

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL
AND THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
BULLETIN

1965

Liverpool UMCJ, 1963-64.

Bristol Mountaineering, 1964.

Chester MC Bulletin, Nov. 1963.

ABMSACJ, 1964.

Eagle Ski Club Year Book, 1964.

ACG Bulletin, 1964.

NZAJ, 1964.

J of the Mountain Club of S. Africa, 1963.

University College of Wales Mag. and Handbook, 1963 (contains a guide to the sea-cliffs and sea-wall at Aberystwyth).

DAV Mitt., Dec. 1963 and first two nos. for 1964.

Craig Bwlch y Moch

As a result of recent discussions between the local farmers and the B.M.C. North Wales Committee, the following rules have been agreed, and all who climb on Craig Bwlch y Moch are asked to observe them strictly:

- (1) That part of the cliff lying east of Far East Slabs must not be climbed on.
- (2) Descents from the tops of the climbs must be made either by reversing or abseiling down the climb done or by traversing along the top of the cliff, on the cliff side of the new fence which is to be erected, and descending a suitable gully; convenient ones are Belshazzar Gully and Rienetta Gully. On no account must a descent be made through the fields on the opposite side of the ridge to the cliff, or through the orchard of Portreud-dyn Farm.
- (3) If a distant view of the cliff is required, use the public footpath running through the fields on the opposite side of the road, along the line of a dike, starting near the big bend in the road. On no account enter these fields at any other place, and do not sit or climb on the gates and gateposts on the road.
- (4) Camping or sleeping in motor vehicles at the foot of the cliff is not allowed.
- (5) Climbers are requested to observe the ordinary rules of decent behaviour and hygiene.

Craig Pant Ifan

The following arrangements for climbing on this cliff have been agreed between the Nature Conservancy and the B.M.C. North Wales Committee:

- (1) The cliffs of Craig Pant Ifan are private property and access for the purpose of rock-climbing is only granted to persons holding an official permit.
- (2) Permits for climbing on the Craig Pant Ifan cliffs will in future be issued, on behalf of the Nature Conservancy, by:

R. E. J. GOUGH, ESQ., HAFOD CAE MAEN, MINFFORDD,
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH, MERIONETHSHIRE.

- (3) Members of climbing clubs wishing to climb on Craig Pant Ifan should approach their club secretaries. Club secretaries should then apply to Mr. Gough for the necessary number of permits and submit a return to him of the names of their members to whom permits are issued. Club secretaries are requested to issue these permits only to those members of their clubs who have a serious intention to climb on Craig Pant Ifan.
- (4) Climbers not belonging to clubs and casual visitors to the cliff should apply for permits directly, in writing, to Mr. Gough, stating the date of the intended visit and the number in the party.
- (5) Permits are issued on the understanding that the holder will abide by the "Climbers' Code" of conduct printed on the permit.

The Nature Conservancy are anxious to enlist the full support of climbers and climbing organisations in reconciling the preservation of the scientific interest of the Nature Reserve with the use of the cliffs for rock-climbing and the matter is being kept under joint review by the Nature Conservancy and British Mountaineering Council.

Climbing at Tremadoc Coed Tremadoc National Nature Reserve

The main scientific interest of Coed Tremadoc is that it is a good instance of survival of Oak woodland which at one time was frequently found on cliff and rock faces in Wales up to quite high altitudes. These woods are unique as they virtually clothe the precipitous cliff faces and the screes below them which make up the Reserve. Owing to its extreme steepness, many of the ledges and gullies of the cliffs have escaped the intensive sheep grazing and human interference which has had such a great effect on almost every kind of vegetation in Britain. The Reserve lies one-and-a-half miles north-east of Portmadoc and covers 49 acres.

The cliffs are composed of dolerite, which is a basic intrusive igneous rock, though basic ashes and shales also occur. The vegetation is very complex, due to the variability of the habitat and its instability. Sessile Oak is characteristic with some admixture of Pedunculate Oak and Ash. Sycamore has obtained a footing on the lower scree slopes. On the larger ledges and margins of scree such plants as Marjoram and Privet—both usually plants of chalk and limestone—are found; while on the smaller ledges and rock faces, Ivy, Bell Heather, Ling, Honeysuckle, Wood Sage, Sweet Vernal Grass, and composites, such as Cats Ear, are prevalent together with stunted windswept oak. The shales have a flora which is more characteristic of acid soils and includes Wavy Hair Grass. Among the mosses, *Hedwigia integrifolia* is common. The crags are also the haunt of many small mammals and of birds, including the raven.

On Craig Pant Ifan there are a number of very fine rock climbs. The Nature Conservancy, while permitting rock-climbing, is endeavouring to canalise this activity to the least vegetated part of the cliffs, so as to keep intact the essentially native vegetation and soils of some of the ledges and gullies. The soil of the apparently untouched gullies and ledges is of great interest, as it has a very considerable depth of accumulated humus, of a kind not to be found elsewhere within the more disturbed woodlands of Wales.

This is one of the major scientific interests of the Reserve. The humus is very unstable, and trampling on ledges, gullies and fairly steep rock faces, where it accumulates, sets it moving very easily. This gives us first-hand evidence of the ease with which our native mountain and cliff soils eroded with the coming of human activity. The Nature Conservancy is anxious to see that this is not repeated on any scale in Coed Tremadoc, so that climbers are requested to help preserve the natural history interests of the Reserve by observing the "Climbers' Code".

Officers of the Club

President: SIR JOHN HUNT

Vice-Presidents: J. H. EMLYN JONES
M. P. WARD

Hon. Treasurer: R. F. MORGAN

Hon. Secretary: The Hon. R. R. E. CHORLEY

Hon. Editor: N. A. J. ROGERS

Hon. Guide Book Editor: J. NEILL

Assistant Hon. Secretary: J. H. LONGLAND

Hon. Custodians: R. W. BEARD
P. E. EVANS
C. T. JONES
G. D. ROBERTS
J. W. SMITH

Hon. Hut Booking Secretary: H. B. SALES

Committee: G. BARKER
M. J. CUNNINGTON
C. E. DAVIES
B. INGLE
J. POOLE
D. W. WALKER
I. M. WALLER

Addenda

CARNEDDAU

MARIAN RHAEDR FAWR

This is the cliff on the north-east side of the main waterfall (Rhaedr Fawr) of the Aber Falls. Haskett-Smith refers to a climb or two on the rocks on the other side of the waterfall, and other climbs have been made in this area from time to time but not recorded. The Apollo Mountaineering Club have now carried out some detailed exploration of Marian Rhaedr Fawr (which they refer to as Craig y Rhaedr Fawr), resulting in the climbs given below which are on the upper left-hand part of the cliff. The approach is by the road and track from Aber village to the waterfall, and the edge of the scree below the cliff.

Cease Fire 210 feet. Severe.

A most enjoyable route on continuous clean steep rock, amid magnificent valley scenery.

Start: At a cairn beneath a prominent rib on the upper left-hand part of the cliff; the rib is bounded on each side by a tree.

- (1) 100 feet. From the foot of the rib climb diagonally right and pull up onto the right-hand edge with the aid of the tree. Move left and go up on good holds to a long stride back right which gains surprisingly steep rock. Straight up the groove ahead, and make a difficult move again right to reach a small gangway leading to the extreme right-hand side of the rib. Climb up and leftward over steep vegetation to a good belay at the foot of the right-hand one of the two vertical corners above.
- (2) 70 feet. The corner directly above is forbidding, so descend round into the left-hand corner. Straight up the corner to a pull-up onto a steep slab bounding it on the right, then straight up the corner groove, trending left near the top to a fine stance and belay at a large oak tree.
- (3) 40 feet. Straight up the easy rib above and scramble up grass to a belay at the top.

First ascent: 23rd September, 1965. C. Greatwich, K. McCallum, P. Maxwell (using two pitons for protection while gardening, of which one was left in but is unnecessary now).

Bonfire 165 feet. Severe.

A little artificial, but nevertheless a pleasant route.

Start: On the far left-hand side of the cliff about 50 feet below and to the right of a miniature Napes Needle rising from the scree, where the cliff turns to follow the line of scree, and at the foot of the wall immediately right of a prominent crack and left of an ivy-covered rib.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the steep wall left of the ivy-covered rib on small holds to reach a turf ledge. Move left from the ledge and go straight up to a fine jammed-flake belay. A delicate pitch.
- (2) 25 feet. Over the flake belay and straight up the wall above on small holds to a belay.
- (3) 80 feet. Ascend grass and rock on the right to the foot of an arête and climb this pleasantly to the top.

First ascent: 16th October, 1965. K. McCallum and P. Maxwell.

Hellfire 170 feet. Very Severe.

A steep exposed climb of continuous difficulty. Four pitons were used on the first pitch, one for direct aid and three for protection due to the complete absence of running belays.

Start: 100 feet to the right of Cease Fire, scramble up steep grass to a steep groove capped by a bulge and between two sloping rock ribs (piton belay in right-hand foot of groove).

- (1) 100 feet. Straight up the groove to the bulge and make a very difficult move, standing on a piton, left into a sloping niche. Straight up for a few feet, then right to a good ledge (piton runner; a stance may be taken here if desired). Leave the ledge on the left and climb to the foot of a V-corner, gained by a difficult move. Climb the corner, using the left wall after the half-way point, to a large grass ledge and tree belay.
- (2) 70 feet. Follow the line of small holds on the right-hand side of the steep slab above, climbing slightly rightwards for 40 feet, then traverse back left along the obvious line to the middle of the slab. From the scoop thus reached climb directly to the top of the crag (tree belay). A delicate, unprotected pitch.

First ascent: 13th November, 1965. C. Greatwich, K. McCallum, P. Maxwell (by an inferior finish; the finishing line described above was done on 21st November, 1965, by K. McCallum, J. S. Martin).

CREIGIAU GLEISION (Cowlyd)

Band Stand 150 feet. Severe.

The ridge near Autumn Buttress, left of the scree amphitheatre described in the guidebook.

First ascent: 11th August, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. Barker.

CWM CYWION

There are three gullies between tower-like buttresses high up in the cwm beyond Pinnacle Crag. The middle gully is:

Gubben Gully 170 feet. Severe.

- (1) 25 feet. Ascend to the cave; exit on the right or other side of a poised block. Step back above the cave to belays of various sorts.
- (2) 65 feet. The start of the chimney is open and awkward; the move out right, at 20 feet, and back into the groove above leading to bridged stances is difficult too.
- (3) 70 feet. The groove directly above, and then a grassy slope. Or, better:
 - (3a) 35 feet. Walk right and climb a short corner to a shallow cave.
 - (4a) 50 feet (10 feet of climbing). Up and across the steep wall on the left to the grass slope of pitch 3.

First ascent: 9th February, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. D. Roberts.

Petrous 135 feet. Hard Severe.

The left-hand gully.

Start: Scramble up grass to the left to the wide bay into which the crack falls. Start on the right.

- (1) 20 feet. An easy hand-jam to a corner.

- (2) 25 feet. Move left under the overhang to attain with difficulty the ledge below the flake. Stand up and surmount the flake to reach the chimney floor.
- (3) 30 feet. Climb the chimney, and exit on the left, avoiding the blocks which do not look safe.
- (4) 60 feet. Back down the chimney and follow the gully bed to belays and open ground.

First ascent: 9th February, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. D. Roberts.

LLANBERIS NORTH

CRAIG DDU

Grooved Rib 120 feet. Very Severe.

The rib immediately right of Petite Fleur. Climb the rib direct, avoiding any rightwards possibilities, to a steepening at about 60 feet. A long reach and a high step enable a ledge to be reached with some difficulty. Climb the rib by the slab on the left, followed by scrambling to a belay in the gully.

First ascent: J. D. Robson, D. Cook.

SNOWDON SOUTH

MYNYDD SYGYN, NORTH-WEST FACE

Raspberry Route 170 feet. Hard Difficult.

From the bridge at grid ref. 604490, looking in a south-easterly direction can be seen the entrance to a disused mine level. About 80 yards left of this are some undercut blocks. Further round to the left at a slightly higher level is a large block split by a deep crack which slants to the left. Start at the foot of the crack.

- (1) 40 feet. The chimney crack, inside or out, to its top.
- (2) 30 feet. On the right behind the main block is a slightly bulging mossy slab. Up the slab, past a rhododendron bush and an ash tree to a small chimney. Up this to the top of the block.
- (3) 10 feet. Mount the block on the left to the wall above a crevasse containing a jammed chockstone.
- (4) 50 feet. Traverse across left and slightly upwards to a vegetated rake with a small ash tree at its foot. To the top of the rake (flake belay).
- (5) 40 feet. Up over the flake to the boulder on the skyline. Move 6 feet leftwards up the crack.

First ascent: 21st February, 1965. J. Parker, K. Asbury, M. P. Marston.

CRAIG BWLCH Y MOCH

Belshazzar — variation About 130 feet.

Start: At the top of the crack on pitch 1 of Belshazzar. Runner on oak tree to the left.

- (1) 35 feet. Traverse right, and, instead of climbing direct, continue the traverse diagonally downwards and along under small overhangs to a small cave with a little oak tree under the overhang furthest right.
- (2) 95 feet. Leave the cave to the right and traverse for 5 feet. Climb the most lateral crack (15 feet). From the top make an interesting move left with a

high step up round the corner onto a natural staircase. Up this for 10 feet, and the slab above (10 feet). Climb via friable flakes up the slab above diagonally left to easier ground (belay on a large block well over to the left). Traverse easily right to the edge of the slab, and up round a corner, and climb the narrowing bulge. At the end of this the traverse of pitch 3 on the usual route can be seen below. An alternative finish can be made to the climb up the crack at the end of the traverse instead of using the Rienetta finish.

Ascended: 18th April, 1965. J. Proctor, R. Crisfield.

SNOWDON EAST

CARREG ALLTREM

Whale 170 feet. Just Very Severe on pitch 1.

There are three grooves at the left-hand end of the cliff. Last Post takes the right-hand one, Leviathan the middle one, and this route the left-hand one.

- (1) 60 feet. Up the overhanging start into the V-chimney, to a grass ledge on the left. Step right onto the arête and ascend to a good ledge.
- (2) 110 feet. As for Leviathan. Up the slab on the left is a belay at 15 feet. A crack starts up to the right; follow this and the edge of the arête (bulging loose rocks soon ease) to the top.

First ascent: 28th June, 1964. H. I. Banner, A. J. J. Moulam.

CRAIG GOCH

Grid ref. 752445. This cliff was explored some time ago by Showell Styles, and Moderate scrambles made, including a miniature Needle.

Ribtick 150 feet. Just Severe when wet.

Loose. It climbs the long side of a 70-foot pinnacle at the left-hand end, presumably the Needle, then from the gap ascends an easy rib and the wall above, then across a grassy groove to finish up the rib on the right.

First ascent: 1st November, 1963. V. Llinares and D. M. Roberts.

CARREG Y FOEL GRON

Grid ref. 745428. Two routes made here, **Half Past Ten** and **Clock Tower**, by J. Evans and G. M. Lebeau on 19th July, 1964, on the "Clock Tower", the left wall of the wide chimney towards the east end of the main face, appear to be much the same as two of the routes made on what they called "the Pinnacle", by S. Styles and P. O. Work in 1950.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Edited by
JOHN NEILL

1965
CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

The Climbers' Club Bulletin, 1965, is bound in at the end of this
number

This is the ninetieth issue of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL, Vol. XIV, No. 3 (New Series), edited by John Neill, assisted by N. A. J. Rogers.

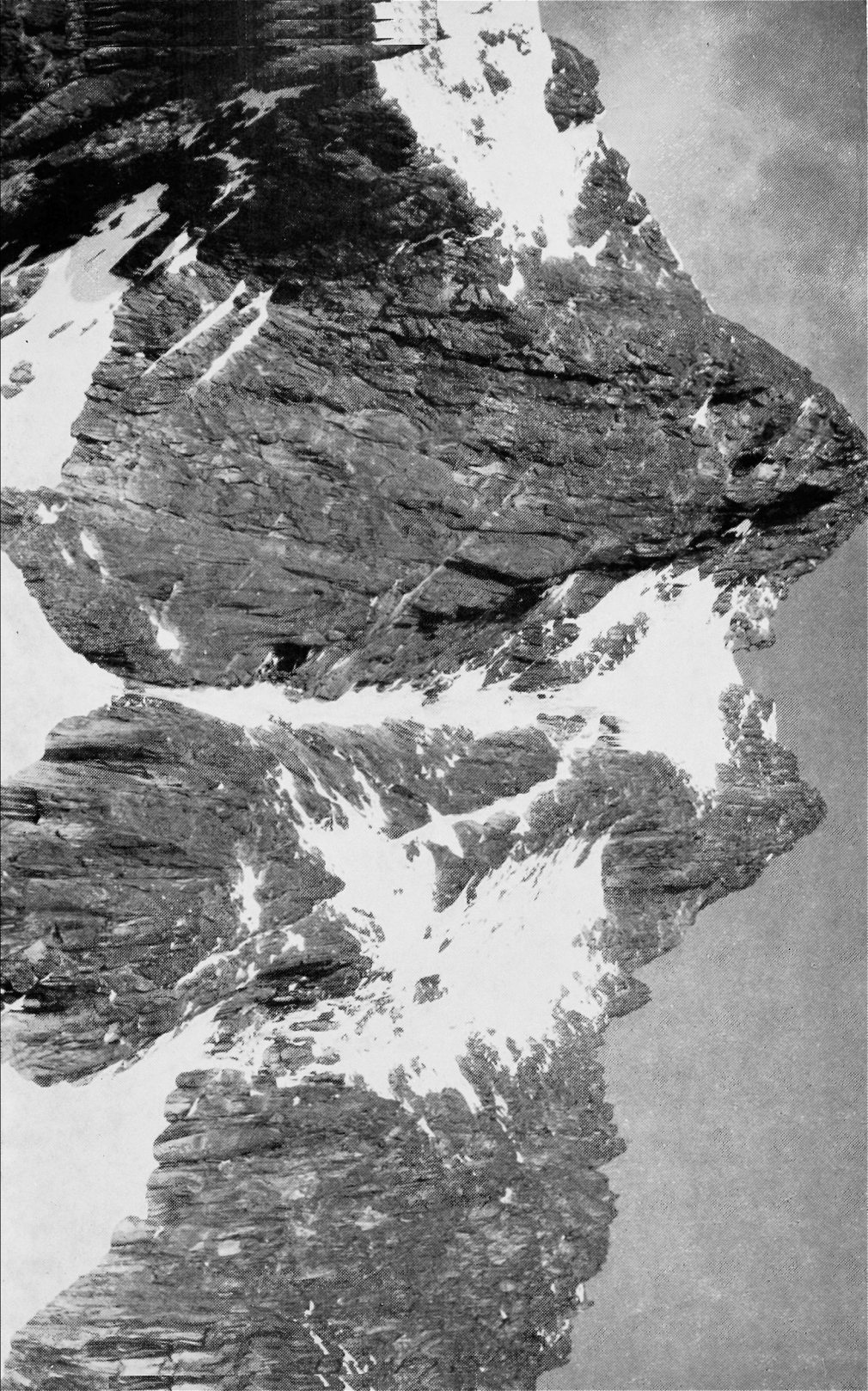
Business Manager:

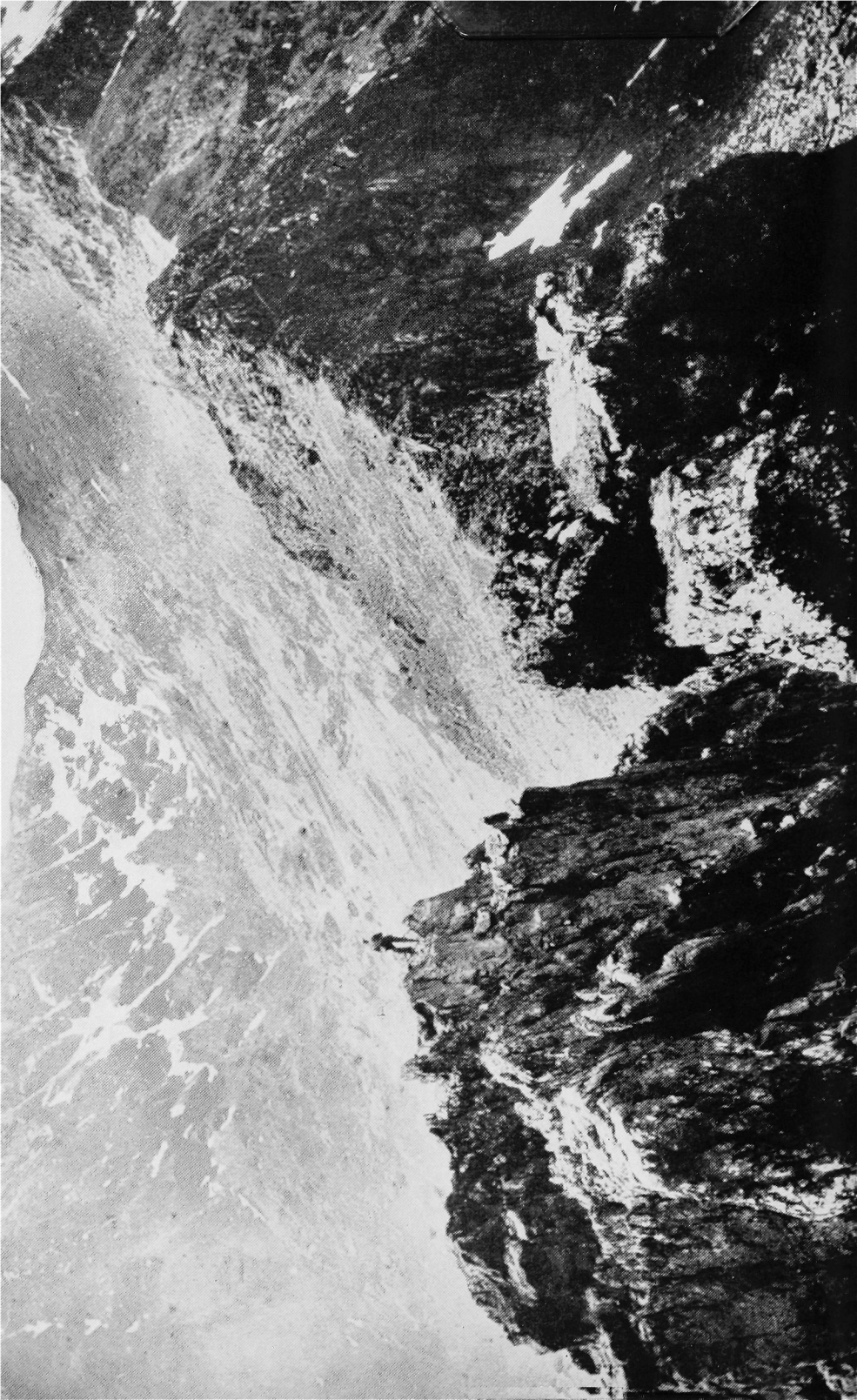
M. J. CUNNINGTON, 27 Aldridge Road Villas, London, W.11.

Copies of the combined Journal and Bulletin may be obtained from Mrs. M. F. Walker, 22 Asmunds Hill, London, N.W.11, price TWELVE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. Cheques, etc., should be made payable to the Climbers' Club and sent to M. J. Cunnington, address above.

Published by the Climbers' Club in 1966, printed and bound by THE CLOISTER PRESS LTD., Heaton Mersey, Stockport.

© The Climbers' Club, 1966





THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. XIV. No. 3 (*New Series*) No. 90

1965

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Mount Kenya and the Ruwenzori .. J. G. R. HARDING	211
The High Level Route JOHN DISLEY	226
Punjab Himalaya R. G. PETTIGREW	236
The Inevitable JOHN EMERY	239
Poems G.J.S.	240
Ascent of Dinas y Gromlech R. JAMES	242
Concussion for Six Weeks, or An Attempt on the North Face of Alam Kauh C. T. JONES	245
Exploring the Kanjiroba Himal BOB KENDELL	249
Never Again.. .. . "SPIKE"	255
The Names of Crags in Snowdonia: A First Report, Part 2 JOHN NEILL AND R. ELFYN HUGHES	259
Editorial	277
The Council for the Protection of Rural Wales	280
Obituary: G. D. Abraham.. .. .	281
G. L. Densham	286
Bryan Donkin	288
Denis James Vaughan Forster	288
Wallace May	289
D. G. Romanis	290
T. G. Longstaff	291
Reviews	293

Note—The Climbers' Club Bulletin, containing New Climbs and Notes, etc., is bound in at the back of this Journal.

MOUNT KENYA: THE SOUTH FACES OF BATIAN (17,058 feet) AND NELION (17,022 feet)
The South Face route is up Darwin Glacier, the right-hand glacier
J. G. R. Harding

MOUNT KENYA AND THE RUWENZORI

J. G. R. HARDING

THOSE THAT KNOW South Arabia will understand the lure of East Africa. I had planned to go there ever since my arrival in Mukalla, a port 300 miles east of Aden and the capital of one of those Arab Sultanates which still retain the advices of the British. In January 1961 I was due local leave and contacted the Mountain Club of Kenya in Nairobi to make up a party to climb Mount Kenya. After much correspondence I had only one taker — Mrs. Ruth Drake, a Government architect, who said she was “mad keen” to climb Nelion, the more accessible of Kenya’s twin peaks. At the beginning of January it was still only Mrs. Drake and myself, but a flurry of letters added Professor Hoel, a Norwegian at the Ethiopian Naval College, Massawa, Mick Fearn of R.A.F. Salalah and Tony Garman of R.A.F. Aden. As they say, we were strange bedfellows. Fearn and Garman knew each other but no-one else did, and by all accounts there was a shortage of climbing experience. We all met up at Nairobi’s New Stanley Hotel on 20th January — Hoel and I after waiting two and a half hours for each other in adjacent reception rooms. Mrs. Drake confided that she recognised Hoel as the “gloomy, humourless” man she had quarrelled with on Kiliminjaro the previous August. That afternoon and evening we coured Nairobi for climbing equipment, Hoel having arrived with nothing but boots and anorak.

The next day we left for our roadhead near Nanyuki. In clear weather you can see Mount Kenya from Nairobi, 120 miles away. On this day it was overcast, but we did get one glimpse of glaciers glinting through the clouds. Descriptions beggar Mount Kenya. When you first see it floating above the brown plainlands of Equatorial Africa you understand why Victorian geographers scorned the German missionary Krapf, who first reported seeing it 100 miles away in 1849. Kenya is probably a corruption of the Kikuyu “Kirinyaga”, generally interpreted as “Mountain of Whiteness”.

Formerly revered as home of the God Ngai, it has become the symbol of a nation. From the air the Mount Kenya of climbing photographs is reduced to a clutch of pimples protruding from the apex of a colossal mound. These pimples, 2,500 feet high, are the remnants of a volcanic core which covers an area two miles in diameter. The entire mountain rises from 5,000 to over 17,000 feet and encompasses the distance from London to Birmingham.

There are many approaches to the peaks of Kenya. We chose the Burguret route which climbs through 9,000 feet of altitude in 25 miles. Mules and zebroids are hired from Raymond Hook (once a white hunter, now a farmer), as was done by Shipton in 1929. With six animals carrying 120 pounds apiece, plus three battle-dressed Kikuyu muleteers armed with pangas, we set off in column at 7.30 a.m. on 22nd January, having spent the previous night on the edge of the forest at 6,000 feet. Muleteers divide their routes into sensible stages; but by 4 p.m. I was glad to stop, having made 6,000 feet. In eight and a half hours we had passed trees three arm-spans broad, thrusting through a chaotic undergrowth; had tunnelled for three hours between the walls of a bamboo thicket 30 feet high; and had waded through chest-high grass tussocks. Now we camped among giant lobelia and groundsel resembling monstrous cabbages. That night the ground froze solid.

Next morning the shutter of my camera jammed as the west face of Mount Kenya with its twin hanging glaciers came into view. By Two Tarn Hut (14,730 feet) I was feeling the effects of a new pair of boots half a size too small, and by now our caravan was distended. From here the twin peaks of Kenya, Batian (17,058 feet) and Nelion (17,022 feet) look intimidating, as two pillars buckled with slabs and festooned with ice- and snow-fields. A party of South Africans, one of whom I had met in the Rothorn hut four years before, bolstered morale with cups of tea; but our object of reaching the Arthur Firmin hut as one party that night seemed as great a challenge as anything I could conceive for the future. At 15,730 feet the Arthur Firmin hut is only 52 feet lower than Mount Blanc, and getting to it involved a 1,500-foot climb up steep scree. Half way up a couple of South Africans passed at the double, and, as the light faded and the snow thickened, our mule train went by on its return journey to Hook's farm.

I was glad to be sleeping in the hut that night. Built in 1959 in memory of Kenya's outstanding climber of the immediate post-war period, it has eight bunks and room for many more on the floor. A few yards away stands the more primitive "Top Hut" on a site which has been in use since 1925. The next day, 24th January, an R.A.F. Mountain Rescue team from Cyprus filled "Top Hut" to capacity. They sported equipment for every exigency and that afternoon assaulted Point Lenana (16,355 feet) *en masse*, with Professor Hoel hard on their heels. Lenana, 16,355 feet and the third summit of Kenya, is only a walk from these huts but has special associations as the peak climbed by the Italian P.O.W's Benuzzi and Balletto in 1943, after their brave attempt on Batian's north-west ridge. Hoel surprised us all by getting back an easy first, and for days after this we saw little of the R.A.F. Later, Mrs. Drake, Garman and myself forced ourselves to follow Hoel's footsteps, but returned to find that Fearn had developed a temperature of 104°, which Mrs. Drake diagnosed as pneumonia.

Fearn's condition improved over the next 36 hours, and by the evening of the 25th we were a more cheerful and better acclimatised party and had begun to plan a programme. All were agreed that the main object was to climb Nelion and, if possible, Batian too. But there were not only differences of approach to the problem but also differences in aptitude and experience. Both Garman and Fearn had climbed on rock and ice in Scotland, but Mrs. Drake had been climbing for only a year, while Professor Hoel's record was stretched to an abortive attempt on Kiliminjaro. None of us had ever climbed together before and only two were confident about abseiling. The standard route on Nelion (17,022 feet), first climbed by Shipton and Wyn-Harris in 1929, is a good Alpine IV Inf. We still had a week on the mountain, and, before contemplating this climb, there was a case for getting fit on subsidiary peaks. The Arthur Firmin hut is not well situated for the best of these, but as a training climb the east/west traverse of Sendeyo (15,433 feet) and Tereri (15,467 feet), three miles to the north, seemed a good bet. This view was not shared by anyone else, so at 7.10 a.m. on 26th January I set off on my own in brilliant sunlight.

To traverse these peaks you first climb Lenana then follow a prickly two-mile ridge, somehow reminiscent of the Cuillin, to the

foot of the East Face of Sendeyo. To the left the Mackinder Valley falls away 10,000 feet to a pattern of greens and browns demarcating forest and savannah on the plains below. Over your shoulder is Nelion's East Face, 1,200 feet of vertical rock with only two climbs on it — a VI with A3 and a V Sup. with A2. Beyond this huge tower is the full sweep of the North Face of Kenya. By 1 p.m. I was atop Sendeyo but now clouds were billowing up and over the main peaks. The way to Tereri began with a misty traverse across Sendeyo's West Face, with the quick way down only revealed by the glimmer of snowfields far below. Indeterminate cols of flaking rock led to the summit of Tereri by 3 p.m., and at one and the same time I was taking steps to get off it. Two false starts terminating at cliff tops preceded a girdle traverse via the snow gullies of the North Face of Tereri and a wicked dièdre filled with ice. By 5 p.m. I was at the bottom of the Mackinder Valley — off the climb but with 3,000 feet and three miles between me and the hut. Floundering through groundsel and wet tufted grass, I exhausted myself on a scree slope which only answered to step-kicking. By 7 p.m. I was still on the scree, but now it was dark and misty and I was unable to see even the snowfields above. Resting after every few steps I made the snow line as the mist cleared; in the moonlight I could not only see the top of Lenana but also heard shouts from Garman and Fearn. We met on the summit and were back in the hut by 9 p.m.

The next morning saw our expedition at the cross-roads. Yesterday I had stuck my neck out. Today Garman, Fearn and Mrs. Drake proposed to do the same on Nelion. There were to be different roads to the summit, and this decided future climbing combinations even though I had still to climb with another member of the party. So Hoel and I joined up for an easy day, and got back to find the others intact but the 200-foot abseil rope still on Nelion. Notwithstanding this, Garman and Fearn were set on the normal route for the following day, 28th January. Hoel and I opted for the traverse of the west ridge of Point Pigott (16,265 feet). This climb gives the best views of the West Face of Batian and the ridge by which Shipton and Tilman first traversed the mountain in 1930. At the col leading to the summit ridge Hoel decided to stay put, so I carried on to the end of the ridge alone. Back in the hut at 7.15 p.m. we found that Garman and Fearn had reached the half way mark

on Nelion and had retrieved the abseil rope. Later that evening Anton (Ax) Nelson, then President of the Kiliminjaro Mountain Club, Dave Goodall and a hut-floor-full of porters moved in. In 1957 these two had made the first ascent of the Heim glacier on Kiliminjaro, spending four nights on the glacier. Having done their hut march in a single day, they planned Point John for tomorrow and Mackinder's original Diamond Glacier route on Batian for the day after.

Despite Nelson's infectious enthusiasm we were apprehensive about Nelion. From the Arthur Firmin hut the standard route up the West Face looks steep and intimidating. Actually, if conditions are good, this is an easy if sustained rock climb with two pitches of IV. However, the traverse over to Batian involves negotiating a notch separating the two peaks known as the Gate of the Mists. The Gate can be difficult when iced, and in the hut the question of whether we should go on to Batian became one of Mrs. Drake's preoccupations. In fact, everything depended on our reaching the summit of Nelion by 10.30 a.m. To continue to Batian after this invites trouble if you want to be off in daylight. Unfortunately Fearn was still weak from his illness, so our ropes were to be Garman and Mrs. Drake; Hoel and myself.

At 5.30 a.m. on 30th January we crossed the Lewis Glacier to the start of the climb. A quarter of a mile wide and three quarters long, this is the largest of Kenya's twelve glaciers, but is only half the size it was 50 years ago. After steady climbing we duly reached the summit by 10.30 a.m. Here Hoel decided to go no further. A pity, as he had considerable natural ability. Mrs. Drake on the other hand was now determined to become the second woman to the summit of Batian. From Nelion it did look extraordinarily close, but at the Gate of the Mists the scrambling suddenly stopped. The recommended descending traverse by the North Face was iced up, so I abseiled 120 feet into the Gate and eventually reached safety on the other side after cutting ice steps across its crest. Some way behind, Mrs. Drake insisted I had taken the wrong route, but Garman persevered, and at 1 p.m. we met up again on the summit of Batian.

The crossing had taken three times longer than anticipated, so I returned immediately to the Gate to find a way back. There were three possibilities: a free climb of 120 feet up the abseil rope; the

diagonal ice climb above the North Face; and, finally, an iced chimney above the Diamond Glacier. The North Face ice route involved hours of step-cutting. Without support the chimney looked suicidal, so I tried to shin up the rope I had left dangling, only to swing like a pendulum under an overhang and then out across the North and South Faces of Mount Kenya. At this stage I remembered the 200-foot abseil rope still with Professor Hoel, so I retreated to the Batian side of the Gate from where I could just see him on the top of Nelion. By now Nelson and Goodall had emerged from behind Mackinder's Gendarme, a few hundred feet lower down, to attempt the Diamond Glacier. This is only a hundred yards wide, but the ice was so hard that they soon gave up and settled for a rock route up Nelion. This was also harder than expected, and communications broke down at an overhang. While Nelson shouted instructions to Goodall I yelled up at Hoel to come down and give me a top rope. The Gate of the Mists echoed our cries but by 3 p.m., when Garman and Mrs. Drake joined me, Hoel had still not got the message. Time was running out, but as Nelson and Goodall extricated themselves I rushed the ice chimney belayed by Garman. After hauling Mrs. Drake up it took four throws to get the rope back to Garman in the Gate of the Mists but by 4 p.m. we were all at the top of Nelion again with three hours of light left.

We ate our first food since 5 a.m. More time was wasted untangling the abseil rope. When we reached the 100-foot abseil which by-passes the two Grade IV pitches it began to snow in earnest. Now, as people tired, flaws in abseil technique emerged. Darkness fell as we reached Mackinder's Gendarme. A year before two people had been killed trying to get off this route in the dark. But with Nelson and Goodall already away in front, Garman, who had twice before descended this section, decided to press on with Mrs. Drake. I didn't fancy bivouacking, but Hoel sensibly refused to budge, so he and I settled down for the night. By 8 p.m. the clouds had lifted, the moon came out and by the early hours Nelson, Goodall, Garman and Mrs. Drake were all off the mountain. While I shivered and shouted Hoel sat out the night, impassive and philosophic. Twelve hours of darkness left a lining of ice crystals inside my plastic bag and the sun took two hours to thaw us out. In recompense Kiliminjaro was visible 200 miles away and by

10.15 a.m. on 31st January, we got back to the hut 29 hours after leaving it.

Our Nelion/Batian traverse was the expedition's climax. Subsequently Garman and Fearn did Shipton's route on Midget Peak; Nelson, Goodall and I made the round of the main peaks; and, on the morning of 2nd February, the day we left Mount Kenya, Mrs. Drake and I did our first and last climb together, up Point John. For an hour on the return journey Garman and I got lost in the bamboo forest; but, this apart, we had no further incidents, and a week later I was back again in Mukalla having lost nothing for the experience but five toenails and most of my left heel.

Almost three years later to the day I got across to East Africa in December 1963 for another look at Mount Kenya and to visit the Ruwenzori. This time nothing was to be left to chance, and correspondence with prospective starters dragged on over two years. A Ruwenzori party materialised months before the start date scheduled for mid-January 1964, but, because most Kenya climbers were set on celebrating Uhuru Day, 12th December 1963, on the top of Batian, the Mount Kenya short list never exceeded three — Jane Fenton, Hamish McNish and myself. Nonetheless, the advantages of this party over that of 1961 were that I had previously skied with Jane; had met Hamish on the Shamsan Scramble — a fool's race to the top of the Aden Peninsula — and already knew something about Mount Kenya. Hamish flew in from Aden on Christmas Day, and on Boxing Day the three of us set off in a borrowed Landrover from Limuru to Hook's farm, 135 miles away. Next day we took to the Burguret track with four mules and Daburu, a muleteer I had had in 1961. One difference between conditions on that occasion and this was that the rainy season of 1963 was still with us. From the bamboo zone to the giant heather we followed a burrow of liquid mud. Light rain fell incessantly up to 9,800 feet, where we huddled under three poncho capes for the night. I was glad we had settled in advance for Two Tarn hut rather than the Arthur Firmin hut. Two Tarn gives better access to the South and West Face routes on Batian and Nelion as well as to Pigott and Midget. More important, a thousand feet in winter conditions on Mount Kenya is the difference between a snug hut on the edge of a beautiful lake and an ice-box on the edge of a glacier.

The greatest mistake an unacclimatised party can make on Mount Kenya is to rush things. Our programme was not ambitious, but to complete it in eight days at the end of the rainy season was optimistic. After a day of altitude sickness we made an abortive attempt to climb Tereri on 30th December. The expedition folded up in thick snow and mist at the New Kami hut, but it gave us six and a half hours' exercise over 9,000 feet of altitude. The following day Hamish and I set our sights on Midget Peak (15,420 feet), a 600-foot aiguille first climbed by Shipton and Tilman in 1930; descending in difficult conditions Tilman fell 80 feet. In the morning conditions did not look difficult, but weather changes fast on Mount Kenya, and through bad management and sloth we only started the south-west gully route (grade IV) at 3.10 p.m. Neither of us had climbed seriously for 18 months, and, though we reached the summit in two and a quarter hours, this left little time to get down before dark. The recommended two to three-hour abseil descent was abandoned on the North Face just before the point of no return. At 7 p.m., with half the climb still to come, it grew dark and began to snow. At this point, when we should have stopped climbing and bivouacked, I had a feeling I had been here before. But having come this far the prospect of New Year's Eve on Midget Peak was such that we did the rest blind. It was a scary descent, but by 8.45 p.m. we were off and chastened for it.

It blew a gale that night and by New Year's morning 1964 there was four inches of snow around the hut. Mount Kenya and its satellites were plastered white, and to see the freezing mist around Midget was consolation for getting off it when we did. As in 1961 the main object was to climb Nelion and/or Batian by the normal route. But with so much snow around even the haul to the Arthur Firmin hut was going to be hard work. However, when the sun broke through that afternoon we were labouring up the long moraine and on into breakable crust with 60-pound loads. The evening sun gave warm tints to a ballooning cloudscape rising from the plains, but the hut itself was a desolation surrounded by 4 feet of snow, and to get water from the glacial pool nearby I had to cut through six inches of ice.

There was another storm that night. It continued into the morning, and when breakfast was finished the best part of the day was gone.

Hamish and I slogged up Point Lenana, to find the summit littered with badges, shields and other mementoes of past achievements. Back in the hut we met Reynold Coyne and Jeff Norman. They had driven 600 miles from Iringa, Tanganyika, in 24 hours. The next three days they spent on the Naro Maro route carrying their own equipment, and this left them with two days for climbing. We tried to get them join us to go up Nelion but realized why they were chary at 4.30 a.m. the next day, 3rd January. Outside the hut the wind was howling and inside, while I made breakfast, Hamish took an hour to get into his frozen boots. Just before we left I noticed the size of his rucksack. He had stuffed both his "Icelandic" and "Polar" sleeping bags into it in readiness for a bivouac. We exchanged our first words of the day, the effect of which was to lighten Hamish's load by 10 pounds. A blast reminiscent of a Scottish February came in to meet us as we opened the door. Half-way across the Lewis glacier our clothes were completely ice-coated to windward.

The mountain was not as I remembered it. After two abortive attempts to get off the ground we cut up an 80-foot snow and ice gully described in the guide book as a scramble. I never noticed the transition between night and day, but, after spending 15 minutes negotiating a rib which the wind re-coated with verglass faster than I could scrape it off, decided to pack it in. It was still only 8.40 a.m. but in two hours we had climbed barely 250 feet of easy rock. To continue at this rate of progress could only lead to regrets higher up. We reached the hut at 11.35 a.m. and then the weather suddenly cleared. Looking back in the sunshine on Nelion it was hard to believe we had spent the last six hours under storm and stress.

Norman and Coyne began their descent to the valleys that afternoon. Shortly after them we left for Two Tarn hut. We had two more days left on the mountain but already a *fin de saison* mood prevailed. Hamish had got mild snow blindness on the Lewis Glacier yesterday and was now talking of Kiliminjaro and the way home. However, after a morning's rest in the sun we agreed to try Nelion's South Face the next day. This is one of Firmin's climbs, though the line we eventually took was entirely our own. After 800 feet of Darwin Glacier the route follows a rock spur. Thence

your choice is between the Diamond Glacier to Batian or various rock routes to Nelion.

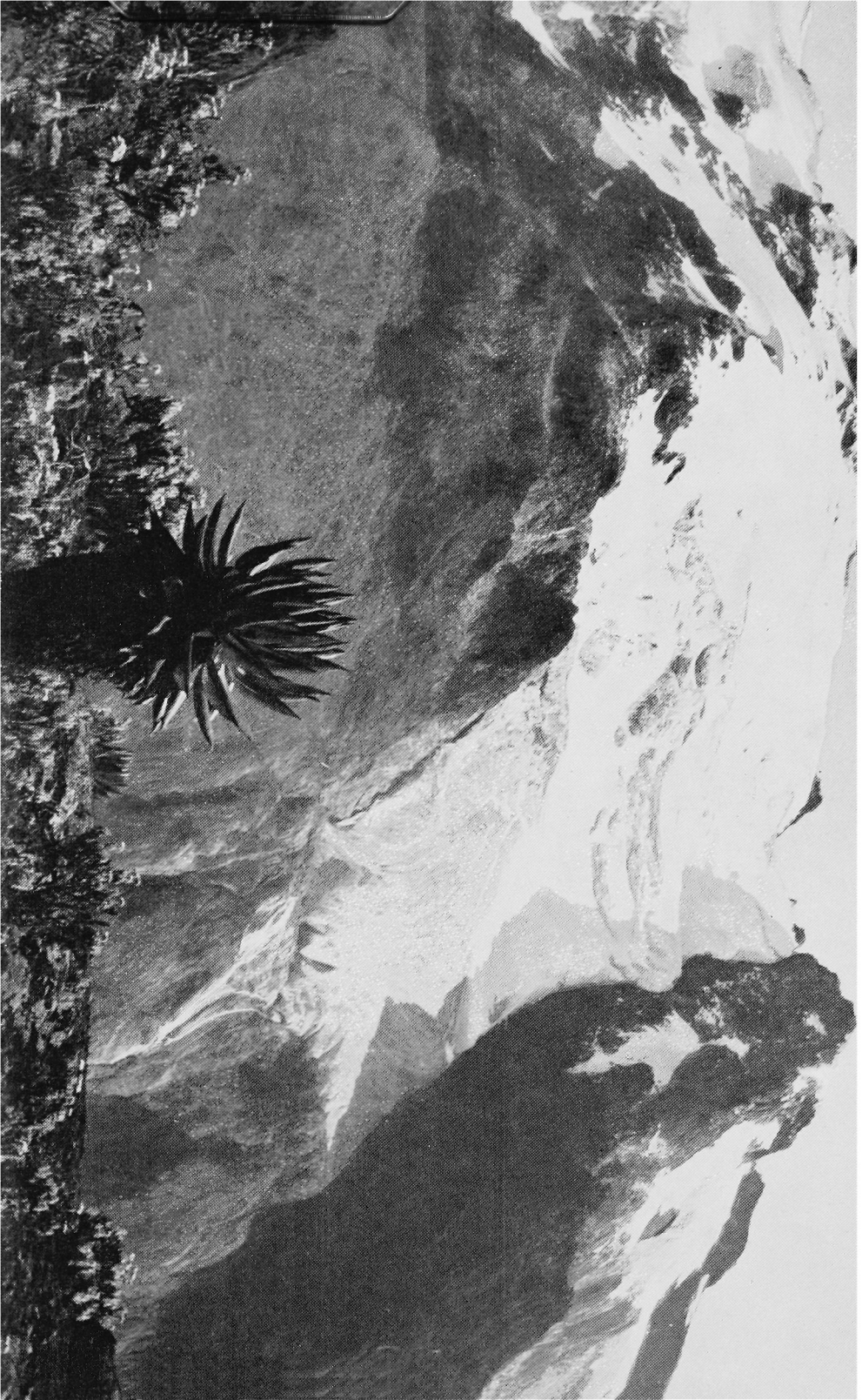
At 5.15 a.m. on 5th January we set off, with the moon full and the sky still lit by stars. We lost each other on the moraine, but by 6.45 a.m. had cramponed to the top of the Darwin Glacier. Here there is a massive corner formed by the two rock ridges of the South-West Face of Nelion. Now we went off route. Instead of moving across to the left to easy rock we went straight on up. After two and a half hours of difficult climbing on a 300-foot face cracked by chimneys filled with snow and ice, we were almost level with what the weather had transformed into a gentle snow-field leading to the final rocks of Nelion. For the last pitch Hamish had wedged himself into a niche overlooking the Darwin Glacier. Fifteen feet above him I traversed across to a six-foot block, steadied myself on it and promptly came away with it and another half ton of mountain. Hamish took some of this on his rucksack but held me dangling 15 feet below him. It was 9.15 a.m. My head was bleeding and my right eye closed, but apart from the loss of a couple of slings and karabiners, we were still on the same rope. We spent the next two and a quarter hours making the first abseil in a daze, but got off the glacier by 1 p.m., in time to avoid the stone avalanches coming off the upper snowfield and down our new route.

We left Mount Kenya the next day, 6th January. The mists soon closed in, and for the next eight hours we stumbled across sopping tussock grass, slithered down forest tracks and tunnelled through the bamboo — our thoughts to ourselves. Hamish had raw heels and I could see with only one eye, so the march seemed an eternity. Half an hour from the roadhead we were mercifully picked up by the local Forestry Officer, treated to Kenyan hospitality and eventually fetched up at the Silver Beck Hotel astride the Equator.

One could say a lot more about Mount Kenya. It has no peer in Africa, and few anywhere else in the world. There is no easy route to the summit and any number of others to cater for all tastes.

After licking our wounds for a couple of days, Jane Fenton and I did a 2,500-mile tour of Kenya and Tanganyika by Landrover, train and the Lake Victoria steamer. Our Ruwenzori trip with John Blacker and Charles Richards was scheduled for 19th January. Administration was in Blacker's hands and with Richards conversant

MOUNT SPEKE, RUWENZORI, FROM IRENE LAKES
Left: Vittorio Emmanuele (16,042 feet). Right: Johnston (15,860 feet)
J. G. R. Harding





in local customs and dialects Jane and I had little to do in advance.

Few ranges have the romance of the Ruwenzori, the fabled Mountains of the Moon whose snows feed Lakes Albert and Victoria from which the White Nile takes its source. Classical and mediaeval Islamic geographers knew of them, but to the Victorian world their existence was only officially established when Stanley saw them and hung the name Ruwenzori on them in the course of his longest journey of exploration in 1888. Subsequently many attempts were made to penetrate the range, but to all intents and purposes the history of exploration in the Ruwenzori begins and ends with the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition in 1906. Abruzzi's was the precursor to and model for the monumental climbing expedition. His 180-mile march from Entebbe to Fort Portal involved 300 people. Once established in the range his party ascended every major peak at least once in the space of 36 days. Abruzzi was working in completely unknown country; yet in addition to the climbing programme his party undertook an exhaustive scientific and geographical survey which included a map only superseded in 1963. The photographs of Ruwenzori taken by De Sella are still unsurpassed. Abruzzi was also responsible for Ruwenzori's nomenclature. He named individual peaks after members of the British and Italian royal families and five of the six snow massifs after African explorers — Stanley, Speke, Baker, Gessi and Emin. The sixth bears his own name, Luigi di Savoia. This was chosen by the Royal Geographical Society as a tribute to his work.

The twentieth century climbing histories of Mount Kenya and the Ruwenzori have similarities. Only seven years separate the first ascent of Kenya's highest peak Batian (17,058 feet) in 1889 and Ruwenzori's summit Margherita (16,763 feet) in 1906. On both occasions the Italian guide Ollier and porter Brocherel took part. Yet thirty years separate Mackinder's first ascent of Batian and the second by Shipton and Wyn-Harris in 1930 and twenty separate Abruzzi's first ascent of Margherita and the second by Dr. Humphreys in 1926. In the case of Batian the gap is explained by the mountain's technical difficulties; in that of the Ruwenzori it was doubtless the weather. Certainly climbing in the range has only become anything less than an expedition since the end of the Second World War, when the Government of Uganda subsidised the Mountain Club of

MOUNT STANLEY, RUWENZORI
Alexandra (16,703 feet) from Margherita (16,763 feet)
J. G. R. Harding

Uganda's hut-building programme. With these new huts, the Mountain Club's guide book, experienced porters and the well-used Bujuku Valley approach route, climbers need no longer be discouraged by Ruwenzori's reputation.

Jane and I met Blacker and Richards in Kampala early on 19th January. We reached Fort Portal that same afternoon and there bought food and the time-honoured blanket and jersey for each porter. But standards have dropped since Abruzzi's day. Today's "blankets" as supplied by Mr. Ahmed Bhimjee are made of cotton waste and his "jerseys" merely cotton singlets. That evening we made a reconnaissance at Ibanda, the headquarters of the Bakonjo tribe porters. This paid off next morning when Charles recruited nine porters and a headman within an hour. Others we met on the mountain carried their own loads, but in this respect we still compared favourably with the 62 porters hired by Sir Douglas Busk's party of five during his ten-day visit in 1955. Our porters were paid about 8/- a day plus food. Carrying 45 to 50 pounds in near freezing temperatures, wearing no more than shirt and shorts, they were cheap at the price.

Much has been written about the horrors of the approach march to the Ruwenzori — the mist, the rain, the mountain torrents, the impenetrable undergrowth and the tussock-jumping across the Bigo Bogs. These things exist, but with a dry track and good weather the guide book's two and a half days from Ibanda up the Bujuku Valley to the Bujuku huts can be reduced to under two. This route, an Abruzzi discovery, leads to the heart of the High Ruwenzori, around which the main snow massifs of Stanley, Speke and Baker are grouped. It is a well-worn but delightful route through country unlike any other. But here we were lucky. Apart from one day's mist and drizzle our passage was only impeded when a column of soldier ants crossed the path. Elephant spoor there was in plenty, but we missed out on the one which chased a member of another party up a tree from which he was unable to get down.

By midday on 22nd January 1964 we were established in one of the two Bujuku huts at 13,050 feet. The other was occupied by a British party of five — three men and two girls — who had driven overland via North Africa and the Sudan on a round-trip budget of £80 per head. They appeared to be living on a diet of porridge

and Rock Hyrax. Also in residence were three Germans with ideas on Baker's North Face, and two others bent on Speke in jacket and trousers. This seemed a full turnout, but according to the porters business in the Ruwenzori is falling off.

With only seven full climbing days in hand our plan was simply to climb the highest points of Speke (Vittorio Emmanuele, 16,042 feet), Stanley (Margherita, 16,763 feet) and Baker (Edward, 15,889 feet), moving from hut to hut with four porters we retained. On 23rd January we all climbed Vittorio Emmanuele, and the day after that shifted camp to the Irene Lakes hut (14,750 feet) for a crack at Margherita, the highest peak in the Ruwenzori. On 25th January Blacker and I climbed Margherita's east ridge, traversed to Alexandra (16,703 feet) and thence descended to the Stanley Plateau, Ruwenzori's largest snowfield. Here the mist forced us to abandon the descent to the hut via an ice fall. It was on this Stanley Plateau that Shipton and Tilman in 1932 wandered around for hours trying to strike off the ridge to Margherita. After an hour's wait we decided to play safe and follow the tracks of previous parties across the plateau, to get off via the Elena Glacier. Taking in Moebius (16,134 feet) *en route* we completed the 10,000-foot circuit Irene Lakes hut — Margherita — Alexandra — Elena hut — Irene Lakes hut in under ten hours. Next day we moved to the Kitandara Lakes hut via the Scott Elliot Pass. The Lower Kitandara Lake is possibly the most beautiful in the range. That evening we bathed in its icy waters, and in the night a leopard raided the porters' camp. On the 27th we all climbed Edward Peak (15,889 feet) on Baker, and Blacker and I traversed to Semper (15,730 feet) and back. A half-hearted attempt to reach Lac Vert on the Congo side of the range was frustrated by helichrysum, a stubborn everlasting shrub which, with others of its kind, makes the Upper Ruwenzori valleys practically impassable. Finally, on the 29th, Blacker and I, intent on Savoia (16,330 feet), the highest peak of Stanley's Coronation Group, climbed by mistake either Elizabeth or Philip via an icy gully. This Coronation Group has a confused nomenclature but probably offers the best climbing in the range. On the way down the weather broke and twice we fell into crevasses on the Savoia Glacier.

We left Ruwenzori next day. The choice of routes lay between

the Bujuku and Mubuku Valleys — the former well tried, the latter shorter in distance but uncut for two years according to the porters. After much talk we agreed on the Mubuku Valley. From the Freshfield Pass — Abruzzi's gateway to the high Ruwenzori — the snow pyramid of Margherita glowed like a miniature Weisshorn in the morning sun. Then we plunged down the Mubuku Valley route of all the early explorers — Stairs, Scott-Elliot, Moore, Johnston, Freshfield, and Mumm and Wolleston, whose party made the first alpine ascent of the Ruwenzori in 1905 on what is now known as Wolleston Peak (15,180 feet). A little way down the valley, where the path rides high on the hillside, you pass the Bujongolo rock shelter, Abruzzi's base camp. From here you look straight across to the amphitheatre of the South Face of Baker, with its three glaciers and peaks for long thought to be the culmination of the range. Further down, but still in sight of snow, trees of heather grow 40 feet high and *helichrysum* 15 feet. Then into the jungle in a series of steps, by an uncut path held several feet off the ground by a mattress of roots and branches. We finally left the lost-world atmosphere of the Ruwenzori by a 1,000-foot drop down the side of a cataract and for the next five hours waded through streams and bogs by way of a ten-foot high bamboo corridor. It took us ten hours to reach the Nyambitaba hut from Kitandara. On the way up I had taken little more than half this time in aggregate to go from Nyambitaba to the Bujuku huts. And this was after three weeks without rain; in normal Ruwenzori conditions the Mubuku route must be a nightmare. Next day, 31st January, we were lunching at the Margherita Hotel, Kilembe.

It is easy to enthuse about the Ruwenzori after having been there in twelve days of good weather. By comparison, a German party three weeks before us never got one day's climbing in ten. But fair or foul the Ruwenzori are unique. Unlike the great volcanic mountains of East Africa — Kenya, Kiliminjaro, Meru and Elgon — the Ruwenzori is a proper range 60 miles long and 30 wide. Herein lies its secret. As it overlooks the immense rain forests of the Congo Basin to the west, precipitation in the form of mists, snow or rain is interrupted only by the briefest of dry seasons. In consequence, the vegetation of the Ruwenzori is infinitely more variegated and profuse than that of any other mountain region in East Africa.

Its glaciers and snowfields are much larger than those of Kenya and Kiliminjaro combined, and, whereas Kenya has clumps of giant heather and the occasional thicket of groundsel, the Ruwenzori has forests of the stuff, and much else besides, more bizarre and beautiful than ever you expected. Of this range one can only say go for yourself and see its lakes and valleys; hear the shriek of the Hyrax and the cough of the leopard; and climb the frozen summits of the Mountains of the Moon. If you can bear the air fare, the cost need not be excessive. Our thirteen days Nairobi/Mount Kenya/Nairobi cost us each £15 for food, petrol, mules and hut fees. Twelve days in the Ruwenzori including transport to and from Kampala and two nights at hotels cost us £18 each. I often thought of this three months later when Tony Delafield and I were averaging over 100 francs a day on the High Level Route.

THE HIGH LEVEL ROUTE

JOHN DISLEY

OUR EARLY Victorian enthusiasts were able by 1861 to announce with pride the successful opening up of a route across the Alpine Pennine Chain from Chamonix to Zermatt. The Alpine Club could proclaim "the new High Level route is complete . . . a 'grande course' of inexhaustible interest, traversing, as it does, almost throughout its entire length, a series of the most magnificent glaciers and snow-fields."

A hundred years ago the expedition was, of course, a summer itinerary, and even today the route is considered a worthwhile traverse in August. However, the term High Level Route, or the translated version, la Haute Route, is now usually associated with the spring and the route is done on skis.

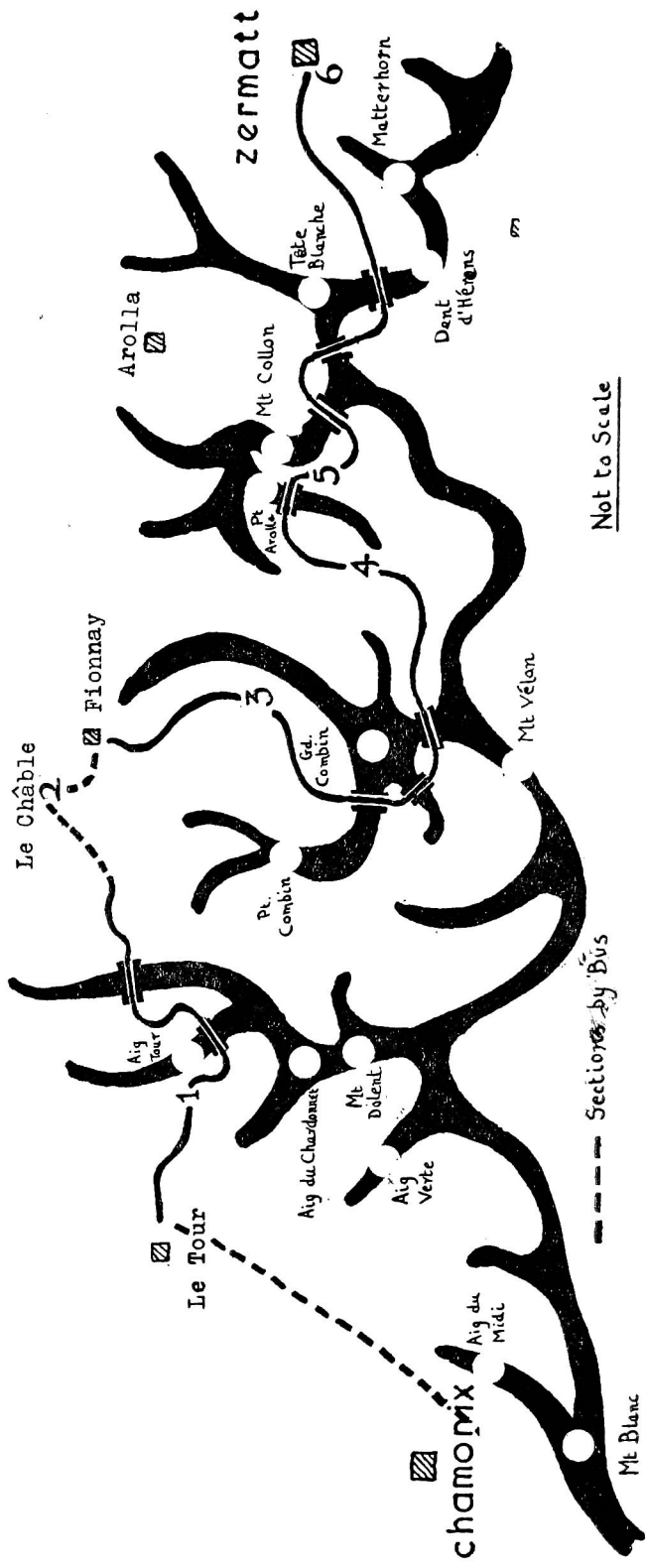
Last year a party from the Climbers' Club, inspired by stories of the advantages of glacier ski-ing, attracted by the sense of British tradition that surrounds the venture, and intrigued by the lack of formulated knowledge that is applicable to the mountaineer who decides to ski, joined the ranks of the ski-mountaineers. It was an auspicious decision; and the purpose of this article is to encourage others from the Club to break out into the composite world of ski and ice-axe.

There is quite a reasonable literature on the subject of ski-touring. In *Ski Notes and Queries*, the bulletin of the Ski Club of Great Britain, there are many articles on touring problems; and the same Club has produced an excellent handbook, *Ski-Touring and Glacier Ski-ing*. However, practically all this advice is supplied by skiers for skiers, and there is a distinct dichotomy between skiers who sometimes climb and mountaineers who sometimes ski which makes this advice a little less than complete. Consequently, it was a question of taking all counsel and then sifting it through with the eyes of a competent mountaineer and mediocre skier.

As to the actual High Level Route, there are several books well worth reading: *Alpine Ski Tour* by Robin Fedden, a Ruskin-like account with useful notes at the end of each chapter; *La Haute Route*

THE HIGH LEVEL ROUTE

1. Albert 1^{er}
2. Hotel de la Getron
3. Panossière
4. Chanrion
5. Vignettes



by Maurice Martin, a practical pamphlet with some twenty-two pages of text and a dozen useful sketch maps, published by the Club Alpin Français; *Die Gipfelwelt der "Haute Route"** by André Roch, an inspiring collection of 85 photographs with a long introduction.

A brief note about the members of our group may well help fellow-members of the Club to identify themselves with our various strengths and failings, and hence decide if they are of the ilk for the 70-mile trek:

Fred Ashworth — Several Alpine climbing seasons and experience in the Rockies. A good skier on piste, but hopeless on mush — especially when tired. Canadian food, excess of the automobile and the lack of stairs in public buildings combined to ensure that he was tired most of the time. As he expected to do he abseiled off the route after two apocalyptic days.

Eric Langmuir — Many Alpine seasons to his credit. A fine technical skier who has the opportunity to ski regularly at Glenmore Lodge. Eric is very fit and his highly-developed competitive sense consistently drove your author crazy.

John Peacock — An extensive Alpine career on snow and rock. A peculiar skier who combined a Harpo Marx crouch with an utterly reliable jump turn in all snow conditions. He always blamed "filming" for his position hundreds of feet below us on the uphill flogs. We thought him over-weight.

Dr. Peter Steele — Limited Alpine climbing experience of recent years. Limited ski-ing experience of any years. Peter fought his way through the Pennine Chain on the absolute basic minimum of skill but with a surfeit of determination.

The Author — A modicum of Alpine climbing practice. A much poorer skier than he would admit to — but he is fit. Or, as our guide said, "it's a good job you are bloody strong!"

We were also joined by Martin Rowell, who is a very fit friend of Geoff Sutton — a keen mountaineer and good skier.

PREPARATIONS AND ARRANGEMENTS

1. *The Date*

Although the Route has been done on ski in mid-winter, traffic normally starts over the area near the beginning of May. Few of the commercial organisations advertise starting dates before the last

*Also published in French (ED.)

week of April. The season when the crevasses are securely bridged and the wind-crust turned to spring snow lasts until early June. We chose the second week of May and were happy to savour the contrast between meadows dotted with crocuses and the white winter which still prevailed above.

We worried continually about the possible absence of snow, as 1964 was a poor season at Alpine resorts. Friends returned from skiing holidays and advised us to call the project off unless we wanted to do the route on foot. We need not have worried had we realized that all the High Level Route is done on the glaciers, areas that the average resort skier never sees let alone puts ski on.

2. *The Route*

There are, of course, two ways of linking together Chamonix with Zermatt. Most German, Austrian and Swiss parties seem to prefer to depart from France. French skiers, naturally enough, travel west towards home. We chose a west to east traverse for several reasons:

- (a) Historically it is correct.
- (b) The down-hill runs are better — as long as they are done early in the day.
- (c) The up-hill climbs on skins stay in the shade longer.
- (d) Zermatt as a destination offers splendid opportunities for continued touring.

The actual traverse of the three main sections of the route can be done by several permutations of valley, hut and col. In poor conditions it would be possible to circumnavigate the main massif of the Grand Combin without exposing the party to high altitudes or difficult terrain. Many of the commercial ski-school groups do just this in fair or foul weather but it could hardly be called a "high level" route.

Our itinerary, described below, took in every crux section — the higher col whenever there was a choice and as direct as we could manage. It is not a route which would appeal to the mountaineering skier, as it involves several sections of steep ice and snow where skis had to be carried, crampons worn and steps cut. But we as ski-ing mountaineers welcomed these excursions back into an environment over which we felt we had reasonable control.

3. *Pre-off Period*

Spring-time Chamonix, reached by train, is in limbo and accommodation easy to find in the cheaper hotels. Ideally it would be pleasant to spend two nights in the town and have a day in the Vallée Blanche ski-ing from the top of the Augille du Midi lift. Also, last minute articles of equipment can be obtained — at discount rates with traveller's cheques at Snell Sports.

4. *The Route*

Day 1. Taxi, bus or train and bus to the village of Le Tour (1,470 m.). Three hours' walk up the summer path and then at least 1 hour on skins up the snow-covered moraine to the Albert 1st Hut (2,702 m.). We found this section the worst flog of the tour and needed this profound experience to rationalize our loads. An early or late start would have avoided our floundering efforts in the mid-day sun. The old hut is always open, but the large new building needs the custodian present to be used. Great views of the Chardonnet. The Forbes Ridge looks very tempting.

Day 2. 3 a.m. start. On skins up to the Col du Tour (3,281 m.), dawn and an exhilarating run down the Plateau Trient and an easy climb up to the Pointes d'Orny. Find the Fenêtre de Chamois or any other gap in the ridge, abseil into the Val d'Arpette and ski down the 3-mile-long valley to the tree line. Walk through the pine forests to Champex (1,466 m.) and beer or Assiettes Valaisiennes. By bus or lorry to Le Chable, 15 miles away in the apple orchards beneath the ski resort of Verbier. Night spent in the hotel — "de la Getroz" is a good cheap family hotel.

We were held up by another large party in the "fenêtre" and so were very late coming down the upper cwm of the Val d'Arpette. By 1 p.m. the snow was like porridge and avalanching below us. A miserable kick-turn-only descent.

Day 3. The 8 a.m. local bus to Fionnay (1,572 m.) for us, and the 10 p.m. train to Geneva for Ashworth. A two-hour walk up the pleasant summer path and then on skins for an hour over the moraines to the Cabane de Panossière (2,671 m.). A warm, friendly hut set in the lap of the Grand Combin — no custodian and the better for it!

Day 4. 3 a.m. start by torch-light. Southwards towards the key

section of the whole Route. Skins all the way until the last 100 metres up to the Col du Meitin (3,609 m.). Next a passage on crampons to reach the Plateau du Couloir. Far below, the Cabane de Valsorey and the alternative route for skirting the Combin hump. It was on this section that Peter announced that he had left his axe and crampons in Chamonix. We recalled Fedden's 300-foot fall on the descent to the Glacier de Sonadon and kept off skis until the Col de Sonadon and Western Pennines were squarely behind us. A magnificent swooping descent for 4 miles down the Mont Durant glacier ended at the confluence of the Durand, Otemma, and Fenêtre glaciers (2,206 m.). The Cabane de Chanrion, large and occupied, is a 850-foot flog on foot above (2,460 m.). The evening was spent repairing skins and feet.

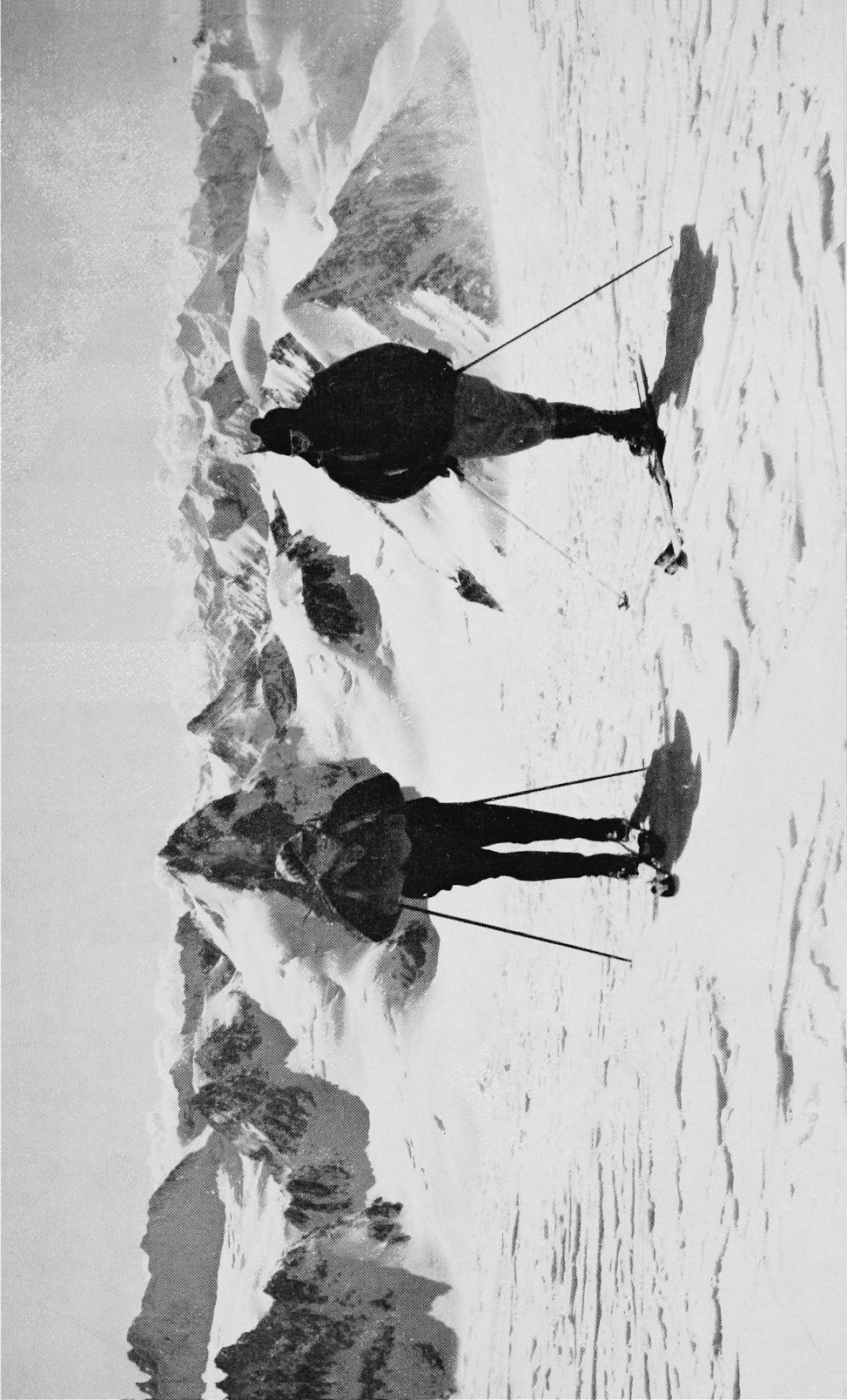
Day 5. Snowing at 3 a.m., back to bed until 5. In bad, flat light on skins to the Glacier de Breney. The ice-fall was taken on the left as the book suggests. The snow was too soft to climb in and too steep for skins. Not a place well-remembered by the group. The summit of Pigne d'Arolla (3,772 m.), nothing to see and then a difficult route-finding descent on skis to hit the bottleneck of ridge that leads to the Vignettes Hut (3,157 m.).

Day 6. 4 a.m. A glorious switch-back journey towards the gap between the Matterhorn and the Dent Blanche. Col de Chermontane (3,067 m.), Col de l'Evêque (3,392 m.), Col de Mont Brulé (3,213 m.) and Col de Valpelline (3,566 m.). Finally, exciting down-hill skiing on the Stockjigletscher, the Tiefmattengletscher and the Zmuttgletscher. The route weaved in and out of massive ice-falls and the excuse for a rest was always present as the Matterhorn rotated past. A relief to reach the end of the avalanche-smudged glacier at about the 2,000 metres level and a surprise to be able to hitch a ride on a dam construction lorry to the Gornergrat railway. Into Zermatt happy and glorious — milk, beer and a shower at the Bahnhof Hotel. Bernard was pleased to see his first British "swallows" of the summer.

Further Progress

Our intention was to climb the Monte Rosa and ski on to Saas Fee.

By railway and lift to the Stockhorn and ski down, yes down to the Hut. Next day first out of a crowded building and demonstrated





our fitness and efficiency by reaching the Dufourspitze summit (4,634 m.) ahead of all challengers. The recovery of Peacock's axe from Italy and Langmuir's battle with a collapsed snow bridge lost us our lead, but we still enjoyed perfect ski-ing back to the hut from the col at 13,000-foot where we had left the skis. A pleasure to ski without packs — back to the near-parallel stuff again.

Next morning we started early for Saas Fee, but retreated in bad weather after an hour's climb. Wilfully the weather immediately improved and we set off again up the moraine. After an epic climb to the Adler Pass we looked down towards Saas, felt the sagging snow move under our skis and returned the way we had come. In the enervating grip of the Föhn with visibility almost nil we skied roped together on compass bearings until we regained the Findeln glacier. Proud of our navigation and ashamed at our roped ski-ing technique we returned to Zermatt and caught a train home.

5. *Equipment*

Unless you intend to get involved in brown paper and string and the French for *poste restante* at Chamonix then it is true to say that whatever comes with you to Victoria Station stays on your back over the Alps. We over-estimated our strength and began shedding gear from the boat onwards. By the time we arrived in Zermatt we had firm ideas on essential equipment and our sacks looked less like an Irish tinker's pack.

The road to cardiac failure is paved with the advice on equipment given by arm-chair ski-mountaineers. If we had taken everything that was recommended we would still be sagging against the church on the meadows at Le Tour. As it was we compromised before we went and pruned drastically in the first agonising 48 hours of effort. We ended up with the following:—

A. *Communal (party of 3-4)*

- (a) Rope — 120 feet of No. 2 Nylon, used for roped ski-ing on doubtful glaciers, or on ascents of ice-falls. (3 lbs.). (If more serious rope-work is contemplated such as ascents of the Forbes Ridge on the Chardonnet or the Grand Combin, then another 120 feet of No. 3 rope should be included. 5 lbs. 4 ozs.)
- (b) Rescue Sledge — A system of clamps and light canvas that uses the injured man's skis and sticks to make a sledge. The "Furrer" is one make. (3 lbs.)
- (c) First Aid Kit — Included in it ample plasters, codeine tablets, sleeping pills and morphia if possible. (6 ozs.)

- (d) Maps — The Swiss National 1:50,000 scale. Nos. 282, 283 and 284. Obtain the maps with the ski routes overprint. This edition as well as having information on ski trails has details of huts, lifts, etc. These maps cost 5f. each and can be obtained from the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, W.C.2. (3 ozs.)
- (e) Repair Kit — For skins, skis, sticks, etc. Pliers, edge screws, bifurcated rivets, needles, strong thread, webbing, wire and thin nylon cord. Also a spare ski tip if there are wooden skis in the party. (2 lbs.)
- (f) Compass — A Silva Type 1 or 8 (large base plate). (2 ozs.)
- (g) Altimeter — Optional but useful in bad visibility. (4 ozs.)

B. Personal

- (h) Skis — A good quality combination ski of wood or metal. A light ash ski, although an advantage when off the feet, is too slow on straight runs and edges badly on ice. (12 lbs.)
- (i) Bindings — Must be cable-type safety front throw and sideways release irons for down-hill work. However, the toe-iron must be convertible to a fixed touring position. E.g. Tyrolia "Ski Meister" or any sideways release iron and the Kandahar Touring plate with folding side lugs. (2 lbs. 8 ozs.)
- (j) Skins — The reliability of the fastenings is more important than the quality of the "plush". On wooden ski the "Trimma" skin which locates itself on lugs in the sole groove of the ski. For metal skis with too shallow a groove for lugs, the "Pamir Vinersa" with metal side clips are functional. (1 lb. 4 ozs.)
- (k) Sticks — Long and with average or large baskets. (1 lb. 8 ozs.)
- (l) Boots — Lameness due to blistered heels is the greatest occupational hazard of ski mountaineering. A well-used pair of ski boots that have lost their rigidity in the sole will be very suitable. Climbing boots would be satisfactory as long as the heel groove was secure and the toe of the boot well matched to the bindings.
- (m) Crampons — As light as possible. (1 lb. 6 ozs.)
- (n) Axe — A short one will weigh less. (1 lb. 12 ozs.)
- (o) Slings and karabiners — Necessary for crevasse rescue or sledge construction as well as for belays. (1 lb. 2 ozs.)
- (p) Rucksack — A frameless Alpine climbing sack will do well. Fitted with bivi-sheet and outside sleeves and straps for carrying skis, crampons and axe. (3 lbs. 6 ozs.)
- (q) Clothing — Long stockings, breeches and gaiters are much more practical than stretch vorlages. Above the waist layers of wool covered over-all by a polyurethane cagoule will give all the permutations of warmth and coolness needed. A duvet is essential. A cotton sun hat, woollen hat, gloves and spare socks complete the gear.
- (u) Additional Equipment — Torch, spare battery and bulb; whistle, kept handy on neck cord; wax; dark glasses and yellow goggles; avalanche cord, 20-25 metres bright coloured and trailed; polythene bags for wet skins, etc.; muslin towel and toilet gear; passport; money and a long paper-back novel. (1 lb. 2 ozs.)

Thus: Communal Equipment	9 lbs.
One-third share	3 lbs.
Personal Equipment	26 lbs.
Share of food — for 3 days (see below)	8 lbs.
Spare clothes, duvet, etc.	5 lbs.
Total load when on foot	42 lbs.
Total load when climbing on ski	24 lbs. 8 ozs.

6. *Food and Feeding Arrangements*

The problem is one of equating cost and necessity against weight. We had intended to provide our own food from London to Zermatt. However, goodies sent by train from Aviemore never reached London and we left under-stocked. This was a blessing in disguise, as our packs would have been too wearisome if we had tried to carry food for six nights. As it was we set off with food for four days and made it last six.

The large Swiss huts will be open in May and it would be possible to buy, at a price, evening meals at the Chanrion, Vignettes and Monte Rosa "cabanes". One advantage of the "plat du jour" system is that you eat promptly. Having the "gardien" spoil your food is a long and bitter experience. I remember one in particular—it left us a complete dehydrated Chinese meal, ninety minutes later it returned as soggy noodle stew. God knows where the plastic soya sauce packet went.

The smaller huts will be foodless — the Albert 1^{er}., and the Panossière. This means that, allowing reserves for bad weather hold-ups of two days, a party need only carry food for three days if supplies are replaced at Le Chable. In the event of a hold-up on the Combin, meals can be purchased from the Chanrion onwards.

This initial three-day supply of food is best brought from England, where modern dehydrated rations giving 4,000 calories a day can be kept down to two and a half pounds per man per day and the cost to about 7/6d. This would mean that each man would be involved in about 8 lbs. of rations in his pack at the start of each section of the Route.

7. *The Question of a Guide*

Being fairly devout cowards and influenced by top advice from the Ski Club of Great Britain we engaged in advance a young guide from Grindelwald who was recommended to us by the Eagle Ski Club. The union was a mistake; he was suspicious of our mountaineering experience and we envious of his ski-ing ability. He taught us little except the importance of persistent effort up-hill and early morning discipline. A fumbled ski binding or mis-placed glove during a 3.30 a.m. blast-off meant loss of contact with the group until first stop at sun-up two hours later. Steele used to plant his

skis facing in the right direction outside the hut before he went to bed, so that he only had to leap into them when "grand-prix" start time arrived.

We learnt more about ski-mountaineering after we had paid the guide off at the first opportunity, and I believe that we adopted higher standards of safety when we were masters of our own destiny.

We found, as we expected to do, that we could out-climb on foot or on skins any party recruited from the ski-ing fraternity. We were also hours faster than this kind of party on difficult pitches. On the average we climbed on skins carrying loads at about 300 metres an hour. For horizontal ski-ing on glaciers we managed about four kilometres an hour. Our moments of truth came whenever we tangled with real skiers on the down-hill runs — they just skied out of sight! We struggled down, mixing together kick-turns with stems and falls, at the rate of about 1,000 metres an hour.

As to route finding, we had no difficulty, for, over and above the skills of map and compass, we often had the aid of the tracks of parties who were a day or two ahead of us. On a day when the ski-school parties went back to bed, we navigated ourselves with precise accuracy through ice-falls, crevasses and cloud down to the nearest wine shop.

8. *Cost (12-day trip)*

(a)	Travel — By train London — Chamonix				£	s.	d.
	Zermatt — London	21	11	0
	Couchettes both ways	2	0	0
	Lifts (the Midi and Gornergrat)	2	0	0
	Buses (to le Tour and le Chable)	10	0	
(b)	Food — Self-feeding London-Chamonix						
	Eating out in Chamonix, le Chable						
	Own food in huts						
	Self-cooking at Zermatt						
	Self-feeding Zermatt-London	8	0	0
(c)	Accommodation — Hotel in Chamonix						
	Hotel in le Chable						
	The Bahnhof in Zermatt						
	Huts (ÖAV membership)	7	10	0
					£41	11	0
(d)	A Guide — If a guide was felt to be necessary, and I believe that any party of competent mountaineers doesn't need a guide, it is an expensive item. We were fortunate to come under the patronage of Neil Hogg and the Eagle Ski Club and our						

guide's fee was heavily subsidised. Normally it would be necessary to pay £50 for a guide's services for a week, plus his expenses.

The High Level Route done with a commercial concern, such as the Zermatt Ski School, will cost at least 400f. for an eight-day tour. Their route bypasses the Combin key section and reaches Chamonix via the Col du Géant lift from Courmayeur.

CONCLUSION

The alleged interest shown by members of the Club in this enterprise indicates that 1966 will be a bumper year on the High Level Route. If these gentlemen concern themselves with fitness as well as ski-ing skill then they can be guaranteed an enjoyable and exciting episode in their mountaineering progress.

PUNJAB HIMALAYA

(PRE-MONSOON, 1965)

R. G. PETTIGREW

THE ARMY MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION party in Kulu, pre-monsoon 1965, was beset by last-minute political difficulties which are becoming a sad but familiar feature of climbing in the Himalaya of India. These difficulties resulted in, first, a reduction in the size of the party and, second, in an unwelcome but inevitable change of objectives from the unclimbed 21,000-foot peaks of the upper Parbati valley to the well-trodden regions of the Malana and Tos nullahs. Moreover, access proved especially arduous because of the late snowfall of last winter (which barred three of the passes we were now obliged to cross), and the mutinous behaviour of the Tibetan refugee porters we unwisely employed on 16th May for the march-in to Base Camp in the Malana nullah.

On 29th May, 1965, we made the first ascent of Ramchukor Peak, 17,025 feet, in the east containing wall of the Ali Ratni Tibba East glacier, via the last-named glacier, easy *névés*, and the splendid snow arête of the north ridge. The summit was reached by Langford, Pettigrew, Wangyal and Zangbo. At a later stage in the expedition Henty, with Palgaon and Zangbo, climbed the northernmost peak in the group, unnamed Point 16,800 feet. Although modest in altitude, there are several attractive and difficult peaks in this area, most of them virgin.

In *H.J.*, 5, 82, A. P. F. Hamilton refers to the Sara Umga pass, which once carried the ancient trade route from Ladakh to Rampur-Bashahr in the Sutlej Valley, as being little known, not less than 16,000 feet high, and probably difficult. The pass was reached by the A.M.A. party on 3rd June, 1965. Some difficulty was experienced in scaling the steep north bank of the deeply-entrenched west stream of the Tos glacier to enter the pass from the south, but conditions would alter radically in the post-monsoon season when the pass probably opened each year for a brief period. Its height by aneroid barometer is 16,025 feet. This is probably the first crossing of the Sara Umga La by mountaineers. Later a camp was established for

six days on the **Chota** Shigri glacier leading north to Phuti Runi on the true left bank of the Chandra river in Lahul (not the **Bara** Shigri glacier as suggested by Hamilton).

Using the pass as a base, Langford, Pettigrew, Zangbo and Wangyal on 9th June reconnoitered the approaches from the south to Point 21,165 feet (Papsura), and its north-westerly outlier Point 20,300 feet, both prominent unclimbed peaks in the northern end of the Kulu/Bara Shigri Divide. We took the northernmost of two tributary glaciers. This, though the steeper of the two, was less exposed to falling ice from the upper shelf of their common *névé*. The recce. camp was sited on a col, 18,013 feet, overlooking a glacier cwm draining first north then west into the lower Chota Shigri glacier and surrounded on three sides by precipitous walls. This cwm is unmarked on the Survey of India sheets. By traversing the *névé* at the foot of Point 20,300 feet, in an easterly direction, we reached a good view-point on the south ridge of that mountain. Here, at 18,400 feet, we were on a watershed between tributary glaciers flowing into the Tos glacier and those flowing into the Chota Shigri glacier. Looking south-east beyond the Tos East glacier we identified Point 19,061 feet, climbed by Colonel J. O. M. Roberts in 1941. We examined the north-west ridge, the west face and the south ridge of Papsura, 21,165 feet, but we could not trace a feasible route from this side.

Ali Ratni Tibba, 18,013 feet, and its fore-top, known respectively as Paptula and Dramtula to the local *paharis* (hillmen) are a formidable mountain group resembling the Aiguilles des Drus. Aiming to carry out a close reconnaissance, Langford, Pettigrew and Wangyal circumnavigated the base of the mountain by ascending the Ali Ratni Tibba East glacier, a tributary of the Malana glacier, and descending the Ali Ratni Tibba West glacier, which emerges in the upper Malana nullah on the true left bank of the river, just below the snout of the Malana glacier. Two camps were required, one on the new pass we made immediately south-west of Ali Ratni Tibba, and one above the lower ice-fall on the descent glacier. The pass was named Pass of the Obelisks, *c.* 16,000 feet. We consider that, once gained, the south-west ridge offers the best chance of an ascent of the mountain, but it would have to be reached by a route

traversing the steep ice-fields of the south face, which would require considerable resources and prolonged preparation.

The party withdrew from the area down the remarkable and precipitous gorge of the Malana river, reaching the motorable road of the Parbati valley at Jari, 5,260 feet, on 17th June.

POEMS

THE INEVITABLE

THE POEM which follows was written by John Emery when a Marlborough school-boy of 17 as his paper in an English Essay examination, in reply to this question:

"Write an essay in two to three hours on the following quotation from Louis MacNeice:

"The glass is falling hour by hour; the glass will fall for ever,
And if you break the bloody glass, you won't hold up the weather."

The master in charge was undecided whether to give him full marks or a note to his housemaster for impertinence. While one may be in two minds about whether the poem is more revealing of Emery's literary brilliance or of the way in which he thought fit to let schoolmasters know his views on examinations, those who knew him will probably find it interesting. We are indebted to his parents for making it available to us.—ED.

Falling, Falling,
Through a vacuumed eternity
Lined with smooth glass,
Bottomless,
Meaningless.

Drifting, drifting,
Ectoplasm and endoplasm
Merging together,
Softly,
Quietly.

Noise, Hubbub,
A great way off,
All quiet inside,
Gliding,
Sliding.

Nearer, Nearer,
Shouting and Swearing,
A light extinguished,
Darkness,
Terror.

Pressing, Tightening,
Swirling and swaying,
Skeletal hordes surge,
Mouths agape,
Writhing.

Growing, Spreading,
Nuclear bombardment,
Cataclysmic explosion,
Cracking,
Splitting.

Tearing, wrenching,
Worlds in collision
Blown to eternity,
Flickering,
Dying.

Floating through space,
Drifting in everlasting void,
Movement without form,
For ever and ever,
Amen

POEMS

G.J.S.

He broke through trees, cursing the brambles
that tore in his clothes, his ankles cricking
in rock holes hidden by the underbrush:
at last four yards of sunlight, and the cliff.
His deductions, his route-finding, were all true.
Now his eyes stroked it in love, noting
the unswept ledges, the moss, the blocks poised
to fall at a touch and the tasks to climb,
a network of possession in chimney and slab.
The rock was rough rust, warm. He turned
and blundered back to the world for a companion.
Why did he never return? The foiled purpose

lies unseen on the crag and will never be found
by the groping eyes of others. Winter and summer
the cliff glooms rawly. It is not waiting for anyone.

December in the Préalpes

Before snow the earth lies face downwards
the light grains circling on its back
the air above it deepening day by day
deeper and darker though without perceptible cloud
and even the wind seeming abstracted
doodles in small circles in the dirt.

So the body of Faust turned on its face
five times before the wrath of God.

The bare boughs make a parcel of the heart
wrapping away its ingots of pain
until there is really no more suffering
but a growing vagueness, as the zenith deepens
into the mind of God, and the first dry flakes,
hesitant like the first guests ushered into a room,
write symbols of white and brown on the dust
in a language recognised but not understood.
The wood inside the genevriers is bled white
and behind the horizon a glove of wind
unfurls the winding sheet, thick in its folds
of silence, over those stiff shoulders.
Better to leave it like that.

ASCENT OF DINAS Y GROMLECH

(with apologies to

W. R. Reade and W. P. McCulloch, *C.C.J.* Vol. 1, No. 2)

R. JAMES

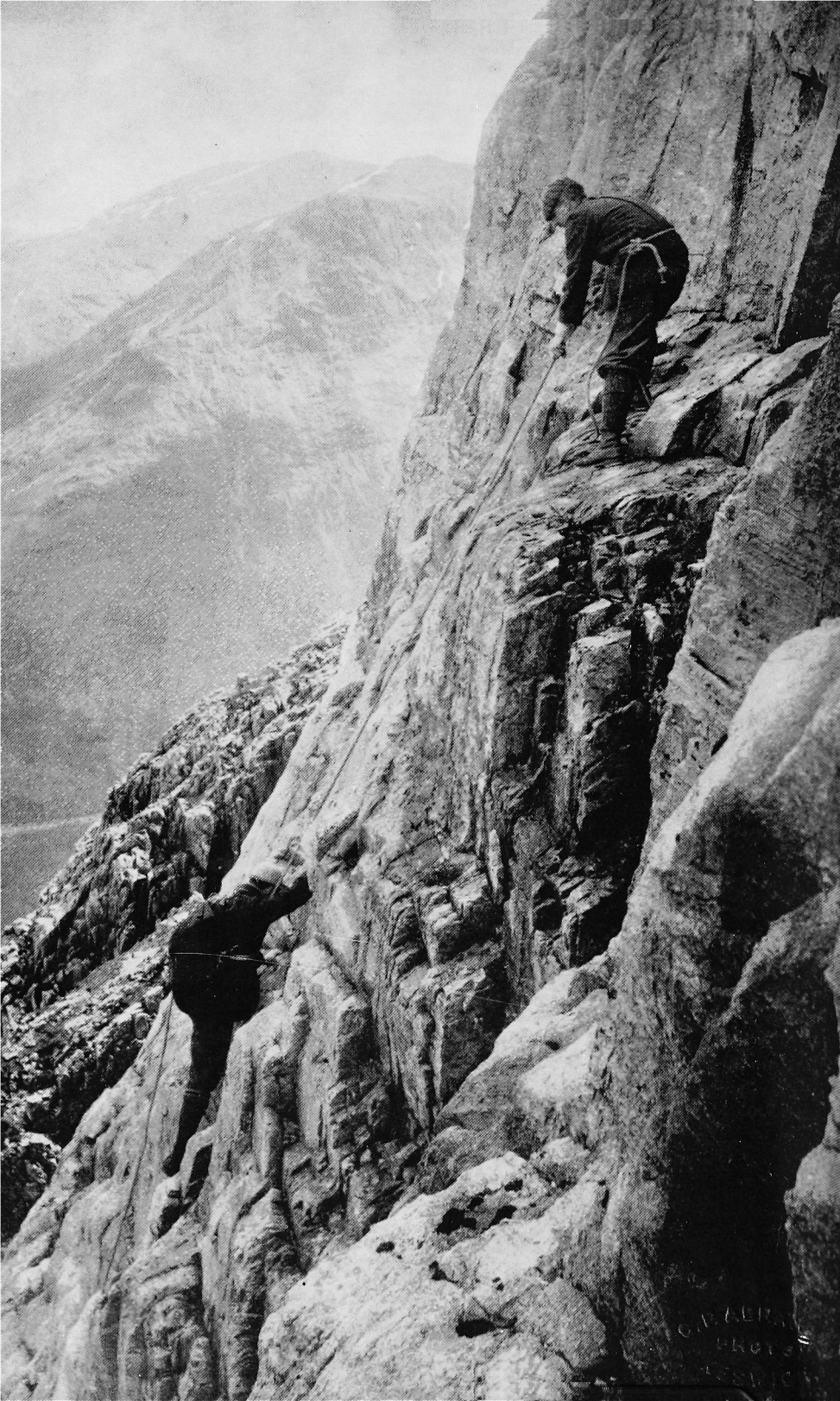
ON MONDAY, 8th October 1962 we departed from Ogwen at 11.42 a.m. in our own conveyance, drove through the hamlet of Capel Curig, past the hostelrys of Pen y Gwryd and Pen y Pass, and so to the bridge at Pont y Gromlech. We arrived at ten past twelve and without delay set out up the scree-covered slope to Dinas y Gromlech, reaching the foot of this terrible precipice at 12.35 p.m.

Some weeks before, we had made a close survey of the section of the huge crag which rises sheer to the left of the prominent central corner. At a conservative estimate it rises 200 feet from the screes, the sides being either vertical or, in places, overhanging. It presents initially not an obvious nose, but an indefinite wall, leading after 100 feet to a recess in the face which earlier pioneers had called the Forest. There seemed to be three methods of ascending this bastion, either on the left by a steep fissure, or directly (but this we knew to be very difficult, having climbed this a few weeks earlier), or on the right by a series of ledges leading first below the immense central corner and then by an easy but very exposed traverse out onto the very apex of the ridge. However, neither this nor the following short pitch present any difficulty to the practised climber, who can hence reach easily the foot of the final obstacle. No-one had previously succeeded in tackling this last pitch, the height of which does not much exceed 90 feet.

At this point one is directly below a nose of rock which protrudes over two feet, but luckily one can find here a firm bollard of rock over which to hitch the rope, in order to safeguard first the second's ascent of the lower sections, and finally the leader's attempts on the final barrier.

At about 1.30 p.m. we attacked the problem, but despite the most strenuous efforts we were unable to progress more than 10 feet in an upward direction. However, the leader, in stepping down left





CLIMBER
HROV
1931

after yet another abortive attempt, noticed a fine cleft providentially splitting the wall a few feet to the side of this first bulge. He was, by dint of much hard labour, able to fix a short length of special thin rope through a hole at the top of this weakness after squirming at least 18 feet up to it by use of the fingers first of one hand, then of the other hand. For the feet, the smallest of protuberances gave scant assistance. Next, while the faithful second pulled manfully on the rope, he was able to lean a few feet to the right, thereby gaining first with his hands, then much later with his feet, a pair of firm lumps with which to propel himself upwards towards a small ledge on the very crest of the ridge.

On this ledge it was hardly possible to stand without holding on, but he anchored himself in as firm a position as possible. He then discussed with the second man the wisdom of his also ascending to this lofty perch. However, both felt that the ledge could not contain two such as themselves without causing a great feeling of insecurity.

To complete the climb it was now necessary to move up the very crest of the arête. At first the holds were good, but soon an occasional aerobic move had to be made. After a dozen feet, the leader found himself standing with both feet firmly astride whilst the hands reached feverishly above for some form of grip. Some considerable time elapsed in this position until, quite suddenly, he discovered that all his weight had to be transferred to the right foot. After another long interval this extremely delicate task was accomplished, and now the hands could reach the desired protrusions. There, at full stretch, minute furrows grooved the rock, and this gave just sufficient purchase for the arms to exert a steady pull. Above, the climbing became easier, the holds being bigger, although sometimes loose and often well-spaced, occasionally needing to be cleared of heather and grass. Slowly the leader advanced, then, after hitching the rope around the fine tree at the top, he was able to ask the second man to join him. Thus was accomplished what was probably the first ascent of this remarkable nose, although it is rumoured that a gentleman from the North of England had previously ascended it with the aid of a rope dropped from above.

The climb from the good hitch to the top of the arête had taken us three hours and twenty-seven minutes, and was rendered more difficult by the paralysing fear which this awesome precipice engendered in us.

CONCUSSION FOR SIX WEEKS, OR AN ATTEMPT ON THE NORTH FACE OF ALAM KOUH

C. T. JONES

I FELL FORWARD to the thick pile of the carpet, two seconds after the surgeon in Chester Royal Infirmary had told me to shut my eyes and raise my arms. I was back in England, six days after a boulder had fallen on my head, splitting the crash helmet (which my wife had fortunately bought for me) during an attempt on the North Face of Alam Kouh in Persia.

The Elburz mountains are set in a gigantic cirque around the Caspian Sea and I was attracted to them while returning overland from the successful Nuptse expedition in 1961. I liked Persia, and the desert and its mountains, and even the long dusty road to get there. I felt that these mountains were worth exploring with (I hoped) less militant companions than the Nuptse team, when I returned home with a broken rib after an affray on the way back.

Unlike most mountains in Persia (and especially the highest, Demavend, which is a tedious two-day slog up small scree) Alam Kouh has a splendid-looking North Face rising nearly vertically 2,000 feet from the glacier below. A photograph of this face together with a brief résumé of the area were published by Bernard Pierre in the 1955 *Alpine Journal*. We were fortunate in getting the backing of the Everest Foundation and the patronage of Sir John Hunt. B.M.C. lent us an Austin Gypsy long-wheel-base station wagon, which solved our transport difficulties. The party included Eric Beard, the holder of many fell-running records, George Rhodes, an England international cross-country runner, Terence Goodfellow, who had been to Baffin Island with a Cambridge expedition, and finally Eric Penman, a mountaineering instructor who had climbed three-quarters of the way up the North Face of the Matterhorn in winter.

We left England in June 1964 with 30 cwts. of people, food and equipment, just double the maximum payload suggested by B.M.C. We had hoped to climb Ararat, but this was unfortunately in a

defence zone on the Russian border, and due to Cyprus tension we could not get permission to climb it. We travelled quickly and anxiously across Turkey because another English expedition had left England ten days previously, with the sole purpose of climbing the North Face of Alam Kouh before us. Regretting this distasteful competitive attitude we crossed over the Persian border in under nine days from England.

We drove along the Russian frontier towards the Caspian coast after a very long day from the Ararat region. The Russian frontier was marked off by an electrified wire fence set in the middle of a 20-foot wide gravel strip torn out of the dense rain forest and patrolled by armed guards every few yards. We stopped the wagon in a small copse, feeling very tired, and started to brew up and then, we hoped, sleep. We were suddenly challenged by a sentry with a rifle, and after a spirited exchange of Persian patois and Anglo-Saxon words we were arrested and marched off to a barbed-wire compound for the night under more armed guards. Slightly chastened, we were released next morning and drove to Tehran. There we met the officials of the Persian Mountaineering Federation, who welcomed us lavishly, one of their members accompanying the expedition when we drove on next day. We were glad to leave Tehran where the temperature was 108 in the shade, in sharp contrast to the steady sub-zero summer temperatures of Helyg kitchen. We were advised and hospitably entertained by Basil Goodfellow, who was working in Tehran for the United Nations.

At the village of Rudbarek, 120 miles from Tehran, we hired eight mules to carry our food and equipment to the Alam Kouh hut (the only one in Persia). The hut was 14 miles away and 11,000 feet higher, a very long day even by Alpine standards. We met the other English expedition at the hut. They were just leaving, after failing to climb the face because their leader had contracted acute appendicitis and had had to be carried down and flown to England for the operation. It was pleasant to see on arrival herds of ibex and chamois grazing on the slopes above the hut. There is no snow or rainfall in these mountains during the summer, so the glaciers are dry ones, cursed in their lower sections by tedious morainic material and boulders of all sizes.

We could see some of the North Face from the hut and itched to get at it. The only part we could see, the top half, reminded me in certain aspects of the Grandes Jorasses. We unloaded the unfortunate donkey which had carried all our artificial equipment, and made plans to put a base camp at the foot of the face on the hard upper *névé* of the glacier. It took us two days to find a site and stock it with food. The surrounding were magnificent. In front of us was an enormous rock wall three miles long containing the North Face. In two places the wall was breached by couloirs and every half hour or so cannonades of rock and ice blocks thundered down and ploughed deep grooves in the snow before coming to rest.

The face itself looked firm. So next day Spider Penman and I made the first attempt to climb the face by means of a prominent gully on the left-hand side. At the foot of the climb was a very large bergschrund, fortunately bridged by a rocky rognon, but above this a 400-foot slope of ice rose in front of us. It was steep crampon work with the need for step-cutting in one or two steep places. At the top of this ice slope we came to a very unsatisfactory ledge at the foot of the main face. The angle of the face seemed to be about 80° and the overhanging chimney start rose up 120 feet high in front of us. The surroundings of this face were as good as anything I had seen in the Alps, but I looked around uneasily at all the perched flakes and blocks on ledges large and small. The rock was granite and had cracks in it, but none of them would take a belay piton satisfactorily and I was only able to get a channel peg in about one inch for our safety.

Penman climbed up and past me into the chimney and after about 60 feet moved onto a ledge with a small pinnacle on it. He shouted. I looked up and saw a big grey block hurtling towards me. It hit my new crash helmet, splitting it open. I lurched around semi-conscious; fortunately I did not fall off the ledge, as the piton would have certainly come out and dragged Penman and myself down to the bergschrund 500 feet below. I was still dizzy and Penman lowered me down to the bergschrund at the end of a 300-foot rope and sherpherded me back to Base Camp. I was sick in the night and felt some delirium.

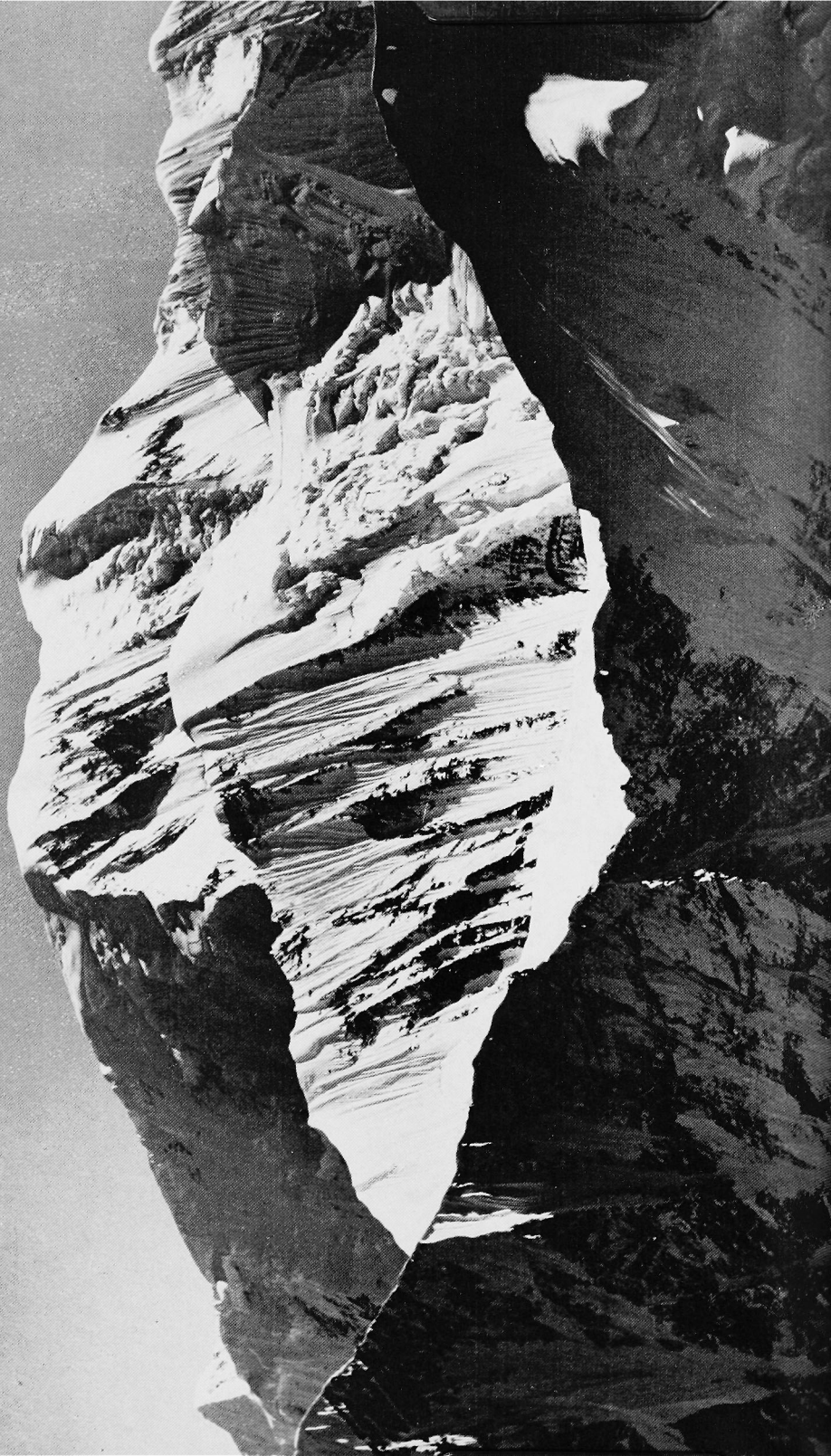
Penman returned to the face next day with Terence Goodfellow and got much higher into the initial chimney, but everywhere there

were tottering towers of rock ready to fall, so reluctantly they both decided to retreat. Rather wearily the whole expedition returned down the glacier and then down the big boulder field at its foot to the hut, and finally to Tehran.

I had trouble with my eyes and balance and even more so after a hectic farewell vodka party with the Persians. I was put on the plane back to England by Basil Goodfellow, who had been so kind and helpful to us during our stay in Tehran.

The Face was climbed a month later by a combined German-Persian team led by the Munich climber Harry Rost, during which the Persian broke an arm due to falling stones. The time actually spent climbing was eighteen hours. I was sad to hear this news but then again thankful that I had come out of it so lightly. Back home to tell the tale in Wales and Manchester, but I couldn't help feeling that it had been a close thing this time.





EXPLORING THE KANJIROBA HIMAL

BOB KENDELL

THE KANJIROBA HIMAL lies to the west of Dhaulagiri. Its highest peaks are about 22,600 feet high, and there are perhaps twenty more over 20,000 feet. It is one of the more remote links in the great chain of the Himalaya, equally difficult to get to from Pokhara, Baitadi, or any of the other conventional starting places, and, in consequence, has not often been visited. Several peaks on the southern perimeter of the group have been climbed, however: Dudh Kundali and Ghyuthumba by Tichy in 1953, Matathumba by Tyson's earlier party in 1961, and Lha Shamma by the Ladies' Expedition in 1962. But no one has succeeded in penetrating into the heart of the range. An American expedition in 1959 got no nearer than the Tekochen La, 30 miles to the east; a Japanese party in 1958 tried to approach from the north-east but were unable to force a route along the Langu gorge; and Tyson's party in 1961, trying to approach from the south, were similarly baulked by the formidable Jagdula gorge. Thus the central peaks remained untrodden, unmapped, unclimbed, protected by the Jagdula gorge to the south, the Langu gorge to the north and subsidiary ranges on all sides. But every one knew they were there, for they had been seen distantly from the north-east, the south and the west through Japanese, British and Italian telephoto lenses.

This sort of situation is rarely allowed to last for long and really we were lucky it lasted as long as it did. Tyson, Braham, Burnet, Cole and I arrived in Pokhara in August 1964 with two main ambitions: to find a route to the heart of the range and climb the central peak, and to complete the phototheodolite survey Tyson had begun in 1961. It took us a month of solid walking to get within striking distance, but none of us grudged the time, for it was a fascinating journey through wild and beautiful country, first in the monsoon up the well-trodden Kali Gandaki to Jomosom and then through the sparsely inhabited region of Charkabhot north of Dhaulagiri.

On 25th September we established a preliminary base on the Kagmara La to the south of the range and, while Cole and Tyson put up a series of survey stations and climbed in the Kagmara Lekh, the rest of us embarked on a prolonged reconnaissance. It was our intention, based on a careful scrutiny of previous photographs, to go north from the Kagmara La and reach the Jagdula gorge above the impassable section that had frustrated Tyson's party in 1961, by crossing over the shoulder of Lha Shamma. We succeeded in doing this in three gruelling days, though two of the party fell in quick succession down a snow couloir on Lha Shamma, drawing attention, perhaps unnecessarily dramatically, to the difficulty we would obviously have persuading laden porters to follow. Our photographs had given us high hopes that the upper section of the gorge, reached in this way, would provide us with a fairly straightforward route to the central peak. But, to our dismay, when we arrived there we found this upper section to be, if anything, even more uncompromising than the lower. At the confluence of the two main branches the river was barely 20 feet wide but the water level was about 300 feet lower than we had assumed it to be, in the depths of what was more like a gigantic Y-shaped crevasse than a gorge. It was extraordinarily impressive, quite unlike anything else I have ever seen, but very disappointing. For though a small, lightly-laden party could almost certainly have found a route up the hillside above, it was clear we had no hope of ever persuading porters to follow. And as we were still at least three days short of any possible base camp we and our Sherpas could hardly hope to ferry everything in ourselves.

Back on the Kagmara La we gloomily discussed the wreckage of our plans. It seemed clear that we had no hope of getting at the central peak from the south, and others had proved to their own satisfaction that it was unapproachable from the east and north-east. There seemed nothing for it but to skirt round the range to the west, get to the little village of Dalphu on the Langu gorge to the north and then try to force a route up that gorge from the western end, rather than from the eastern end which had already defeated the Japanese. By this time it was 6th October. We hoped we might be able to reach Dalphu in nine days and have perhaps three weeks left to get up the gorge, find a route to the mountain, climb it and get back. If we were lucky.

Unfortunately our porters did not share our sense of urgency. Three-day journeys always ended up taking five and, somehow, whenever we wanted to recruit new porters in a hurry, it would be a religious festival and every man in the village would be drunk. Nor was time our only worry. The soles of our expensive Italian boots were all peeling off and we were reduced to marching in plimsolls in order to conserve them as long as possible. Feeling frustrated, Cole and I decided to have a crack at climbing the ladies' mountain, Lha Shamma, *en route*. It was a fine-looking 21,000-foot peak and our masculine pride convinced us that, if mere women could climb it, we could get up and down again in three days, given decent weather. But Zeus, it seemed, was under his wife's thumb at the time. With its last gasp the monsoon managed to produce thick mist and a snowstorm all three days, and in the end we had to admit defeat after having got up the steep section and onto the summit ridge. Our presumption duly punished, we had no more snow and saw hardly a single cloud for the next two months.

We finally reached Dalphu on 22nd October, a week later than we had hoped. By now the weather was getting distinctly colder, especially at night, and the Bhotias were all too obviously beginning to think of winter. Nor did the route up the Langu gorge sound very promising. It was used only by shikaris and the bridges had been swept away in the monsoon and not been replaced. But our morale was restored by a brief glimpse from the village of the summit of what we were coming to regard as "our mountain", and the next day we set off up the gorge to get at least the first bridge built before the porters arrived and so waste as little time as possible.

It took us three days to get four miles up the gorge, for we were forced by cliffs dropping abruptly into deep swirling water to bridge the river three times. The bridge-building was very impressive to watch and it soon became clear that we ourselves had little to contribute beyond our unskilled labour. Our Sherpas and porters felled saplings and laid them across the torrent from one boulder to the next, wedging them cunningly with piles of rocks; and in places where the span was greater than the tallest trees they made great cantilevers of rock and wood beforehand with a skill that was all the more impressive for being unsuspected. I could never imagine myself getting to the top of a Himalayan peak without Sherpas, simply

because I am quite sure that without them I would never get to the bottom of it in the first place. On the third day, 25th October, we reached the entrance of a side gorge coming in from the south, directly in line, as near as we could judge, with our mountain. We had no means of knowing whether it was the right one, of course. The map was useless; that was half the reason we were there. Our theodolites were useless in the depths of a gorge; and as the radio wouldn't work there either we couldn't do a star fix. But the deciding factor was time. We couldn't afford to go any further along the gorge even if we wanted to, for we had to be back in Dalphu by 5th November at the latest in order to get back to India by the beginning of December. After all the delays of the past four weeks all we could do was force our way up the tributary and hope that the mountain at the end was the right one, and climbable in the few days left to us.

The prospect before us, however, was far from inviting. The main gorge was impressive enough, but fairly open much of the way. This side gorge was dark and narrow, thickly forested on either side of the stream and with vast, vertical rock walls thousands of feet high. Burnet and I went a few hundred yards along and in our gloom decided we would never be able to get the porters up it; indeed they had already refused to try. But our Sherpas confidently declared they would "make road tomorrow" and did just that, cutting a track with kukris and axes until they hit a faint shikari path leading right through to the more open upper section. Mercifully, we were able to persuade enough of our Dalphu porters to stay on, albeit at inflated rates of pay, and these tough, wild-looking men carried our 70-pound crates in relays up the gorge over ground we ourselves found difficult enough.

By 27th October we were several thousand feet higher and emerging from the gorge, when Cole and Tyson returned from a brief reconnaissance of the glacial basin beyond with news we hardly dared believe. At last, it seemed, we had the key to the inner sanctum, the heart of the Kanjiroba Himal. There was our mountain straight in front of us, its shape corresponding to our distant photos, on precisely the right bearing from Dalphu and with a west ridge they were confident we could climb. And yet in the back of our minds was an unspoken suspicion; somehow it seemed too good to be true, and, for all the evidence, the mountain didn't really seem big enough. The

next day we put up a camp on the glacier at the foot of the mountain and, by ferrying two loads each in the day, managed to get enough food and equipment up to be able to put a further camp the day after above the glacier, on the col from which the west ridge began.

After a cold windy night perched on the col we carried on up the ridge, up a series of rotten rocky gendarmes leading to a broad snow-slope 1,500 feet higher up. The lower section was easy enough, but the last gendarme leant over in a rather unpleasant way and we spent two very cold hours fumbling with pegs and rigging a fixed rope. Once on the snowslope we realised how tired we were and decided to camp there where we knew we could. So while Burnet and Danu, our cook, went back to the camp on the col the remaining four of us — Cole, Tyson, Mingma Tsering and I — prepared to spend as comfortable a night as we could. In fact, even at that height and with winter fast approaching, it was remarkably warm and comfortable inside three layers of down. I was foolish enough, though, to go outside to adjust a guy rope, and within seconds my hands were numb and useless. I took a painful half hour to thaw them out again, a sharp warning of what the consequences of getting benighted would be.

The next day, 31st October, we went on up the ridge as fast as we could, expecting from our photos to find over a mile of ridge between the near summit and the further higher one. The ridge steepened, forcing us to traverse diagonally across a rocky tower, and then back on its other face to rejoin the ridge above. Then up a steep snow wall, with Mingma cutting steps seemingly effortlessly and endlessly above me, while Cole and Tyson stood below shivering. The wall ended abruptly at a small plateau. Emerging onto this, I saw to my horror the sight we had all been dreading: another mountain, unmistakably higher and unmistakably the real central peak, with its twin summits clearly visible, shining magnificently in the sunlight three miles away. We had all felt somehow that our luck was too good to be true, but the truth was no less bitter for that. I suppose really there is something rather comic about discovering one is on the wrong mountain when only 400 feet from the summit, particularly when one's companions are expert surveyors and one has been lugging theodolites around the country for months, but at the time it was simply disappointing. The last 400 feet was a gentle snow slope and the top

flat and rounded. At least we didn't have to stagger along a mile of ridge to a second summit. But the view from the top almost made us forget our disappointment. We were at the centre of and surrounded by a great circle of perhaps twenty peaks, none of them climbed, their very existence virtually unknown. A majestic line of peaks along the Tibetan frontier to the north; the mass of "our mountain", inviting and mocking, to the south-east with its sister peak beyond; a great wall of ice directly opposite us across the cwm; other peaks we could recognise from distant photographs; and Api and Saipal just visible far away to the west. It was clear that we had left the Langu gorge one valley too soon and had actually climbed Bhulu Lhasa, a 21,000-foot peak just visible from Dalphu. It was equally clear, though, that if we had gone on and taken the right valley we would not have had time to climb the mountain in the few days left to us. And surely that would have been even worse.

Though we walked for three months for the sake of three days on the wrong mountain it was a good walk, which none of us regrets for one moment. And, of course, we do know now how to get at our mountain; and, when the Nepalese government lift their ban on the area, who knows; we may return.

NEVER AGAIN

“SPIKE”

IT SEEMS rather curious that I won't see P. again. It wasn't that I saw him very often, but when I did it was always a stimulating experience in every way. He arrived just after the War. A curiously sun-burnt nose, gained East of Suez as he would point out, and two half-pippins stuck east and west of his nose; that nose, which had been flung on from fifteen yards without a very accurate sense of aim, a tonsure which could be irreverently ascribed to a monk, and a rather short, stout but vitally athletic body. That was P. His eyes, I should have mentioned, were very bright china-blue and glistened, particularly when he was excited, like a couple of murky marbles soaked in brandy.

I was fourteen at the time, and had to have a go at rock-climbing, for some unknown reason. P. had some reputation of pre-war ascents to his credit, and I took good care to infiltrate. He arranged to go to Wales. “Do you think your Ma will object, boy?” he said. “No, I don't,” I said, knowing damned well she'd be pleased to get me out of her hair for two weeks. “What about Mrs. P.?” He gave me a curious look. “Another on the way, boy, due in the Summer” (it now being Easter); “she can't travel.” Mrs. P. had got two then and finished up with eleven, a tribute to Hennessy and P.'s devotion to climbing.

We set off in P.'s old Bentley, late 1920's, and seven hours later arrived at Helyg. “Get sorted, boy,” P. said, “I must go down to the village and get some lung-syrup”. I should point out that P.'s lungs were a constant source of worry, not only to P. but to everyone else. P. had an almost pathological fear that his lungs would be eroded by some air-borne virus, and that one morning he'd wake up, breath out a cloud of lung-dust and croak. Two hours later P. returned. You could hear the Bentley coming up the road, throatily growling along in two gears too high and bumping off the road-side; first one side, then the other. I'd gone to bed in the large room. P. said he'd sleep in the loft. He had to make a few attempts to mount the ladder. The noise was fantastic. A chuckle, a grunt of

effort, "Christ, I'm off again" and a terrible crash as he hit the floor. He made it eventually and the bed never recovered from the impact P. gave it when he fell full length and fast asleep.

Next morning P. was up first and very early. He cooked the porridge, made bacon and eggs and coffee, and gave me a shout. Considering his tumbling-act the night before, he looked fresh and beaming as ever. Just before we left the cottage P. said "I'll first fill up the flask with lung-syrup". Keeping his hand over the label of the bottle, he topped up a half-pint flask and screwed it up well, popped it into his sack and we were off.

P. had decided views on the teaching of climbing. "Let's get up a proper route", he'd say, "none of these bloody boulders for us." So off to Tryfan and Pinnacle Rib. As you know, the Rib is 600 feet high and not very hard, but it seemed fantastic to me. (It's a curious fact, and one that I'll have to take up with our geologist friend Dave Thomas, that the main structure of the Rib has altered considerably in recent years. I remember when it was vertical. Then for a few brief years it flattened out a bit to about 45°. Now it is getting steeper and steeper again).

The air was really alive that morning. There had been a light frost the night before and now, with a few billowy clouds and the sun doing its best, it was marvellous. We trudged up to the foot of the crag and P. seemed to breathe a bit. "My chest", he said, "seems rather clogged. Must get the pipes sorted out." He took out the lung syrup and gave his chest a good belt; his eyes watered slightly, he coughed, belched, and stowed the flask, and the work began. I will say now that I was impressed with the surprising speed and grace with which P. went aloft, talking the whole time. Instructions and advice gushed out, getting progressively fainter the higher he went. Time went by, then: "Come on up, boy; you'll love it." And it was my turn. We met up, I changed places with P. and with the minimum of delay he was at it again. After two hours it was time for lunch, and, an hour or two later again, tea. Each time P. safeguarded his ailing breathing system. As the sun grew a bit tired of this particular day, I followed P. up the last pitch. I met with him, after struggling up the chimney and arriving at the top of the mountain. P. was looking unusually florid and was positively boisterous. I received a tremendous blow between the shoulder blades. "What do you think

of that, boy?" he said. When my eyes had returned to their sockets I managed to reply that I had enjoyed it, but that now and then I had felt frightened. At that, I got another one on the back which sent me reeling across the summit. "You'll soon get used to that, boy," he shouted, and we both staggered down towards home.

The weather remained fine but cold, and we visited most of the less fierce crags. Each evening P. set off to renew his depleted stock of lung syrup and, each evening, renewed his act which would have gained him a fortune in films.

The weather did break one day, at the end of the holiday. P. was undeterred. "We'll do a gully climb and get really wet," he announced. I noticed that, to ensure his continued well-being against particularly virulent attacks by the weather, he brought out an even larger flask and decanted most of a bottle of lung syrup into it. He was right about the gully; I'd never been so wet in my life before and not often since. It was pretty obvious that P.'s pulmonary system was getting a fair attack by the conditions, as he needed plenty of medicine to continue at all. From time to time the gully rang with joyful song and declamations of snatches of poetry. P's face glowed like a torch in the gloom of the chasm, and advice tinted with anecdotes continued to pour out. When we got to the top it was getting dark, and the clouds beginning to scurry off towards England had left the sky a beautiful shade of watered pink. "You look cold, boy," P. said. "You can say that again," I replied. Here P. thought for a moment. "You'd better have a drop of this," he said kindly. Expecting something like Auntie Flora's cough mixture, I took the top off the flask and took a fairly hefty slug. For one moment I thought that the volcanic era had returned to North Wales. I felt that the air had left my lungs and some great explosion had occurred near the top of my head. Tears poured down my cheeks and I fought for breath. Suddenly my guts caught fire and continued to glow with almost delectable combustion for the rest of the evening. P. looked concerned. "All right, boy?" he anxiously enquired. "Yes, now," I replied as soon as I could. "That's the spirit," he shouted, cuffing me over the head; and we staggered down. I must say that cough syrup certainly improved the performance. For some strange reason, though, I twice lost the ground and shot downwards in

enormous somersaults, being unhurt both times and hearing great shouts of laughter behind and above me in the night.

Mrs. P. continued her vocation in producing a population explosion single-handed and this gave us plenty of opportunity to get away to the mountains. We were joined by P.'s oldest son in a couple of years; and a most remarkable boy he was. The exact opposite of P., pale, gangling and thoughtful, and with almost no co-ordination in his body at all. (He was deadly on the Rugger field; if you placed the ball in his arms, he'd be off flailing down friend and foe alike, his limbs whirling in all directions — and no knowing where he would end up.) He was alike in one respect to P. and that was in his ability on rock. His arms and legs flashed out in all ways at once, and in incredible contortions he would fight up the rock. One time, watching him lead up a difficult crack, P. and I were so full of lung syrup and amazement that we forgot to let out the rope, and down he crashed, uttering the weirdest oaths I've ever heard used.

The Alps came next and the three of us went to Arolla. Looking back on it, it's a wonder that we got up any peak and even more astounding that we returned in one piece. Then, in the years that followed, Zermatt and Chamonix, and, finally, finish. I was called up for service and during my medical I heard the doctor say, "it's incredible, I've never detected symptoms like this in anyone his age". But I got through and was sent to Norfolk. After this I found friends of my own age and continued without P.'s guidance, meeting him now and again still looking much the same but each time perhaps a little more rotund and amiable.

It was announced recently that P. had died through heart failure, but Mrs. P. and I knew better. Now, when I'm having a drop of P.'s favourite brand of lung syrup, I remember him, not with regret but rather with the hope that I will have the sort of middle age P. had, and it looks as though I might at that.

THE NAMES OF CRAGS IN SNOWDONIA

A FIRST REPORT—Part 2

JOHN NEILL and R. ELFYN HUGHES

This article continues that in the 1964 *Journal*. We had hoped to include in it an analysis of local names used for features on the north side of the Llanberis Pass (similar to that given below for the south side), but this could not be made in time and will have to be carried forward to a future instalment. Names marked § in the present article are ones which are known or thought to have been introduced by climbers; future research may reveal alternative local names which are in everyday use.

There was an obvious misprint in the article in the 1964 *Journal*, at page 174: at the end of the second paragraph "10 km. square" should of course read "100 km. square".—ED.

3. TRYFAN AND GLYDER FACH

Glyder Fach (656583)

THE NAME Glyder Fach was discussed in part 1 of this article.

Y Tryfan (664594)

Meanings commonly given in the past for this name were "the three-headed peak", or "the peak of the passage" (i.e. the Nant Ffrancon Pass)^{1,7}. But these interpretations will not always fit the many other occurrences of the name (e.g. Moel Tryfan north of Nantlle, or the Tryfan ridge of Snowdon) and are philologically somewhat unsound^{2,3}. Sir Ifor Williams* in his discussion of the name⁴ gives the meaning as "the mountain which rises very high—or which has a sharp or narrow edge to it"; this explanation is generally accepted nowadays. The plant butterbur (*Petasites*) is known in Welsh as *dail y tryfan*; it is implied that *tryfan* here means something finger-like (Williams⁴, quoting Dr. R. Alun Roberts). Tryfan from some directions looks finger-like, so this may be an alternative explanation.

* I record here with deep regret the recent death of Sir Ifor. He showed considerable interest in our work on Welsh crag and mountain names, and gave us much help.—ED.

The Heather Terrace (665593 etc.)

This is referred to by local farmers⁵ as **Llwybr Llechan Goch**, i.e. "path of red slate"; the word "red" may well not refer to the colour of the slate itself but to that of the blossom of heather on the Terrace. The name is geologically correct, as the Heather Terrace is formed by a thin band of fossiliferous tuffaceous slate separating the two thick flows of banded rhyolite which form the east face of Tryfan⁶.

Bochlwyd Buttress[§] (656593)

Named thus¹ by early climbing parties from its proximity to Nant Bochlwyd, the stream issuing from Llyn Bochlwyd (which itself lies in Cwm Bochlwyd). Bochlwyd means "grey cheek". In his efforts to show that the name Glyder was English, not Welsh, Archer Thomson suggested¹ that Bochlwyd may have been the original Welsh name of the face of Glyder Fach, the names of the cwm, lake and stream following from it. This may have been so, but it is practically impossible now to prove or disprove it; an alternative possibility could be that Bochlwyd was first applied to the buttress (which "grey cheek" describes very well), and this gave its name to the stream, with the lake and cwm following after.

Castell y Gwynt (655582)

"Castle of the wind."

Creigiau'r Dena[§] (667603)

This was named (in the incorrect form Creigiau Dena) by the pioneering parties of the M.A.M. from their hut "Glan Dena" beneath. A more correct Welsh form than Creigiau Dena would be Creigiau Tena (or Tenau), but this would have the inappropriate meaning of "narrow, or thin, rocks". "Glan Dena" itself should be Glan y Denau, i.e. "bank of the Tenau", from the Afon Dena (better Denau), "shallow, or narrow, river". So the crag is best named Creigiau'r Dena, "rocks of the Tena (Tenau)".

Drws Noddod (672586)

This name was apparently invented* by J. M. Edwards^{8,9} as Drws Neoddodd, which in this form is meaningless; it was therefore altered by A. J. J. Moulam in his new edition of the guidebook¹⁰ to

* Note in proof: No; it now turns out that it was previously given by C. E. Benson (*C. C. Bull.*, Nov., 1927). Perhaps Benson obtained the name locally.

Drws Nodded, "door, gap or opening of—or to the—refuge", or, better, "of protection".

Craig Nant yr Ogof^s (674584)

This name, "crag of the brook of the cave", was invented by Moulam, for the new edition of the guidebook¹⁰, from that of the stream beneath, Nant yr Ogof. (Note that one meaning of *nant* is "brook", but is often extended to cover the valley of a brook.) Steeple refers³ to a local legend of a cave here penetrating right through the mountain to the Pen y Gwryd side.

Gallt yr Ogof (693595)

This name, "slope of the cave", is applied on the Ordnance Survey maps to the whole line of cliffs encircling Nant y Gors, but is restricted by climbers to the rocks surrounding the end of the spur, north of Nant y Gors, immediately opposite Helyg. The cave referred to may be that in the upper cliff, or that mentioned under Nant yr Ogof (these two may of course be identical). The original meaning of *gallt* or *allt* throughout Wales was probably "wooded slope", and this is still its meaning in Central and South Wales; but in North Wales it has come to be used of a mountainside, or of a steep pitch on a road, a hill.

4. LLANBERIS NORTH

Craig y Geifr, or Clogwyn y Grochan^s (622572)

Craig y Geifr, "crag of the goats", is the name in general use by the local inhabitants for this crag⁵, and is also that given by the Ordnance Survey. Clogwyn y Grochan, "cliff of the cauldron" (the "cauldron" presumably being the Central Gully), was first used by J. M. Edwards⁸ and was apparently invented by him; perhaps, if he knew of the name Craig y Geifr, he felt that an alternative name was necessary to avoid confusion with the name Clogwyn y Geifr (of uncertain origin, as discussed in part 1 of this article) which he was using for the Kitchen Cliffs. The use of the name Clogwyn y Grochan is now so firmly established among climbers that we are unable to recommend its substitution by the proper local name, and must merely record the existence of these two alternative names for the cliff, one used by the farming community and the other by climbers.

Carreg Wastad (627571)

This cliff was first called by Edwards "Scoop Cliff"⁸, and then "Craig y Gader", apparently an invented name⁸, before he found and used the proper local name, Carreg Wastad—"flat rock", from the great sloping flat slabs forming the top of the crag. It appears on the O.S. as (Y) Gareg Wastad.

Carreg Wastad Fach^s (625571)

This is a name coined by P. H. Biven, "little Carreg Wastad", and originally given by him incorrectly as Carreg Wastad Bach¹¹.

Dinas y Gromlech (629569)

This cliff was first called "Columnar Cliff" by Edwards⁸, apparently from a mistaken identification with Edward Llwyd's mysterious cliff; the true identity of the latter is discussed under "Trigyfylchau" in part 1 of this article. Later Edwards used the name "Cromlech Ithig", apparently invented by him⁸. At the time of the work for the interim guidebook we are told¹² that "a certain amount of local research" revealed that its proper name was Dinas Cromlech; but these efforts seem misdirected, since reference to the 6-inch map would have shown that this name already appeared on it in the correct written form of Dinas y Gromlech (which in speech would often be given as Dinas Cromlech). The name means "fortress of the Cromlech", from the appearance of the crag as a natural fortress guarding the Pass of Llanberis, the Cromlech (megalithic monument) being the huge stones by the road below the crag, which presumably were supposed to have been erected by human or superhuman agency—though in fact they are probably wholly natural. The Cromlech was at one time known as Ynys (H)Ettws, "Hetty's island", from an old woman who lived under the rocks; and the name was later used for the cottage which was built nearby and which has now become the R. W. Lloyd Hut¹³.

Craig Ddu (619573)

This appropriate name, "black crag", is used locally, and appears on the O.S. maps as (Y) Graig Ddu.

Drws y Gwynt^s (620574)

This name, "door—or gateway—of the wind", was invented by P. R. J. Harding from the situation of the crag and to fill what he felt was a need for names in the Llanberis Pass using the word *drws*¹⁴. The form adopted is slightly improved from his original Drws Gwynt^{15, 16}.

Craig Nant Peris^s (627574)

This name, "crag of Nant Peris" (i.e. of St. Peris's brook, or valley), was invented by C. H. S. R. Palmer⁸.

Bryn Du (637571)

This, the O.S. name ("black hill"), has been adopted for the guide-books; the spelling Bryn Ddu originally given in the latter¹⁷ is incorrect. The cliff was called by Edwards¹⁸ "Esgair Ffynnon", again apparently an invented name and presumably devised by him by analogy with Esgair Felen at the other margin of the face of Glyder Fawr descending to the main part of the Llanberis Pass.

Esgair Felen (630577 etc.)

"Yellow ridge." The word *esgair* means "leg" or "shank", but is used here figuratively of a long, gently-sloping, ridge or spur. It has been suggested, however¹⁹, that the name is really Ystol Felen, or better Ysgol Felen, i.e. "yellow ladder".

Craig Nant Pen y Pass Uchaf^s, and Isaf^s (637562 and 636562)

These names ("upper, and lower, crag of the Pen y Pass brook, or valley") were invented by the Pigott/Moulam/Jones party¹⁵, who did some climbing here, from their situation in the narrow upper part of the Afon Nant Peris valley descending from Pen y Pass.

Dinas (614586)

"Fortress", from its appearance from the valley.

5. LLANBERIS SOUTH

In this area we can write with some authority on the names currently in use among the local inhabitants, since we have had a great deal of invaluable information from one of the farmers²⁰. When

questioned at his farm about place-names, the latter tore off a strip of wallpaper and on the back of it drew, in several colours, a rather beautiful elevation of the whole of the south side of the Llanberis Pass, then marked in for individual features the names in common everyday use by himself and the other inhabitants of the Nant Peris area. Many of these names are not on the Ordnance Survey maps and have so far not appeared in print; they are recorded below.

Carnedd Ugain (611552)

Given by the O.S. as (Y) Garnedd Ugain, and locally as Carnedd Ddigin²⁰—perhaps deriving from Carnedd Ugain. This name literally means “cairn of twenty”, and that is how it is usually translated. But we are unable to discover any reason for the name. Perhaps it might record some lost local tradition; or it might be a derivative of *ug*, i.e. “something that is enveloping”. If the local version is not a corruption of *ugain*, *digin* might be derived from *digu*, “not affectionate”, or from *digus*, “displeasing”, and the name could therefore possibly mean “unpleasant cairn, or mountain”. We have, however, no philological grounds for this suggestion.

The triangulation pillar on the summit is locally referred to as **Tŵr Concret** (“concrete tower”)²⁰.

Bwlch Uffern (611553)

A local name²⁰, meaning “Hell’s gap”, for the slight saddle at the head of Parsley Fern Gully.

Cyrn Las (612559) and Diffwys Ddu (615559)

The first is used locally, and very appropriately, for the very prominent rock pyramid forming the main step in the ridge between Cwm Glas Mawr and Cwm Glas Bach, with its summit at about 2,700 feet; on the Ordnance Survey maps the name (Y) Gyrn Las has always been applied to the same feature. Archer Thomson was the first to climb on the north-east face of its lower easterly spur; he referred to this cliff as the Eastern or Great Buttress of Cyrn Las²¹. Since then, unfortunately, climbers have generally used the name Cyrn Las for this cliff only. The cliff itself has, however, a perfectly good name in local use, **Diffwys Ddu**²⁰, i.e. “black precipice” (the word *diffwys* is applied to high steep rocks and to deep waters).

The name Cynr Las itself has been universally mistranslated by everyone from Thomson²¹ onwards as "grey horn"—hence, perhaps, the misapplication of the name. But the word *corn* (plural *cynr*), meaning "horn, or trumpet", is masculine; thus "grey horn" would be Corn Glas, and with the article Y Corn Glas. The word *curn* or *cyrn*, which is feminine and hence fits here, means "cone", "pyramid", "conical heap"⁴; it occurs several times elsewhere in North Wales, e.g. in the Carneddau above Bethesda. Thus Cynr Las means "grey (blue, green) pyramid, or cone, or spire".

The use of the name Cynr Las for the cliff Diffwys Ddu is so firmly entrenched among climbers that for guidebook purposes the only course seems to be to refer to the cliff as Cynr Las (Diffwys Ddu).

Gwter Fawr (613560)

This is the local name²⁹, meaning "great gutter", for the stony slope or gully dividing what Thomson²¹ calls the Great or Eastern and Little or Western Buttresses of Cynr Las (the former being Diffwys Ddu).

Chwarenog (614564)

This is the local name²⁰ for the lower, less steep part of the ridge between Cwm Glas Mawr and Cwm Glas Bach, flanked on its east side by Cynr Las Fach. The name means "full of glands"—e.g. the lumpy state of the neck caused by swollen glands—and is presumably occasioned by the rocky protuberances on the ridge.

Cynr Las Fach (615564)

This name was invented by H. R. C. Carr, in the ungrammatical form Gynr Las Bach²². Its meaning is "little grey pyramid"—which is not very appropriate for this cliff, however convenient the use of the name may be.

Clogwyn Mawr Cwmglas (616560)

This is the local name²⁰ for the large broken face ending the ridge of Chwarenog towards the valley; it means "big cliff of Cwm Glas (Cottage)". Its lower left-hand part, immediately behind Cwm Glas Cottage, has been called **Cwm Glas Facet** by recent climbing parties^{15, 18}.

Clogwyn Llo (621568)

This is the local name²⁰, meaning “calf cliff”, for the small rock outcrop on the hummock immediately behind **Bryn Goleu** (622569), the ruined cottage passed on the track to Cwm Glas Cottage.

Bryn Pryfaid (619571)

This is the local name²⁰ of the green hummock north-west of Cwm Glas Boulder, the big boulder in the fields below Cwm Glas Cottage; it means “hill of vermin, or worms”. In North Wales *pryfaid* can also mean “flies”. The name could also be derived from *pryf llwyd*, “badger” (literally “grey vermin”!). The hill might have harboured badger setts at one time.

Bryn Hel (615571)

The local name²⁰ of the hummock on the valley side of the way from Cwm Glas Cottage to Cwm Glas Bach, where this crosses over a low col just before descending to the latter; the meaning is “hill of gathering” (of sheep?).

Cwm Glas Bach (6157 etc.)

“Little green cwm”. This is the usual translation. But here and in “Cwm Glas Mawr” *glas* can also be taken to mean “brook”⁴. The two names would thus be translated as “great, and small, cwm of the stream”; Cwm Glas Mawr certainly has very prominent streams emanating from it. Alternatively they could be translated as “cwm of the great, and little, stream”; this fits the geography well enough. Local names for parts of Cwm Glas Bach are Cwm Hetiau and Cwm Bryn Fforch (see below).

Cwm Hetiau (610563)

This is the local name²⁰ of the uppermost grassy basin of Cwm Glas Bach, immediately below the steep slopes dropping from the ridge by Clogwyn Station. It means “cwm of hats”—perhaps because of the hats of tourists blown into it from the Llanberis pony track above, or from the Snowdon railway, by the prevailing wind?

Clogwyn Coch (608564)

The local name²⁰, meaning “red cliff”, of the cliff in the middle of

the steep slopes round the head of Cwm Glas Bach, between Cwm Hetiau and the gully descending from Bwlch Gwynt.

Bwlch Gwynt (606565)

The local name²⁰, meaning “wind gap”, for the col immediately before Llechog; from it under the face of Llechog descends a gully, down which an engine fell in a derailment shortly before the opening of the Snowdon railway. It was to prevent a recurrence of this accident that the rack was modified from the normal Swiss pattern by the incorporation of flanges—which permit the riding of the rack on a suitably-shaped stone.

Cwm Bryn Fforch (611568 etc.)

The local name²⁰ for the middle part of Cwm Glas Bach. It means “cwm of the hill of the fork, or prong”, taking its name from the farm of Bryn Fforch (613575), which shares its grazing with Blaen y Nant²³.

Pant Gaseg (612566)

The local name²⁰, meaning “mare’s hollow”, for the grassy slopes high up on the south-east flank of Cwm Glas Bach, close under the ridge of Chwarenog. The name would be better rendered Pant y Gaseg.

Simnau Sion (611566)

A local name²⁰ meaning “Sion’s chimneys”, evidently referring to the gullies down which streams descend through belts of rock from the upper recesses of Cwm Glas Bach.

Llechog (606567)

“Slabby, flagged, or slaty, one.”

Castell Terfyn (608571)

A local name²⁰, meaning “boundary castle”, or “end castle”, for the rock buttress at which ends the boundary wall rising from the bottom of the Llanberis valley straight up the hillside towards Llechog. The buttress marks the boundary between a sheepwalk held jointly by Blaen y Nant and Bryn Fforch, and one shared among Tan y Bryn, Tan y Ffynnon and Tyn Lon²³.

Esgeiriau (609571 etc.)

The local name²⁰ for the ridges of rock outcrops descending from Llechog between Cwm Bryn Fforch and Castell Terfyn and the boundary wall; it means "ridges" (see Esgair Felen, above).

Bwlch Maen Llys (604570)

The local name²⁰ for the col immediately north-west of Llechog; the meaning may be "gap of the bleaberry rock", or perhaps "of the palace (court, hall) rock".

Clogwyn Rysgwyf (603571)

The local²⁰ name for the cliff at the head of the cwm immediately north-west of Llechog. It could be a corruption of Clogwyn yr Ysgwydd, "cliff of the shoulder", or, more probably, of Clogwyn Rhysgwydd, "cliff of help, or succour".

Tryfan (597580)

See Tryfan (Nant Ffrancon), above.

Clogwyn Mawr (593588)

"Big cliff." Called "Conway Crag" in the *Llanberis Pass* guide¹⁶, it seems because parties of boys from H.M.S. *Conway* climbed there, and dubbed the crag with the name of their establishment¹⁴.

Crib y Ddysgl (615552 etc.)

Locally (Y) Grib Ddesgil, clearly a rendering of the same name. Steeple³ discussed this name and favoured Haskett-Smith's derivation⁷ from *disgwyl*, "to watch for", which implies that the ridge was a look-out place, used either for military or hunting purposes or by shepherds with flocks of sheep in Cwm Glas Mawr. But the literal translation of the name, as spelt on the O.S. maps, is "comb (ridge) of the dish, or bowl", and Ramsay's original suggestion²⁴, that this is the proper explanation and that it arises from the shape of the upper part of Cwm Glas Mawr beneath, though disbelieved by Steeple, seems reasonable to us; the upper part of the cwm, lined by Clogwyn y Ddysgl, is certainly bowl-shaped.

Haskett-Smith⁷ says that the section of the ridge near the spur to Clogwyn y Person is sometimes called **the Gribin**.

Clogwyn y Ddysgl⁸ (615554 etc.)

"Cliff of the dish" (see Crib y Ddysgl). Apparently named by Archer Thomson²⁵, from Crib y Ddysgl above it. He originally applied it to all the cliffs flanking Clogwyn y Person on both sides, but later²⁶ used it only for the cliffs to the west of the Parson's Nose, the modern usage.

Clogwyn y Person (616555)

Used by Archer Thomson to signify only the buttress of the arête above the Parson's Nose, but has popularly long been made to include the Parson's Nose itself. "Cliff of the parson"; both this and the Parson's Nose proper are nowadays supposed to take their names from the anonymous clergyman, written of by Cliffe²⁷, who frequented these hills in the 1840s. This is not to say that these names might not be much older, and the connection with the anonymous clergyman a convenient modern hypothesis postdating the original naming; there is at present no way of telling.

Bwlch Nuoedd (618552)

The local name²⁰ for the col between Bwlch Coch and the higher part of Crib y Ddysgl, immediately below the steep step in the ridge with a rock wall across the crest. The meaning is obscure; it may be "gap of mists", from *nudd*, "mist" or "fog".

Clogwyn Nuoedd (619552)

The local name²⁰ for the cliff on the north side of the little hump in the ridge between Bwlch Coch and Bwlch Nuoedd. Meaning: perhaps "cliff of mists"—see Bwlch Nuoedd, above.

Bwlch Coch (622551)

"Red gap."

Crib Goch (624552 etc.)

"Red comb" (i.e. ridge). The O.S. maps apply it, as (Y) Grib Goch, to the ridge both east and west of Bwlch Coch; popular usage confines it to that part east of the col. Local usage²⁰ applies it to the latter plus what is popularly called "the north ridge of Crib Goch"

Pinaclau (623551)

"Pinnacles", the local name²⁰ for the Pinnacles of Crib Goch.

Bwlch Geifr (626557)

"Goats' gap", the local name²⁰ for the shoulder in the north ridge of Crib Goch immediately before the rocky upper part of the ridge, and well above the path from Pen y Pass into upper Cwm Glas Mawr.

Cwm Glas Mawr (619563 etc.)

"Great green (grey, blue) cwm", or "great cwm of the brook," or "cwm of the great stream" (see Cwm Glas Bach, above). Local names for parts of it are Cwm Blaen Nant and Cwm Uchaf Cwm-Glas (see below).

Cwm Blaen Nant (619564)

The local name²⁰ for the flat grassy middle part of Cwm Glas Mawr. The name is derived from the farm of Blaen y Nant below (623568), to which the grazing belongs²³; the latter name means "head of the brook, or valley".

Cwm Uchaf Cwm-Glas (619557)

"Uppermost cwm of Cwm Glas", the local name²⁰ for the upper grassy parts of Cwm Glas Mawr, around Llyn Glas.

Llyn Glas (619557)

"Green (blue) lake". The local usage²⁰ is Glas Lyn.

Castell (619559)

"Castle", the local name²⁰ for the rocks of which Intermediate Slabs form part.

Rhiwiau'r Gwartheg (616558)

"Slopes of the cattle", the local name²⁰ for the rocky slopes down which the main streams of Cwm Glas Mawr descend, between Castell and Diffwys Ddu (Cyrn Las).

Pentre Gwynion (623558)

"Village of white ones", the local name²⁰ for the quartzly outcrops above the path from Pen y Pass to upper Cwm Glas Mawr, shortly after the descent from the shoulder above Dinas Mot into the first part of the cwm. These outcrops can be seen quite clearly from the road below, from which they resemble a village of white cottages.

Diffwys Ddwr, or Craig y Rhaeadr^s (620561)

Diffwys Ddwr, the local name for this cliff²⁰, means "precipice of water", i.e. almost exactly the same as the second one, that invented by climbers. When J. M. Edwards and A. B. Hargreaves first climbed on the cliff they referred to it as "Waterfall Cliff", then immediately turned this into Welsh as Craig Rhaiadr⁸, which has later been corrected to Craig y Rhaeadr. The latter version incorporates the modern spelling of *rhaeadr*, "waterfall", which the Ordnance Survey is making standard for all place-names including the word.

Bryn Meirch (620564)

"Hill of horses", the local name²⁰ for the grassy hummock separating the two main streams in Cwm Glas Mawr, at the top of the slopes leading up to Cwm Blaen Nant.

Bryn Hwch (625566)

"Sow hill", the local name²⁰ for the grassy hummock rising immediately behind Ynys Ettws towards Dinas Mot.

Dinas Mot (627563)

"Fortress of Mot"; it appears as a companion natural fortress to Dinas y Gromlech, guarding the Pass of Llanberis. Mot is supposed to be a legendary giant; in Snowdonia the name is commonly used for naming sheepdogs. Archer Thomson says that in 1894 the name Dinas Mot did not appear on the O.S. maps (it does now), so he must have obtained it locally¹.

Bwlch y Moch (633553)

"Pass of the pigs." This name has already been discussed by one of us²⁸, when it was stated that it was uncertain whether the name was an old one or merely a back-formation from "Pig (= PyG)

Track". The hypothesis was then put forward, based on the relics of transhumance on the Llydaw side of the ridge, that it was in fact an old name, given because the pass represented the limit of wanderings of pigs kept in the Llydaw area, and that "Pig (PyG) Track" was a punning allusion both to this pass and to a route from Pen y Gwryd to Snowdon. An early reference in the *Climbers' Club Journal* now enables us to be rather more definite. It seems that in the 1880s the name Bwlch y Moch was in local use for the pass (as it is now²⁰); and in 1900 E. R. Kidson, a frequenter of the district since the 1880s, wrote that he had recently been informed locally that in fact pigs were at one time kept in the Llydaw area, and were driven over Bwlch y Moch to reach the Llanberis valley and civilisation²⁹. Though one cannot be absolutely certain, it seems therefore that the back-formation theory can be abandoned, together with that involving wild boars and more far-fetched ones about neolithic men.

The section of the Pig Track between Pen y Pass and Bwlch y Moch is nowadays locally called **Llwybr y Mul** ("mule track")²⁰. This name seems to have strayed here from the upper section of the track (to Bwlch Glas), which is legitimately called by this name since it was originally a miners' track; but the miners' tracks took different routes between upper Cwm Dyli and Pen y Pass, and this section of the Pig Track is a comparatively modern creation²⁸. It is nowadays difficult to imagine mules being used on it, though Welsh mountain ponies would have been capable of traversing the ground.

Diffwys (636553)

"Precipice"—see Diffwys Ddu, above. The local name²⁰ for the first section along the ridge towards Pen y Pass from Bwlch y Moch.

Carreg Gwalch (631553)

Probably "hawk's rock"; the local name²⁰ for the third and largest of what H. R. C. Carr calls the "Grey Cliffs"²².

Bwlch Garw (643552)

"Rough pass." The local name²⁰ for the first saddle crossed by the old pony track from Pen y Pass to the upper Pig Track, at the top of the first steep zig-zag section rising from the miners' road to Llydaw.

Cwm Beudy Mawr (630558 etc.)

"Cwm of the big cowshed." Called thus because the grazing is allocated to Beudy Mawr, Nant Peris²³. See Cymoedd Gwynion, below, for a local name for part of it.

Craig Cwm Beudy Mawr (628556 etc.)

"Crag of Cwm Beudy Mawr (cwm of the big cowshed)." This name appears to have been invented by H. R. C. Carr³⁰; nevertheless, it is in current use among the farming community²⁰.

Cymoedd Gwynion (631554)

"White, or fair, cwms." The local name²⁰ for the uppermost sections of pasture in Cwm Beudy Mawr, immediately under Bwlch y Moch.

Ysgar (635556 etc.)

The local name²⁰ for the belt of rocks descending towards the road from below the place where the Pig Track climbs to Bwlch y Moch. It may be derived from *esgair*, hence meaning "ridge" (see Esgair Felen, above). Other possibilities are *ysgâr*, "share" (of land?), *ysgar*, "to part or cast off" (sheep lying on a boundary?), or perhaps *ysgor*, "cattleyard, fold or camp"⁴.

In or near the top part of these rocks is **Craig Fach**⁸, "little crag", the name of which was invented by A. W. Killingback in the incorrect form *Craig Bach*³¹. A. D. Baker and Killingback named one of their climbs on this crag **Mur y Ffestwr**; we are unable to give an explanation for this name, except if it is mock-Welsh.

Dinas Bach (632560)

"Little fortress", by contrast to Dinas Mot. The name appears to have been invented by H. R. C. Carr³⁰; nevertheless it also is in current use among the farming community²⁰.

Cerrig Gwynion (631561)

"White rocks." The local name²⁰ for the rocks immediately across the stream north-west of Dinas Bach. The outcrop contains much quartz.

Post Ddu (629563)

"Black post, or pillar." The local name²⁰ of the broken buttress left of Dinas Mot.

Cysgfa Fawr (630560)

"Great sleeping-place" (night resting-place of sheep?; or place of shelter, perhaps for cattle-drovers in earlier times). The local name²⁰ for the rocky hummock just above the road immediately up-valley from Pont y Gromlech.

Cysgfa Fach (637560)

"Little sleeping-place" (see Cysgfa Fawr). The local name (given as Cysgfa Bach²⁰) of another rocky buttress bordering the road higher up the Pass.

Clogwyn Dipia (640559)

"Broken cliff", the local name²⁰ for a further rocky buttress higher again up the road.

Afon Saint

This name, which used to be spelt Seiont from its supposed connection with Segontium, the name of the Roman station at Caernarvon, is used on the O.S. maps only for that section of the river between the sea and a point opposite Llanrug; from here to Llyn Padarn the river is named Afon Rhythallt, and from Llyn Peris to its source by Pen y Pass as Afon Nant Peris. In local usage²⁰ the first name, as Afon Saiont, is used for the whole course of the river from its source to the sea.

Y Wyddfa (610544)

"The tumulus or tomb", the name being explained in the authorities as arising from the tradition that the giant Rhita, killed by King Arthur, is buried here in the summit cairn, which was formerly called **Carnedd y Cawr**, "cairn of the giant"; the peak was once also called **Gwyddfa Rhita** (see, for example, ref. 3). The name was formerly given on O.S. maps in the form at the beginning of this paragraph, but on recent maps it is altered to Yr Wyddfa, apparently following Prof. Morris-Jones³²; Sir John E. Lloyd³³ also uses the

latter form. Cyriax, however, reports Prof. Lloyd-Jones's view that this is an error, and that the article here should be *y*, not *yr*³⁴. Prof. Alun Roberts is quite emphatic in holding the same view³⁵, and so was Sir Ifor Williams³⁶. In his book on place-names Sir Ifor⁴ discussed this question at length, leaving little doubt that *y* is the correct usage; we trust, therefore, that the Ordnance Survey will revert to their original practice.

Clogwyn y Garnedd (612546 etc.)

"Cliff of the cairn" (of Y Wyddfa).

Glaslyn (617546 etc.)

Edward Llwyd tells us that the original name of this was Llyn Ffynnon Las, "lake of the green (blue) well, or spring"². The green colour of the lake, which has had various sinister legendary explanations, is of course due to the occurrence of copper minerals in the rocks around and under it.

Ochr Boethfal (625545)

This is the name given on the map in the 1872 prospectus of the Great Snowdon Mountain Copper Mine Co.³⁷ for the shoulder round which the miners' road ascends from the dressing plant on Llyn Llydaw towards the outlet of Glaslyn. If the name is properly Ochr Poethfel, then its meaning is "mountainside of burnt vegetation" (e.g. after moor burning).

Craig Aderyn (640543), "bird crag", and **Clogwyn Pen Llechen** (641545), "cliff of the head of slabs". Collectively called the "Teyrn Bluffs" by Carr²². The grid references given here place the names of the cliffs in the positions assigned to them by the O.S. Archer Thomson, however, suggested that the O.S. had switched the names of the cliffs; and the name Clogwyn Pen Llechen is certainly better fitted to the crag with the Teyrn Slab than to the crag assigned this name by the O.S. It is understood that the local name for the crag with the Teyrn Slab is in fact not Craig Aderyn; but further local information on this subject is needed.

(To be continued)

REFERENCES

- ¹ J. M. A. Thomson, *Climbing in the Ogwen District*, 1910.
- ² E. W. Steeple (with help from Prof. J. Lloyd-Jones), in Carr and Lister, *The Mountains of Snowdonia*, 1927 and 1948.
- ³ E. W. Steeple, *C.C.J.* 1920.
- ⁴ Sir Ifor Williams, *Enwau Lleoedd*, 1945 and 1962.
- ⁵ Information from Evan Roberts.
- ⁶ J. G. Ramsay in *Geologists' Association Guide: Snowdonia*, 1959.
- ⁷ W. P. Haskett-Smith, *Climbing in the British Isles, II, Wales and Ireland*, 1895.
- ⁸ Entries in Helyg logbook.
- ⁹ J. M. Edwards and C. W. F. Noyce, *Tryfan Group*, 1937.
- ¹⁰ A. J. J. Moulam, *Tryfan and Glyder Fach*, 1956.
- ¹¹ Entries in Ynys Ettws logbook.
- ¹² J. E. Q. Barford, *C.C.J.* 1940.
- ¹³ G. A. Lister, *C.C.J.* 1948.
- ¹⁴ Information from P. R. J. Harding.
- ¹⁵ Entries in Beudy Mawr logbook.
- ¹⁶ P. R. J. Harding, *Llanberis Pass*, 1950.
- ¹⁷ D. T. Roscoe, *Llanberis North*, 1961.
- ¹⁸ Entries in Cwm Glas Mawr logbook.
- ¹⁹ *Gossiping Guide to Wales*, 1954 ed.
- ²⁰ Mr. Kenneth Griffiths, of Beudy Mawr. We are indebted to Evan Roberts for discussing these place-names with him.
- ²¹ J. M. A. Thomson, *C.C.J.* 1904.
- ²² H. R. C. Carr, *A Climber's Guide to Snowdon and the Beddgelert District*, 1926.
- ²³ Vaynol Estate map.
- ²⁴ Presumably A. C. Ramsay, *The Old Glaciers of Switzerland and North Wales*, 1860.
- ²⁵ J. M. A. Thomson, *C.C.J.* 1903.
- ²⁶ J. M. A. Thomson, *C.C.J.* 1910.
- ²⁷ J. H. Cliffe, *Notes and Recollections of an Angler*, 1860.
- ²⁸ J. Neill, *C.C.J.* 1963.
- ²⁹ E. R. Kidson, *C.C.J.* 1900.
- ³⁰ H. R. C. Carr, *C.C. Bulletin* 1925.
- ³¹ Communication from A. W. Killingback.
- ³² Morris-Jones, *Comparative Grammar*.
- ³³ Sir John E. Lloyd in Carr and Lister, *The Mountains of Snowdonia*, 1927 and 1948.
- ³⁴ R. C. Cyriax, *C.C.J.* 1941 (based on J. Lloyd-Jones, *Enwau Lleoedd Sir Gaernarvon*, 1928).
- ³⁵ Prof. Alun Roberts, in discussion with R. Elfyn Hughes.
- ³⁶ Sir Ifor Williams, in discussion with R. Elfyn Hughes.
- ³⁷ Baron Hill MSS, Library of University College of North Wales, Bangor.

EDITORIAL

I must apologise to members for the lateness and lightness of this number of the *Journal*. Its compilation has been attended by more difficulties and frustrations than that of any previous number for which I have been responsible. It was intended, as last year, to produce a *Bulletin*, containing New Climbs and Notes, in advance of the *Journal*, preferably in the spring, but the material for it became available to me so late that it was not possible to get it out before December. In these circumstances the Committee wisely decided, in order not to prejudice the 1966 *Bulletin* (which will be wider in scope and for which a determined effort will be made to get it out on time and to achieve extensive sales to the general climbing public), that the *Bulletin* this year should not be separately sold to the public but combined with the *Journal*. Accordingly the 1965 *Bulletin* will be found bound in with this number of the *Journal*, but in such a way that those members who may wish to bind their *Bulletins* separately from their *Journals* will be able to do so; extra copies of the combined publication will as usual be available from the Business Manager.

As regards the *Journal* itself, copy has been hard to come by and at least four articles which I had been promised, and wanted, failed to turn up, one being published instead by another club. But two of the missing articles have been firmly promised for the 1966 *Journal*. I must apologise also for the small number of reviews (promised reviews having failed to materialise) and for the fact that the Editor's hand is so apparent in the reviews and obituaries. This is particularly regrettable in the case of the obituary of our ex-President Longstaff. An obituary of him was promised by the member who was by far the most suitable person to write it, himself an ex-President, but after 9 months I had still received nothing despite many promises of immediate action and numerous personal discussions, letters and telephone calls, so I had to put something together myself at very short notice, I fear not very adequate.

Perhaps 6 years is too long a period in the Editor's chair, and at the end of that time the goodwill members showed me in earlier years is wearing thin. The Editor's job is a most interesting and enjoyable one, but I must admit to a certain feeling of relief that this is my last number and I can now hand over to Nigel Rogers, to whom I wish all success. May I express my gratitude to all those members who have helped me so much over the years, and express the hope that they will show my successor the same goodwill and willingness to contribute articles in good time that they showed me — especially at the beginning of my editorship.

Several changes have taken place in the officers of the Club in 1964/5. Kretschmer has been succeeded by Morgan as Treasurer, and Cwm Glas Mawr and the Count House have new custodians in the shape of G. D. Roberts and J. W. Smith, to take over the burdens shouldered so enthusiastically and for such

long periods by D. Thomas and K. M. Lawder. Two former Presidents, J. L. Longland and A. B. Hargreaves, and a distinguished former member and guide-book writer, H. E. L. Porter, have been elected to honorary membership. But we have lost by death two former Presidents, Longstaff and Donkin, two honorary members, Abraham and, as before, Longstaff and two original members, Abraham again and May. With Abraham's death the last link with the foundation of the Club is broken, as he was our last surviving original member. May was also an original member, but was not elected an honorary member at the time of the Club's jubilee in 1948 because at that time he was no longer a member (he rejoined later). Other members who died were Forster (of whom an obituary appears in this number), Frankenburg and E. R. Cullinan. Frankenburg, who had been a member since 1937 died in 1964 aged 54, after a long illness. He was at Jesus College, Cambridge, about 1929/30, and climbed a good deal in Wales, the Lake District and particularly the Valais; his last peak seems to have been the Aletschhorn. Cullinan, who was elected in 1940 and served on the Committee from 1947 to 1951, also died in 1964.

The year has seen considerable activity in the huts, especially by the Huts Subcommittee, whose labours are bearing fruit, particularly at Cwm Glas Mawr which has been transformed. Revised reprints of the Club's most popular guide-books, *Cwm Idwal, Tryfan and Glyder Fach*, and *Llanberis North*, have been published. *Cornwall*, vol. II, has been greatly delayed by technical difficulties with the diagrams, and the second edition of *Snowdon South* has also suffered delay for various reasons, but it is hoped that these two and *Llanberis South*, which is also at the printers, will now soon come out. The second edition of *Carneddau* is at long last also on its way to press. A completely new edition of *Lliwedd* is at an early stage of preparation, and a revised reprint of *Clogwyn Du'r Arddu* is being arranged.

The weather in 1964 was mixed. In Wales this did not prevent numerous ascents of the more recent hard routes by members and many others. "New Climbs and Notes" in the *Bulletin* will indicate the new routes done, in the Carneddau, on Castell Cidwm and in the Dinas Mot area in particular; special mention must be made of Ingle's very fine climbs at Cwm Silyn. Members' activities in the Alps in 1964 are given below in the usual list; this is shorter than customary not only because of the weather but because climbing standards have advanced so much that climbs regarded as noteworthy a few years ago no longer deserve mention:

Grandes Jorasses — Walker Spur: Estcourt, Martin

Petites Jorasses — West Face: Estcourt

Petit Dru — West Face: R. James

Aiguille du Blaitière — West Face, Brown-Williams Route: Banner

Aiguille de Leschaux — South West Ridge (first ascent): Bonington, Patey

Pointe Migot — North Face (first ascent): Bonington, Patey

Punta Gugliermina — South Face: Crew, Ingle (in 9 hours)

Cima Grande di Lavaredo — Brandler-Hasse Route: Potts

Punta Tissi — Philipp Dièdre: Potts

Punta Civetta — Fessura Andrich: Bonington

Further afield, Westmacott's activities in Alaska, Pettigrew's two recent expeditions in the Western Himalaya, that of Tyson, Cole and Kendell in Nepal and the attempt by C. T. Jones, G. Rhodes and Goodfellow on the north face of Alam Kouh are covered by articles or notes in this *Journal* or *Bulletin*. In Antarctic regions the Australian expedition led by Deacock, with transport by Tilman, successfully completed the first ascent of Big Ben, Heard Island. J. D. C. Peacock was a member of the Combined Services expedition which repeated Shackleton's traverse of South Georgia and made the first ascent of the main peak of Mount Paget; he took part in the first ascent of Mount Sugartop.

The problems of the National Park in North Wales, particularly as they affect climbers, remain acute. The B.M.C. North Wales Committee is striving hard to help to solve these, but little progress has been made with the two main problems, those of access and camping. Indeed so far as access is concerned the situation has deteriorated in several areas, especially near Rhyd Ddu, where members have been involved in ugly incidents. All concerned are doing their utmost to clear up these matters; the negotiations will be facilitated if members and others exercise extreme patience for the time being and go out of their way to promote good relations with the farming community and meet farmers' wishes in every respect. It would be helpful also if members attempted to check bad behaviour by other climbers or users of the hills, where this is safely possible.

The difficulties in the Snowdonia National Park partly owe their origin to the present unsatisfactory National Park organisational and administrative set-up, both nationally and locally; and it is good to know that the Government are contemplating amending legislation.

At the time of the Club's jubilee in 1948 a complete index of all numbers of the *Journal* and the *Bulletin* to that date was planned, and some work was done on it, but never finished. To help to fill the gap title pages and lists of contents for the two series of *Bulletins* so far completed (as have been issued for the *Journal* after the completion of each volume) are included with this number. They are interesting as showing that, despite a good deal of dross, earlier numbers of the *Bulletin* contain much information on climbs, which sometimes reveal aspects of climbing history which cannot be appreciated from a study of the *Journal*, or even in some cases our guidebooks.

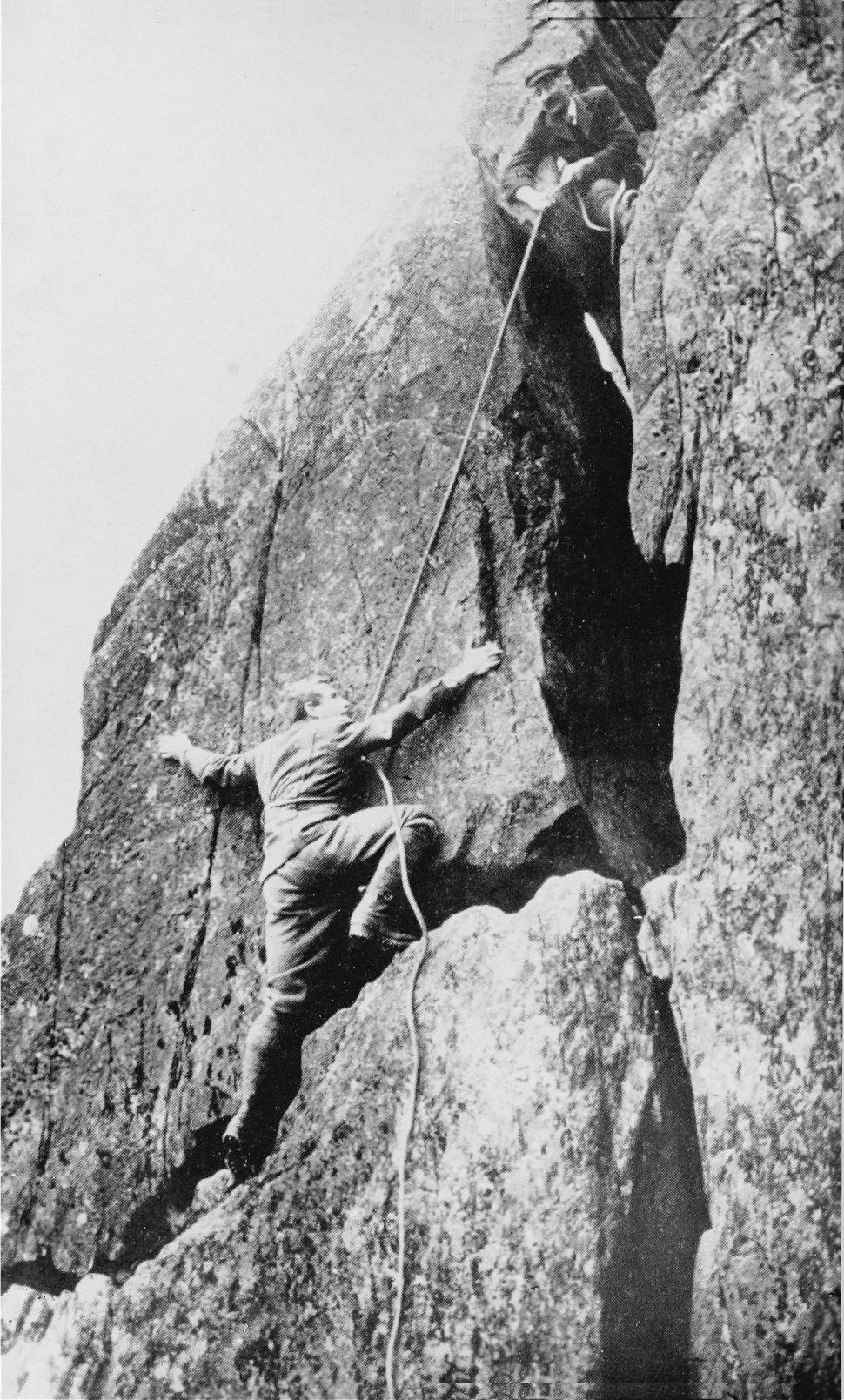
I must conclude my turn of office as Editor by thanking not only members who have helped by contributing articles or by assisting with *Journal* business and other affairs, but also the Cloister Press for their patience and fine work.

THE COUNCIL FOR THE PROTECTION OF RURAL WALES

Most people who climb in Wales have a considerable regard for the integrity of the landscape of Snowdonia in which they pursue their vocation; and, when from time to time it is threatened by some monstrous project such as a hydro-electric scheme, most of us feel strongly that we would like to help defeat the Philistines. Good! But remember that almost every day there is some little threat to our countryside of which we probably never hear: some proposal to destroy a bit of old stonework and replace it with concrete, or to cut down an ancient wood, or to erect another line of pylons across a mountain. If no-one is on the watch for such things they can just happen, and when they have happened it is too late to protest.

There is one body which acts as watchdog to prevent unopposed assaults on the countryside. This is the C.P.R.W. (Council for the Protection of Rural Wales). It is a purely voluntary society dependent solely on the subscriptions of its members, who belong to it because they care enough about the landscape of Wales to pay a small annual subscription (10/6). If you think you should be included among these, write, phone, or otherwise make contact with, Geoff. Barker, whose address is in the Club list.





OBITUARY

G. D. ABRAHAM

With the death of our honorary member George Dixon Abraham the Club loses its last surviving original member. By it a link is broken not only with the foundation of the Club but also with the earliest days of climbing in this country as a popular sport.

Abraham was born in 1872. He spent his entire working life in the photographic business at Keswick founded by his father. In youth he and his brother Ashley started climbing in their native fells, and out of this arose the activities in mountain photography by which he will in years to come perhaps be best remembered. Douglas Milner's note on these activities, given below, makes further comment by me on this subject unnecessary; some of his photographs are reproduced in this number.

But he will also be remembered for his climbing, and for his books on climbing, which together with his photographs were the biggest single direct cause of the popularisation of climbing in Britain in the early days. The following list of his first ascents in this country, though probably incomplete, speaks for itself; unless otherwise indicated, all climbs were led by him.

- 1890 Sandbed Gully (Bramcrag Gully), Vale of St. John.
- 1892 Walla Crag Gully, Derwentwater.
- 1894 Dollywaggon Gully, Helvellyn (led by A. P. Abraham).
- 1895 Bridge Gully, Maiden Moor.
- 1896 April 20 Jones's Route from Deep Gill, Scafell Pinnacle (led by O. G. Jones).
- June Iron Crag Chimney.
- Dec. 29 Shamrock Gully left-hand route, Great Pitch, Pillar (led by O. G. Jones).
- 1897 Easter Slanting Gully, Lliwedd.
- July 12 Keswick Brothers' Climb, Scafell.
- Sept. Bowfell Links No. 5 } (led by C. R. B. Storry).
- Sept. Bowfell Links No. 6 }
- Oct. 1 Mouse Gill, Abraham's finish.
- 1898 April 22 Pisgah Buttress, Scafell (led by O. G. Jones).
- Dec. B Chimney, Overbeck (led by O. G. Jones).
- 1899 Jan. 7 Walker's Gully, Pillar (led by O. G. Jones).
- Jan. 8 E Chimney, Overbeck (led by O. G. Jones).

	Easter	Devil's Staircase (avoiding the first two pitches) (led by O. G. Jones).
	Easter	Hanging Garden Gully (led by O. G. Jones).
	Easter	North Buttress Ordinary Route, Tryfan (led by O. G. Jones).
	Easter	Terrace Wall Variant, Tryfan (led by O. G. Jones).
	Easter	Milestone Buttress Ordinary Route, Tryfan (led by O. G. Jones).
1900	May	Crowberry Ridge Direct Route, Buachaille Etive Mor.
	Oct. 1	Great Doup Buttress, Pillar.
	Oct.	Route by Nos. 2 and 3 gullies, Aonach Dubh West Face.
	Oct.	Scoop between buttresses d and e, Aonach Dubh West Face.
	Oct.	Winifred's Pinnacle, Aonach Dubh West Face.
	Oct.	Lady's Gully, Buachaille Etive Mor.
	Oct.	Arch Gully lower part, Stob Coire nam Beith.
1901	May 26	New West Climb, Pillar.
1902	Easter	Shamrock Buttress Route I, Pillar.
1903		Abraham's Route, A Buttress, Dow Crag.
	March	Abraham's Route, B Buttress, Dow Crag.
1904		Crib Goch, Buttress, Route I.
	April	Slanting Buttress, Ridge Route, Lliwedd.
	Nov.	Vanishing Gully, Craig yr Ysfa.
1905	May	Amphitheatre Buttress, Craig yr Ysfa.
	May	Monolith Crack, Clogwyn y Tarw.
	May	Hawk's Nest Buttress, Glyder Fach.
	Sept.	East Wall Climb, Clogwyn Du'r Arddu (led by A. P. Abraham).
1905-8		A, B, C and D Gullies, Amphitheatre, Craig yr Ysfa, probably
1907		Abraham's Climb, Sgurr Alasdair.
1910	April 29	Blizzard Chimney, Dow Crag.
1912		Camus (in part), Clogwyn Du'r Arddu.
	April 21	North East Climb, Pillar.
1913	Sept.	West Ridge, Creigiau Gleision.
1920	June	Fourth Pinnacle, North Face, Sgurr nan Gilleán.
	June	East Face, B Gully, Clach Glas.

And, presumably, Abraham's Crack, above Holly Tree Wall.

Abraham's climbing started in the days when the rope was worn almost rather for decoration than for protection. In due course he and his climbing companions devised proper methods of protection; but in the later years of his climbing career rope technique was developing greatly and tending to leave these methods behind — particularly as he was a devotee of the general use of the "direct belay" even after this had become outmoded. In the majority of his climbs comparatively little protection, by modern standards, was

afforded by the rope, so that in their circumstances and for their time many of them must be regarded as bold leads.

He climbed a good deal in the Alps, but mostly in the Zermatt area, the Mont Blanc massif and so on, and with guides as was then the proper thing; only in the Dolomites did he climb much of any degree of difficulty.

His main literary activities are represented in the following list:

Appendix of new climbs (by G. D. and A. P. Abraham) to the second edition of O. G. Jones's *Rock Climbing in the English Lake District*, 1900; and third edition 1911.

Rock Climbing in North Wales (with A. P. Abraham), 1906.

The Complete Mountaineer, 1907.

Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad, 1910.

British Mountain Climbs, 1910; ran through several editions to sixth edition, 1948.

Swiss Mountain Climbs, 1911.

Motor Ways in Lakeland (1919 or before).

On Alpine Heights and British Crags, 1919.

First Steps to Climbing, 1923.

Modern Mountaineering, 1933; second edition 1945.

His style of writing was somewhat pretentious, and often archly facetious, with trying archaisms, after the bad fashion of the time, while his factual statements were sometimes misleading, and many of his judgments were questionable, or out of date even at the time when they were written. Nevertheless his books were of value because they gave much information which was not readily obtained elsewhere; and they opened the door to climbing for great numbers of people.

In the early years of this Club he was a frequent attender at Easter gatherings, and he contributed several times to the *Journal*. One can detect a slight uneasiness caused in those days in their stuffer fellow-members by the presence of Abraham and his brother, because they made their living out of activities connected with climbing; perhaps for this reason Abraham was never a member of the Alpine Club (although in his active days he was well-qualified for election), until elected to honorary membership in 1954.

He retained some interest in this Club to the end of his days. He was a modest and kindly man. A few years ago I was highly grafted

when, despite the fact that my acquaintance with him was slight, he went out of his way to write to me wishing me luck on taking over as Hon. Editor, and thereafter he gave me help in this office whenever he was able to do so.

JOHN NEILL

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM — PHOTOGRAPHER

I had my first camera 45 years ago, and it must have been at about the same time that I first saw an Abraham photograph — perhaps in the B.O.P. or the Wide World. I recall nothing of the text, but the picture was unforgettable: a cragsman in white sweater, knickerbockers and clinker-nailed boots, extended on the small holds of a great grey buttress, with snow patches on the screes far below.

To most men of my generation, and to our fathers, Abraham's work was unique, incomparable. It was just as fine in its own field as that of Brady in the America of last century, or of Fenton in the Crimea. He was one of an old family of professional photographers who had been faithfully recording the worthies of Cumberland almost since the days of the Daguerreotype, and he brought his technical competence to the new and thrilling subject of the cragsmen of the nineties.

Abraham's claim to be long remembered is surely based on his thorough and systematic recording first of the climbers in Lakeland, then in North Wales, Skye and Scotland. He most often used a whole-plate camera, no trivial instrument, which had to be set up on its large tripod, and focused under the black cloth. The attainment of some viewpoints must have been harder than the climbs he portrayed from them. Inevitably, in those days, a photographic expedition had to be specially arranged, a second or two could be the minimum exposure, and so many of his pictures seem stiffly posed to those of us who perhaps specialise in freezing the falling leader at 1/500th. But the best were wonderfully illustrative of the actual climbs and fairly representative of the deliberate style of the day.

It is a sad loss to us all that the negatives of those active years were destroyed in a fire at Keswick some time ago. Yet much remains, scattered among the many volumes he illustrated, in private collections and on the walls of climbers' inns.

Let us recall a few of the classics. First the great pitches of the gully epoch: Moss Ghyll, Craig yr Ysfa, Twll Du, the Waterpipe. Then even finer for some of us, the splendid pictures of a party on the Pinnacle Face of Scafell, the last man coming up the final few feet to the ledge above Eagle's Nest direct (posed, indeed, but fairly posed) and best of all the great head-to-foot sweep of the Central Buttress of Scafell, with a small figure (C. F. Holland, no less) on the upper part of the flake.

Here and there, in the long series, are a few of the great personalities of the age. Owen Glynne Jones leading up Kern Knotts Crack or back-and-footing it on Derbyshire Gritstone. John Wilson Robinson standing below Pillar in a contemporary bowler, forerunner of Joe Brown's crash helmet. Again, in the Welsh series, young A. W. Wakefield striding across the Garden Wall on the Milestone. And often, posed artistically on the Needle, or the Split Blocks of the North on Pillar, or a Tryfan pinnacle, some heavily-skirted anonymous dame or damsel.

Landscapes there are too, though these were often less successful. I have always been surprised that Abraham did not take up the new orthochromatism of his day, for he need not have worked with non-colour-sensitive plates. And the urgency of old-style printing made it impracticable to print in clouds other than very approximately. If only those negatives had survived, what one could have made from them with modern methods!

His alpine work, though extensive, was not outstanding, and better work had not only been done nearly 20 years earlier by Donkin, but among his own contemporaries were many gifted amateurs who could excel him when they chose — Woolley, Holmes, Spencer, Collie and others.

Yet, even in this more competitive field of landscape, his best can still be enjoyed. Few photographs have caught so well the scale and atmosphere of the Snowdon Horseshoe as is seen in the large print which hangs, I think, at Pen y Pass. Another comes to mind of Scafell Pinnacle plastered in ice.

Today we all take our little snapshots, flipping a Leica shutter with one free hand, seldom pausing in our climb or making a deliberate traverse to get the right viewpoint, and I suppose we gain in spontaneity what we lose in arrangement. But if we were not all so

lazy or so busy, some of us ought to go out again to the crags and the climbs, with a large camera and all the modern materials that make things easier. Only when we are prepared to do this can we hope to equal George Abraham at his best.

And that best was so consistent that it came near to genius.

C. DOUGLAS MILNER

G. L. DENSHAM

Many people knew George Densham in only one or two of his many guises — cricketer, climber, car driver, philosopher, photographer, or, from the naval point of view, as an extremely competent and enquiring engineer and a popular and original naval officer. I was privileged to know him in most.

As a climber and hut companion I first met him in 1936 when he joined a party of brash undergraduates at Brackenclose. I don't think we knew him as more than George for the first week, but, from the first, his naval sense of orderliness and his complete lack of fuss and wry twist of humour made him a delightful hut companion; and so he remained all his life.

As a motorist before the war he owned an almost legendary Riley tourer, somewhat doctored internally, in which he would arrive in London from Plymouth (rarely more than five hours on the road) with that same lack of fuss, and would load up for a weekend at Helyg or a mass attack on Harrison's Rocks using his parents' home as a base camp (his parents' generous hospitality without reference to numbers or warning was proverbial). As a driver he was always courteous, could be extremely rapid and enjoyed rather ordinary-looking cars with unordinary machinery under the bonnet.

As a naval officer he passed through Keyham in probably its vintage years and exploited to the full its nearness to the moors, the workshop and the cricket field. In 1941 he found himself based at Gibraltar as the Engineer Officer H.M.S. Foresight working the Malta run. He was unconventional yet never flamboyant, respected and held in great affection by his engine-room staff. Overworked yes, but harassed and impatient never. As ship's store officer he had access to rope, and when I arrived, the nucleus of a climbers' club

had already started. The naval padre Father Howard, a Dutch submariner, George and myself spent many unconventional afternoons on the steep South-east Face of the Rock, and certainly on one occasion the final pitch ended at a gun emplacement with the gun as a final belay. Later we both moved to the north Russian run and had walks and climbs together in Russia and Iceland and even sighted Spitzbergen. It was after an afternoon in the mountains around Seidesfjord that he sailed for the convoy in which his destroyer was torpedoed, and it was his efforts that were largely responsible for its timely arrival in port still, but only just, afloat. The strain had told on him and the award of the D.S.C. seemed to him poor reward for an appointment ashore on indefinite sick leave. Few people knew that the self-administered cure, against medical advice, was a week at Helyg and days spent walking, mostly done on the wet Welsh hills. On one occasion our leaves coincided and we spent a wonderful week in deep snow walking from Cockermouth to Langdale, and I began to know him as a philosopher. He owed much to the mountains and I sense that the service he gave to the club in his later years was his thank-you to the Good Lord who provided the mountains that cured his soul.

I hope others may write of his ability as a climber in the post-war period. I think he modestly thought of himself as a reliable second, but a glance at the hut books would suggest that this is an understatement.

As a man he will always be remembered for his untold courtesy and thought for others, for his patience and preparedness to listen and for the firmness of his opinions if opinions were honestly required. He was a devoted son and a wise and generous uncle.

I remember discussing with him what he pictured by the phrase "life after death" as we sat eating lunch in the snow and spring sun on Glaramara. We reached no conclusions but the gist of one phrase stuck. "I don't believe the evil men who think only of themselves live long after they have died." If the converse is true, as I believe it is, then in this unorthodox Christian sense George is with us for a long time to come.

E. W. K. WALTON

BRYAN DONKIN

Bryan Donkin died on 17th October 1964, at the age of 61, and by his death the Club has lost a senior member, distinguished not only in the Club but in many other fields.

He was elected a member of the Climbers' Club in 1926, served as Honorary Treasurer from 1938-45, was then a member of the Committee, and served as President from 1948-51. He was thus very close to the centre of Club life throughout the difficult years of the war, and of the period that followed it. During this period he gave ungrudgingly of his time to Club affairs and for many years the Committee met at his London offices. He was the son of S. B. Donkin, who had himself been a founder-member of the Club.

Bryan Donkin's mountaineering ranged over a wide field, although he would never have claimed to have been a leading technician as a rock climber. He had climbed in all parts of the British Isles, and of the Alps, and also in Norway and Czechoslovakia, the Pyrenees and Corsica, and his wide experience made him an extremely reliable companion on the hills.

During the war, he was also Honorary Secretary of the Alpine Club, and had much to do with the formation of the British Mountaineering Council.

Bryan Donkin, at the time of his death, was Senior Partner of the family firm of Kennedy & Donkin, consulting engineers, and his work was very largely concerned with the grid system of the Central Electricity Generating Board. He was a Vice-President of the Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Most of the older members of the Club will remember Bryan as a warm-hearted friend, who devoted much of his life to helping his fellow-men in one way or another, and his death leaves us all the poorer.

J. H. EMLYN JONES

DENIS JAMES VAUGHAN FORSTER

No party was ever dull when Denis Forster was a member of it. The news of his too-early death (he was only 59) last summer will have made many people recall the happy parties which used to be held at Easter and Whitsuntide at the Bryn Tyrch Hotel at Capel Curig in the nineteen-thirties, when M. G. Bradley lived there.

Denis was always the liveliest of the participants, and kept the whole company in fits of laughter with his ready wit and unfailing zest for a lark. He was a competent rock-climber, too, and often led such old favourites as Terrace Wall Variant, the Gambit and Crib Goch Buttress. He was equally content to go second and was then a very reliable partner.

He joined the Club in 1926, and, although he took no part in its administration, he regularly attended the annual dinners, when his ebullient spirits would sometimes overflow during a too prosy after-dinner speech. His humour was never malicious, and although many of us in turn were the victims of his leg-pulling no-one ever thought of him except with affection.

Denis climbed several seasons in the Alps and became a member of the Alpine Club in 1945.

He was expert at all country sports: shooting, deer-stalking, fishing, etc., and was well above average as a lawn-tennis player.

His death means the loss of yet another of the personalities which helped to build up the Club during the inter-war years; and he will be sadly missed by many friends.

JOHN POOLE

WALLACE MAY

The Club will be sad to learn of the death of one of its founder members, Wallace May, at the age of 79, in May 1964. He was one of the original band, frequenters of Pen-y-Gwryd, known as "the Welsh Rabbits", who met in London to form the Climbers' Club.

He was also the first Secretary of the Midland Association of Mountaineers and became their President in 1929 for the first time, and again in 1943, to celebrate their 21st anniversary. During these years he was instrumental in the building of Glan Dena, and inevitably he lost touch with the Climbers' Club until 1953, when he was re-elected and took a great interest in the Club's activities, huts, etc. His main interests were not in rock climbing but in the wider aspects of mountaineering. He was an expert with map and compass and loved to cover vast distances in all weathers in North Wales, the Lakes and Scotland.

During his frequent visits to the remoter Alpine areas, he would delight in gathering botanical specimens for his lovely garden.

Some of his alpine gentians graced the tables of the first Everest dinner in Wales.

In his immaculate Daimler, which he invariably drove with the hood down, he was a familiar sight in every mountain area, but it was not uncommon for him to send his bicycle by train to some remote part and spend a week or so cycling and walking in the hills. His love of mountains was indisputable and this brought him a wide circle of friends in more than one generation of climbers. He was an asset to any company, never a bore and what he had to say was worth listening to.

I have never met a kinder or more understanding and genial man, and his love of the hills was only surpassed by his love for his wife, who shared all his mountaineering experiences until her death a few years ago.

This gentle, lovable man was one of the last of a grand era of mountaineers, the like of whom will not be seen again. He will be greatly missed by all who were privileged to know him.

C. B. BRIGGS

D. G. ROMANIS

Major Donald Gordon Romanis, M.C., was invalided out of the Army in 1944 and died on 2nd June, 1949. I am gravely to blame for having delayed nearly sixteen years in writing this obituary. For in the 1890's Donald was leading me up the most unjustifiable (considering our age) Cornish cliffs, and allotting to each climb the name of some Swiss mountain which he thought it resembled. In 1921 he introduced me to Welsh climbs, and in 1922 sponsored my election to the Climbers' Club, to which he himself had been elected in 1920 (proposed by Mallory whom he had known at Charterhouse).

He was also a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and had climbed in Switzerland, Scotland and Skye as well as in Wales and the Lakes. I remember how in March 1922 he turned up at Wasdale for the weekend in an open Rover with his wife and first baby aged eight months. In 1929, his wife tells me, he took her and his three babies up a glacier in Kashmir. "It was an unheard-of thing to do," she writes, "but we thoroughly enjoyed it."

Never reaching the ranks of the great climbers of the period, such as his mentor Mallory, Donald had the true pioneering spirit from an early age, and I have known few who had a deeper love of rocks, cliffs, mountain and open spaces. The diaries he left are packed with descriptions of climbs, and he had a peculiar genius for first discovering the climbing possibilities of such moorland outcrops and riparian cliffs as Roche Rocks in Central Cornwall, the Dewerstone, Morwell Rocks and Vixen Tor, just over the border in Devon.

C. BERTRAND JERRAM

T. G. LONGSTAFF

Dr. Tom Longstaff, who died in 1964, was the last surviving pre-1945 President of the Club. But long before he ever joined the Club* he had made his name in the mountaineering world, with his incomparable record of mountain exploration, to which he was able to devote a major part of his long and active life. His travels covered the Alps, the Himalaya, the Caucasus, the Rockies, the Arctic; the story of them is given in his engrossing book *This My Voyage*. The highlights were perhaps his Himalayan exploits, which included the ascent of Trisul (for many years the highest peak in the world to have certainly been climbed) and the exploration of the Nanda Devi area, the discovery of the Siachen Glacier and the Teram Kangri group, his journey in Tibet and attempt on Gurla Mandhata, and the 1922 Everest expedition. In the Caucasus he made a number of fine first ascents of peaks. He served in several capacities in the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, being President of the former and Honorary Secretary of the latter (which awarded him its Gill Memorial Award and its Founder's Medal).

He was elected an Honorary Member of this Club in 1932, and was President from 1933 to 1935, serving on the Committee from 1936 to 1939. During his Presidency the Club was an active one, though perhaps the fierce fire of the renaissance from 1928 on had diminished to a steady blaze. The chief event of his term of office was the rebuilding of Helyg, in which he took a close personal interest.

* He was first elected to the Club in 1902, but fell by the wayside at about the time of the first world war, and rejoined only in 1932 as an honorary member.

In latter years he retired to live in a remote corner of Wester Ross, where despite the remoteness he was sought out by the younger active climbers, and encouraged their visits and their activities. He had a vivid, light-hearted yet tenacious personality, and was an extremely hard goer on the hills. In old age some part of the fire of his youth yet remained, and caused anxiety to his family, who feared he would exert himself in excess of his capacity. We give our sympathy in their loss.

J.N.

REVIEWS

THE DAY THE ROPE BROKE. By Ronald W. Clark. (Secker and Warburg, 25/-)
MATTERHORN MAN: The Life and Adventures of Edward Whymper. By Walter Unsworth. (Gollancz, 18/-)

MATTERHORN CENTENARY. By Arnold Lunn. (Allen and Unwin, 25/-)

These three books are a part of the spate of literature released upon us by the Matterhorn centenary celebrations. By some oversight no review copy of the book by our member and ex-Editor Lunn has reached us, but I feel that (in breach of editorial etiquette) it must be considered here together with the other two books, partly since reading it after the other two alters one's original impression of the latter two.

Let me say at once that of the three books I liked Lunn's contribution best. It is the most readable, and the most competent as a work of literature — as one has a right to expect from this author. It covers the whole climbing history of the mountain, with numerous side excursions into more or less related topics. True, many of Sir Arnold's mouldering old dead horses are paraded before us once again for ceremonial flogging — as well as some live ones — but one doesn't really mind seeing it all again.

Ronald Clark's book, too, is a pleasure to read. He goes once again through all the events surrounding the first ascent of the Matterhorn, produces a few new facts, and generally succeeds in giving us the impression that we are taking a new look at the whole affair. Not a great work, but well-written, and an accomplished piece of journalism (though no more — as witness the large chunks of invented dialogue).

If Unsworth's book could be considered in isolation (it attempts a biography of Whymper) it might just pass. Despite the large literature which exists on this and related subjects there is just room for new books, provided they give new facts, or take a fresh look and are well and competently written, as are Lunn's and Clark's. This one is not. It is quite unnecessary. I disliked it very much.

J.N.

THE SCOTTISH PEAKS: A Pictorial Guide to walking in this region and to the safe ascent of its most spectacular mountains. By W. A. Poucher. (Constable, 25/-)

This book is to exactly the same plan as our member's earlier works, *The Lakeland Peaks* and *The Welsh Peaks*, previously reviewed in this *Journal*. We are glad to note some improvement over the previous volumes in the method of marking the photographs. Fewer marked photographs are needed this time in view of the different nature of the mountains and, in general, the smaller number of routes per mountain; the larger proportion of unmarked photographs gives the book greater pictorial value. In many cases, however, one might question the value of the photographs in giving extra information about the whereabouts of the

routes, which are often fully identifiable from the text and the marked sections of 1-inch map.

For a work of this kind a deliberate choice of mountains and routes to be described has to be made, and in general the 72 routes described are an excellent choice. The route descriptions are competent and they and the markings on the maps and photographs are, so far as I can check, accurate. The book is, therefore, excellent value for the majority of its potential users, those with fairly limited ambitions or opportunities for hill-walking in the Highlands and Islands (the rest of Scotland is not covered, despite the title). But very many people will want more routes than this book gives. Supposing that anything more is needed for more extensive hill-walking than a general mountaineering or hill-walking competence and a full set of 1-inch maps, the only possibility at present is a complete set of the S.M.C. guidebooks, a formidable load containing much that is not required merely for hill-walking. Mr. Poucher has made a good start, but one wonders whether he could cover a larger potential need by cutting down considerably on his general remarks (written in an outdated flowery or stilted style), which contain much superfluous information, and on his photographs where they are superfluous to the needs of route identification, to make room for routes on many more peaks.

J.N.

THE SUPPLEMENT TO "A SELECTION OF SOME 900 BRITISH AND IRISH MOUNTAIN TOPS". By W. M. Docherty. 2 vols. (Privately printed)

These two handsome volumes, of which copies have been presented by the author to the President, officers and members of the Club (and elaborately inscribed to this effect), are a supplement to the original volume reviewed in the 1956 *Journal*. Vol. I of the supplement contains amended and augmented versions of the lists in his original selection of Scottish mountains between 2,500 and 3,000 feet high, and of English, Welsh and Irish mountains over 2,500 feet high, with a few in all four countries between 2,000 and 2,500 feet high. He adds new lists down to 2,000 feet on the same principles, with a few hills below 2,000 feet; he also includes an introduction with details of the transport arrangements and some other circumstances of some of his walks over the hills in bagging the majority of the peaks in his lists, and various miscellaneous observations and comments. The volume is illustrated by photographs also recording miscellaneous aspects of the mountains.

The author in his lists notes the existence of a point about 3,050 feet high by Bwlch Main, south-south-west of Y Wyddfa, but without suggesting it as a separate 3,000-foot peak. I understand, however, that on the strength of the fact that on the latest 1-inch O.S. map this point is shown by a separate contour ring some people (in the Rucksack Club?) are describing it as a "new" 3,000-foot peak, and are therefore suggesting that the Welsh 3,000s cannot properly be completed without visiting it. This seems to me utterly illogical. There are many other points of over 3,000 feet in Snowdonia which are at least as much distinct peaks as is the one in question, even though they are not distinguished

by a ring contour on the map, and would need, in some cases, a certain amount of field-work to track down. If the definition of a peak is extended to include points of such little distinct character as this (the possession of a ring contour on the map seems quite irrelevant as an overriding criterion in such cases), the number of points to be visited on the Welsh 3,000s walk can be doubled, or more, with great ease.

Vol. II of the supplement contains an "epilogue", with reminiscences and other observations on the author's walking and climbing experiences in this country and the Alps; it is illustrated by many photographs taken by the author, including 18 panoramic views from British and Irish mountain tops (13 Scottish, 2 English, 2 Welsh, 1 Irish).

In all, a formidable effort, both in literature and in walking and climbing.

In the absence of a Club library these volumes, as well as the original one, are in the custody of the Hon. Guide Book Editor, from whom they may be borrowed by members.

J.N.

THE PERPETUAL HILLS: A personal anthology. By Hugh Merrick. (Newnes, 35/-)

"I have at times dived impromptu into every available Welsh and Lakeland tarn, and bathed more decorously in almost every Alpine Lake, stimulating and joyous occasions one and all."

Thus Hugh Merrick seems to sum up his own anthology. Any selection must be personal. But if a personal thread of recollection and reflection is to be included in an anthology it should be unobtrusive and of uncommonly good quality—like underwear. This is not so in *The Perpetual Hills*. Chapter 4, *Return to the Alps*, is really embarrassing. I am sure the author's excursion from the Jungfrauoch with a guide was enjoyable, and his "long report (on it) to someone at home" must have been much appreciated by her, but this is **not** an appropriate backdrop to paragraphs by Leslie Stephen, C. E. Mathews, Geoffrey Winthrop Young and Wilfrid Noyce.

If you dip at random you will find good things in the book. There is a splendid passage from Belloc as he sees the Alps, like Heaven, from the Jura. There is Lord Schuster, most sympathetically, on the Victorians, and a paragraph by J. P. Farrar commemorating his friendship with Daniel Maquignaz. These were all from books not commonly found on mountaineers' shelves. But why nothing from Tilman, Murray or Shipton, three of our best contemporary writers?

The author's love of mountains is obviously sincere, and not of mountains alone—he cares for lakes, passes and the lower slopes too. The photographs are a further source of enjoyment. But the book, taken as a whole, does not do the author justice. Hugh Merrick is a fine translator but a mountain guide of lesser worth. If you buy his book, don't do what he intends you to do and wade decorously through its deeps and shallows. Dip into it.

ROBIN HODGKIN

CLIMBERS' CLUB BULLETIN

EDITED BY JOHN NEILL

Issue No. 29 Third Series No. 2 October 1965

1965 The Climbers' Club, London

This is the twenty-ninth issue of
the CLIMBERS' CLUB BULLETIN, Third series No. 2

Edited by: John Neill

Assistant Editor: N. A. J. Rogers

Business Manager: D. N. Baldock
75 London Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

© The Climbers' Club, 1965

Contents

New Climbs and Notes

I. Snowdonia P. Crew	4
II. Cornwall	22
III. Bernese Alps: Klein Wellhorn Sir John Hunt	29
IV. Alaska M. H. Westmacott	30
V. Punjab Himalaya: Kulu Pumori R. Pettigrew	30

Reviews	32
---------	----

Climbing at Tremadoc	38
----------------------	----

Coed Tremadoc Nature Reserve	39
------------------------------	----

Officers of the Club	40
----------------------	----

Addenda: New Climbs and Notes	41
-------------------------------	----

New Climbs and Notes

I. SNOWDONIA

P. CREW

A. CARNEDDAU

CRAIG YR YSFA

Griseofulvin 240 feet. Hard Very Severe.

A very steep route following the pillar left of the conspicuous V-chimney.

Start: As for Mur y Niwl.

- (1) 60 feet. Straight up the wall to the peg which protects the traverse right. Instead of taking it move left and with a peg for aid reach another, in situ, on the left. Climb diagonally right, with difficulty, to a small stance and peg belay.
- (2) 80 feet. The awkward groove directly above the stance; continue up the wall above, moving right near the top to a grass ledge and peg belay.
- (3) 90 feet. A short steep corner leads to a large grass ledge. Climb the groove on the right to a junction with Mur y Niwl.
- (4) 10 feet. The cracked wall (top pitch of Mur y Niwl). First ascent: 4th October, 1964. A. A. Bell and J. H. Clements.

LLECH DU

Endor 200 feet. Extremely Severe.

On the upper crag of Llech Du is a prominent corner capped by a huge roof. On the left of this are two grooves. The climb takes the left-hand of these, with steep, sustained climbing. Most of the vegetation and loose rock have been removed.

Start: At the uppermost limit of the grass terrace, directly below the groove.

- (1) 80 feet. Move awkwardly diagonally right to a peg (in situ) and continue directly up the groove above and on the left, to an exposed stance and peg belay on the arête.
- (2) 25 feet. Go up to the overhang and traverse the overhanging wall to the groove on the right (three pegs for aid). Peg belay.
- (3) 90 feet. Climb the groove by the slab to the roof and a protection peg. Move left onto the very exposed arête and, with peg for aid (in situ, obvious), climb the steep wall, moving right above the roof to the top of the crag. First ascent: 4th June, 1965. A. A. Bell, J. H. Clements (varied leads).

On subsequent ascents the final peg may not be necessary. It was used on account of some very dubious rock.

ELLIW 290 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Takes the open, light-coloured groove in the recess in the upper crag, by the large roof. The rock is good and the climbing enjoyable.

Start: At the uppermost limit of the grass terrace, directly beneath the groove.

- (1) 140 feet. Enter the groove by the corner and climb directly to an overhanging wall. Follow the groove awkwardly, diagonally up to the left, and then more easily straight up to an overhang, with poor stance and peg belay on the left.
- (2) 150 feet. Traverse right and follow the line of the groove. Step right at an overlap and scramble to the top of the crag. First ascent: 30th May, 1965. A. A. Bell and J. H. Clements.

CRAFNAINT—CRAIG Y DWR**Red Groove** 120 feet. Very Severe.

A good climb on the South Buttress.

Start: Up the bank left of the long arête of Vypon and climb the short wall blocking access to the corner. A slab or vegetation to a prominent corner groove.

- (1) 60 feet. Start 10 feet left of the corner and traverse right beneath a bulge. Ascend the steep corner and a deeply-cut chimney to an oak-tree ledge on the left.
 - (2) 60 feet. Step back and bridge up until it becomes possible to step out to the right. Continue and then go up into an awkward corner which leads to twin cracks. Either of these can be climbed but the right-hand corner crack is the finer.
- First ascent: 22nd May, 1965. R. J. Finn and M. A. Reeves.

CLOGWYN YR ERYR**Stentor** 150 feet. Hard Severe.

The main corner which divides the two buttresses just right of Prometheus.

- (1) 90 feet. Up the rib on the right into the corner groove. Climb steeply to hollies then go up left through trees to a belay under a large detached block. Finish up Beelzebub in 60 feet.
- First ascent: 23rd May, 1965. R. J. Finn, P. Clarke.
Only the first pitch was new.

Sostenuto has been climbed with only one peg, the standard being Hard Very Severe.**B. LLANBERIS SOUTH****DINAS MOT****Lorraine—variation** 130 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Variation pitch, making the route less artificial but considerably more difficult. Delicate and poorly protected for the first 50 feet.

Start: From the stance at the top of pitch (1) of Nose Direct.

- (2) 130 feet. Follow Lorraine for approximately 15 feet until it is possible to move right onto the slab just above a line of pockets. Climb the edge of the slab for a few feet then move delicately rightwards and up to a small ledge at the right-hand of the slab. Traverse leftwards and slightly down to the foot of a crack. Climb the crack by finger jams to the large pinnacle on the ledge of the Cracks.

First ascent: 7th June, 1965. D. E. Alcock, C. E. Davies.

Black Spring 490 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Takes a crack line up the wet wall on the right of Western Gully, finishing up the obvious slabby grooves on the upper tier. This route is one of the finest in the Pass but is unfortunately never dry.

Start just right of the foot of Western Gully.

- (1) 50 feet. Up the wall to a grass ledge.
- (2) 90 feet. Climb the crack till it runs out; traverse 10 feet left until it is possible to climb up on pockets to a grassy niche. Peg belay on right.
- (3) 110 feet. Climb a small roof directly above the belay and gain the steep slab above. Up the slab trending left-

(5) 150 feet. Move right to underneath an overhang and traverse below this to the foot of a long broken groove. Climb this to the top of the crag.

First ascent: 3rd July, 1965. B. A. Fuller and D. E. Alcock.

Sexus 340 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Takes the left-hand arête of the Plexus Buttress, overlooking the Black Cleft.

(1) 100 feet. Start just to the right of the arête and reach it after 15 feet. Go straight up the arête, then move right up the face, until it is possible to swing down into a tree stance on the arête.

(2) 90 feet. Climb the crack behind the stance and step left onto grassy slabs. Up these to a large stance beneath the huge roof. Thread belay.

(3) 150 feet. Climb the roof, at the arrow mark, using one peg and two slings for aid, to the slab above. Traverse the slab to the right to gain a prow (peg for protection). Step down onto a shaky block and climb a hidden groove. Traverse a few feet left and follow a short groove to the slabs above. Scrambling to the top.

First ascent: 27th March, 1965. M. Boysen, A. Williams.

Girdle Traverse of Plexus Buttress 420 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start either by climbing grassy terraces on the left of the buttress or by descending 60 feet of Black Cleft.

Start below a small roof which gives entrance onto wet slabs.

wards towards a prominent quartz crack. Up this to easy ground above.

(4) 120 feet. Up the broken rocks directly above, making for the steep wall topped by a large roof.

(5) 120 feet. Climb up a crack to below the roof. Avoid the roof on the left and up a groove to finish.

(6) Easy slabs to the top.

First ascent: 3rd April, 1965. M. Boysen, A. Williams.

Black Foot 510 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start to the right of Black Spring and immediately below a large grassy pillar.

(1) 80 feet. Up easy rock to a grassy crack on the left-hand side of the pillar. Ascend this and move right, then up to a stance and good belay about 15 feet below the apex of the pillar.

(2) 85 feet. Climb the groove formed by the pillar and the wall to the top of the pillar. Climb the wall above, on pockets to the overhang, traverse right and gain a grassy stance.

(3) 120 feet. Climb the wet corner behind the stance for 30 feet, move leftwards avoiding loose rocks, and climb rock and steep grass to a stance at the bottom of a groove about 40 feet below and slightly to the left of an obvious round overhang.

(4) 75 feet. Climb the groove to a large detached block, traverse right to a large flake, gain the top of the flake and step right into the bottom of a groove. (The large round overhang is just to the right.) Climb the groove exit with the aid of a peg, in place. Move right and belay.

- (1) 80 feet. Traverse under the roof onto the slabs. Cross these high, passing a large spike to reach a grassy ledge. Climb up onto a slab above large spikes and descend to these.
- (2) 60 feet. Traverse the slab to a prow, go up the groove as for Sexus (peg) and move out right below the roof until one can descend to a sentry-box stance.
- (3) 40 feet. Step down and traverse right onto footholds below a steep slab. Climb the slab (peg runner) to the crack on the right of the roofs and so to a stance and high spike belay in the scoop of Plexus.
- (4) 50 feet. Descend the loose blocks of Plexus to reach the hand traverse line of Nexus round the arête. Traverse into Nexus; sling for aid and peg belay.
- (5) 140 feet. Climb up the steep slab under the overlap (peg runner) to the arête and climb this until easier ground is reached.
- (6) 50 feet. Scrambling to the top.
First ascent: 1st May, 1965. M. Boysen and D. Little.

Cave Buttress 250 feet. Mild Very Severe.

Approximately 300 yards left of Craig y Rhaeadr there is a buttress with a large cave on the right-hand side. The route commences at the left-hand side of the lowest points of the rocks.

- (1) 120 feet. Climb the vegetated grooves for 20 feet and cross the slab rightwards to the foot of an obvious central groove. Climb the groove and the rocks above to a large grass ledge (peg belay).
- (2) 130 feet. Take the obvious traversing line leftwards, and

then go straight up to a short shattered crack. Climb this and continue straight upwards to the top.
First ascent: 20th June, 1965. D. E. Alcock, B. A. Fuller J. E. Todd, J. Fuller.

C. CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

The Arrow 550 feet. Extremely Severe.

On the West Buttress. Starting by an independent entry the route forces its way between the starts of White and Great Slabs and continues up the corner groove in the angle of the Narrow Slab.

Start: 40 feet left of the Great Slab entry a pointed block abuts against the overhangs. Scramble up to the block and belay on it.

- (1) 150 feet. Step off the block to a piton (in place) in the wall above. Traverse left, using a sling on a chipped spike for a handhold, to good footholds. Move up and left again over a line of overhangs to a grass ledge on the far arête. Climb the delicate slab above, first left and then straight up, to grass at 120 feet. Continue leftwards to the stance below Narrow Slab.
- (2) 100 feet. Climb the corner on the right of the slab. The middle section is always wet. Belays at the junction with Narrow.
- (3, 4, 5) 300 feet. Continue up the slabs with increasing incidence of grass, as for Narrow Slab.
First ascent: 15th August, 1964. H. I. Banner and R. G. Wilson.

The Key 215 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Start: At the foot of Brwynog Chimney.

- (1) 60 feet. The first pitch of Brwynog Chimney.
- (2) 80 feet. Traverse right across the wall on doubtful holds until it is possible to fix a sling onto a dubious spike. With the aid of this, plant a peg as far right as possible, and using this move right into the corner (thread runner). Continue straight up onto a quartz glaciais and then by ledges to a stance and belay (belay peg in corner on right).
- (3) 75 feet. Move right into the obvious groove and continue to the top with an exit to the right.
First ascent: 3rd April, 1965. J. Brown, D. Alcock.

Girdle Traverse of Far East Buttress 435 feet. Extremely Severe.

- (1, 2) 140 feet. As for the Key.
- (3) 100 feet. Traverse right along the grass ledges to a peg at foot level. A sling is attached. With the aid of the rope descend for 40 feet and traverse right to the stance and belay of Woubits.
- (4) 45 feet. Move up from the belay and round the arête on the right. Make a descending traverse rightwards to join the Mostest. Continue up this to a stance and belays at the foot of the grooves.
- (5) 90 feet. Climb the grooves to the overhang (as for the Mostest). Move out right and up for 10 feet to a flake runner. Traverse right and descend a groove for 15 feet till it is possible to step right into Naddyn Ddu. Continue up a grass ledge and belay.
- (6) 60 feet. Direct to the top.
First ascent: 30th April, 1965. J. Brown, D. Alcock.

D. SNOWDON SOUTH

CRAIG BWLCH Y MOCH

Zukator 180 feet. Extremely Severe.

Climbs the steep wall and groove on the right of the Grasper.

Start from the foot of Clapton's Crack.

- (1) 90 feet. Move left into a niche at the foot of the crack which eventually merges with Clapton's Crack. Move left round the arête to a small ledge and a shallow square niche (difficult thread runner). Move left and layback up to a good ledge in the middle of the wall. Peg runner in the crack above. Move up for 50 feet then make a long stride left to the Grasper. Follow this to the stance.
 - (2) 90 feet. Climb up the Grasper to the peg. Make a semi-tension traverse to the foot of the overhanging groove. Climb this direct, moving right to climb the final overhang. Six pegs used with difficult free moves at the top.
First ascent: March, 1963 and October, 1964. P. Crew with B. Ingle and A. Harris.
- Cracker** 290 feet. Extremely Severe.
- (1) 90 feet. Pitches 1 and 2 of One Step in the Clouds to a good stance and flake belay.
 - (2) 80 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet and climb up to the sharp-pointed overhang. Traverse round this on the right to a very good flake runner in about 15 feet. Continue up the slab to a stance and belay as for Vector.
 - (3) 70 feet. Move left as for Vector over the overhang onto

the slab. Climb up to the fault in the overhang immediately above. Place a peg as high as possible under the overhang. With the aid of this and two threaded slings move over the overhang, and place a second peg as far left as possible under the second overhang. Using this, climb up to a stance and belay with a detached block which requires careful handling.

- (4) 50 feet. Last pitch of One Step in the Clouds.
First ascent: 1st April, 1964. J. Brown, B. Sharp, J. Cheeseman.

Hedderd 130 feet. Very Severe.

Start as for Oakover.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the corner to a tree belay as for Oakover.
(2) 90 feet. Climb the corner crack past a small tree to the overhang. Move right for a few feet, and continue up the crack, trending left at the top.
First ascent: 31st March, 1964. J. Brown, J. Cheeseman.

CRAIG PANT IFAN

Integral 240 feet. Hard Very Severe.

The route follows the steep rib to the left of the Toit.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb the dirty vegetated gully to the right of Scratch Arête, to a detached block below the steep part of the face.
(2) 40 feet. Step left off the blocks and climb the wall trending rightwards to the arête. With the aid of a peg (removed) climb the arête for 15 feet, to a line of holds leading right to the tree belay and stance below the crux pitch of the Toit.

- (3) 80 feet. Climb the wall behind the tree (difficult for a short move) to a good hold which facilitates a move left onto the arête. Climb this trending left to a short crack. From the top of the crack swing right on good holds and continue up a short steep crack to a stance and tree belay.

- (4) 70 feet. Step left and climb the grooved slab to the top of the crack.

First ascent: 10th April, 1965. J. Brown, C. E. Davies.

E. SNOWDON WEST

CWM SILYN—CRAIG YR OGOF

Ingle's Route 280 feet.

The route follows a diagonal line up the front of the crag, touching the right-hand side of the Ogof, joining Crucible for a few moves and crossing Ogof Direct.

Start: At the Ribs, as for Ogof Direct.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb the ribs and the right-hand side of the gully, crossing the gully at the top to reach the grass ledge of the Ogof. Poor belays.
(2) 70 feet. From the extreme right-hand end of the ledge traverse under an overhang into a short overhang-capped bottomless groove (peg in place). Swing up to the right and move over a bulge (peg in place) into the easier-angled groove above. Continue up to belays by the huge perched blocks.
(3) 30 feet. Traverse left across the blocks and climb up to an overhang-capped bay. Peg belay.

- (4) 50 feet. Pass the overhang on the left to a small grass ledge. Climb the slanting crack above to ledges and belay as for the Ogof Direct.
- (5) 50 feet. Climb the slanting groove above. This has an ancient peg in it.
First ascent: 4th October, 1964. B. Ingle and A. McHardie.

CASTELL CIDWM

The Erg 150 feet. Extremely Severe.

Between the Straighter and the Central Wall a faint line of weakness trends right to below a number of roofs. At one point the roof is split by a thin crack which gives the line. Steep climbing.

Start: As for Straighter.

- (1) 90 feet. Up the wall for 15 feet to a ledge and native peg. Traverse 20 feet right to a small ramp with a native peg at the top. Use a peg on the steep wall above (in situ) and thread a piece of thin line through a small hole in the rock. Using this as a handhold a jammed nut and sling can be placed in the crack and used for aid. Climb to the ledge below the roofs (peg belay).
- (2) 60 feet. Gain the roof on the right using a peg to reach a sling (in situ) above. Continue up the wall, using slings and a peg for aid. Move left to the top of the crag.
First ascent: June, 1965. J. Clements, R. Beasley.

Glowm 230 feet. Hard Very Severe and A.2.

Start: Between Vertigo and Dwm at the right-hand end of the terrace.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb a short corner to below a prominent roof (peg). Traverse right with difficulty for 20 feet to a peg (in situ). Pull over the overhang and moving diagonally left gain the stance on Vertigo.
- (2) 100 feet. On the left of the stance a horizontal crack crosses the overhanging wall to a prow. Traverse left and climb the crack, using pegs and slings for aid, to gain the arête. Continue left for a further 20 feet into an overhanging groove (peg in situ). Pull over the overhang on large holds and continue more easily to a small stance and peg belay. (It is advisable to carry prusiks on this pitch).
- (3) 50 feet. Straight up the corner above to the top of the crag.
First ascent: 27th September, 1964. J. H. Clements, A. Bell.

VARIATION 100 feet. Hard Very Severe.

Avoids the artificial pitch of Glowm by an exposed traverse directly above. Interesting climbing.

Start: Stance 2 of Vertigo.

- (1) 70 feet. Up Vertigo to the top of the jagged crack. Traverse the obvious line on the left to a stance in the corner (peg belay).
- (2) 30 feet. Move left to a spike, descend to the lip of the overhang, move round a bulge on the left and climb to the stance below the final groove of Glowm. (It is probably possible to make a bold move round the arête from the spike to reach a ramp which leads easily to the stance).
First ascent: June, 1965. A. A. Bell and J. H. Clements.





The Central Wall 180 feet. Extremely Severe.

Start: Midway between the Curver and Vertigo, directly below an obvious V-groove.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb straight up to the top of the groove and an old peg. Traverse 10 feet left and, with an unsafe peg for protection, climb with difficulty to below the roof. Using two pegs (in situ) for aid surmount the roof and traverse left to a small stance and peg belay.
- (2) 100 feet. Move left for a few feet and then diagonally right up a steep groove. Pull over the roof on large holds and continue to below a short steep wall (peg). Climb the wall with difficulty and continue more easily to the top of the crag.

First ascent: 3rd October, 1964. A. A. Bell and J. H. Clements.

F. ARANS**CRAIG Y LLYN-Y GIST DDU**

This crag, the secret crag, is written up in the Cowarch guide, where the name Gist Ddu obtained locally is used for it; this name (the 'black chest') clearly refers to the cwm, not to the crag itself.

The Prow Hard Severe.

- (1, 2, 3) as for Devious.

- (4) 100 feet. From the top of the short crack on Devious traverse right to the corner below the prow. Climb the corner then through the overhang facing right and continue up the groove to a stance and belay.

First ascent: 23rd March, 1965. J. Brown, J. Cheeseman.

II. CORNWALL

A. PEDN-MEN-DU

Golva 75 feet. Very Severe and A.2.

Start: 15 feet to the right of Vertical Crack where the steep wall is split by a narrow crack, containing the remains of a wedge and an old peg, running up to the right of an overhanging bulge. (Golva is Cornish for "look-out place.")

(1) 75 feet. The crack is climbed by jamming as far as the ancient wedge, when it becomes necessary to peg past the bulge to the horizontal fault taken by the penultimate pitch of the Green Beret traverse. Follow the crack above to the final bulge which is turned on the left, finishing by the block-house. Although short the artificial section is quite difficult, requiring the use of about six pitons for direct aid.

First ascent: 16th April, 1964. M. B. McDermott,
S. R. C. Bemrose.

B. CRIBBA HEAD

To the East of Logan Rock lies Cribba Head. Immediately past the small bay separating them is a square-nosed headland with three prominent overhanging V-corners splitting its seaward face. The following climbs take the two outer, deeper corners on the nose, the shallow centre one being more of a groove.

Kernyk 55 feet. Hard Very Difficult.

This is the left-hand and largest corner of the three. It is quite overhanging and has a wedged block at 20 feet. A very pleasant pitch which looks much harder than it actually is. (Kernyk is Cornish for "little corner".)

(1) 55 feet. Easily onto the wedged block when a good runner can be threaded. Continue backing up the overhanging

corner, using good footholds on the lichenous right face, until an awkward move using a good flake at the top of the crack allows one to finish.

First ascent: 9th May, 1965. M. B. McDermott, D. Bateman, N. V. Stevenson.

Harder 35 feet. Hard Severe.

Takes the right-hand corner of the three, and although it is the shortest it is quite strenuous. It can be climbed either by using small holds on the right wall, or by jamming the cracks on either side of the pillar in the back.

(1) 35 feet. Gain the niche at the top of the pillar with difficulty, when a short chimney leads more easily to the top of the nose.

First ascent: 9th May, 1965. M. B. McDermott, D. Bateman, V. N. Stevenson.

C. CHEESEWRING QUARRY (STOWES HILL)

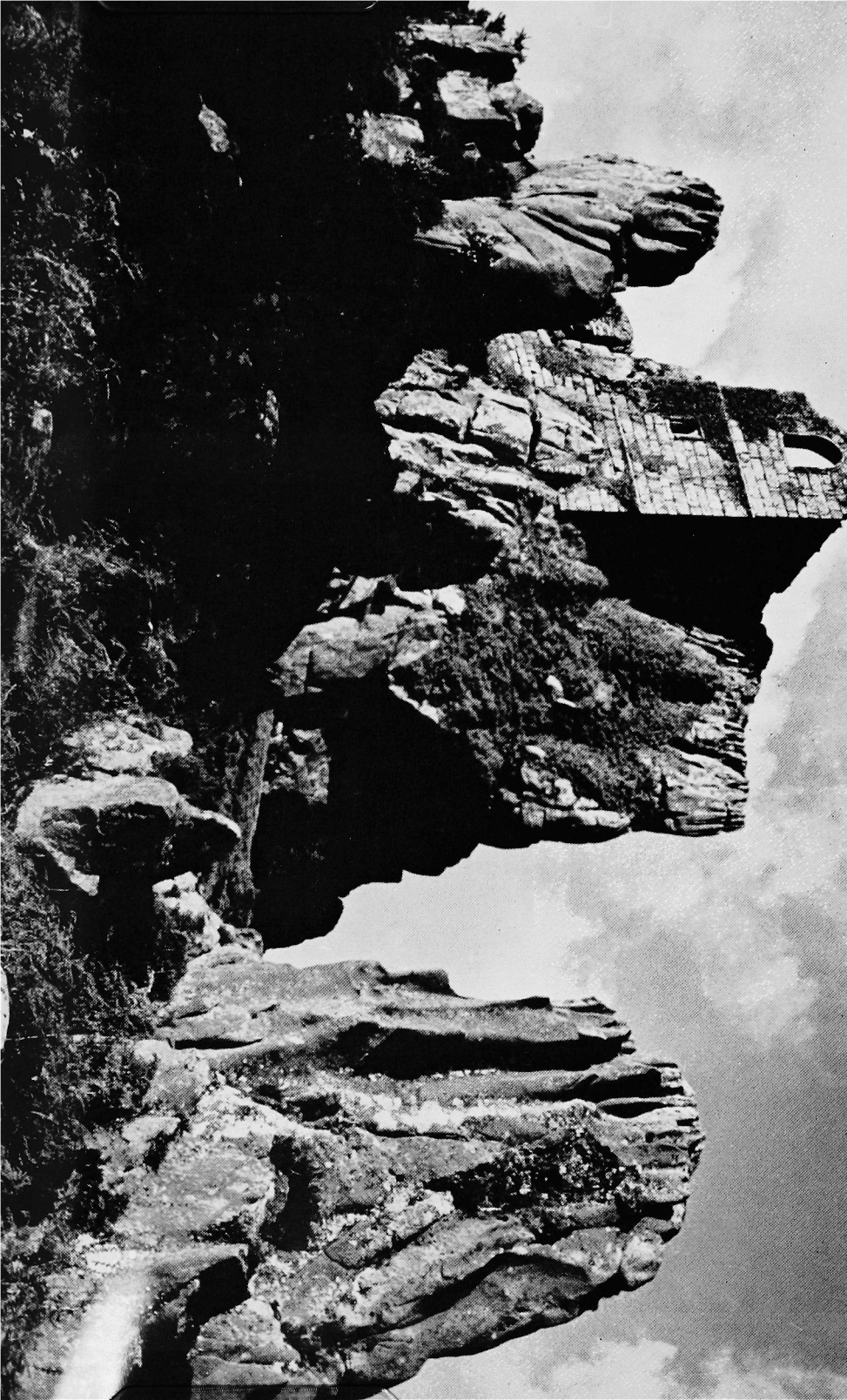
All the information given below has been supplied by the Truro School Rock Climbing Club who are recording all new climbs on the Cheesewring faces, for the use of any individual or organisation requiring information on the area.

Permission to climb on Cheesewring Hill should be obtained from:

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL OFFICE, LISKEARD, CORNWALL.
This will exempt the Duchy from any responsibility in the event of an accident.

GENERAL NOTES AND INTRODUCTION TO THE AREA

Cheesewring Quarry flourished in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when it was connected to Liskeard by a





mineral railway. But when the line closed in 1917 there was already a state of decline in the workings. However, it was not until the last decade that the quarry closed completely.

Most of the climbing in the area is centred on a 120-foot granite face. The first climbs were recorded in August, 1964, and the number of climbs had increased considerably by the following spring. Although there is a surprising number of belays on the face, a party intending to climb here is advised to carry a few pitons (for runners, etc.) and nut or cracker runners. The fact that the face has been quarried should not put the rock climber off, for the rock is firm and gives scope for many types of talent.

THE APPROACHES

The map reference for Cheesewring Quarry is: 258724 on the Bodmin and Launceston 1-inch O.S. map. Take the B 3254 road northward from Liskeard to Upton Cross and turn sharp left here for Minions village; from Minions the track to the Quarry is well sign-posted. Alternatively, take the road from Liskeard to St. Cleer then to Minions; the road is very secondary but is signposted.

THE DESCRIPTION

Cheesewring or Stowe's Hill (1,249 feet) has a prominent rock face formation at the edge of the quarry—THE CHEESEWRING. The quarry on the southern side of the hill has a face of up to 120 feet.

In the centre of the face is a large overhang, with which it seems reasonable to divide the face into western and eastern secondary faces. These will be referred to as such. At the left

end of the eastern face there are two buttresses with a broken face set back between them. Because of its appearance, this has been called the Fortress.

As one enters the quarry, there is a useful problem outcrop (35 feet) on the right; there are also other minor outcrops.

THE EAST FACE CLIMBS

Peter 85 feet. Very Difficult.

Start below a large overhanging ledge to the right of the face.

(1) 25 feet. Straight up a projection of rock, and belay at the ledge.

(2) 60 feet. Traverse to the right along the ledge and climb to the top when the face becomes broken. Belay at the top.

First ascent: W. A. Carver.

Thordyke 100 feet. Very Difficult.

Start in the same place as for Peter.

(1) 25 feet. As for Peter.

(2) 60 feet. Five feet to the left of the ledge (the belay ledge), then straight up. Belay on a ledge by a bush.

(3) 15 feet. Straight to the top over the rough face with good holds.

First ascent: W. A. Carver.

Lemon Tree 65 feet. Very Difficult.

Start seven yards to the right of the right-hand buttress of Fortress.

(1) 20 feet. Climb up a series of step-like ledges. Belay on a rock projection jutting from below the base of a slab.

(2) 30 feet. Climb slightly to the right of the face to the second belay of Thorndyke.

(3) 15 feet. Straight up the face to the left of the bush. Belay at top.

First ascent: P. H. Stanier.

Anthony 110 feet. Severe.

Starts on the black face (15 feet) below the right-hand buttress of the Fortress. *N.B.*—Best done with a top rope, and well worth the trouble.

(1) 110 feet. Straight up the black face and then half-way up a brownish face. Traverse into the corner made by the side of the buttress, and go straight to the top to belay. The climb can be split into pitches if pitons are used.

Traitors Gate 120 feet. Very Difficult.

Start as for Anthony.

(1) 60 feet. Straight up the black face to the base of the buttress then traverse left into the Fortress and belay.

(2) 60 feet. Up the centre of the Fortress and to the top on a 30-foot rock edge.

First ascent: W. A. Carver.

Combine 215 feet. Very Difficult.

A good novice climb; starts as Anthony.

(1) 35 feet. Up the Black Face and traverse 20 feet on a grassy ledge. Belay.

(2) 120 feet. Traverse 120 feet to the first belay of Peter.

(3) 60 feet. As for Peter.

First ascent: W. A. Carver, P. H. Stanier, Miss A. Linguard.

THE WEST FACE CLIMBS

Merlin's Traverse

This is the easy way on to the west face, but the move on it could be up to Very Difficult. Traverse from below the central overhang at a height of 12 feet along a distinctive hand and foot traverse. Then jump a 4-foot gap on to the large ledge at the base of the west face. Continue up the same large ledges until they peter out at the base of a step-like face.

First ascent: P. H. Stanier.

Mecca 70 feet. Very Severe.

The climb starts in the middle of the stepped face at the end of Merlin's Traverse.

(1) 35 feet. Up a fault in the centre of the face and then up a 10-foot corner made by two small faces. Jam for footholds.

(2) 35 feet. Traverse left then climb to the top, through a corner, and belay.

First ascent: W. A. Carver.

The Trampoline 60 feet. Very Difficult.

Starts in the corner of the step-like face, to the left of Mecca.

(1) 20 feet. Straight up the left-hand corner, and belay.

(2) 40 feet. Straight up to finish as for Mecca.

First ascent: P. H. Stanier.

Simanon Very Difficult Severe.

Starts from the first belay of the Trampoline.

(1) 30 feet. Traverse to the left then climb straight up a right to left diagonal at the crack (lay-back method) to the top.

First ascent: P. H. Stanier.

KLEIN WELLHORN: SOUTH-EAST FACE

**Werner Munter (A. A. C. Bern) on the great slab, first section; the great pillar
is on the skyline**

John Hunt





III. BERNESE ALPS

SOUTH-EAST FACE OF THE KLEIN WELLHORN (2701 metres)

This imposing wall of the Wellhorn, an outlier of the Wetterhoerner, faces the Engelhorn group on the west side of the Rosenlauri Glacier. It was first climbed by Ernst Reiss with Dolf Reist in July, 1950, after a number of previous attempts by the first named; Ernst Feuz, Secretary of the Schweizerische Stiftung fuer Alpine Forschungen had also tried to force a route in the 1940's.

The wall rises 700 metres from the ice-scoured glacis at the edge of the glacier. It is graded as "auesserst schwierig" in the 1955 edition of the S.A.C. guide book to the Bernese Alps, Volume V; but I would estimate the standard today, in French terminology, as TD rather than ED.

A main feature of the wall is a huge pillar at mid-height, flanked on its left side by a deep runnel, which continues as a rake beyond the top of the pillar towards the East ridge of the mountain. This runnel is not continuous from the screes and it appears impossible to reach directly from below; but it is the key to the climb.

The route falls naturally into three sections:

- (i) From the foot of the cliff at a point approximately in the direct line of the summit, a narrow and exceedingly steep slab, flanked on its right side by the overhanging wall of the main face, leads upwards for about 150 metres; it is very reminiscent of Longland's Climb on Clogwyn du'r Arddu. The exit is on the left where a series of ascending traverses on the vertical face lead to a remarkable concave slab of smooth, compact limestone. This is climbed, without great difficulty when the rock is dry, but with extreme exposure, towards the left top corner, whence a dramatic traverse brings the climber onto the front of the great pillar. This is descended by an abseil of 40 metres. From the point reached it is then possible to traverse further round the pillar by ascending ledges, to reach the shelter of the runnel.

All this section is extremely steep and exposed, with several passages of V, ca. 300 metres.

- (ii) Via the runnel and out onto the pillar to its top. This is easier going (III and IV), with some poor rock on the upper face of the pillar, ca. 200 metres.
- (iii) From the pinnacle to the summit. Straight up a kind of pent-house roof to the foot of the vertical summit rocks, where a deep, tunnel-like cave houses the "summit book"; it would make an excellent shelter for three people in emergency. From the cave to the top the route traverses away right-handed beneath the vertical cliff, still on very steep ground (III and IV), until another rake or groove, running upwards from the right, leads up to the N.E. ridge close to the top. It is easy but the rock is poor, ca. 200 metres.

Our party in August, 1964 consisted of Ernst Reiss, Albert Eggler (both of the 1955 Everest Expedition), Werner Munter of the Akademischer Alpen-club, Bern, and myself. Leaving the Broch hut at 0700 in magnificent weather, we

KLEIN WELLHORN: SOUTH-EAST FACE

The route of the first successful attempt is shown by a broken line starting bottom right off the picture. The solid line shows the route of the abortive attempt by E. Reiss and D. Reiss

Ernst Reiss

roped at the foot of the face at 0900 and, climbing in two pairs, reached the top at 1800. The first section required five-and-a-half hours. We descended shortly afterwards by the East ridge and North face, arriving at Rosenlaui in darkness at 2030.

I found the climb one of the finest rock routes I have done.

JOHN HUNT

IV. ALASKA

For most of its 500 miles, the Brooks Range of Arctic Alaska offers little or no challenge to the climber. The Arrigetch peaks (about 68°N 154°W), which are said to be the only granite group in the Brooks, are an exception. They rise to some 7,500 feet, have small glaciers, and provide excellent rock-climbing. Sally and Michael Westmacott were members of an otherwise American party which visited the area in July, 1964 and was the first to climb there. Seven sizable peaks were climbed, an intruding grizzly was shot, and purgatory was experienced as the party fought its way with heavy loads through the Alaskan bush. There are many new peaks, many new routes and many untrodden passes and valleys in this wild and deserted area. Access by float plane from Bettles and three-day trek; stores by air-drop (with luck).

M. H. WESTMACOTT

V. KULU PUMORI, PUNJAB HIMALAYA

In *H.J.*, vol. XXIII, 1961, p. 60, J. P. O. F. Lynam writes of a lovely peak of 21,500 feet, resembling the Schreckhorn, attempted by Gwynn Stephenson and Harold Mellor of his party during the Bara Shigri expedition of 1961. They reached a height of 19,000 feet on the formidable north-west ridge but were then forced by illness to retire.

The first ascent of this mountain (now named Kulu Pumori) was made on 6th June by a party consisting of Dr. Franz Mohling (American Alpine Club), myself, and the Ladakhis Wangyal and Ang Chook of Manali.

Twelve valley porters, including one Sherpani, were employed to establish the party near the snout of the Bara Shigri glacier in the valley of the Chandra river of Lahul. From Manali the route lay over the Rohtang La, 13,050 feet, to enter the snow-bound Chandra valley, and then turned south-east for a march of 25 miles in stages between the rest-houses of Chhetru, Chota Dara, and Batal near the Kunzum La, 14,931 feet, the pass between Lahul and Spiti.

We left Manali on 12th May and, after a day's delay due to a storm on the pass, entered the Chandra valley. The valley porters were paid off on 17th May in a camp near the snout of the Bara Shigri glacier. Thereafter the work of ferrying stores and equipment was borne equally between the four climbers.

Base Camp at Concordia, the junction of several glaciers, was finally established on 28th May, despite prolonged bad weather, with food supplies for a further 21 days including caches at intervals on the glacier.

Two days were spent in reconnaissance, after which the routes selected by Lynam's party on the north-west ridge, and the eastern approaches to the

mountain, were both ruled out. We decided to seek a route on the south-west ridge, the foot of which seemed accessible from a small neve draining the south face of Pumori. Accordingly, Advanced Base Camp was sited on the main southern tributary glacier of the Bara Shigri, near the junction of the neve icefall from the south face of the mountain, and beneath the impressive rock spire of Lal Qila (Red Fort), 20,830 feet.

Two ridge camps were successively established on the crest of the south-west ridge at 19,000 feet, and 20,000 feet. From the latter, at 6.0 a.m. on 6th June, Wangyal and myself climbed to the summit via the south-west ridge, making a diversion onto the steep snowfield of the south face to avoid a rock step a few hundred feet above Camp 2, and regaining the ridge just short of the summit. This, a perfect snow cone, was sited some way to the north-west along a spectacular and corniced snow ridge. The time was 9.0 a.m., and, for once, the day was clear, permitting the identification of many mountain groups and their individual peaks as well as a round of photography. We commenced the descent at 9.30 a.m., and reached Camp 2 at 10.45 a.m.

Three days later on 9th June, Franz Mohling and Ang Chook repeated the ascent.

We withdrew from the mountains on 13th June, heavily laden, and re-entered Manali on 20th June.

ROBERT PETTIGREW

Reviews

THE ENGLISH OUTCROPS. By Walter Unsworth. (Gollancz, 30/-).

The stature of so-called outcrop climbing has been raised considerably by the recent developments on mountain limestone in various parts of the country, and an extension of climbing literature to cover this was more or less inevitable. We have here then a descriptive account of a fair number of the major outcrop crags of the country, with chapters on limestone, gritstone, sandstone, igneous rocks, quarries and sea cliffs. (The distinction between gritstone and sandstone is hardly clear. Gritstone is a variety of sandstone and some of the crags in his "Sandstone" chapter, such as Simonside and Great Wanne, are closely akin to gritstone and differ widely from sandstones like those of Tunbridge Wells or Worcestershire.) We are told something of the various crags and their situations and the whereabouts of some of the more interesting routes. An impressionist book of this type, demanding personal experience of all the crags described, is a hard one to write, yet the author has managed it competently. His facts are substantially accurate, though in matters of opinion, such as interpretation of history, I would be prepared to argue with him strongly.

Outcrops are defined as climbers' rocks outside mountain areas. Yet he leaves out the whole of the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, both of which include parts of the Pennines, with crags, such as Christianbury, as worthy of note as those of Yorkshire or Northumberland. After announcing that he is confining himself to England, it comes as a surprise to find some notes on Gower. However, there are always boundary problems in a work of this sort.

My personal quarrel is with his "Directory of Outcrops". We are told on the dust-jacket that "Mr. Unsworth has compiled appendices that include practically all climbable rock so far discovered in England together with map references and guidebook references where they exist". He may well have done this, but, if so, went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble. In fact the substance of this Directory, with map references and guidebook references, appeared in my *Where to Climb in the British Isles* (Faber, 1960). There seems little doubt that this has been used to assist the present work; for instance some of the sites I included have not been recorded elsewhere. The author has certainly added a number of crags, notably in the Peak and the Pennines; on the other hand he has included without critical reappraisal sites, such as some in Shropshire and Hereford for example, which I referred to as slight possibilities and where there have been no subsequent developments. Baggy Point in North Devon, of which I said, "prospects unknown", is listed even though there is still only one climb, but the nearby coasts from Widemouth to Clovelly, which I covered in general, are covered in general here also, even though it is now possible to break them down into a number of specific areas with many fine routes (see *C. C. Journal*, 1960).

While there is no copyright in facts, it is customary when making use of published material for an author to acknowledge the source of his information, or alternatively to acknowledge that someone else has done similar work, even if he himself for some reason has done it all over again.

It is questionable whether this book really does anything for us that is not already covered elsewhere. As I have pointed out, the Directory*, telling us where to find the crags, already exists; the climbers' guidebooks give the remaining information likely to be required. There seems no need for anything further.

EDWARD C. PYATT

** This only costs 20/- and covers the whole of the British Isles. (Ed.)*

LLANBERIS NORTH. By D. T. Roscoe. CWM IDWAL. By A. J. J. Moulam. TRYFAN AND GLYDER FACH. By A. J. J. Moulam. (Climbers' Club, 12/6 each; available direct from Camtors, Jackson and Warr Ltd. to Climbers' Club members for 8/6 each, post free.)

These guides have been refurbished, and are now technically very good. Gone are the days of the old battered and warped cardboard back. All are presented in the "Cloggy" style with the new attractive, flexible plastic covers, although none of the cover plates match up to the superb Cloggy pair.

In Moulam's two guide-books, Idwal and Tryfan, Brian Evans has done a new set of diagrams. They are a notable advance on the old ones. Here again, however, the force and character that made the Cloggy collection so good is less obvious. Perhaps the crag is responsible?

Nat Allen once remarked that climbs are hard when first done, and gradually become easier as holds are cleaned out and loose rock removed. Then follows a period (so long as popularity lasts) of increasing difficulty, as holds are honed down and friction reduced. Nat may well have had Holly Tree Wall in mind. The new grading of Hard Severe is no more than it deserves—though why Balcony Cracks remains a "mere" Severe (even if a hard one) is beyond me.

A natural history note by Evan Williams is included. It is interesting and informative, and adds to the general interest of the place.

In the North Llanberis Guide, Roscoe has retained the existing photographs he used for marking the routes. They have stood the test of time, and, unlike the Tremadoc ones, are eminently satisfactory. A good look at the main body of the book reveals no faults. The description of the Cromlech Girdle now seems rather quaint, with its talk of rope moves, slings, etc., and will no doubt find a place in our affections along with such gems as the old FRCC description of CB.

A detail from the list of first ascents which has always annoyed me: why cannot the credit for Anthropology (Rift Wall) be placed where it belongs? Edwards' description was perfectly adequate, and indeed was followed once or twice by other parties before Joe Brown "rediscovered" it and named it Anthropology. The Editor* has seen fit to alter the name of a crag known to many thousands of climbers as Gribin Facet to some obscure name in Welsh known only to an odd farmer. There seems no reason then why the list of first ascents should not be altered. The odd little note that Edwards made a climb in this area is begging the question.

These criticisms apart (and they are the sort of thing that only reviewers indulge in) these three guidebooks have proved themselves to be entirely satisfactory in the acid test—the hands of the average climber. The extra padding

* Not me. The name Gribin Facet was replaced by another by the author in the days of Wilfrid Noyce's editorship. My only direct responsibility was the most recent change, from Bustach to Tarw, to reproduce the local name more accurately. (Ed.)

in the shape of a National Parks note and a supplement of new climbs merely extends their usefulness. The plastic covers, we hope will extend their lives.

Plastic covers and the new commercial system of publishing, of course, come at a price; the new one is 12/6.

ALLAN AUSTIN

ROCK CLIMBS IN THE PEAK: THE SHEFFIELD-STANAGE AREA.

(Cade & Co. (Publications) Ltd. for the B.M.C. Peak District Committee, 15/-.)

This represents the first of a series of guides which will literally lighten the load of the climber. At last it will be possible to visit Stanage, say, without a miniature library, and be sure of having details of the climbs to be done. The zeal of the various authors is greatly to be commended, not only for tracing details of so many routes, but also for discovering many of them themselves. The fine toothcomb has been run over this series of edges, and it is probable that further developments, even of minor lines, will have to wait on a new step forward in technique.

The descriptions are adequate, and there is little to quarrel with in the standards allotted. Useful notes on geology and access are included and the editor, Eric Byne, has provided inspiration for the whole series. Besides this, he is responsible for comprehensive and interesting historical sections which, if linked, must be the bones at least of his forthcoming history of Peak climbing. As if to press home his versatility, his Agden sketches are clear and accurate, as indeed are the other excellent drawings by Bamfield, Marks, Fearson and Lancaster.

We can now wait in confidence, if impatiently, for the promised future volumes, sure that in content and format (the now common plastic-covered style) they will content us for years.

A. J. J. MOULAM

CLUB JOURNALS

After absence from England for a couple of years, reviewing the journals seemed to be a good way of getting back from being right out on a limb. Perhaps one might even be able to get back into the climbing world. But looking at the foot-high pile of journals from all over the place I was astounded to think that so many people write about climbing. Every editor says that it is virtually impossible to get copy in—certainly they all say so in print—so the mind boggles at the thought of all these people, who don't write about it, climbing all over the place. And when one plunges in and starts reading all about it, one boggles even more, until, about three-quarters of the way through the pile, one suddenly tumbles to it. There is an editor's ring. To a large extent they talk about the same things. But by the time I had realised that the foot could have been compressed to about four inches, I had got through nine inches and the last three inches passed in a flash. Next year I will know the secret.

The *Alpine Journal* in its two issues for 1964 maintains its usual high standard. It was interesting to read that Americans only decided on the march in, to attempt the traverse of Everest. The description of camp 4-W being blown away while Unsoeld continued his radio talk with base camp makes exciting reading. Hillary's Schoolhouse expedition with the ascent of Kangtega and the attempt on Taweche sound fun. Other articles range from the New Zealanders in the Vilcanota to the Japanese on Salto Kangri, Nicol on Mount Kenya and James Morris pretending to be quite outside climbing. Shipton in crossing the North Patagonia Icecap shows that the old man is still very tough—"I equipped the party in the same way as before . . . our food too was the same, though I increased the daily sugar ration from 8 oz. to 9 oz. per man". Bonington contributes some useful notes on new equipment.

The *ACG Bulletin*, renamed *Alpine Climbing*, has some excellent material including a useful Chamonix supplement. But the production is not as good as in 1963. Photographs are poorly reproduced, and in some cases irrelevant to the text, though that showing Whillans obviously about to do something nasty to an Italian on the Central Tower of Paine is superb.

The *GHM Bulletin* has some good new routes illustrated by exciting photographs. The highlights of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* are a horrific description of a deliberate pendule on a new route in Glencoe and Dougal Haston's breezy account of his ascent of the Eiger north face.

The *New Zealand Alpine Journal* skates around Antarctica, the Alps, bad weather in Greenland and New Zealand itself.

The *Canadian Alpine Journal* also is wide-ranging, describing a new route on McKinley as well as excursions in the Lang Tang Himalaya, Peru and other parts of Canada.

Les Alpes gives some superb alpine photographs particularly of Bonatti's ascent of the north face of the Pointe Whymper of the Grandes Jorasses. And it was good to see Crew in the grand diédre of the Philipp-Flamm.

The *Sierra Club Bulletins* continue their accounts of the never-ending fight to protect natural resources in the U.S.A. But there is an excellent account of the American Everest expedition in the December, 1963 number and a lovely colour photograph of Mount McKinley on the cover of February, 1964.

Baillie has several contributions in the *Journal of the Mountain Club of South Africa*. Apart from a description of his and Haston's ascent of the Eiger with some unusual photographs, there is Baillie on hard British rock as well as a useful round-up of modern equipment and techniques. Apart from an account of a South African expedition to Bolivia, there are many short accounts of rock climbing in South Africa.

The *Rucksack Club Journal* has a clammy-handed description of Ingle and Wilson's route on the nose of Craig yr Ogof and descriptions of ascents of the south face of the Gugliermína as well as other good Alpine climbs. And to provide balance, there is a well-illustrated account of Gregory's wanderings in Peru.

Of the University Club journals, the best value is given by the *OUNC Journal* with Taylor's description of his traverse of the main part of the Chamonix

Aiguilles as well as hard rock climbing in Norway. *Irish Mountaineering* shows that things are still happening over there. *Sheffield* is still obviously a centre for hard rock. Someone from *Liverpool* describes how he went 1,465 miles to share some climbing on a 30-foot outcrop in Tripolitania with scorpions, vipers and golden eagles.

Climbing in the Avon Gorge seems to get harder and harder and is described at length in the *Bristol* journal.

I mention the *American Alpine Journal* last because it is such a bumper edition. By any standards it is a magnificent publication. Pride of place of course goes to the 1963 Everest expedition, superbly illustrated with particularly good photographs of the wreckage of camp 4-W after the storm and a dramatic description by Unsoeld of the last day to the top by the west ridge. Spectacular photographs illustrate hard new climbs in the U.S.A. There are accounts of the Himalayan Schoolhouse expedition and of the East Buttress of McKinley. Clough and Whillans restore flagging English morale with their account of the Central Tower of Paine. But the Americans show that they are moving into the Alps with Harlin's descriptions of two very hard routes—the South Face of the Fou and the Hidden Pillar of Freney, again superbly illustrated. But one does wonder slightly at the statements "... the most difficult route on Mont Blanc" referring to the Hidden Pillar of Freney and the description of the South Face of the Fou as being "... perhaps the hardest climb in the Western Alps". Also the top of the Fou seems to have changed shape in recent years. These points together with the impossibility of Bonington having, as stated, taken plate 74, at least show that they are human.

JOHN COLE

JOURNALS RECEIVED

Canadian AJ, 1964.

American AJ, 1964.

Sierra Club Bulletin, nos. for 1964 except no. 4.

Die Alpen, April-Dec. 1964 and quarterly nos. 2-4, 1964.

Irish Mountaineering, 1963, 1964.

Mountaineering, nos. for 1964.

SMCJ, 1964.

Ski Notes and Queries, nos. for 1964.

BSYB, 1964.

AJ, nos. for 1964.

Rucksack Club J., 1964.

YRCJ, 1964.

MAMJ, 1964.

Oxford Mountaineering, 1964.

J. Lancs Caving and Climbing C, 1964.

GHM Bulletin, 1963.

Appalachia, Dec. 1963 and June 1964.

Sheffield UMCJ, 1964.

J. of Manchester UMC, 1962-63.

Liverpool UMCJ, 1963-64.

Bristol Mountaineering, 1964.

Chester MC Bulletin, Nov. 1963.

ABMSACJ, 1964.

Eagle Ski Club Year Book, 1964.

ACG Bulletin, 1964.

NZAJ, 1964.

J of the Mountain Club of S. Africa, 1963.

University College of Wales Mag. and Handbook, 1963 (contains a guide to the sea-cliffs and sea-wall at Aberystwyth).

DAV Mitt., Dec. 1963 and first two nos. for 1964.

Craig Bwlch y Moch

As a result of recent discussions between the local farmers and the B.M.C. North Wales Committee, the following rules have been agreed, and all who climb on Craig Bwlch y Moch are asked to observe them strictly:

- (1) That part of the cliff lying east of Far East Slabs must not be climbed on.
- (2) Descents from the tops of the climbs must be made either by reversing or abseiling down the climb done or by traversing along the top of the cliff, on the cliff side of the new fence which is to be erected, and descending a suitable gully; convenient ones are Belshazzar Gully and Rienetta Gully. On no account must a descent be made through the fields on the opposite side of the ridge to the cliff, or through the orchard of Portreudyn Farm.
- (3) If a distant view of the cliff is required, use the public footpath running through the fields on the opposite side of the road, along the line of a dike, starting near the big bend in the road. On no account enter these fields at any other place, and do not sit or climb on the gates and gateposts on the road.
- (4) Camping or sleeping in motor vehicles at the foot of the cliff is not allowed.
- (5) Climbers are requested to observe the ordinary rules of decent behaviour and hygiene.

Craig Pant Ifan

The following arrangements for climbing on this cliff have been agreed between the Nature Conservancy and the B.M.C. North Wales Committee:

- (1) The cliffs of Craig Pant Ifan are private property and access for the purpose of rock-climbing is only granted to persons holding an official permit.
- (2) Permits for climbing on the Craig Pant Ifan cliffs will in future be issued, on behalf of the Nature Conservancy, by:

R. E. J. GOUGH, ESQ., HAFOD CAE MAEN, MINFFORDD,
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH, MERIONETHSHIRE.

- (3) Members of climbing clubs wishing to climb on Craig Pant Ifan should approach their club secretaries. Club secretaries should then apply to Mr. Gough for the necessary number of permits and submit a return to him of the names of their members to whom permits are issued. Club secretaries are requested to issue these permits only to those members of their clubs who have a serious intention to climb on Craig Pant Ifan.
- (4) Climbers not belonging to clubs and casual visitors to the cliff should apply for permits directly, in writing, to Mr. Gough, stating the date of the intended visit and the number in the party.
- (5) Permits are issued on the understanding that the holder will abide by the "Climbers' Code" of conduct printed on the permit.

The Nature Conservancy are anxious to enlist the full support of climbers and climbing organisations in reconciling the preservation of the scientific interest of the Nature Reserve with the use of the cliffs for rock-climbing and the matter is being kept under joint review by the Nature Conservancy and British Mountaineering Council.

Climbing at Tremadoc Coed Tremadoc National Nature Reserve

The main scientific interest of Coed Tremadoc is that it is a good instance of survival of Oak woodland which at one time was frequently found on cliff and rock faces in Wales up to quite high altitudes. These woods are unique as they virtually clothe the precipitous cliff faces and the screes below them which make up the Reserve. Owing to its extreme steepness, many of the ledges and gullies of the cliffs have escaped the intensive sheep grazing and human interference which has had such a great effect on almost every kind of vegetation in Britain. The Reserve lies one-and-a-half miles north-east of Portmadoc and covers 49 acres.

The cliffs are composed of dolerite, which is a basic intrusive igneous rock, though basic ashes and shales also occur. The vegetation is very complex, due to the variability of the habitat and its instability. Sessile Oak is characteristic with some admixture of Pedunculate Oak and Ash. Sycamore has obtained a footing on the lower scree slopes. On the larger ledges and margins of scree such plants as Marjoram and Privet—both usually plants of chalk and limestone—are found; while on the smaller ledges and rock faces, Ivy, Bell Heather, Ling, Honeysuckle, Wood Sage, Sweet Vernal Grass, and composites, such as Cats Ear, are prevalent together with stunted windswept oak. The shales have a flora which is more characteristic of acid soils and includes Wavy Hair Grass. Among the mosses, *Hedwigia integrifolia* is common. The crags are also the haunt of many small mammals and of birds, including the raven.

On Craig Pant Ifan there are a number of very fine rock climbs. The Nature Conservancy, while permitting rock-climbing, is endeavouring to canalise this activity to the least vegetated part of the cliffs, so as to keep intact the essentially native vegetation and soils of some of the ledges and gullies. The soil of the apparently untouched gullies and ledges is of great interest, as it has a very considerable depth of accumulated humus, of a kind not to be found elsewhere within the more disturbed woodlands of Wales.

This is one of the major scientific interests of the Reserve. The humus is very unstable, and trampling on ledges, gullies and fairly steep rock faces, where it accumulates, sets it moving very easily. This gives us first-hand evidence of the ease with which our native mountain and cliff soils eroded with the coming of human activity. The Nature Conservancy is anxious to see that this is not repeated on any scale in Coed Tremadoc, so that climbers are requested to help preserve the natural history interests of the Reserve by observing the "Climbers' Code".

Officers of the Club

President: SIR JOHN HUNT

Vice-Presidents: J. H. EMLYN JONES
M. P. WARD

Hon. Treasurer: R. F. MORGAN

Hon. Secretary: The Hon. R. R. E. CHORLEY

Hon. Editor: N. A. J. ROGERS

Hon. Guide Book Editor: J. NEILL

Assistant Hon. Secretary: J. H. LONGLAND

Hon. Custodians: R. W. BEARD
P. E. EVANS
C. T. JONES
G. D. ROBERTS
J. W. SMITH

Hon. Hut Booking Secretary: H. B. SALES

Committee: G. BARKER
M. J. CUNNINGTON
C. E. DAVIES
B. INGLE
J. POOLE
D. W. WALKER
I. M. WALLER

Addenda

CARNEDDAU

MARIAN RHAEADR FAWR

This is the cliff on the north-east side of the main waterfall (Rhaeadr Fawr) of the Aber Falls. Haskett-Smith refers to a climb or two on the rocks on the other side of the waterfall, and other climbs have been made in this area from time to time but not recorded. The Apollo Mountaineering Club have now carried out some detailed exploration of Marian Rhaeadr Fawr (which they refer to as Craig y Rhaeadr Fawr), resulting in the climbs given below which are on the upper left-hand part of the cliff. The approach is by the road and track from Aber village to the waterfall, and the edge of the scree below the cliff.

Cease Fire 210 feet. Severe.

A most enjoyable route on continuous clean steep rock, amid magnificent valley scenery.

Start: At a cairn beneath a prominent rib on the upper left-hand part of the cliff; the rib is bounded on each side by a tree.

- (1) 100 feet. From the foot of the rib climb diagonally right and pull up onto the right-hand edge with the aid of the tree. Move left and go up on good holds to a long stride back right which gains surprisingly steep rock. Straight up the groove ahead, and make a difficult move again right to reach a small gangway leading to the extreme right-hand side of the rib. Climb up and leftward over steep vegetation to a good belay at the foot of the right-hand one of the two vertical corners above.
- (2) 70 feet. The corner directly above is forbidding, so descend round into the left-hand corner. Straight up the corner to a pull-up onto a steep slab bounding it on the right, then straight up the corner groove, trending left near the top to a fine stance and belay at a large oak tree.
- (3) 40 feet. Straight up the easy rib above and scramble up grass to a belay at the top.

First ascent: 23rd September, 1965. C. Greatwich, K. McCallum, P. Maxwell (using two pitons for protection while gardening, of which one was left in but is unnecessary now).

Bonfire 165 feet. Severe.

A little artificial, but nevertheless a pleasant route.

Start: On the far left-hand side of the cliff about 50 feet below and to the right of a miniature Napes Needle rising from the scree, where the cliff turns to follow the line of scree, and at the foot of the wall immediately right of a prominent crack and left of an ivy-covered rib.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the steep wall left of the ivy-covered rib on small holds to reach a turf ledge. Move left from the ledge and go straight up to a fine jammed-flake belay. A delicate pitch.
- (2) 25 feet. Over the flake belay and straight up the wall above on small holds to a belay.
- (3) 80 feet. Ascend grass and rock on the right to the foot of an arête and climb this pleasantly to the top.

First ascent: 16th October, 1965. K. McCallum and P. Maxwell.

Hellfire 170 feet. Very Severe.

A steep exposed climb of continuous difficulty. Four pitons were used on the first pitch, one for direct aid and three for protection due to the complete absence of running belays.

Start: 100 feet to the right of Cease Fire, scramble up steep grass to a steep groove capped by a bulge and between two sloping rock ribs (piton belay in right-hand foot of groove).

- (1) 100 feet. Straight up the groove to the bulge and make a very difficult move, standing on a piton, left into a sloping niche. Straight up for a few feet, then right to a good ledge (piton runner; a stance may be taken here if desired). Leave the ledge on the left and climb to the foot of a V-corner, gained by a difficult move. Climb the corner, using the left wall after the half-way point, to a large grass ledge and tree belay.
- (2) 70 feet. Follow the line of small holds on the right-hand side of the steep slab above, climbing slightly rightwards for 40 feet, then traverse back left along the obvious line to the middle of the slab. From the scoop thus reached climb directly to the top of the crag (tree belay). A delicate, unprotected pitch.

First ascent: 13th November, 1965. C. Greatwich, K. McCallum, P. Maxwell (by an inferior finish; the finishing line described above was done on 21st November, 1965, by K. McCallum, J. S. Martin).

CREIGIAU GLEISION (Cowlyd)

Band Stand 150 feet. Severe.

The ridge near Autumn Buttress, left of the scree amphitheatre described in the guidebook.

First ascent: 11th August, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. Barker.

CWM CYWION

There are three gullies between tower-like buttresses high up in the cwm beyond Pinnacle Crag. The middle gully is:

Gubben Gulley 170 feet. Severe.

- (1) 25 feet. Ascend to the cave; exit on the right or other side of a poised block. Step back above the cave to belays of various sorts.
- (2) 65 feet. The start of the chimney is open and awkward; the move out right, at 20 feet, and back into the groove above leading to bridged stances is difficult too.
- (3) 70 feet. The groove directly above, and then a grassy slope. Or, better:
 - (3a) 35 feet. Walk right and climb a short corner to a shallow cave.
 - (4a) 50 feet (10 feet of climbing). Up and across the steep wall on the left to the grass slope of pitch 3.

First ascent: 9th February, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. D. Roberts.

Petrous 135 feet. Hard Severe.

The left-hand gully.

Start: Scramble up grass to the left to the wide bay into which the crack falls. Start on the right.

- (1) 20 feet. An easy hand-jam to a corner.

- (2) 25 feet. Move left under the overhang to attain with difficulty the ledge below the flake. Stand up and surmount the flake to reach the chimney floor.
- (3) 30 feet. Climb the chimney, and exit on the left, avoiding the blocks which do not look safe.
- (4) 60 feet. Back down the chimney and follow the gully bed to belays and open ground.

First ascent: 9th February, 1964. A. J. J. Moulam, G. D. Roberts.

LLANBERIS NORTH

CRAIG DDU

Grooved Rib 120 feet. Very Severe.

The rib immediately right of Petite Fleur. Climb the rib direct, avoiding any rightwards possibilities, to a steepening at about 60 feet. A long reach and a high step enable a ledge to be reached with some difficulty. Climb the rib by the slab on the left, followed by scrambling to a belay in the gully.

First ascent: J. D. Robson, D. Cook.

SNOWDON SOUTH

MYNYDD SYGYN, NORTH-WEST FACE

Raspberry Route 170 feet. Hard Difficult.

From the bridge at grid ref. 604490, looking in a south-easterly direction can be seen the entrance to a disused mine level. About 80 yards left of this are some undercut blocks. Further round to the left at a slightly higher level is a large block split by a deep crack which slants to the left. Start at the foot of the crack.

- (1) 40 feet. The chimney crack, inside or out, to its top.
- (2) 30 feet. On the right behind the main block is a slightly bulging mossy slab. Up the slab, past a rhododendron bush and an ash tree to a small chimney. Up this to the top of the block.
- (3) 10 feet. Mount the block on the left to the wall above a crevasse containing a jammed chockstone.
- (4) 50 feet. Traverse across left and slightly upwards to a vegetated rake with a small ash tree at its foot. To the top of the rake (flake belay).
- (5) 40 feet. Up over the flake to the boulder on the skyline. Move 6 feet leftwards up the crack.

First ascent: 21st February, 1965. J. Parker, K. Asbury, M. P. Marston.

CRAIG BWLCH Y MOCH

Belshazzar — variation About 130 feet.

Start: At the top of the crack on pitch 1 of Belshazzar. Runner on oak tree to the left.

- (1) 35 feet. Traverse right, and, instead of climbing direct, continue the traverse diagonally downwards and along under small overhangs to a small cave with a little oak tree under the overhang furthest right.
- (2) 95 feet. Leave the cave to the right and traverse for 5 feet. Climb the most lateral crack (15 feet). From the top make an interesting move left with a

high step up round the corner onto a natural staircase. Up this for 10 feet, and the slab above (10 feet). Climb via friable flakes up the slab above diagonally left to easier ground (belay on a large block well over to the left). Traverse easily right to the edge of the slab, and up round a corner, and climb the narrowing bulge. At the end of this the traverse of pitch 3 on the usual route can be seen below. An alternative finish can be made to the climb up the crack at the end of the traverse instead of using the Rienetta finish.

Ascended: 18th April, 1965. J. Proctor, R. Crisfield.

SNOWDON EAST CARREG ALLTREM

Whale 170 feet. Just Very Severe on pitch 1.

There are three grooves at the left-hand end of the cliff. Last Post takes the right-hand one, Leviathan the middle one, and this route the left-hand one.

- (1) 60 feet. Up the overhanging start into the V-chimney, to a grass ledge on the left. Step right onto the arête and ascend to a good ledge.
- (2) 110 feet. As for Leviathan. Up the slab on the left is a belay at 15 feet. A crack starts up to the right; follow this and the edge of the arête (bulging loose rocks soon ease) to the top.

First ascent: 28th June, 1964. H. I. Banner, A. J. J. Moulam.

CRAIG GOCH

Grid ref. 752445. This cliff was explored some time ago by Showell Styles, and Moderate scrambles made, including a miniature Needle.

Ribtickler 150 feet. Just Severe when wet.

Loose. It climbs the long side of a 70-foot pinnacle at the left-hand end, presumably the Needle, then from the gap ascends an easy rib and the wall above, then across a grassy groove to finish up the rib on the right.

First ascent: 1st November, 1963. V. Llinares and D. M. Roberts.

CARREG Y FOEL GRON

Grid ref. 745428. Two routes made here, **Half Past Ten** and **Clock Tower**, by J. Evans and G. M. Lebeau on 19th July, 1964, on the "Clock Tower", the left wall of the wide chimney towards the east end of the main face, appear to be much the same as two of the routes made on what they called "the Pinnacle", by S. Styles and P. O. Work in 1950.

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