came to a road which crossed the river by a bridge. We then found we were in the Pass of Llanberis. We must have struck the river a little below Gorphwysfa, or Pen-y-pass, and followed the river in the opposite direction to that of Pen-y-gwryd, for which we were aiming.

Walking is not in vogue at the present time except for hikers. There were no motors or buses in our days. We generally finished a day's climbing at Llanberis too late for the last train and, after supper at the hotel, walked the ten miles to Bangor. Or, finishing at Pen-y-gwryd, had dinner there, and then started on the 18 or 19 miles walk back to Bangor. After spending a day on the face of Lliwedd we came down one evening to Pen-y-gwryd and, after dinner, set off for Bangor. The ground was covered with deep snow, walking was heavy, so that by the time we reached Capel Curig we were ready for a light and late supper. Then came the grind up to Ogwen through heavy snow. Arrived there some time after midnight, we aroused Mrs. Jones and by her fire had further nourishment. Thomson had had sufficient strain and we left him to sleep at Ogwen, but Edwards and myself pressed on to Bangor, and arrived home some time after 4 a.m. — strenuous work after a heavy day on Lliwedd.

There are many reminiscences in connection with Pen-y-gwryd and of stories told there. The man who came down late for breakfast and tried to heat his egg in a spoon over the fire — explosion the result. Or the man who appeared in full sporting rig with fishing tackle and gun. He fished and caught nothing but one day he returned with his gun and a burden slung over his shoulder, in a state of great exhilaration: he had shot a "wild" goat. The goat was

Henry Owen's. The guest departed at an early hour before breakfast the next day, and, I understand, had to pay a heavy price for his prowess.

I will now describe a few of the climbs which remain impressed on my memory.

Twll Du had never been climbed till the beginning of March 1895. The early part of that year was noted for its severe frost. Thomson and myself had inspected the Kitchen from below one afternoon and determined to make an attempt to climb it. We spent the night at the cottage. On the following morning, having borrowed Mrs. Jones' coal hatchet to supplement our ice-axes, we started at 10 o'clock, walked across the frozen lake of Idwal and commenced the ascent. It was fairly easy going till the final pitch was reached. Up to this level there were fairly steep snow slopes which required a certain amount of step-cutting. This pitch normally consists of a deep cave under a cap-stone, over which a stream falls in a perpendicular waterfall. On this occasion the snow slope extended partially up the height of the pitch and ended abruptly against a more-or-less vertical wall of ice. This wall was the frozen waterfall. Now came the real attack. Incrusted icicles were hacked away and then steps cut in the vertical ice wall. One hand had to be used for holding on while with the other the steps were cut. In this position an ordinary ice-axe could not be wielded. Mrs. Jones' hatchet made a much more effective weapon of attack. Half-way up the vertical face a portion of the ice-wall gave way under the blows, sufficiently large to insert a head and shoulder. This hole revealed an immense chasm behind the ice-wall, in fact the space under the cap-stone. The bottom was in darkness and could not be seen. We were roped together. While one of us cut steps the other was anchored at the top of the snow-slope. The work was difficult and arduous and we had to relieve each other at fairly frequent intervals. As the day wore on the condition of the weather became worse and worse. A keen wind blowing blinding columns of granular snow added to the difficulties of the ascent. A second breakage of the wall at a higher level showed a thickness of not more than an inch of ice. But the level of the stone-cap was now nearly reached. The outer face of the cap-stone was covered with thick snow standing at an angle of about eighty degrees. Deep steps were excavated in this snow covering. Fortunately the snow held and about thirteen feet higher the gradient eased and real difficulties were passed. It was now long after sunset. To master the last

pitch it had taken nearly eight hours' work. In the dark it was too risky to descend by the usual track to Ogwen, at this time sheeted with ice. We therefore made for the easier slope, falling to Llanberis Pass, and reached the hotel at 10 p.m. After supper we borrowed needles and thread and roughly patched the rents in our garments. Arriving by train the following morning at Bangor, in brilliant summer-like sunshine, dressed like tramps in disreputable garments, it was natural that, on the way from the station, we should encounter just those who would criticise our appearance. As the result of this adventure Thomson suffered from a badly frost-bitten hand which he was unable to use for several weeks. The ascent of the Kitchen, as a rock climb, was first made three years later in 1898. This climb is extremely dangerous; the rock is treacherous and, I consider, it should never be attempted. There have been several fatal accidents in Twll Du, one in 1904 and another in 1905.

The north face of Glyder Fawr was first seriously attacked in 1894; we climbed the Central Gully in November of that year, the East, West and that then known as the Twisting Gully in 1895. I chiefly remember the immense block, with a small cave below it, which barred the way in the Central Gully when we first attacked it in 1894. It seemed then almost insurmountable. A crevice at the back of the cave, however, was discovered and cleared. It was found possible, with much patience, to work a rope through the crevice and over the cap-stone. The rope protected the leader on a difficult face, but it came out at too low a level to assist him in the final and most difficult struggle to the top of the pitch. The upper part of the gully was not easy climbing. A steep stretch was at that time covered with treacherous turf and thus rendered dangerous. The frost of 1895, however, cleared the turf and exposed good holds beneath. I have no very clear recollections of the details of the East and West Gullies. The latter I climbed with Thomson alone and it proved exceedingly difficult. The second man has to anchor himself firmly at many points while the leader negotiates dangerous stretches. The ascent should not be attempted by any but first class climbers. The gully, known as the Twisting Gully, to the east of the East Gully, on the other hand, proved excellent climbing; the gradient is steep throughout, but the holds are good.

The face of Glyder Fach does not seem to have been attacked till we climbed the West Gully in 1894, an easy climb, which we found afterwards suitable to take up a non-climbing companion. The East

Gully, however, has an extremely difficult pitch at the commencement, which, however, may be turned or omitted. We made this climb the following year. Since that date there have been various climbs on the face, of varying degrees of difficulty.

The climbing of Y Garn is limited and poor. I remember the rock is very rotten. Leading a descent, fortunately roped, I had once just landed on a ledge, when the rock gave way and a portion weighing at least one ton crashed into the valley below. The surface is rotten throughout. Some climbs rendered dangerous when first attacked, owing to loose stones and rocks, become safer in after years owing to the displacement and removal of treacherous stones by later climbers. It should be remembered that a good mountaineer disturbs very few stones accidentally.

On more than one occasion J. M. A. Thomson inspected Ysgolion Duon with me and played about the precipices. I remember on one occasion we had about a hundred feet of rope out on the rocks. Another time, when descending a portion of the face, our rope was cut in two by a sharp rock, the only time I have ever experienced a like failure. The first time we ascended the East Gully, a moderately difficult climb, was in 1900. The Central Gully was first mastered by other climbers the following years. The West Gully, an exceedingly difficult climb, had been ascended several years previously — about 1890.

My chief recollections of climbing on Lliwedd are in connection with attacks on the Central Gully, from which Mr. Alfred Evans fell and was killed in 1888. On our first ascent in October 1894 we were able to ascend to a higher point than that previously reached, but found it impossible to proceed farther in the gully. With difficulty we descended to a lower level when we broke out of the gully and thence worked our way up to the summit. I remember two other attempts on the same gully in the hard winter following when the rocks were ice-clad — the first alone with H. Edwards, a fool-hardy enterprise which should not have been undertaken. We, however, arrived down in safety. We made another attempt, our party strengthened by J. M. A. Thomson and W. P. Haskett Smith. The cold was intense and the climb was doomed to failure. On the descent one man slipped on the ice-covered rocks but fortunately was able to pull himself up quickly with his ice-axe on a snow-slope before the rope had run out taut between him and the last man.

In conclusion, from experience, I would urge you in every climb

to take all precautions. Keep a strenuous control over the slack rope. See that it is well anchored. There are certain climbs which only the most efficient and experienced men should attack. There are others that should not be attempted under any circumstances. Further, always keep in mind the beauty and grandeur of our mountains — the sweeping mists, the moon effects by night, and the dancing will-of-the-wisp over the bog-land.

SALTORO EXPEDITION 1960

K. J. MILLER

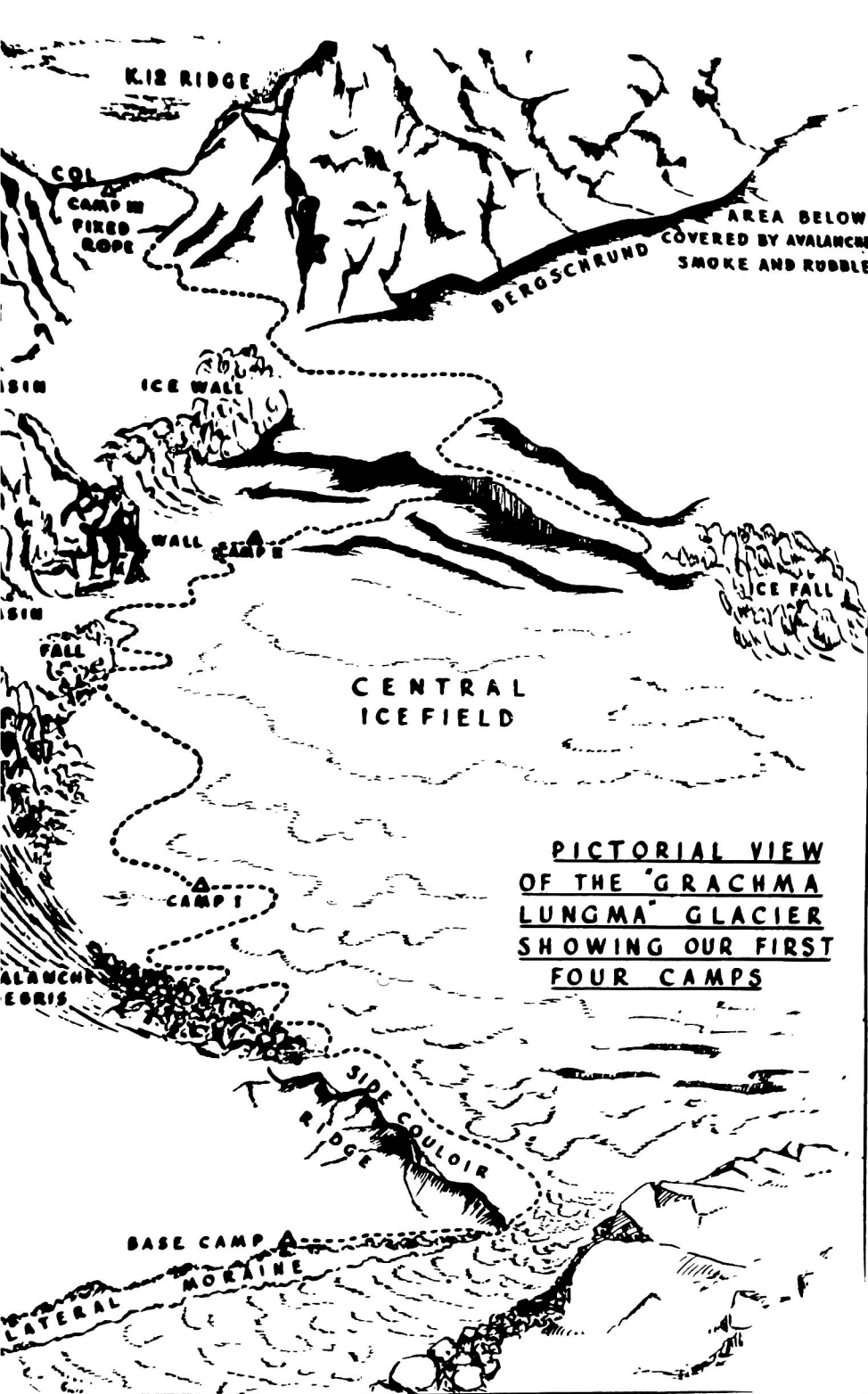
THE SALTORO VALLEY RUNS WEST TO EAST in the eastern extremity of Pakistan-held Baltistan, often referred to as Little Tibet. I first visited it in 1957 when Shipton was our leader, and it was gratifying to renew old acquaintances. During my first trip a mountain designated K12 had been observed and a likely pass seen that might lead to an easier approach than the one we were then surveying*.

1958 found me tentatively detailing plans for another visit which would include climbing, survey and geology. Little did I know that if I considered we had organization difficulties in 1957, when even the House of Commons were involved, this venture was to be trouble from start to finish. For instance, advanced plans in January had to be abandoned when we were refused permission. The decision was eventually reversed in March, three weeks before sailing date, and when we had only 60 per cent of our funds. The team was also incomplete due to one member having a heart defect and another member having a seriously ill mother. Stores were incomplete and the final team were only in weekly contact by letter.

Dr. Jon Stephenson was in Lahore, as was also Jim Hurley. David Haffner was in Coventry but had only a few weeks to pack his bags, and I was in Rugby with a nearly non-existent but highly centralised expedition organization. You have often read: 'we sailed on time by a miracle'; well, we set out on time but not knowing where anything was. I had much assistance from local friends to whom we were indebted and I felt it better to leave in chaos than to leave with nothing. Only now do I believe Shipton that an expedition can be organised in three months.

In Rawalpindi the team united. Jon had many stories to tell me of his sledge journey across to the South Pole. This Australian, whom I knew in my College days, was the best piece of fortune the expedition had when he accepted leadership. I was introduced to

*See: Exploration around the Siachen: Imperial College Expedition 1957. *Himalayan Journal*, 1958.



PICTORIAL VIEW
OF THE 'GRACHMA
LUNGMA' GLACIER
SHOWING OUR FIRST
FOUR CAMPS



Jim, an American, and took an instant liking to his modest and quiet approach to things. We sorted out our kit and repacked everything, and the only item that was missing was a stencilling pen, which was later found in a tin of milk.

Baltistan is one of the buffer states in world politics. Its neighbours include Afghanistan, Russia, Chinese Sinkiang, Pakistan and India, all of whom have their differences. The only way in was to fly from Rawalpindi to Skardu, weather permitting. I and several others have described elsewhere this most awe-inspiring flight past Nanga Parbat, which is perhaps the most beautiful and cheap commercial flight in the world. Bad luck followed us to Skardu, where my estimates were badly shaken. Most portage costs rose by 250 per cent on the day we arrived, which put hundreds of pounds on our bill. Two American expeditions almost returned home from Skardu, and undoubtedly such occurrences will reduce the frequency of expeditions to this area. Three days later, having suffered from dysentery and consequently eaten no food, I was carried in to the town of Gol, one day's march from Skardu, stiff as a plank of wood, suffering from salt deficiency.

I was bundled off to hospital after watching my friends depart, but after a week the doctors allowed me out. Normally I would have liked to march through the valleys alone, but the dysentery returned, and there was no one to offer sympathy. One advantage of travelling alone was that one saw the intimacy of village life; for example I was offered several brides, but being married I did not accept the privilege. The local food and drink I began to appreciate but not the fleas. It was the fleas that drove me on to do two days' marches in one on several occasions. Never shall I forget the last night before base and my pleasant bivouac on the glacier; the morrow was to bring me so many delights.

Base Camp was situated on the right lateral moraine of a glacier we named the Grachma Lungma (the cold nala). The locals told us that no one had ventured up there due to its cold reputation and these people have been almost everywhere. This glacier flows into the Bilafond only one day's march above the latter's snout. The far retaining wall is impressive both in its Eiger-like architecture and by the frequency of its avalanches. Twice during our occupation of base the mushrooming cloud came rolling across to cover us over.

I reached base about 9 p.m. and was greeted by Sebastian Khan, our liaison officer, who had had no previous mountaineering experience.

Little did we know how quick he would be to fall in with our strange mode of life and behaviour. Base had been set up five days previously but bad weather had allowed no survey or exploration; but a dump had been left at the top of the gully en route to Camp I. That morning all the party had left to establish I. Sebastian and I were alone until the porters returned, so we arranged loads for the morrow so that we could all move up to I permanently if required. Next day we moved off at five and on good snow we skirted the lower icefall by climbing the side gully. The Grachma Lungma glacier can be regarded as four steps above the Bilafond glacier, each step being separated by an icefall, the lower icefall being avoidable almost entirely. The only danger was from side avalanches, of which there was abundant evidence which was furnished daily. Thankfully we pulled out of this zone by 7.30 and joined the main party on a boulder in the lower central icefield. During the next few days a survey base was plotted by theodolite. Haffner and I attempted a 20,000-foot peak, but steep soft snow breaking through to solid ice was tempting fate. The angle never relented and occasionally the whole body nearly sank in the snow. Obviously much recent snow had fallen so we retreated down to I. Meanwhile the route to II was opened by Jim and Jon. The next day brought bad weather. Two days of this followed by a storm was sufficient for us to go back to base at 4.30 one morning. The weather was so bad that for the first 33 days of field work only eight were good enough to do a full day's work. Stephenson was a model of tenacity, sitting by a plane table from early morning until late at night. Sometimes return to camp by 6 p.m. with only five rays to our credit was sufficient for us to work by candlelight until midnight computing results until agreement was found and likely errors noted for re-examination. These early days were frustrating; the sun would come out in the evening but next morning visibility would only stretch to the next tent.

Eventually it was possible to get back to I. Our work had not been in vain and the two sections of the map joined together, for the base glacier section and the lower central icefield. To get to II we were again forced out on the left to miss the heavy crevasses. En route three more stations were eventually detailed. From II, however, one had to enter the centre of the narrowing upper glacier and so it was we came to the chasm. For such a problem we had brought out sections of aluminium angle, but the width of this monster was about 150 feet. One end vanished into a maze of holes in the middle of

a crumbled mass of seracs in the midst of a steep icefall. The other end petered out in a side wall of ice too high to find a practical route up it for porters. The only chance was to go down into its depths and to try and find a way out. There was only one point which allowed easy entry, a natural gangway at about 40 degrees which led one to the bottom. The other side now reared up vertically for 110 feet. Following the bottom Stephenson and Haffner passed a natural ice nutcracker, and at one point was an overhung roof containing huge icicles ready to skewer any trespasser. After this came the Black Hole zone where we discovered our bottom of the chasm wasn't. The bridges down here were not stable, but one only escaped to burrow through two holes in pot-holing fashion to come into another zone where the walls were just as high. Eventually, however, just before the entry into the side icefall, an escape was made up the far wall. Two pitons were used here on the initial exit route until an easier way was found later. Thankful to see a full horizon again, the route now zig-zagged amongst other chasms without much trouble, and so one arrived at the bottom of the slope leading up to the col. This section was short, but a fixed rope was necessary, as a passage was forced along a path beneath which was a large crevasse and above a gleaming ice wall that could be seen glistening almost four miles away at I.

Camp III was on the col, but little shelter could be found. The wind rocked that camp (a little below 20,000 feet) and no sooner were we encamped than the bad weather returned. Atrocious weather necessitated abnormal decisions. It was 4 p.m. one evening during a lull that Jon and I attempted to move up the long, steep final ridges of that huge summit tower. We didn't get far. Never before have I experienced a white-out; Jon walked over the edge of the ridge and I went through an ice hole. Both of us waited to be extracted by the other. With zero visibility we found camp III and gave up our abortive attempt. Again one evening in a lull, about 5 p.m., we moved down from the col into the huge K12 basin, the lower half of which was explored in 1957. Although three days of good weather followed, conditions on the mountain were not so good, so the upper basin was surveyed. From our camp I could see Jim and Jon through the telescope on the theodolite working all hours of the day and evening. Alas, Sebastian and David were both ill. Sebastian would come out with me early morning but we could never go far. Perhaps we had lost much of our initial eagerness, perhaps it was

the weather, on all accounts it was essential both David and Sebastian should breathe lower air.

The return from the basin was not a joyous affair. Perhaps if more work had been completed and the maximum use made of the three fine days I would have been much happier. Now with a heavy heart I looked in the direction of that pass which closed for me a chapter of exploration opportunity. All of you will have experienced a crust-hard snowfield overlying powderlike snow; and how heartbreaking it can be. Poor Sebastian was the last on the rope of three; I frequently glanced at him and was both amazed at his courage and sceptical about his chances of going far. Never did he ask for a rest. Not once did he follow the grooves we furrowed for him but chose a drunkard zig-zag stumble. At no time did he ask us to lighten his load. Pakistan has a son here of high merit. Fortunately David must have recuperated somewhat since we now alternated leads — perhaps it was the rest accompanying the change-over we welcomed. At one stage David lost his temper when thigh deep and in the fury of it took us another 100 yards in double quick time. Up and up that long incline. It was undoubtedly the worst day of this trip.

But isn't it remarkable how in this state one quickly gets a tent erected and the coffee bubbling? The wind whipped us that night and by morning it was again obvious Sebastian and David should be given the opportunity to recuperate down at base. My intention was to take them down to I and then to return to Jon and Jim.

We had difficulty in finding the fixed rope since it was covered by several inches of ice. On this short traverse Jon came upon us and we discussed our future, but much was to happen in the next few days to change it all. Jon returned to the col and we continued our descent. Thankfully we missed all the covered crevasses. At the chasm we lowered our loads over the edge but one rope unfortunately got tangled. Leaving David and Sebastian I hurried down into the depths and was thankful to get past Icicle Alley and the Black Hole.

It must have been whilst I was under the 110 foot ice wall. David could get no sense from me and I was sprawled out apparently asleep. A piece of the wall must have detached itself and I received it squarely on the balaclava. What providence it was to have two fine companions! They dragged me out of the chasm up the entry

wall. My sense of balance was disturbed and my vertical was at 45 degrees to my friends consequently I was always falling over. At first I could not see and had to be guided. This was necessary after Sebastian stopped me on the brink of another crevasse. When my sight returned I saw double. What a relief to have four friends around when you thought there was only two! Fortunately the porters were at II and they went up to the chasm to retrieve our loads and to guide us to the camp.

That night there was a storm up at III and so Jon and Jim fought their way down next day. In the upper basin beneath the colossal ice cliff of the final tower they wandered in circles. The bad weather was again superimposed by foul conditions.

It was down at base that we reunited. After two days' rest I was much better and so it was decided that Dave and Sebastian would go down the valley to bring up more supplies for exploration to the south of K12; meanwhile the rest were to return to III to make a last bid for the top.

Shortly after leaving camp I fell down the lateral moraine but did no damage; the exertion apparently upset my balance again. Jon took part of my load, but half way up the ridge I continually stumbled and tears of despair wet my face. 'What a bloody trip this had been'. Three days later I was down in Goma resting and eating chicken; the expedition for me was over.

It was during this phase that we had six continuously fine days and Jon and Jim pressed on back to III. This was the finest spell, two days of which were down at base. It was during this brief period that Masherbrum was climbed by Clinch's party and the American-German party on K2 had a chance to withdraw from their unhappy position high on that mountain.

The tenacity and courage of Stephenson now shone out. He and Hurley set up a camp IV a little way up on the final ridge and next day Jon and Choor, our best porter, went for the top. The weather was good but Choor was not well and Stephenson went on alone at 23,000 feet, but was stopped late in the afternoon 1,000 feet short of the summit but at the point where the steepness ends and the ridge becomes gentle and wide. At least all the problems had been solved. Many if's lend themselves to debate. If two climbers could have cramponed the steep ice/snow ridges, as is possible above III, instead of having to cut steps for Choor. If - - . Ah! well chalk it up to experience and let the next party benefit from it, but how I

wished we could have had 1957 weather to allow full acclimatising and a successful climb. Yes, I admit an inner dissatisfaction, which perhaps can only be resolved by my seeing that bulk of K12 again but this time at my feet.

Stephenson continued with Sebastian and three porters for three more weeks to fill in many blanks on the map, and due to his fine efforts the expedition mapped over 150 square miles including new peaks and glaciers.

In retrospect we feel that the survey and geological studies were fulfilled, and that as far as K12 was concerned we had found a route to it, mapped it and reconnoitred the only feasible route on it and overcome all the technicalities of the climb. Our main concern on our return was the inadequacies of our funds. Just before the plains of Pakistan we received an aerogramme which told us of a grant of £500. We came home to the U.K. only wanting a further £200; what a relief that was. Finally I must thank the Societies concerned who made this venture possible and the cementing of life-long friendships. As in 1957 not one serious argument occurred and the expedition, although at times morally deflated, was always a happy one.

ENTITY

C. J. MORTLOCK

EASTER 1960. A CROWDED camp site at Dale Bottom Farm near Keswick. The 'Rock and Ice' were there in force, with numerous hangers-on like myself. The 'Boys' were doing a few routes of top quality and a large number of pubs of low quality. Easter Sunday — after hangovers — Don Whillans and I messed about on Castle Rock. I felt like doing something hard but Don just laughed (he'd done all the routes many times, though only one or two in snow and ice!). We stayed on the classic routes and in the pubs.

The next day at 8 a.m., I was rudely awakened with "Hey up, yer ready?" I woke fully as we shot round to Dove Crag on Don's bike. It was a perfect day, even if ruddy cold at that hour on a bike. An hour's walk, and the little cliff I had seen from the road loomed fierce and black.

I hastily gave Don the end of the rope. He expected it, thank goodness. His aim was the obvious central corner — the main feature of the cliff, between Hangover and Dovedale Grooves. Others, including Don, had tried the corner, but with scant success.

The first pitch looked deceptively easy: one hundred and forty feet, up a steep crack and easily across to the first stance of Hangover. Don found a couple of runners and took about twenty minutes. I took the mickey as he was slow (for him). He said nowt. When I climbed I said a lot — mostly purple in colour. The crack was very greasy and awkward, movement often largely by reptation. At the stance we took stock over a quick smoke. I was not a little overawed: a large, black, sunless corner containing a hundred feet of nearly vertical rock and steep slab, topped by about forty to fifty feet of mostly overhanging rock. It was rather like a double-sized Cenotaph Corner topped by overhangs and without a crack in the corner. There were no escape lines and no place for a stance below the top.

It took Don two and a half hours to climb this pitch. It must be the finest piece of rock climbing I have ever seen. I sang 'rock' to relieve the tension (mine as well as his). Don smoked incessantly in

extraordinary resting positions. Two climbers passed the foot of the cliff and the following ensued:

- "What route's that?" (looks of disbelief from below Don's overhanging positions);
- "It aint . . . yet" (from above)
- "Who are you?" (from below);
- "Whillans" . . . pause as a big grass ledge narrowly misses the amazed ones below (premeditated?);
- "Yer must be mad" (parting shot from those below, who were not seen again).

This final pitch turned out to be just as long as our rope (150 feet). It began well with a short vertical traverse which revealed good holds, then a steep forty-foot wall where holds and grass sods were again adequate. A runner here protected the next fifteen feet. It needed to (Don fell off here on a previous attempt). The slab was not only steep but greasy and minute ripples accounted for all holds. Don 'cracked' it by patience and magnificent skill. Despite being second and having a long reach I found it similar in difficulty to the crux of the Great Slab on Froggat Edge, though with greasy holds thrown in.

Above this another runner and straightforward slab and groove climbing for thirty feet. Then the corner overhangs forced one diagonally right towards a small overhang forty feet above. Progress at this point was made by small flakes which were so situated that all the handholds were on the left and all the footholds on the right. The result was a sideways progress — itself out of balance and accentuated by the vertical to overhanging rock. Don had climbed this out of my sight. I found one runner. Trying to climb too fast I grabbed a flake which reciprocated by breaking off. Tired and out of balance I came on the rope — in space. By swinging I grabbed the runner and rested (or tried to). After five minutes I moved up, still finding it very hard. Just above the overhang, in a shallow groove, was a peg (for protection only, said Don). I said something else; grabbed the peg, swung clear and pulled up. Of course even the last twenty feet up the groove were pretty holdless. By now, however, I was not worried, for there were Don and the top a few feet away.

We called the route 'Entity' for obvious reasons. If it's had a second 'clean' ascent I shall be surprised.

THE PILGRIMS

The Master of the Caravan

“Who are these beggars in their ragged clothes
And old felt hats and roughly mended hose,
Who wear odd pairs of worn out rubber shoes
No self-respecting tramp would dare to use,
With packs still holding grit from salt and sand,
Who shuffle down the road to Samarkand?”

The Pilgrims

“We are the pilgrims of a bygone age
Who traverse on the shore from stage to stage,
In lust of seeking what no man has seen
Between Bosigran Head and far Pendeen.
We are in haste to follow where our fate
And time and tide may lead, but will not wait.”

The Master of the Caravan

“And you, brave knights in armour who display
Such dazzling robes and claim the right of way,
Laden like Tartarin with all the gear
For storming citadels that climbers wear,
Pitons and karabiners, ropes and slings,
And everything except a pair of wings,
Labelled - - - THE HOLY LAND - - - Crusaders all,
With tools enough to get up any wall?”

The Knights

“We are professionals and this crusade
Is but the usual practice of our trade.”

A. W. ANDREWS

NOTE: I cannot remember exactly when A. W. Andrews sent me this hitherto unpublished poem but I like to think it was soon after I had told him that J. H. Deacon (with myself as second) had climbed the Green Cormorant Face above the Great Zawn, a route Andrews himself had traced with the eye of faith many years earlier (See the Cornwall Guide, page 92).

MIKE BANKS

WEDDING CAKE

JOHN COLE

WE FOUND THE WAY UP during a reconnaissance from Camp I. Before leaving England we had been told that although the south side of Allinccapac was unthinkable we should probably find the north side offering easy ridges to the summit. This was not quite true: the north face was similar to the south, vertical rotten rock topped by unstable overhanging ice. The only difference was that the rock wall overlooking base camp was 2,000 feet high whereas the north wall was 800 feet. But the end result was much the same. We had come all the way to South America just to look at an enormous wedding cake, appropriate perhaps, but not too satisfying. Fortunately there it was, a steep ice couloir leading up to the summit ridge, leaving only the last few hundred feet to the top in doubt, hidden behind the massive bulge of the summit icing. We turned and slowly, painfully, trudged back to Camp I, sinking into the snow, hot and unfit.

Base camp was at 15,000 feet, half a mile below the ice fall under the south face. Between it and Camp I were 2,000 feet of snow-covered scree, loose rock and snow slopes, easy, unpleasant and hateful but ideal ground to get us acclimatised. Beyond Camp I was a deep snow bowl which led into the glacier basin between Allinccapac (19,200 feet) and the cirque of sister peaks to the north, Huaynaccapac (18,750 feet), Tococcapac (18,600 feet), Juraccapac (18,500 feet) and Trident (18,200 feet), all beautiful and all unclimbed. Camp II was at the highest point of the basin at the far east end, under the north side of Allinccapac at about 18,000 feet. The party was Kim Meldrum, Mike Binnie, Bob Kendell, Nigel Rogers and myself with two Indian boys, Fortunato and Damaso, to look after us down in base camp. By July 25, less than three weeks after leaving London, we had established the two high camps and Binnie and Kendell were in II ready for the first summit attempt. On the 26th they left the tent at 7.45 and were on the top by 1, tramping over the ice plateau to make sure they had in fact been to

LEAVING CAMP II; THE HALO-CAPPED SUMMIT OF K₁₂ IN THE BACKGROUND.

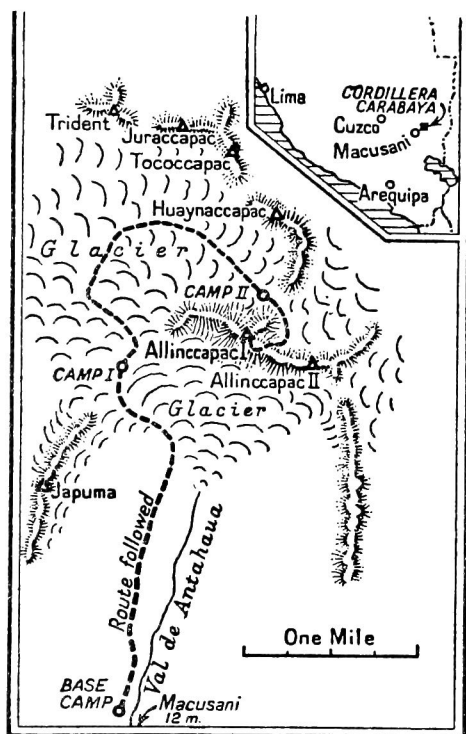
The route from Camp IV breaks out from the steep rock/snow ridge above the great ice cliff and goes up the steep ice fields.

K. J. Miller





the highest point. Meldrum and Cole carried more loads up from I, met the jubilant summit pair with a tin of fruit and returned to I, where Rogers brought another load from base together with curried meat for supper wrapped in a polythene bag. On the 27th Binnie and Kendell descended to base, while Meldrum, Rogers and Cole went up to II to spend the night in one two-man Meade before trying to repeat the climb.



We had been cramped in the night, three sleeping in a tent built for two, which would only hold two lilos. Head to tail, we fought all night, each kicking and pushing to maintain or gain his two-thirds of a lilo. I take this without apology from Ronnie Wathen's Pumasillo article. It seems to be the usual thing. We did not like each other in the morning; we had sworn at each other too much. But we left the tent at about 8.30, donned crampons and ropes and tramped slowly over crisp snow to the col at the east end of the glacier basin. The route descended for 400 feet to the bottom of the couloir leading

SOUTH FACE OF TOCOCCAPAC AND CAMP II

J. Cole

to the summit ridge, still underneath the steep north wall, making detours to avoid the most obvious places where ice lumps fell from the ice cap.

The gully was straightforward, steep but safe, the ice in an odd leaf formation which crushed underneath the crampons to form solid steps. The axes could not be driven in to form a belay, so we moved together for 800 feet until we reached a tongue of rock about 100 feet below the ridge. The next stretch was 120 feet over this rock, simple but loose and unpleasant. We put in a peg as a runner and another for a belay at the end of the rock where it met ice again. Then a glorious 100 feet on steep exposed ice led to a hole in the ridge just six feet under the crest. From the belay we saw through the ridge 50 miles to the Vilcanota. An airy step on to the roof of the cave, a shuffle along the narrow ridge and we traversed up and on to the face overlooking base camp, a tiny orange speck 4,000 feet below. Easy snow and then the summit, stretching for 400 yards in front and 100 yards to the right, flat and big enough to land quite a big aeroplane. It seemed a bit of an anticlimax tramping over the big flat top of our cake to make sure we had in fact been to the top. The summit photographs seem to show us standing on a large snowfield suspended in mid air, the surrounding peaks obscured by the edges of the ice cap. But it was one o'clock on the 28th, just over three weeks from England, with a good month left to try the remaining peaks before the weather closed down.

A week later, after a false start in bad weather, we were back in the glacier basin. Camp II was now three Meades pitched to form a long sausage, having been moved down to the centre of the basin to be more convenient for the remaining peaks. We left the tents on August 7 at 9.00, all going to Huaynacapac, directly above the camp. After a common approach up the lower snow slopes, Meldrum, Binnie and Kendell cut straight up the the south face, after a short artificial struggle with the bergschrund; Rogers and Cole traversed on to the west ridge and followed this to the summit. The ridge was narrow, airy and of delightful snow. Moving sometimes à cheval, sometimes traversing below the crest, we reached the top just after the other party after 1,000 feet of beautiful ridge climbing. This time the top was only big enough for two, so the other three started down the way they had come while we took the necessary round of compass bearings and Abney level readings for the map. It had clouded over and had started to snow slightly, but we could

see enough through the Abney level to see to our horror that the second summit of Huaynaccapac, a fairly insignificant bump on the ridge a quarter of a mile to the east, was in fact about 20 feet higher than our summit. This was sad as ours was by far the more worthy summit, but later, when all the main peaks had been climbed, Kendell and Cole climbed the higher point just for the record. Our round of readings completed, we turned and followed the others down the south face, down the steps they had made, facing inwards. Kendell reached the bergschrund and jumped over the lip on to the bridge they had crossed in the morning. It was the only one and he took it with him as he went another 20 feet down into the crevasse. For half an hour we traversed back and forth across the bottom of the face looking for another bridge while Kendell struggled out of his crevasse. Eventually, tiring of effort, we gingerly crept across a narrow tongue of snow keeping the ropes tight and hurried back through the light snow to camp.

The 8th was not such a success, though Binnie and Kendell climbed Juraccapac and the other three climbed a small outlying peak named Recce Peak (18,200 feet). We set out on the 9th for two different peaks. Binnie and Kendell went straight up the north face of Allinccapac II (18,950 feet). This gave 900 feet of ice similar to the ice gully on the main summit but steeper and led straight to the pointed top. Meldrum, Rogers and Cole climbed Tocccapac by the south face and west ridge, giving perhaps the best climbing of the expedition. The approach lay up the slopes used by the others the day before when climbing Juraccapac, deep powder snow which was an agony to climb. We were thankful the others had ploughed their way through before. Using their steps, we sank in only up to the thighs where they had been up to their necks on one occasion and floundering about wondering if they would go under. But, once on the ridge, the character changed. Easy snow slopes led to an enormous gash which had to be crossed. A steep descent for 100 feet and we stepped on to a large wave of snow filling the bottom of the gash. It looked unstable, like a thin cornice folded over on itself, but it seemed firm; we crossed it on to the far side and so steeply back on to the ridge. There was only a stretch of about 200 yards to the summit dome, but the ridge was heavily corniced; we thankfully descended onto the north side and traversed along below the crest until we reached the final dome. We belayed and one at a time edged along the ridge for a hundred feet. The top was a hollow

snow dome about 12 feet high. From the ridge, we slithered through a hole in the dome to the far side, stood up, thrust in an axe at head height, mantelshelved and stood on the top. As it was just a big hollow snowball, we did not have more than one at a time on top. Following the general weather pattern, it had now clouded over and started lightly to snow. Through the breaks in the cloud we could see two small specks near the summit of Allinccapac II over on the far side of the cirque. We waited until we saw them on their summit then happily turned and started climbing down. There across the cirque was our wedding cake, flanked by its graceful subsidiary peaks. We were content with our slice.

JUST AN OLD-FASHIONED CLIMB

B. E. H. MADEN

DARK AND STRONG AGAINST the crimson background of the evening sky, the twin stone guardians of the pass seemed changeless since the dawn of time. Aloof, indifferent, the powerful features of Mot and Cromlech were chiselled to endure. But under the Pont-y-Gromlech a spate of water had flowed. Swinging down the valley in the warm July gloaming, keen in anticipation of my first full week in Wales for nearly four years, I sensed the wind of change had blown. Spectre was a backwater, Cenotaph the thing. Ten thousand empty tins insulted the Cromlech boulders. Faces were different. Some old heroes had gone, not to return; the new men were here.

But though the hardest routes of the modern generation were within the powers of many they were only names to us, so that it was on the classics of the guidebook that Alan Jackson and I discovered our sport and adventure.

It had been dry for weeks. A successful first day on Cloggy, with a climb on each buttress, augured well for our partnership; Alan, Harrison's-trained, quickly adjusted to the new scale. But we climbed urgently to make the most of it. A thin veil covered the sky; by night it would clearly rain. The next three days we were lucky to climb at all. Between downpours we snatched odd routes in the valley, and spent an afternoon in Cwm Silyn with Peter Hutchinson's Oxford party. Drizzle and storm rack swept the cliff as we laboured up the cwm, but once on the rock the scud was torn apart to give us a glorious afternoon of wet rock, wind, blue sky, clouds, and distant views. We gathered bilberries, and guzzled our fill of pie at Ynys.

Over the remnants of our vanquished feast, a time when confidence grows disproportionately, I mentioned Pigott's in the wet. Peter could hardly have been more discouraging — "skating about on rotten grassy ledges . . . the longest gritstone route in Wales . . .", but the foolish notion stuck.

Another day of rain, then dry rock on the Mot and strong sun on the Lion pointed the way for the morrow.

And the morrow we entered the mist, spitting warning droplets of rain, below the Half Way House. Only a deepening of the gloom indicated the Pinnacle East Wall, and the crossing of the mossy spring our arrival at the foot of the climb. In the obscurity and the terrible silence even Alan's mighty will ebbed low; it was he who had kept the potential leader from scuttling down into the valley earlier on the approach march. "Stricken with horror at the sight of such awful precipices" I nibbled chocolate and set off to investigate.

Pigott's takes the obvious weakness of the East Buttress, a staircase of grassy ledges connected by insignificant-looking walls. Even under the present circumstances the first pitch was barely noticeable until I started up it. But a few feet off the ground I was baffled by a ridiculous little move on to a sloping earthy shelf. Then up to a big grass ledge backed by a fifteen-foot grooved wall below the first stance. It looked easy. Ten minutes later I was bringing Alan up to a belay, still below the easy wall, you understand. The holds were plain to see, soggy jams, chilling incuts. Socks seemed best at first, then plain P.A's. Each attempt terminated in descent for a rest. It was too steep to loiter, tiring on the fingers. Finally, perhaps cheered by the guidebook's mention of "unsuspected difficulty", the little wall was mastered.

Fortunately it looked easier above. A nice big ledge, massive belay, more ledges (with surprisingly awkward rock in between, considering it was only walking) led rightwards to the Ten Foot Corner, a landmark of the climb. Its reputation puzzled me. It looked a trivial obstacle — what, take a shoulder there! Simple, but none-the-less a problem. It consists of a little right-handed corner, whose right wall overhangs. The crack in the corner provided some wet jams, but one soon ran out of footholds. After bobbing up and down a few times I began to wonder what Alan thought of this. At least one is well protected by a runner. The secret to the corner is in the left wall. There are some tiny ribs against which the left foot may be placed while gaining height on handjams in the crack. These would probably make a staircase on a fine day, but to-day they approached vanishing. Left hand at last jammed in the crack above the bulge, it seemed to be all over. But there was nothing for the right hand or foot. A sprawl, a pivot on the jammed left hand from a pulling up to a pushing down position, a peculiar and unnerving sensation,

brought me scrabbling for grass on to the sloping top of the right wall of the corner.

Alan followed, his enthusiasm perceptibly rising as he got to work with the difficulties.

From the shelter of the Conservatory we surveyed the next pitch, a steep groove rising up the left hand side of a massive pillar, the Pinnacle. Even from so near it looked deceptively like a chimney, but the first 50 feet consist of a series of little walls separating ledges whose slope was unpleasant in the wet. A final few feet of genuine chimney lead to an assembly point huge even by Pigott's standards. We had been two hours, our blood was up. The mist had risen to our level. Llyn du'r Arddu gleamed, a pallid eye, below. Forbidding grey walls on either side were dry except for occasional streaks of black. Only the natural gutter of our climb gleamed with oozing moisture.

Above us leered a sinister crack, which, unlike the lower pitches, actually looked repellent. A vertical corner, its left wall was partly dry, but its recesses dank and greasy. Rebuffed on a tentative venture I knew the crack would be hard.

The place should have seeped tradition — Pigott, Morley Wood, a ladder of inserted chockstones. But alone on the walls of the silent cwm we lived only in the present. There were only two chocks, an aging sling round the first. In the wet I could not spare a hand for threading. I jammed up to a niche where difficulties are supposed to decrease. Handjams were awkward to fit above this niche so that, after a while, unable to pull into its none-too-inviting repose, I was forced to descend, relying on the sling which, though it served as a runner, I would rather not have trusted.

I had lingered far too long, distrusting jams a hard man would have relished. Down on the ledge my hands ached and ached, so that I could hardly speak. Eventually I asked Alan for the chocolate. Chocolate? It was down below.

At this stage the wise leader would have retreated. Instead we 'reviewed the situation'. The Wall Finish, harder than the crack, and also a less natural line, was obviously out of the question. Meanwhile hands recovered. Curiosity increased. "I know what it must feel like" grinned Alan, as, protected by the rope through the 'runner', I entered the fray again. The interchange between socks over P.A's and P.A's alone had been a peculiarly frequent gambit on this climb. On this occasion in P.A's alone I worked quickly up to

the niche, which still felt horribly awkward. Venturing all on greasy handjams, pressed home till the knuckles threatened to crunch, I kneed and stood in the recess, a move which would have been nasty to reverse.

"Well done" said Alan, but the trouble had only started. The guidebook promised respite, but there are no more runners, and, as each move led farther above the first chock, I wished more and more that I had managed to put a sling round the second one. My forearms felt strong enough for the moment, but rests had to be cunningly contrived to maintain a reserve where a fall would have meant hitting the ledge.

A few feet below the stance a flanking move leads right over a bulge. The rock outside the crack was fairly dry, but the holds seemed small and awkward. Though it was probably not hard it was only after much deliberation that I made the move, feeling exposed, vulnerable. Here the difficulties ended. Shattered, I planted a piton runner to protect the easy swing right and up on to the ledge.

Up here it was real Cloggy, a small ledge in a world of vertical cracks and walls. Seeing no satisfactory belay I had no compunction in banging home another peg. We were impressed by Pigott's.

Alan slipped in the crack and requested a tight rope to follow, adding that extra morsel to our quota of suspense.

The final pitch offers three choices. A vicious six-inch-wide thirty-foot jamming crack stood in the corner to mock our bleeding hands. Even the thin crack in the right wall would not yield to our present diminished condition. A little anxious, I crept round the right hand corner of the ledge, over the tremendous exposure of the East. From a little cave twin grooves rose to the top. The guidebook recommended the left hand one, but I could not make a start. A bulge on my right shoulder pushed me off balance. The issue was gravely in doubt. Finally, baffled, I tried the other groove. An awkward semi-layback led to easier ground, and, at long last, the strange lush vegetation of the Green Gallery. Tension lifted physically. We were safely off.

In our plans the direct finish to the East Buttress had promised a logical conclusion, but by now our cup of joy was full. I caught a brief glimpse of the Pinnacle Flake, remote, aloof, apparently impregnable. My memory flashed back to a glorious day the previous autumn when, on my first visit to Cloggy, I had been led up this

magnificent wall. I had had to climb the rope on the crux, but the splendid isolation, the cool grass ledge at the base of the flake, the exposure, Llyn du'r Arddu glittering far below, all these had engraved an impression that time would never destroy.

Now, remaining roped, we moved over the dangerous ground of the Green Gallery and on to the Eastern Terrace.

As we munched sandwiches down by the little lake we saw the huge expanse of du'r Arddu dry but for our singular choice. It was good to relax over lemon at the Half Way House. The margin had been too fine. Perhaps it was us, or perhaps it was the day, but Pigott's certainly seemed much the hardest of the East Buttress guidebook routes. The next day, roasting like lizards in the baking sun, Mur-y-Niwl was a marvellous route—position, exposure, blue horizon of the Vale of Clwyd, a perfect end to the week; but pleasant to find it so easy!

BY HELICOPTER TO PAGET

V. N. STEVENSON

LIKE MOST CLIMBERS I had vaguely heard of Paget, but knew little about it except that it was the highest mountain in South Georgia and that it was unclimbed. When I learned of my appointment as Captain of Marines in H.M.S. Protector, the Antarctic guardship, I made a few more enquiries. Information was hard to come by, but I gathered it had quite a reputation for its difficult approach and bad weather. Two parties had made serious attempts to climb it and there had been numerous reconnaissances.

The mountain has two distinct summits, the East, or true one, being 9,625 feet and the West 9,565 feet high. They are, however, about half a mile apart and connected by an exposed ridge. The only other information I could gather was that all the attempts had been made from the northern side, from the area of the whaling station at Grytviken, where Shackleton is buried. The difficult approach across heavily crevassed glaciers had prevented anyone even getting to within ten miles of the start of a reasonable route to the top. So my plan was, if possible, to land from the ship by helicopter onto the coast to the south of the mountain and so attempt it from a completely untried approach.

The team would have to be chosen from the Royal Marines detachment and I was lucky enough to have a fellow Cliff Assault Wing Instructor with me, Corporal Reverley Todd. The detachment had all done three days' climbing in Cornwall, but, apart from this, had no experience in climbing at all. So the two of us had to try to teach the others some snow technique, which was no small task considering South Georgia to be our first call to a snow-covered region!

We sailed from Plymouth at the beginning of October 1960. Our first call was at Gibraltar, where we all had an afternoon's climbing on the rock. But what was very important was that Duncan Carse happened to be there in H.M.S. Owen, on his way to South Georgia where he was going to live for a couple of years by himself at the foot of Paget, quite close to where I intended to land. The word

must have reached him of my intentions, because when I called round to see him on H.M.S. Owen I received a very rude welcome and words to the effect that it was his mountain and not for us. However, after we had finished a decanter of port and seen off a bottle of Remy Martin between us, he had mellowed, and we proceeded to break open a box of South Georgia photographs, for which he had lost the key. We were getting on famously together by now and I must thank Duncan Carse for giving me a lot of useful information about a landing place and suggested route, though, as it turned out, this was impracticable.

Our next chance to climb was on the foothills of the Andes in Northern Chile. Unfortunately there was no snow within 150 miles, but we showed the boys how to cut steps and belay on some very handy steep earth cliffs. It was in fact very realistic and proved to be a sound basis for a good crampon technique! In the Falkland Islands we did a trial landing by helicopter and spent three days getting used to our tents and rations and generally getting fit after our idle two months in the ship.

We sailed for South Georgia at the beginning of December. I planned on taking 16 people ashore and establishing three or possibly two camps, depending on the difficulty of the terrain. The south coast of Georgia is virtually uncharted and is a lee coast for icebergs drifting from the Weddel Sea. Only small sealers visit the beaches here and our captain, David Forbes, D.S.C., R.N., took quite a risk taking the ship into a suitable area for flying us ashore. Unfortunately we could only be allowed five days — from p.m. Saturday December 10th to Thursday morning — to attempt the climb, due to the operational requirements of the ship. As the glaciers drop into the sea, the moment we left the beach our climbing would begin; so our problem was to cover 14 miles and to climb 9,625 feet of snow and ice and return in four full days. Only two of us had ever climbed on snow, although I had asked Lt. Cdr. Malcolm Burley, R.N., to come along for his ski-ing and glacier experience: I needed someone with me who could ski well, so that we could act as a reconnaissance party and prepare the way for the remainder with their heavier loads.

We started to fly in at 1.30 p.m. on the Saturday and it soon became apparent that we couldn't have our base camp at the foot of the Henningsen Glacier as I had planned. Not only would the exit from the beach have been very difficult but also thousands of

seals were basking on the beach and we would have soon become the object of much curiosity! So we were forced to fly west along the beach for about a mile until we saw an excellent site for base, on a small level plateau about 150 feet above the beach. We landed there and the air lift started in earnest. It took eight lifts to get all 16 of us and equipment ashore; despite a heavy snow storm, base camp was fully established by 4.30 p.m.

The remainder of Saturday was spent finding a route through the first icefall and establishing a stores dump above this on the Henningsen Glacier. While all this hard work was going on under the supervision of Rev Todd, Malcolm Burley and I pressed on up the glacier on ski and after two and a half hours reached a point from where we could see the head of the glacier. Unfortunately Paget itself was in thick cloud, but we could see that the cwm at the head of the Henningsen consisted of huge icefalls and that we would have to climb one of these to arrive on the upper glacier leading to the foot of Paget. Our rock-climbing training had obviously paid dividends, as even with heavy loads no one had been worried by the short but steep ice pitches on the first icefall, and all the stores for Camp 2 were now above it.

Sunday was a desperately hard day for those on foot, as they repeatedly sank up to their thighs in the deep snow; it was a splendid effort to get all the stores for Camp 2 to the head of the Henningsen by 7 o'clock in the evening. Malcolm and I had attempted to find a way through the icefall by Carse's suggested 'left hook' approach, but we were turned back by a huge lateral crevasse when only 200 feet below the col. Regretfully we descended our hard-earned 1,000 feet to the head of the Henningsen, where we decided to set up Camp 2. We agreed to try a direct approach the next day in an attempt to get onto the upper glacier. It was nearly midnight before we wearily crawled into our sacks and slept the sleep of the dead.

The weather the next morning was very ominous and black clouds were sweeping in from the sea, reminding us of the warnings of Paget's local storms. However, our time was running out; eight of us set out to try and find a direct route through the upper icefall and to establish Camp 3, from which we hoped to launch the assault on the so far unrevealed summit. Very soon we ran into difficulties, and the next two hours were spent in either climbing in and out of crevasses or pulling each other out of ones we didn't

mean to go in. At 11 o'clock the storm broke; we retreated as rapidly as we could for Camp 2, where we repitched our tents and crawled in out of the blizzard and miserably regarded the weather. But the storm proved to be the turning point, as about 6 o'clock in the evening the blizzard died and the wind dropped. Gradually we saw the clouds lifting until the whole mountain was revealed to us in the rays of the setting sun. How aloof and distant it appeared, yet how beautifully it gleamed, as if made of glass. Eagerly we studied the ridges for the first time, and, as the night closed in, we felt that if we could get through the second icefall and if only the weather would hold we should have a good chance of reaching the summit.

Tuesday morning was crystal clear and hardly a breath of wind disturbed the camp. We still had 7,000 feet to climb as well as a distance of some five miles, but we felt our chance had arrived. We decided to travel light and left our tents behind to enable us to go fast for the top. The four fittest of us, Malcolm Burley, Rev Todd, Mne. Dave Beck and myself, set off in two ropes just after 7.30. We quickly reached our highest point of the previous day and settled down to finding a route through the icefall. Repeatedly we cut our way up icewalls and crawled across precarious snow bridges, trying not to look through the holes we made as an arm or a knee went through. It took three hours to climb the last 200 feet out of the maze, but eventually we reached the upper glacier and waded on over numerous crevasses, until we reached the foot of the South-West Spur at 2.30 p.m. The sun glared down and around us vast avalanches were crashing down. Indeed, to get onto the S.W. Spur we would have to cross the main avalanche track, and we anxiously noted the frequency of the falls.

I now had to decide whether to press on for the top that day, maybe failing to get there before darkness, or to wait until the morning and have all day for the attempt. But time was running out and maybe the weather would break again, so we thankfully left our rucksacks and raced across the avalanche track to the edge of the arête. This was steep but straightforward and we had a magnificent view of vast blocks of ice falling 100 feet to our right. We climbed a further 2,000 feet and then traversed upwards and right towards the Far West Peak. This traverse was the only technically difficult part of the climb, as it was steep and very exposed, crossing over the South-West face. The sun had made it very dangerous; below the wind crust the snow was too soft for comfort and below us we

could see where huge slabs had broken away down the face. We reached the Far West summit and wearily made our way across the shoulder and up towards what we thought was the true summit. We were now very glad of our crampons as the surface was ice-hard and the temperature dropping fast. Here we felt for the first time the keen wind which drove the perpetual mare's-tail from the summit. We still had a further 1,500 feet to climb and pressed on as fast as we could, but we were all beginning to feel the effects of the long day. Gradually the summit grew closer, but every step became more of an effort, until, when we only had 200 feet to go, Dave Beck said he would wait for us to return. He was pretty well all in and we left him in a snow recess. As we rounded the final shoulder we saw to our amazement that the peak we were heading for was not the top but merely the West Peak, and there about half a mile along a broad ridge stood the true summit. There were no further difficulties, just the distance and the time. If only the sun hadn't been setting and the wind cold we could have rested and gone on, but I couldn't risk a night on the ridge with no bivouacking equipment whatsoever. Perhaps we should have done a Hermann Buhl, but we couldn't rely on the weather holding and we were all feeling pretty tired. We took the usual summit photographs and thankfully turned to descend. The wind was very strong and the cold intense as we rejoined Dave Beck and staggered on down across the wind-crusted surface towards the shoulder. The beginning of the traverse was reached as the sun finally sank into the sea and the remaining 3,000 feet were descended in darkness. We reached our rucksacks just before 11 o'clock and quickly dug a platform in the snow and crawled into our sleeping bags. Rev Todd produced a splendid meal of soup and tinned pork chops, which we ate beneath the gleaming stars, while far below we could see lights flashing at Camp 2. We had failed to reach the true summit because of a misjudgement due to the mountain being concealed in cloud until it was too late. Although we were bitterly disappointed at the time, we were now grateful for our luck allowing us to get as far as we did in the short time available.

The next morning was as hot as ever, but we now had just one day left to get all our stores down to the beach for the helicopters to evacuate us. We left our comfortable pit and descended the glacier to the head of the upper icefall. The sun had caused many of the snow bridges to collapse and we had an exciting time abseiling over many ice overhangs before we reached the Henningsen Glacier and

Camp 2. Half the camp had been evacuated when they saw us descending; after a meal we packed the rest of the equipment and began the long grind back to base. One of the marines who was snowblind went through a crevasse and dropped 50 feet into deep melt water. Luckily we were all roped and he was pulled out unhurt, if a little cool. The only effect the fall had on him was that the shock of the cold water completely cured his snowblindness! That is the end of the tale except to say that the hot sun had caused many new crevasses to open and our progress was so slow that the night had to be spent on the Henningsen Glacier. However, everyone reached the beach in time for the helicopters to pick us up at 9 o'clock in the morning.

Although we failed to reach the true summit we knew we had only failed because of the lack of time, and we have shown that Paget can be climbed without too much difficulty. We were extraordinarily lucky with the weather — only one bad day out of five — but we took full advantage by going as hard as we could. The outstanding thing to my mind is that a route was found by a hitherto untrodden approach by a group of Royal Marines, nearly all of whom had never set foot on a mountain, never mind a glacier, before. My thanks go to them for allowing themselves to be talked into what turned out to be a hard four days. I only hope, on looking back, that they enjoyed it all as much as I did and that I may meet some of them in the hills again. I'm sure I will.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

(Some variations on an old theme)

TOM PATEY

I HAD MADE foolproof arrangements to meet Hamish MacInnes in Skye; so had Chris Bonington. Now the source of Hamish's livelihood is shrouded in mystery and his movements are often unpredictable. So we were not surprised to hear that he had been suddenly recalled by the B.B.C. for what he termed "a most important assignment". Hamish was bound for the Faroe Islands; we gathered that he hoped to bring back to an expectant world a film record of the islanders and their customs. He urged us to team up in his absence on the grounds that we were not unreasonable types and should find each other's company congenial. The two letters could almost have been carbon copies.

To anyone familiar with the Llanberis Pass and its galaxy of X Certificate climbs, C. J. S. Bonington needs no introduction. Abroad his exploits are equally well known. An impetuous debut on the Eigerwand with Hamish had been, so to speak, the first rung of a ladder that led to the summit of Annapurna II and membership of the Alpine Club!

Knowing that he had just returned from his latest Himalayan campaign and was by all accounts outrageously fit, I awaited the rendezvous with more than a little trepidation. His letter was rather puzzling. It read as follows: "Do you like curry? I find it the only way of disguising compo. If so, and with your permission, I shall purchase several pounds of best Patna rice and assorted spices. I feel this is an important point, so thought I should consult you first. Dick hated it on A.2. Yours etc. Chris". I folded it thoughtfully in my wallet. Here surely was one in whom the garb of the Sybarite served only to conceal the rugged temperament of the seasoned veteran.

We met at Euston Station. He was easily recognisable — a tall incongruous figure in Alpine breeches and anorak, telescoped under the weight of two enormous rucksacks. His Service Unit, he confessed,

had only allowed him a second class travel warrant, but there are no social barriers among mountaineers, and we bivouacked in the luxury of a first class compartment, keeping intruders at bay with the strains of my accordion. The ticket inspector was our only visitor; he came to remonstrate, only to retire in confusion. Bonington's winning riposte, "But I can't stretch myself properly in a second class compartment", was delivered with the composure of one who brooks no interference from petty officialdom.

Our schedule took in Torridon, the Applecross hills and Skye in that order, and I had visions of chalking up a new route for every day of the holiday. Such a programme made no allowance for rain, midges and unfriendly motorists, because we were desperate men, spurred on by a dream of the great 'faces nords' — a dream shattered on the eve of fulfilment by our mutual insolvency. As if still under the spell, Bonington had brought with him two dozen pitons of all shapes and sizes, an assortment of wooden wedges, a necklace of karabiners, a set of etriers, and a special device for threading slings behind chockstones (said to be indispensable in North Wales). Had this mighty arsenal been brought to bear on some misty Highland crag, the effect would have been truly devastating. Our friends of the "white haired potentate", as Hamish calls them, would have disowned us for ever. Fortunately, whereas my feeble protests carried little weight, Bonington's rucksack carried a lot more, and he was forced — albeit grudgingly — to compromise.

Our first base was the Ling Hut in Glen Torridon. Although only recently leased to the S.M.C. by Coulin Estates, the hut has an atmosphere that is difficult to define — wistful perhaps of the early pioneers who trod these hills, and to whom once upon a time the secrets of the great corries were revealed. On the wall is Tom Weir's fine photograph of Ling and Glover, taken only a few months before the end of their long partnership.

From the hut it is but a short step to the Coire Mhic Fhearchair of Beinn Eighe, still bristling with unclimbed rock, despite the successive waves of embryo Sassenach exploration which have engulfed the nearby Carn Mor Crag and An Teallach. On my last encounter with the majestic Triple Buttresses I had come fore-armed by Tom Weir with all the information relating to recent exploration.

Weir and Len Lovat were the first post-war climbers to meet with much success in the way of new routes. They were also the first to

investigate the eastern facets of the three great buttresses, where they found little trace of the conventional terrace pattern so prevalent elsewhere in Torridon. Moreover the rock was not sandstone but a rough quartzite, set at an exceedingly fierce angle yet so jointed as to present a bewildering array of cracks and dièdres: none of them looked easy, yet many offered that faint chance of success that is so often the hall-mark of a classic route.

They prospected first of all on the Central Buttress face, and set up a couple of fine routes between the traditional buttress line and the edge of the East Central Gully. But the two surviving strongholds — the eastern walls of the East and West Buttresses — were much more securely fortified. The latter, a precocious baby Eigerwand, looked heavy with menace, and in fact overhung slightly throughout its last 600 feet. On the East Buttress, the upper 600-foot tier of vertical cliff continued leftwards for several hundred yards before petering out on the brink of Far East Gully. Here was a miniature Cloggy, in comparison with which the Rannoch Wall paled into insignificance.

The two Glasgow climbers, however, were intent on discovering a route that took in the complete left wall of the East Buttress, so they started from the floor of the lower corrie. After eight hours of Very Severe climbing, they were forced to retreat perhaps only 150 feet below the skyline. In 1959 my luck was better and by concentrating on the upper tier I was rewarded with an excellent climb of little more than Severe standard, on the three culminating pitches the correct solution proving in each case to be the least obvious one. This route, Gnome Wall, was probably to the left of the Lovat-Weir 'tentative' but it would be an interesting experiment to link the two routes together.

So much for history. Our number one objective was the unclimbed East Wall of the West Buttress. Such a mundane name seemed inappropriate to a face of this stature, so we christened it the Wall of the Winds. A brief skirmish served, however, to convince us that better weather was necessary for success. During the climb it started to rain. Initially we were protected by the beetling overhangs several hundred feet above but then the big drips started and all the holds became moist and oily. From the meadow half-way up the cliff we wriggled up a deep contorted chimney, left it by a thin traverse and continued up a steep shattered crack — one hundred and fifty feet of very exposed climbing.

This left us on our last link with 'terra firma' — a large but precarious ledge, overhung above and undercut below, part of a thin horizontal fault line slicing right across the middle of the upper quartzite crust. We wondered idly if it extended all the way along the face — if so, what a magnificent natural line it would be for a Girdle Traverse! Of more immediate importance, it offered us a safe escape onto the edge of West Buttress, from which we could climb to the top of the cliff without undue difficulty.

By now the rain was finding its way through my weatherproof anorak, although Bonington with less flamboyant equipment was still dry. I reminded him that it was only twenty-four hours since we had boarded the Highlandman at Euston. A bivouac in etrier and 'cats cradle' — exclusive privilege of the Face Nord clientele — would probably have suited him admirably, but I was motivated by baser ideals. We checked out accordingly, crossing two pitches of Severe standard, and abandoning a shiny new piton as a peace-offering to the Big Grey Man of the Mountains.

Two days passed before we returned. On the first of these we visited a remote peak to the south of Glen Torridon—An Ruadh Stac — which failed, though only by a few feet, to measure up to Munro qualifying standards. For this if no other reason it had come to be regarded by most climbers as a mere nonentity, even the Editor of the Northern Highlands Guide having little to say in its favour:—"the precipitous North East Face of the mountain looks very forbidding and the rock is untrustworthy — however there are doubtless climbs to be made". This statement was however quite enough to stimulate our imagination and the long toil through the peat bogs served only to whet the appetite for the feast of new routes that was to follow. What Messrs. Ling and Glover had achieved in Coire Mhic Fhearchair, fifty years ago, we might now emulate on the North East Face of An Ruadh Stac!

Alas, perfection is seldom attainable; it usually exists only in the imagination. Two disjointed three-hundred-foot tiers of cliff comprised all the live rock in the vicinity. In the circumstances we got away with a rather pleasant climb of Very Difficult standard by combining a route on each tier. The quality of the rock of the lower tier was impeccable (Bonington said "gneiss" or perhaps "nice") proving once again that sweeping assertions by 'remote control' guide book editors should be taken with more than a pinch of salt.

We made record time on the return leg to Annat after Bonington had scented female prey ahead and accelerated accordingly. Once more for him came bitter disillusionment: the elusive trio though nimble-footed belonged to a category best described as matronly!

A day later we set out again for Coire Mhic Fhearchair. By the lochside we met a large group of earnest-looking men. Climbers perhaps? Certainly not, we were assured. Their labours were only in the cause of science and their motives, unlike ours, were purely altruistic. We had indeed surprised them in the act of completing a Bathygraphic Survey of Lochan Coire Mhic Fhearchair. Hence the two men in the rubber dinghy, whose soundings were communicated at minute intervals to the group of eager computers on the shore, each momentous announcement preceded by the shrill blast of a whistle. Their staccato commentary was to accompany us throughout our climb and cause several false alarms. It only goes to show that nowadays it is impossible, even in a remote Highland corrie, to escape the march of progress. Mountaineer-Scientists, tiny embryonic Slessers, lurk behind every chockstone.

We had made a cache on top of the cliffs after our previous day's climb. In order to retrieve it we climbed the Central Buttress. This was a fine airy climb though open to much variation. Before we finished it had started to drizzle and the Wall of the Winds had retired discretely behind a watery shroud. As an alternative, I suggested the Girdle Traverse that we had spotted on Monday. My companion was unenthusiastic. "A mere scramble", he protested, "nothing more than a formality"; but he came along notwithstanding.

Half an hour later we had not only roped up but were searching conscientiously for belays. The fault line was unmistakable: it cut right across the Eastern Ramparts from the foot of Far East Gully to the vertical skyline of the East Buttress. By no stretch of the imagination could it be termed an easy scramble. Pitch succeeded pitch, each exposed corner yielding only by virtue of the fault line. Elsewhere there was nothing but smooth unrelenting verticality. We passed my tiny cairn marking the half-way point on Gnome Wall. This climb was the only line of weakness that I could determine on the upper palisade, but not so Bonington, who viewed the crag with an eye of faith that had long since become myopic from prolonged study of overworked Welsh outcrops. He claimed to have spotted at least a dozen routes of fine calibre.

The one pitch I remember vividly was that which led onto the front of the East Buttress. Here, "a profound abyss drew forth startled comments and there was talk of retreat". Instead, as did the ancients, we "smoked a pipe over it and eventually crossed the hiatus without incident".

Six hundred feet of continuously difficult climbing was already more than we had bargained for, and so we saw no reason to grumble when the ledge became more broken and accommodating. Except for one difficult gap we were able to move together across the East and Central Buttress, although even here there was only a small margin of freedom and we had to take great care. Ultimately we reached the bed of West Central Gully where only 150 feet separated us from the point we had reached earlier in the week. This promised to be the most impressive segment of the Girdle — a thin scar drawn boldly across the breadth of a great unclimbed wall. Yet it yielded only three more pitches of Severe standard making eight in all, perhaps more; we had long since lost count. So ended a memorable day's climbing, which we rounded off in style by tacking on a new variation at the top of the West Buttress.

Our Torridon programme was now completed. We were tempted to stay on, for there is more unclimbed rock in Coire Mhic Fhear-chair than anywhere in the Coolins (or, for that matter, North West Scotland), but we had a pressing engagement with the Cioch of Sgurr a' Chaorachain, over Applecross way, and it was one we could not afford to miss.

For future reference, it might be noted that the Shieldaig bus meets the mail train at Strathcarron Station. We did not know this and got off at Stromeferry — the notorious bottle-neck of West Coast traffic. Here, according to the tourist brochure, "time stands still"; so do long queues of irate motorists lining the roads on either side of the ferry. In the height of the tourist season there is more hot air vented at this remote spot than at many a Rangers-Celtic football match. The ferrymen belong to a different category. They stand aloof from the mob, performing their tasks with the unruffled calm and natural dignity of the Celt. Nothing short of an H-Bomb could shake their composure. The tale is told of a hiker who saw his rucksack and all his kit engulfed by the clear waters of a Highland loch. The skipper turned to the ferryman responsible for the accident, and chided him gently for his mistake. "Ach, James", he said, "You

will really have to be more careful in future". Hence the moral: "it is no use crying over someone else's spilt milk".

We had anticipated an early lift, but the only fellow traveller who showed any interest in our plight was a mongrel collie who accepted my last scrap of bread and then nipped me in the leg. In the end we had to trudge the full 12 miles and it was 6 p.m. before we reached the lower rocks of the Cioch. Almost simultaneously the clouds opened and every crack became a waterspout.

We scrambled breathlessly up to the Halfway Ledge and along it as far as the Nose, where the big overhangs form a natural canopy. Bonington selected the driest and hence most overhanging crack in the vicinity. "Just keep an eye on the rope, I won't be a minute", he remarked laconically, lacing up his favourite P.A's. True to his word he returned almost immediately, landing on the ledge in a heap. "Mild XS", he muttered. "You have a go". "I am going to try beyond the corner on your left", I replied, "at least that's the natural line". "But that's a scruffy climb!" he protested, "personally I'd rather admit I was defeated than resort to cheating".

This fairly roused my wrath. I have a proprietary interest in the Cioch dating back to our ascent of the North Wall in 1952 and our discovery of the five great buttresses in the Corrie beyond, yet it was the first time that I had heard the rock described as "scruffy". I counted it as an unpardonable insult.

Paradoxically it was the Lion of Llanberis who led the first and only dirty pitch on the climb. Here were scanty clumps of grass and heather from which he recoiled with an expression akin to revulsion, as if picking his way through a freshly manured field. "A fine orthodox line", I murmured as I passed him, "and even better things lie in store for us". A rope's-length in the general direction of the Nose led to an open chimney of 60 feet, well furnished with holds. Then we were forced farther rightwards to emerge upon a lofty balcony right out on the angle of the Nose.

Bonington's lead once more and it looked like a desperate piece of work. I squeezed into a dry corner and lit a cigarette, resigning myself to a long wait. I was too pessimistic: one hundred feet of rope snaked out in as many seconds and a triumphant yell resounded round the corrie. "Come on, man — it's incredible!"

It was indeed. Great rough excrescences sprouted everywhere on the Nose like an exuberant eruption of *Acne Vulgaris*. What had appeared from any angle to be an XS pitch up an incredibly exposed

slab turned out to be a glorious Difficult! The rain poured down unheeded. I yodelled with gay abandon: Bonington cheered (his musical repertoire is strictly conservative).

Above us 350 feet of wonderful rock soared in brilliant crescendo to the topmost crown of the Cioch. The Cioch Nose — an eight years' dream — had yielded almost without a fight. Yet what a magnificent climb — the Diff. to end all Diffs! Bonington affirmed it could fit comfortably into one of his favourite Welsh crags, yet lose nothing to its new environment.

Nothing could lower our morale now, not even a night in a Youth Hostel, for which we paid more than average B. and B. There was no time to prepare a meal before Lights Out (11 p.m.), so we chatted amicably with the insufferable young Warden before turning in on mattresses which had been stripped of blankets and pillows for hygienic reasons as we could not produce the regulation pattern sleeping sacks (Mark 1). Next morning we completed our tasks to the Warden's satisfaction and left in a hurry, clutching our newly-won membership cards. A faint shout from the Hostel brought us to a grinding halt. The Warden appeared at the door. "Happy Hostelling", he shouted, "and remember, chaps — thumbs up". We fled.

So at last we arrived in Glen Brittle. Bonington was still awaiting the return of his wallet which had lain by the roadside in Torridon for some days until a small boy found it and handed it to the Post Master. I reproached Chris for his carelessness and reminded him of the debt he owed to native Scottish integrity. "Where's your jacket?", he interrupted. I remembered. It was on the bus that we had just left — so was my wallet

We called at Coolin Cottage and told Mrs. Campbell that we had both lost our wallets — by an extraordinary coincidence — and hence might not be able to pay for our accommodation until later. "I don't know if it reassures you", I added gravely, "but I should perhaps mention that I am a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club". "Maybe so", said she, "but you have an honest face and that is a lot more important".

The week we spent at Coolin Cottage was excellent in all respects. There is a tradition here of good homely food and comfort that dates back to the early days of Cuillin exploration and climbers of all creeds and denominations are welcomed with the same excellent hospitality.

When the sun shines on Skye it catches everyone by surprise, so it was almost noon next day before Bonington and I got under way, still dazed by our luck with the weather. We had six hours for the round trip to the Coireachan Ruadha face of Mhic Coinnich, so we had to sprint. A new route on Sgurr Thearlaich, of little merit, but conveniently near at hand, took us up to the ridge, and from there we scrambled at breakneck speed down the Coruisk side and round to the foot of the most talked-about crag in Skye.

Bill Brooker and Mike Dixon, the original explorers, had set up between them three outstanding routes — Fluted Buttress, Crack of Dawn and Dawn Grooves — the latter a more recent offshoot from Crack of Dawn. Brooker had avoided the steepest part of the Grooves and reckoned that if his route could be straightened it would give superlative climbing, “perhaps the best in Skye”. This had been our original intention, but Bonington, who had already led Crack of Dawn and inspected Dawn Grooves, decided to go one better. He suggested attempting a completely new line to the left of Dawn Grooves. This was the steepest part of the Coireachan Ruadha face, an 800-foot sweep of vertical grey gabbro, its smooth uniformity only interrupted by the occasional cluster of black overhangs. It impressed me considerably, but I said nothing and tried to look bold.

By rights there should have been only one feasible line — an almost vertical waterworn chute. I climbed a token 80 feet and threw down all the loose rock I could find, hoping to demonstrate the futility of proceeding. However, while I roped down, Bonington disappeared round a corner on the right and I found him firmly established below a rather attractive dièdre, looking as pleased as the goose who laid the golden eggs. “This is the route for us”, he announced proudly, “and here is an old tin can to prove it”. As we were supposed to be climbing a new route, I did not see the force of his logic. However, as the holds on the wall of the dièdre were large and hospitable, it seemed pointless to waste time arguing. At 70 feet I came upon an old rusty piton, and pulling up on it sighted a tell-tale nylon sling at the back of the next ledge. “No joy here”, I reported. “They abseiled off. Maybe there’s a slight chance to the right”. Treading delicately across the rim of the vortex, I reached the foot of another much fiercer dièdre. The only stance here was a sloping foothold, large enough for a roosting seagull. I hammered in two belay pitons, lashed myself into an upright position and beckoned encouragingly.

This was Bonington's day of glory. Few climbers of my acquaintance would have tackled that pitch without the moral security of several piton-runners. For all practical purposes it looked to be a completely holdless dièdre, all of 70 feet in height, and as near vertical as made no difference. He used one peg and then only because we knew that my belay would not support a fall of more than a few feet. For the rest of the way Bonington and the rough Skye gabbro were inseparable as a courting couple. I realised for the first time the value of P.A's. on a really thin pitch. Most of the current Welsh masters wear them: a few never take them off, even in bed.

"Hard Severe" was his first impression, later corrected to "Hard Very Severe, perhaps Mild X.S. in boots". It should be added that this was intended as a face-saver for me. I found considerable difficulty. Happily the next pitch was a mere scramble — about Mild Severe perhaps. It landed me on a large ledge, from which I could peer down into Dawn Grooves on the right and contemplate gloomily the hopelessness of trying to avoid one's Destiny.

We were firmly entrenched below the wicked cluster of overhangs and again it was Bonington's turn for the trip into 'No Man's Land' — the narrow borderline between the sublime and the impossible. Up to the roof he swarmed, oozing confidence, then came a pause. For a few seconds he flapped around below the eaves like a young eagle about to take flight for the first time. The symbolic significance was not lost upon me. "Will it go?", I asked anxiously — "Or will you?" As if in answer to my question he suddenly lunged prodigiously, found something and twitched all over with gratitude. Then he was up around the corner and out of sight. "It will go", he answered breathlessly, "but it is not easy".

Very Severe, on at least three counts, was my verdict. Above the first overhang was an incipient crack at the top of which I passed Bonington tied to a piton. The second overhang was breathing hard down my neck but out to the left was the sheer corner decorated with a fragile spike that beckoned invitingly. I grabbed it hastily, and it held. Almost at arms length another spike appeared, massive and reassuring. I slapped on a nylon sling and breathed again. One last strenuous pull and I had reached the end of the major difficulties.

The sting was drawn and the venom spent. Henceforward the route threaded its way lazily upwards for three hundred feet or

more by deep chimneys and cracks, still steep and exposed, but bristling with huge heart warming holds. Surely there was no other route in the Cuillins that could equal this one for technical difficulty or regal splendour!

We built a little cairn at the top and I smoked my last cigarette. Putting a name to a new climb is always a pleasant way of wasting time. "Crack of Dawn" was a noble precedent, intended to commemorate one of Brooker's infrequent early morning starts. Something similar seemed to be indicated. Dawn Addams and It Dawned were in turn rejected as being altogether too flippant and liable to provoke the godfathers of the crag. I suggested Alligator Crawl, because it was smooth and in the groove, but not all mountain lovers are jazz enthusiasts. Eventually we settled for King Cobra for reasons that will be obvious to most climbers on closer acquaintance.

The rains came and we rested on our laurels, entertaining the company at Coolin Cottage with tales of miraculous escape and hard earned victory. We had once upon a time intended to camp on the beach, but Bonington had struck up an acquaintance with the young lass who cooked the porridge and was reluctant to change his quarters merely for reasons of economy. This was not altogether surprising as he had already spent all his own money and was now spending mine.

Among our fellow guests was one Mr. J., a middle aged mountaineer, by profession a Fleet Street journalist. I suppose most journalists are meticulous by nature but J. was impossibly so. He kept an hourly diary of events. No triviality escaped his notice; every meal at Coolin Cottage was accurately described in the diary down to the last oat-cake. He had already written his first book "Snow on the Ben" and was now embarking on the sequel "Mist over the Cuillin". It appeared that Bonington and I had been allotted leading roles in the book and such of our innocent conversation as was deemed fit for publication was immediately recorded in his diary. It was a novel experience to find one's every day remarks hailed as pearls of wisdom, sometimes almost bewildering . . .

"I say Chris, would you mind repeating that bit about the A.3 pitch — I don't know if I've got it down correctly?"

"Which bit?"

"You were telling Anne all about it a few minutes ago, when I asked you if I had spelt Grosse Zinne correctly".

"Oh, that. Well it isn't really worth wasting any ink on it. The

pitons were a bit loose of course and the rock wasn't all that inspiring, but apart from the nuisance of coming off half-way up this 1,000-foot overhang and the nausea of swinging around in etriers waiting for these Germans to get on with the job, it wasn't really too bad. Just a bit thin and perhaps worth A.3."

"Sorry to interrupt once again but what in fact is A.3?" Mr. J. moistens his pencil. Bonington smiles indulgently and proceeds to explain . . .

J. had not been climbing long, but his enthusiasm for the sport amounted almost to mania. He had been a regular attender at the weekly indoor instructional classes in London run by the Mountaineering Association. Not surprisingly, his knowledge of the theory of climbing was astounding; he could tie every text book knot and a few more of his own invention. One unforgettable afternoon he took us all down to his favourite sea cliff and demonstrated the eight or so different methods of crevasse rescue. One in particular proved to be of doubtful value, for it caused him to somersault into an upside down position, from which, not without some indignation, he found himself hauled back to the safety of the crevasse.

J. had an overwhelming desire to scale the Inaccessible Pinnacle of Sgurr Dearg. "It's my personal Everest", he confided. "Once I get to the top then nothing else will ever matter again". We yielded unconditionally. Who wouldn't?

It was a foul day even for Skye when the four of us set off. Bonington had seemed unenthusiastic at first but now he was apparently as keen as our client. "Anne's coming along", he announced carelessly, "So now we will be able to climb on two ropes. I know you want to climb with J. so I've told her she can tie on with me".

The long grind up Sgurr Dearg seemed interminable. The rival party kept losing their way in the mist and J. insisted on stopping to look for them in case they had fallen down a precipice. By the time we reached the Pinnacle, I was numb with cold and exasperated beyond measure; so too were Anne and Chris. Mr. J. was the only happy member of the party. For a long time he had been puzzled why an experienced climber like Bonington should lose his way half a dozen times in the space of an hour: now he had suddenly reached his own happy conclusion.

He beckoned me over. "Leave them alone together on the top for a few minutes", he whispered coyly, "I rather think he's going to pop the question". I told him that it would seem to be highly unlikely.

A 60 m.p.h. gale and hailstones are hardly a suitable accompaniment to lovemaking and there are better places than the top of the Inaccessible Pinnacle. "You know what you are?", he hissed, "You're a spoil-sport". I glared back at him — "Look, you want to realise your life's ambition. I want to get to hell out of here. So do they, for that matter. So let's got on with it".

The short side of the Pinnacle was streaming with water and there was every inducement to hurry. It was, however, only after a long struggle and the combined efforts of the party that Dan Cupid arrived at the summit. He shook hands with each of us in turn. "How did I make out?", he asked anxiously. "You were great", we assured him, "a natural, if ever there was". He blinked modestly. "It must be the result of all those evenings in the gym: I always said they were worth the money. Amazing what you can pick up on the wall-bars with a little expert coaching". "Quite amazing", we agreed whole-heartedly.

Later that evening he cornered me after supper. "Well, Tom, did the day live up to your expectations?". "It certainly did", I replied with some degree of truth. He sighed, "What a wonderful story it's all going to make, and that fairy-tale ending on top of the Pinnacle. Almost as if it had been planned by Fate, don't you think? She's a nice girl, of course, and he's a grand young fellow too". I groaned wearily. Why try to disillusion the man? His cup of happiness was full to the brim. Perhaps his publishers would be less sympathetic. I certainly hoped so.

We had one other sunny day in Skye when we turned in a mixed bag of routes — three scrappy variants on the Basteir Tooth and a more satisfactory climb on Sgurr a' Mhadaidh which we named the Whispering Wall. It follows the edge of Deep Gash Gully opposite Thunder Rib and although a fine natural line of merely Very Difficult standard it had apparently never been visited. Thunder Rib on the other side of the Gully had been attempted several times and was still unclimbed. We had insufficient time on our hands to attempt the overhanging second pitch, but we saw nothing to suggest that it might not be climbed given the "right men high at the right time"* (i.e. a group of inebriated Scotsmen on Hogmanay night). It is certainly a fine-looking buttress though not on a par with the Coireachan Ruadha climbs.

*Robin Smith has since proved me correct.

The last day of the holiday found us on the road for the Storr Rocks. We had been assured by several other climbers that the rock here was no better than porridge, but with a distrust born of long association with rival scalp hunters we had been forced to investigate the place for ourselves. We could now confirm the accuracy of their reports. The rock is like porridge — in consistency though not quality, for porridge is a part of our national heritage and a feast fit for a king. This was not.

Nevertheless it is a weird, fascinating spot, almost Dolomitic in contour. The rock is perhaps at its best on the Old Man of Storr and, even there, is dangerously loose. Don Whillans, who led the only recorded ascent of the Old Man two years ago, would be surprised to hear that local tradition credits the feat to a thirteen-year-old American lass who is reputed to have nipped up and down in her plimsoles. The date is not specified but it may be assumed that no pitons were used. It is also rumoured that the Devil lives on the summit.

One hundred yards to the north of the Old Man is another pinnacle overshadowed by its neighbour yet from some angles even more bizarre. Daylight can be seen through three ragged windows in the crumbling masonry, suggesting a fanciful resemblance to a ruined cathedral. The topmost spire looked as if it might yield to a strong push.

"How about that", I cried enthusiastically. "Very picturesque", Bonington commented briefly. "I mean as a route". He sat up. "Now why should anyone want to climb a heap of disintegrating rubbish like that? You tell me". Here was my cue. "Because it is there", I answered (recalling an apt phrase from a climbing book).

For this was no insignificant mole hill. It was a virgin summit, modest by Alpine or even Cuillin proportions but nevertheless a potential Aiguille Bonington or Sgurr Tom. We took the rope as an afterthought and lived to be grateful. After a scramble of one hundred feet we came out onto the arête opposite the Old Man and had to readjust our scale of dimensions. There were still seventy-five feet to climb and it was not easy. We split into three pitches in order to limit the momentum of any loose rock dislodged by the leader. A crash helmet would have been useful for the second.

At last, after a titanic struggle, Chris balanced delicately on the topmost block and performed the time-honoured summit rites. It then

occurred to him that the descent might present its own special problems. He would not consider climbing down by the same route and there was nowhere to fix a rappel rope. It was all very depressing. His only hope lay in adjusting the rope across the very tip of the pinnacle so that I could lower him down to safety, but the manoeuvre was fraught with danger for two very obvious reasons. In the first place the rope might slip from its moorings: again, and more important from my point of view, the whole top of the pinnacle might break off under the extra strain. In the event nothing untoward occurred — otherwise I would not have lived to tell the tale — but it left me with an acute attack of the 'heeby-jeebies'.

It is tempting to consider how ironic it might have been for Bonington to have achieved the pinnacle of his desire only to be marooned there for all time. One pictures a statuesque yet almost absurd figure sitting cross-legged on its lofty pedestal, contemplating the passing crowds with a jaundiced eye and being fed periodically from a long pole. In climbing circles it would have perpetuated for all time the fame of the Aiguille Bonington and for the tourist trade would have been an unexpected fillip — perhaps an even greater attraction than the Loch Ness Monster! Who knows? Alas for the historian, "tis of such stuff that dreams are made". Miracles never happen in real life — only in fairy tales.

NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

I. SNOWDONIA

C. T. JONES

In 1960 the new route pattern of recent years has been continued; the southern part of Snowdonia is still being intensively explored.

Two important new cliffs have been explored; before last year the main part of neither of them had been touched.

Carreg Hyll-drem is a road-side crag near the village of Carreg on the Aberglaslyn Pass — Penrhyndeudraeth road. It is about 150 feet high at its highest point, the top of the cliff being crowned with broken overhangs. Three major routes have been done here by J. Brown and his Cromlech Club friends.

The real find of the year was the south-east face of Castell Cidwm. This face rises out of a stream cutting (being round the corner from the more broken north-east face on which all previous climbing has been done), and is only five minutes walk from Llyn Cwellyn near Rhyd-Ddu. It is a massive cliff, about 250 to 300 feet at its highest point. Here again the exploration has been carried out exclusively by J. Brown. This is an exciting place and there is still scope for development at a very high standard.

Tremadoc cliffs had a final wave of exploration in the spring of 1960 resulting in Leg Slip and First Slip and finally the extremely hard route Vector.

Some exploration of Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu was done during the summer and autumn. Due to an error in route-finding P. Walsh climbed the leaning corner to the right of the White Slab. Three other routes have been done on the Pinnacle and the Steep Band. Two climbs of great reputation were repeated during the summer: at long last Taurus on the Pinnacle and Troach on the East Buttress had second ascents.

The guide to Llanberis North is now in the press. The Snowdon South guide has been published. Perhaps exploration is nearly complete in the South Snowdon area. But in the Carneddau, Cwm Silyn and the outer periphery of the mountains there are still crags which can yield further delight in new climbs.

A. CARNEDDAU CRAIG BRAICH TY-DU

CUCKOO GROOVE. 150 feet. Very Severe (hard?).

A good route, steep and sustained, on B Buttress.

Start: From a 10-foot bollard, up the obvious groove which lies about 20 feet to the right of B Buttress Route 2. Trending rightward to the arête, it finishes up the overhanging corner above.

(1) 50 feet. Step up into the groove from the top of the bollard. This can be aided by a jammed-knot sling, placed at full stretch in the crack. Belay on ledges on the left where the groove fans out.

(2) 50 feet. Step down, cross the groove, and traverse the right wall to a small heather ledge. Thence up, and swing rightwards, and by a shallow diagonal groove gain the arête (hard). More easily now to a bilberry corner and belays.

(3) 50 feet. The overhanging corner directly above looks hard. It is, but a good running belay can be arranged. After several strenuous layback moves the final ridge of Route 1 is reached.

First ascent: 18th May, 1960. J. R. Lees, T. R. Wilkinson.

RING OUSEL. 120 feet. Very Difficult.

A pleasant steep climb, with good protection. Starts just above a large bollard about 80 feet up the gully from the Cuckoo Groove bollard.

(1) 90 feet. Up the wall on very good holds, near the left edge. Step left at 70 feet into a bilberry nook.

(2) 30 feet. The corner in the back of the nook, or more easily on the right, then scrambling onto the ridge.

First ascent: 25th May, 1960. T. R. Wilkinson, J. R. Lees.

STONE CHAT. 130 feet. Severe.

Less protected than its neighbour. Goes up the wall about 15 feet right of Ring Ousel.

(1) 90 feet. Up the wall keeping right of the central fault line, to the middle of a small bilberry ledge. Up the steep crack above to land at the exit from the Ring Ousel nook.

(2) 40 feet. Traverse to the right from the top of the crack and go up the bulge above, then scramble to the top.

First ascent: 25th May, 1960. T. R. Wilkinson, J. R. Lees.

TEMPTATION. 130 feet. Very Difficult.

Takes a pleasing line up a rib on C Butress, whence there are fine views across at the B Butress climbs. The 'Temptation' is a square perched block nearly at the top of the rib, well seen from the foot of B Route 1. Please treat it with care.

Start: At a small cairn on the other side of the gully 50 feet lower than B 1 start.

(1) 60 feet. Go up the rib to a heather stance in a niche. Belay on right and another high up in the crack on the left.

(2) 70 feet. Continue to the 'Temptation' Finish by the little corner on the right edge, rather than the obvious chimney, as only friction appears to be holding one wall of the chimney in position. Thread belay just above exit.

First ascent: 6th July, 1960. J. R. Lees, R. H. Newby.

OAK TREE BUTTRESS — SHELF EDGE. 90 feet. Severe.

This buttress is the lowest one on the true left bank of the gully separating

it from Decameron Rib Buttress. Three prominent overhangs can be seen, with an oak tree above, on a bilberry ledge.

Start: Above bilberry ledges at the foot of the buttress is an open groove, about 15 feet from the right hand edge.

(1) Up the groove, with difficulty, to a small ash tree. Move first right then left to the Shelf under a small overhang. Climb out right, up into the bilberry rake, and finish up the wide crack.

First ascent: 1st June, 1960. T. R. Wilkinson, F. R. Hardman.

CRAIG LLOER

HHIER. 110 feet. Severe.

A very steep route going up the first line of weakness in the left wall of the amphitheatre, about 50 feet up the screes from the entrance, and thus 50 feet right of Central Route. An interesting route, on strange rock.

(1) 50 feet. From a small grassy bay go up the wall in a corner to below the knobbly overhang. Swing right, round the rib, to gain a small grassy ledge. Belay on a huge knobbly spike a few feet higher, but unsatisfactory stance on the second grass ledge.

(2) 60 feet. Up the fault line above and exit right to what appears to be a promising bilberry ledge in a corner. Carry on past the vertical bilberries on to the rib on the right and climb to the top first by its right edge and finally by stepping left.

First ascent: 2nd July, 1960. J. R. Lees, P. R. Janney.

CLOGWYN CAERAU

The first climbs here were made by Nock, Keenlyside and others in 1947. Several climbs have been done here recently which in part cover the same ground as the 1947 routes.

JINGLING WALL.

A climb under this name was done about 1952 by S. Wignall and H. Berkeley. It starts up the first pitch of Nock's 'Lady's Corner' and continues up one of his two lines on the upper part of Bomber's Wall.

LONG CLIMB. 150 feet. Very Difficult.

Starts at a large cairn about 100 yards from the stone wall at the west end of the crag, and makes a fine traverse rightwards to avoid the overhangs of the central section. A good climb. It combines parts of Nock's three climbs in this area (which had rather indefinite lines) to make the best of the climbing.

(1) 30 feet. Up awkwardly into a mossy, overhung corner. Move out immediately, round the nose on the right, stepping over a small rowan, to reach a corner which leads to a large ledge with a lime tree hanging over its outer ledge. The groove which is crossed on pitch 3 of Panorama ascends from this corner.

(2) 50 feet. The obvious traversing line a little higher is gained by some neat moves and followed under the bulges to a large sloping ledge. A little

farther on is a small stance in a right-angled corner, with an excellent belay at just the right height above it.

(3) 20 feet. The right wall of the corner is climbed on good holds to the ledge above.

(4) 50 feet. Follow the corner fault slightly rightward to the top. A severe finish can be had by moving left when 20 feet below the top and ascending leftwards — steep and exposed.

First ascent: probably S. Wignall and H. Berkeley, 1952?

Severe finish: October 1956. J. R. Lees, D. W. Walker.

CONWAY CORNER. 70 feet. Severe.

Moving eastwards one crosses a bramble-covered boulder field to the next section of the crag where there is a prominent right-angled corner.

(1) 70 feet. Start at a cairn below the corner and go up the corner, with an excursion onto the right wall at 20 feet.

First ascent: S. Wignall and H. Berkeley, 1952?

WATERLOO. 70 feet. Very Severe.

Amusing (one peg in situ; 2 étriers useful). Takes the arête immediately left of Conway Corner direct, using one piton to overcome the overhang at its foot.

First ascent: 13th August, 1960. I. F. Cartledge, K. C. Gordon,
J. R. Lees.

DIAGONAL CLIMB. 100 feet. Difficult.

Steep and exposed.

(1) 70 feet. Go up Conway Corner a few feet and take the obvious rightwards traversing line across the face on good holds. An excellent thread running belay can be arranged above the traverse at about 40 feet. After crossing below a knife-edged rib which appears safe but which moves, belay (high thread) in a shallow depression.

(2) 30 feet. Follow the horizontal traversing line rightwards into a corner, past two small trees, and go up the right wall of the corner on large holds.

(2a) 20 feet (Severe). Ascend directly from the stance to the top of the crag.

First ascent: 3rd July, 1960. P. R. Janney, J. R. Lees, I. Cartledge.

LITTLE BUTTRESS DIRECT. 70 feet. Very Severe.

Lies on the separate buttress to the north-east across a wide wooded bracken-filled gully. The centre line of the buttress, via a shallow scoop, is steep and has small finger holds. (There is an easier way up the left hand arête. Very Difficult.)

First ascent: 1953. W. A. Trench, G. D. Roberts.

PANORAMA. 230 feet. Very Severe.

This girdle traverse of Clogwyn Caerau is a fine climb affording excellent protection and position. Starts at the western end of the crag, at a stance on

top of a perched pillar just below a small oak tree and a holly bush. The tree can be seen from the top of the crag, which gives the best approach.

(1) 35 feet. A diagonal downward traverse rightwards to the top of the groove of Jingling Wall. Cross the groove to the belay.

(2) 40 feet. Easily on to a large flake. Traverse down under the overhangs (awkward) and then descend directly a few feet more to a belay.

(3) 60 feet. Continue, then over a rib into a groove. Cross the wall delicately and join Long Climb by the sloping ledge. Easily on to the corner belay at the end of its pitch 2.

(4) 50 feet. Step up and go round the corner. Avoid the obvious large ledges above and traverse slightly downward across the vertical wall to a rose bush in a corner. Slightly right up the rib to a small rowan with a young oak just above it.

(5) 45 feet. After crossing the grass in the corner take the obvious diagonal line up the wall to the top of the crag and a baffling choice of belays.

First ascent: 7th June, 1960. J. R. Lees, I. Cartledge, R. H. Newby,
K. C. Gordon.

CRAIG CWRWGL

MEXICO CRACKS. 120 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start: About 50 feet up the gully, at the foot of a little rightward sloping gangway. A prominent feature is the wide crack of the final pitch.

(1) 30 feet. Step onto the gangway and climb over large blocks to a good ledge and flake belay.

(2) 50 feet. Step into the crack leading in to the wall. Climb this crack and then hand-jam strenuously until it is possible to walk along the top of the flake. Step left to a good ledge and thread belay.

(3) 40 feet. Go up the corner and to the foot of the wide crack. Hand traverse out right to a ledge and up another crack to the top.

First ascent: 10th July, 1960. C. T. Jones, M. Tweed.

B. TRYFAN AND GLYDER FACH TRYFAN NORTH FACE

MUNICH CLIMB — VARIATION. 80 feet. Very Severe.

Branches off from the perched blocks stance of the original route. Traverse right, out onto the north wall, by ledges. Belay at the highest ledge on the right. Now ascend a crack-groove on right with increasing difficulty until finally a hard left traverse can be made to easier ground which leads to the grass rake just before the 'road'.

First ascent: 15th July, 1959. I. Clough and party.

C. LLANBERIS SOUTH CRAIG-Y-RHAEADR

On the extreme right (west) of the main crag and separated from the rest of the crag by a grass rake is a steep little buttress of magnificent rock.

WEST END. 120 feet. Very Difficult.

Start: Near the centre of the buttress at a gangway rising left.

(1) 65 feet. Up the gangway to an awkward mantelshelf then traverse 10 feet right to a narrow ledge. Up by flakes to a large grassy ledge on the left.

(2) 55 feet. Up the steep slab above trending right. Ignore the easier way off to the left and finish straight up.

First ascent: 19th May, 1960. I. Clough, J. A. Bennett, D. Cooknell, R. Pottage.

LITTLE JIM. 110 feet. Very Severe.

Start: 15 feet right of West End at an arrow.

(1) 50 feet. Up the bulging wall until a pull-over can be made to a narrow ledge on the left. Trend right up a vague crack line to a ledge beneath the overhang. Piton belay.

(2) 35 feet. Move right a few feet then climb straight up the steep wall above to a grass ledge.

(3) 25 feet. Up the pleasant slabs on the left.

First ascent: 19th May, 1960. I. Clough, J. A. Bennett.

D. CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

THE HAND TRAVERSE. 120 feet. Hard Very Severe.

From the top of Octo a rising line of a hand-traversing nature can be seen, leading to a big corner. The route follows this fault. It is unusually steep and exposed.

(1) 60 feet. Hand-traverse along the rising crack to a piton. Pull up with some difficulty to a grass ledge. Continue to a good stance below a bridged boulder.

(2) 60 feet. Climb over the bridge and follow the corner to the top.

First ascent: June 1960. H. I. Banner, C. T. Jones.

GUINEVERE. 130 feet. Hard Very Severe (the technical difficulty may be greater).

On the Pinnacle. The route starts about 15 feet lower than Pinnacle Flake at a point where the toe of the big ledge runs into the cliff.

(1) 70 feet. Step round the corner onto a good ledge. Using a good handhold make a long stretch up onto another ledge. Go up a little gangway to the left (piton runner). Descend another gangway and then make another long stride, then climb up to a tiny grass stance and chockstone belay.

(2) 60 feet. Climb up the awkward corner for 10 feet to a ledge. Go right across the wall and step into the crack of the Pinnacle itself. Climb this and then step left to finish.

First ascent: 26th June, 1960. C. T. Jones, P. Haddon.

THE STEEP BAND. 190 feet. Very Severe.

On the left hand side of the Far West Buttress is a steep band of rock.

There is a large slab running up into an enormous overhanging amphitheatre. To the left of this is a hanging rib with grooves on either side. The route makes use of all three features.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the right-hand corner of the slab to a stance in the groove.

(2) 50 feet. Go down and traverse horizontally left across the slab. Step over the edge of the slab to a tiny ledge. Climb awkwardly up into a groove in the slab and then across left to a stance and good flake belays.

(3) 40 feet. Go up the crack (usually wet) to a piton. Then make some long strides round to the left into the next groove.

(4) 40 feet. The corner is climbed to a good ledge.

(5) 30 feet. The crack again is often damp and provides an awkward finish.

First ascent: October 1960. L. Brown, C. T. Jones.

E. SNOWDON SOUTH

For six new routes here (Avalon, Acropolis, First Slip, Leg Slip, Vector and the Wasp) see the new Snowdon South guide.

F. SNOWDON WEST

CASTELL CIDWM — SOUTH-EAST FACE

VERTIGO. 240 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start: At the lowest point of the crag.

(1) 120 feet. Climb up to the right-hand end of the terrace (this can also be reached by a traverse from the left).

(2) 60 feet. Traverse right to climb diagonally up to an overhang at 35 feet. Pass this on the left with the aid of a piton. Then traverse right to the foot of a groove (piton belay).

(3) 60 feet. Traverse right to gain a crack. Climb the crack to a chimney filled with loose blocks. Traverse right for 15 feet to gain the top of the crag.

First ascent: August, 1960. J. Brown, B. D. Wright.

DWM. 180 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start: At the right-hand end of the main cliff. A grassy rake runs up to the right to the top of the crag. Climb the rake for 60 feet.

(1) 60 feet. Traverse left for 10 feet across a steep wall until it is possible to enter a crack. Climb the crack to a raven's nest on a good ledge (piton belay).

(2) 60 feet. Climb the wall at the left-hand end of the ledge to a good resting place. Traverse diagonally to the right into the large corner below the large overhang (piton belay).

(3) 60 feet. Climb the corner crack to the overhang, continue under the roof with the aid of three pitons and go up the short crack leading to the top.

First ascent: 1960. H. Smith, J. Brown.

THE CURVER. 180 feet. Hard Very Severe.

On the left-hand side of the crag are some very large overhangs at the top. This climb starts in a small corner below these and follows a natural ledge and gangway across the crag.

Start: At the extreme left-hand end of the crag.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the corner and step out right onto the traversing line. Continue to a niche (piton belay).

(2) 120 feet. Carry on up the ledge to a small awkward overhang. Step round right and along to a piton. Make a long stride round into a small corner and up the wall and steep vegetation to finish.

First ascent: September, 1960. J. Brown, C. T. Jones.

G. SNOWDON EAST

CARREG HYLL-DREM

PRIMUS. 180 feet. Hard Very Severe.

This climb starts just below and to the left of the big V-groove just to the left of the middle of the crag.

(1) 75 feet. Climb up the left until it is possible to traverse right into the bottom of the groove. Continue up the groove to a small stance (chock-stone belay).

(2) 30 feet. Traverse across the slab on the left to a stance and belay on the rib.

(3) 75 feet. Climb to the top of the rib until it is possible to reach a spike runner. Climb the overhanging crack above to a good stance on the right. Continue direct till it is possible to traverse left to finish up a steep little corner.

Two pitons used on the first ascent.

First ascent: 26th February, 1960. J. Brown, D. T. Roscoe.

HARDD. 210 feet. Hard Very Severe.

To the right of the overhanging mass the crag falls back slightly but actually reaches its highest point.

Start: A tree at the foot of a chimney groove.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the groove and continue to a small cave. Traverse right to the edge to a small stance and belay.

(2) 60 feet. Step left onto a very steep wall and continue leftwards until it is possible to climb direct with the aid of a piton to gain some sloping holds below the overhanging wall. Move delicately left to a good resting place.

Climb the crack leading to a narrow rake. Step right and climb the overhang; continue to an exposed stance.

(3) 20 feet. Traverse left into a groove, continue up this for a few feet then step left to a small sloping stance (piton).

(4) 40 feet. Abseil down the overhanging wall until it is possible by swinging slightly to reach an easy-angled rake leading to the left and a stance.

(5) 30 feet. Continue up the broken groove.

First ascent: Easter, 1960. J. Brown, G. D. Roberts, N. Drasdo.

WESTERN TERRACE. 110 feet. Very Difficult.

This climb starts from the tree at the foot of the crag at its right-hand end. It provides a good view-point for the rest of the crag. Rather undistinguished, however.

(1) 70 feet. Scramble from the tree up a corner and then over shaly ledges to a stance in a little crevasse.

(2) 40 feet. Traverse right across a slab and then climb a ribby corner.

First ascent: 27th March, 1960. C. T. Jones, E. Siddall.

GIRDLE TRAVERSE. 220 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start: At a large tree at the right-hand end of the crag.

(1) 65 feet. From the tree climb up and to the left to the obvious traversing line under the overhangs. Traverse left for 40 feet to a steep corner. Climb this for 10 feet, when an awkward move can be made onto the slab. Stance and piton belay at the top of the groove.

(2) 35 feet. Climb up left to gain the next slab. Descend this to a thread belay at the top of a groove.

(3) 20 feet. Cross the slab on the left to a belay on the arête.

(4) 35 feet. Descend the next slab to a grass stance and poor belay.

(5) 65 feet. Climb the groove to the overhang, turn this on the left and climb across to a tree.

First ascent: March, 1960. J. Brown, D. G. Verity.

CLOGWYN-YR-OEN

WASPIE. 375 feet. Hard Very Difficult.

A fine girdle.

On the left of Kirkus' ridge is a huge grassy corner above the boulder.

Start: From under a rowan and a holly in this corner.

(1) 50 feet. Step up onto the top of a large flake, cross the mossy wall and then go up a few feet to a good triangular stance (top of pitch 5 of Kirkus' Direct).

(2) 60 feet. Descend diagonally rightwards past a gorse bush. Make a long step down onto the top of a flake and follow the stepped edge of the flake down to a large grass corner (the belay at the foot of pitch 5 of Kirkus' Direct is 50 feet down the grass rake to the left).

(3) 50 feet. Up and across the right wall to a fine thread on the nose, over the top of another flake and down its right edge to a pleasing stance in a little bilberry corner (top of pitch 3 of Chic).

(4) 50 feet. Continue past the stance and then go up the rounded nose to the large blocks.

(5) 15 feet. Scramble to the right-hand blocks (top of pitch 4 of Slick).

(6) 40 feet. Diagonally up across the slab to the cave of Bent. Inserted chockstone belay above.

(7) 30 feet. Out round the corner and slightly down to a ledge. Belay above.

(8) 80 feet. (a) Up rightwards to the overhangs, continue across the top of the slab and go round the corner to a stance and belay.

Or (b) Up rightwards as for (a), but instead of traversing round the corner, climb the wall above the slab just right of the overhangs. This wall is of Very Severe standard.

First ascent: 10th October, 1959. J. R. Lees, R. H. Newby.

The right-hand part had been previously climbed on 3rd August, 1959 by three Valley Mountain Rescue Team ropes led by Lees.

Variation finish (b): 11th September, 1960. J. R. Lees, P. R. Janney.

CARREG ALLTREM

FRATRICIDE WALL. 200 feet. Hard Very Severe.

About thirty feet to the left of the prominent central crack of Penamnen Groove is a steep little corner leading to a big grass ledge. The climb is steep and gets steadily harder.

Start: At the foot of the corner.

(1) 30 feet. Climb the corner and walk along the ledge to a good belay.

(2) 60 feet. Step off the right-hand end of the ledge up a wall and then go round a bulge to the right. Climb steeply back up leftwards. After a few feet the angle eases and there is pleasant climbing to another good stance below a gently overhanging wall.

(3) 60 feet. Climb the awkward crack at the lowest point of the wall to a strenuous pull-out. Traverse delicately right along a sloping ledge and go round a nose and then straight up to a rock ledge.

(4) 50 feet. Go left for a few feet and then climb the prominent corner groove until it starts to overhang (piton). Traverse delicately across the right wall and up the arête to finish.

First ascent: 23rd April, 1960. C. T. Jones, A. S. Jones, A. Daffern.

H. RHINOGS

CRAIG BODLYN (map reference SH 649236)

THE SPADE. 340 feet. Very Severe.

The route takes the obvious vertical line up the centre of the biggest buttress; it gives a very fine gully climb with some superb situations.

Start: About forty feet below a large ash, up steep grass, wild strawberries, etc.

(1) 75 feet. Up the groove to below the overhangs and move out onto the ledge on the right. A step up leads to a grass ledge below a vertical V-corner.

(2) 20 feet. The corner to another grass ledge on the right.

(3) 50 feet. Make a delicate move back left and go up to beneath the main overhang. Climb it direct to a small niche, then on up the small overhang above to a stance and belay in a cave.

(4) 30 feet. Leave leftwards, mantelshelf, and return to the gully.

(5) 45 feet. The Forty Foot Chimney. Strenuous.

(6) 60 feet. Again go out left, mantelshelf and return to the gully.

Continue up into a sensational overhanging cave where a step left leads to a large ledge and belay.

(7) 60 feet. Now rightwards easily and up the continuation line to the top of the crag.

First ascent: 27th August, 1960. J. R. Lees, I. F. Cartledge.

II. CORNWALL

BOSIGRAN FACE

Three routes done here which have not so far been mentioned in the *Journal* are *Mark*, Very Severe, and *Pauline*, Very Difficult, both on the upper face between Andrew and Alison Rib, and *Cornflakes* at the seaward end of the cliff.

A new second pitch for Thin Wall Special was done by M. Boysen on 5th June, 1960. This lies to the left of the second pitch of Little Brown Jug, directly above the belay. Traverse from the peg of Little Brown Jug, using tension, until in the groove below the second overhang (peg here for protection). Climb the overhang by using a finger jam and a layback hold while bridging. Make an extremely thin move onto the lip of the overhang, which bears a small finger hold used for a direct pull. Move up to the ledge of Little Brown Jug and rejoin the original route.

PORTHMOINA ISLAND

CRACKERS. 110 feet. Just Very Severe.

Start: 20 feet right of Central Climb, at a recess from which runs a large and prominent crack.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the crack to a small ledge (poor flake belay).

(2) 50 feet. Step on to the belaying flake and continue up the crack, veering left at the top.

First ascent: Between 29th December 1960, and 3rd January, 1961.

J. Foster and I. Stewart.

PEDN MEN DU

CONCERTO CRACK. 80 feet. Mild Severe.

Start: By the huge blocks on the ledge to the right of the starting platform. A crack curves up to the left underneath an overhang.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the crack past the overhang to an amphitheatre.

(2) 30 feet. On the right wall is a dark overhanging chimney (thread belay at foot). Climb the chimney, first by straddling, then facing left.

First ascent: N. C. Peacock, K. J. Barker.

LAND'S END

Not all the climbs here recorded in last year's *Journal* were new. P. H. Biven hopes to clear up the situation in the forthcoming new edition of the Cornwall guide.

J.N.

III. IRELAND 1960

SEAN ROTHERY

LOUGH BARRA (Loch Barrach — the lake of the driftweed) lies in a grassy, isolated valley between the Derryveagh and Glendowan Mountains in Donegal; it is from here that the majority of new climbs has been reported. Seventeen new routes were made by groups consisting of almost every rock climber in the Dublin section of the I.M.C., and it is now possible to produce the first comprehensive guide to rock climbing in Donegal. It is hoped to have this guide ready by the end of the year.

In the next glen, Glen Veagh, the first ascent of the main buttress face was made, a 500 foot V.S. climb.

Donegal seems to be rapidly becoming the main rock climbing area in the country and is displacing Connemara in popularity. It is a delightful country for a camping holiday, with empty white beaches within an hour's drive of the climbing centres.

The only other news is from the Mountains of Mourne, where the Northern climbers seem to find an inexhaustible supply of routes on the granite tors. In fact, every new route this year is on granite. The red sandstone of the South gets only a few visitors and since the nose of Ben Bulbin was climbed some years ago no climbs of importance have been reported on limestone.

The new climbs of 1960 included:

LOUGH BARRA, DONEGAL

On Bingorm West five short climbs were done to the west of the Delta Face, all, with the exception of *Egbof* by E. Goulding and B. O'Flynn, V.S., Severe or V.Diff. On the Delta Face is *Aiseiri*, 360 feet, Vey Severe, by E. Goulding and Paddy O'Leary, the successful culmination of efforts previously made by P. O'Leary and B. Lawlor to gain the Delta Face directly. The best new line found on the main buttress of Bingorm was *Risorgimento*, a 540-foot Very Severe by Brian MacCall, Kevin Shelley and Bill Hannon. This follows a challenging line, Thin Gully, to the right of the Delta Face. Further right Betty Healy and Frank Winder did *Fomorian*, 300 feet, Hard Severe. On the extreme right hand of the buttress an excellent Severe slab climb was made, *Avalanche*, 300 feet, by Noel Brown, Sean Rothery, Paddy Hayden and Frank Butler. There are now 22 routes on Bingorm West. On Central Bingorm six routes were made. *Grey Slab*, 275 feet, Very Difficult, by Noel Brown, Bill Hannon, Frank Butler and Eamon Gallagher, is on the left-hand edge. The first slabs up to and over the overhang gave *Bin-Man*, a never again 450-foot Severe by Betty Healy and party. The largest buttress of the cliff gave *Twilight*, 310 feet, by Noel Brown and party, and *White Slab*, 300 feet, Severe, by Sean Rothery, Miss S. Yates, Miss U. Moore and T. Cullen. Further right is *Apollo*, 210 feet, Very Severe, by Paddy O'Leary, P. O'Halpin and P. Power, and *Oblivion*, 350 feet, Severe,

by Eamonn Gallagher and Noel Brown. On the third cliff, Bingorm East, two new routes were made, *Risotto*, 150 feet, Very Difficult, a slab route by Eamonn Gallagher, Mrs. N. Rothery and Miss S. Farrell, and *Sabotage*, 500 feet, Severe, by Betty Healy and Frank Winder.

GLEN VEAGH

The face of the Buttress was climbed at last with *Sinn Fein*, a 510 foot, Very Severe route by Sean Rothery, Noel Brown and Frank Butler. This followed an obvious weakness about 120 feet to the right of the centre and is a fine mountaineering route which took six hours and only one piton.

MOURNE MOUNTAINS

COVE MOUNTAIN

On the lower cliffs two new climbs were made, *New Decayed*, 60 feet, Hard Very Difficult, by J. Challoner, R. Nickels and B. White, and *Last Post*, 100 feet, Very Difficult, by R. Popplestone and L. Carew.

BIGNIAN

On Douglas Crag a 300-foot Hard Severe by J. Childs and I. Firth called *Barrier* was done, also *Organ*, 200 feet, Difficult, by I. Firth and J. Challoner.

BEN CROM

White Heather, 80 feet, Severe, was done by D. Parkinson and D. Naylor, and *Child's Play*, 80 feet, Severe, by J. Childs, D. Naylor and D. Parkinson.

HARE'S CASTLE

Three new routes have been made here by Leake, Firth and Wilkinson.

IV. GREENLAND

JOHN HUNT

AN EXPEDITION of mountaineers and scientists, including six members of the Climbers' Club, supported by a group of boys and youth leaders from the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, was able to visit the Staunings Alps in Scoresby Land on the North-East coast of Greenland at ca. 72°15' North latitude, between 21st July and 31st August, 1960. The total numbers on the expedition were thirty-eight (fourteen seniors and twenty-four juniors).

These fine mountains have been explored in part, from the mountaineering point of view, on four previous occasions between 1951 and 1959 by expeditions from Austria, Denmark, Norway and Scotland. In the course of these expeditions a number of peaks have been climbed, including the highest, *Danske Tinde* (2930 metres), and the third highest, *Norske Tinde* (2870 metres). A great deal still remains to be explored.

The main results of the 1960 British Expedition are summarised below:

- (a) First ascent of the second highest peak in the range, Hjørne Spitze

(ca.2880 metres). This exceedingly difficult rock climb was achieved in the course of twenty-eight hours by Messrs. McNaught-Davis and Slesser, supported on the Col Major by Messrs. Jackson and Hunt. The mountain was traversed by its west and south ridges, involving the climbing of twelve difficult minor peaks.

(b) First ascents of twelve other peaks in the Central and South Staunings by Messrs. Blackshaw, Jackson, Streather, Slesser, McNaught-Davis, Lowe, Jones, Hunt and others. One of these peaks was climbed by a youth leader and two boys, unaccompanied by mountaineers of the Senior Group.

On a thirteenth peak, a party of four turned back on the summit ridge when a big cornice broke, causing a minor accident in which Hunt and Blackshaw had a narrow escape.

(c) First crossing of the Central Staunings from East to West, by the Bersaerker and Gully Glaciers, from Menanders Bay to Alpefjord, in the course of a five-day journey by Messrs. Slesser, McNaught-Davis, Jackson and Hunt.

(d) Second crossing of the Central Staunings from West to East via the Sperre, Duart and Roslin Glaciers, between Alpefjord and the Schuchert Valley, in a four-day journey by a party of thirteen led by Messrs. Jackson, Lowe, Streather and Hunt.

(e) Exploration of the hitherto unvisited South Staunings Range, during which five peaks (included in paragraph (b) above) were climbed and several long glacier journeys undertaken. Messrs. Blackshaw, Jackson and Hunt with seven others took part in this most interesting project.

(f) A continuous survey over a period of five weeks of the movement and ablation of the Sefstrom Glacier, and a study of the origin of strand lines along the banks of the Alpefjord, by a group of seven headed by Mr. Sugden.

This party also made a sledge journey to the head of the Sefstrom Glacier, and a group of three returned to Mesters Vig by a very difficult route along the coast from the head of Alpefjord, a distance of about ninety miles.

(g) A continuous study of a colony of Arctic terns over a period of seven weeks, covering the whole period of pairing and nesting. Observations were also made of other bird life. This work was in the charge of Messrs. Smart and Weir.

(h) A journey of two hundred miles from Alpefjord to Syd Cap on Scoresby Sund and return to Mesters Vig, by a party of eight, led by Mr. Lowe and including the two ladies on the Expedition and four boys. The main purpose of the trek was to visit the summer colony of Eskimos from Scoresby Sund. On arrival, however, it was found that the Eskimos had decided not to use this hunting base this year; their huts had been badly damaged, probably by ice bears.

An outstanding feature of this expedition was the great part played by the junior members and the close co-operation and growing friendship between these and the senior members. In the long term this may well be reckoned to have been the biggest contribution of the 1960 expedition, in combining the fields of youth work and exploration.

EDITORIAL

Again this year I have to acknowledge help from outside the Club in producing this number of the Journal. For permission to reproduce the text of the lecture by H. H. Hughes I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Bulmer of Wem, Shropshire. I must also thank Norman Kynaston (Fell and Rock) for letting me see the text in the first place, and for putting me in touch with the Bulmers. Mr. Bulmer writes:

"H. H. H. was my father-in-law — my wife is his only child. He was known by all his contemporaries as Harold Hughes. Born 1864, died 1940, he was an F.S.A., A.R.I.B.A., and Hon M.A. of the University of Wales. He spent the greater part of his life in Bangor, where he was in practice as an architect, and for many years he was Diocesan Architect and Surveyor for Bangor diocese. In his younger days a keen climber, he later became an architect of note, and was for years joint editor of the publications of the Cambrian Archaeological Society."

The lecture throws light on the role (which was not made clear in previous references in the literature) of Mrs. Jones's famous coal-hatchet in the first winter ascent of the Devil's Kitchen. It would seem that this was the first instance of the application of the modern technique of using a short-handled axe to supplement the orthodox ice-axe in cutting up steep ice.

Again our thanks are due to Sean Rothery of the Irish Mountaineering Club for producing some notes on Irish climbing for *New Climbs and Notes*. Many members will recall meeting Rothery at the last Welsh Dinner, and some had the opportunity of climbing with him that weekend. It has been arranged that D. Thomas shall now take the war into the enemy camp by leading a Club meet in Ireland this Easter.

The main change in the officers of the Club is that Blackshaw has retired from the Secretaryship after more than four strenuous years of office; his place has been taken by Westmacott. As the size of the Club and its commitments increase so does the business handled by the Committee and particularly that falling to the Hon. Secretary; Blackshaw has carried this load with great ability and we are all much indebted to him.

After 14 years in office, during which he has been responsible for the publication of eight new guides and various supplements and reprints (more than the total of all those published in the previous history of the club), which have been of great service both to members and to climbers generally, C. W. F. Noyce has resigned the Guide-Book Editorship. This office has now been combined with the Journal Editorship, a less onerous addition to the latter than it might seem because of the complete arrangements which Noyce has already made for the further expansion and revision of our series of guide-books. The combination of offices has certain organizational advan-

tages, in view of tentative plans to keep guide-books up-to-date by printing *New Climbs and Notes*, and perhaps complete supplements to existing guide-books, either in the Journal or in a revived Bulletin (this being perhaps a more suitable publication for the wider circulation possible among those interested in keeping their guide-books up-to-date), in a form in which they might be inserted in the backs of guide-books. The Editor would welcome members' views and suggestions on this subject.

During the past year we have lost two Honorary Members, G. L. Bartrum and W. E. Corlett. Bartrum was a one-time President, and both men rendered great service to the Club over many years. Corlett was an Original Member; his death leaves only one surviving Original Member, G. D. Abraham, to whom the President sent an appropriate message of greeting at the time of the Annual Dinner in February. Another Original Member who died during the year but who resigned his membership many years ago was W. W. King, who made new routes in the Lakes and Skye sixty years or more ago. His name is commemorated in King's Chimney on the Bhasteir Tooth. An excellent obituary by J. H. B. Bell appears in *S.M.C.J.* 1960.

Two members were killed last year in the mountains, G. H. Francis and B. H. ("Snow") Williams. Francis will be remembered as being among those responsible for forming the Alpine Climbing Group, as well as being the author of the new B.M.C. textbook on mountaineering. We have also recently heard of the death of J. R. Cracknell, and of that of R. H. Hewson (who died in 1958).

With the deaths of so many of our Honorary Members (mostly those who were Original Members), the Committee has decided to augment the list by electing to Honorary Membership all those who joined the Club before 1914. Accordingly C. W. Nettleton, Lt-Col. W. L. Rolleston, L. G. Shadbolt and S. A. Marples have accepted Honorary Membership. In view of his services to the Club both in his term of office as President, previously as Editor and Vice-President, and afterwards on the Committee in connection with the purchase of Bosigran, A. D. M. Cox has been elected to Honorary Membership, as have R. C. Evans and A. Lockwood. The latter, who will be remembered best as a former proprietor of Pen-y-gwryd, was a member of the Club for many years but resigned over the Givven incident. He writes:

"I joined the C.C. in 1908, I think, and forget who sponsored me — Myles Mathews or Sydney Donkin, or maybe George Bryant or one of the Clanders. That year I found the Chimney on Gallt-y-Wenallt, and climbed most weekends and many evenings in the summer on Tryfan, Lliwedd, etc., and led Col. George Crossfield up the Central Gully direct on Lliwedd when we thought we were doing a first ascent, but Myles Mathews told us that Bartram and Reade had done it a few weeks earlier, and that he hadn't put it in the Journal in case some other fool might try it. In the winter I did a lot of ice and snow work with W. Ernest Corlett, one of the founder members, who died on 22nd June this year.

"I was interested in Helyg and was at the formal opening, 31st October, 1925 . . .

"I've attended one C.C. Dinner, at the Connaught Rooms when Dr. T. Longstaff was President. I happened to mention to Sam Slater of Eton Coll. that I intended going up to London for the Inst. of Mech. Eng's. dinner on a certain date. Hugh Howson said the C.C. dinner was on the next day and would I go as his guest. Sam Slater said he'd give a dinner at his house for me and 8 Eton Masters whom I knew, on the day before, and Eric Powell said he'd put me up for the night.

"And so I attended three dinners on three successive nights.

"Later, August 1933, I was to be one of the Eton Alpine party, but couldn't leave an extension I was building to my house, so Charles White-Thompson went in my place — the four of them were killed on Piz Roseg."

In 1960 the recent high standard of climbing in North Wales was maintained, with further ascents of the very hardest routes, though few new climbs of consequence were made in the central parts of Snowdonia. The outlying parts continue to yield dividends, the focus of interest being on two new cliffs giving climbs of very high standard, of which full details may be found in *New Climbs and Notes*. Some of the impetus in exploration now comes from the highly successful Ogwen Cottage Mountain School, led by our members Mason and James. The latter have also given most valuable reinforcement of the strenuous mountain rescue work of C. B. Briggs and helpers from Pen-y-gwryd and J. R. Lees with the R.A.F. Valley mountain rescue team. The Ogwen team did particularly effective rescue work after a recent accident on Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu (of which there have been several in the last year or two) — this incident rivalled the classic occasion when McNaught-Davis was rescued from the foot of the 40-foot corner on Great Slab a few years ago.

The weather in the Alps was poor, and few major climbs of note were carried out. The only ones meriting mention were those done in the Dolomites by C. T. Jones, with L. Brown, all in rain and snow: Cima Grande North Face, Tofana South Face (Pilastro) and Spigolo Giallo.

This number of the Journal bears witness to the activity of our members in the greater and more distant ranges. Articles in this number describe the Trivor expedition (our members C. W. F. Noyce and Mortlock; Noyce reached the summit), the Annapurna II expedition (Bonington and Crawshaw; Bonington reached the summit), the Salto expedition (Miller), the Andean expedition (Binnie, Cole, Kendell, Meldrum, N. A. J. Rogers), the Greenland expedition (Blackshaw, Sir John Hunt, J. A. Jackson, Lowe, McNaught-Davis, Streather) and the ascent of Mount Paget in South Georgia (Stevenson). Tilman had another epic voyage in southern waters; he is shortly to leave for yet another, this time in the Arctic, with Marriott. Shipton is in Patagonia, where the disappearance of Henry is reported but no details have yet come through. Lowe, Milledge and M. P. Ward are at present in the Himalayas with Hillary's expedition; Ward was one of those

responsible for the "unauthorised" ascent of Ama Dablam recently reported. The Nuptse expedition now in progress includes no less than five of our members.

1960 saw great activity with our huts. Apart from an extensive programme of redecoration and improvement of the Welsh huts, we have at last completed the purchase of the freehold of Bosigran from our member J. L. Andrews, and have since largely completed the necessary work of modernisation and improvement. The trustees of the fund in memory of R. O. Downes have purchased a building at Froggatt, Derbyshire, to be known as the R. O. Downes Memorial Hut, and presented it to the Club. The trustees of other funds in memory of G. J. Fraser and G. Cruickshank, and of P. W. F. Mayo, have made contributions to assist in the furnishing and equipment of the hut, and recently the parents of M. J. Harris have made a donation in memory of their son which will enable the equipping of the hut to be completed. The hut will be in full use by the time this Journal appears. In view of the difficult conditions in the Peak District National Park it is fortunate that Langmuir, who is close at hand as Warden of White Hall Open Country Pursuits Centre and is on the B.M.C. Peak District Committee, has agreed to be custodian.

In the Snowdonia National Park, too, there are increasing difficulties, which are being vigorously tackled by the B.M.C. North Wales Committee (which has J. Poole as chairman and Barker as secretary). The most urgent problem before it is that of threatened restrictions on camping in the Llanberis valley. It is also concerning itself with the possibility of pumped storage hydro-electric schemes in central Snowdonia, and is now looking into the matter of rights of way and access to the mountains, which is particularly difficult in the Nant Peris area.

Once more I have to thank all those who have contributed to this number of the Journal, Slee-Smith as Business Manager (he is now also handling the business side of the Club's guide-books), Cole as Advertising Manager, and the Cloister Press Ltd. for their excellent work as printers of the Journal and guide-books.

G. L. BARTRUM

By the death of Geoffrey Bartrum the Club* has lost one of its oldest and most devoted members, who had almost completed fifty years of membership. He was elected in November 1910, his proposer being Geoffrey Young and his seconder H. V. Reade. His first Alpine season was in 1908 in Arolla and Zermatt, and included a traverse of the Aiguilles Rouges, the Pigne by the North face, the Matterhorn, Dent Blanche and others. In 1909 he was at Chamonix, and disposed of a number of aiguilles; in 1910 he was back in Zermatt. Details of later climbs are lacking, but prior to his visit to the Alps he had climbed a great deal in this country.

He was a member of the Abrahams' party in Skye about 1904 and soon after that became a regular member of Geoffrey Young's Pen-y-Pass parties, where he was very popular and was in great demand in the evenings with his fine natural singing voice. In the Alps he climbed mainly with Joseph Knubel and one companion, but on occasion the size of the party used to expand greatly, especially when Geoffrey Young and other friends joined it. He did not do much serious climbing abroad after the First World War, but maintained his interest in mountaineering to the full, keeping in touch through the Alpine Club and the Climbers' Club with all that was going on. He was particularly happy in his association with the younger men and got on well with everyone.

He was most hospitable and entertained an almost endless succession of friends at his home in Guildford. No trouble seemed too much for him or his wife and I do not think that anyone staying in that house ever felt for a moment that they were not wholly welcome or that they were giving any one undue trouble.

He served on the Club Committee from 1939 to 1941 and became Vice-President in 1944, when Leo Amery was president. He was a great help at that time, in dealing with some rather controversial measures, with his friendly and persuasive manner. He was regular in attending the Club meetings up to the end and until a year or two ago often went to gatherings of climbers in North Wales. When President of the Climbers' Club, he was largely responsible for the

*The Alpine Club (ED.)

successful inauguration of Ynys Ettws and in persuading R. W. Lloyd to back the project so handsomely.

His was a most lovable and generous nature and he will be greatly missed by his many friends.

L. G. SHADBOLT

(Reprinted by permission from *The Alpine Journal*, 1960-2)

Bryan Donkin writes:

Geoffrey Bartrum had long been a close friend of Geoffrey Winthrop Young, so that when during Young's Presidency of the Alpine Club during the last war G.W.Y. engineered the inauguration of the Standing Advisory Committee on Mountaineering, later to become the British Mountaineering Council, it fell to Geoffrey Bartrum, in the absence of the President, Leo Amery, to chair the Inaugural Meeting held at the Alpine Club in February, 1944.

Geoffrey Bartrum, as much as any one, was responsible for the successful realisation of Geoffrey Young's ideas.

It was during the same war-time period, when he was President of the Climbers' Club, that G.L.B. realised that our Club cottage at Helyg would be a woefully inadequate base for our increasing number of young members after the war. The old farm buildings at Ynys Ettws were considered suitable and plans were drawn up — plans whose realisation was far beyond the Club's means. It is to Geoffrey Bartrum's everlasting credit that he was able to persuade R. W. Lloyd of the great national importance of providing means by which the young and impecunious could learn and practise the art of rock climbing and mountaineering.

WILLIAM ERNEST CORLETT

By the death of W. E. Corlett last June, at the age of 94, the Club lost one of the last Original Members. He joined in 1898, already having been climbing in North Wales for more than ten years. The records show that, with his regular companion M. K. Smith, he led the first ascent of the Nor' Nor' Gully on Tryfan in 1891. He continued to climb until the outbreak of World War I in 1914.

It was in 1926, at a Northern Dinner in Liverpool, that W.E.C. made his offer to build a garage at Helyg. Gregory, in Caernarvon, quoted a figure of £250 but, due to bad weather conditions which held up work for days at a time, wages alone totalled £600. Those who knew him well were not surprised to learn that Corlett had insisted on paying the full cost. This was typical of his generosity to many clubs — particularly Rugby and Cricket — though he was always anxious to avoid any publicity. On one occasion he was heard to say that having thoroughly enjoyed his own youth, he took pleasure in helping young men to enjoy theirs.

Corlett had many interests, though these came second to his business life as a solicitor and, for many years, Chairman of Higsons Brewery. He gave no thought to retiring, and up to a week or two before his death he was at his office every morning by 9.30. Most of his contemporaries had retired 30 years before.

An enthusiast since the early days of motoring, he had owned three Mercedes, the first — 90 h.p. — previously belonging to Prince Henry of Prussia and the winner of some important races. It was in the last of these cars that we once took General Bruce to Helyg following a Northern Dinner.

His beautiful steam-yacht 'Helig' (the name a coincidence) has for years been an object of interest to visitors to Conway where he kept it. For his annual holiday it took him to Scotland to stay at his house at Loch Moidart.

In 1946 Corlett suffered a great loss when his younger son was most tragically drowned in a yachting accident at Hoylake. The modern life-boat at New Brighton was given by the family in his memory and named Norman B. Corlett. It has already been responsible for the saving of many lives.

E. S. CHANTRELL

A. W. SOUTHALL

A. W. Southall, an original member of the Club, died in 1957. We have been unable to find any surviving member of the Club who knew him, and the only fact about him that we have discovered is that he lived in Birmingham for many years. However, Mr. H. Alan Peacock, headmaster of Newent School and father of our members

J. D. C. Peacock and N. C. Peacock, has very kindly sent a copy of his school magazine from which, with his permission, the following obituary is reprinted:

"There can be few, if any, members of the School who do not know of the Southall Athletics Shield. Had the weather permitted, it would have been competed for on Wednesday, May 15th. It was with great regret that we read the announcement of Mr. Southall's death on the day previous, May 14th, at the age of eighty-six.

"Mr. Southall was a Founder-Governor of the School and was for many years Vice-Chairman of the Governing Body until his retirement from public life in 1946. For many years he was Chairman of Newent Rural District Council and on him fell many of the burdens of local government during the war years, including the problems of evacuation. He exemplified in high degree the tradition of quiet, unassuming, generous public service which is characteristic of the Society of Friends to which he belonged.

"Though pressed by many public duties, he always found time to attend the meetings of the Governors of the School, and his wise counsel was always well appreciated. His donation of the Southall Shield is an example of his interest in the School, an interest continued after his retirement from the Governing body, and further exemplified by his giving another Shield when he learned that the original was filled. What has not been revealed is that on an occasion when the County Education Committee found it necessary to limit the money available for prizes, Mr. Southall generously met this cost, and, on another occasion when the purse-strings had been pulled tight, offered to do so again.

"We offer our sincere sympathy to his daughter, Mrs. Cadbury, in her loss. She will know that we respect the memory of a generous, warm-hearted and public-spirited man.

H.A.P."

GODFREY HERBERT FRANCIS

TOWARDS THE END of the 1950 season the Biolet at Chamonix was thronged with British climbers, sprawled on the blackened wooden forms eating the usual valley fare of bread, tomatoes, bananas and cheese washed down with cheap red wine. Ex-army camouflage clothing was *de rigueur* and the unshaven faces gave an impression

of fierceness matched by the talk of great climbs to be done — climbs which were more often covered on paper than on rock. Standing slightly out of the crowd, looking as out of place as a senior member of a senior club at a Rock and Ice Club dinner, was a tall figure smiling to himself. The light grey felt hat, blue corduroy breeches, white knitted socks and boots with a hint of polish gave the impression of a professional mountaineer. Within half an hour he and I were buying food together before going off to do the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon. 'Goff' Francis did not believe in talking about a climb for too long; if it was worth considering it was worth doing.

Up to this time I had believed that it was more by accident than by skill that a hard Alpine climb was successfully accomplished and that to have any more seasons climbing the more difficult routes I must resign myself to a high probability of not returning. Climbing with Goff in 1950 and the following season changed this. He was extremely competent on every kind of terrain — rock, ice or the loose icy rubble where speed and care seem contradictory. He believed in high speed climbing giving a safety factor of time that most British parties at that date neglected, although on arriving in Chamonix at 9 a.m. after climbing the Aiguille Verte the same morning I thought that perhaps we were overdoing it a little. Yet above this technical competence he had a calmness and sureness that could rationalise dangers and overcome them, and since those early seasons I have only met two other people with whom one felt an absolute control over any situation and a complete assurance that nothing could go wrong.

That he should have been killed on Whit Sunday last year by a rockfall, started by a chance bolt of lightning, is bitterly ironic.

Goff was born in 1927 and was at school in Australia and England. After going up to Oriel College, Oxford, in 1947 he gained a first in Geology. This was followed by several years at Clare College, Cambridge, where in 1955 he gained a Ph.D. for his study of Metamorphic rocks in Glen Urquhart. At the time of his death he was one of the two men in charge of the collection of rocks in the British Museum Mineralogy Department. This career enabled him, on visits to Peru, in 1954 and 1959 and to Greenland in 1957, to combine his enthusiasm for his work with his love of mountains and of climbing them.

Although he was an outstanding mountaineer, and his 1952 season when he climbed the Pillars of Freney on Mont Blanc, the

South Ridge of the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey and the Hirondelles ridge on the Grands Jorasses is ample evidence of this, it will not necessarily be for his climbing that he will be remembered and missed by his many friends. He had a genuine kindness and sympathy, especially if his companion had been particularly stupid or unfortunate, although this understanding and complete confidence in his own abilities could be misleading at first acquaintance. He was rarely outspoken, but one slowly spoken sentence could show a surprising flash of steel or humour that could dissolve the most acrimonious of arguments.

On our second Alpine climb together we were climbing across the steep loose slopes below the Aiguille Mummery before doing the South-West Face. The terrain seemed easy and we were unroped. After crossing a band of ice I stepped down into the gully between the ice and the rock wall, straight onto a verglas-covered slab. In an instant I was on my way to the glacier. Suddenly in the confusion of bounding down the groove I hit something soft, grabbed it and stopped. Goff, climbing some way below me, had calmly jammed across the gully, back to the ice, feet on the opposite wall, and awaited my arrival. We lay gasping in each other's arms, Goff too winded to speak, myself too humbled by my inexcusable ineptitude. Goff finally spoke — "I've lost my hat". I climbed down and retrieved it, and we carried on. The incident had taught its own lesson; there was no need for further conversation.

This incident recalls more clearly than any other the two most outstanding characteristics of Goff's unforgettable personality, a sense of loyalty and self-sacrifice and a conscientious understanding of other people. His death has left a void that can never be filled. To his wife and children the Climbers' Club extend their deepest sympathy.

I. G. McNAUGHT-DAVIS

B. H. WILLIAMS

Among the five mountaineers who on August 4th were overwhelmed by an avalanche on the Aiguille d'Argentière in the Mont Blanc Range was 'Snow' Williams, a member who will be remembered by those who climbed with him as a mountaineer whose bold and

enterprising approach was matched by a nice measure of discretion and regard for weaker companions.

'Snow' was largely a self-taught mountaineer and his apprenticeship was a gradual one. Born in Wellington on 24th June, 1931, he was educated at Rongotai College, Wellington Teachers' Training College, and Victoria University of Wellington. While at secondary school he commenced a long series of tramping trips in the local ranges which rapidly earned him a reputation for extreme physical fitness. It was natural for him to turn his eyes southwards, and in 1949 he had his introduction to the Southern Alps. In the following years he returned at every opportunity and his boundless enthusiasm and drive led to a fine tally of summits. Yet 'Snow' was no mere peak-bagger. During these years he covered a wide and varied range of country between the Kaikouras and Lake Ohau.

His most notable trips were in the Godley, Hopkins and Tasman Valleys. In the 1953-54 season, following successful years in the Waimakariri and the Havelock, he made from the Godley Valley ascents and traverses of Mts. D'Archaic and McClure, and a first ascent of the South Grey Virgin (now Mt. Cassino), returning the next year to complete the Grey Virgin climbs and to make new ascents of Mt. Moffat and Mt. Loughnan from the Butler River. During his early climbing days his imagination had been stirred by stories of the Black Tower, a virgin peak north of Mt. Hopkins, and it was during his attempts and very successful climb on this mountain in the 1955-56 season that his qualities of determination, resourcefulness, and climbing skill are most clearly seen. His reputation in 1958, after a fine climb on the east ridge of Mt. Cook and his leadership of a rescue operation in the Tasman valley, made him an obvious choice for an expedition to the Antarctic. It was a surprise to his friends to find that he had failed to pass his medical test and thus, while we luckier applicants headed South, 'Snow' sailed for the United Kingdom.

He wasted no time in getting to grips with the worn holds of the British crags. These he thrived on and before long he was leading on their most demanding climbs. In his holidays he travelled to the Continent, and his letters contain vivid descriptions of climbs such as the Charmoz-Grépon traverse.

It was apparent, too, from his letters that he disliked the large and overflowing huts with which the Alps abound. He wrote: "The sooner we do something about curbing this hut-building mania the

better. What a difference there is between the European Alps and our own. In New Zealand we can go away for weeks on end and not meet another party. It is this sense of self-reliance that is one of the main charms of climbing in New Zealand. But in Europe there are people everywhere. The huts are built to hold hundreds and every foot of the way seems to be described in minute detail in the guide book. By continually building huts and making access easier I feel we are depriving the future generations of just the thing which we thought to be the chief attraction and joy of mountaineering.

"I'm quite in the dark about the reasons for building this monstrosity which is suggested as Club Headquarters. I suspect strongly that it is the brainchild of the Old Men. Some place where they can go on holiday with their families and relax among the peaks they loved so well in their younger days. Very nice, too; but is it our job to provide them with this amenity? Do we owe them a debt as huge as this? Any debt that we do owe them is one that cannot be repaid by respect and maybe a little reverence and hero worship too."

Those who knew 'Snow' will recognise in this extract two of his most obvious traits: an awareness that there are two sides to a question, and a readiness to express his opinion vigorously when his mind has been made up. These qualities helped make him a valuable member of the N.Z.A.C. Committee in 1958-59.

Early this year he again underwent a medical examination, this time for Sir Edmund Hillary's 1960-61 Himalayan Expedition, and in March I received a letter from him which stated "I suppose you know by now that my medical examination with Griff Pugh's boys was not entirely favourable. They fed me the oxygen equivalent to 20,000 feet and took a cardiograph. Also took a couple of high-powered X-rays. The verdict was that I can continue to charge around at low altitude as long as I do not do any more competitive running. But if I were to go higher, I would be asking for trouble. Climbing in the Alps and at home is quite O.K. They were of the opinion that I would be quite O.K. under Antarctic conditions. I was half expecting a verdict of this nature so was not too disappointed. My Himalayan expectations of a trip this year to the Karakoram, Hillary's Expedition, and a possible trip next year with a top-line English party to Dhaulagiri are all out and my plans for the future have been very much changed . . ."

For one to whom the mountains meant so much this must have been a cruel blow. It is clear, however, from his subsequent letters

that he intended to continue climbing with the same old enthusiasm within the limits set him.

It is indeed unfortunate that such an enthusiastic personality, who gave so much to the sport, should have been lost so early in life. His wry humour, his unselfishness and the thorough technical example which he set will remain to his contemporaries an enduring example of the right approach to the sport in which we are privileged to participate.

JOHN HARRISON

(Reprinted by permission from the *New Zealand Alpine Journal*,
1960)

CLUB MEETS 1960

IT IS FELT (by the Hon. Secretary and myself) that no useful purpose is served by a detailed account of Club Meets held during the last year. However it should be recorded that the main event in the meet programme was the visit of the Russian mountaineers. The party was entertained for a week as guests of the Club at the R. W. Lloyd Hut, and some excellent climbing was done. On the Saturday a highly successful informal dinner was held at the Royal Victoria Hotel, Llanberis, the guests being, besides the Russians, members of the Rucksack Club who had taken part in the climbing and had helped Climbers' Club members to entertain them during the week. The dinner was accompanied with Welsh songs and harping by local musicians. Afterwards presentations were made by the Russians: a banner to the Club, badges to those they had climbed with, and a special badge, awarded to mountaineers who have climbed Ushba, to R. A. Hodgkin. The Russian visit is recorded in more detail later.

The President requests that I put on record the menu for the Welsh Dinner, which is printed below together with an English translation. I am indebted to R. Elfyn Hughes for help in composing this menu.

J.N.

CLWB Y DRINGWYR

Llywydd

A. B. HARGREAVES

CINIO CYMRAEG

(NEU GOGLEDDOL)

SADWRN HYDREF 15, 1960

YNG NGWESTY FRENHINOL YR ARF

BEDDGELERT

BWYDRESTR

GWINEURAFAL A CHEIRIOSEN "MARASCHINO"

CAWL HUFEN TOMATO

TAFELL O LEDEN ("BONNE FEMME")

TWRGI NORFOLC RHOST A STWFFIN CASTAN

SELSIG "CHIPOLATA" A SAWS LLYGAERON

TATWS RHOST MEWN YMENYN

TATWS SWTRWS

ADFRESYCH BRUSSELS MEWN YMENYN

HELOGAN MEWN YMENYN

TREIFFL BRENHINOL A GWIN O'R YSPAEN

CAWS A BISGEDI

COFFI

LLWNC DESTUNAU

Y FRENHINES

Y GWAHODDEDIGION

ATEB

Y CLWB

ATEB

Y LLYWYDD

I. G. MCNAUGHT-DAVIS

F. H. JACOB

F. H. JACOB

Y LLYWYDD

GWAHODDEDIGION Y CLWB

SYR MICHAEL DUFF, BARWNIG, FAENOL

F. H. JACOB

DR. G. BARLOW

A. LOCKWOOD

*Clwb Mynyddwyr Iwerddon**Cymdeithas Mynyddwyr Canoldir Lloegr**Clwb Mynyddwyr "Oread"**Clwb Rucksack**Clwb Mynyddwyr yr Alban**Clwb Crwydrwyr Caerefrog*S. ROTHERY (*Golygydd Anrhydeddus*)S. STYLES (*Llywydd*)

P. JANES

W. H. PICKSTONE

(*Is-Ysgrifennydd Anrhydeddus*)

H. STIRLING

J. GODLEY (*Llywydd*)*Translation*

CLIMBERS' CLUB

President

A. B. HARGREAVES

WELSH (OR NORTHERN) DINNER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1960

IN THE ROYAL GOAT HOTEL

BEDDGELERT

MENU

GRAPEFRUIT MARASCHINO

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

FILLET OF SOLE "BONNE FEMME"

ROAST NORFOLK TURKEY AND CHESTNUT STUFFING

CHIPOLATA SAUSAGES AND CRANBERRY SAUCE

CHATEAU POTATOES

CREAMED POTATOES

BUTTERED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

BRAISED CELERY

SHERRY TRIFLE "ROYAL"

CHEESE AND BISCUITS

COFFEE

TOASTS

THE QUEEN
 THE GUESTS
 REPLY
 THE CLUB
 REPLY

THE PRESIDENT
 I. G. MCNAUGHT-DAVIS
 F. H. JACOB
 F. H. JACOB
 THE PRESIDENT

 CLUB GUESTS

SIR MICHAEL DUFF, BT., VAYNOL

F. H. JACOB

DR. G. BARLOW

A. LOCKWOOD

Irish Mountaineering Club

Midland Association of Mountaineers

"Oread" Mountaineering Club

Rucksack Club

Scottish Mountaineering Club

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club

S. ROTHERY (*Hon. Editor*)

S. STYLES (*President*)

P. JANES

W. H. PICKSTONE

(*Hon. Assistant Secretary*)

H. STIRLING

J. GODLEY (*President*)

RUSSIAN VISIT

IN MAY AND JUNE, 1960, a party of Soviet mountaineers, consisting of M. Borushko (leader), A. Avchinnikov, E. Gippenreiter, J. Kakhiani, M. Khergiani and E. Tur, visited this country as the guests of the British Caucasus Expedition 1958. They were accompanied during their stay at different times by various of the following members of the expedition (all our members): Sir John Hunt, A. Blackshaw, C. W. Brasher, D. C. Bull, R. F. Jones, J. Neill and D. Thomas; the wives of some of these accompanied the party for part of the time, as did our members A. J. Imrie and E. A. Wrangham, to whom the expedition are indebted for their great help in the running of the trip. An equal debt is owed to K. H. Whibley, lecturer in Russian at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, who, as kindly arranged by R. C. Evans, accompanied the party from Wales to Glencoe after Gippenreiter had been injured in a climbing accident, and whose services as interpreter were invaluable. Numerous climbing clubs and other bodies and individuals entertained the Russians during their stay; these clubs, and their members who accompanied the Russians and climbed with them, were largely responsible for the undoubted success of the visit. The following diary of the visit will indicate who these were:

Saturday, May 21 Arrival of Soviet party at London Airport. Stayed in London.

Sunday, May 22 Lunch given by Oxford section of the British Council. Tour of Oxford colleges. Tea at Sir John Hunt's home, Aston, near Henley-on-Thames.

Monday, May 23 Tour of London. Lunch given by Great Britain/U.S.S.R. Society. Visit to House of Commons. Reception at Alpine Club. Dinner given by Alpine Club. Lecture by M. B. at Alpine Club, and film show.

Tuesday, May 24 Visit to Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon. Tour of G.K.N. Group Research Laboratory, Wolverhampton. Stayed at R. W. Lloyd hut, Ynys Ettws.

Wednesday, May 25 Climbing in Llanberis Pass. Visit to Snowdonia Natural Recreation Centre, Plas-y-Brenin.

Thursday, May 25 Climbing on Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu. Accident to E. G., who went to hospital in Bangor. Visit to home of Dr. and Mrs R. C. Evans.

Friday, May 27 Climbing in Llanberis Pass.

Saturday, May 28 Climbing on Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu; rest day for some. Dinner given by Climbers' Club. Visit to Everest/Kangchenjunga reunion at Pen-y-Gwryd.

Sunday, May 29 Rest day for most of party. Film show at Memorial Hall, Betws-y-Coed, arranged by Plas-y-Brenin.

Monday, May 30 Lunch at Dr. G. G. McPhee's home, Arnside. Dinner given by S. H. Cross at Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. Stayed at Robertson Lamb Hut, Langdale.

Tuesday, May 31 Climbing on Gimmer Crag. Dinner given by Wayfarers' Club.

Wednesday, June 1 Part of party walked over the hills to Hollow Stones for climbing on Scafell; rest of party went round by road to Wastdale. Tea (at Brackenclose) and dinner (at Wastwater Hotel) given by Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Stayed at Brackenclose.

Thursday, June 2 To Scotland. Stayed at Langangarbh, Glencoe. E. G. rejoined party.

Friday, June 3 Most of party climbing on Buachaille Etive Mor. Rest shopping and sea-bathing.

Saturday, June 4 To Skye; joined by small Yorkshire Ramblers' Club contingent for stay on Skye. Stayed at Coruisk Memorial Hut.

Sunday, June 5 Rest day; reconnoitring.

Monday, June 6 Climbing — Coolin ridge, etc.—and visit by some of party to Portree for supplies.

Tuesday, June 7 M. Kh. and A. A. taken by R. C. Smith and J. Moriarty to C.I.C. Hut for climbing on Ben Nevis (weather turned bad; no climbing done). Wet; fishing, etc. Party in hut given by Y.R.C. contingent.

Wednesday, June 8 Storms; nothing done.

Thursday, June 9 To mainland. Still stormy. Dinner given by Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, Croe Bridge meet. Stayed at Kintail Lodge.

Friday, June 10 Lunch given by Sir Fitzroy McLean at Strachur (M. Kh. and A. A. rejoined party). Reception, dinner given by the Scottish Mountaineering Club in Edinburgh. Lecture by M. B. at S.M.C., and film show. To London overnight.

Saturday, June 11 Shopping in London. Visit to theatre ('My Fair Lady'). Supper given by Lord Nathan.

Sunday, June 12 Departed from London Airport.

The climbs done will give a further measure of the success of the visit. The following climbs and other expeditions are those in which the Russians actually took part; many others were done by those accompanying them.

WALES

| | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|---|
| <i>Dinas Mot</i> | Nose Direct | M. G. Hardy, M.B. M. B., A. A. Bertram, A. A. H. I. Banner, M.Kh. |
| | Western Slabs | M. B., A. A. Bertram, A. A. |
| <i>Cryn Las</i> | The Cracks | M. G. Hardy, M. B. |
| | Diagonal | H. I. Banner, M. Kh. |
| | Main Wall | M. H. Crawford, E. G., H. C. J. Hunt, E. T. |
| <i>Clogwyn-y-Ddisgl</i> | Gambit | H. C. J. Hunt, E. G. |
| | Fallen Block Crack | E. T., D. C. Bull, M. H. Crawford |

| | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|---|
| <i>Clogwyn-y-Grochan</i> | Spectre | H. I. Banner, M. Kh. |
| | Brant | H. I. Banner, M. Kh. (with direct start) |
| | | J. Walmsley, E. T. |
| | | M. Kh., A. A. (direct start) |
| | Slape | A. A., M. Kh. |
| | | M. Kh., A. A. |
| | Phantom Rib | J. Walmsley, E. T. |
| | | D. P. Davis, J. K. |
| <i>Carreg Wastad</i> | Crackstone Rib | J. Walmsley, E. T. |
| | Main Scoop | J. Walmsley, E. T. |
| | Unicorn | J. Walmsley, E. T., J. Brown, M. Kh., A. A. (direct, with direct finish) |
| | Erosion Grooves | J. Brown, M. Kh., R. James, A. A. (with direct finish) |
| | Ribstone Crack | R. James, A. A. |
| <i>Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu</i> | Chimney Route | J. Walmsley, D. T. Roscoe, A. A. E. G. fell off this while leading A. A. Bertram, A. H. Jones, and suffered head injuries. |
| | East Gully Grooves | J. Walmsley, M. Kh., J. K. D. P. Davis, E. T., A. Ashworth |
| | Gargoyle | J. Brown, M. Kh., G. D. Roberts |
| | Boulder | R. James, A. A., J. Walmsley (with direct finish — first ascent) |

On an off-day M. Kh., J. K., E. T. reached Y Wyddfa by various routes (including most of the Snowdon Horseshoe); they were joined on the summit by A. A. and D. P. Davis.

LAKES

| | | |
|--------------------|------------------|---|
| <i>Gimmer Crag</i> | F. Route | P. Ross, M. Kh. |
| | | D. English, E. T., A. Stuart. |
| | Kipling Grooves | P. Ross, M. Kh. M. Kh., A. A. |
| | | D. English, E. T., A. Stuart |
| | Gimmer Crack | D. Thomas, R. F. Jones, J. K. D. English, E. T., A. Stuart |
| | Grooves Traverse | A. Ashworth, J. Griffin, A. A. |
| | Bracket and Slab | S. H. Cross, K. Tarbuck, M. B. |

| | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|--|
| <i>Scafell</i> | Central Buttress | D. Miller, A. A., P. Moffatt (with direct finish) D. English, E. T., D. C. Birch (with direct finish) |
| | Great Eastern, with | D. Miller, A. A., P. Moffatt |
| | Yellow Slab variation | D. English, E. T., D. C. Birch |
| | Botterill's Slab | D. Miller, A. A., P. Moffatt |

A. A. and E. T. ascended Scafell Pikes from Langdale via Esk Hause with a number of British companions before these climbs on Scafell.

GLENCOE

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Buachaille Etive Mor</i> | D. Gully Buttress | J. K., R. F. Jones, M. B. |
| | Grooved Arête | J. K., R. F. Jones, M. B. |
| | Crowberry Ridge (descent) | J. K., R. F. Jones, M. B. |
| | July Crack (Second Ascent) | R. C. Smith, E. T. |
| | June Crack | M. Kh., A. A. |
| | Bludger's | R. C. Smith, E. T. |
| | | M. Kh., A. A. |
| | The Link | R. C. Smith, E. T. |
| | | M. Kh., A. A. |
| | Revelation | R. C. Smith, E. T. |
| | | M. Kh., A. A. |

M. Kh., A. A., E. T., with R. C. Smith, J. Moriarty, J. Rook, traversed all the peaks of the Buachaille Etive Mor.

SKYE

All the Russians, with J. Neill, ascended Sgurr na Stri to near the summit for the view of the main Coolin ridge.

M. Kh., A. A., E. T., M. B., traversed about half the main Coolin ridge before they were forced to retreat by bad weather.

E. G. with J. Neill and Mrs Neill (also the Y.R.C. party as far as near Loch an Athain) traversed the Druim Hain from Coruisk to Sligachan.

BEN NEVIS

M. Kh. and A. A. ascended Ben Nevis via the Carn Mor Dearg arête in foul conditions.

Finally, the two rough translations from *Soviet Sport*, below, may be of interest. One concerns the doings of the British Caucasus Expedition 1958 in Russia, and the other the Russian visit to this country.

J.N.

IN THE CAUCASUS WITH THE ENGLISH CLIMBERS

E. GIPPENREITER

(translated from *Soviet Sport*, 7th October, 1958)*The Climbers receive Guests*

A few days ago the Presidium of the All-Union Mountaineering Section received a letter from London. The President of the Alpine Club, Sir John Hunt, gave a hearty invitation to a party of Soviet mountaineers for a return visit of three weeks in May-June next year in order to meet climbers of England, Wales and Scotland for some friendly climbing in the various mountain districts of Britain.

"You can be sure," wrote Sir John, "that your arrival will be warmly welcomed by all climbers and by all those who are interested in improving relations between our two countries."

I recall the joint ascents by the Soviet and English mountaineers made during the summer, and would like to tell in detail the story of those days spent with new friends.

Behind lay the flight from Moscow to Mineralne Vody and several hours' journey on twisting mountain roads. The Adyl-Su valley, Central Caucasus. The mountaineering camp "Shkhelda" joyfully greets its English guests.

A short rest. During a stroll in the Shkhelda valley we note a summit for a training climb, Pik Kavkaz, 4037m.

First morning in camp. We are roused by the thunderous noise of a cheerful march. John Neill and Christopher Brasher are conscientiously clicking their cameras. Ralph Jones makes the first few frames of the film of the expedition. From a group of girls doing training exercises he hurries to an open-air pool where he sees boys in shorts with skis in their hands. These are skiers; preparing to tackle the snow, they are adjusting fastenings, acquiring a tan, and bathing. Following their example, Dave Thomas boldly jumps in, but is back in a flash. The water is icy!

Another day. We are ready and eventually leave. With us to Pik Kavkaz are going two Masters of Sport, Mikhail Khergiani and Joseph Kakhiani. Last year they met the English climber Joyce Dunsheath while on Elbrus. I go on one rope with George Band and John Hunt.

At last we are at our goal. We congratulate each other. We gaze with pleasure at the endless chain of mountains, and rest. Someone jokes: "I bet English and Russian climbers have never had summit talks at such a high level!" In a cairn we place a note concerning the present climb and several sweets — a pleasant surprise for those who climb after us. The camp greets us with enthusiasm, ripe cherries, and cold stewed fruit in unlimited quantities.

After one day we were again on the march. This time the plans are serious: to complete one simple climb as training, and then in two parties to do a traverse from north to south of Ushba, noted for its difficulty and beauty. We have ten days' provisions and our rucksacks weigh 25-30 kgm. The Englishmen are unaccustomed to the load: in the Alps there are mountain huts at every step, and in the Himalaya there are Sherpa porters.

The difficult Shkhelda ice-fall is past. We pitch base camp on the Ushba plateau. In the mist we manage to climb Pik Shchurovsky. The weather finally deteriorates.

For three days a snowstorm rages. With fierce gusts the wind shakes the walls of the tents in the 'Anglo-Soviet village'. Here at 4,000 metres the chance of the mountains has brought together nine English and eight Russian climbers. Christopher Brasher, George Band and Alan Blackshaw considered themselves best off. With Anatoli Kustovsky, an engineer from Kiev, they dug a simple snow cave. Here it was peaceful and perfectly warm. They played international friendly matches with home-made chessmen. Kustovsky won. "The Russians have always been good at chess," gesticulated Brasher, waving his hands about. In our tent John Hunt read aloud Emerson's verses "On Storms" and the moving lyrics of Shelley, dedicated to the Sky-lark. We found it hard to believe that somewhere far away were green woods, rich Alpine meadows and bright flowers. We were forced to remember the mountaineering joke: if you want to pass the winter in summertime — take up climbing.

On the fourth day we decided to descend. Floundering up to the waist in deep powdery snow we descended through the clouds . . .

The days flew swiftly by. One evening the climbers all gathered together at the Spartak camp. The English willingly compared notes and plans for the future, demonstrated climbing equipment, answered numerous questions, and themselves showed a lively interest in our views on climbing, the work of the camp, and the technique and tactics of our best climbers.

The members of the party were guests of the young climbers of the Ukraine at their camp not far from the foot of Elbrus. John Hunt warmly appealed to the boys: "You are very important people," he said, "because you are the future of your country, and the peace of all the world will depend on the relations existing between children of my country and of yours — so live in peace and friendship!"

Next we crossed into the Bezingi valley. We stayed on the Mishirgi Alp alongside the tents of climbers from the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Here Band met his friend, Master of Sport Alexander Baldin, a physicist with whom he had done some rock climbing only that spring in North Wales.

In the Bezingi district they bagged the summits of Gestola and Shkhara, climbed the north face of Jangi-Tau, and the party composed of Band and Harris made the first ascent from the south of the east peak of Dykh-Tau, a climb of the highest category of difficulty.

Unfortunately the weather prevented several climbs taking place, but the English climbers got enough expeditions.

This is what John Hunt, the leader of the English climbers, said in farewell:

"Your mountains aren't what we expected to see. We expected to make climbs of Alpine type, and were mistaken. The climbs in the Caucasus were considerably more difficult than in the Alps, and reminded one of Himalayan expeditions. As regards Soviet climbers, I must say they are more experienced than I expected. We were struck by their great endurance, persistence,

patience on long climbs, good ice technique and the great weight of their rucksacks.

"Routes in the Caucasus, so far as we were able to judge, are close to the Alpine ones in technical difficulty, but the great height and absence of mountain huts makes them considerably more serious. The mountains are very beautiful. The Bezingi valley is one of the loveliest I have ever seen, though I think that the Bezingi Wall strikes one not so much by its beauty as by its grandeur. Ushba is a wonderfully beautiful peak.

"I should like to talk about your system of climbing camps. These are very well organised and are a perfect method of teaching people the principles of climbing and of travelling safely in the mountains.

"As regards climbing equipment, it is durable, but perhaps rather heavy. We especially liked your ice-axes, tents and ice-pitons.

"We consider the attainment of this journey of friendship, during which we met a large number of Russian climbers, to be very important. We think that these close contacts between mountain-lovers of our two countries are an investment in the business of improving the mutual understanding between our countries.

"In conclusion I should like to convey to Soviet sportsmen my feelings of friendship, and admiration for their skill and endurance, and to wish them every success in the realisation of their great plans."

FRIENDSHIP IN THE MOUNTAINS

M. BORUSHKO AND E. GIPPENREITER

(translated from *Soviet Sport*, 21-22 July, 1960)

In a few days, in the mountains of North Wales, John Hunt will solicitously place on the cold jutting edge of the rock little squares of chocolate and turning to the Soviet climber behind him will repeat with a friendly smile the words from the film, spoken by Ushba: "An inexplicable people. Do you always look after each other, or only in moments of great trial? This question gives me no rest whenever I see people on these cliffs."

On the way to North Wales we visit the ancient University town of Oxford, we have a look at the little house-museum in Stratford-on-Avon which is Shakespeare's birthplace, become acquainted with the scientific research laboratory in Wolverhampton where one of the English mountaineers, John Neill, works.

In the Ogwen Valley (sic)

The mountain hut in the Ogwen valley is even comfortable: comfortable two-tier bunks, a kitchen/dining room with a gas cooker, and the traditional fireplace, and even a wash basin and bath.

As usual we do our morning exercises alone. Reporters and television cameramen lie in wait for us. They particularly like our energetic knees bends.

The *Daily Mail* has an article under the heading: "Russian Mountaineers Start The Day With Intensive Gymnastics, Introducing Into Their Drill Touches Of Russian Folk Dancing, And Then They Bathe In the Icy Water Of The Mountain Torrent."

There is entire self-help in the hut. The typical English breakfast, which tastes good, bacon and eggs, is cooked by the first man on duty, the volunteer John Hunt. Michael Borushko helps him. Apparently we're to the liking of the commander of the hut, Jack Nelson.

"I have never met any Russians before," he said to the reporters, "but these lads are wonderful. We British climbers were still stretching and yawning after breakfast, when we suddenly found that all the washing-up had been done by the Russians."

Safe Insurance

The local routes are short but very difficult, with tiny holds. Water runs down the moss-covered rocks making them very slippery. E. Gippenreiter slips on one such unpleasant spot. The insurance of English comrades on the rope turned out to be a safe one and a twenty-metre fall ended in slight concussion. On the other hand, we were able to judge the value in actual practice of the mobility and speed of the mountain rescue service. Michael Khergiani, tied to the strongest English climber, Joe Brown, climbs a number of the most difficult routes in Snowdonia. Joe presents his new friend with his cap as a memento and the latter puts on Joe's head a Svanetian white felt hat.

New 'Mountaineers of the U.S.S.R.'

Robin A. Hodgkin begins to speak. It's almost a quarter of a century since he visited our mountains, but in a lively manner and with insight he gives a picture of the beautiful morning in the Caucasus and reminisces about distant Svanetia. A surprise awaits R. Hodgkin. To warm applause, this fine climber, who as far back as 1937 conquered Ushba, is presented with the badge recently instituted in the Soviet Union of conqueror of this grim mountain.

"I am deeply touched by the presentation of this badge and consider it a most pleasant and memorable present," says Hodgkin, deeply moved, in thanks. To the lads who went with us we give the honorary badge of Mountaineer of the U.S.S.R. This gives English papers the opportunity to report on the very next morning that "still a few new Soviet mountaineers have appeared" in England.

In general the English press covered our stay objectively and in a friendly manner. Notes appeared under the following headlines: "The success of Russian Climbers," "Impressive climbing," "Russians acquire friends," "Soviet Honours for British Climbers"

It Won't Go Under

The sports school in Plas-y-Brenin, organised by the Central Health Council of Great Britain, left a good impression. It is open the whole year round. Here young people can pass a week's elementary course of training in rock-climbing, walking, canoeing, pony-riding, swimming, etc. The idea

is a good one — to teach youngsters to spend their leisure actively and healthily.

We accept with pleasure the suggestion to go canoeing on the lake after inspecting the school. The outcome is unexpectedly quick. We barely manage to push off a few tens of metres from the shore when one of the boats overturns. And immediately, out of a certain feeling of solidarity, M. Khergiani falls into the water in the middle of the lake.

"Here's yet another example of Anglo-Soviet co-operation," said Hunt, climbing up on to the shore, his teeth chattering after the cold bathe. (He nearly went down to the bottom as he was fully clothed and wearing heavy mountain boots.) "Apparently our friendship won't go under."

Stories about Chinese friends

English climbers have a tradition of meeting yearly on 29th May in the Welsh mountains to celebrate the memorable anniversary of the conquest of Everest. Here we met Charles Evans, whom climbers in Moscow and Leningrad, Kiev and Tiflis remember well for his interesting lectures on the conquest of the third highest peak in the world. Here also we met Alfred Gregory and many others who took part in the battle for Everest. And, of course, the conversation turned to the latest sensation in the mountaineering world: the remarkable victory of our Chinese friends who for the first time in the history of high mountain-climbing have made an ascent up the north side of the highest peak in the world.

"Are there mountaineers in China? Where did they get the knowledge of mountaineering, and the tactics for high ascents?" And the veterans of the Himalayan expedition shook their heads doubtfully and said politely: "Yes, it's interesting, very interesting, but . . . let's wait for more reliable evidence." Of course, having tried unsuccessfully several times to overcome this route, they did not want to believe that Chinese sportsmen, unknown to the West, at their first attempt were able to make this ascent. This raises them into the ranks of international mountaineers.

Our tales how the Chinese took to mountaineering only in the last five years were heard with great attention in England and Scotland. The Chinese are splendid companions, humble and exceptionally hard-working, obstinate and brave. We told how, through the close friendship between the sportsmen of our two brother countries, the skill of the Chinese mountaineers grew and matured. We reminisced about their visit to the Caucasus and our combined ascents to the summits of October and Unity, of the 7,000-metre Mustagh-Ata and Kongur, and finally about their first independent steps — the conquest of the mountain Minyak-Gankar (7,590 metres), and their second ascent of Mustagh-Ata . . .

E. Tur, M. Khergiani and J. Kakhiani were particularly glad for their friends, the daring conquerors of Chomolungma, Van Fu-Chji and Tsiu In-Hao. After all, it's only two years since they stood together on the summit of Pik Lenin (7,134 metres) in the mountains of the Soviet Pamir.

Rock Tigers

The Lake District is the birth-place of British rock-climbing. Over seventy years ago Haskett Smith carried out his first ascents there. The lakes

and the farms and the valleys and the sharp summits with their steep slopes are very beautiful. This is a part of the country which is most often visited by tourists. We ascend Scafell Pike, the highest peak in England, and do a few complicated ascents up the gloomy rock, Scafell Crag, which reminds one of the wall of a castle.

M. Khergiani, together with the instructor, Paul Ross, and then with A. Avchinnikov, twice do one of the most difficult rock-climbs on Gimmer Crag, famous for its hard and steep granite walls. Our lads confirmed themselves as 'rock tigers'.

A Land of Mists and Blue Mountains

The north Scottish Highlands — a land of mists and light blue mountains — is surprisingly unpopulated. The population has emigrated to the other side of the Atlantic or gone into the towns. Very, very infrequently you come across a lonely little farmhouse. Long-haired sheep graze on the slopes of the mountains, which were covered once upon a time with forests and are now overgrown with only poor grass, and here and there with scrub. Wild rivers with torrents resound. There's a great deal of bog in spite of the height.

We reach the island of Skye on a small vessel. We hardly have time to push off before Joseph Kakhiani has the ship's wheel in his hands and the skipper has a small little red flag with a five-pointed star on his breast. Both are pleased.

The high bare ridges of the mountains surround the bay. A white hut is barely noticeable at the base. It has recently been built by the parents of two climbers who lost their lives on Ben Nevis. This is a joy for lovers of free climbing. The unusually rough local rock does not require pitons. After the first day the skin on the tips of our fingers is so raw that it even hurts to do up a button.

'Comrade Ralph and Mr. Joseph'

The most popular route on the island is the traverse of all the peaks of the horseshoe of the Black Coolin Hills, which is counted as a day's march. We manage to cover only half the route and the weather breaks. "It's about time," joke our friends, "or you'd go away with the wrong impression of our climate."

The rain beats down for two days. Gradually the population of the hut, built for nine, is trebled as even the most stoic climbers leave their rain-sodden, half-drowned tents. A strong gusty wind has churned up the sea considerably. Our stocks are diminishing but the boat with additional supplies does not come. 'Comrade Ralph' and 'Mr. Joseph', which is how Ralph Jones and Joseph Kakhiani call each other, go off fishing. The fish leap out of the water right next to the hooks but won't bite. The surface of the bay is broken by the wake of enormous sharks. Their appearance immediately and once and for all stops Mr. Joseph from passionately wishing to bathe in Atlantic waters.

Using the enforced break, we ask about English mountaineering.

The country does not have a single central organisation responsible for

the development of this sport. The system of camps for training climbers under qualified instructors also does not exist.

There are up to 200 mountaineering clubs in England, each club having a membership of from 20 to 30 up to 1,200. Information about the number of active mountaineers is very varied — from ten to twenty thousand up to two hundred thousand. Membership is not expensive and subscriptions go towards the upkeep of mountain huts, publication of club journals, etc.

It is difficult for a beginner to get into a club, which as a rule accepts only experienced mountaineers. A few health centres and schools, of course, do not solve the problem of youth drawn towards mountaineering.

"Excellent Equipment"

A person with means can learn to walk in the mountains with the help of paid guides or special courses, as in the Alps, but the expense for the majority of young people is an insurmountable obstacle to the real mountains. People have to learn from books, with the help of friends and acquaintances.

There is a complete absence of any system of control of climbing. All this leads to a very great number of accidents. In 1958 alone the official figures give eighty-eight unfortunate accidents in the mountain regions of England.

We liked the mountain huts and rest houses (there's about fifty of them in the country), the light and good mountaineering equipment. The thin nylon ropes, the special shoes for rock climbing and boots with hard rubber soles — 'vibram' — are particularly good.

English climbers have the usual practices. Difficult routes are climbed on two ropes of different colours. They prefer to use slings instead of pitons which saves a lot of time and energy.

Many New Friends

Our journey is coming to an end. James Bell arrived from a great distance to meet us in the Scottish Mountaineering Club. As far back as 1930 to 1932 together with the Soviet scientists I. Tamm and B. Delone, and the young locksmith from a Leningrad factory who is now Master of Sport E. Beletsky, in the hoary mountains of the Caucasus, he did a number of fascinating ascents. With ceremony we award him the badge of Climber of the Soviet Union.

Lord Nathan, the eminent member of the House of Lords and President of the Royal Geographical Society, arranges a warm farewell dinner. He expresses his great satisfaction over our visit, and underlines that such contacts serve to improve mutual understanding between our two countries. John Hunt raises his glass to the friendship between mountaineers and success to a combined Anglo-Soviet summit expedition, which he suggests, to the Pamir mountains.

Yes, we have acquired many new good friends in England. In this lies the main result of our journey.

REVIEWS

SAMSON. THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MENLOVE EDWARDS. By G. Sutton and Wilfrid Noyce.

(Privately printed for the original subscribers by The Cloister Press Ltd., Heaton Mersey, Stockport, and now available from them direct at 16/- post free.)

The introduction to this deeply moving book begins "Frankly, why is anyone writing a book about it?", and the authors proceed at once to justify their labour of affection. All the same, it is possible to live with this book, as I have done, for over a year, to have read it four or five times, to have absorbed the difficult poetry, and the less well-known of the prose writings, and still to wonder if it should have been written at all.

By every human standard Menlove Edwards was a great and lamentable failure. Yet he has, in the Climbers' Club membership and in the annals of the Club, a lasting monument as a man who, a legend in his lifetime, is now glorified in that Valhalla where the greatest of the climbers take their rest.

Here was a man who had no business to be alive in England between 1910, when he was born, and 1958, when he died. Everything that happened to him appalled him; everything which he cherished and touched fell to pieces in his hand. The son, and the grandson, of Anglican priests, and with a brother in the Ministry, he lost his faith and suffered agonies of remorse that he had allowed the S.P.C.K. to pay some part of his training expenses as a medical missionary. He was a brilliant clinical psychiatrist, and desired only to carry out research in experimental psychology — for which no one would grant him permission. Children and, indeed, all his friends, worshipped him — and the children's clinic where he was happy was closed. His friends he cast off one by one until he was all alone. He was a conscientious objector of a kind which could not even consider ambulance work as permissible in wartime, and no one with a conscience has ever had much business trying to live in England, where conscience is equated, as Francis Keenlyside pointed out when reviewing this book magnificently in the *Alpine Journal*, solely with Christianity. He was (and I think a circumstance which after all afflicts one in ten of the total population of all countries is perhaps over-emphasised in the book) a complete homosexual. He was thus, while being a man who needed no appreciation or affection but who loved to give both, debarred from the comforts of a fulfilled love.

For all these reasons the life of Menlove Edwards proceeded with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy to its appointed end. As the authors/editors of this book declare as they approach his death "The last half year of his life is almost too painful to contemplate", and his escape from the horrors of this world by his own hand had been forecast by his friends many times; indeed, he had tried to escape before.

I think that Noyce and Sutton have produced a remarkable book, and one which every member of the Climbers' Club ought to possess, particularly those members (rare among us) who occasionally find the cultivation of a tolerant outlook difficult.

Over-extravagant claims are made, it seems to me, both for the poetry and for the prose.

"As a writer, though almost unknown, he had one of the most original and exciting styles of English prose between the wars: and in poetry, produced during a couple of deeply-stirred years three or four love lyrics worthy to become permanent in the language, the more poignant because the love they expressed was of a kind that could not be fulfilled."

The poetry is over-compressed and difficult to understand, while the notes are not as helpful as they might be. The editors claim that 'Scenery for a Murder' is "perhaps the most perfect of J.M.E.'s works". I would say that for one climber who could recall this piece there are fifty with an intimate knowledge of 'A Great Effort', and that it is by every standard the best example on Menlove Edwards' writing known to me.

Finally, the authors/editors suggest that they might, later on, produce something on a larger scale. I believe myself, from what I have read and heard about Menlove Edwards, that a book devoted to his case histories and clinical observations would indeed be worthwhile, because this most inspiring of British cragsmen could, had his journey through the firmament of time taken place under different stars, have become perhaps the great mental healer he himself needed so desperately.

KEVIN FITZGERALD

THE RED SNOWS. By Sir John Hunt and Christopher Brasher
(Hutchinson, 25/-)

This book is enjoyable but patchy. The best things about it are the fine climbs described and the authentic glimpse it gives of modern Russian mountaineering. I thoroughly enjoyed Brasher's story of the north ridge of Jangi Tau. Band's clipped accounts of both his great routes, a third on Shkhara and a first on Dykhtau, are dashed off in a pleasant easy style.

Perhaps everybody was rather too busy when this book was assembled. Certainly a red pencil could have been wielded more freely. We might then have been spared observations such as: "Lying in the warmth of my sleeping-bag, with the white form of Pik Kavkaz faintly visible against the dark sky and with the constellations bright and clear above my head, I thought how fresh and natural the Caucasus were compared with the Alps". Or, later: "It was a beautiful starlit night . . . Dave Thomas, our meteorological expert, pointed out the different constellations."

There is an admirably concise yet full historical outline by John Neill at the end and an interesting discussion on whether the Russians ever attempted Everest. There is a very clear sketch map of the central Caucasus but a

supplementary map of the Ushba-Elbrus region should also have been included. A pleasant book to have, but expensive at 25/-.

ROBIN HODGKIN

CHRONIQUE HIMALAYENNE. By Marcel Kurz.

(Swiss Foundation for Alpine Exploration, Zurich, £6/6/-)

The answer to my prayer that mountaineering be kept separate from science seems to come in the massive *Chronique Himalayenne* of Marcel Kurz. This is an account of Himalayan climbing, extracted chiefly from the yearly volumes of *The Mountain World*, during the 'Golden Age' between 1940 and 1955. Not an expedition seems to have escaped the author; the accounts are as readable as they are impressive in their detail. The giants are here, Everest, K 2, Kangchenjunga, Makalu, Nanga Parbat: but the small ventures undertaken during the war by service men out east also find their place. Indeed the author shows that he knows more about the peaks than most of us did ourselves. The accompanying photographs are superlative.

If a line must be drawn, and it certainly must if the book is not to date, 1955 is perhaps as good a line as any. But we must hope for a second instalment, in which will be found Lhotse, Manaslu, Broad and Hidden Peaks, the Mustagh Tower — who knows how many more?

WILFRID NOYCE

(Reproduced from the *Geographical Journal*, by permission)

WHERE TO CLIMB IN THE BRITISH ISLES. By Edward Pyatt. (Faber and Faber, 20/-.)

As a person with to some extent the same cataloguing sort of mind as the author of this book I naturally tend to think that I could have made a better job of it than he could — but of course if I had written it and he had reviewed it he would certainly have said the same thing of my efforts! It is in fact a very thorough work, involving, clearly, a great deal of labour on the part of the author. It is apparent that in some regions (they would have been different ones in my case) he has had to rely on information from correspondents, and has been misled by over-enthusiasm on their part — to quote just one example, the reference to a quarry at Nantlle on page 161 is greatly exaggerated. He can hardly be blamed for this sort of thing as he cannot possibly have personal knowledge of every place mentioned.

I came to the conclusion that the fairest way to review this book would be to hand it to three contributors to the present number of the *Journal* whose articles deal with Wales, the Lakes and Scotland respectively. Their views are given below; inevitably they repeat each other to some extent.

J.N.

The idea of this book is a splendid one. Unfortunately the author has had to make use of innumerable sources of information and uniformity is thereby lost.

On page 164 the author states that there is no outstanding crag in the part of Southern Snowdonia that is defined. Carreg Alltrem is treated in a cursory manner; the prospects are, in fact, by no means slight and four excellent and hard climbs have been done here over the last four years.

On page 163 reference is made to the "excellent" climbs on Moel y Gest. Even by the optimist these crags can only be viewed as boulders and some very short single pitch climbing.

On page 9 the author is certainly incorrect in saying that the volcanic rock is only revealed on the steep faces of the Llanberis cliffs because the cracks are so full of vegetation. Cenotaph Corner, the top cracks of Sabre Cut, and Pharoah's Passage are all vegetation-free; Cemetery Gate and Ivy Sepulchre likewise are relatively vegetation-free.

C. T. JONES

I think it is a good idea. It is a bit dry, but in a book of this sort it is accuracy and comprehensiveness that count, and it seems to have both.

My main grumble with the Lake District section is that it is split up, Cumberland at the beginning of the book, Lancashire in the middle and Westmorland at the end. I am sure it could have been more conveniently arranged. For the rest I think Pyatt has done a good job. I could grumble a bit about his selection of major and minor crags, but it is rather like criticism of a Fell and Rock graded list, purely a matter of personal opinion. I prefer to say that the Lake District section is informative, even if not interesting, and shows a fair degree of personal acquaintance.

On Gritstone it's rather a different matter. He has missed very little, nothing of importance, but has obviously had to rely almost entirely on local experts, and these are notoriously biased. For instance his selection of Wharnccliffe and its write-up as a major crag in the same class as Stanage is almost ludicrous, and his promotion of Gardoms over Froggatt and Curbar will no doubt cause 'mutterings' among the lads. Perhaps the bit that strikes home most is the casual way in which Ilkley (my home crag) is dismissed as "a buttress, some boulders and a quarry." and Widdop, which contains far fewer routes and has not the quality that Ilkley has, is given the dignity of capital letters.

One could go on for a long time in this vein: e.g. Dovestones Quarry, which is certainly big, is also very loose and extremely dirty, and is never likely to be popular. In the same section Wimberry, a crag which contains some of the finest cracks on Grit, is tucked away in the smallest type with only the briefest mention.

In the West Riding limestone area Kilnsey is given a big write-up and Malham Cove and Gordale Scar are given quite small ones. This is quite a serious error, for these three are all tremendous cliffs, all are climbed, and contain at least two major routes apiece (i.e. over 150 feet) and all are fantastically steep and impressive. If one deserves the honour of Capital Letters, they all do.

However, in most districts if the climber should be lured to a crag that does not come up to his expectations it is never more than a few miles to the

next one, or the next . . . So perhaps when compared to the mammoth task of assembling and locating such a complete list, these defects are not so serious after all.

J. ALLAN AUSTIN

As a concise reference index to Scottish crags this book fulfils its purpose admirably. The author acknowledges the help of Messrs Brooker and Lovat in preparing the text of the Scottish section; thus it may be assumed that every worthy crag receives honourable mention and that any factual errors are comparatively innocuous. For instance, Creag Meaghaidh (which offers ice climbing inferior only to that of Ben Nevis and Lochnagar) might have merited block capitals rather than medium type.

My main criticism is that such a fine collection of crags and corries should have been diluted with occasional 'ullage' — scattered minor outcrops which would merit a treatise in East Anglia, but which in the Cairngorms or North West Highlands have hitherto been wisely overlooked by all but the author and his collaborators. It is almost as bad as adulterating fine old Glenlivet with soda water. If outcrops are of sound rock and conveniently near a thoroughfare then by all means include them, but when it becomes necessary to bypass a major 600-foot crag in order to climb 60 feet of vegetated granite (which admittedly no-one has ever climbed before) then the whole scheme becomes 'reductio ad absurdum'. Presumably fellow Scots Brooker and Lovat with their propensity for 'leaving no stone unturned' are to blame — one might have expected them to be more discriminative.

The comparison in terms of extreme technical difficulty between the hardest climbs in the Lakes and North Wales and the (three) hardest climbs on Ben Nevis might more suitably have been applied to the latest routes on the Buachaille Etive Mor, where the Creagh Dhu and the younger Edinburgh school have concentrated their efforts. Their climbs have set a new standard in summer rock-climbing north of the Border and one which is on a par with the latest developments in Llanberis and Cloggy.

Whether there is any great demand for this type of book in Scotland is doubtful. The appropriate S.M.C. guidebooks are more up-to-date, the *S.M.C. Journal* can generally be relied upon to supply all relevant information on Scottish climbs, and both sources are sufficiently well indexed to render superfluous any additional catalogue. Scottish climbing is more fortunate in this respect than English, which 'speaks not with the voice of authority, but in many tongues' and whose guidebooks are legion. ("Eight bob for t'guidebook?" cried one Yorkshire climber incredulously, "I wouldn't pay eight bob for t'crag.")

Seriously, however, I do feel that this is a valuable contribution to the climbing library, if only it points the way to worthwhile climbing in improbable places, i.e. South West England or any of those areas that fall outside the aegis of the F.R.C.C. or C.C. The lazy explorer would have appreciated more detailed maps — a grid reference system is excellent but presumes ownership of the appropriate Ordnance Survey sheet.

All the information is accurate, reasonably concise, yet sufficiently comprehensive — at least I found it so in the section under review. I would be tempted to buy this book if I lived in the barren wastes of rural England, but happily I do not.

T. W. PATEY

THE LAKELAND PEAKS. By W. A. Poucher. (Constable, 16/-.)

Of the innumerable guides to fell-walking in the Lake District one could in the past be recommended unreservedly as being far superior to all others — H. H. Symonds' *Walking in the Lake District*. One could perhaps add Baddeley's guide as being the best of the more orthodox tourist guides. Mr. Poucher has now produced a book which can be considered on the same level. Its basis is a series of photographs of all the main hills with the principal routes marked on them, supplemented by orthodox guide-book instructions for each route. Not all the possible routes on each peak are given — this would give an unmanageably large single volume compiled by this method — but all the more important ones are included. I have not noticed any errors in the lines or details of routes. One can perhaps criticise the rough and ready way in which routes and names are marked on the photographs. The book is based on Bartholomew's map; the imperfections and omissions of nomenclature and other flaws of this map will perhaps not matter to the simple tourist, but the serious walker will prefer the Ordnance Survey.

Having said all this, one must point out that, good though this book is, it will inevitably be made redundant by A. Wainwright's series of similar books (which are based on drawings, not photographs) when this is complete, since Mr. Wainwright's books cover the ground more thoroughly and with much more detail, all of it of the highest accuracy.

J.N.

SNOWDON SOUTH. By J. Neill and Trevor Jones. (Climbers' Club, 9/6)

The most important function of a guidebook is, to my mind, to lead a stranger to what is worthwhile. Not only have John Neill and Trevor Jones done a good job in finding the climbs and describing them, but with pithy comments recommend or deter, according to merit. Standards and classified lists can always be a source of disagreement, but no-one can cavil at the fair summing up of the character of a route.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this volume is that most of its climbs were discovered after 1950. It is particularly welcome as the first of three to map cliffs away from the main mountain mass, because the crags generally lie low and enjoy (sometimes!) more clement weather than conventional cliffs. Nevertheless the scorn of the old-fashioned mountaineer for gymnastic outcrops cannot be the only reason that so few climbs were made earlier.

A different approach was necessary, not least being the idea that one had to penetrate vegetation before, and during, a climb. Overtures likely to be successful on mountain precipices might not suffice here and different techniques are demanded by the two main rock types defined by 'Tremadoc' and 'Nant Gwynant'. Really though the two main factors that led to the exploitation of these extra-mural playgrounds are the near completion of exploration in the established areas, and the availability of motor transport.

The book contains all that is necessary to find good climbing and describes it with good humour. The drawings are unusual and bold (like the climbs?) but the photographs are rather small. A better way of delineating the routes would have improved the illustrations out of all proportion to the trouble involved, but this is only a quibble. Nor does it matter that spiders and wood-lice are not insects!

I would have been happy to have written it.

A. J. J. MOULAM

CLIMBING GUIDE TO THE AVON GORGE. By John Nixon.
(University of Bristol Mountaineering Club, 6/-)

John Nixon is to be congratulated on his recently published guide to Bristol, which almost doubles the number of recorded climbs in the Gorge, and includes some, notably on the Main Wall, of a very high standard indeed. Several routes involve tension climbing, and the use of pitons as direct aids is not uncommon.

The guide itself is modelled on its predecessor, with an overall increase in clarity. The sketches are omitted from the back; this does not appreciably detract from an understanding of the topography of the cliff. The naming of the climbs hints at interesting stories relating to their discoveries—Stranded, and Toothpaste, for example, may well inspire the budding short story writer. Incidentally, the former starts 30 ft. left of the latter, whilst this is described as starting 30 ft. right of the first named!

The significance of the guide lies, however, in the opening up of the Sea Walls and the Ampitheatre Area, both fine cliffs. We hear that Giant's Cave Buttress is a splendid route, and the Unknown Gully on the Sea Walls is claimed to be the finest in the Gorge. Climbing guides are characteristically out-of-date on publication, and we would like to add a High Level Traverse of the Main Area.

In summary, it may be said that the new guide, whilst describing additional routes of every standard, contains climbs typical of the hardest free climbing of to-day, and will engender a fresh interest in the area, for beginner and expert alike.

M. G. HARDY

(This review was originally published in *Oxford Mountaineering*, 1960)

LIMESTONE CLIMBS ON THE DORSET COAST. By B. M. Annette. (Southampton University Mountaineering Club, 4/6 post paid.)

This second edition is a cyclostyled guide covering about 80 short climbs of all grades on the sea-cliffs south-west of Swanage. Most are only 30 to 40 feet high, with some up to 60 to 70 feet. Probably only of interest to climbers living in the area.

J.N.

POBEZHDENNYE VERSHINY: EZHEGODNIK SOVETSKOGO ALPINIZMA 1954-1957 (CONQUERED SUMMITS: YEARBOOK OF SOVIET MOUNTAINEERING 1954-1957.) General Editor: E. D. Simonov (State Publishing House of Geographical Literature, Moscow, 6 roubles 75 kopecks.)

A rough translation of the list of contents is:

Expeditions

- V. A. Kizel. Mountaineering expeditions 1954-1957
 Ya. G. Arkin, A. M. Borovikov. To Pik Pobieda (Victory Peak)
 Ye. A. Beletsky, K. K. Kuzmin. In the mountains of Kashgar
 O. I. Giginayshvili. Georgian mountaineers in the Pamirs
 Ye. A. Kazakova, S. M. Lukomsky. To the source of the Fedchenko Glacier
 I. D. Bogachev, V. I. Buyanov. Pik Stalin via the Pamir firn plateau
 A. S. Ugarov. Pik Revolyutsy (Revolution Peak)

Sporting Climbs

- A. D. Sinkovsky. The face of Tiu-Tiu-Bashi
 A. S. Ugarov. Across three peaks of Zaalaya
 V. P. Nekrasov. Elbrus by a very difficult route.

Science and Mountaineering

- M. E. Grudzinsky. The Zvezdochka Glacier
 A. A. Kuznetsov. The Matcha mountain group

Experiment and Practice

- V. V. Turanov. The prevention of mountain sickness
 A. A. Kuznetsov. Regional study groups at mountaineering camps

From the History of High Mountain Sport

- I. G. Dorofeev. With N. V. Krilenko to the Pamirs

Abroad

- F. A. Krolf. Two eight-thousanders in the Karakorum
 G. M. Ilicheva. Lhotse and Everest
 Ye. B. Gippenreiter. 100 years of the (English) Alpine Club
 B. S. Bugaev. Friendship of climbers

Criticism and bibliography

- E. D. Simonov. On the highest point of the planet (Everest)

M. Ya. Dadiomov. A valuable work of reference (a map of the Zailiisky Alatau, Kazakhstan)

Reference material

P. S. Rototaev. Chronicle of ascents
The Russian Alpine Club (Tsarist)

CLUB JOURNALS

The May issue of the *Alpine Journal* opens with a straightforward yet moving account of the 1959 Ama Dablam Expedition on which two of our members were lost, possibly after having reached the summit. In more dramatic prose, sprinkled with dialogue, Moravec tells (in translation) of the unsuccessful Austrian attempt on Dhaulagiri in the same year. Other Himalayan articles tell of the successful A.M.A. assault on the mountains around the Kero Lungma and Alchori glaciers in Baltistan, and of the ill-fated Batura Mustagh Expedition. Wilf Noyce indulges in an inimitable "half-hour's poking in tentative directions" in search of the 'whys and wherefores' of climbing. A belated obituary of Oscar Eckenstein, who died in 1921, is included in this issue.

The November issue has Roberts on Annapurna II, and Maraini on Saraghrar. The Andes are covered by Melbourne's account of the Imperial College Expedition to the Nudo de Apolobamba, and by Shipton's description of two seasons' characteristically rugged travel in Southern Patagonia. Modern Alpine climbing receives recognition in Bonington's route descriptions of the north faces of the Tre Cime.

The *American Alpine Journal* has a fine panoramic photograph of the Nevado Alpayayo group. There is an account of the North American Andean Expedition of 1959, which repeated the ascents of several peaks in the Cordillera Blanca. A new route on Mt. McKinley and a hard rock-route in the Bugaboos are described, and the number ends with a splendidly complete Climbs and Expeditions section.

The bulk of the *Canadian Alpine Journal* is taken by accounts of the first all-Canadian ascent of Mt. Logan, an ascent of Mt. Raleigh and exploration in the Battle range. A somewhat parochial Alpine Notes and Expeditions section is included. Members have been abroad in the Antarctic and on the High-Level Route.

The *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* has its first editorial in twenty years. The occasion is the handing over of the reins to the new Editor. He is to be congratulated on his first issue. How could he fail indeed, with Patey

hilarious in Central Norway, and Weir in slightly more serious vein on Lochnagar. Delightful reading is Robin Smith's account of the first ascent of *The Bat* on Carn Dearg Buttress. The climbing notes, containing many first ascents, are prefaced by editorial comment on the naming of new routes.

The *Fell and Rock Journal* has Gunn Clark's account of the first British ascent of the Walker Spur. Invasions of Llanberis by Oliver and Scotland by Sullivan led to some fine routes being done. On the technical side, the Lyth Braking Hitch is described. Its advantages would appear to be great, but it has yet to have a 'live' demonstration.

A brief history of post-war British Alpine activity is given by Mather in the *Rucksack Club Journal*. The March issue of *Les Alpes* is devoted to the C.A.S. Andean Expedition of 1959. It contains many fine photographs.

Oxford Mountaineering contains rather more of climbing interest than its Cambridge counterpart, the highlights being Hutchinson's and Mortlock's descriptions of their splendid '59 Alpine season. Of severely local interest is a guide to Oxford's only climbing ground, on Horspath Tunnel. Possibly conscious of its lighter blue, *Cambridge Mountaineering* includes some darker purple than will appeal to most tastes. McDonald in "Wanderland" is a beautifully apposite piece of fantasy. It appears that gritstone is yielding its secrets after persistent investigation.

NIGEL ROGERS

Other Journals received:

- Ladies' Alpine Club Journal*, 1960.
- Bulletin of the Mountain Club of Kenya*, all 1959 and 1960 nos.
- Sierra Club Bulletin*, all 1960 nos.
- Mitteilungen des DAV*, January — April 1960.
- Jugend am Berg*, March 1960.
- Die Alpen*, all monthly and quarterly nos. for 1960.
- Bulletin of the GHM*, 1960.
- Journal of the Lancashire Climbing and Caving Club*, 1960.
- Bulletin of the Mountain Club of Uganda*, 1959/60.
- Irish Mountaineering*, 1960.
- Ski Notes and Queries* } all nos. for 1960.
- S.C.G.B. Notices* }
- Jahrbuch des DAV*, 1959.
- Journal of the Mountain Club of South Africa*, 1959.
- MAM Journal*, 1960.
- Himalayan Mountaineering Institute*, bulletin No. 3.
- Journal of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research*, 28 December 1960.
- Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*, 1960.
- British Ski Year Book*, 1960.

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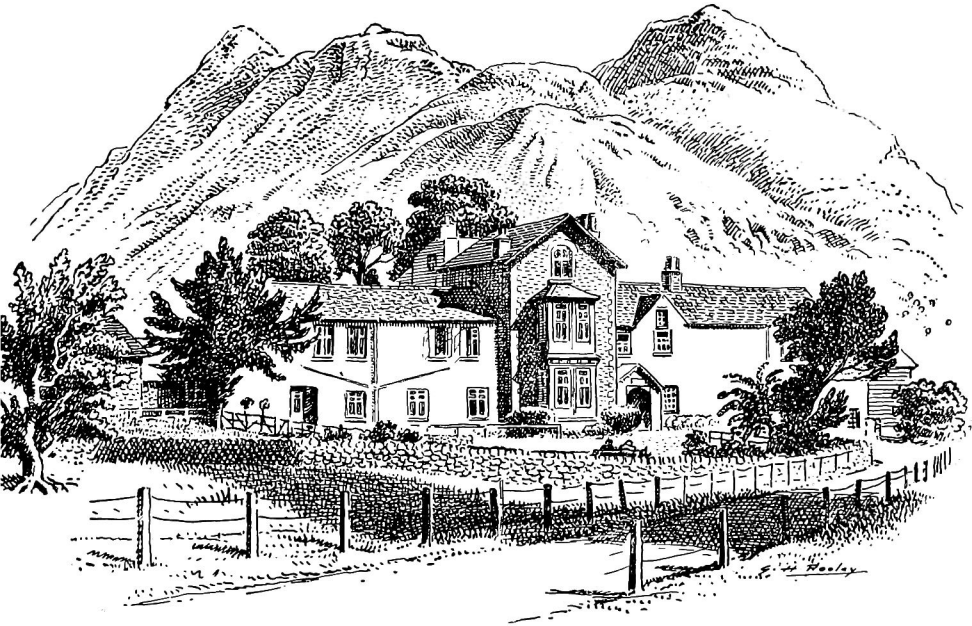
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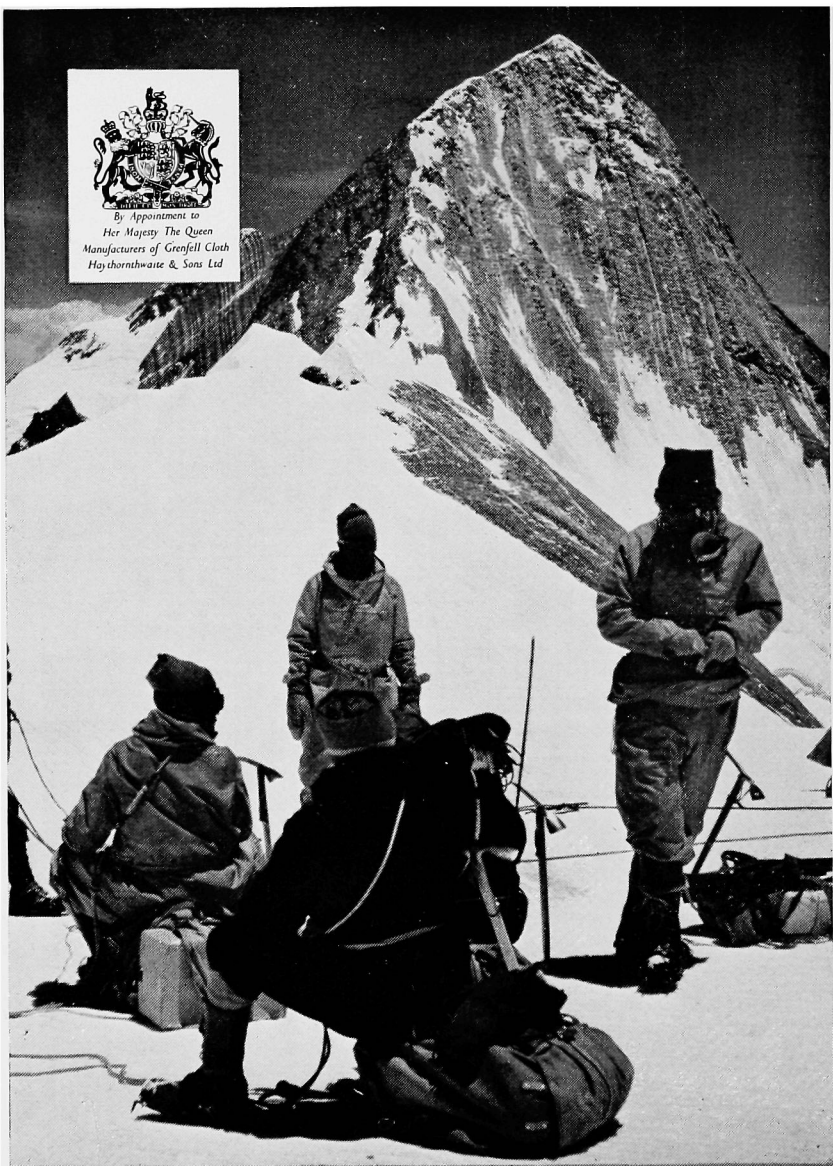
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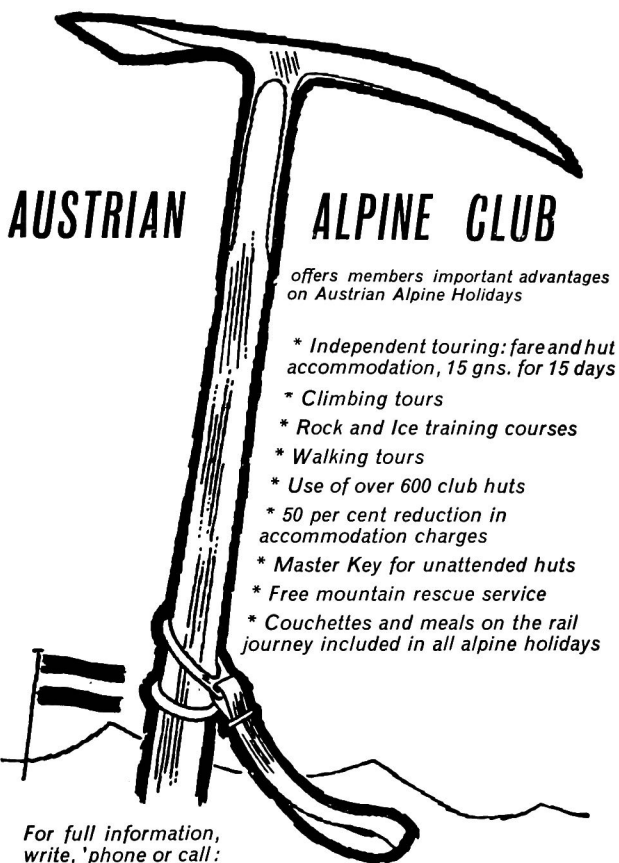
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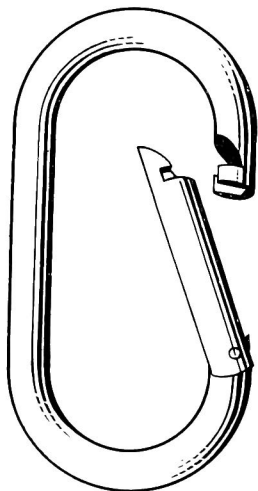
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