

THE  
CLIMBERS' CLUB  
JOURNAL

1966





# THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

*Edited by*  
NIGEL ROGERS

1966  
THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

This is the ninety-first issue of the  
CLIMBERS CLUB JOURNAL, Vol XV,  
No. 1 (New Series) edited by Nigel  
Rogers.

**Business Manager:**

D. N. BALDOCK, 20 Pindock Mews,  
London, W.9.

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

Published by the Climbers' Club in  
1966, printed by the MAYOH PRESS  
LTD., Carnforth, Lancashire.

© The Climbers' Club, 1966

# THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Vol. XV. No. 1 (*New Series*) No. 91

1966

## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
C.C. Valedictory ... .. SIR JOHN HUNT	5
The High Tatras ... .. R. PRAGER	8
Allardyce Crossing ... .. J. D. C. PEACOCK	15
Ball's Pyramid, 1965 ... .. D. G. WITHAM	26
The South Face of the Schusselkarspitze C. H. TAYLOR	32
Bitter Sweet ... .. WARREN MARTIN	40
Ascent or Descent ... .. C. J. MORTLOCK	42
The Other Place ... .. B. E. H. MADEN	47
In the Vercors ... .. N. J. ALLEN	52
Introduction to the Saussois ... .. J. A. AUSTIN	56
White Hell Pursuing Centre ... .. K. I. MELDRUM	61
Citizen Ken ... ..	68
The Greatest Show on Earth ... .. T. W. PATEY	70
New Climbs and Notes ... .. B. A. CROFTS AND OTHERS	87
Editorial ... ..	111
Obituary: I. G. Aitchison ... ..	114
J. Clements ... ..	115
Reviews ... ..	116
Officers of the Club ... ..	127

**'CORONATION STREET'—CHEDDAR**  
*J. Cleare of the Gamma*





# C.C. VALEDICTORY

SIR JOHN HUNT

THERE IS A SENSE of sadness in valediction; an end to favourite haunts and pastimes; the closing of a chapter of enjoyed experience, a parting from friends. I feel I must start this message to the Club by shaking myself out of the shadowed mood cast upon me by the title.

One of the most pleasing features of life is the compensation it can offer for the pleasures that are denied or removed; always provided, of course, that you seek them and look at life this way. The outstanding athlete, whose span of competitive life is brief, may continue to enjoy vicariously the deeds of succeeding generations. Living at Henley, I see the extraordinary annual phenomenon of the leading lights in the rowing community of yesteryear, grey and balding, some in wheel chairs; yet, their expansive waistlines notwithstanding, exuberant as college boys in Leander pink socks and caps during Regatta Week. Yet there is a distinction to be drawn between the ordinary mountaineer and the average athlete, oarsman, footballer or other mediocre exponents of most organized competitive team games. This is partly the obvious difference between the spectator and the participant; except in father's races at school sports you can't continue pleasurably, at more plodding pace, on the cinder track. For the mountaineer there is a long, slow transition and, for most of this period, you may even be able to kid yourself that your skills and endurance have not deteriorated, poor to middling though they may always have been. You can continue to climb even relatively hard routes for a long time and there have always been elderly examples to prove it. When, sooner or later, the ability and the urge to do so wane, you may find yourself back at your beginnings, seeking the easier ways up, around and down the mountain with a quickened awareness of the whole mountain and its setting, which you may have long missed through keeping your nose so close against the rock.

From my own beginning, walking in summer and plodding uphill on primitive skis in winter at the tender age of 10, I believe the introduction to our mountain craft to be relevant and important to the prospect of this wide horizon at its end. I know so many people who, starting on the rock face adjacent to the road, have not first seen it in its wider perspective and, losing contact with, and interest in the technical challenge, have never since felt the lasting compulsion of the mountains. Doubtless they have found their compensations elsewhere, in another sport perhaps, or some quite unrelated activity; the break has been complete and probably there were no regrets.

But I come back to my title, to dispose of any personal sense of sadness, either experienced now or anticipated in the future, on the score of coming to an end of an activity, or a chapter. For one thing, the end of active climbing has, for me, not yet been reached; but I am well aware that this will come! For another, and more important reason, the chapter will go on being written through life. There is a peculiar pleasure to be found in returning to first impressions and sensations. There are few indeed who could, or would wish to return in their fifties or sixties to their first essay on a mountain if it were a hard rock climb; but the joy of recapturing the feelings of a first mountain walk, in Wales perhaps, in the Oberland or elsewhere is something at once nostalgic and full of hope; almost as if you are starting again.

I would like to return to the remaining point about parting from friends, for this is the essence of the whole matter. It is difficult to avoid a controversial point here and I have in mind two opposite viewpoints revealed last summer in the Observer. But let me say that I believe the true merit of mountaineering lies outside the realm of competition; in its capacity for embracing, in fellowship, all its followers from adolescence to old age. Inevitably, part of its attraction to most of us, in varying degrees and at some stage or other, is the challenge to achieve something which has not been done, or something difficult which someone else has done before. Inherently, this urge is one of self-discovery and satisfaction, and the human race would be flaccid indeed if this ingredient were largely lacking.



But once let it become openly, aggressively, a matter of invidious comparison between individuals in the spirit of one-upmanship, and you reduce mountaineering to no more than a competitive sport. I am not suggesting that competitive sports necessarily militate against friendships between contestants, but they certainly draw the lines sharply between the ages. I am also suggesting that mountaineering is, or can be more than just a sport.

This is, I suggest, particularly relevant to our situation as a club of long standing, embracing in its membership a very wide age range. The continuing quest to explore further afield, to seek new and ever harder lines up our crags is a splendid thing: to make comparisons between those who are thus in the van, by temperament, daring and skill, and others who enjoy their mountains differently, as though the latter are somehow less deserving of a place in the sun of human esteem—this is a sad and basic fallacy. By the same token, one club which is more active and with more current achievement to its credit is certainly different from another; but what arrogance and aberration it is to make a value-judgement of superiority for the group of 'tigers' and 'hard men'! A climbing club is, or should be, a means of bringing together all its members: those who are now to the fore in achievement, those who 'have been', and those again who have not and never will be. I believe that mountaineering is an activity whose deepest satisfaction lies in its propensity for forging lasting friendships. I know that for me, it is this aspect which most endures with the passage of time.

So I dispose of all the doubts which first assailed me when the editor invited me to write a Valedictory at the end of my term as President. I have no doubts about the continuing desire among our members to conquer fresh fields: on this score the future is bright. I venture to hope that in seeking to satisfy our ambitions we will not be divided into cliques, but will remain, as we began, linked together in the fellowship of mutual esteem and affection; not so much on account of our achievements, but through our common love of the hills.

# THE HIGH TATRAS

R. PRAGER

THE TATRAS MOUNTAIN JOURNEY was the third N.A.Y.C. expedition led by Sir John Hunt. Unlike the first two it was a mixed party, being made up of thirteen girls and twelve young men, all of whom were holders of the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award or its equivalent, and a dozen or so senior members.

If one's Alpine wanderings are made in a small anarchistic group of three or four the prospect of joining an expedition of some forty people to climb behind the iron curtain can be a little unnerving. However, I jumped at the opportunity when it arose, and found to my surprise that a large party is viable.

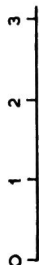
Crossing the border into Czechoslovakia was a lot easier than some of the West European crossings, chiefly because of the work done by Antonia Derry and John Hunt during the months preceding the expedition. A large benign official methodically sifted our papers, and chatted pleasantly while his men made the usual customs checks: but on either side of the road, stretching away into the distance, was an ominous double fence guarded by wooden towers with gentlemen who showed a distinct displeasure of being photographed.

Bratislava was a shock, amplified by the affluence of Vienna which we had just left a few hours before. No western city built on this scale could afford so much neglect and decay. Yet I warmed to the atmosphere as we drove on through Czechoslovakia. I liked the lazily farmed fields and the long dry grass, the tiny houses in the villages full of geese and children. For the moment I liked this place, just as I always feel vaguely uncomfortable in the neatness of the Tyrol and Switzerland.

The Tatras are divided between Czechoslovakia and Poland, and the plan was to spend a few days in the Czech Tatras and then to cross the border to climb in the Polish Tatras.

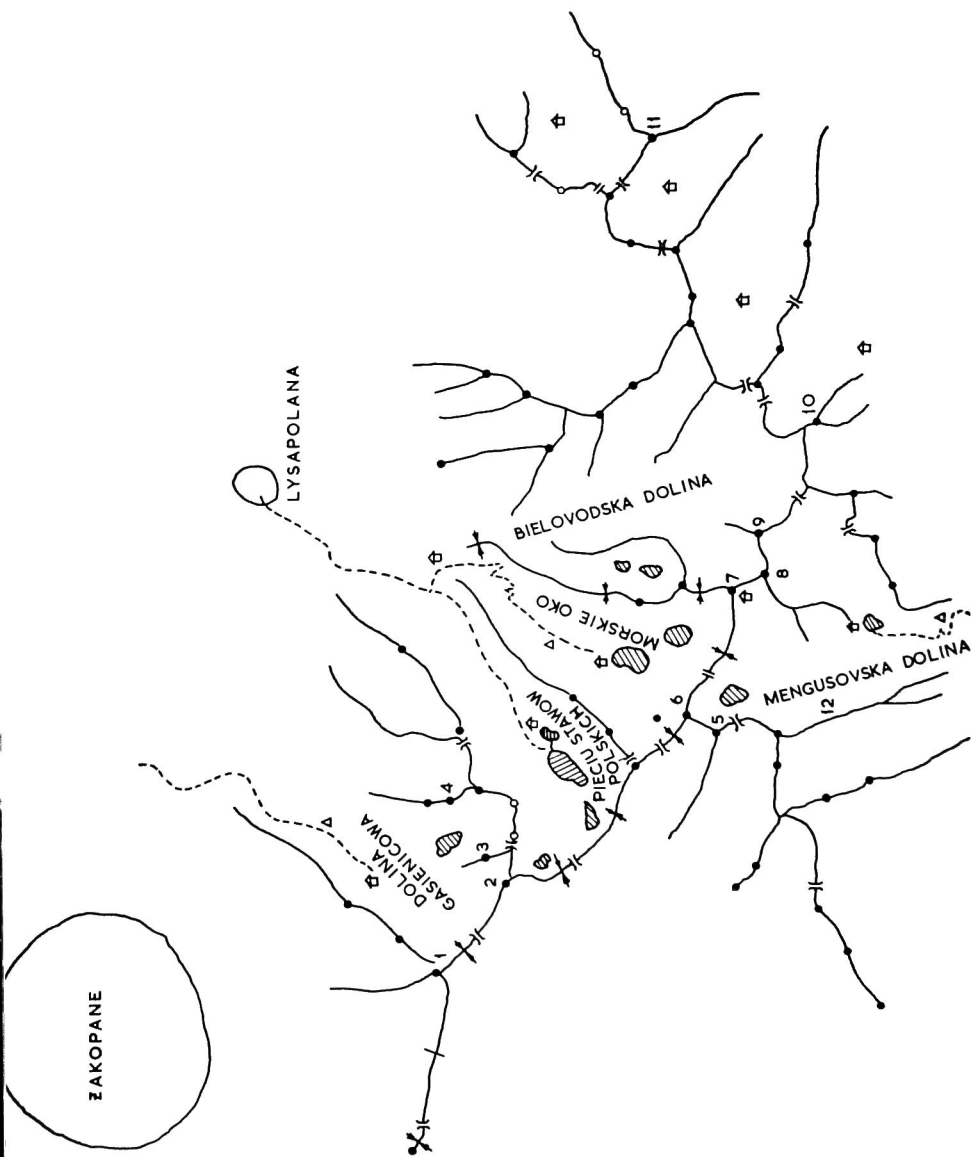
Camping in the mountains in Czechoslovakia is strictly controlled.

Scale:



1. KASPROWY WIERCH	1988 M.
2. ŚWINICA	2301 M.
3. KOŚCIELEC	2158 M.
4. GRANATY	2235 M.
5. KÔPROVSKÝ ŠTIT	2370 M.
6. MIĘGUSZOWIECKI	2438 M.
7. RYSY	2503 M.
8. WYSOKÁ	2565 M.
9. GANEK	2465 M.
10. GERLACH	2655 M.
11. LOMICKÝ	2634 M.
12. SATAN	2432 M.

	Hut
	Camp site
	Lake
	Road or path
	Frontier ridge
	Pass



High camps or even bivouacs are forbidden unless special permission is obtained. The camp-sites are in the valleys, usually fairly near a hut, and quite free of any of the amenities one might expect. A climber used to camping in the Llanberis Pass would be quite at home here. The huts, however, are excellent, and the food and accommodation relatively cheap. A small party would be well advised to make full use of the huts.

Our Camp-site at Popradski Pleso was fairly typical. It was a pleasant spot, completely surrounded by pine woods and relatively secluded, but in three days half the party were struck down by gastro-enteritis.

The summit of Rysy which lies on the frontier and is the highest point in Poland, is an easy walk from the Czech side. This was our first objective and allowed us to get some idea of the scale of things. To the west runs the frontier ridge of Mieguszwiecka which gives a long and pleasant traverse in either direction, but is usually climbed from east to west. At our feet lay the Polish village of Morskie Oko with its lakes and obviously popular hotel. The frontier runs north from the summit of Rysy and so deprives the Poles of some of the finest climbing in the Tatras. To the east of Rysy is Ganek, and facing us the superbly steep wall of the Galeria Gankowa with half a dozen high grade routes on it. To the south-east and rather overshadowing Rysy is Wysoka, a rock pyramid sprouting gargoyle gendarmes from its ridges. The fantastic rock shapes are characteristic of the Tatras and provide some of the names for the crags. By far the most common image is the frog, and there are usually two ways to the top; an easy climb up the spine of the creature, and an overhanging route up the throat.

As soon as I spotted the Galeria Gankowa I cornered Henry who was one of our official hosts and tried to question him about the climbs on this wall. To my surprise I found that he just would not talk about it. At first his only comment was, 'Steinslag', and then in desperation, 'Only the best climbers go there'. I deduced that our climbs had been planned by our Czech hosts and that the Galeria was not in the plan. At about the same time on this first day Hamish Nicol was learning something about local custom. On the

way back to the valley he suggested doing a short rock climb. The official Czech in his party announced that this was not possible; starting a climb at two o'clock in the afternoon was against the rules.

On the outward journey John Disley and Roger Orgill had taken great care to teach us a number of respectable songs, and our evenings were spent exchanging these for some not so respectable Czechoslovakian ballads with a number of young Czech climbers who shared our camp-site. On the first of these evenings we met Gustav Ginzl, the third of our official hosts, and quite different from the other two. Gustav had just returned from an expedition to Bezinghi and announced himself by calling for silence and offering for sale a pair of Russian duvet trousers. He was a mine of information about anything one cared to ask him, and was brimful of enthusiasm for climbing at any time of day. Apart from the duvet trousers (which he failed to sell) he had very little equipment. He slept in a borrowed corner of a tent and seemed to live on porridge and tea made from lichen gathered in the woods, which he cooked on a borrowed primus.

The fine weather that greeted us lasted two days before the rain, which seemed characteristic of '65, set in. We did, however, manage to snatch the Dragon's (S.E.) Ridge on Wysoka which was sufficiently long and difficult to stretch some of the junior members of the party. On this day other parties also climbed Ganek and Gerlach. It was encouraging to see these young people dog-tired, gripped and yet obviously enjoying themselves. On the very last abseil the rope jammed, which was particularly annoying since I knew that exactly the same thing had happened to John Disley a couple of days earlier. It also threatened to make the party late for the farewell celebrations that evening. Gustav didn't hesitate for long however.

'Do you want the rope?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Well, you can prussik up and free it while the rest of us get back to the valley.' And off they went.

The transfer to Poland was quick and efficient but left most of us feeling that four days was too short a time in which to get to grips with the Czech Tatras and that so many new friendships were being cut short.

We were met at the border by a group of a dozen climbers led by Andrzej Kus; he was also the youngest. A policy meeting over lunch decided on the detailed programme for the next two weeks, and the expedition split into three groups. Two of these were to base themselves in the High Tatras at Morskie Oko and Hala Gascienicowa. The third group formed a base camp at Kiry in the West Tatras.

The West Tatras are treated as the poor sister by the Polish climbers but I have a feeling that these beautiful rounded limestone mountains are going to do a Tremadoc. The summits are lower than those of the High Tatras, rising to just over 2,000m. but the flanks are supported by limestone buttresses which could provide interesting climbing and on which exploration has only just begun. The area is most famous for its caves and even these have not been fully explored. To me, a complete newcomer to caving, the systems seemed vast and I gathered that the experts in the party were of the same opinion, though apparently the passages are not sufficiently tortuous.

Morskie Oko is the only valley in the Polish High Tatras which is legally accessible by car, and certainly it has the most impressive mountain scenery. This of course makes the spot very popular with tourists and even in September it is rather like the Pass on a Bank Holiday. There is a plan, however, to close the road and keep the mountains for mountaineers. Whatever one might think of the State-controlled system it obviously has some advantages. Here, too, the camping is controlled. The camp-site is on a slope which is too steep to take a tent, so wooden platforms are built out from the slope. This is fine provided one can find a platform to fit one's tent. The platforms did mean, however, that rivulets didn't flow through the tents.

The climbing possibilities in the mountains surrounding Morskie Oko are enormous and the variety wide. There are short climbs on Mnich and Zabie Szczyt, varying in difficulty from Grade II to







vicious ridge climbs and traverses like the Mieguszowiecki frontier ridge, and 2,000 ft. face climbs. For the greater part of our stay we peered at all this splendour through mist and rain. The Halni (the Polish equivalent of the Föhn) had started blowing and anything ambitious was out of the question.

On the last day, however, we attacked *Tabie Szczyt* (another frog) in rain, hail, snow and eventually brilliant sunshine. It was quite an eventful day. John's rope was followed by a television team. The cameraman had climbed once before but his blonde assistant had never set foot on rock. They eventually got stuck and had to be rescued. Andrzej Kus got a rope to them and with infinite patience hauled the girl up the climb, hands bleeding and tears streaming. Returning hot and thirsty to the hut I borrowed a note from John and ordered pints all round only to find that it was Czech money. The Polish climbers appeared to be very safety conscious. The nut and thread runners which I used were regarded with the utmost suspicion. The Poles use pegs for protection without the slightest inhibition. Andrzej argued that pegs were safer (which they probably are), while I maintained that slings saved time. The pegs are seldom left in place since they are difficult to obtain and are in fact very often home-made. I can't help feeling that there is no moral distinction between a straightforward peg and some of our cunning methods of achieving the same protection.

Moving on to Hala Gascienicowa we escaped from the Telly people only to be greeted by a large lady photographer. Fortunately she just could not cope with the steepness and did her work from a distance with the most enormous lens I have ever seen. Haggars Maggers, as Gascienicowa became known, is a beautiful valley on the western edge of the High Tatras. The mountain scenery is not as impressive as Morskie Oko but the climbing is excellent. There is a large and comfortable hut at the head of the valley, managed by a very hospitable warden. From here the climbs on Swinica, Koscielec, Granaty and Zamartwa Turnia are reached quite easily though the latter is probably better approached from the valley of the five lakes (there are only four), Dolina Pieciu Stawow Polskich which lies to the south-east and also has a hut.

UNCLIMBED PEAKS IN THE ALLARDYCE RANGE  
*J. D. C. Peacock*

Hamish Nicol was the only one who managed to climb on Zamartwa Turnia which is one of the most impressive cliffs in the Polish High Tatras. John and I just looked at it enviously through brief breaks in the mist and snow, and listened to horrific tales of accident and death related by Jurek. Our climbing was limited to a delightful ridge traverse from S. to N. of Koscielec in doubtful weather. The climbing was not difficult but wonderfully airy. It was our last day in the mountains and seemed to sum up the three weeks of climbing on solid granite in superb country in the happy companionship of young people discovering mountains and our easy-going infinitely hospitable Polish hosts who had a sense of humour and a love of mountains more akin to our own than any other nationality I have met.

After the traverse John and Andrzej went on to do a short climb while the rest of us made for the valley. We were only a few hundred yards from the hut and a pint when we met the mountain rescue man setting out alone to go to the aid of a walker who had fallen over a cliff. Jurek and I turned back to go with him and were soon joined by a fourth. I was appalled at the prospect of four people carrying an injured man some 2,000 feet down a mountain in the dark and without a stretcher. I tried to get this over to the others, but was merely assured that they had plenty of food and a good first aid kit. We found the body just before dark and settled down in the rain to smoke and listen to more of Jurek's horror stories. The whole thing was getting beyond me when Jurek patiently explained that we were the advance party. Shortly afterwards the main rescue party arrived; a dozen or so trained men from the Mountain Rescue team had travelled up from Zakopane with amazing speed. They had a light folding stretcher and all the equipment one could possibly need. Seeing these men operate impressed me enormously. One quickly realised that the Polish Mountain Rescue service is at least as efficient as any in the Western Alps.

Next morning we struck camp in the best weather we had enjoyed since the days spent caving. We turned our backs on the mountains bathed in sunshine and dusted with snow and tramped off to sample the night life of Zakopane.

# ALLARDYCE CROSSING

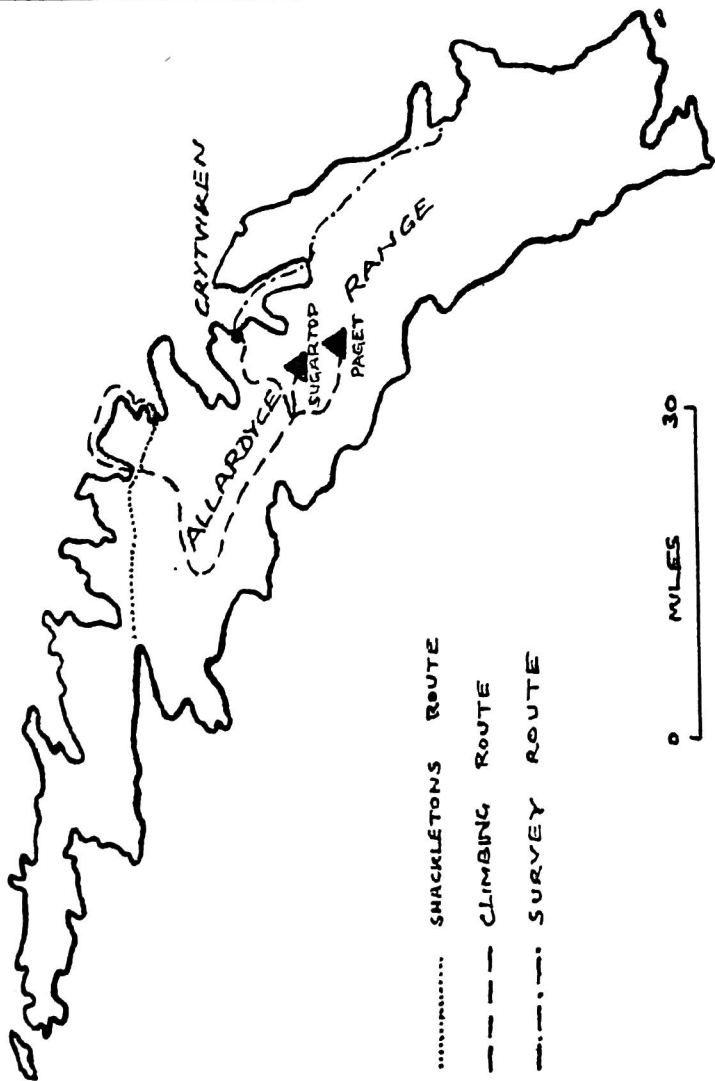
J. D. C. PEACOCK

IT WAS CHRISTMAS 1964, as white a one as we were likely to see for quite a while. Sitting there in our snow hut in the middle of the Kjerulf Glacier, we were a Combined Services Expedition led by a Naval officer, Malcolm Burley. Someone uncorked the rum and we drank 'good luck' to the two teams of three who were to have a go at the big peaks: Mount Paget and Mount Sugartop, South Georgia.

It is only a small island, perhaps a hundred miles long and often less than thirty across. But it is rugged: all ice and rotten rock reaching up to a jagged skyline that you never see in the mist and shrieking westerlies; except sometimes, and then it is beautiful, beautiful in a fierce, aloof, almost relentless way. Shackleton came there, many years ago, to forge a route through the northern cols and glaciers to safety, and that part we had seen already. In his footsteps we had grown used to the drag of sledging, to the storms and to skiing over the endless glaciers, so that now we were impatient to get to grips with the mountains of the main Allardyce Range. Three weeks had brought our ten man expedition round to the south side of the Range and we were poised for the big effort. In our two-man tent Tom and I talked a lot that night. Tom in his long beard and too short sleeping bag discussing possibilities and ice-pegs on Paget, with me thinking about Sugartop. I had got to know this parachutist sergeant very well and it seemed a pity we would not climb together. Then, with the smell of Li-Lo in my nostrils and the feel of my beard against the pillow, came oblivion—and bright sun in the morning.

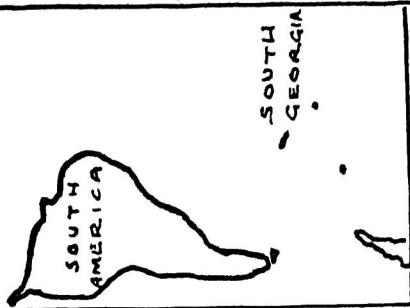
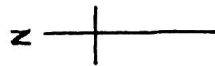
Mount Paget was first. It needed four helpers to sledge their food and kit to an advanced camp and then, when we could sledge no more, we backpacked. How I hate traversing on skis! One ski is always an inch or so lower than the other so that every pace the whole load comes on the inner hip-joint. You would think that it would seize up, but no, it goes on and you get there. And then

# SOUTH GEORGIA



..... SHACKLETONS ROUTE  
--- CLIMBING ROUTE  
- . - SURVEY ROUTE

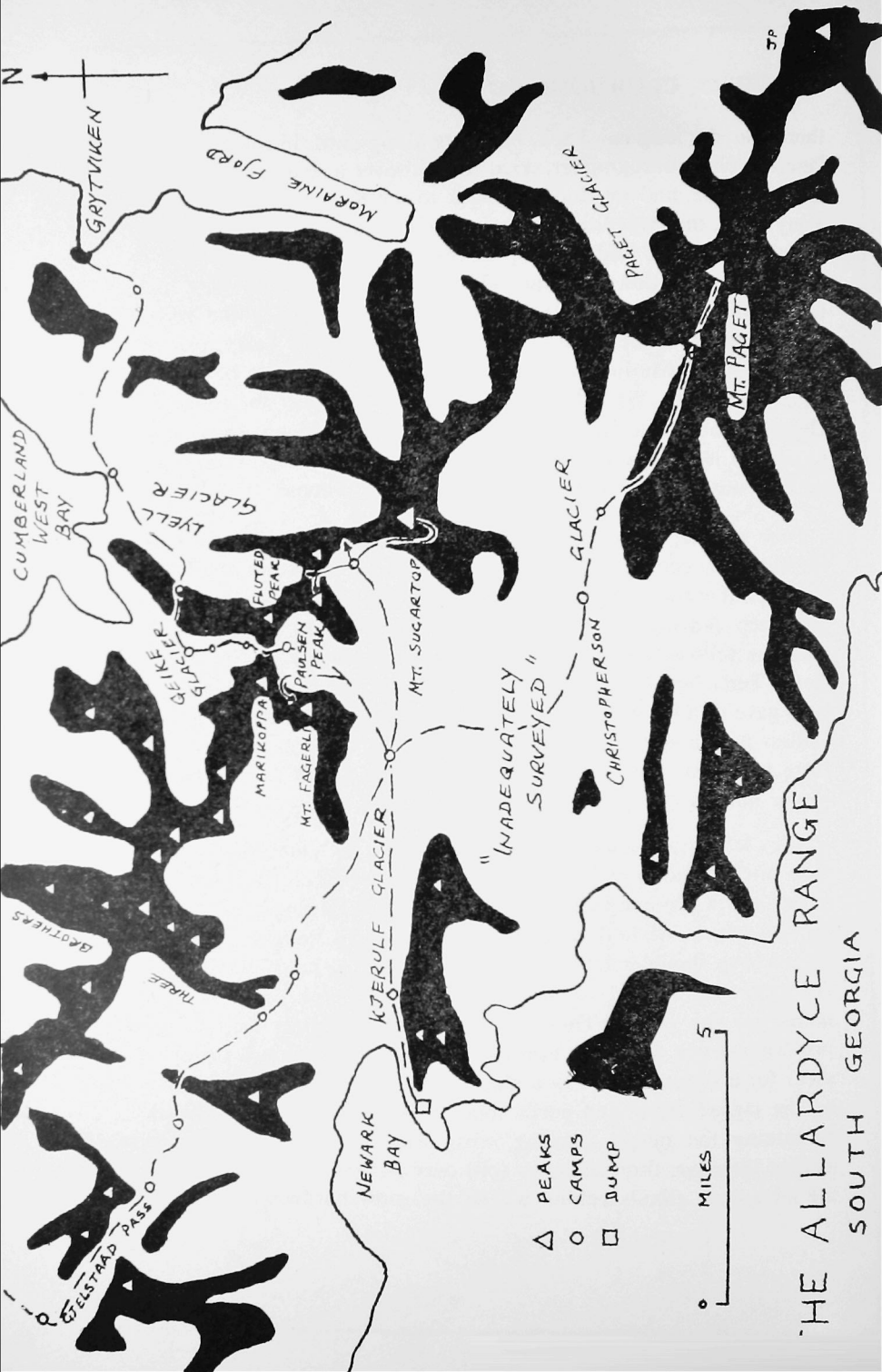
0 30  
MILES



there was the long run back, bombing along until, in the bad light, Pete, our cine photographer, skied straight over a serac. But no damage was done, and we skied on, back to the Kjerulf Glacier to find Tony Back, the Expedition's deputy leader, waiting for us. With the remaining two, he had been up to the col near Sugartop to find a practicable way down the far side of the range, but all they had found were a number of steep gullies offering a possible route onto a branch of the Lyell Glacier. I moved in with Terry, one of our two Royal Marines, and supped warm glucose while he talked about the gullies. We still had to find a way out over the range to Grytviken and what we knew of the other side was not promising to say the least. The gullies sounded nasty, but perhaps they were the only way, short of sledging out the way we had come.

Poor weather the next day kept us low down and it went with the miserable chore of backpacking stores out from a dump beyond the Kjerulf ice-fall. As usual, the traverse above the glacier snout was steep and soggy and it seemed a place to get away from. But with the following day's improvement we got away to Sugartop, Tony, Terry and I, supported by the remaining four. Twelve days food gave us a fair reserve for bad weather but it meant a steaming endless flog in soft snow to the Sugartop col. Long before we got there, mist was chasing our sledge up the glacier and we were glad of our porters.

They left us just short of the col, and there we camped, the two tents pitched end to end in a spot we hoped would avoid the worst of any storm. To one side reared the west flank of Sugartop, living up to its name, while on the other stood Paulsen Peak, hardly less icy, its long shoulder reaching down to a saddle, before stretching up again to a final snowy point. On the far side of this saddle lay the gullies. They seemed to offer the only escape, for just beyond our tents, the north side of the Sugartop col dropped sheer for a thousand feet to a glacier cwm. And this was bounded by the jagged crumbling north spur of Sugartop itself, a bulwark containing the purple evening mists which swirled and lapped against the edge, threatening to spill over our tents and merge with the advancing clouds behind us. As the snow hardened, we stood



# THE ALLARDYCE RANGE SOUTH GEORGIA

and watched these same clouds turn to gold in a perfect sunset. Behind us a serac cracked, paused, and thundered into the cwm. It was one of many.

South Georgia was giving us a bonus, for again the next morning was glorious. But before we could look at Sugartop we must needs investigate the gullies. It seemed almost a waste of such a rare and golden day. Twenty minutes took us to the saddle, till our camp, five hundred feet below, appeared insignificant in the vast whiteness. We looked at the gullies, leading steeply down to the clouds filling the cwm and contrasting vividly with the clear blue above. Three stakes were quickly fixed and the two long ropes joined together. Terry, Commando trained, abseiled down at speed while we waited—and waited. Evidently the rope was tangled and there was much difficulty in sorting it out. A wind sprang up, whistling through the col and it got mighty cold to the feet. I took a few photographs of Fluted Peak and beyond that Marikoppa, and then the Three Brothers: wonderful views. Stones fell from a gendarme above the gully; a piece of ice slithered down the scoop; and opposite, in the sun, the north face of Paulsen was already moving, stones and boulders bounding down its flank. Below, the branch of the Lyell glacier was hidden by cloud, but occasionally, this thinned enough to show the length of the gullies, perhaps a thousand feet. Indistinctly I could make out a line of crevasses before the mists closed once more. In spite of the bright sun, it was an ominous place.

Terry eventually returned up the gully having been down about four hundred feet. Tony and I brought him up on a tight rope, his shouts for 'slack' or 'take in' reaching us only indistinctly in the lulls of the wind. He had not seen the bottom of the gully and thought that an operation where we would have to climb back up was not feasible. We decided to have a look ourselves.

As I waited for Tony to go down there was an enormous avalanche across the Lyell glacier. The noise was tremendous and through a gap in the mist we could see great clouds of smoke. It was fantastic and we stood silent and awed by the spectacle. Through the same clearing we could see that the line of crevasses

was in fact the top of a big ice fall; the avalanche tracks reached a third of the way across the glacier.

My turn came and I started down the abseil. The snow at the top was soon passed—but then I was on the rock, and cascades of boulders were crashing down. The spare rope slipped off my shoulders and Terry's overlong axe, stuck in my waist loop, seemed to have a mind of its own. Rocks were bouncing everywhere and looking up I could see the single nylon sawing over three or four edges. Twenty or thirty feet above Tony I stopped. He was sheltered under an overhang and, at a distance, we held a discussion. The idea of lowering half a ton of stores and various bodies down this awful place seemed suicidal, the chances of someone being hit, or a rope cut were too obvious. Tony started to climb back up, prussiking occasionally. I was perched precariously on a crampon stance and each time his weight stretched up the rope I saw my own prussik shoot down several feet, so that I spent the next few moments alternating between supplicating crouch and extended tiptoe as the rope vibrated and scratched and more rocks hummed past. To avoid killing each other we prussiked close together from there on, Tony whistling pop-songs through his teeth, 'I'm onto something good'. 'Like hell', I thought.

Back on the saddle there was bright sunshine again, so that we were encouraged to climb the little peak beyond and look down on the north coast. From the same vantage point we could see the whole of our projected route on Sugartop. But the chances of our getting on to it seemed remote, as the problem of finding a safe way over the range had now assumed a new urgency. We decided to ski down to the Kjerulf camp next day and discuss it with Malcolm. Perhaps we could get out by going south round Paget.

Minus twenty that night, and a clear crisp morning, as clattering over the frozen surface we side-slipped and swung our way down the glacier. Peaks glittered all around and it was good to be alive. My reverie was interrupted by a great crash as Tony caught an outside edge and minutes later I did the same, collecting a great bruise, testimony of the hard surface. It took a bare half-hour to the camp but finding it deserted we skied on down to the ice-fall to discover



Malcolm sweating with the others, still clearing the dump. There it was decided that, with no news yet of the Paget party, we should go back to Sugartop. But all day the bad weather signs had been gathering and the wind was increasing from the East, the worst side. Very cold gusts alternated with stifling windless patches and a big halo hung round the sun. At the col we swung the tents to cope with the wind. The blizzard began that night.

New Year came and went, but the blizzard stayed. Once, before dawn, the wind dropped and there was a rush to get ready, but long before the last mouthful of porridge it was blowing again and we resigned ourselves to waiting. Mostly we slept, or talked, or read: 'Rebecca', C. S. Forester, and, aptly, 'Men Without Women'. Terry struggled with 'The Technique of Persuasion', though I should have thought his Irish charm were enough.

Then, after four days, we did get out, but rather late in the day to do more than a reconnaissance of Sugartop. Two hours took us up a steep snow slope and along a rotten crumbling ridge to a line of seracs. From below these had seemed to bar further progress, but, when Tony found a way through, the aim of the recce was completed. It seemed a pity to stop though, and bit by bit we climbed on to the ridge linking the two summits. And it seemed a pity to stop there too, so we went on up, with Terry making a fine long lead onto an ice mushroom till, suddenly, Sugartop was ours. It was all rather surprising and unexpected, particularly when Terry produced a very large Union Jack which we had last seen securely packed on the sledge. We suspected that his plans for that day had included more than a mere reconnaissance. The rope got tangled on the way down and it was very late when we fell into the tents.

Surprise, surprise! Who should greet us next morning but Tom and Malcolm with photographer George Hutt. Having seen us on the mountain the previous evening they had determined to have a go at Paulsen, starting early for the north ridge. But the hot sun had defeated them, making the snow so dangerous that they had turned back just two hundred feet short of the summit: a disappointment. But nothing could damp our delight at Tom's success on Paget, bagged just before the blizzard.

Down in the Kjerulf camp that evening we saw off the rum and the last of the Christmas Cake. Three of the others had been on Mount Fajerli that day and the big news was that they had found a col leading over to the Geike Glacier and they swore it was a possible way out. It was just as well, because Tom's report from Paget was that we certainly could not sledge out to the South. Immediately we planned another recce, but alas, again the night brought storm, burying stores and tents alike and turning the glacier surface into great waves of hard packed snow. We dug out our tent and moved it, forgetting the brimming pan-full of porridge inside. But it was two days before another recce party could get under way, and then it was only to be forced back when they found the new surface impossible to sledge over. Re-organisation followed before they set off once more, this time back-packing on skis, with food for three days. Malcolm and Terry went to wait at the col for their return and, as they left, Tom cooked while I dug out the last few items. Five miles off, a school of whales appeared near Newark Bay and we watched them playing in a silver sea. If the pass over to the Geike Glacier was O.K., I thought, we could be in Grytviken in a week, given good weather.

Three days passed during which three of us went back over some of our approach route. It was much as we feared: old crevasses were much wider, and new ones had appeared so that one ice-fall was quite impossible. We found a way of avoiding it and as a last measure thought we might get out that way. The third day brought more blizzard and anxious thoughts for the recce party. They would have used up their food by now, but they would not move down in those conditions. The wind dropped during the night but the snow continued; at least it flattened the drifts so that sledging was possible again. In the morning came the long job of digging out the sledges and before it was done Malcolm and Terry skied slowly over the rise just above the camp.

Malcolm fell fifty yards off and it was Terry who got in first saying that we must go up to the col: they had seen nothing of the recce party since they parted three days before, and they were both dead beat. In a great storm at the col. the previous evening their tent

had collapsed and, unable to do anything in the wind, they had spent a desperate night in their bags huddled in the snow. Malcolm's hands were frost bitten and their feet were in poor shape too. Doing what we could for them, the rest of us set off with all speed to the col. By then the visibility was perfect and after two hours, coming in sight of the col, we spied two figures, and then a third on the skyline. But a quick look through binoculars revealed only three pairs of skis, and we skied on till we came to the remains of Malcolm's tent. The last bit was steeper and, leaving the sledge, we approached the edge till we could look over. A fixed rope, six hundred feet, pointed the way down an ice wall dropping sheer to the crevassed Geike glacier, and there below, were three tiny figures toiling their way upwards to the wall. We gave a great shout, and, hearing their answering reply, knew that all was well, they had found a route.

With half an hour at least before we could help them on the fixed rope, we returned to the sledge and made a great brew. As we waited, a powder avalanche plunged off Fajerli, impressing us mightily as the snow cloud rolled across our earlier track. Then we turned and, heaving the recce party up the wall, landed them one by one, like exhausted cod-fish over the edge. Famished, they demolished our goodies, while we listened to their story told between mouthfuls: a thousand feet of ice-fall, another ridge to cross, the inevitable storms, but a way out. We sent the unloaded recce party on ahead, then started back ourselves with the laden sledge. A few days earlier we might have walked it down, but now, to our great delight, we evolved a method of control which enabled us to ski with it down the slope. Singing and chortling we swung our way down, well pleased with ourselves and a sunny world.

It was a day or two later before we were ready to move the whole expedition up to the Geike Col. In spite of jettisoning much unwanted equipment the move took two relays, and then the weather closed in once more with a vengeance. So near, and yet so far; with the col only four hundred yards away, we lay and listened to the wind. Already well behind schedule, we rationed ourselves to

half our normal food, and cut down on fuel, not knowing how long this storm would last, or, for that matter, how long it would take us to get to Grytviken. Then, after four days, the wind dropped and, with a sudden rise in temperature, avalanches began to roar off the peaks on either side. It was a noisy afternoon, and in the cloud we could see none of it, but then, as visibility improved, we were able to begin lowering the stores over the col.

This operation was master-minded by Terry, who was soon on his way down the wall with an empty sledge on a trial run. The only real difficulty was a big schrund at half-height, but when this was overcome, we were able to start on the stores. With the hauling party at the end of six hundred feet of rope, it was necessary to relay instructions from the brink of the col, a job well suited to Tom, an ex-Guardsman. Even so, something went wrong and the initial lead, with Terry attached, took the first forty feet at a rush as the stretch took up. Terry's comments were relayed in full so that the hauling party was duly chastened. But it all took a long time and, as darkness approached, the wind rose again, bringing with it a stinging icy sleet. With only two loads down, we called it a day and crept somewhat dispirited back to our tents for another twenty-four hours.

This time, even at five thousand feet, it was rain, and rain which froze, so that two mornings later, each tent was clad in an inch of clear ice, while the guys hung solid, graceful catenaries, glinting transparent in the starlight. A pre-dawn start brought fumbling efforts to pack rigid tents, and the news that a serac had crashed from the wall, scattering the stores that had gone down so arduously two nights before. The clear cold sky promised a good day and, porridge eaten, we were soon in harness. Sledge load after sledge load was despatched, the slender framework balancing on the edge before tipping over to descend, slowly and painfully, guided each time by Terry, to the glacier below, till by mid-day the stores were all down. Then came our own long abseils, one by one, and the glad shouts that most of the avalanched stores had been recovered. Involuntarily, George shot into the innards of the schrund. The sun moved round on the face and all the time a big serac hung,

threatening, and dripped and dripped. At last, crampons shattering the flaky surface, it was my turn, the rope burning in my shoulder. Down and down, with the bounce getting longer, till the knot arrived in my hand: that was half-way, so, planting a stake, I cut a stance for Tom. A long pause at the schrund was followed by a big jump, then on it went, down again, till the slope eased off and I slithered to a halt. Someone's crampon had gone through a plastic jerrican and there was a familiar smell of paraffin. Back on the crest a tiny Tom stacked pans in pile, an insecure testimonial of our passage, before, last man over, he too started down. Inevitably, the rope stuck, and fascinated, we watched him, fly on the wall, climb back the three hundred feet from the stance. But the second time was better and we were soon pulling the rope down from the bottom half. Somewhat to Tom's dismay the stake pulled out instead.

Below, on the Geike, the first tents were going up; it was late in the day. Ahead lay the crevasses and seracs of the ice-fall; perhaps a week, I thought, to Grytviken. Above me, as I struggled with a jammed knot, stood the great ice wall, its upper edge clear cut and remote against the drifting mists. We had crossed over and already the other side seemed unreal, another existence slipping into memory.

The knot came undone and, coiling the rope, I walked down to the others.

# BALL'S PYRAMID EXPEDITION - 1965

D. G. WITHAM

LORD HOWE ISLAND, of which Ball's Pyramid is a small but spectacular satellite, is an isolated outpost of New South Wales, lying 430 miles E.N.E. of Sydney in the midst of the Tasman Sea. It is the most southerly coral island in the world, yet there can be no more magnificent specimen of that form of earthly paradise as it possesses all the accoutrements which one imagines when dreaming of South Sea islands in the confines of a Manchester smog. Curving palms line the beaches and gradually give way with height to denser vegetation, which seems to clothe even the dripping black walls as they plunge to the sea on three sides of the island's mountainous head. The long spit of land issuing from the fourth side perpetually shoulders the pounding surf to the east, and is protected from the west by the reef, which enfolds a long lagoon whose crystal waters magnify the vivid colours of its bed.

The transition from the soft, indolent atmosphere of the island to the stark isolation of the pinnacle, 12 miles to the south, was marked. After moving cautiously through a gap in the reef and rounding the spur of Mt. Gower, itself a precipice of 1500 feet, we first saw Ball's Pyramid as a distant spire of rock, very like those which house the ogre's castle in a fairy tale. It took a further hour and a half in the fishing boat to reach its northern end, time taken up for me in making final preparations to pitch our ton of equipment and stores into the sea. With head bent over the piles of rucksacks, waterproofed drums and polythene jerry cans, which carried our 80 gallons of fresh water, I received the full fishy stench of the bilges and became sick after a while, but found time intermittently to admire the slowly approaching needle. Inevitably doubts welled up as the imagination played on the now solid evidence for the failure of eight previous attempts to reach the summit.

The Pyramid is not named, as might be expected, after the first mate's expletive when the lookout proclaimed that he had sighted the fin of a gargantuan shark. It was discovered by Lt. Henry Lydgbird Ball when voyaging from Sydney to Norfolk Island for Governor Philip, who had been instructed to settle that island at the same time as he founded the mainland colony in 1788. It is a slightly crescent-shaped blade of rock about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile long, 1843 feet high and never more than 200 yards thick at the base. A remnant of the rim of an old volcano, the ridge rises from both ends in a series of huge pillars to the final pinnacle in the centre. The western wall, or the 'inside' of the volcano, is just about vertical, and the eastern side is a series of shorter, crumbly walls with very steep slopes of sword grass in between. The former looks like a loose equivalent of the direct on the Cima Grande, rising straight from the sea, and the latter like a climber's nightmare. The north end of the Pyramid also rises immediately from the water in a buttress of some 700 feet, so the obvious route is up the south ridge which has an accommodating little promontory at the foot, affording about the only chance of getting an expedition established on the rock.

From the reports which could be garnered it appeared that most of our predecessors had failed through not treating the undertaking as a full scale expedition, some of them even failing to set foot on the rock. This accusation could hardly be levelled at the party of twelve who had sailed from Sydney in a 52 foot ketch in December, 1964, but they retailed stories of rough seas, high winds in exposed situations, very loose rock, hordes of angry, troublesome sea-birds, and six inch centipedes with a mildly poisonous bite. They had reached the top of the Winklestein steeple, half way up the Pyramid in vertical distance but, after five of them had spent the night belayed in a circle round the summit rock, they abandoned any thoughts of tackling the huge overhangs which they described as encircling the next pillar.

Consequently our party of seven which renewed the assault two months later was equipped to lay siege to the Pyramid. We had food and water to last at least a fortnight, 2000 feet of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch manilla for fixed ropes, and enough ironmongery to batter our way

through every overhang on the rock, providing it could be used. We practised making flying-foxes for hauling heavy stores up cliff faces and, most important of all, practised landing techniques for both men and stores in fairly heavy swells. Providing you pick a steep rock over which the sea is not breaking and can hang on to the greasy holds when you are lifted up to them, landing in a 12 foot swell is not very difficult and much less dangerous than it looks.

Although we were by no means perfect, the landing went well. The seas had calmed sufficiently after the passage of cyclone Judy, which had delayed our arrival by flying-boat at the island for two days, to allow Clive Wilson to bring the "Pacific Chieftain" within 40 yards of the rock. We were in an angle of the southern promontory, sheltered from the full effect of the surf, and our two best swimmers were quickly ashore, spurred on by the thought that their thrashing limbs would be visible to sharks a hundred yards away in the clear water. Two more followed, tied to the other ends of the light lines and taking with them a hemp rope which enabled us to establish a giant circle of rope between the boat and the rock. Knotting it at intervals and having a karabiner in each knot allowed us to transfer our fifty separate packages to the shore quite quickly, moving the rope in a circle all the time. Finally the remainder of the party were dragged through the water and the boat stood off to get on with the main business of the day—fishing. The gear was carried on to the top of the promontory, some 70 feet above the waves, and the tasks of establishing the base camp and starting the climbing were begun. A very full first day ended with the route established as far as the cave at 250 feet, where we found such relics of the previous party as precious water and bags of 'scroggin', a potent, nourishing brew of chocolate, nuts, raisins and various additives (chiefly rum) beloved by the Australian bushwalker, together with one of the only two centipedes which we saw during the whole week.

The following day, Thursday, Bryden Allen and I set off up the ridge with 700 feet of hemp in tow, establishing fixed ropes up each section of the cliff after we had climbed it. This made for hard work and slow progress, but it proved to be a major factor in our



success. The strain of leading on steep, friable and exposed rock was restricted to the first time that a pitch was climbed, abseiling became a very speedy procedure and climbing back up even with a pack was quite fast, as one could move independently, with a prussik loop round the fixed rope. Given a ten minute gap between climbers, the danger of wiping one's partner off the ridge was practically obviated.

The possibility of doing just this was soon brought home to us. After leading up a loose chimney of cracks for 70 feet, I arrived at a stance where I found a bolt in the wall placed by the previous expedition. I belayed to it but, there being too much of its warped body protruding from the rock for my liking, I sought extra security by jamming a nut in a perfect crack in the corner. I made my second belay and, almost as an afterthought, decided to test it well. My perfect crack began to open and half a ton of masonry moved outwards with a slow, disdainful majesty. Luckily it missed the rope and shattered before reaching Bryden, who was crouched under a wall with his helmet pulled down to his boots.

We ran out of rope by mid-afternoon, with some 700 feet of the Pyramid in the bag. Initially there had been a series of walls interspersed with sloping grass ledges, but the relief afforded by the latter had given out as we had reached the side of the Winklestein steeple proper. The situations were extremely good and the rock in places extremely rotten, being almost like pumice at times with crumbling basalt dykes. On the whole however, it was by no means unjustifiable.

Meanwhile the party below had set up a flying-fox between the base camp and the cave. Our ship's radio and two 12 volt batteries were already installed there and a start had been made to establishing a reserve of provisions in the cave in case a further cyclone should materialise and swamp our base camp. This hot work continued the next day while John Davis and Jack Pettigrew, our other climbing team, took more stores and another bale of hemp aloft. They explored further and established another hundred feet of the route.

We were now in a position to think of tackling the upper ramparts, previously untouched. Bryden and I set off again from base on

the Saturday morning with more stores and the intention of spending the night on the east side of the Winklestein. With little extra searching we found a suitable overhang which would allow us to stretch out end to end on its floor. What we envisaged as being the first of the upper camps was relatively commodious, once a retaining wall had been built on the appropriate side. We then followed our predecessors' route to the top of the steeple, a diagonal line round the west wall to the notch on the ridge behind. This was the most delightful climbing on the Pyramid, the rock being firm and the situation superb.

Expectancy mounted as we approached the ridge and our first close view of the vaunted difficulties. Late afternoon shadows made it hard to read the angle of the pillar facing us as we gained our objective, so our hopes were neither raised nor lowered. Certainly there were overhangs, but there might be a feasible line. We abseiled down the east wall to the cave for a fitful night's rest in unique surroundings.

First light saw us making our independent ways back to the top of the steeple, one by the east and the other by the west to dismantle the fixed rope on that side. The face of the "Chossy Pillar" as I came to name the next obstacle, looked more promising that morning. The sunlight etched out an arete which was no more than vertical in its steepest middle section, and there was a ramp above it which made its way through the bulges at the top of the pillar. The 'great obstacle' fell in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours of quite good climbing, apart from the ramp which was absolutely rotten. Not a single bolt or peg had to be used for aid, but this fact made for relief rather than disappointment.

The ridge then gained a lot of horizontal distance, with fewer steep pitches to the base of the summit pinnacle. The situations on this final arete became stupendous. Stones from our 'gardening' fell straight into the surf 500 yards below, and the rocky sea-bed way beneath the surface could be clearly seen between the foam of the waves and the reflected sparkling of the sun. The tiny awnings of base camp were visible at one extreme of the concave wall, and the guano—crowned Wheatsheaf rock at the other. Again no major

difficulties presented themselves, and careful climbing of about severe standard brought us to the summit at 2-30 p.m. on St. Valentine's Day.

John and Jack, who had been tailing us since mid-morning and indulging in a photographic spree, soon arrived to join the friendly gannet and ourselves. In true Mummery style we broached a bottle of champagne and, as we drank, the limitless horizons of the Pacific seemed to possess a quality of the effervescent liquid inside our helmets. As usual, too much time was spent in summit rituals, but our fixed ropes allowed of a speedy descent to the radio cave and our support party in little over two hours. As darkness fell at 6-30, celebrations began anew.

One could write a complete story about life on the Pyramid, and on Lord Howe when the conquerors returned in the midst of the Founder's Day celebrations and the beauty contests. Suffice to say that this proved to be perhaps the most memorable two weeks of my life. What had been a forbidding rock in prospect became an idyllic situation as the winds abated and the weather settled, the compulsion of the climb ended and the fishing proved to be good. Since the nesting season was over the birds gave no trouble. Rather were they a source of interest and wonder. The gannets and bosun birds gained so easily the height for which we fought, and the ecstatic, loving calls of the mutton birds in their burrows was a major source of amusement. Sharks on our fishing lines, porpoises swimming within touching distance of the bows as they escorted our boat back to the island, and above all the warm sun and the restless sea—it was a far cry from the frozen wastes which are chosen for most expeditions, but it was all the better for that.

# THE SOUTH FACE OF THE SCHÜSSELKARSPITZE

C. H. TAYLOR

NORTH of the Dolomites, across the Brenner Pass stand the Wilde Kaiser, the Karwendal and the Wetterstein mountains. On their great limestone walls Dülfer, Fiechtl, and later, Aukenthaler, experimented with pitons and worked out the techniques they used to do the earliest grade six climbs. Until quite recently these mountains have been almost unknown in England, but over the last few years parties have begun to climb on their cliffs. Whillans and others have done route on the three thousand foot Lalidererwand in the Karwendal and a few other parties have done one or two of the more popular routes in the Kaisergebirge like the Süd Ost and the Dülfer OstWand on the Fleischbank. Last year I went briefly to the Steinerne Rinne just after Moorhouse and Halls had spent a month doing almost all the best routes in the Kaisergebirge. The climbing was superb, the cliffs were extremely steep and made of firm, white limestone; each route seemed better than the last. I decided to return, but this time to the Wetterstein where no English party had yet succeeded in climbing.

A wall of white limestone sometimes four to five hundred metres high and some twenty kilometres long runs East from the Zugspitze above Erwald to Mittenwald, marking the Austro-German frontier. Hermann Buhl's autobiography is quite a good source book for Austrian cliffs and nearly two chapters are devoted to the Shüsselkarspitze which forms the centre of this wall. The mountain is 2500 metres in height with a South face of four hundred and fifty metres nearly a kilometre long. Until fairly recently when a new rock-climbing guide was published downgrading the climbs, the face had enjoyed a considerable reputation. There are four main lines. Starting from the left, that is the West, the first route is the 'Spindler', this has a difficult start and then crosses a great slab more easily.





The 'Herzog-Fiechtl' works up a pillar directly below the summit but then traverses left into a line of chimneys to avoid the steep section in the middle of the face. The 'Aschenbrenner-Rainer Direct' has the same start as the last route but goes straight on up. Finally, the 'Peter's Süd-Ost', perhaps technically the most difficult route, takes a less obvious line further right. The climbs are graded V+ to VI. Several parties had failed to climb the wall. The Southern slopes of the mountain are densely forested and at least two parties did not manage to thread their way through the trees. A further party tried to climb over from the North, but crossing the Wangscharte the col to the West of the mountain took so many hours that there was not enough time for them to do a route. Next day they managed to cut down the time but as they abseiled from the col, the weather broke. Whillans said that the face did look good and was definitely worth a visit. Finally this year, just before I collected Michael Baker in Chamonix, I had a card from yet another party who had got lost in the woods and been frightened off by a game-warden with a great gun.

Our intention was, of course, to do some of the South Wall routes, but Mike had been doing Schools and I had been trying to write a thesis so we thought we should do some preparation in the Kaisergebirge. We had five days there. The first was spent largely in making a rather frightening and airy descent from the 'Rebitsch-Spiegel' on the East Wall of the Fleischbank when I could not find the correct way. We could have gone up a great chimney instead but my reading of Buhl's book had informed me that hereabouts he had taken a fall of about sixty metres—I refer to the chapter entitled 'Headfirst to Life'. We had a little more success after this but finished by making a rather gripping ascent of Dülfer's route on the West face of the Totenkirchl. Here we spent three hours sorting out the right way, the weather was very dubious, and finally I took the wrong line of pegs in a rather exposed position. It was unsettling to undergo such experiences on a route pioneered in 1913. We retired to Innsbrück for a day's rest with the hope that we were now adequately prepared for the Wetterstein.

Enquiries at the O.A.V. headquarters in Innsbrück revealed the

existence of a private hut below our face. Next day we motored through Scharnitz to Ober Leutasch, which name covers several very small villages at the base of the tree-shrouded foothills of the Wettersteinwand. When we left Scharnitz the South face had been immediately identifiable but as we got closer it was gradually hidden by the intervening lower hills. We still had to find out how private the hut was and how it could be reached. Mike suggested that if we lunched in the Hotel we could ask our questions. This we did and learnt firstly that the Wetterstein hut was owned by the Mountain Rescue Organisation so that genuine climbers could stay at the usual O.A.V. prices and secondly that the path began just across the river from the hotel. We bought far too much food at the local shop and drove as far up the path as possible. It was a very hot day and we had to carry two great sacks filled with food, ropes, karabiners, pegs and too many boots. The track approached the mountain up a little valley between the trees. Several scantily dressed parties of walkers trotted down past us and I, for one, grudged the breath expended in returning the inevitable greetings. After an hour we could go no further and rested on a convenient bench: as the sweat dried I became conscious of the hut on a bluff just above us. Twenty minutes later we arrived. Above the hut the trees grew more sparsely and grass slopes stretched up to the col on the West of the face which was still largely hidden by one more grassy ridge. I will digress briefly on the subject of the hut. It was built just over a year ago and is supplied by jeep. The warden does all the cooking and his food is not very expensive: he is also a guide and seems to like climbers. We were the first English visitors to the hut and he looked after us particularly well, providing us with many more litres of boiling water and soup than he asked us to pay for. Lastly the beer was cheap and cooled. That first afternoon we did no more than sit behind glasses of beer trying to converse with two German lawyers.

Next morning we were woken at five. It was a fine day with a few clouds high in the sky and Mike led the way slowly up the fifteen hundred feet of gently graded path to the grass ridge. The face was before us, pink in the early morning sunlight: it was big, steep and very beautiful. Our original intention had been to do the



'Spindler', but since the weather might not be so good on the morrow we thought again and traversed below the face to the pillar at the foot of the 'Herzog-Fiechtl'. Two Germans were engaged on the crack between the pillars and the face; they said they were going to do the 'Direct'. I thought we might pass them if we kept to the Pillar which was not supposed to be particularly difficult. We might have done so if I had not gone off route following a line of pegs up forty metres of slightly impending wall. The time was lost while I stood in my étriers and wondered whether the line continued instead of going on up to find out. Eventually we got to the top of the pillar which was a hundred metres high and had to abseil twenty metres down to the top of the crack from which the Germans had just emerged. It was an exposed abseil and so the Germans were at the top of the ramp up to the left by the time we had descended. The difficulties began above the ramp with a steep crack followed by an oblique traverse across a slightly crumbling wall—the Eight Metre Wall—to a niche out of sight round a corner on the left. The party ahead were not markedly competent and dark clouds were gathering before I could cross the wall behind the second man. I used my étriers, as they had, when a hold came away in my right hand. Round the corner the 'Direct' went right and the second man was standing on a little ledge below an overhang tied to what looked like one of Fiechtl's original pegs while his leader attempted to traverse right, uttering frightful cries of alternately, 'Tight' and 'Slack'. Eventually Mike joined me and we were faced with the crux of our route. On Eastern Limestone rope traverses are not uncommon, but here it was necessary to pendulum from just above the belay ledge across a groove to cracks a few feet further away on the bulging left wall of the groove—a distance of some ten feet in all. I climbed up the groove for ten metres and passed one of my two ropes through a bundle of perlon slings right under the dripping black roof and descended several metres. I moved right to gain potential energy for the swing at the end of the rope. Mike fixed his eyes on the peg in the bulging wall at which I was to project myself in case I should be unable to see it in the heat of the moment. After talking to myself severely I managed to jump off my holds and swing across to the peg into

which I quickly clipped an étrier. Ten feet further on I belayed to rusty pegs and tied off the rope through the pendulum slings for Mike to slide over on. The difficulties were now nearly over, two more long and exposed traverses brought us to a line of chimneys choked with crumbling rocks which we followed easily to the ridge. The sky was now heavy with imminent rain and lunch was eaten hastily. The Schüsselkarspitze has a sharp spine and without roping again we scrambled easily to the West just on and below the ridge, by-passing a great tower to the North. One last easy buttress led down to the Wangscharte. After two short abseils and an easy chimney we reached the grass just beside the memorial tablet to Mathias Aukenthaler who fell to his death down the South face just before the war. The first drops of rain were falling as we ran down scree and glissaded a shallow gully with conveniently placed patches of snow. Before we reached the hut the rain was beating down and the two Germans arrived four hours later very, very wet but extremely pleased with the 'Direct'.

By next morning the rain had stopped and the sky was blue as we walked up the path once more. We had decided to relax and enjoy the 'Spindler'; the difficulties are largely confined to the start which is VI but thereafter there is nothing more than V. To reach the huge slab across which the route wends its way it is necessary to turn the first hundred metres where the convex slab curves sharply and smoothly down to the grass. There are three starts and we chose to avoid two cracks named after Aukenthaler and Aschenbrenner respectively and do the original start. This entailed scrambling a hundred metres up a buttress on the right and traversing left for fifty metres across a steep, smooth wall to reach the edge of the slab. First there was a twelve metre diagonal abseil but this was too close to the ground to be very terrible and then came the crux, another rope traverse. This was about twenty feet in all but the wall was almost vertical and the rock devoid of large holds. As always I passed both my ropes through the slings at the nearest end, left one to Mike and passed the other back through my waist karabiner. This way I could either lower myself or be lowered by Mike and then, later, I would be able to tie off the second rope to

sideways against small sloping ledges while feeling for vertical indentations with my fingers to gain horizontal distance. The trouble is always to know when and how much to let out the rope, but Mike was accustomed to these manoeuvres by now. The last five feet when the rope ceased to be of much help were really thin and I bring him across. I leant out against the taut ropes pushing my feet just managed to jam my left hand into a horizontal crack at the end as my feet went. A few feet further I belayed below a little overhang on a small ledge sitting in *étriers*. Two different Germans had appeared out of one of the cracks on my left and the ledge was crowded. It was a measure of our concentration that neither of us had seen them arrive at the bottom of the crack. It is perhaps an indication of the time such rope antics can take. I let them continue while I changed the film in my camera to photograph Mike coming across. For the second man a rope traverse is just an airy slide but it frequently makes a good photograph. After the overhang which had to be climbed free we settled down to enjoy the slab. There was no reason to overtake the party in front as we were in no hurry and I wanted figures in my photographs, so we followed them obliquely across the gently angled slab. It was a beautiful day and the white rock reflected the warmth of the sun in the clear blue sky. On stances I watched a dozen tiny cows eating their way along the grass ridge below. On the other side of the slab we again followed chimneys to the summit ridge, but this time we took longer over quite a large and varied lunch before picking our way down to the col. Back at the hut we sat on the terrace and drank beer. Tomorrow it would have to be the 'Direct'.

That afternoon several parties came up to the hut, it was Saturday, and that evening they sang and drank long after we had retired to bed. The Warden was to wake us early as we wished to be first on the face but as the others stumbled up to bed the rain began to beat down on the tin roof just above my head; it was not easy to sleep but eventually I dozed off. I woke when the Warden tweaked my foot and felt very unwell as I crept downstairs. Outside was blackness, no stars were visible and everything was still sopping wet although the rain had stopped. Mike carved hunks out of the black loaf now three days old; my lower jaw had a crick

and my mouth would not open wide enough. I tried putting the bread in sideways and got jam over my face. We went out into the night and I remarked that I did not enjoy rising at half past four; Mike explained that it was only half past three. Without further words I followed him slowly up the path yet again; the two previous days of climbing were having their effect. Gradually the sky became lighter and we paused on the grass ridge while I tried to photograph the wild light of the sunrise framed between huge banks of storm clouds; with this temperature they could bring rain or snow and it seemed most unlikely that we would climb. A cold wind got up; we could not face a fourth walk up to the face so we decided to go on up to the pillar at the foot of the 'Direct'.

I decided to climb the pillar again to save time; the crack beside it would still be wet. I managed to avoid the pitches of two days ago but still failed to go far enough right and followed yet another line of pegs up cold, wet overhangs. This only wasted one hour and we did not spend long over the abseil from the top of the pillar. Mike went up the ramp and I did the next two pitches up the layback crack and across the rickety wall to the ledge below the roof. It is more usual to continue up the crack but we had decided to do the higher traverse across to the top of this crack, the one the Germans had followed two days ago, to save a few more minutes. The rock was very cold but we were warming up now and the cold wind was drying things out. The clouds were even more threatening but as I started to traverse right a ray of sun briefly pierced the gloom and encouraged us to continue. The traverse was very exposed but there were many pegs and it was not too difficult, a long stride brought me to a cave where Mike belayed. I went on round the corner with one *étrier* into a steep crack which I jammed for thirty feet until it began to overhang. Here there was a difficult move to reach a peg high up in the back of the crack; I managed this using both hands to put my right foot as high as possible before standing on it. I left a sling for Mike and hung *étriers* on a few more pegs until I reached a scree basin in a great amphitheatre formed by the back wall of an enormous overhang on the left and the vertical wall on the right. Mike followed quickly and competently; we were both climbing well and enjoying the

route in spite of the very threatening weather. The route now lay up the left wall traversing out under the huge roof which was turned by laybacking and jamming on some very large and insecure-looking flakes in a sensational position. A long pitch of very exposed but not difficult climbing just below the continuing line of overhangs brought me to a niche and a second, shorter pitch up further steep cracks led to a ledge in the overhangs. From here a knight's move left just enabled me to turn a roof onto a sort of ramp. This gave yet another pitch of superbly exposed climbing across bottomless grooves, up little slabs and finally into an easy chimney forty metres away with a splendid stance clearly at the end of the difficulties. This was perhaps the best pitch of a magnificent climb; evading a long line of desperate overhangs which continually seemed to block the way; it was made for me when I found two alloy karabiners hanging from a peg. After a few more pitches we could climb directly up the great summit slab. The route had taken six and a half hours but due to our hideously early start it was still only twelve thirty. It was as well we had hurried for, as Mike coiled the rope, a few flakes of snow drifted down. For the third time in as many days we soloed along the ridge, but this time we came upon a ring cemented in the rock from which a long abseil landed us at the Wangscharte in thirty minutes. Back at the hut we ate quickly and rushed off down. The storm broke just as we approached the car.

\* \* \* \*

Recently I found that Paul Nunn had beaten us to the face by three weeks; his party had come over from the North, done the 'Süd-Ost' and returned to the Oberreintal hut the same day—a most impressive performance.

# BITTER SWEET

WARREN MARTIN

I speak of Wales, of North Wales, of that part of Gwynedd which our English visitors call Snowdonia but which the locals and indeed all those speaking a Celtic tongue have called Eryri since man ceased to gibber and began to speak. Eryri frequently and wrongly translated as the abode of the Eagles means the high land. Eryri the strength of Gwynedd, a refuge and a retreat and “a very present help in trouble”. My grandmother lived in a small cottage near Penmynydd in Anglesey and this is where one really sees the mountains. A long chain of mountain land stretching from sea to sea. She used to call them “Eryri Fawr” or Great Eryri and this I think sums up how the Welsh feel about their mountains. Respect touched with “hiraeth”, not fear and awe, as is often suggested. Eryri is so timeless and still possesses its mystery. Eryri is in effect part of the race. No Welshman, however Anglicized, and however much he hates to admit it, is entirely free of the legends and myths, beliefs and half understood truths of his ancestors. My grand old lady respected the old hills of Cambria and not only from afar off, for in her younger days, long before the belcher of smoke had arrived, she had made her pilgrimage to Y Wyddfa (whoever coined Snowdon should have had his tongue torn out and cast to the Ravens). She referred to the hills in everyday conversation and nearly all her favourite quotations were of the hills. A truly mountain people may not make much of the mountains for sport and should not be judged by their ability in a recreation which is new and still largely foreign to them. Judge them by their literature and this you will find to be full of a crystal clear imagery which could only be produced by those who loved their hills. Remember the hills are old, the people are old, and the sport is new. When Edward I invaded Wales, and it's not very long ago really, he had to bring special troops from the Pyrenees to scale Penmaenmawr, no Englishman could do it. My, how you have come on. Two charges are laid

against those who come from this area by those who come to test their skill on the rocks of our ancient hills. The first is that we do not climb, the second is that we do not care.

We do not climb in the sense that we do not practice<sup>s</sup> the art of rock climbing for recreation. The Mountaineering Club of North Wales is one answer to this charge. More and more locals have taken to the rocks. Many climb to a high standard. True there are no great names as yet, but give us time and it is no longer true that all the local guides are foreigners! But look a little deeper. Is there a better mountaineer than the hill farmer or shepherd, is there a better rock-man than the quarryman? Charles Evans states in his "On Climbing" that he finds swinging an ice pick most exhilarating but doubts very much that he who spent the whole of his working week swinging a pick would find it such a pleasure" Similarly if you spend the whole of your working life out in the mist and rain tending an animal which has a will of its own on hills which can be as inhospitable as any in the world, or working on the rock face in a manner which is both dangerous and exceptionally hard, it is highly unlikely that you are going to dash off to the hills for enjoyment. Further, until quite recently there was little time for enjoyment and if you were not a hill farmer or a quarryman you had to leave to make a living either to educate the English, tend their sick, sail their ships or fight their wars! We climb and have climbed. Not so obviously and perhaps not so well as those who come festooned in rope and iron like some old Celtic warhorse, but with the intensity of those who care. If you can spare time from a "Direct" which will be there for many a year watch a family collecting bilberries. We care because we are a mountain folk. We do not shout about it, bards do that for us. As old as the hills is more than a saying to us. We are of them and they are part of us and we take them for granted. That is why we need your help to protect our own heritage. We need your understanding. Do not scorn the local, there is much you can learn from him and like all mountain people his hospitality is proverbial. The next time you see a hill farmer, look with understanding, you may be a better mountaineer but are you a better mountain man. We look at the hills with respect from afar off, because we have been so close.

# ASCENT OR DESCENT

C. J. MORTLOCK

NOVEMBER 1964. Rain lashed against the windows of our Derbyshire cottage. Four days now of nearly continuous rain. It was time to use the 13 feet of torpedo shaped fibre glass called a white water canoe.

Picking up another convert — Joe Brown, and Kim Meldrum, the Warden of Whitehall — I drove close to the source of the river Dane. Here the river is 1000 feet above sea level, and almost level with the nearby Roaches outcrop. The guidebook stated that the river was canoeable in favourable conditions from about 10 miles further downstream! The river was in such spate however, that what was normally a trickle was instead a torrent. A mass of white water roared round a corner out of sight — a fall of 100 feet a mile for the first few miles promised excitement. Crash hats and life-jackets on, nylon shorts and wet suits complete the dress. We slide into the narrow canoes. Tight plastic spraydeck fits snugly over the cockpit keeping us fairly watertight; feet pressed against footrests, knees fixed under kneegrips and we are now part of the canoes — or hope to be!

Joe leads off round the bend. Kim and I follow. Rough water swirls over the canoes, but no danger yet — just as well as we are not warmed up. By the next river bend I am feeling more 'with it', and have moved into the lead — the river is burning along, but no rocks and falls — just my style of leading. Round the corner suddenly comes the first fall — the canoe dives, white water hits me in the face; the canoe is thrown over; a quick recovery paddle stroke and I'm through. Hell, I cannot relax — ahead the river is like a maelstrom — white water all the way through a small gorge. Half blinded by waves I plough down. Violent paddling keeps me upright. Most of the time the canoe is completely buried in spray, 'stoppers' and 'haystacks' — I seem to be fighting for my life. Luck is with me and I stay upright. A quick look round. Joe is battling down 50 yards behind. Behind him a canoe — upside down. Kim



is over. Try and stop — I manage this although it takes 100 yards to do it. With great difficulty Joe helps Kim and boat to the bank. His paddle has vanished. Kim runs back to the start for a spare one.

An essential smoke break and we are off again. Another four miles of mountainous white water and we break off for lunch. Cold and apathy set in. With great effort Joe and I carry on. Rough water and falls; a near disaster as we meet a log right across the river; continual soakings, and a final portage round a ten foot fall and we are finished for the day. We're cold and wet; it's a lousy day in November. But we are alive and it was a first descent!

How does it compare with climbing? Trips like the one above certainly seem to contain as much challenge and excitement as I ever found in climbing. As Joe remarked it felt strange to have 'butterflies' again. In many ways there are close similarities, especially in the demands on technical skill, experience, and mental control in potentially dangerous situations.

British rock climbing could be compared to canoeing British white water rivers. In both the environment is comparatively small, danger can be reduced to a healthy minimum in favourable conditions, and a high premium is placed on advanced skills. The climber is familiar with grading of climbs. He may not be aware that rivers are also graded. Grades go up to VI according to the amount of water disturbance, the number of rock falls and rapids, the force of water, and the length of the difficulties. However though the author would tackle a grade VI rock climb he would not go near a grade VI section of river. The official international description for the latter includes 'cannot be attempted without risk to life'. This is where the two sports tend to diverge. It is quite feasible to try a grade VI rock climb with safety and even retreat if necessary. But the white water canoeist has no running belays. Once started at least on grades V and VI he cannot go back. His nearest equivalent to a belay is the eskimo roll—in very rough water with rocks and gorges a capsize would make both canoe and canoeist more prone to serious accident. However below grade V the difficulties are normally not sustained, and a capsize is generally unlikely to expose the competent canoeist to mortal danger, although he may

have his canoe written off. The river Glaslyn through the gorge above Aberglaslyn bridge in high flood is a good example of a grade VI; a capsize in that would probably mean certain drowning, despite life jacket and crash hat, on account of the rocks and tremendous weight of turbulent water. The section just above the gorge and through Beddgelert is a good example of grade IV in high flood. On the descent of this section considerable technique is used to steer the canoe through mazes of rocks and falls in very fast water—it feels very exciting and difficult, and yet a capsize would not be serious due to the water being generally less than six feet deep—unless one did not manage to get out just above the gorge!

It would be a reasonable proposition to combine the two sports—except for the cost. Rock climbing favours dry conditions, canoeing the maximum amounts of rain. In other words the latter is essentially a winter pastime on the rivers—and not unduly rigorous as neoprene wet suits are worn. However most canoeists do canoe through the summer. If the rivers are too low, and in the hands of unfriendly salmon fishermen then he can go to the sea. In North Wales, Porth Cerian on the Llyn peninsula is a popular place. Exposed to large rollers the surfing can be great fun. The canoe is used as a surfboard to great effect. Paddle out to sea; here comes a big breaker; paddle hard up the face of it—it breaks—you loop the loop and either eskimo roll up, or if unlucky pick yourself and strained canoe up off the beach.

One of the reasons I took to canoeing was because it offered more scope for exploration. Self analysis of some incredibly silly new routes on Cloggy made me realise that there was very little worth doing that was new, that I was capable of; (I missed Dinas Mot). Hence about a year ago I spent a weekend canoeing in Central Wales covering over 50 miles of rough river up to grade V, which was unmentioned in the guide. It seemed better than trying to unearth a new climb on a small Welsh crag.

This exploration tends to become much more limited when one goes abroad. As with the Alps most rivers have been done. Canoeing is a more popular sport on the continent and at a much higher stan-

dard. Guidebooks are available for all rivers and grades V and VI are commonplace in areas such as Austria—and they are done frequently. On account of being much larger, high grade rivers are a major undertaking, especially for the British canoeist with his small river experience. Like the Alpinist he may be technically very competent but inexperienced in large scale difficulties.

Can canoeing offer anything to compare with long days on big mountains? Odly enough it can. The sea is as complex and dangerous as the latter. Like the climber the canoeist feels very insignificant on a long sea trip. Feelings of adventure, solitude, beauty and humility are all present. A few years ago four of us tackled the coast line extending up to Cape Wrath. The trip was never very difficult but, like the Alps, it was potentially very dangerous, especially as there were miles of craggy coastline where one could not land, and where sea temperatures did not permit a prolonged bathe.

Some sea trips, obviously compare favourably with very dangerous Alpine or Himalayan climbs. An example might be the crossing of the Atlantic—done in 1928, 1955, and 1956 by Germans in solo canoe crossings. Obviously the possibilities are endless in this respect, and all at the mercy of weather conditions. Like the climber such canoeists have to take calculated risks, and need considerable experience of tides, tide rips, weather conditions, overfalls and the like.

The final aspect of white water canoeing is that of slalom. A competitive sport of five divisions (and a Ladies division), the events are held on short section of rapid river (eg. the Serpent's Tail rapid on the Dee just upstream from Llangollen). Pairs of poles—called gates—are suspended over the water. There may be fifteen gates through which the canoeist must go without touching, and as quickly as possible. Technical difficulties can be extreme in the top division as the poles hang over water going in all directions. The sport is 'safe' but great fun. The competitive spirit seems similar to the one climber plus crowd situation that used to be seen on gritstone, and preferable to the furtive competition that exists among some modern Welsh climbers. Many of these 'slalomists' are

dedicated to this aspect of the sport. This is understandable as at the top the rivalry is intense. On the other hand like the climber who stays in Britain on his particular crags, the former can miss much—he tends to reduce the challenge of the outdoors to a human level.

The climbers who have indulged in white water canoeing have tended to derive much satisfaction from it. This does not surprise me, although I still find it difficult to believe that I can legitimately enthuse over continuous wet days. At least now, regardless of the weather, there is a chance for a first ascent or descent.

# THE OTHER PLACE

B. E. H. MADEN

In the ODG bar we were agreed that the White Slab on Cloggy was a really terrific climb. "What does it compare with in the Lakes?" An off guard question this, from Syd Cross. He had played right into the away team's hands, laying himself wide open to the charge that nothing in his home territory was quite like the White Slab. But joking apart you've got to move round these days. The really good climbs are everywhere, and just as the Clogwyn is unique with its forbidding walls and slabs, so is its most obvious Cumbrian rival imbued with an atmosphere quite its own.

Hell's Groove is a big gash in the Eskdale Face of Scafell East Buttress. The whole of this section of the crag is undercut by a cleancut overhanging wall which is split in its centre and at its lowest point by an equally overhanging crack. This crack defeated all comers until Greenwood surmounted it in 1952, giving Dolphin the big pitch above to make what was, at the time, the hardest route on the crag. For the historian this was exactly three months before Brown led Cenotaph Corner with which it currently rates. It is surpassed by Ichabod, Phoenix, and other courses of new generation difficulty, but retains its reputation as one of the big routes on Scafell. After collecting a good few of the classics around Mickledore during the two previous perfect Whit weekends Hell's Groove was a logical conclusion if not an obsession. So that a few drops of rain on the wind-screen at midnight as the Mini wound over the moorland road from Ulpha elicited stifled oaths.

Saturday morning was fine but scarcely promising. Peter Gerrard and I tore up Hollow Stones and over Mickledore to the sombre overhangs of the East Buttress. Two lads were muttering about the climb but they didn't like the weather so we told them about Esk Buttress and we last saw them hurtling safely away down the Cam Spout Path. Meanwhile we turned the corner and throats went dry as we scrambled up the ledges beneath the frowning

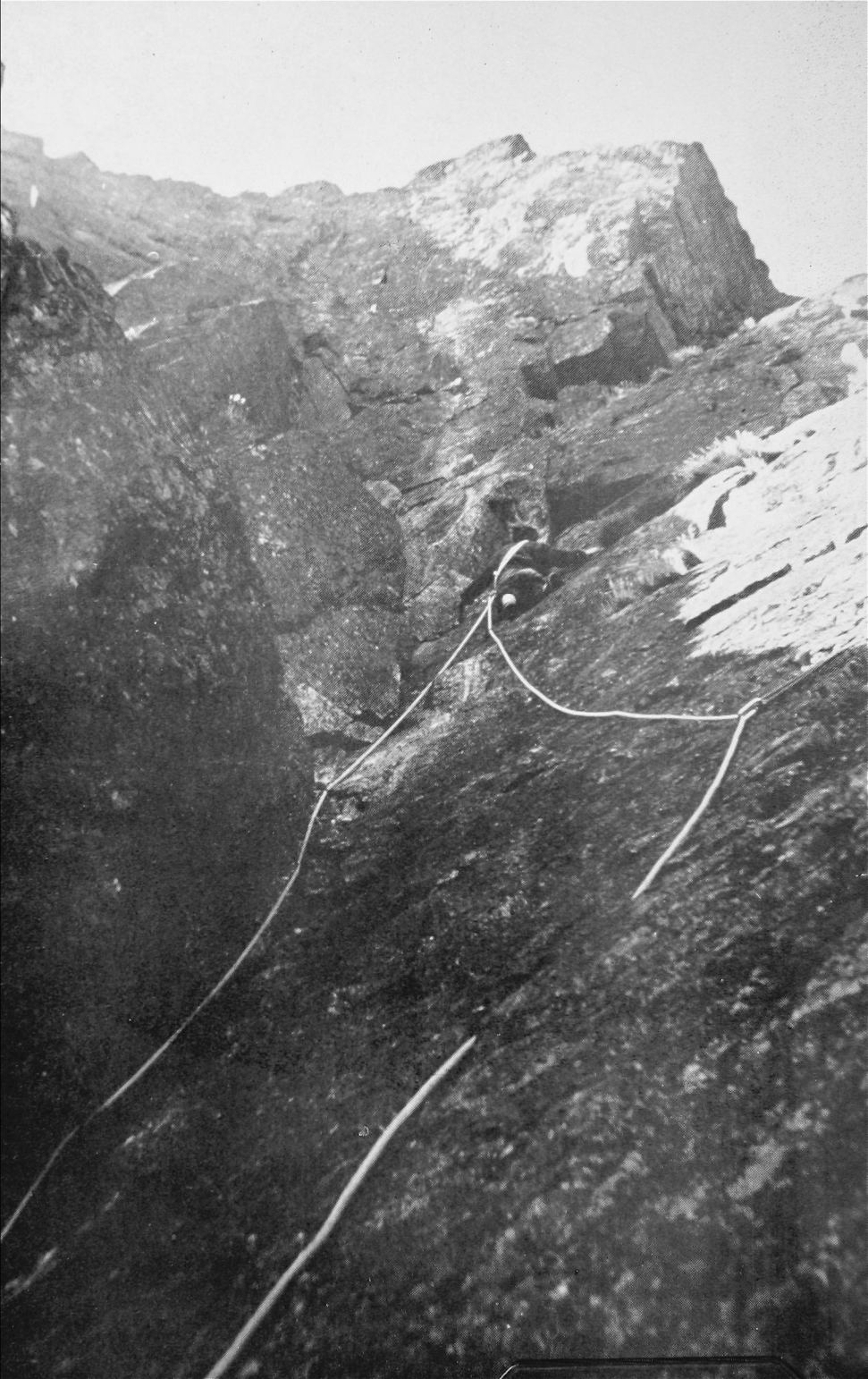
crag. It is an impressive place, this Eskdale Face of Scafell. Around a slight corner from Great Eastern it is out of sight from the madding crowds on Mickledore and spreads itself in seclusion in the big morning sun with a wild prospect over Upper Eskdale out towards Bowfell. A great overhanging face featured by the interrupted gangways of Morning Wall and Pegasus and the fierce vertical clefts of Ichabod, Phoenix, Hell's Groove and Trinity, a company of kings. But the big morning sun was just a memory from the years before and today it was grey and chilly. We felt slightly less welcome than ever.

We had made this arrangement that Peter the strong armed lad would dispose of the overhanging crack and I, the long gangling type, should try the big groove above. The crack was obviously evil and I hate getting pushed on to hard stuff before warming up so before he could change his mind I nipped up a short slab and belayed beneath the crack. This overhangs four feet in its height of fifteen, and has a peapod shaped dilatation near the top which presumably couldn't be jammed. Peter also was suffering from cold fingers or feet or something. Indeed such was the aura surrounding this climb, "the top of the Scafell honours list" (Austin, CCJ 1961) that after a few clearly half hearted attempts he unroped and fled round the corner. Now I've no idea why he did this, but it made him a whole lot better and on return he leapt into action, a few moments later disappearing over the top exclaiming, "it's a piece of nuts" in a queer, trembly sort of voice. I found it wicked but there is a jug over the top (there needed to be) and on the slab above I began to come to life.

Peter was attached to a couple of chocks, his feet on a sloping ledge and everything converging into a bulging groove above. The groove proper is unclimbed, the line breaking rightwards on to a very steep wall to give the "magnificent pitch" whose guidebook description I knew by heart. Now difficulty is a relative thing but a glance sufficient to indicate that for me this pitch would be hard, so I took the slings and gave him the gloves and tried to look a bit bold.

Stepping rightwards I grasped a sort of layback edge, cocked







a foot high on the right wall and lurched hopefully into the offensive. This single move put me immediately several feet up in a subsidiary groove where, the position being awkwardly off balance, I knocked together some quick interesting moves and pulled out on to a sloping ledge twenty feet up. There are places for pitons for protection and this is one of them, as even the scrupulous Dolphin had conceded. The rusty exhibit which confronted me seemed in ample need of replacement, but I clumsily jammed a long channel with three inches out in the breeze. Feeling ridiculous I clipped into both (they were side by side) and hoped for the best.

From here a fault curves steeply up to the right, the first objective being a small foothold at nose height on the right wall, when you feel like going for it. In my case this was not for some time as it was hard, and I was impressed, and the move was like the first one up from the stance only more committing, and on worse holds. But it came to pass in the fullness of time that I rose from the ledge on to the hold. At school you learn about laybacks, bridging and incuts but climbing on real rock can be any combination of such things. This was a resonance hybrid somewhere between the above canonical forms and as such felt a bit irreversible. So that those same factors which had delayed my arrival on the hold now urged a rapid departure, but some thin looking slabby stuff separated me from a second ledge and the runner seemed too far below for that inner comfort which they say you derive from the hills. But a thin move up and suddenly everything was O.K. There were holds and I arrived on the second ledge.

This ledge is a feature of the climb. A foot wide and a few feet long it allows you to rest in complete comfort if you like a lot of exposure. Down in the groove Peter seemed somewhat eclipsed by his surroundings while directly below the wall heeled over into the general overhangs and the deck was a long way beneath. A small block runner at the right hand end of the ledge took two nuts which you'd call protection. An impending ten foot wall blocked access to a crack and unknown difficulties above. The wall looked hard and a baffling fear began to lurk that the climb would prove to be beyond the pale. A wraith of mist crept across the cliff and

suddenly the threat of impending rain galvanized me into action. An anxious high step up brought into reach superb sinking hand-jams which led up into the crack proper. Jamming round the bulge in a wild and thrilling position all thought of retreat was swept aside by a big elation and I knew I was going to make it. Moments like this are the greatest thing in climbing; when the doubt and suffering fall away as a single move puts the hardest stuff beneath and you realize you are up. A few easy moves, a perfect nut runner beside a final awkward mantlesheff, and I was belaying in the familiar cave above the third pitch of Pegasus.

Sixty feet below, on the crux of that climb, Trevor Jones was experiencing the same difficulties which I had encountered the previous year. I like to think I'm a charitable sort of chap, but the sight of his anxious face made me chuffed, and when his ropes got jammed in the same place where mine had and he said it was "pushing extreme" I told him Hell's Groove was harder and my jubilation was complete. You see at Easter he'd led me up Suicide wall at Bosigran on which I'd been rather graced.

Peter followed, not without difficulty, wresting out the offending piton on the way, and we relaxed over the superbly exposed final four pitches of Pegasus. These are never above mild V.S. but in a terrific position high on the crag with a great emptiness beneath. For the lover of exposure it is worth mentioning that two of these pitches could be done as a variation to the upper part of Morning Wall. The final crevasse pitch of the latter, on huge holds, debouches via a miniature chimney on to a perfect little meadow, which, the weather improving, we felt in no haste to vacate.

I should conclude by apologizing to those hard men who will already have done this climb with much less difficulty than myself. It must be admitted that an alternative version of this article could be constructed to read "Hell's Groove, just XS, 5a/b". Nevertheless by modern (or any!) standards the climb is of a different order of severity to the much popularized C.B. which despite its historic associations and fine positions is really just a few feet of excruciating grunting and thrashing around on an otherwise old fashioned V.S. This is not to decry the North Crag of Scaffell, which possesses

many fine climbs, but the appeal of the East Buttress is that almost any of its routes provide continuous, not to say sustained, interest for the standard indicated in the book. They demand thought and concentration rather than plain brute force. Any confirmed Welshman who works in, for example, Kirkus' brilliant Mickledore Grooves, Birkett's intriguing May Day, and one of the "big" routes mentioned above, together with a climb such as Trespasser Groove on Esk Buttress and Gormenghast on Heron Crag, will surely concede that the Scafell area is a worthy counterpart to its rival Clogwyn du'r Arddu. For myself it has been the scene of some near perfect visits and one of my treasured memories is of an evening in early June when two of us stood in P.As on the secluded summit of the mountain after a great day's climbing. The sunlit dome of Esk Buttress cast a long purple shadow across the luminescent golden and dusky depths of upper Eskdale and up the opposite hillside. After Hell's Groove there were, climatically, no such purple passages but by now we had plenty by which to remember the crag, and we had tasted some of the fruits of fulfilment of C.F. Holland's promise from the 30s's . . . "And so we leave the history of Scafell at a time when the future is bright with the possibility of great developments, a time (and this was doubly true for us) when there is no danger of the call of Ichabod, a time when we may feel that the best is yet to come."

# IN THE VERCORS

N. J. ALLEN

I can think of thirteen reasons for enjoying climbing. In the perfect day I suppose all of them would be involved, each ingredient in its just proportion, some, the less important and the less creditable, contributing no more than the merest soupçon; but such a work of art must indeed be rare. For a climb is not, as the vulgar might suppose, a steep-angled aggregation of silicates or carbonates, nor—even less—an entry in a guide book. These are instrument and score, inert, dull matter, until the performer comes. So the perfect climb arises from the conjunction of suitable geology and a climber who is adequately fit and in the ideal state of mind.

As Hugh Woodland and I stood at the foot of Mont Aiguille conditions seemed favourable. The Dolomites had treated us kindly, neglecting even to wet us. A sodden Chamonix had repelled, and half an hour at the juke box was enough to decide us on rapid flight to the Vercors, following the example of Colin Taylor. Pausing only at Grenoble for the 1963 guide book, we were soon lying sun-burnt on the summit plateau, having enjoyed the Voie du 29 mai. The steep cliffs surrounding Mont Aiguille on all sides present so obvious a challenge that it was felt as long ago as the Renaissance. In fact it was in 1492 that the first ascent was made on the orders of Charles VIII of France. It is still P.D., though admittedly they used ladders.

And today was to be a new date in its lengthy history. To the right of the Voie Normale, the guide book was blank where a large buttress of steep grey slabs offered an obvious possibility. Up this we were to float, gently levitating like thistledown. Barely brushing the surface of the rock, our touch would be as gentle as an antiquarian's holding in his hands a piece of ancient porcelain, not so much afraid for its fragility as out of natural consideration and affection. Our R.D's, liberated for once from the drudgery of making the difficult easy, would achieve the ambition to which they so

obviously aspire, attaining in their old age the status of ballet shoes.

The rock indeed on this side of the mountain was excellent, with a soundness more like the Kaisergebirge than the Dolomites. But the culminating pleasures of priority were denied. Arriving at the first stance we found its hoped-for virginity violated by a well-planted piton, and it was the same at each stance. Nor was it sustained at a high enough standard—an agreeable hard *Difficile* but no excitements. Where the route became uncertain a pitch or so from the top, we went through a hole in the rock, like Alice, and descended, deeply disappointed.

Hugh and I both have more or less equal confidence in our judgments, his tending usually to the more prudent course, mine to the less, with the result that a day's climbing often involved discussions as tightly negotiated as a disarmament pact. Luckily it was half past one, there was no time for a decent argument, and after a hasty and misleading glance at the guidebook, we determined to have a look at the only available E.D., the 230 metre *Voie des Etudiants*, and to press on provided the pegs were all in place.

After two pitches it became apparent that they weren't, and the air grew oppressive with the unspoken counsels of prudence. Free abseils in a shirt are disagreeable. A forced retreat due to misjudgment is a humiliation, whereas to turn back early, when circumstances prove adverse, is the very touchstone of soundness.

The wall was steep and hard. How exhilarating to meet for a change some pure free rock difficulties! A peg for protection at 15 feet seemed called for. Twelve feet higher, with forearm muscles protesting, it was high time for another. I lack experience in one handed peg insertion; desperation was closing in as I realised that a ring channel will not go in upwards one handed as the ring swings in the way of the blows. Stressful moments followed as I cursed overconfidence. At last a blade was in and safe. There were plenty of cracks, which indeed was to be expected as 14 pegs are allowed. Luckily a pair of overhangs made much of the next pitch undeniably artificial. But the situation, tiptoeing up the nose between them, was for the connoisseur.

Usually I am impatient at belays, full of the need for action.

But between us and the southern foothills of the Dauphine the valley landscape was changing in the slanting light. Around trees and in hollows the subtler colours of shadows added variety to the green and red patchwork of fields and tiled hamlets: In the gaps between the hills, space, no longer the sun-baked abstraction of a hot afternoon, had slowly thickened. This must be the medium of architects in their dreams, when they place themselves in vast cathedrals, forming and dividing, like a sculptor, only from inside. A few feet below rock creepers were displaying the handsome red stripes on their wings. I should not have known the name, but Hugh had identified them. It is pleasant to have at hand a zoologist who does not confine himself to his strands of D.N.A. blindly weaving and twisting in laboratories. One day, when the wilder urges have atrophied, I shall be a spry and white-haired sixty year old, fit enough still for the meadows and lower passes, and shall know each Alpine flower by name, greeting them on either hand with a friendly nod.

Such musings were interrupted by the sight of Hugh dangling by one hand beneath the second overhang. A previous party's wedge, situated just below it, having given essential aid to both of us, had chosen this moment to make a bid for freedom. But it was premature. Hugh was still attached, and it ended up as another addition to the season's booty. Undeterred by his drop of about a foot, he led through up an agreeable mixed pitch.

There is nothing I like so much as a long run-out. The last three pitches, easier now, (A.1 and 5) could just be fitted on 150 feet. About one peg in three was in here, for the finish is shared with another route. When channels ran short, nuts, if not insertable by hand, could be hammered in with the pointed end of a peg hammer, or (though I did not think of it at the time) a wedge inserted only one inch and unreliable through mechanical disadvantage, could have been safely used in the manner of a chockstone. The shadow of the sun setting behind the Rochers du Parquet raced Hugh for the top, winning by just a few feet.

Unplanned days are often unexpectedly rewarding. The Andrich-Fae route on the Punta Civetta with all its 800 metres had

been every bit as splendid as a classic should be. But the careful preparation preceding and the feelings of solid achievement afterwards had left little room for imagination or spontaneity. On the Voie des Etudiants it would be hypocritical to deny a certain satisfaction derived from being two hours under the guide book time for all pegs in situ. However this was but a minor contribution among the twelve others.

It was so dark in the forest that we followed the path down by the feel of the earth underfoot. The wildness came back to me the other night returning in the small hours past suburban street-lights.

# INTRODUCTION TO SAUSSOIS

J. A. AUSTIN

The skies above were grey and storm-tossed, weeping curtains of rain that drove across the great plains of Northern France. I looked out. I was ready to go home. We had just arrived in all this drenching downpour had pitched camp. I was wet, very wet. We had driven 1500 miles to see those scruffy little limestone cliffs, the ones we could see peeping over the tree-tops just beyond the river, urged on by Claud's "It is always fine at the Saussois".

We wandered over to the crag and watched a young French incompetent playing about in *étriers*. Disconsolately we turned towards the camp—when again the heavens opened, and it rained. It would have been unpleasant if the café had not been at hand—the first lucky break of the holiday. It was a black day for Yorkshire however, as I was the only one with money; and beer at 3/- a glass.

The following day dawned bright and clear and we made the most of it. We loafed and lazed and made a late start. When eventually we arrived at the crags climbing was in full swing. I must admit, the place looked attractive. We stood in the shade of some tall trees and leaned against Claud's car which we'd parked just off the road. The crag was a mere 10 yards away. It was glowing yellow and white in the sun. Some of the things these lads were on looked good. I felt a bit better, maybe even a little impressed. "Looks quite good," I remarked, speaking to a silent Claud. "That line up there looks particularly impressive." Still no answer. I cleared my throat and prepared to start again, when I noticed his face. It was all hot and flushed. Beads of sweat were standing on his forehead. "Must be the sun," I thought: though that didn't account for the way his eyes were bulging. I turned my attention back to the crag.

"By Jove!" I thought, "I haven't seen that before." "She's wearing a bikini," I ventured. A particularly futile remark. It was



obvious that he'd already noticed. I glanced about. "There's another over there!" I passed the information on to a hard-breathing Claud. The eyeballs moved. Attention was transferred from the red to the blue. . . .

Eventually the passage of time (and the bikinis) saw us roped up on a little climb well to one side. There were no spectators, and so, naturally, no climbers. I found myself on the sharp end doing some particularly bold laybacking, in what I thought was a very thin crack. I was impressed! I passed the information on to Claud. "Mac. said it was good," he replied. I warmed to it. "It's steep and remarkably sound. You'll like it Claud."

"He may have been referring to the climbing," he continued. His thoughts were obviously elsewhere.

We collected our gear and scrambled back down to the road. Claud was already engaging the Red Bikini in small talk. She was worth engaging in anything! I rushed down, and was just in time to meet a young blond giant, magnificently muscled, clad in swimming trunks and climbing boots. He looked familiar. I racked my brains—and then I remembered. He was the front end of the Red Bikini's rope.

"Er, how do you do?" I quavered, hurriedly stepping away from the Red Bikini and giving Claud a nudge on the way. "We were just asking about the routes." "He doesn't understand," came a tinkling laugh from behind. I was not so sure. English maybe: but Claud?

Explanations were difficult, but with a bit of intelligence on the other side, and determination on ours we got out the information that we had done that little crack up there. We stood back waiting for the applause. A raised eyebrow maybe, or a sharp intake of breath.

The Red Bikini looked at the Blond Giant with an unspoken question. It was answered with an avalanche of French. I understood nothing, but managed to pick out the word "facile" which cropped up once or twice.

We hurried away, crestfallen, to start on the next climb. It was her choice; La Rech. It was the one the Blue Bikini had just rushed

up—on the sharp end. It looked good, even though it did look easy. Yet another well-filled costume was climbing in front. She was being hauled up by some tall young Frenchman. Obviously incompetent, and equally obviously, she never lacked climbing partners.

I started out (Claud had done it before with Mac.). "It's probably the easiest pitch on the cliff," said Claud as I teetered my way up the easy slabby ridges on slabby sloping holds. "It gets harder higher up."

The second pitch was a deep thrutchy crack and I was able to hide my shame deep inside. It wasn't often that the French were treated to the sight of a genuine Yorkshireman, complete with baggy ex-army trousers, sweating his way up a thrutchy crack. They probably laughed their sunburnt sides sore.

The third pitch was a pleasant open slab. "At last," I remarked, this is something like it." I came to a full stop hanging on a peg, about ten feet short of the next stance. It seemed hard. There were only bits of nicks for finger holds and the thing had steepened up abominably. "It's only five inf.," Claud's reassuring voice came up from the rear. "It's the classic of the crag." I had another go. "That's the place where we saw the Blue Bikini; she didn't have any difficulty." Claud took the rope in tight as I flopped back onto the peg.

I simply couldn't let all these bits of French fluff beat me. I wiped my sweating palms on the seat of my steaming trousers and made a desperate last attempt. "I think the peg's only for protection," the voice from the rear tuned in as I managed, at last, to get a trembling foot on it.

"You're not climbing so well today," announced Claud on arrival, and deftly lifted the slings from my neck. "I think I'd better lead the rest."

It was a delightful pitch, slabby, juggy and with a peg where it looked as if it might get hard—but didn't. He was no mug, this Claud chap. He'd been here before.

On the top, and sharing the same stance with Claud was the Blond Giant. I gave him a nervous smile and looked over the edge at his

route. Gad, it was impressive. A long thin curving groove, without as far as I could see, any runners. The Red Bikini came up quickly and easily. When she arrived I strode forward, crashing into Claud's back as he smoothly stepped in front. It was the Blond Giant for me again.

"Er, how do you do?" I said again as I listened to the smooth flow of talk from over my shoulder. "... not easy like the one you've just done ... but not too hard ... only a few steps of six. ..."

We wandered back to the campsite in thoughtful mood. "Can you imagine that lot in Briggs' joint?" remarked Claud. "By gum," I thought, suddenly struck with the vision of a P.Y.G. filled with all these Bikinis. "Even Doug. would take up climbing again."\*

I was enthusiastic on my return to the tent. I waxed lyrical on the impressive local scenery and the ability of the locals. Jennie was not impressed. I almost lost my dinner. So did Claud.

It was a rather sad pair of climbers who wandered over to the crags that evening for a last look; before rushing off back to Paris.

\*Mr. Verity has endorsed this opinion.—Ed.

\* \* \* \*

Not wishing to spoil the fun (which the author's party had) in finding these routes, only a limited selection is given.

La Martine 200 feet. D. sup.

A magnificent chimney (comparable with the classic Cloggy ones), splitting the right hand of the two major buttresses. The crux is a short traverse from right to left just above the "chapel" Above the chimney proper the arête on the left is the correct way to the top.

La Rech 200 feet. T.D. inf.

The long ridge of the left hand buttress (the other major one).

- (1) 50 feet. Lies up the front of a subsidiary block. Peg runner.
- (2) 40 feet. Is an overhanging chimney crack just right of the crest of the ridge.
- (3) 60 feet. Lies up the smooth-looking slabs just right of the crest. It has two or three pegs in it, and leaving the last one is quite hard. the last pitch is easier, and again follows slabs just right of the crest.

L'I 180 feet. T.D. (with a few steps of VIa).

Starts about 25 yds. left of La Rech.

- (1) Runs from left to right up an overhanging wall (2 pegs), then goes straight up to a belay in some caves.
- (2) Crawl out of the hole on the right and go up without difficulty to a ledge and belay. (La Der and La Rech use the same ledge but further right).
- (3) "Le livre ouvert" is a superb pitch. Pull over the overhang above the belay and climb steeply up, passing a couple of chains, before stepping left into the bed of the groove. Follow the groove (peg low down and again high up) to the top.

La Locomotive 70 feet. T.D. sup.

Lies on a smaller buttress, the second on the left from La Rech Buttress. The thin oscillating crack in the centre of the buttress. It is steep. There are a couple of pegs, and one exits right at the top.

All the pegs are in place. The French guidebook indicates which pegs are for aid and which for protection. It is best to abide by this. The pegs on La Martine are for aid. All the rest are for protection (I do not entirely trust Claud's word with respect to that peg on La Rech!). The crag is very accessible and lies just off the main London-Chamonix road, about 120 miles S.E. of Paris. From Auxerre take the main road (not the new Autoroute) towards Avallon. After about 10 miles fork right along a road signposted to Chatel Censoir and Mailly la Ville. Follow the Chatel Censoir signs, through Mailly la Ville to Saussois, a distance (from Auxerre) of 20 miles. There is camping close by and an empty C.A.F. hut on top of the crag.

# WHITE HELL PURSUING CENTRE

K. I. MELDRUM

The Outdoor Pursuits scene is changing, changing very quickly as authorities realise the value of this sort of residential training; climbing on the band waggon some would say. The whole field is tending to get bogged down in beaurocracy; Mountain Leadership Certificate, BMC Guides Certificate, Mountain Centres Instructors Certificate, First Aid Certificate, Life Saving Certificate, British Canoe Union Certificate, British Association of Professional Ski Instructor's Certificate.... Without most of these, instructors are just non-starters; we've all joined the rat race and it's much more difficult than you might think. With luck we ought to get exemption from the Mountain Leadership Certificate, now, that is, we've passed our First Aid Certificate. Even this simple section provided its embarrassing moments. We all knew a fair bit about accidental hypothermia and between us we knew how to deal with a hundred and fifty poisonous snake bites and how to cauterise rabid dog bites with a red hot poker; we didn't know how to extract marbles from children's noses. Fortunately we weren't required to exhibit our military precision by demonstrating a stretcher lift. In practice such phrases as 'Stretcher party lift' and 'Side paces with me, begin' were all too reminiscent of either the parade ground or Listen with Mother, to do anything but leave us all hysterical.

Most authorities insist on their teachers having a Life Saving Certificate, even for taking groups to the local swimming pool. The anomalies of our not having such a certificate were brought home to us on the river Spey last year. On our annual canoeing expedition there was a shambles at the first rapid where probably half a dozen students and in particular a young girl capsized where a tree had fallen across the river. Only the girl was in serious trouble and it

wasn't until later that we discovered that she only had one lung anyway. Some months later, in the local swimming bath, the problems of life saving didn't seem appreciably easier. Dick made every effort to keep his partner totally immersed for a full twenty yards; neither recovered fully for several days. With not a little guidance John, who was partnering me in this test, effected a neat Bennet's fracture in demonstrating a sure method of release from a clutching man. It wasn't that we really felt that we needed the life saving certificate or that we would be any safer for having got it but we couldn't go on to get the British Canoe Union's Coaches award until we had it.

Our attempts to move up the canoeing hierarchy were not uneventful. At even the first stage we were described by the examiner as a 'rough lot'. This was perhaps not entirely unjustified since we had simulated a first aid pack with a tin of beans and then failed to escape from a capsized canoe. It was more bad judgement than lack of technical ability which caused an incident on the Derbyshire Wye. We were trying to shoot a mill race for the first time; once started it was much committing than any climb. It began with a vertical drop of about five feet with only one place where you could go over it. Alan chose the wrong place and impaled the bows on a tooth of rock. The weight of water folded the canoe, a really strong glass-fibre one, over his head and he went down the rest of the race with three points above water, bows, head and stern. This first descent reminds me of a remark that Joe made having made a couple of first descents of local rivers with me last year when he said that he got more enjoyment from doing a first descent than from a first ascent. It's only at times of flood that these rivers are possible, as at other times they are better described in the words of a visiting instructor from Glenmore Lodge as 'drains'. This is perhaps a more accurate description than he realised at the time. Many of the local rivers have their origins in the sewage works which normally, I suppose, is alright; at least the sewage constructors are supposed to drink the finished product as a demonstration of the plant's efficiency. In flood conditions, and that isn't only Sunday mornings, they just can't cope with the problem. Last December the sight of hundred of rats jumping from island to island of excrement

in the river Etherow dissuaded us from attempting this first descent.

We have tried to introduce various educational climbing gimmicks. Many of these were the product of Joe's fertile imagination and just before he left to open his shop in Llanberis we had reached what was, I suspect, his ultimate objective of being able to teach all the techniques and skills of climbing without actually having to endure the discomfort of walking to a crag and touching proper rock. This all started when Joe devised the Chapel traverse. Nothing was more humiliating than getting dressed up in P.A's and then being overtaken three times by Joe as he rushed round in bedroom slippers. The next stage was the development of a falling machine. For two days Joe hung in slings thirty feet up a tree drilling holes through the trunk. From the platform that eventually appeared we all played about, dropping weights to simulate falling leaders. We did this mainly to test Joe's advocacy of the shoulder belay. Pete Crew was beguiled into an argument over the relative merits of waist and shoulder belays and was persuaded to try the machine. The man-weight falling stone left both of them writhing on the platform; Pete in surprise and pain and Joe in hysterical laughter. The machine has fallen into disuse rather since John damaged his knee at a time when Joe had his bad back and Alan had his ankle. . .

In spite of these sorts of advanced training methods accidents still occur. Recently I had to write an accident report on a student who fell;

'... he fell and landed on the ground. He sustained a serious fracture to his right malleolus. At the time he was unroped. As he fell the instructor tried to grab him. . . .'

I fully expected the authority to make an issue over this and was looking forward to quoting the Kinder and Roaches Guide which describes the Quarry traverse at Windgather as 'a 200 foot route never exceeding jumping distance from the ground' but was surprised that it went through without question.

Competition seems to be almost irresistible to the young lads on our courses and a favourite trick of Joe's was to tell them that they would die if they hung from their waists on a climbing rope for more than a few minutes unless they knew what to do. It says much for

their determination that in the long evenings in the mountain huts which we use there would always be a line of red and purple faced lads hanging like bats from the rafters.

In all outdoor centres competition is inevitably tempered with a very large margin of safety and the incidents which provide such good copy for epic mountaineering articles are almost non-existent. It's during the off periods, when instructors go off to Wales, the Lakes and Scotland that the most entertaining incidents happen. Like the odd trips that I had to Wales with Joe. I should have learnt that each time would turn out to be full of the unexpected. We left White Hall last winter and arrived in the Pass at about lunch time. The idea was to do some winter climbing on Llewidd. We got to the lake at about 2 p.m. and I fully expected to just have a look at the conditions or to pick out a line for the next day. We plodded on at the bottom of West Gulley. Joe stopped and unslung his sack.

'I'm putting my crampons on here.'

'I think I'll wait till we get above the rock and. . .'

'Put them on now.'

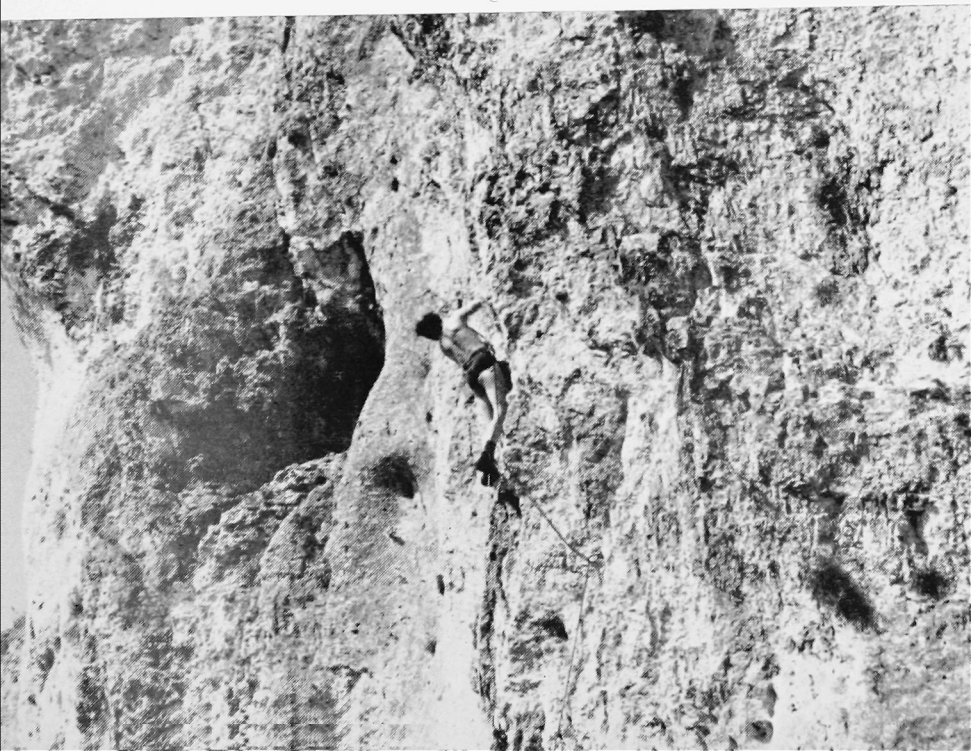
'... and onto the snow above and then. . .'

'Get the ———'s on now.'

He knew . . . all the rock was thick with verglas. With two hours of daylight left it was a race against the clock and we just managed to get up before dark. This was a first winter ascent. The next day was supposed to be Central Gulley but like most of my trips with him plans changed and we just lay about. The next time in Wales it was Pellagra on Craig y Castell. The name came from a Kellogs packet, the only reading material available in the Cromlech hut. My most vivid recollection of this climb was the traverse on the last pitch. The hand jams are like getting hold of barbed wire or gripping a sea urchin. Even so, or perhaps because of this, I penduled across to the crux of Wasp; by contrast it might have been a V Diff. Climbing in the Lakes with him is just as unexpected. He always moans about the weather and has developed in interesting meteorological philosophy. He seldom makes a move before mid-day; this is to give the rain a chance to clear up or alternatively to wait and see whether it will stay fine. This time rain came with no

CONTRASTING STYLES IN THE SAUSSOIS  
*C. E. Davies*







chance of letting up but we still drove out to Castle Rock with Frank Davies. Again I thought just to have a look. But no. In the driving rain we plodded up to May-day Cracks. The first pitch was a real waterfall and would have done credit to any pothole. Even with a caving ladder I would have found some difficulty on it. Above, all the ledges were waterlogged and as Frank, who was wearing his inevitable flat hat, got to a taxing section a mud avalanche slithered down the crack. Under a pyramid of mud two startled white eyes started from a black face, his mouth working, at first uncontrollably and silent and then equally uncontrollably but voluble.

Not all our time without a course in is spent like this, much of it being devoted to maintenance. Most of the routine maintenance is pretty dull and Joe was an expert at thinking up interesting schemes which usually worked. Probably the biggest thing that he started was a programme of glass-fibre canoe building which has occupied all the instructors for many hours. At first the novelty was exciting but stippling for hours at a time can wear anyone down. One of the problems is to prevent the canoe sticking to the mould. Brian Fuller produced one day an aerosol spray of PTFE with strict instructions not to use it when smoking. Joe at this time had succumbed to the weed again having passed through the familiar phases of withdrawal symptoms, and cigars. He was in fact rolling his own. Some PTFE dust must have been rolled in with one and after the first deep draw he was flat on his back unable to breathe and thinking that he was going to die. Our doctor, who was unfamiliar with PTFE poisoning, told us not to worry and that it was probably just 'flu symptoms. Once having started in glass fibre we all started to realise its potential, but again it was Joe who took the initiative and started making crash hats. These started off as canoeing crash hats and we decided that they could quite well be climbing hats. Within a few weeks we had the first ones produced. It was a slow and tedious job. So instead of making hats he made moulds, and, in the end he was making batches of twelve hats simultaneously. We never have more than a dozen students climbing at a time but by this time Joe had become a compulsive crash hat manufacturer. It was soon after he discovered that we had fifty hats that he decided to open his

shop. This may have been coincidence. Dick, who has inherited the reputation of amateur fibre glass king of Derbyshire has even repaired a broken finger nail with resin.

To most people potholing is still a dirty word. In Derbyshire it is certainly a dirty sport and with the instructors is generally unpopular. Surprisingly and unfortunately for them it is very well received by the students and even more surprisingly by the girls. The Freudian implications of this I haven't really been able to work out but it all seems a bit perverse. One of the most interesting aspects of caving is cave rescue. It seems to offer some sort of incentive for going underground. Joe had become pretty sceptical about cave rescues during his four years here and although he had been out on about half a dozen cave rescues he'd never actually been underground on any of these occasions. It was ironical that just a week before he left he was involved in the biggest rescue since the Neil Moss accident in Peak Cavern.

It is probably because we do less skiing than any other activity that it is the one activity that everyone enjoys the most. For months before the ski season arrives people start reading last year's glossy American ski magazines, speculating on what the new colour will be for this year and worrying whether their red Tony Seiler hats look better with black Haensli or steel Rami ski poles. Often the only skiing we get is with a course we run in the Cairngorms based on the Norwegian huts at Glenmore. It's always the same; before we arrive conditions have never been so good for twenty years and just after we go the chairlift is working again, the sun is out and there is powder snow everywhere. This year was no exception. No lifts, no sun and bitter cold. In fact the huts were so cold that snow brought into the hut never melted, a large stalagmite formed under the hot shower and one of the instructors (in spite of having been inside two reputable and popular sleeping bags), had a temperature that couldn't be recorded on a clinical thermometer.

The next and final step in the consolidation of outdoor activities is already happening. The introduction of uniforms. Perhaps it is the influence of our new instructress who is always criticising us for being shodily dressed. It is possible to detect a certain resistance

to this concept. The problem when we do face it will be difficult. Red sweaters for climbing is no problem but what colour caving overalls for instructors and should they have fluorescent helmets? Skiing outfits have been flogged to death in Scotland and there is hardly a combination of colours which would still be unique.

Having fallen into the slough of certifications our claims to fame must lie in having so far held out against uniforms and folk music.

# CITIZEN KEN\*

The following is an extract from C.C. Journal for 1984:

MINISTRY OF LOVE: CASE FILE—RE-HABILITATION.  
SUBJECT. K. J. W. — — — — N.

Subject was originally employed by the Ministry of Truth in the re-writing of climbing guide-books as and when Government policy required it, in November 19—. A number of errors in his work were at first attributed to zeal, but later the true cause was found. Upon investigation by an observer from this Ministry the subject was found to be suffering from the delusion that he was the leader of 'a team' operating from 'the hub'. His capacity for 'newspeech' was shown in the coining of the word 'cream' to describe those he thought to be the climbing meritocracy. The weak sympathies of this group enabled agents to be infiltrated with ease, and upon their evidence his complicity in the .....†. (The rehabilitation of Citizen M - cN - - - - t-D - - - s was in point of fact coupled to this plot by this Ministry.)

On the 25th December 1979—in accordance with the slow-moving nature of Min. Truth Climb. Dept. Citizen W - - - - n was removed from his house in Finchley for treatment. (He was subsequently written out of climbing history.) In the early stages of interrogation he proved obdurate—largely through talking too much for our interrogators to interrogate him, but many of his melogamaniac tendencies were revealed, e.g., jealousy on professional grounds of

\*These puzzling fragments have come to light among a bundle of correspondence and other papers. They were passed on to me as being of possible interest. I publish them in the hope that they may mean something to some members—Ed.

†This section illegible.—Ed.

the 'Earl of Snowdon' (sic), whose title he adjudged his own, and the pre-revolutionary notion that the proles are fit to govern themselves. (This last is indicative of his general rashness and basically obsolcscent ideology.) The secondary stage of re-conversion consisted of a meeting in Room 204 with the Climbers' Club committee during which the subject was gagged. Breakdown resulted in 2 mins. (For more details see earlier case-history: C. T. J - s.)

Re-habilitation for citizenship consisted of indoctrination with classical music, hill-walking, brightly-coloured Sunday newspapers, miming, deaf and dumb speech (the subject had to be muted), and Yoga/Buddhist relaxation. The subject now runs a children's sweet-shop in Camberley.

*ADDENDUM. 1st SEPT. 1984.*

Subject has again been under surveillance because his weight increased from 12 to 20 stones indicates that most of his stock is not being sold to children.

# THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

T. W. PATEY

*"We do not court publicity, but we know how to use it."*  
—American Proverb.

There was a time when I used to deprecate the activities of our professional brethren. When their familiar faces scowled at me, I switched off the television set. When they invaded the Daily Press columns with their frank, forthright and financially remunerative views, I wrote angry letters to the Editor of the Alpine Journal (later forgetting to post them). When they subscribed their names to a new article of climbing equipment, I tested it to destruction, and returned it to the manufacturers. These reactions conform to what is termed 'Behaviour Pattern'.

Ever since its Immaculate Conception in 18??, the Alpine Club has politely but firmly refused membership to applicants bearing the taint of professionalism. Smythe was O.K.—he wrote philosophic books and published photographs but this was merely a lucrative sideline. Then came Bonington and Crew and they had to think again. It was obvious that as Committee members their deviationary activities would come under scrutiny and prove to be a source of acute embarrassment.

Thus it was that we suddenly heard the shattering Renunciation of Amateurism, or "Shamateurism" as we now prefer to call it. The measures adopted were swift and ruthless. Henceforth professional

## Editor's Note

(1) The events referred to in this Article took place on the Red Wall of the South Stack — a 400 foot high sea cliff near Holyhead, Anglesey. They occurred during the preparation and filming of the "Cliff Hangers," a programme that was televised 'live' on B.B.C. T.V. on Easter Saturday 1966.

(2) The following climbers appeared by kind permission of B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts:—Joe Brown, Ian MacNaught-Davis, Royal Robbins, Tom Patey, John Cleare, Rusty Baillie, Dennis Gray, Roy Smith, Eric Beard and John Amatt.



climbers would be treated as our brother-members. Even Gaston Rebuffat. A few piping voices raised their quavering chorus of dissent, but were instantly silenced. Club members might even take female pupils for climbing instruction and be paid in cash instead of in kind. They might appear on the Telly under their own names instead of being introduced as 'A member of the British Alpine Club who wishes to remain anonymous'. An era of Bonington Cagoules and Crew Duvets was in sight. Some said the club had prescribed for itself a transfusion of new blood, which would enrich, sustain, and inspire. Others said that the Club funds must have been in a poor way. Everyone was optimistic.

Tradition, however, dies hard. To set the issue on a sporting basis—you might favour occasional exchanges between leading amateur or professional tennis players, yet deplore the invasion of Wimbledon's sacred turf by the Jack Kramer professional circus.

This last example is not without its mountaineering parallel. We now have our own Travelling Circus of highly paid performers. Their names are household words—Brown, Bonington, MacNaught Davis, Crew, Ingle, Cleare. Any schoolboy can regurgitate the facts—the Kilsney Overhang, the Eiffel Tower, the Cheddar Gorge, the Centenary Matterhorn climb—and now the *dreaded Red Wall of the South Stack*. . . .

It is extraordinary how money talks—especially if one keeps an open mind about these matters. "If I am ever involved in one of those extravaganzas," I once proudly proclaimed, "I will donate my entire share of the proceeds to charity, or the MacInnes Alsatian Dog Fund — assuming that I intend to participate," I added hurriedly. Little did I expect that one day I would be forced to swallow my words.

It all began with a letter from John Cleare. (Incidentally—if you should cherish any secret hopes of breaking into the Big Time, waste no time on Brown or Crew. These men are underlings. The Supremo who pulls the strings is John Cleare—the silent man with the Midas touch.) He wrote with his usual air of authority:—"The climb will 'go over live' on Easter Saturday, thus reaching the largest possible audience. It will prove to be an enormous success and will un-

doubtedly set new standards of visual entertainment. Nothing can now interfere with agreed plans, apart from a General Election—which would be tedious but could only result in a temporary postponement. I am counting on you to lead the second rope. Rusty and I will be climbing alongside you with T.V. cameras and the actual climbing party will consist of four members—Chris Bonington, Mac Davies, yourself and—a bird. The bird will be selected not only on her ability to lead V.S. but also her ability to look well in a bikini—which she will be required to wear. I have taken upon myself the responsibility of selecting a suitable candidate and have already pruned my list of possibles down to four.”

“Why this bird of yours?” I asked him on the ‘phone. He coughed discreetly. “Sex,” he replied, “is all important. The average viewer must identify himself with the climbers. We find that this helps.”

“She’ll be pretty blue if it snows,” I suggested.

“I have no doubt that she will be very cold indeed,” replied Cleare with some indifference. “This, however, will be her problem and not mine.”

It so happened neither Bonington nor the elusive ‘bird’ were included in the production cast. Bonington was still resting in hospital while the ‘bird’ was unexpectedly discarded to make way for the well known American climber—Royal Robbins. Royal was a legendary figure in his own country, but would be making his maiden appearance on B.B.C.-T.V. His participation would also strengthen the likelihood of a replay on the American T.V. network. Cleare is usually one step ahead of his rivals in these matters. “This is Big Business, man,” he says, steely eyes glinting through horn rimmed spectacles. “To act big, you must think big.”

\* \* \* \*

John had named the Red Wall of the South Stack as the location of the forthcoming epic. I would explain that the Red Wall is on the Anglesey sea cliffs, near Holyhead and about a quarter of a mile south of the South Stack Lighthouse. It was a name that had been coined by John himself. No previous pioneer had ventured upon it and there were several good reasons for this. It was vertical,

accessible only by boat, and apparently composed of repulsively loose rock—(an impression which was later confirmed). On either side were fine unclimbed cliffs of impeccable granite which were more attractive propositions in every respect save one—they did not measure up to B.B.C. Outside Broadcast specifications. The first problem in telly-mountaineering is not how to lead Mahomet to the mountain but how to bring the mountain to Mahomet. This is often quite perplexing.

I was curious to see the arena in which I would perform, before I signed the written contract. In fact I even drove down to Anglesey one weekend for an unofficial reconnaissance. It was a vile day and the gigantic breakers from the Irish Sea were surging half way up the 400 foot wall, drenching the cliff top with spray. I came away with vivid impressions of dripping disintegrating granite set at a thought-provoking angle. As soon as I got home I 'phoned John and suggested that he might offer my part to some more deserving candidate. He was at first astounded, then disarmingly reassuring. "I understand what has happened," he said soothingly, "you have been to the wrong cliff. In the circumstances you have every right to be gripped. I would have been too." Much later on I discovered I had been to the right cliff after all, but by that time I was inextricably committed. . . .

\* \* \* \*

It was T-Day minus six, when I next returned to South Stack. I had been unable to fit in any practice climbing on my local crags and a brief work-out with Hiebeler Prussikers had resulted in a fall of 12 feet—the distance between the landing and the hall floor. I landed on the crown of my head, so earning the admiration of my small son and his friends who had gathered to watch the event. This incident confirmed my distrust of these new fangled gadgets, which I had disliked on sight. It was also a bad omen.

There was a lot of activity at the cliff top. A group of B.B.C. mechanics and workmen were erecting scaffolding on the very edge of the precipice, at what was judged to be a good vantage point for photography. They did not seem very happy in their work, pausing

frequently to cast fearful glances over their shoulders.

"Better you than me, mate!" they shouted, as I passed.

The climbing team had set up their quarters in a huge mess tent near the top of the climb. We had each been allotted a generous living-out allowance which would have covered board and lodging at the Dorchester, but for reasons other than thrift we elected to live on the site. During the next few days a lot of rope and attractive ironmongery would be on 24-hour display and there are a few among the climbing fraternity whose distaste for commercialisation might activate a demonstration of protest.

The red bearded figure of Rusty Baillie dominated the near foreground. He was festooned in multi-coloured rope, étriers and slings that radiated around him in a complicated network, the interstices secured with Tom Frost Knots. Could this be the mysterious Tiger's Web of which we had heard so much? With the notable exception of Rusty, few climbers are able to recognize a Tiger's Web when they see one, and fewer still understand what to do with it, once found. This is why so many climbers are buying Tiger's Webs.

As well as the publicized principals, several other shadowy figures hovered in the wings, each with the dual role of understudy and prop-man. Dennis Gray—the Yorkshire Scot—bubbling like a mountain brook (in spate). His constant companion—John Amatt taciturn and remote like the mighty Trolltinder Wall whose secrets he had been the first to penetrate: Roy Smith—a P.T. sergeant of proportionate build whose physique approximated most closely to the popular conception of 'the Mountaineer'—a sort of cross between Tarzan and Garth. Roy had been granted C.O.'s leave in order to attend. ("How are you, Smith? Mr. Gray, the Himalayan Explorer, has been in touch with me again. He asked for you personally, so of course, I agreed immediately that you must be released. It seems they want you for some Top Level stunt on television.")

Eric Beard made up the complement of the Reserve Team. One of the Camera Units was to operate from the far end of an exposed knife-edge ridge. The lives of these unfortunate men would be 'Beardie's' personal responsibility. On a preliminary reconnaissance,

Baillie and Cleare had abseiled down onto this ridge, lowering a B.B.C. cameraman in front of them. This unsung hero had no previous mountaineering experience and his return to the cliff top involved prussiking up a rope that hung clear of the rock for almost 60 feet. To quote John Cleare's words it had been "a particularly stout effort". His colleagues were to have the advantage of a steel ladder on the vertical section. From the foot of the ladder a series of bucket steps, hewn out with ice axes, crossed a slippery mud slope to the little eyrie that housed the camera. 'Beardie' and I worked on this project for two days although work was occasionally interrupted by the sporadic attempts of small boys to scale the mud slope below our feet. Every other alleyway of intrusion was covered by a constable on duty at the cliff top. (As the producer thoughtfully suggested, it would be ironic to interrupt the programme for the death of a spectator).

Meanwhile Messrs. Baillie, Gray, Smith and Amatt were pegging up the Red Wall. As they twisted and thrashed at the end of their 150-foot life-lines, pitons and hammers pounding out a staccato bass, they invoked nostalgic memories of pre-war Munich Spidermen.

Although the Red Wall was to be the setting for the last act of our forthcoming melodrama, none of the principal actors participated in the early rehearsals. They were not even permitted to examine their scripts in advance. The producer explained that this was necessary to conserve an atmosphere of tension and lend verisimilitude to the live recording. I was not really sure what he meant, but whatever it was, I didn't agree with it. I knew for a fact that Rusty was deliberately spacing the pegs and bolts so as to combine maximum economy with minimum security. He obviously relished the prospect of viewing the coming attraction from an excellent seat in the Gods, and when any of us questioned him about the technical difficulties he licked his lips in a suggestive fashion. "There are a few ten foot gaps between pitons," he admitted, "but we imagine you want to show the public a little rock climbing if only to justify your selection."

The few holds that Nature had provided proved to be loose and

needed prising off. In the process one of the abseil ropes was damaged and almost completely severed. It was a chance discovery, which could equally easily have been overlooked. . . .

As the hours passed, so the excitement mounted. It transpired that the fixed rope for the Tyrolean Traverse (Act 2, Scene 2) was 50 feet too short. "We require 300 feet of new full-weight Terylene rope," demanded Cleare. "We require it immediately. Therefore it is imperative that it should be dispatched from London this morning."

"Item—300 feet of Terylene rope," said the Producer. "Someone make a note please."

"I'm not even happy about the dinghy," Cleare mused. "The shape of it irritates me—I don't know why."

"State shape required and quote dimensions," said the Producer. "We will supply."

This power-play induced an awestruck silence among the newcomers. Here was a new John Cleare—a human computer like Peter Crew, with circuits whirring soundlessly in highly tuned machinery.'

"I like my camera position," he confided in one of his rare relaxed moments. "I feel it has excellent potential." In as far as one could apply this property to several cubic feet of air suspended halfway between Heaven and Hell, he was right. He intended to film the proceedings from the end of a 100 foot rope, man and machine inseparably welded together—a monitor space satellite.

As the crowds started to collect at the cliff top, so the principal actors arrived. First to appear was Royal Robbins, outwardly serious and thoughtful, but with an occasional disarming smile that betrayed his keen sense of humour. Royal had shorn off his beard since our last meeting and thus lost some of his Sphinx-like inscrutability. One now wondered how often the man behind the beard had enjoyed a secluded laugh.

At first he picked his way along the cliff top with what looked like unnecessary caution, passing to peer carefully over the edge. For a time, I really convinced myself that he was just as apprehen-

sive as I was. As Royal's potential partner, that gave me some encouragement. It was short lived. About an hour later somebody spotted him dangling from his Jumars, half-way down one of the fixed ropes. He was quietly ruminating in his rope harness, tapping an odd suspect peg with his C.M.I. hammer or making a few minor adjustments to the spacing of the pitons. After six hours leisurely inspection, he returned to the cliff top and pronounced himself well satisfied with the arrangements.

Next on the set was Ian MacNaught Davies, who was on jocular back-slapping terms with producer, cameramen, engineers and climbers alike.

"Well Mac, are we going to be gripped this time?" asked the Producer. As a T.V. personality, this was what set Mac on a higher pedestal than the rest of us. It was difficult even for climbing companions to tell whether Mac was seriously involved on a route or merely adding a dash of colour to the proceedings. Such ambiguity is the hallmark of greatness.

Like the Poor Man's 'Bluff King Hal', Mac adamantly refused to treat any situation with appropriate gravity. The climbing arena now bore a vague resemblance to a Naval Dock Yard, full of busy little men alternately hammering, shouting and swearing. "There are too many people here," he said, "all getting in each others way. How about some boulder practice?" I accepted the invitation gladly, with nostalgic memories of the Mustagh Tower and days spent trundling large boulders down Himalayan precipices under Mac's eager direction. It is a sport that combines maximum entertainment and destruction with minimum effort and is thus a very satisfying hobby for a healthy, fun loving Anglo-Saxon—which Mac is. It was heartwarming to see the flames of boyish enthusiasm light up his features as deafening crescendos of splintering granite shook the ground underfoot, filling the air with the heavy poignant stench of sulphur. Occasional shouts from the pitoneers on the Red Wall told us that traditional British 'sang froid' was running thin. It only encouraged Mac to redouble his efforts. "This is the real drama," he roared, hooting with delight at each muffled outcry of protest.

Only one place remained to be filled: the leading rope, which had been left vacant with Bonington's abdication. Where in Snowdonia could we unearth a man who could step into Bonington's boots? Right on the doorstep, as it happened. Who would have foreseen that this very month, none other than Joe Brown—the Old Master—would be opening a new sports shop in Llanberis. 'Just the Place for the Human Fly', said the local headlines (thus provoking Dennis Gray to mail a letter addressed to 'The Human Fly, Llanberis, North Wales', which apparently reached its destination).

No one was better fitted to stamp the seal of success on our brave new venture than the man whose epic conquests of the Aiguile du Midi and Clogwyn du'r Arddu had first captured the public interest and whetted the appetite for real life drama on the heights. I was despatched forthwith to Llanberis with orders to enlist Joe Brown's assistance regardless of cost.

We pulled up at the cliff top late in the morning of 'T'-day Minus Two. One could sense the importance of the occasion. Cameramen and sound engineers had been standing idly at their posts since 10 a.m., the hour when preliminary run-throughs had been scheduled to start. All recriminations were forgotten as the old maestro ambled happily onto the set to take up his accustomed position on the rostrum.

"Well done, Joe!" said the Producer. "Glad to have you back."

Nothing could go wrong now: the mere presence of this man was sufficient to ensure success. Unlike every other newcomer he did not rush immediately to the cliff top in order to satisfy his curiosity. He sat down in the tent, drank a cup of tea, and slowly and deliberately laced up his climbing boots. Joe is not easily ruffled.

The dress-rehearsal for the dress-rehearsal was almost lost to view in a clinging off-shore mist. To make matters worse the acoustics suffered from an unexpected source of interference - the fog horn of the South Stack Lighthouse, a mere three-hundred yards away. Every twenty seconds or so everything was swallowed up in a deafening blast from the hooter. This was really annoying. There was even talk of bringing pressure to bear on the Lighthouse Keeper, but nothing came of it. We could not have competed on any



terms whatsoever with the spectacle of the Dublin Steamer running aground on the rocks below the television cameras.

By now I was thoroughly immersed in the rituals of Teleclimbing. Even the evening 'de-briefing session' had become part of an accepted pattern of existence and was no longer a butt for cynical amusement.

B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts Producer, Dennis Monger, took the chair on these occasions. "Now chaps. Has everybody got a drink? Right. I have noted down here a few hints and suggestions. Item One, the Climbing Party. Too much back-chat. The usual climbing calls, of course," he gestured expansively, "are in. Very necessary. Topical, in fact. Everything else—out. We tune you in when we need you. We fade you out when we don't need you. Unfortunately, there have been occasions when we did not fade you out quickly enough. Which brings me to another point. Language. Tone it down chaps. Every Welsh fishing vessel can pick us up on their short wave to say nothing of the onlookers at the cliff top who have a loud-speaker. Mac, for instance. I'm sure you had no idea we were listening when .....? No. of course, not. Not to worry. Item Two. Climbing Action—the Red Wall . . . Untidy. Not enough to maintain interest. In fact at one point I'm sure I noticed that all four climbers were completely stationary. This won't do. We must speed things up but we must not—of course—sacrifice safety. O.K? Incidentally, Mac, that was a nice personal touch dropping your helmet into the sea. Gave us excellent scale perspective. Intentional, of course? Oh . . . I see. Never mind we'll get you a new one. Item Three. Our Climbing Cameraman. Come in, John Cleare. I'm sure you've got a few comments to make?"

John clears his throat portentously. "My interpretation is this," he begins, speaking with computer-like precision, "as soon as I get the O.K. from the Licky Gammy\* my intention is to *zoom* in the leading pair, capture some action close-ups and lead up to the big moment when Joe steps out at the top. Then I switch and *zoom* down on Royal. . . ."

\*This is what it sounded like. Apparently some special Master Camera?

John succeeds in investing his job with a certain dynamic appeal by liberal use of such energetic words as 'zooming in'. His was a performance that should not have required glamourising. He had all the attributes. Tarzan and Armstrong Jones in collaboration could not have earned more profound public respect. My personal grouse was that he should be consistently introduced as 'Our B.B.C. Cameraman John Cleare—thus inferring that John was a sporting type B.B.C. technician, game to have a go at anything, including mountaineering. The fact that his climbing ability was obviously no whit inferior to ours created an inferiority complex which was not improved by chance remarks overheard in the crowd.

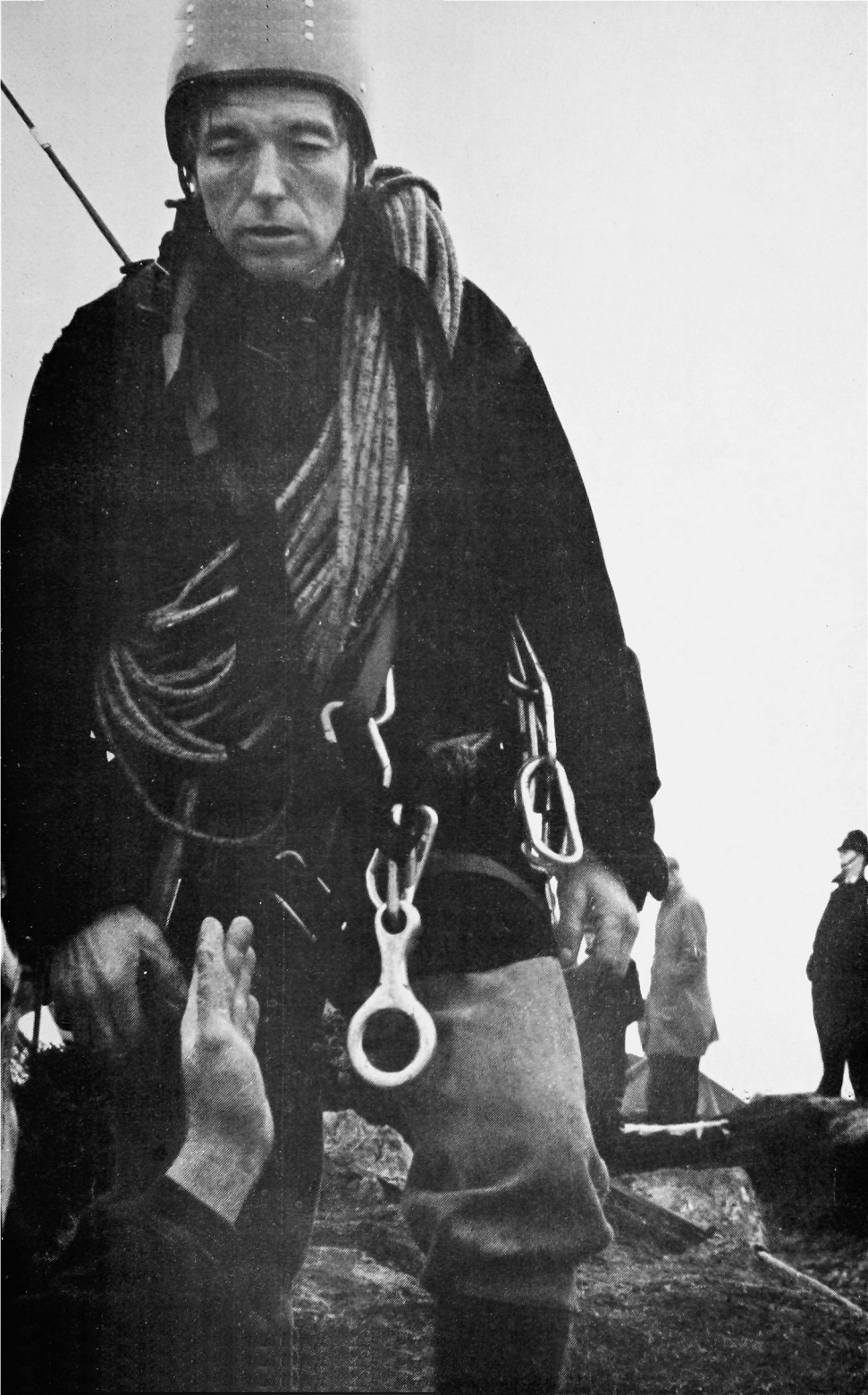
"Cor, look at him. He's better than any of them stars. Ruddy great camera and all. What's his name? It isn't even in the programme!"

So to the Day of Decision. Anyone whose curiosity or cynicism has spurred him to read this far must also have been sufficiently amused to watch the live recording. (There are also, of course, a moronic minority who are incapable of switching off what they do not wish to hear.) Hence it may be taken for granted that readers do not wish to be reminded of the details of the live performance. For that matter, neither do I.

There are of course several things that deserve fuller explanation. For example, I am not deaf, contrary to the opinion held by most viewers. To identify oneself with the rôle that has been allotted, it is at least necessary that one's ear-piece should emit occasional snatches of commentary. Even an odd crackle helps to relieve the isolation and the utter frustration that results from complete silence. From the moment that I leapt over the cliff edge, uttering some inconsequential cliché about my Cliff Assault training with the Royal Marine Cammandos, I lost all contact with the broadcasting unit. I knew with absolute certainty that this would happen. As the final count down began, a cheerful optimist was still fiddling with my radio set. "Can you hear that?" he said, twiddling a knob, somewhere. "Very faintly," I answered, "it sounds like coarse sand being scraped over glass."

"Temporary atmospheric—you'll get used to it," he chuckled.

**"JOE IS NOT EASILY RUFFLED"**  
*J. Cleare of the Gamma*





# THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

## THE ARENA

The dotted line shows the route taken by the gladiators. First the abseil to sea level, then the rubber dinghy assault crossing, followed by the Climb up the crest of the Buttress and finally the line up the 200 ft. Red Wall itself. The thin dashed line over the Black Zawn shows as much of the line of the tyrolean traverse as can be seen from this angle. The photograph was taken from the camera position on the Green Buttress, the one reached by iron ladder and bucket steps in the mud.

"Nothing can go wrong, providing that you remain absolutely motionless for the next three hours." He was gone before I could register a protest.

I have always distrusted mechanical and electrical gadgets. They don't like me and I don't like them. In my experience there are only two types of machine, one of which works and the other doesn't. I used to own a 1932 B.S.A. motor cycle. When it broke down, which was frequently, I kicked it until it sprang to life. I always kicked it at the same spot, whose vulnerability I had originally located by trial and error. To this day, I do not know what part of its anatomy I was stimulating. Nevertheless I was invariably successful.

As far as the radio set was concerned these punitive measures proved a complete failure. I shook it, turned it upside down, banged it—all to no avail. Unknown to me, the Transmitting Component continued to work perfectly, so that a large part of my three-hour soliloquy was relayed to the listening populace. (We had been ordered that in the unlikely event of a breakdown in reception we were to continue speaking until told to stop. They would tune us in whenever they wanted us.)

Secondly, there was the controversial matter of the pitons and bolts on the Red Wall, of which we all took liberal advantage. It must have been patently obvious to most people that whoever fixed them there it was not the climbing party. And here I must pay my tribute to the honesty of our veteran leader—"Baron" Brown. It was my suggestion that we should add insult to illusion by simulating the actions of piton insertion and extraction. Several taps of the hammer alongside a pre-inserted piton would satisfy all but the most discerning of viewers. Sleight of hand would be required to put across the (imaginary) transfer of piton from waist-loop to the cliff-face, but that was merely a question of practice. It was left to Joe to polish the tarnished honour of British mountaineering. "Sorry, old chap," he said gravely, "I'm afraid that would not be playing the game."

From my own point of view the most exciting part of the programme was the final instalment—the epic of the Red Wall—punctuated by pitons, bolts, étriers and everything that I normally

deplore and don't know how to use. It was, in fact, my first major excursion into the unknown hinterland of leepers, rups and bong-bongs. Although I had been intrigued by their names I had not wished to press the acquaintanceship further. It proved to be an initiation by fire which had many bewildering moments.

"We all enjoyed the pirouette in étriers," observed Paul Ross when I called at his Lamplighter Café on the way home. This was one of those best-forgotten incidents which are invariably remembered in vivid detail. I had in fact assumed that the end of the transmission had intervened in time for me to elude detection. Unfortunately this was far from being the case, and the commentator had been so impressed that he promised viewers "They would be returning instantly to South Stack *should anything unforeseen occur.*"

What happened was very simple. When Royal took in the slack a mischievous coil of rope dropped over my head, thereby causing the climbing rope to take one complete turn round the étrier. Only when all the slack had been snatched away beyond recall came the discovery that I was being pulled tightly up against the étrier. The étrier was my only sure means of support. It was a long multi-rung affair so the obvious solution was to revolve in space and thus untwist the coil. Of course, I realised that this was not an accepted manoeuvre in Artificial Climbing so I had to delay the fateful moment until (as I fancied) transmission had ended. All the time I had to shield the tell-tale tangle from the searching inspection of Cleare, aggressively poised in space like a hovering kestrel. He had spotted that I was hiding something and was squinting through his view-finders.

When I emerged breathlessly onto the cliff top, draped in étriers, slings, hammers and prussikers, Royal glanced enquiringly at my hands. They were criss-crossed with cuts and covered in blood. "Back home in the States," he remarked, "they say you can always distinguish a good Aid Man by his hands."

"Lots of scars?" I suggested hopefully.

Royal shook his head gently. "No scars," he said.

Any remorse I might have felt was quickly dispelled by a rush of small boys waving autograph books. They had waited a long time to collect the signature of the fourth member of the distinguished rope. The role of a T.V. star has its unexpected compensations.

My fellow climbers had been less patient. In the mess-tent there was a flurry of activity. Like conquering heroes of old, they now disputed among themselves for a share in the booty. The spoils of war—a vast heap of glittering 'chrome-molly'—disappeared as if by magic, swallowed up in a dozen rucksacks. Some of the star studded cast had already ensured tenancy by making good their departure. Others were on the point of leaving. "Here's a useful length of fine nylon," said Rusty, offering me a chewed-up boot-lace, which his dog had regurgitated. "Better luck next time," he added sympathetically.

Doubtless these will be a next time. Tele-climbing is a powerful drug and the number of known addicts is increasing. However, there is a limited supply and the circle keeps a careful check on membership. The "circus" as they are now commonly known, have their own code of rules, which newcomers must learn to respect. Within these limitations I see no reason why teleclimbing should not continue to flourish. It is a way of life that brings its own rewards. These are often considerable.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A GLOSSARY OF COMMONLY USED CLIMBING TERMS AND PHRASES

*or*

The T.V. Armchair Guide to Mountaineering — (with special reference to the Red Wall of the South Stack)

Climbing Rope — fulfils many functions, e.g. it may be used for lassoing projecting spikes, crossing impassable gorges or for pulling up climbers who have lost their nerve.

A solo climber — One man falling alone.

A roped party — several men falling simultaneously.

Hemp (rope) — A rope that breaks.

Nylon (rope) — A rope that melts.

Ice Axe or 'Pick' — An implement for chopping holds in mud or soft rock.

Piton or 'Spike' — An implement for opening tin cans (various other uses).

Knife — Indispensable. Should be instantly attainable. One of these saved several lives on the Matterhorn.

Snap-Link — A Link that Snaps.

Safety Helmet — A safety device for climbers falling head first. If the fall is a long one the climber may become completely impacted in his helmet and be telescoped into a small globular mass which can be easily stowed in a rucksack (cf. mountain rescue).

A Tigers Web — A hopeless tangle of rope or ropes.

A Pied d'Elephant — A special short climbing boot for climbers who have had all their toes amputated.

Leepers — Small jumping insects encountered on Welsh Sea Cliffs.

Krabs — Another unusual hazard encountered on Welsh Sea Cliffs. (If this last hazard is a considerable one, Lobster Claw Crampons are worn).

A Cow's Tail — The frayed end of an old climbing-rope.

A Lay-back — An unusually comfortable bivouac.

A Hand-Jam — A climber with one hand caught in a crack.

A Foot-Jam — A climber with one boot caught in a crack.

A Good Jam — A climber who is permanently stuck in a crack.

A 'Joe Brown' — A climber with large hands who gets stuck in cracks.

Whillans — An orange coloured rucksack.

A Novice — Someone (often dead) who should be kept off the mountains at all costs.

An Experienced Climber — Someone whose death was unavoidable.

An Alpine Club Member (syn:- Veteran) — Someone who never dies but slowly fades away.

(Contrast:—) An Alpine Veteran — Someone who has been to the Alps. Steeplejacks, Munich Fanatics, Dangle and Whack Merchants, or Masters of the Sophisticated Modern Techniques — Alternative terms (of different vintage) for a Piton Climber.

A careful climber — A slow climber.

A cautious climber — A very slow climber.



A climbing-nut — A reckless climber.

A running Belay — A cowardly second.

A Thread Belay — An asphyxiated second (due to a slow third man and a very fast leader).

A "Descendeur" (French) — A term of derision. The opposite of a climber.

A "Super Charlet" (French) — A proper Charlie.

A psychological belay — (Alt. usage) (1) A female second; (2) Looks like a belay but isn't

A Classic Route — Much loose rock and grass.

A Direttissima — A very long free fall or 'Plunge'.

A long Run-out — A very long arrested fall.

'One of Nature's Last Strongholds' or 'The Last Great Problem' — A B.B.C. Outside Broadcasts Production.

Overhanging — Vertical.

Vertical — Steep.

Scrambling — Fairly Steep.

Interesting — Nerve-wracking.

Thin — Non-existent.

Amusing — Die Laughing.

Gripping — MacNaught-Davies at the Crux.

The Crux — Where everyone else unties to watch the leader.

'Fissure' (French) — A dirty unpleasant crack.

Backing up, Straddling, Back and Knee, Back and Foot, Foot and Mouth — Various postures adopted in Chimneys (? Derivation — Kama Sutra).

Considerable Exposure — No Privacy.

Free Climbing — No charge for Spectators.

A Rurp — A strenuous grunt. (A combination of a rift and a burp).

Abseiling — Showing off, Pretending to Fall.

Committed (to the Route) — Under Suspended Sentence of Death.

Peeling off — Undressing.

**Climbing Calls** (cf. Blackshaw — The Penguin's Guide to Mountaineering)

"Tight Rope, Please" — "HELP!!!"

"A little Slack" — "Lower away gently"

"Below" — Leader announcing that he is dropping a rock on his second's head. (cf. Safety Helmets, Further Uses of).

Bong — One hit.

Bong-Bong — Two hits.

Two tugs on the Rope — Second must be securely belayed from above before proceeding. If two forcible tugs fail to dislodge the leader he may assume all is well.

**Phrases which are frequently overhead on T.V. Mountaineering Broadcasts (now explained)**

"He seems to be experiencing some difficulty" — "He is about to fall off".

"These chaps climb for Pleasure!" — These men are very well paid.

. Zooming in . . — John Cleare focusing his Camera.

"Master of the Ice Glazed Rock" — Not very experienced on Welsh Sea Cliffs.

"I think we've cracked it" (Quote Joe Brown) — I am starting the last Grade VI pitch.

Overhead indistinctly: "Get stuffed . . ." — There is distortion in sound. Please do not adjust your set.

"Just look at our T.V. Cameraman John Cleare, showing these experts how to do a Fast Abseil — There is a temporary distortion in vision.

(Splash)

We apologise for the loss of vision due to circumstances beyond our control.

"Whew! Oh? I see how terribly unfortunate. Were we insured?"

We are interrupting this programme to return you to the Studio. . . .

# NEW CLIMBS & NOTES

B. A. CROFTS

## I. SNOWDONIA

P. Crew

1965 was a very active year despite the generally poor weather and more new climbs were done than for several years. In April, Brown started prospecting on the Far East Buttress of Cloggy. The Key was found, opening the way for the Girdle Traverse, and later Sinistra. None of these routes seem to be as hard as expected; but once again all credit to Brown for taking the initiative in exploration. New routes appeared steadily on Cloggy throughout the year. Aries, led by Dave Alcock, is fabulously exposed but not very hard; Trapeze, a semi-artificial route going over some impressive overhangs and Diwedd Groove, which is very blank and said to be similar to First Slip! Notable repetitions were the second ascent of Woubit's Left Hand (at last), by Alcock and Crew, and the Pinnacle Arête by McHardy. Both these routes lived up to their well-deserved reputations.

John Clements continued his successes in the Carneddau and on Cidwm with a fine series of ascents—Elliw, Endor, The Great Corner, Plumbagin, Erg and the Cidwm Girdle, mostly with Dave Potts. The Great Corner and the Cidwm Girdle are particularly good, the latter being probably the most continuously difficult route in Wales.

Dave Alcock and Brian Fuller concentrated on Dinas Mot with Black Foot, The Intruder and three other routes in the area. Black Foot was straightened out later in the year by Alcock and Crew and now ranks with the best of the new routes on the Mot. The same team also repeated the nearby Black Spring, done by Boysen in 1964. Although these routes are rarely likely to be dry, they are well worth doing.

Roland Edwards explored more conventional cliffs, with his route on Cloggy, Spectrum, and Perygl on the Grochan and Sisyphus on Tremadoc. The latter is said to be even harder than Pellagra, which now has a direct finish, also done by Edwards.

## A. CARNEDDAU

A new edition of the guide-book should appear during the summer, but the following routes deserve recording at this stage:

### CRAIG-YR-ISFA

**Griseeofulvin** 240 feet. Hard. Very Severe

Start As for Mur-Y-Niwl.

- (1) 60 feet. As for Mur-Y-Niwl to the first peg at about 15 feet. Move left into a little groove and climb the steep wall above (2 pegs). Swing right onto a block and continue to a small stance (peg belay).
- (2) 80 feet. Climb the awkward groove directly above the stance and continue straight up the steep wall above on huge holds. Move right near the top to a grass ledge (peg belay).
- (3) 100 feet. A short steep corner leads to a large grass ledge. Climb the groove on the right to a junction with Mur-Y-Niwl. The short wall above leads to the terrace and belay.  
First ascent: October, 1964. A. Bell and J. Clements. Alternate leads.

**Plumbagin** 150 feet. Hard Very Severe

Takes the obvious groove above and to the left of Mur-Y-Niwl.

Start below a 'V' chimney a few feet left of the main line of the groove.

- (1) 50 feet. Enter the chimney awkwardly and climb to below the overhang. Move right with a peg to a ledge (peg belay).
- (2) 100 feet. Place a peg in the overhanging groove on the right using tension on the rope. Use the peg for aid and follow the groove to the top of the crag.  
First ascent August, 1965. J. Clements and D. Potts. Alternate leads.

### LLECH DDU

**Endor** 200 feet. Extremely Severe

The steep wall on the upper crag is dominated by a corner with a huge overhang. On the left of the corner are two grooves, the climb takes the left hand of these. Steep, sustained climbing. Most of the

vegetation and loose rock has been removed.

Start at the highest point of the upper grass traverse.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb awkwardly right to a peg (in situ) and move diagonally left up the groove to a small, exposed stance on the arête. Peg belay.
- (2) 25 feet. Up the overhang and traverse into the bottom of the groove on the right (3 pegs for aid).
- (3) 90 feet. The groove is climbed by the slab to the overhang, and protection peg. Step left onto the very exposed arête, and, using a dubious peg for aid (in situ) climb the steep wall. Move right above the overhang and continue more easily to the top of the crag.

The final wall was disturbingly loose. On subsequent ascents the final peg may not be necessary, although desirable.

First ascent: 4th June, 1965. A. Bell and J. Clements. Varied leads.

#### **The Great Corner** 230 feet. Extremely Severe

Start: gain the terrace as for Endor and traverse right to beneath the corner. Belay directly under it.

- (1) 130 feet. Follow the corner with steadily increasing difficulty to a peg on the right wall (in situ). Use it for aid and continue with difficulty into a niche to a stance and peg belay on the right of a large detached flake under the roof.
- (2) 100 feet. Traverse across the left wall on good holds to the arête. Descend 5 feet and move left into the right-hand of two grooves. Go up it using 3 slings for aid where it overhangs and continue to below a small overhang with jamming crack. Pull up into a groove and follow it to the top of the crag.

First ascent August, 1965. J. Clements and D. Potts. Alternate leads.

#### **Elliw** 280 feet. Hard Very Severe

The climb takes the open light-coloured groove in the recess on the left of Y chimney. The rock is good and the climbing enjoyable.

Start at the uppermost limit of the grass terrace to the left of Y chimney.

- (1) 140 feet. Enter the groove by the corner and follow it direct to where it steepens. Move awkwardly diagonally left. follow the groove past a pedestal on the left and continue to a small triangular overhang with poor stance and belay on the left.
  - (2) 140 feet. Move right and follow the groove until it is possible to step right at an overlap, continue easily to stance at top of the crag.
- First ascent: 30th May 1965. A. Bell and J. Clements. Alternate leads.

**B. LLANBERIS NORTH****CLOGWYN-Y-GROCHAN****Spectrum** 150 feet. Extremely Severe

A very exposed route on sound rock with good protection on the bottom half of the second pitch but not so good near the top. 40 feet to the left of Goats Gully are some prominent overhangs. The route starts up these.

- (1) 45 feet. Use one peg to enable another peg to be placed which is used as a hand hold, then go up to the ledge on the left by good hand holds.
- (2) 100 feet. Move right onto the wall and up thin cracks to the overhang where a peg is placed under the overhang, use this to reach up to holds over the overhang.\* Up the wall to a crack running right to the ledge. Now move back left up to a peg in the overhang above, use this to surmount the overhang and up a groove to a ledge with a large loose boulder. Move right to a crack on the end of the ledge; up this to a belay below the brack of Spectre.

First ascent 4th October, 1965. R. Edwards, D. Mellor and M. Boyson.

\*The peg was found in place on this ascent, together with a second to the right. This suggests that the overhang had been climbed before, having been approached from Goat's Gully.—Ed.

**C. LLANBERIS SOUTH****Dinas Mot**

A new edition of the guide-book should appear during the Spring, but the following routes deserve printing in detail at this stage. They do not represent the full year's achievement on on this crag.

**Lorraine Variation** 130 feet. Hard Very Severe

A variation pitch to Lorraine making the route less artificial but considerably more difficult.

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

- (1) 130 feet. Follow Lorraine for approx. 15 feet until it is possible to make a move right on to a slab just above the line of pockets. Climb the edge of the slab for a few feet then move delicately rightwards and upwards to a small ledge at the right hand end 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. Delicate and poorly protected for the first 50 feet.

First ascent: 14th June, 1965. D. E. Alcock and C. E. Davies.

**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, up this and move right and 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. Up the wall above on pockets to the overhang; traverse right and gain a grassy stance.
- (3) 120 feet. Up the wet corner behind the stance for 30 feet, move leftwards avoiding loose blocks 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 this 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.
- (5) 150 feet. Move right to underneath an overhang, and traverse below this to the foot of a long bracken groove. Climb this to the top of the crag.

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

**The Intruder** 405 feet. Very Severe

Start about 30 feet right of Bluebell Crack where an obvious buttress of clean rock comes down just right of a grassy corner, belay below the bulge.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb over the bulge at the right hand side, step back left and climb directly up to the grass ledge. Piton belay.
- (2) 90 feet. From the belay climb up to the left and step across left below the obvious groove. Back right and up the groove. Scramble up grass for 15 feet and belay below an obvious steep groove.
- (3) 90 feet. Up the groove by bridging, step left and surmount the bulge and continue more easily to junction with spike belay.
- (4) 75 feet. Climb the short slab on the right and then up the crack line to the roof, traverse under the roof and belay at the right hand side. Good thread belay.
- (5) 90 feet. Traverse back left and climb the overlap to a native peg. Up to the overlap above the peg. Traverse right for 8 feet. Mantle-

shelf, move back left and bridge up to the crack. Continue this to the top.

First ascent: 14th June, 1965. D. E. Alcock, B. A. Fuller and A. Williams.

NOTE: The top 2 pitches have probably been climbed before.

**Cave Buttress** 250 feet. Mild Very Severe

About 300 yards left of Craig-y-Rhaeadr, there is a buttress with a large cave on its right hand side. The route starts at the left hand side of the lowest point 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, and belay.
- (2) 130 feet. Take the obvious traverse line leftwards and then straight up to a short shattered crack. Climb this and then straight up to the top.

First ascent: 20th June, 1965. D. E. Alcock, B. A. Fuller, (alternate leads) J. E. Todd and J. Fuller.

**Preamble** 200 feet. Hard Very Severe

To the right of Cym Las is a prominent smooth yellow wall. The climb takes the Grey Buttress 30 feet to the right of this wall.

Start at the bottom of a thin crack just to the left of the lowest point of the wall.

- (1) 130 feet. Climb the crack to a grass ledge. From this climb up to the right of a series of small holds, until it is possible to climb up to the bottom of a thin crack. Climb this and surmount the grass ledge at the foot of the overhanging groove. Climb the groove onto a large grass ledge (peg belay).
- (2) 70 feet. Climb the obvious weakness above, tending leftwards below the overhang to the top. Spike belay.

First ascent: 17th July, 1965. D. E. Alcock, B. Fuller and J. Fuller. Alternate leads.

**D. CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU**

**Sinistra** 260 feet. Hard Very Severe

Start as for Woubits.

- (1) 50 feet. As for Woubits to a stance and belay on a block forming an overhang.
- (2) 85 feet. Climb up for 10 feet and move left into a groove. Traverse horizontally left until it is possible to climb directly upwards to a



large grass filled slot. Traverse left again round a rib, and move downwards to a good stance and peg belay.

- (3) 60 feet. With the aid of a shoulder gain a large hold above the left-hand end of the ledge. Climb up to a good flake runner and then traverse left to a small ledge and corner. Climb straight up, after a step right, to stance and belay.
- (4) 65 feet. Up the obvious groove for 20 feet, as for the Key and then step left into the smaller groove and continue to the top.  
First ascent: 2nd June, 1965. J. Brown and J. Cheesmond.

**The Key** 215 feet. Hard Very Severe

Start at the foot of Brwynog Chimney.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb 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 running belay. Continue straight up onto the quartz glacié and then by ledges to stance and belay. Belay peg in corner on right.
- (3) 75 feet. Step right into the obvious groove and continue to the top with an exit to the left. This pitch is delicate with no protection.  
First ascent: 3rd April, 1965. J. Brown and D. E. Alcock.

**Girdle Traverse** 435 feet. Extremely Severe

Start at the foot of Brwynog Chimney.

- (1) 60 feet. First pitch of Brwynog Chimney.
- (2) 80 feet. Pitch (2) of the Key.
- (3) 100 feet. Traverse right along the grass ledge to a peg at foot level. With the aid of the peg and the rope descend for 40 feet and traverse right to the stance and belay as for Woubits.
- (4) 45 feet. Move up from the belay and round the arête on the right. A descending traverse rightwards to join the ?? Continue up this to a stance and belay at the foot of the groove.
- (5) 90 feet. Climb the groove 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 until it is possible to step right into Naddyn Ddu. Continue up to the grass ledge and belay.
- (6) 60 feet. Continue up the groove to the top.

First ascent: 30th April, 1965. J. Brown and D. E. Alcock.

**Aries** 165 feet. Hard Very Severe

- (1) 40 feet. Pitch (1) of Gargoyle.
- (2) 50 feet. Traverse horizontally across the wall to the right. There is a peg in position about 8 feet right of the stance of the Gargoyle. This peg was used for protection; continue traversing along the obvious weakness to a stance and peg belay by some large loose blocks at the foot of a crack.
- (3) 75 feet. Up the crack and the rock above to the top, large spike belay.

First ascent: 4th July, 1965. D. E. Alcock and B. A. Fuller. Alternate leads.

**Trapeze** 250 feet. Extremely Severe

Takes a direct line up the wall between Pigotts and Chimney.

Start 30 feet left of Chimney.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb the green corner stepping right at the top to a grass ledge and flake belay.
- (2) 80 feet. Traverse left to a slab and up this to the bulge. Climb the bulge on the pegs and slings for aid. Continue up the wall above to a horizontal break, traverse right to a ledge and peg belay.
- (3) 70 feet. Traverse right for 15 feet to an obvious line up the slab. Climb this until a step left can be made into a shallow groove. Up this with a peg for protection to a horizontal break. Step left and up to a triangular grass ledge and belay.
- (4) 70 feet. Up the corner above (crossing the wall variations) and continue up the first groove with a hard move at 35 feet peg for protection). Continue up the groove until it joins the variation to the top crack of Pigotts.

First ascent: August, 1965. T. Herley and D. Blythe.

**The Arrow** 500 feet. Extremely Severe

The route has a separate entry some 30 feet left of Great Slab and continues up the corner on the right of Narrow.

Start 30 feet left of Great Slab at a block which abuts against the wall.

- (1) 150 feet. Step off the block to a peg in 8 feet (in place), continue leftward (sling for handhold) to a grass ledge on the far arête. Climb the slab above, first left and then straight up to grass at 120 feet. Move left to below the Narrow Slab.
- (2) 100 feet. Climb the corner on the right of the Narrow Slab. This is often wet and leads to a stance on Narrow.

- (3) 300 feet. Up the grassy slabs as for Narrow.

First ascent: 1st August, 1964. H. I. Banner and R. G. Wilson.  
Alternate leads.

**Diwedd Groove** 340 feet. Extremely Severe

- (1) 80 feet. To the right of Carpet Slab are some shattered overhanging cracks, climb up these with the aid of jammed nuts and onto the slab above, move left and step into the groove proper. Belay peg in place.
- (2) 150 feet. Up the groove. Good runners half way up on right wall. Up to the overhangs here, move round the bulge on the left and up the side by good jams, until a peg can be reached. Use this to get into the overhanging crack. Jam this until a chock stone can be threaded and use this to move out onto the right wall. Move round the corner and belay.
- (3) 120 feet. Traverse right to the edge of a slab then climb the slabs above to the top.

Note: a lot of gardening was required on the groove which didn't leave time to finish direct. This was done later and makes it a much better finish than the traverse left.

First ascent: 5th October, 1965. R. Edwards and M. Boysen.

## E. SNOWDON SOUTH

### TREMADOC

**Leg Slip** (Direct start) 50 feet. Hard Very Severe

The next groove to the left.

Up the groove to the peg used for aid and one sling. Continue up groove with difficulty joining Leg Slip at the belay.

First ascent: 20th September, 1964. R. Edwards and R. Haycraft.

**Sisyphus** 200 feet. Extremely Severe

A direct route up the crag. The hard moves are strenuous and not well protected.

Start at the bottom of Tantalus slab, on the left.

- (1) 40 feet. Up the corner for 6 feet until a traverse line left can be seen; this leads to a large ash tree.
- (2) 60 feet. Using a peg for tension, step round the corner and then move straight up for 4 feet and move leftwards into a crack. Go up this to the belay of Craig Du Wall.
- (3) 100 feet. Start as for the Wasp until the first peg is reached. Move up from this for a few feet until a good hand-hold and the left

edge is reached. Another hand-hold can be seen in the middle of the wall; go across to this and ascend leftwards to the arête. Up the arête and finish up a shallow groove to the top.

First ascent: 17th October, 1965. R. Edwards and C. Boulton.

#### CLOGWYN-Y-WENAULT

**Toreador** 165 feet. Hard Very Severe

Start 10 feet to the right of Torero.

- (1) 7 feet. Up the wall into the obvious corner. Once in the corner, either go straight up or move out onto the right wall, mantle shelf onto the ledge, and then straight up.
- (2) 35 feet. Ten feet to the right in the corner. This is also the start to the second pitch of Ferdinand. Up the corner to the first tree. Belay.
- (3) 60 feet. Carry on up the corner to peg. Move over the peg for four feet, to where the wall starts to overhang. It is now possible to make a difficult move right, using a fang of rock, onto a slab. Up this to the top.

First ascent: April, 1964. R. Edwards and party.

#### F. CRAIG ARTHUR-LLANGOLLEN

**Scouser's Slab** 120 feet. A.2.

(13 pegs, 2 wedges) 3 golos in place. It is situated on the right-hand side of the buttress and starts 30 feet left of the "Peeler".

- (1) 70 feet. Start at a small rake and bulge directly beneath the three overlaps. Up the bulge to a ledge, move right and surmount the next bulge at its right-hand end and continue up the obvious crack to the roof. Traverse right and up via golos (in place). Stance taken on ledge.
- (2) 50 feet. Move left and up the obvious break in the overhang to the top.

First ascent: November, 1964. B. Riley, T. Herley and D. Blythe.

**Chota Peg** 120 feet. A.2.

(15 pegs.) Situated on main buttress immediately left of the scoop and takes the obvious small roof high on the crag.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the obvious rake via a stiff wall and twin cracks, finally pegging the groove to the overhung ledge (A.1.). Stance and peg belays.
- (2) 60 feet. Traverse left and up the wall above by a devious line to the roof. Out and over this and up the groove above to the top.

First ascent: November, 1964. T. Herley and S. Morgan.

SCREWDRIVER, CORDILLERA CARABAYA  
A. Tomlinson





**Nemesis** 120 feet. A.3.

(15 pegs, 3 golas (in place)).

- (1) 60 feet. Start 30 feet left of the large tree and just right of a small overhang above in the face. Up the bulge-like riblet and after 25 feet move right into a scoop and exit left via a golo, into the obvious crack. Up this to a small roof, which is surmounted with a long stretch. Climb into the groove above and exit left on golas to a stance in étriers at the horizontal break.
- (2) 60 feet. Move left from the belay and up via a free move to a rising traverse line 4 feet to the left. At the end of the traverse step into the prominent vertical corner, and go up this and over the 5 foot roof until free moves over the lip lead to a stance and peg belay just below the top of the crag.

First ascent: December, 1964. T. Herley, B. Riley and D. Blythe.

Note: The above route is situated on the main crag and takes the second and largest roof from the right-hand end, entailing stances in étriers. This route compares in difficulty with the Derbyshire limestone A.3. routes.

## II. CHEDDAR GORGE

**Sentinel** 200 ft. Very Severe and A.1.

A pleasant climb on good rock facing up the gorge. The terrace separating the upper and lower tiers disappears. Here the wall is continuous.

Start at the right-hand side in a small bay with a patch of trees on the right.

- (1) 100 feet. Up and left to a ledge. Move left and continue directly. Finish right of a corner at the edge of a good stance and tree; belay.
- (2) 100 feet. Move left from the stance to regain the crack. Climb free for about 50 feet, then at A.1. for 20 feet moving left to a parallel crack. Finish free on good holds.

First ascent: 28th March, 1965. C. Jones and L. Brown.

**The West Route** 370 feet. Very Severe and A.2.

A fine, direct line. Named in memory of G. West who climbed the first section.

The climb goes straight up the "California Wall", following a natural line all the way, the roof in the last pitch being characteristic. Should it be pegged up, standard A.1.

- (1) 90 feet. A.1. Start below of crack which is blocked by overhangs. Mixed free and artificial to the roof. Work round left, then finish right on a good belay.

- (2) 80 feet. A.1. The grooves, mostly free (rather too many ancient pegs) to a magnificent stance.
  - (3) 40 feet. A.2. From the left side of the stance go up and work back right and up the crack to a ledge.
  - (4) 60 feet. A.2. Step into the crack which leads to the roof, belay in étriers under the roof.
  - (5) 100 feet. A.2. Through the roof and onto the final wall in superb position. Another belay may be needed if equipment runs out.
- First ascent: 10th April, 1965. C. Jones and R. Dearman.

**Palo Alto** 200 feet. Very Severe

The arête on the cliff above Horseshoe Bend Buttress.

Start by gaining the grass platform below the arête, about 150 feet above the road.

- (1) 40 feet. Scramble up to a stance and peg belay.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb a bulge to finish in regulation. Place a high peg and tension into the prominent groove just left of the arête. Good joining leads to the stance.
- (3) 80 feet. Work right to the arête. Up this moving left at the top. Finish on unstable vegetation.

First ascent: 27th March, 1965. C. Jones and A. Brown.

On the right of Horseshoe Bend is a huge buttress which overhangs in its upper section. Two triangular block roofs are a prominent feature. This is known as Sunset Buttress.

**Paradise Lost** 300 feet. Very Severe and A.3.

Forces its way through the roof of Sunset Buttress. The upper section is continuously overhanging giving interesting peg climbing. Start as for Palo Alto on a grass platform below the arête.

- (1) 130 feet. Climb the bulge on Palo Alto, then diagonally right through ivy-covered rock via a small pillar to a ledge and block below the overhangs.
- (2) 50 feet. A.2. From the right edge of the belay layback a short crack and from its top go right to another crack which is climbed to the overhang above (free moves). Climb the overhang and take an étrier stance on the left between the roofs. (15 pegs, 1 bolt, approx.).
- (3) 70 feet. A.3. Move right to a shallow groove and climb it passing two overhangs on the right to a stance in étriers. (18 pegs, 4 bolts, approx.).



- (4) 50 feet. A.1. Traverse left into a crack which leads easily to the top (6 pegs).

First ascent: 8th May, 1965. R. Dearman and C. Jones.

**Jack** 100 feet. Very Severe.

To the right of Jill up a steep crack just to the left of the nose of the Buttress, where it overlooks the road.

**Slow Worm** 80 feet. Very Severe

Goes up the overhanging buttress just to the right of the easy way round to the top of Sceptre, etc.

- (1) 30 feet. From the right of the foot of the buttress, cross the wall to the overhanging groove, pull up into it, and so to a good ledge.
- (2) 50 feet. Climb the overhang immediately above the ledge with the aid of a peg, then up the crack to the top.

**Viper Crack** 120 feet. Very Severe

Up the obvious hand jamming crack on the Horseshoe Bend Buttress.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb the crack, at first by hand jams, and then near the top, where it gets wider, by awkward bridging.
- (2) 40 feet. Carry on up broken rock to the top.

**Ready Steady Go** 150 feet. Very Severe and A.2.

Takes the arête of the conspicuous slender buttress immediately above the reservoir, keeping to the left of the ivy-filled corner in its lower part.

- (1) 110 feet. Start at the lowest part of the arête and straight up, trending right towards a slight shoulder overlooking the groove (2 pegs, Va.). Step left up the blank wall (peg for aid) and on up to the ledge.
- (2) 40 feet. A.2. Get into the continuation of the groove (peg for aid), then trend right across the wall and back left up a crack behind flake. From top of flake (peg) step up right, and so to the top.

**Coronation Street** 400 feet. Hard Very Severe

One move of A.2., the rest free. It takes a line up the conspicuous grooves running up the main face above Sceptre.

- (1) 80 feet. Pitch (1) Sceptre.
- (2) 80 feet. Pitch (2) Sceptre, up to a niche below the overhang just below the point where you break out right—poor stance.
- (3) 70 feet. Climb the small overhang up to the right (still on Sceptre) then go straight up the groove (pegs) to the triangular roof. Pass

this on its left (A.2., 2 pegs) and on up the groove past a ledge and up the overhanging chimney (Vb, nut runner), to a stance on shattered pedestal (bolt belay).

- (4) 50 feet. Straight up the crack to the roof (Va) then traverse left (nut runners) to a shield of overhanging rock. Traverse left beyond shield to small ledge; stance in étriers.
- (5) 70 feet. Go back right into corner and up it past two overhangs (peg at each overhang, Vb), to a small ledge.
- (6) 50 feet. Go diagonally right across wall until it is possible to go straight up slab (peg), and so to the top.  
In two instalments. Pitches 1 to 4, C. Bonington and J. Cleare, January, 1965.  
Pitches 4 to 6, C. Bonington and A. Greenbank, March, 1965.

**Temptation** 120 feet. Very Severe

Reaches the conspicuous clean-cut corner above and to the right of Eve.

- (1) 30 feet. Scramble up Eve to a tree.
- (2) 50 feet. From the tree step onto the wall and climb up to a ledge at the foot of the groove.
- (3) 40 feet. Climb the clean-cut crack in the corner, trending right at the top.

M. Thompson and C. Bonington. Leading through.

### III. DEVON AND LUNDY

#### THE DEWERSTONE

**The Spiders Web** 140 feet. Hard Very Severe

Probably the best of the routes on the Upper Buttresses. The climb takes an intricate line up the lower tier of the Upper Right Hand Buttresses which is broken by alternate slabs and overhangs.

Start from a small tree below the centre of the Buttress.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb up the slab to the first tier of overhangs, piton runner, traverse to the right-hand edge where a smooth groove pierces the overhang. An awkward move leads up to a piton, continue 10 feet up the groove to make an awkward exit left onto a slab. Continue left and up to a sapling, below the next tier of overhangs. Piton belay recommended.
- (2) 80 feet. Traverse a few feet left then climb up right to a large flake runner; one can climb straight up to this point. A delicate move leads right onto the slab above the overhang. Continue right, piton above the next overhang to a tree, one can belay here. Go straight over the overhang by the piton, delicate, and up to the next over-

hang. Traverse left to the edge and up a break in the overhang. Continue up and right easily to the top.

T. Patey.

## LUNDY

**Albion** 390 feet. Hard Very Severe

This runs up the left-hand corner of the Devil's Slide on black streaked rock.

Start: left of the Devils Slide.

- (1) 150 feet. Climb straight up the slab in the middle. Then move over to the rib on the left.
- (2) 60 feet. Move out on the slab again and straight up to a stance, again on the left rib, below the point where the retaining wall curves over the slab.
- (3) 100 feet. The crux. Move up the black corner on small holds to just below the furthest point of the curving wall, two pitons (in situ). Then traverse horizontally right on a thin fault line to a stance on the ordinary route.
- (4) 80 feet. Move back from the stance for 20 feet along the traverse, then go straight up the shallow groove angling left to the retaining wall. Thence to the top.

First ascent: 15th April, 1963. P. H. Biven and V. N. Stevenson (alternate leads).

## IV. CORNWALL

### CHEESEWRING QUARRY

**Jane** 65 feet. Difficult

Start right of Peter, below the ridge of rough rock that continues down from pitch (2) of that climb.

- (1) Climb the ridge for 15 feet, over a slight overhang onto a ledge. Straight on to the top to the right of Peter and the gorse bush. Belay at the top.

**Fortress Direct** Very Difficult

Start as for Traitor's Gate, up a crack in the black face.

- (1) 60 feet. As for Traitors Gate, into the Fortress.
- (2) 60 feet. Up the corner at the back of the Fortress, to the left of the stepped-edged finish to Traitor's Gate. Belay at the top.

**Fortress Indirect** Very Difficult

- (1) 60 feet. Pitch (1) of Fortress Direct.

- (2) 55 feet. To the top, up the wall of the Fortress on exposed, but obvious holds. Belay well back from the top.

**Traverse from the Fortress—1** Very Difficult

Belay in the Fortress.

- (1) 60 feet. On the lowest edge, traverse left, around an awkward corner (where the ledge appears to peter out) into the gully between the Fortress and the central overhang. Belay.

**Traverse from the Fortress—2** Very Difficult

Easier than it appears at first. Belay in the Fortress.

- (1) 45 feet. Traverse left on the upper ledge to a large, loose-seeming pinnacle on the corner. Belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Down into the gully on easy holds and up to the top (runner possible in gully).

First ascents: Jane, August, 1965. Others, September, 1965.

**PORDENACK POINT**

**Nothing Much** 100 feet. Very Severe

Starts a few feet to the left of the quartz chimney of pitch (1) of Wrist Climb, at the foot of a crack below a small overhang.

- (1) 80 feet. Up the crack to below the small overhang, before moving left for a few feet using good horizontal hand jams. Move up to a bridging position immediately under the overhang and with the aid of a good left hand-jam, move right and onto a sloping ledge and continue up the obvious groove to below the large overhang above the traverse of Wrist Climb. Follow this easily to the left of a good stance and belay.
- (2) 20 feet. The short layback crack on the right leads to the top.

First ascent: 8th June, 1965. D. Wiggett. A. G. Smythe.

## V. AVON GORGE

**Malady** 190 feet. Hard Very Severe

An interesting route. Starting with Mercavity it takes a natural line up steep rock between this and Malbogies.

- (1) 40 feet. As for Mercavity.
- (2) 60 feet. Move up 6 feet, then left into a shattered groove left of Macavity. Up this for 35 feet to where it splits. Go left across a steep wall (2 pegs for handholds) and ascend to a niche above a prominent borehole; continue to a small stance in a groove beneath a roof.

- (3) 90 feet. Move left and up to the overlap. Climb this awkwardly to where the way is blocked; move up and right to a red roof. Pass this on the left to arrive at a scoop beneath the largest overhang in this part of the wall. Continue more easily now up a slab, going right to finish on poor rock near Macavity.

First ascent: 7th March, 1965. C. Jones and J. Lovat.

**Main Wall Eliminate** 220 feet. Hard Very Severe

Climbs directly up the challenging lower wall, giving hard pegging and pleasant free climbing. Some pegs should not be removed as the rock is poor in places. Most are thin blades under dubious flakes.

Start from a ledge under the central part of the wall, 40 feet right of Malpractice.

- (1) 110 feet. A.2. Traverse 15 feet right then up a wall and indefinite rib capped by a roof (free climbing). Up 15 feet to a series of three roofs, all taking inverted pegs. From a bolt move right into a groove and climb it using inverted "aces" and two further bolts (if one had enough "aces" the first bolt might not be necessary) to a small stance.
- (2) 110 feet. Step right into a groove (Vb) and up to a junction with the Girdle. Move into a niche and cross a rib to below two iron spikes. Past these and so to the top.

First ascent: 12th September, 1965. C. Jones and F. Bennet.

## VI. SWANAGE

**Apex Corner** 130 feet. Hard Very Severe

At the far western end of the Boulder Ruckle, is a large corner, the climb takes this line.

- (1) 50 feet. Start in the overhanging chimney, go up a few feet to the overhang, climb this on handjams. Then continue up the crack to stance, peg and nut belay.
- (2) 80 feet. Continue up the corner crack for about 40 feet where it splits into two grooves, climb the left (this is extremely loose and with no protection) exit from the groove then straight up the steep grass to belay on fence.

First ascent 20th May, 1964. B. A. Crofts and C. S. B. Williams.

## VII. IRELAND

Sean Rothery

The most notable event of 1965 was the sudden departure of the Spillikin at Camederry, Co. Wicklow. Luckily this happened during the week instead of at the week-end, when the rockfall could have caused havoc. To date the crux pitch of "Spillikin Ridge" has not been climbed despite some strong attempts. The route will undoubtedly be harder than the original route. "Fanfare" climb is also rather harder on the last pitch without the Spillikin. The Northern Clubs have been extremely active and many more routes have been added to the quite extensive list of climbs in the Mourne mountains. In an attempt to raise the standard of rock-climbing and to increase the number of active climbers in the country a new group has been formed to cater for rock climbers only. The Irish Mountaineering Club is also starting a system of rock climbing instruction at Dalkey Quarry.

New climbs included (full description in I.M.C. Journal 1965)

### GLENVEAGH, CO. DONEGAL

**Symbol:** 465 ft. V.S. E. Gaffney and P. O'Leary, F. Devlin and D. Agnew (2 ropes) July 1965 (2nd and 3rd pitches climbed by P. O'Leary and K. Shelley, 1961.

Immediately to the right of the lowest of the large overhangs on the left of the face there is a crescent or sickle shaped overhang. Below this there is a holly tree in a wide crack. The climb starts here. The route has sustained difficulty and once started has no escape except abailing.

### LOUGH BARRA, CO. DONEGAL. BINGORM WEST.

**Cachiecleat:** 180 ft. Severe. P. Gribbon, J. Cunningham, 30th March, 1964.

This route lies left of Square Cut Gully and right of Turner's Corner.

**String of Pearls:** 1,000 ft. V.S. F. Devlin and D. Agnew, 14th August, 1965.

This climb is a high level girdle traverse of Bingorm West. It is a magnificent climb, probably one of the best on the crag. First ascent took nine hours. It can be conveniently split in two should conditions

or the mood of the party require it. First section, from Square Cut Gully to the top of "Risorgimento" where escape can be made to the top easily. Second section from top of "Risorgimento" to the finish 100 yards to the right of "Ploughshare finish".

### RINGORM EAST

**Toraigh:** 430 ft. Mild V.S. 5th June, 1965, P. O'Halpin and Betty Healy. Second party S. Rothery and P. O'Leary who climbed an alternative 80 ft. Pitch 4.

On the centre of the main face there is a prominent bright green patch set below the upper overhangs. Below this green patch the diedre which forms the beginning of the second pitch is clearly seen to be the exit line from the lower overhangs. At an incut section of the lower slabs below and slightly to the right of the diedre, the climb commences.

### BEN CORMAC

**One and Only:** 460 ft. V.S. 30th August, 1964, J. Peers and J. Read.

Several variations of this climb had previously been done on this unpleasantly vegetated cliff.

### NORTH DONGEGAL. CLONMANAGH. BINION CRAGS

**Chow:** 130 ft. V.S. J. Anderson and B. Slader, 26th June, 1965.

**Mossy Face:** 200 ft. V.S. J. Anderson and A. McCarthy, August, 1965.

### MOURNE MOUNTAINS

Many new climbs were done in the Mourne. The greatest numbers were on:

**Pigeon Rock:** Six V.S. climbs varying in length from 110 ft. to over 300 ft. were done by C. Moore, D. Dick and H. Porter. Several other V.Diff. and Severe routes were also made.

**Upper Cove:** Two V.S. climbs **Epiphone** 160 ft. by F. Devlin and J. Sloan and **Initiation** 100 ft. C. Moore, D. Patton and F. Bullock.

#### Lower Cove:

**Dot's Delight:** 120 ft. V.S. P. Kavanagh and F. Devlin.

### EAGLE ROCKS:

**The Cure:** 220 ft. V.S. C. Moore and I. Brown.

**Meander:** 870 ft. V.S. C. Moore and I. Brown, September, 1965 a girdle traverse of the upper cliffs.

**Castelatus:** 200 ft. V.S. G. Earnshaw and C. Moore.

## HEN MOUNTAIN:

**Yeni Gol:** 130 ft. V.S. J. Anderson and S. Webb.

**Asterisk:** 160 ft. Hard V.S. I. Firth and F. White.

A number of shorter routes were done on other crags and tors and a new cliff was discovered in Co. Fermanagh. This was in the Marble Arch area South West of Enniskillen. There are some fine Limestone cliffs here and on one of these, Monastir Cliff, a 100 ft. vertical climb was made by D. Horne and B. Rogers in March, 1965.

## VIII PERUVIAN ANDES: CORDILLERA CARABAYA

A. Tomlinson

### **Keele Andean Expedition, 1965.**

The main objectives of this expedition, the first from Keele University were: to explore and climb some of the peaks in the Allinccapac range, notably those seen and photographed by Meldrum's expedition (1960)\*; to make a geological survey, and a plant collection for Kew Gardens (Pete Webster; some plants identified, some possibly new).

After all the usual last minute panics, base-camp was set up in a delightful, many-laked valley between Chichiccapac and Allinccapac. From here we had a fine view of Chichiccapac, the first ascent of which is attributed to P. Ghighione (1956). A new route on this mountain was made by B. Chase, and A. Tomlinson and G. Bonney (the latter took a short siesta on the upper slopes while the other two pressed on to the summit!).

The next mountain to be attempted was Huaynaccapac, nicknamed "Tower" by Meldrum for obvious reasons†. This was

\*See the article by John Cole in the Climbers' Club Journal for 1961. p. 186.

†There seems to be some misunderstanding here. Huaynaccapac is the name of the higher mountain to the north of the Tower-Screwdriver group. Both summits were climbed by the 1960 expedition, the higher by two routes.—Ed.



climbed, after an unsuccessful reconnaissance by Bonney and Rod Gallagher. The summit of Screwdriver (photo.) was reached by Chase and Tomlinson by a route including a difficult ice-fall and V.S. and A.I. rock-climbing.

Several other minor peaks were climbed, and an unsuccessful attempt made at a second ascent of Allinccapac by a new route. Soft snow and unreliable ice-conditions were encountered throughout the expedition.

## IX. TURKEY: NOTES ON THE HAKKARI MOUNTAINS

J. G. R. Harding

A small expedition, of which Harding was a member, visited this area in June, 1965. The following ascents were made.

Hilary Silvresi via the N.E. glacier of Cilo Dagh (probably a first ascent).

Maunsell Peak via the S.E. ridge.

Resko via the W. face (possibly new route in part).

Erciyas Dagh (in Anatolia) via N.W. face (solo).

### 1) AREA

Hakkari province is in the S.E. corner of Turkey and the mountains approximately 60 miles S.E. of Lake Van. There are two main groups:

- (i) CILO (pronounced GELO) DAGH predominantly limestone in a chain approximately 25 miles long culminating in RESKO (sometimes called GELIASIN) 13,680 ft. and
- (ii) SAT DAGH, some 10 miles to the S.E. of CILO DAGH separated by the RUDBARE SIN, culminating in CIA E HENDEVADE 12,467 ft. This rock is granite.

Both CILO and SAT encompass spectacular mountain scenery with well defined peaks, augilles, ridges and faces (of up to 3,000 ft.). The terrain is "Alpine" in character and there are 22 small glaciers. The setting of snow peaks in this wild and romantic area gives climbing in Hakkari a rare flavour.

## 2) FAUNA AND FLORA

Brown bear and the yellow Syrian bear are both numerous as are snakes. Also wolf, ibex, moufflon, marmot and panther. Bird life is rich and variegated. For late June, 1965, the sides of the upper valleys are covered in pink crocuses pushing up through the snow. A paradise for botanists. (See R.G.S. Journal, Vol. CXXII Pt. II, June, 1956).

## 3) EXPLORATION

Over the last four decades and up to 1965 (when tourists were again allowed into Hakkari) Turkish Kurdistan has been one of the least accessible parts of the Middle East. Victorian travellers passed through Hakkari during the latter half of the 19th Century and there was genuine mountain exploration by Maunsell in 1901 in Cilo Dag and Dickson in 1910 in Sat Dag. Subsequently it became increasingly difficult to get into Turkish Kurdistan though in 1934 and 1937 Dr. Hans Mobek led two Austrian Scientific/mountaineering expeditions to climb the principal peaks and map the area. Since the last war several Turkish parties have visited Hakkari and the ascent (by Tom Weir and Douglas Scott) was not made until 1957. Though the basic exploration is complete some minor peaks are still unclimbed and there is scope for new routes on steep ridges and virgin faces including the N.E. wall of Resko.

## 4) TRANSPORT AND TRAVEL

### (1) London/Istanbul

Air travel is expensive but by flying via Istanbul it is possible to be in Hakkari within three days of London. Rail and road travel (buses to Istanbul from Milan and Munich in 1965) is uncomfortable but comparatively cheap. If time no object car via Yugoslavia/Bulgaria (2 visas) or boat from French or Italian ports recommended.

### (2) Istanbul/Hakkari

The town of Hakkari (formerly Colemerik) is the H.Q. of the provincial administration. A visit to the Governor would repay the effort although the detour through the magnificent Zap gorges will involve at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  day extra. YUKSEKOVA is the usual roadhead for CIO and SAT and is accessible by the new CENTO road.

#### (a) Air

Regular services from Istanbul to Van. Thence to Hakkari or Yuksekova by Bus or Taxi.

#### (b) Road

Standard route is Istanbul-Ankara-Kayseri-Malatya-Elazig-Van (3 days hard driving). Van to Hakkari or Yuksekova  $\frac{1}{2}$  day.

### (3) Roadheads to Mountain Camps

Mountain ponies (tough and sure-footed) together with Kurdish muleteers can be engaged at YUKSEKOVA through the civil administration. The best base camp sites for CILO are probably the MIA HVARA (N.W. CIRQUE of RESKO) and ERBIS YAYLA (2,680 m.) in the TELGUI SAVI (N.E. CIRQUE OF RESKO). For the MIA HVARA the village of HIRVATA might be a better roadhead:  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 days from YUKSEKOVA or HIRVATA to base camps. The best camp for climbing RESKO from the east is the CEVRE BIHI YAYLA (2,920 m.) on the S.E. flank of the mountain— $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 days from YUKSEKOVA. A base on the Southern slopes of CILO would probably be best approached from Hakkari itself. For SAT the approach from YUKSEKOVA would take from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 days.

### (5) WEATHER

The winter snowfalls are reported exceptionally heavy (3 metres in the YUKSEKOVA plain 6,000ft.) but in mid summer the heat is intense. Mid-June probably sees the mountains at their best though the snowfields are still considerable. By Mid-July mosquitos are active and the tribesmen with their flocks have invaded the higher pastures, bringing with them voracious flies. By August the area is parched and the flowers withered. For the latter half of June the weather was settled and the night temperature always below freezing.

### (6) FOOD AND EQUIPMENT

Tinned food available in VAN. Sheep and goat and curds can be bought from the tribesmen in the mountains. For travellers by car restaurant food is cheap and highly recommended but avoid the flashy, modern hotels. For the mountains standard Alpine equipment with tents.

### (7) GENERAL

It is advisable to organise permits well in advance and to co-operate at all times with the Turkish authorities. Some English is spoken by the civil administration and Army. German useful.

### (8) SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. "Die Alpen" 1939 as 7 Herbert Kuntscher  
"Climbs in Central Kurdistan"
2. "Mountain World 1955"  
"Mountaineering in Turkey" by L. O. Cikiril
3. S.M.C. Journal Vol. 26 No. 149 (1958)  
"Peaks and Passes in Kurdistan" by Tom Weir

4. "My Travels in Turkey" by Cecil Denis Hills  
Allen and Unwin 1964.
5. "The Geographical Magazine" December 1965.  
"Turkey's Remotest Province" by Robin Fedden
6. "Blackwoods Magazine" April 1966.  
"Hakkari 1965" by Ashenden\*

(\* An account of the small expedition I was with)

# EDITORIAL

My first task as Editor must be to congratulate John Neill on his splendid work, represented by the past six issues of the *Journal*. I must also thank him for the advice and encouragement with which he has eased my apprenticeship.

This year has seen a change in the Club's publishing policies. For the first time, the *Bulletin* 'New Climbs' has been offered for sale to the general public, and has not been distributed to members (descriptions of new routes are however, included in the *Journal*). This step has been taken in recognition of the increasing demand for information on developments in Wales and elsewhere, and to supplement the guidebook publishing programme. The experiment appears to have been successful, and it is intended to repeat it next year.

A further development has been the appointment of a guidebook sub-committee, under the chairmanship of A. J. J. Moullam, to remove from the Editor's shoulders some of the burden of clerical and administrative work which he has borne in the past.

The changes among the officers of the Club are as follows. In the presidency, J. H. Emlyn Jones has taken over from Sir John Hunt\*. He takes office at the beginning of a potentially difficult era, heralded by the longest and most eventful A.G.M. in memory, the reverberations from which will tax the President and his committee for some time. Our new Vice-Presidents are Moullam and Waller

Members who have died this year are I. G. Aitchison of whom an obituary notice appears in this issue, N. E. Crump, R. A. Mallet and J. D. M. Schuter. I regret that I have not been able to obtain obituary notices of these three members, and would be very glad to hear from anyone who feels qualified to write on them. More recently we have learnt of the death of C. B. C. Handley in a climbing accident. It is hoped to include an obituary notice in the next issue of the *Journal*.

Professor L. R. Wager, who died suddenly last year, was a member of the Club from 1926 until he resigned during the last war. He attained great distinction as a geologist, and in this capacity took part in many expeditions to Greenland. In 1933 he reached 28,000 feet on Everest.

W. Rickmer-Rickmers who also died last year was first elected to the Club in 1901. As a German, he ceased to be a member during World War I, but returned to the fold after it. He resigned in 1925. He led three expeditions

\*To whom our congratulations on his elevation.

to the Caucasus before 1914 and was leader of the 1928-29 Russo-German expedition to the Pamirs.

John Clements, of whom an obituary notice appears in this issue, was a candidate for election to the Club when he was killed in a climbing accident in Glencoe. He was the author of a guide to Castell Cidwm which will form part of the Club's Snowdon West guidebook.

Last year also saw the death of that great mountaineer Lionel Terray. He and his companion, Marc Martinetti, were killed in a fall from Pic Gerbier in the Vercors. The pioneer of many great Alpine routes and the leader of several successful expeditions (up to three in one year!) he, more than most men, achieved the stature of legend in his own lifetime.

During the year, the committee has elected John Poole and Joe Brown to honorary membership of the Club. It is appropriate to record here our congratulations to W. H. Murray on his O.B.E. for services to mountaineering, and to Geoffrey Barker on being awarded the Torch Trophy for services to youth and sport in North Wales as Honorary Secretary of the North Wales sub-committee of the B.M.C.



In the Himalaya, access is becoming more and more difficult, the Nepalese Government having restricted expeditions for the time being. An R.A.F. expedition to the Dhaulagiri Himal, led by Sims, just evaded the ban. In Kulu, Pettigrew was again active and, with Langford, made several ascents.

Two parties, including Day and Harding, have been in the Cilo Dagh area of Kurdistan in S.E. Turkey, and brief notes on the area are included in this issue. Wedgwood and Westmacott were both active on the West and East coasts of the North American continent, while Witham was in the party that made the first ascent of Ball's Pyramid, an 1800 foot pinnacle rising out of the South Pacific. Glentworth and Sykes visited New Zealand.

Sir John Hunt, assisted by Disley, J. H. Longland, Nicol, Orgill and Prager took a party of young people to the High Tatra. In conjunction with Polish and Czech mountaineers, many climbs and expeditions were undertaken, including some new routes.

In the Alps last summer the weather was particularly poor, but even so, many members did routes which only a year or two ago carried great prestige. As in recent years, Bonington and Patey were responsible for several new routes. These were the right-hand Brouillard pillar on Mont Blanc (Bonington), a route which had been closely watched by other members for some years, the West face of the Cardinal (Bonington and Patey), the West *éperon* of the Aiguille du Plan (Bonington) and the North East face, *intégrale* of the Dent du Midi (Bonington).

Everyone knows by now that 1965 was the Matterhorn centenary year.

S. AND S.E. FACES OF RESKO  
J. G. R. Harding







Many of our members were present at the celebrations in Zermatt and Breuil, some of them being involved in the television activities which accompanied the fête.

It was noted in the 1960 issue of the *Journal* that . . . "Joe Brown fittingly, still takes a leading part in present-day explorations" . . . It is a pleasure to record that this situation appears to be unchanged.



It is a pleasant duty to thank all those who have assisted me in the preparation of this year's *Bulletin* and *Journal*. In particular, thanks are due to David Baldock, who has energetically shouldered the burdens of the Business Managership, now greatly increased by our new *Bulletin* policy.

Finally, I would like to comment on the New Climbs and Notes section. The gathering of information for this section is an arduous task which last year was vigorously undertaken by Brian Crofts. His successor's job would be much eased if members would send, directly to me, descriptions of new routes (of whatever standard, in whichever area), accounts of Alpine ascents and details of other expeditions. Information should, if possible, reach me by the beginning of December, for inclusion in the following year's *Bulletin*.

# OBITUARY

## IRVINE GEORGE AITCHISON

Irvine Aitchison, who died last June, was one of the few surviving members of a group who used to meet at Betws y Coed and Capel Curig under the leadership of M. G. Bradley when the latter was resident in North Wales, from the 1930s to the 1950s. He was a neat and competent rock-climber, and, if he did not aspire to the highest achievements, thoroughly enjoyed that which he did, and was always an agreeable companion both on the rocks and round the fire or in the bar in the evenings. He was better known (although not to me) and achieved greater distinction as a skier, and reached great prominence and exerted great influence in the Ski Club of Great Britain (of which he was President from 1944 to 1946) and in the Alpine Ski Club (of which he was Secretary for some years and President in 1946). He joined our own Club in 1938 and was similarly a member of the Alpine Club from 1933, in both of which he retained a close interest until his death at the age of 76.

Aitchison was a man of great professional distinction, being Chairman and Managing Director of Dolland & Aitchison from the age of 22 (after being called to the Bar) for more than 50 years; and he was a founder and on two occasions Chairman of the Society of Opticians and prominently associated with other similar professional bodies.

There are many men who have achieved success in their work, in professions or in business, and who have been conscious throughout of the inspiration and support which has been afforded them by their parallel interest in mountaineering. I believe that Irvine Aitchison would have readily acknowledged that his long concern with our sport greatly enriched his life.

John Poole

## JOHN CLEMENTS

John's application to join the club was due to come up before the committee shortly after his tragic death in Glencoe. His death has been an incalculable loss to his broad circle of friends, to this club which he would have joined and to the climbing fraternity in general.

His reputation as climber needs no embellishment. Over the past two years his performance has been accepted as one of the most effective in

Britain. His brilliant new routes will remain as a testimony to a climber whose technical ability was only surpassed by his love for the hills. Whilst other climbers of his generation have sought extreme difficulty for its own sake, John was able to combine his unswerving 'eye for a line' with a discrimination which has produced a series of modern classics on the steep walls of Castell Cidwm and Llech Ddu. It will not be long before his contribution to Welsh climbing is fully appreciated by all who seek the best in modern climbing. Shortly before leaving for Glencoe, John finished his guidebook section on Cidwm, which has been published in this year's *Bulletin*. It is written in a manner which comes from an intimate knowledge of a particular piece of rock, giving a brief glimpse into the intricate mental processes involved in pushing into the unknown.

John applied himself equally successfully to his work. He graduated at Durham University, where for three years he was the central figure of a club to which he first introduced the notion of rock climbing as an art in itself. His colourful personality, which quickly endeared him to all with whom he came into contact, reflected his zest for life and his inexhaustible mental drive. At the same time he was a selfless and indulgent friend, combining his dynamism with a kindness which is rarely found amongst climbers. No one who met him could resist emulating his skills and personality. One continually sees echoes of John in the character of his friends.

From Durham, John moved to Liverpool as a post-graduate organic chemist and rapidly established himself doing important research in this field. His superb descriptions of his experiments often surpassed those of his climbs. He was shortly due to go to California to continue his research; he would no doubt have made his mark in Yosemite. In Liverpool his presence transformed the University club. Within a year he was president, and although he recently retired from the committee his influence in running the club was no less.

Over the past two years John's activities in Wales brought him into contact with a wider section of the climbing community, which was far richer for his presence. If the loss to his climbing friends is great, then that to those who were close to him is inestimable. To his family and those very near to him, we can only offer our deepest sympathy.

Graham Wild, Peter Crew.

# REVIEWS

AMERICANS ON EVEREST. By James Ramsey Ullman. (Michael Joseph 50/-).

There will be some who will not like this book. There are certainly parts that jar and the style grates somewhat but it is nevertheless a frank and thorough account which reads easily and is never dull. It also adds something new to the Everest story—the account of the first ascent by the West ridge and the first traverse of the summit.

The book is written by a professional 'mountain author'. This to my mind is a mixed blessing. Ullman handles his subject skilfully, but tends to lapse into passages which could have come from one of his novels. Although he was prevented by age and a bad leg from going more than a day beyond Katmandu, surprisingly enough this does not detract unduly from the value of the account. He has taken great pains to record accurately the details of the climb, and the personal feelings and reactions of the climbers. These have been gleaned from a mass of diaries, wireless transmissions and tapes which were made partly for the record and partly for the expeditions psychological and sociological programmes. Nevertheless I should have liked to have read accounts of at least the summit climbs written by the climbers themselves.

As might be expected, this largest of all large expeditions had more than a normal expedition's share both of success and misfortune and there is consequently much of interest in the book. Notably the first American ascent by the clean cut, straightforward, single-minded 6' 5" Big Jim Whittaker and Gompou, more than a foot shorter, on his third summit attempt, on a bitterly cold day of violent wind which kept the rest of the expedition in their tents. Worthy summitters both. And the magnificent climb from the West; the pioneering of the West ridge route despite lack of logistic support and despite Camp 4W being blown off the ridge, the fine carry of over 2000 ft. over an unreconnoitered route to establish and occupy Camp 5 high in a couloir on the North Face; and the happy almost light hearted climb next day by the elfin Tom Hornbein and the jovial philosopher Willi Unsoeld who after 8 hours hard climbing and with 800 ft. still to go but with enough oxygen to get them back to camp, switched off the radio advising them from below to turn back, and went on—to the top. The story of the descent from the summit without oxygen, in the dark on unfamiliar ground, and the four summit climbers' miraculous survival after a night spent sitting on a rock at 28,000 ft. still without oxygen, shelter, drink or food of any kind must be one of the more dramatic in the history of Himalayan mountaineering.

The author loyally supports his leader and paints a picture of a united party. Dyhrenfurth's shortcomings as a leader are apparent nevertheless. What also shows between the lines, is that it was Dyhrenfurth the cinematographer, Head of the Motion Picture Division, University of California, rather than Dyhrenfurth the climber who not only conceived and raised funds for this expedition (no mean feat, apparently even in the U.S.A.) in truly epic style, but who also emerged on the mountain, without, as it were, throwing away the scenario. As a result, I feel, Unsoeld, Hornbein and their like-minded supporters are not given sufficient credit for persevering with their splendid West Ridge climb. One cannot help feeling how much better the expedition would have been if it had been confined to the small dedicated band of West Ridgers and their very worthwhile achievement.

In spite of the wealth of photographic expertise on and backing the expedition, the photographs are disappointing. Too many are squeezed into a page, resulting in some which are no bigger than  $1\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}''$ . The printing too is poor; in most pictures snow appears dead white, without any texture or contrast. There is one notable exception—a lovely colour shot from the S.E. ridge, looking towards Makalu. The photographs taken on the West Ridge and North Face are of course of considerable interest.

There are no less than 15 Appendices dealing with specialist aspects of the expedition written by the members concerned. These vary considerably but none contains any specially startling information, though Jimmy Roberts' table showing his Sherpas' achievement is quite remarkable. Alas, the results of the psychological and sociological programmes are not yet ready; it will take several years to sort out the data collected!

C. G. WYLIE

CLIMBING DAYS. By Dorothy Pilley (Mrs. I. A. Richards) (Secker & Warburg, 42/-).

This long-overdue reprinting of a mountaineering classic will bring pleasure to more than one generation of climbers.

From the first scrambles on Tryfan to the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche (still, nearly forty years later, regarded as a major undertaking), some twenty years of mountaineering enthusiasms and excitements are recorded with zest and humour. Unlike so many expedition accounts and superman autobiographies, this book's appeal is as immediate thirty years on as when it was written.

N.R.

MOUNTAINEERING. By Alan Blackshaw. (Published by Penguin Books L'd.) 542 pages and 172 illustrations. Price 18/6d.

For some time now it has been rumoured that Penguins were publishing a new handbook on mountaineering, by a leading authority on the subject.

Many people who know the author, have suggested that this book, when published, would prove to be a great work of reference. It might also help to stem the flood of poorly written books which have recently been produced. The mountaineering world has not been disappointed. The Director of Training of the Mountaineering Association, Mr. J. E. B. Wright, has said: "nothing that has been published in my long association with mountaineering has impressed me as much as this book. The author has given to mountaineering and training a piece of work which for erudition, surpasses anything which has yet been done. The quality of the job, research, writing, publication and illustrating is superb and my imagination 'boggles' at the amount of work which has gone into these pages. Congratulations!"

Apart from covering every aspect of hill-walking and climbing both in this country and in the Alps, Alan Blackshaw has stressed throughout that the only degree of safety to be tolerated in the mountains is the very highest attainable. For instance, he takes the would-be scrambler through all stages of his climbing apprenticeship and points out the many dangers he is likely to encounter and in each case how he should overcome them. If the book had ended there it would have become a great contribution to mountaineering and in particular to many of those who take parties of young people, often ill-equipped and inexperienced, onto our British hills. It is to be hoped that 'Mountaineering' will become the standard book to be used by the education authorities and training organisations as well as the many thousands of individual climbers.

The author breaks this complex subject into three basic parts: Hill-walking in Britain; Climbing in Britain; and Alpine Mountaineering. Within each part he deals comprehensively with his subject. The nine chapters forming part two, entitled Climbing in Britain, range in subject from a short history of the technical progress in climbing through rock technique, ropes and equipment, artificial climbing, snow and ice climbing, to where to walk and climb in the British Isles.

In part three, Alan Blackshaw deals with all aspects of alpine mountaineering from the point of view of the experienced British climber. To quote the author, "It is assumed that proficiency in the various aspects of climbing technique both on rock and on snow and ice has been achieved in Britain. Although it may not be practicable for everyone to master these techniques before going to the Alps, it is a great advantage to have done so, because you are then free to concentrate in the Alps on learning the special skills needed for safe alpine mountaineering."

There are six appendices of great value containing information on how to use a map and compass, knots and some very comprehensive lists of British and Continental organisations and their addresses and a Glossary of Gaelic, Norse and those very difficult Welsh words in British place-names of particular interest to climbers.

To summarise, this is an extremely good book and well worth the relatively high price charged for a Penguin Handbook.

J. N. SLEE-SMITH

**ROCK CLIMBERS IN ACTION IN SNOWDONIA.** John Cleare and Tony Smythe. (Secker and Warburg, 35/-).

This is probably the first book to devote itself entirely to a study of the Welsh rock-climber. As such it is very welcome and will be enjoyed by a wide audience of climbers and non-climbers alike.

Inevitably, it must be considered as two fairly distinct parts. Firstly the photographs by John Cleare (with captions by Robin Collomb); with a very few exceptions these struck me as being splendid. They are not only exciting and imaginatively composed action pictures but also, in several cases, superbly revealing portraits of the climbers.

The text by Tony Smythe is less completely successful, in my opinion. In several places a character study, or a snatch of conversation rings completely true, and seems to capture perfectly the idiom of the close little world it describes. The general effect however is episodic and fragmentary. Possibly the author's error is in trying to appeal to too many types of audience at the same time.

It may well be however, that the author has achieved exactly what he desired, and that I have been disappointed unnecessarily. In that case I shall continue to look forward to an analysis, from somewhere near the centre of the little world of the British rock-climber.

N.R.

**MOUNTAINS OF BRITAIN.** By Edward C. Pyatt (Batsford, 25/-).

This book deals with all the main mountains, and hills as well, of Ireland as well as Britain, describing scenery, walking and climbing, caving, literature, history, natural history, geology. Many lesser known hills are mentioned; a book of 216 pages and 30 illustrations clearly cannot be comprehensive, and the author's choice may often seem a little odd. But evidently his choice is for the most part made from his personal knowledge, or because his attention has been seized by a hill seen on a map; and why not?

One primary object of a book is that it should be a pleasure to have and to read, and this it achieves. Pyatt discourses pleasantly on matters of interest to everyone interested in British hills, and the illustrations, though mostly of subjects tending to the hackneyed, are good enough, and quite well reproduced. Pyatt's attitude on controversial subjects are mostly sensible. He takes a jaundiced view of the National Parks, but after all the frustrations of recent years one tends to find this pessimism justified. He is

against "blood sports"; to every man his own opinion, and we take note of that of the author.

The other primary object of the book is to serve as a work of reference. It certainly provides information about a wide variety of hills which is not readily available elsewhere. But an essential of a work of reference is that it can be trusted, i.e. that it is completely accurate, and in this Pyatt fails lamentably. On reading it through one repeatedly comes across pieces of information which one accepts for the moment, and then returns to uneasily, aware that something is slightly wrong. The trouble seems to be that although Pyatt has clearly read very widely and reproduced in his text much information gained in this way, the information thus gained is third or fourth hand, and his "authorities", where not completely out of date, are really no more expert in the relevant field of knowledge than he is. To quote one or two examples:

P. 47. The present candidates for the site of the last battle of Caratacus (not Caractacus) are not the Breidden Hills, but either Cefnarnedd near Caersws or Dolforwyn near Abermule.

P. 27. The last battle fought in England was not Sedgemoor. The Battle of Preston (1715), two sieges of Carlisle in the '45 and the skirmish of Clifton (1745) all took place after it.

P. 66. Neither "vale of beavers" nor Borrow's translation are accepted nowadays as the explanation of the name "Nant Ffrancon"

P. 67. Tryfan does **not** mean "the three headed mountain".

And so on.

And there are all sorts of minor inaccuracies, which become apparent when skimming e.g. through the first 70 pages.

P. 14. Many of the so-called names for hills are not for complete hills as such at all, but for individual feature—e.g. "allt" and "clogwyn" mean "cliff", "hillslope"; "rhos" means "moorland"; "forest" means "waste land". The word **sliabh** (slieve) is used in Scotland as well as in Ireland, though admittedly only for lesser hills.

"Ballagh" is suggested as the Irish equivalent of the Scots Gaelic "bealach" (**not** "beallach"); actually it is an anglicization of the Irish word **bealach**, which is identical with that used in Scotland.

"Coom" is an anglicisation of the Irish "**cum**", but "coire" is also used in Ireland.

P. 15. "Red Pike", "Carnedd Goch" and "Carn Dearg" all mean "red Cairn" or "cairn shaped summit", **not** "red mountain"

P. 20 (and map p. 21), "Chapel Carn Brea" is **not** the name of a hill (which is Carn Brea) but of the mediaeval chapel built round the prehistoric cairn (the actual Carn Brea) on the summit of the hill.



P. 21. Peninnis Head and Round Island are not "beyond the Scillies" but among them, Peninnis Head indeed being on St. Mary's itself.

P. 24. For Yes Tor read Kes Tor?

P. 31. The unbroken ridge of the Cotswolds ends at the north east not at Dovers Hill but at Meon Hill, 4 miles further on.

P. 43. "A point above 1,000 feet near Wentworth" is meaningless. Does the author mean Wentwood?—but this is under 1,000 feet; there is a point of 1,003 feet, Beacon Hill, above Treeck.

P. 54. The author makes nonsense of the O.S. standard spelling of the mountain once anglicised as "Plynlimon", by miscasting it as "Plumlumon"; it should be "Pumlumon"

P. 65. For "Benclog" read "Penglog"—from "Pen y Benglog" (head of the skull).

And one can go through the remaining pages with similar results.

Pyatt seems to have used very out of date maps as authorities for the spellings of names and heights of mountains he gives, which will make the book rather difficult to follow for anyone of a younger generation or coming new to the subject, who will naturally use the 7th edition of the 1-inch O.S. maps. In the first 70 pages one notices the following departures from the 7th edition:

Height one foot too low—Bredon Hill (p. 33), Black Down (p. 38), Carnedd Llywelyn (**not** Llewelyn) (p. 64), Carnedd Dafydd (p. 65), Elidir (**not** Elidyr) Fawr (p. 66).

Two feet too low—highest point of Lincolnshire Wolds (p. 41).

Six feet too low—Carnmenellis (p. 21).

Seven feet too low—St. Agnes Beacon (p. 21).

Ten feet too low—Glyder Fawr (p. 66).

Eleven feet too low—Great Staple Tor (p. 23).

One foot too high—Watch Croft (p. 21), Kilmer Tor and High Willhays (p. 22), Lype Hill (p. 26), Black Down (p. 27), Clent Hills (p. 34), Inkpen Beacon and Walbury Hill (p. 37), Butser Hill (p. 38), Win Green Hill and Bulborraw (**not** Bulberrow) Hill (p. 41), Worcestershire Beacon (p. 44), the Wrekin (p. 46), Pen y Fan (p. 48).

Two feet too high—Ryder's Hill (p. 23), Dunkery Beacon and Will's Neck (p. 26).

Four feet too high—Ysgyryd (**not** Skirrid) Fawr (p. 47).

A hundred feet too high—Uffington Hill (p. 38).

Craig Serrerthin (p. 47) should be "Syfyreddin", Llanrhaiadr yr Mochnant and Pistyll Rhaiadr (p. 56) should read "Rhaeadr", Craig Cwm Silin (p. 70)

should read "Silyn", Aran Mawddwy (p. 71) should be "Fawddwy".

If the author bothers to give heights and names surely they should be referred to up-to-date maps?

No, as a work of reference this book simply will not do.

JOHN NEILL

**Note.**—This book is claimed as a reference work by the publishers only. The author has made no such claim. Ed.

THE MOUNTAIN WORLD; 1964-65. (George Allen and Unwin, 42/-).

This is the eighth volume of this very valuable series. As we have come to expect, the articles range from the Himalaya to the Andes, from the Alps to Antarctica. For the ambitious, a list of the rapidly dwindling number of (known) unclimbed peaks of over 7,400 m. is included. For the slightly less ambitious, there is a list of ascents made in the Peruvian Andes since 1958.

The issue begins with yet another analysis of the first ascent of the Matterhorn. A pull-out map of part of the Cordillera Vilcabamba is an added, if slightly esoteric, attraction.

N.R.

CORNWALL VOL. II. By V. N. Stevenson

It is several years since my Andrews Guide showed me that CC Guides cannot swim; perhaps it gave a passing lobster an erudite meal. For me, this makes the appearance of the completely revised replacement a very welcome event. In fact, as the title suggests, it is only half of the replacement. By some quirk of the fourth dimension it has beaten Volume I to print, and we still await its subsequent predecessor. This means that there are no Notes—botanical, geological or sub-terranean. The notes on traversing between main climbing areas have been omitted, which is a pity for those who enjoy moving from cliff to cliff along the tide marks.

The scope of this Volume extends roughly from Charlie's Bar in Sennen Cove to the Lobster Pot at Mousehole. The two largest sections are a very welcome updating of routes on Sennen and Chair Ladder. The list of first ascents shows the extent of the Royal Marine near monopoly on innovation in this part of the world. In over 150 listed routes, J. H. Deacon appears in about a third of the parties (the author is well up, too, on over a fifth).

Using the Guide this spring, jealously watched by those without a copy, I found it very good. In particular the general notes on cliffs are first class, as are Cliff Fishwick's diagrams. The descriptions of the climbs I found a bit terse. There is a problem here, peculiar to Cornish climbing, I think. Without a boat or a long swim, climbers are unlikely to find a position

where they can see a cliff as a whole, so there is a problem in relating a diagram to a particular route—particularly if one is being chased along a ledge by a whopping great wave. This may be more of a fact of life of Cornish climbing, than a small criticism of this Volume, but there may be a case for more than traditional detail of starts of routes. However, thanks to this Guide I found climbs where I did not know they existed and, once I had found the start, the line was well described. Gradings seemed very fair.

**Note** (to Guide Book Editor). Might not numbering routes (on the Continental model) make it easier to find the place half way up a climb, rather than having to remember a page number?

**Note** (to members). This one, priced at 22/6, is worth getting the Club discount on!

JOHN LONGLAND

SNOWDON SOUTH, 2nd EDN. (Climbers' Club, 15/6). Available direct from Camtors, Jackson & Warr Ltd. to Climbers' Club members for 8/6d. post free.

The reprinted Snowdon South Guide, edited by Trevor Jones and John Neill, has undergone several alterations. The cover is now plastic, there are eleven pages of geological notes, natural history notes and advice on how to placate landowners. Thirty-three new routes are described in the main text and eight more in an appendix. The diagrams of the old edition were inadequate; these have been replaced by Brian Evans' excellent drawings. Of the new routes eight are Extreme, thirteen Hard V.S., seventeen V.S., one Severe, one V.Diff., and one Difficult: half of them are on Craig Bwlch y Moch and all except those in the Appendix have been reported in the Journal. The graded list in the back of the book has been shaken up: First Slip is upgraded to Extreme, Vector is now second to The Grasper and Pellagra is not placed.

C. H. TAYLOR

CLIMBERS GUIDE TO GLENCOE & ARDGOUR, VOL. 2. By L. S. Lovat

This the second volume of the present series to the Glencoe district covers all the climbing in the area not described by volume one plus the Etive Slabs and Ardgor. The style and layout is similar to that of the earlier volume and appears, to one not intimately acquainted with Glencoe, to be an admirable way of describing the climbing.

The S.M.C. continue to use a grading system with only six divisions of difficulty. The result being that "very severe" covers climbs of a wide range of difficulty. The deficiency is however somewhat remedied by the inclusion

of a graded list. It is on this list that visiting climbers must pin much of their faith.

The route descriptions are short and to the point. The Etive Slabs, a magnet to so many English climbers, are unfortunately covered by descriptions taken direct from original accounts. In so doing some of the climbs are described with more pitons than have been used on subsequent ascents.

Mr. Lovat's recommended rope length of 120 feet, seems much too short for many of the climbs if due regard to safe technique is to be observed. A rope of 150 feet would be more appropriate.

The sketches and map are excellent, conveying maximum information with a minimum of fuss and fit in so very well with this guide.

B. A. FULLER

## CLUB JOURNALS

**ALPINE JOURNAL.** The Alpine Journal continues its high standard. The May edition has an interesting coverage of the Matterhorn Centenary as well as excursions into Mexico and various parts of the Himalayas including an account of the unsuccessful Gauri Sankar expedition illustrated with impressive photographs. There are also impressive photographs showing excitement on British rock. The November version is even better. The Matterhorn Centenary celebrations are reported in detail. There are accounts of expeditions and climbs in Nepal, Swat, Heard Island, Kenya, the Alps even and much more besides. Rogers tells us how he climbs hard routes in the Alps since he married.

**AMERICAN ALPINE JOURNAL.** Pride of place goes to a description of hard climbing in the Andes particularly high on Chacaraju. The photographs illustrating this are superb. AAJ photographs are certainly the best reproduced of any journal. Then there are French, Japanese and even American parties in Alaska. John Harlin dismisses the N. face of the Monch and the West face of the Blaitiere in a few pungent sentences. There are the usual but still fascinating accounts of American techniques on enormous American rock faces. But most interesting in a horrifying sort of way were some comments on new Limestone techniques used on the West face of Mount Brussels in the Canadian Rockies. I became blasé after reading "On exceptionally rotten rock the climber as a point of support breaks . is already using another point, thus climbing faster than the holds are breaking." Must make guide book writing tricky.

**CAMBRIDGE MOUNTAINEERING.** Articles reflect the present high Cambridge standard with descriptions of N. face of Dent d'Hérens, the Walker and others. But I liked best a Maden article on how to avoid the chief constable of Caernarvon by doing the West Buttress girdle.

CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL. What I like best about reviewing journals is to read in separate journals differing accounts of the same climb. Thus without all the horrifying detail of what you should do to climb crumbling rocks, the description of the West face of Mount Brussels makes it sound a nice if difficult climb. There is much more besides with first ascents of peaks all over the place and good climbs particularly in the Bugaboo.

LADIES' ALPINE CLUB JOURNAL. Sally Westmacott's article on 'he Arrigetch makes me add yet one more range to the list of those I must visit. Janet Rogers' on the Aiguilles du Diable brings us a little closer to the truth of married climbing with Rogers. There are further widespread ladylike explorations.

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Much hard rock is covered, mostly in Britain but some on the Gugliermi mixed with ice and also in the Yosemite.

M.A.M. JOURNAL. Experiences range far from the native Midlands with further exploration of the Kulu by Pettigrew and a filmed ascent of the Zmutt.

NEW ZEALAND ALPINE JOURNAL. Apart from numerous short articles on New Zealand activities visits are paid to the Himalayas for a difficult ascent of Thamserku, the Andes, Big Ben on Heard Island, Ruwenzori and an epic traverse of the Grépon ("the Mummery Crack . . . very narrow so it is difficult to swing the axe to cut steps . . .").

PINNACLE CLUB JOURNAL. Again more of the Rogers' married climbing (" . . . observed Nigel's and Jeremy's horrorstricken looks . . .").\* Again more of the Westmacotts on good rock in America. But best of all Jo Fuller's The Thin White Line—a series of modern hard climbs by a mere woman.

RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL. Two series of hard rock in the Alps, a flit through Persia and we have Moulam in his early days—much grit and excitement on Bow Shaped.

S.M.C. JOURNAL. The first winter traverse of the Cuillin, a Scottish Andean Expedition, a bit of wet Scots rock and some very hard Scots rock. Little enough in summary, but Patey's description of the winter traverse is enough for most.

MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA JOURNAL. This is distinguished by descriptions of numerous wanderings round Africa some on hard steep rock and several good photographs some of insects and flowers and one or two superb climbing views.

WAYFARERS' JOURNAL (1964). Dennis Davis' article on Nuptse and the Alps dominate this journal but there is a lovely photograph of penguins and articles on Antarctica, Turkey, the Atlas and Kulu. There is also an article on Wayfaring in Peru. In this it is said that Allinccapac was not climbed in 1960. Well it was, so there.

JOHN COLE

\* The Editor urgently requires another reviewer for next year's journals.

#### JOURNALS RECEIVED

*Rucksack Club J.*, 1965.  
*Appalachia*, Dec. 1965.  
*Irish Mountaineering*, 1965.  
*Mountaineering*, 1965.  
*J. of Manchester UMC*, 1964-65.  
*Liverpool UMJC*, 1964-5.  
*MAMJ*, 1965.  
*Mountain Club of Kenya Bulletin*, 1965.  
*AJ*, 1965.  
*NZAJ*, 1965. ...  
*J. of the Mountain Club of South Africa*, 1965.  
*Ski*, 1965.  
*Les Alpes*, 1965.  
*Sierra Club Bulletin*, 1965.  
*British Ski Year Book*, 1965.  
*Canadian AJ*, 1965.  
*American AJ*, 1965.  
*Arete*, 1965.  
*J. of Birmingham UMC*, 1965.  
*PCJ*, 1965.  
*Wayfarers J.*, 1965.  
*Cambridge Mountaineering*, 1965.  
*ABMSACJ*, 1965.  
*LACJ*, 1965.  
*Bulletin of MC of Uganda*, 1965.  
*Apollo MCJ*, 1965.  
*J. of Durham UMC*, 1965.  
*J. of Lancashire C. and C.C.*, 1965

# OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

President:

J. E. EMLYN JONES

Vice-Presidents:

A. J. J. MOULAM

I. M. WALLER

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

Hon. Assistant 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

B. INGLE

P. CREW

D. N. BALDOCK

B. A. CROFTS

H. C. NICOL

A. ALVAREZ

*Printed by the*  
MAYOH PRESS LTD. CARNFORTH



# FRANK DAVIES

CLIMBING EQUIPMENT SPECIALIST



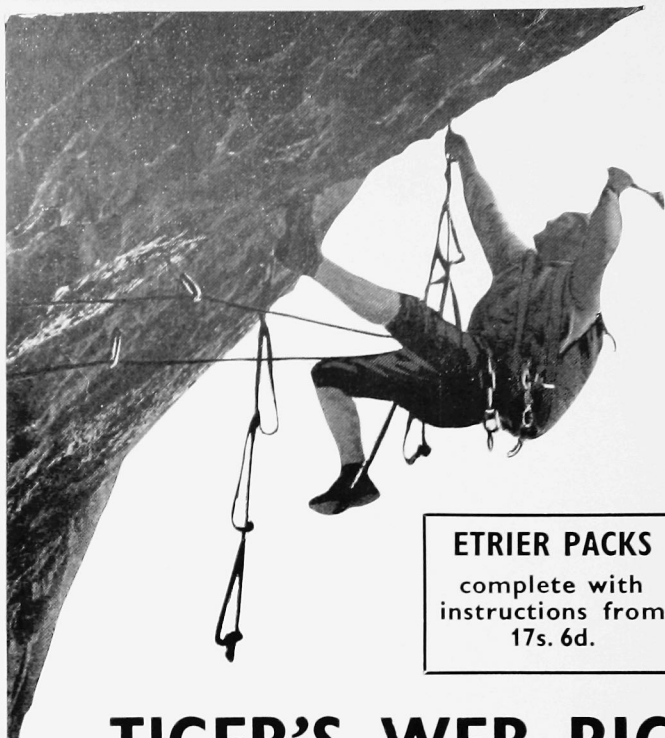
THE LATEST EQUIPMENT  
BY C.M.I. CHOUINARD, LEEPER,  
STUBAI, CASSIN, SALEWA,  
GRIVEL, PECK. BOOTS BY HENKE,  
KASTINGER, TERRAY, LE PHOQUE,  
LA DOLOMITE, DARBELLAY.

AVAILABLE AT **AMBLESIDE** AND  
**BIRMINGHAM**. PROMPT POSTAL SERVICE.  
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

---

**THE MOUNTAIN SHOP**  
**7 COLMORE CIRCUS**  
**SNOWHILL RINGWAY**  
**BIRMINGHAM 4**  
Telephone Central 6816

**THE CLIMBERS SHOP**  
**COMPSTON CORNER**  
**AMBLESIDE**  
Telephone Ambleside 2297



### **ETRIER PACKS**

complete with  
instructions from  
17s. 6d.

## **TIGER'S WEB RIGID** **2-PLY** CLIMBING WEBBINGS AND ETRIER PACKS

Developed after a long period of consultation with leading British and American climbers, extensive trials in Britain and the Alps and painstaking laboratory tests. Great care is taken at all stages of manufacture to ensure a safe, reliable product.

**TIGER'S WEB WAS USED EXTENSIVELY BY ALL ON  
THE ASCENT OF THE RED WALL EPIC IN ANGLESEY**

**Available from Stockists everywhere**

**BLACKS**  
GREENOCK LTD  
**INDUSTRIAL ESTATE · PORT GLASGOW**

*Distributors for the manufacturers - James Carr & Sons Ltd.*

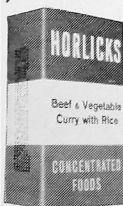
# The range of **HORLICKS** Concentrated Foods

Horlicks concentrated meals are made for people in a hurry, for every situation where space and weight are at a premium. The man-sized meals are so simple to prepare—just add water, simmer and eat. Horlicks meals are really sustaining, light and compact, convenient for *every* outdoor activity.



OUTDOOR MEALS IN  
MINUTES!

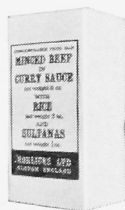
It's made by HORLICKS—it must be good!



**MEAL-SIZED PACKS** Six tempting varieties, each weighing only 3½ oz., give nourishing one-man meals of generous proportions: 1. Vegetables with Beef Dinner. 2. Rice, Vegetables with Chicken Dinner. 3. Beef and Vegetables Curry with Rice. 4. Vegetables Curry with Rice. 5. Pasta, Chicken Dinner in Tomato Sauce. 6. Pasta, Pork Dinner in Savoury Sauce.

Only **3/-** for a man-sized meal

**HEAVY-DUTY PACKS** Horlicks range of heavy-duty, concentrated food packs include a 2-day ration, 3 different concentrated food bars, chocolate and rum flavoured fudge and Enerzades (glucose tablets) all packed in foil. They will keep perfectly for up to 2 years and withstand almost any rough handling.



Please write for price lists and name of nearest stockist to:  
**SERVICES DEPT • HORLICKS LIMITED • SLOUGH • BUCKS**

ADVERTISEMENTS

# O. D. G. DUNGEON GHYLL HOTEL

(OLD HOTEL)

**LANGDALE — AMBLESIDE**

Telephone: Langdale 272.

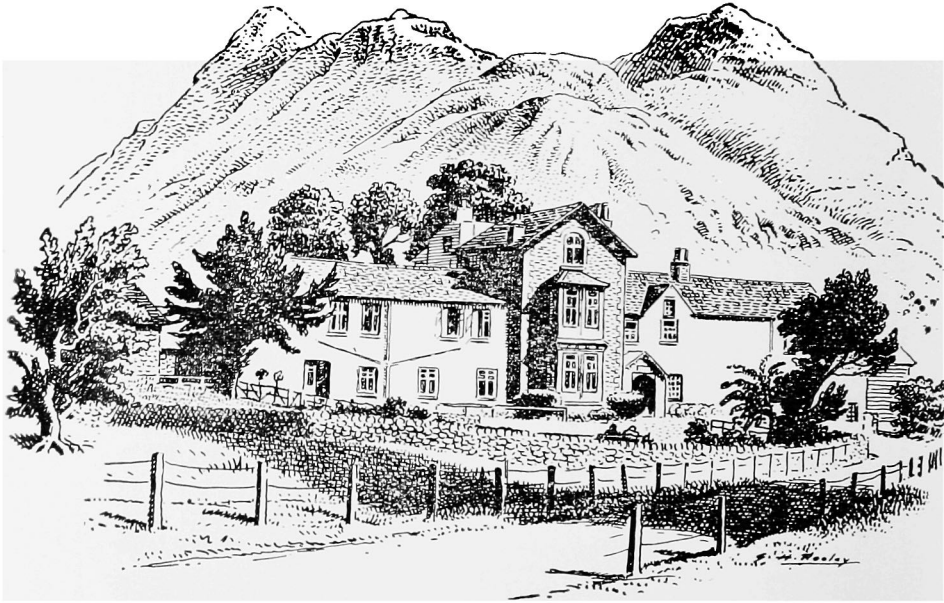
Station: Windermere, B.R.

Car by Arrangement.

Ribble Service to door.

Mr. & Mrs. S. H. CROSS

**LANGDALE: The home of the Climber**



HOT AND COLD WATER IN ALL BEDROOMS

SPRING INTERIOR BEDS

HOME COOKING :: FARM PRODUCE

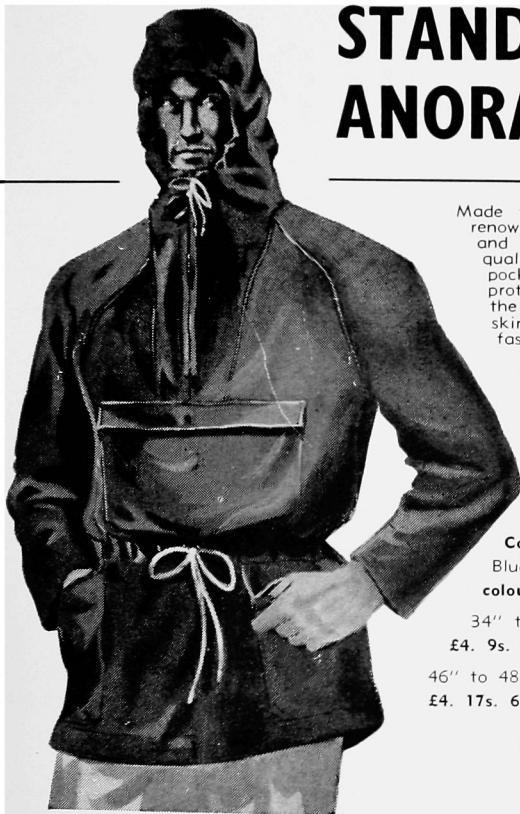
CLIMBERS AND WALKERS WELCOME

DRYING ROOM :: ELECTRIC LIGHT

FULLY LICENSED

# BLACKS

## STANDARD ANORAK



Made from closely woven duck renowned for its rugged wearing and exceptionally windproof qualities. A 'Kangaroo Pouch' pocket with zip-fastener and protective flap is fitted above the waist. Patch pockets on skirt. Hood closes with a zip fastener from chest to chin and a draw cord is provided to give snug fitting over the head and round the face. Inner elasticated cuffs are provided. A button piece is provided for fastening between the legs. Draw cord at waist.

**Colours:** Olive Green, Royal Blue or Orange (**the safety colour easily seen from afar**)

34" to 44" Chest

£4. 9s. 6d.

46" to 48" Chest

£4. 17s. 6d.

# BLACKS

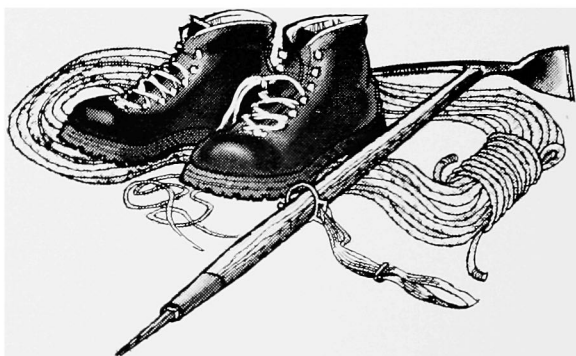
GREENOCK LTD

**INDUSTRIAL ESTATE · PORT GLASGOW**

LONDON  
BIRMINGHAM  
GLASGOW  
NOTTINGHAM  
SHEFFIELD  
STOKE-ON-TRENT

22-24 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Telephone Holborn 5494  
86-87 Broad Street, Birmingham. Telephone Midlands 5638  
132 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, C.2. Telephone Central 4007  
Shakespeare Street, Nottingham. Telephone Nottingham 43165  
16-20 Corporation St. Sheffield, 3. Telephone Sheffield 20760  
38-40 Marsh Street, Hanley. Telephone Stoke-on-Trent 22870

# Climb the real peaks for only £19



With the Austrian Alpine Club, a 15 day holiday in the Austrian Alps can cost members as little as £19. And that includes return travel from London, and hut accommodation. There are Alpine walking and climbing tours for all grades, and rock and ice training courses led by professional guides. The Club owns over 600 huts in the Austrian Alps.

Austrian Alpine Club,  
26 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.  
Please send me details of club  
membership and activities.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB** 

## ROBERT LAWRIE LTD

ALPINE AND POLAR EQUIPMENT SPECIALISTS

54 SEYMOUR STREET, MARBLE ARCH,  
LONDON, W.1

Telephone: **Paddington 5252**

Telegrams & Cablegrams:

**Alpinist, London, W.1**

Business hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed. and Friday: 9 a.m.  
to 5-30 p.m.

Late closing: Thursday, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Early closing: Saturday, 9 am. to 12 noon.

**ALL CLIMBING  
CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT**

ASK FOR CATALOGUE



**P. Y. G.**

## *The Home of British Mountaineering*

THE PEN-Y-GWRYD HOTEL  
NANTGWYNANT  
CAERNARVONSHIRE

*FULLY LICENSED*

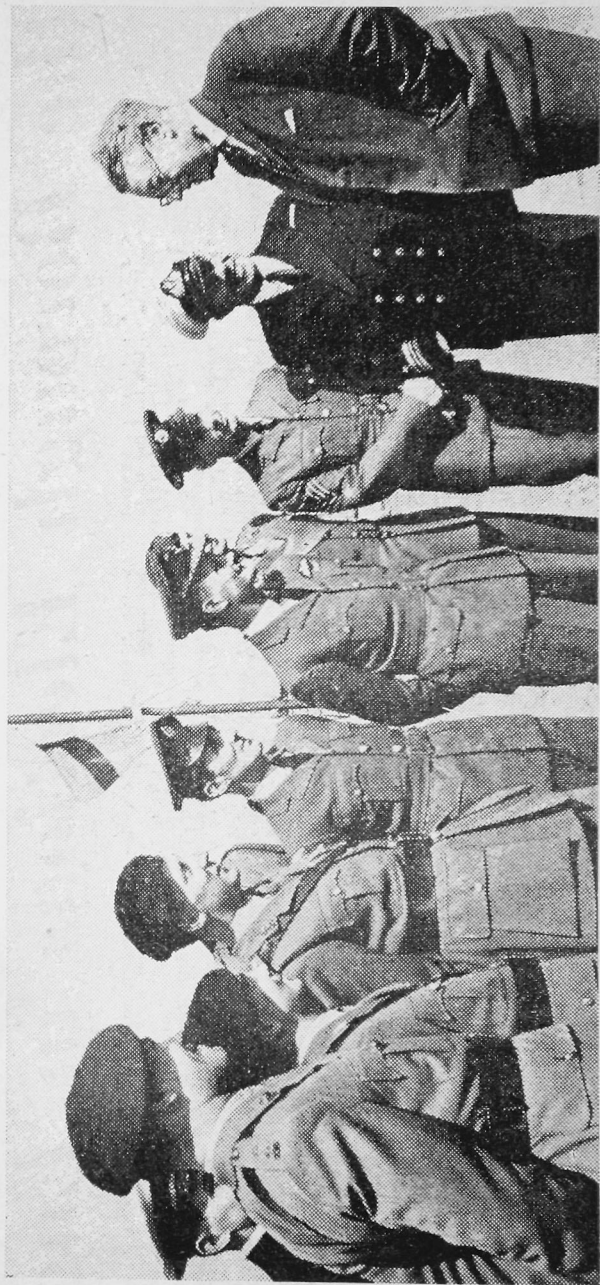
AA

RAC

LLANBERIS 211 MANAGEMENT

::

LLANBERIS 368 GUESTS



Lord Shackleton (right), Minister of Defence for the Royal Air Force, with members of the 10-man Combined Services Expedition to the sub-Antarctic island of South Georgia when he met them at Portsmouth yesterday on their return in H.M.S. Protector.



# THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

VOLUME XIV

(Numbers 88—90)

Editor

JOHN NEILL

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB, LONDON

(1963, 1964, 1965)



## CONTENTS

### ARTICLES

	Page
AUSTIN, J. A.:	35
BAND, G. C.:	155
BIVEN, BARRIE M.:	57
DEACOCK, WARWICK:	139
DISLEY, JOHN:	226
DOWLEN, WALTER:	46
FITZGERALD, KEVIN:	185
GONZALES, S.:	64
HARDING, J. G. R.:	211
INGLE, B.:	54
JAMES, R.:	242
JONES, C. T.:	67
JONES, C. T.:	170
JONES, C. T.:	245
KENDALL, BOB:	249
KRETSCHMER, J. M.:	164
LUNN, ARNOLD:	10
MCNAUGHT-DAVIS, I. G.:	26
MORTLOCK, C. J.:	159
NEILL, JOHN & RUTH:	70
NEILL, J. & HUGHES,	A
R. ELFFYN:	172
	259
PETTIGREW, R. G.:	236
PYATT, E. C. &	
LAWDER, K. M.:	148
S., G.J.:	49
'SPIKE':	255
WALKER, D. W.:	5
WALL, D. G.:	127
WILSON, R. G. & CREW, P.:	135

### VERSE

EMERY, JOHN:	239
S., G. J.:	240

### IN MEMORIAM

G. D. Abraham	281
F. T. Aron	105
M. G. Bradley	106
G. L. Densham	286
Bryan Donkin	288
A. C. Edgar, M.C.	189
J. A. G. Emery	189

Denis James Vaughan Forster	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	288
J. E. Grosvenor	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	107
T. G. Longstaff	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	291
Wallace May	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	289
C. W. Nettleton	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	108
C. W. F. Noyce	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	100
D. G. Romanis	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	290
J. G. Thompson	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	109
W. G. D. Turrall	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	192

## MISCELLANEOUS

Correspondence	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	99
Council for the Protection of Rural Wales, The	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	280
Editorial	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	93, 277
Guide Books	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	111
Officers of the Club	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	123

## NEW CLIMBS AND NOTES

Cornwall	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	88
Corsica	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	91
			General	...	...	...	...	88
Ireland:			Camaderry, Co. Wicklow	...	...	...	...	89
			Glen Veagh, Co. Donegal	...	...	...	...	89
			Lough Barra, Co. Donegal	...	...	...	...	89
Norway	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	90
Snowdonia:			General	...	...	...	...	78
Bochlwyd Buttress:			Bochlwyd Eliminate	...	...	...	...	80
Carreg Alltrem:			The Last Post	...	...	...	...	88
Carreg Wastad:			Yellow Crack	...	...	...	...	81
Castell Cidwm:			Hors d'Oeuvre	...	...	...	...	87
			Tramgo	...	...	...	...	87
Clogwyn du'r Arddu:			Ghecko Groove, variation finish	...	...	...	...	83
Clogwyn yr Eryr, Crafnant:			Astoroth	...	...	...	...	79
			Belshazzar	...	...	...	...	79
			Connie's Crack	...	...	...	...	79
			Daisy Chain	...	...	...	...	80
Clogwyn-y-Ddysgl:			Lectern Grooves	...	...	...	...	82
Craig Bwlch y Moch:			Comatose	...	...	...	...	85
			Girdle Traverse	...	...	...	...	84
			Meshach	...	...	...	...	84
			Plumb, The	...	...	...	...	84
			Tro	...	...	...	...	85
			Y Broga	...	...	...	...	84
Craig Cwm Silyn:			See Craig-yr-Ogof, Western Cliffs	...	...	...	...	
Craig Pant Ifan:			Alkatraz	...	...	...	...	85
			Falcon	...	...	...	...	86
			Holloway	...	...	...	...	85

	Vulcan	...	...	...	...	86
	(un-named)	...	...	...	...	86
Craig Ddu:	Yellow Wall	...	...	...	...	80
Craig-y-Castell:	Corniog	...	...	...	...	86
Craig-y-Gelli:	Force 8	...	...	...	...	83
	Tornado	...	...	...	...	83
Craig-yr-Ogof:	Kangie's Crawl	...	...	...	...	86
	Tower of Strength	...	...	...	...	86
Craig yr Ysfa:	Ancient's Wall	...	...	...	...	78
Cyrn Las:	Grooves, The, Variation	Finish	...	...	...	82
	Trauma Grooves	...	...	...	...	82
Dinas Bach:	...	...	...	...	...	82
Dinas Mot:	Gardd	...	...	...	...	82
	Hiawatha	...	...	...	...	81
	Plexus	...	...	...	...	81
Dinas y Gromlech:	Epitaph	...	...	...	...	81
Milestone Buttress:	Kangaroo Crack	...	...	...	...	80
Western Cliffs:	Flintstone Rib	...	...	...	...	87
	Sideline	...	...	...	...	87
Yr Arddu:	...	...	...	...	...	88
Tanganyika:	...	...	...	...	...	90

## REVIEWS

Clark: The Day the Rope Broke	...	...	...	J.N.	293
Clogwyn du'r Arddu	...	...	...	A. J. J. MOULAM	118
Club Journals, 1962	...	...	...	JOHN LONGLAND	120
Docherty: The Supplement to 'A Selection of Some 900 British and Irish Mountain Tops'	...	...	...	J.N.	294
Greenbank: Instructions in Rock Climbing	...	...	...	J.N.	119
Griffin: In Mountain Lakeland	...	...	...	G. BARKER	201
Hillary & Doig: High in the Thin Cold Air	...	...	...	K. FITZGERALD	115
Kurz: Chronique Himalayenne: Supplément	...	...	...	J.N.	200
Lhoste & Aulard: Montagnes du Hoggar	...	...	...	E. A. WRANGHAM	117
Lunn: Matterhorn Centenary	...	...	...	J.N.	293
The Swiss and Their Mountains	...	...	...	H. R. C. CARR	195
Merrick: The Perpetual Hills	...	...	...	ROBIN HODGKIN	295
Moelwynion	...	...	...	A. J. J. MOULAM	118
Moffat: Two Star Red	...	...	...	R. G. HARGREAVES	199
Murray & Wright: The Craft of Climbing	...	...	...	JOHN LONGLAND	202
Nock: Rock Climbing	...	...	...	J.N.	119
Noyce: They Survived	...	...	...	KEVIN FITZGERALD	114
Olsen: The Climb up to Hell	...	...	...	J. NEILL & J. N. SLEE- SMITH	115
Poucher: The Welsh Peaks	...	...	...	J.N.	116
Climbing with a Camera: The Lake District	...	...	...	J.N.	293
The Scottish Peaks	...	...	...	J.N.	116
Rock Climber's Guide to Donegal	...	...	...	J.N.	119

Selected Climbs in the Pennine Alps ... ..	H. G. NICOL	118
Shipton: Land of Tempest ... ..	D. THOMAS	196
Slesser: Red Peak ... ..	T. W. PATEY	197
Sutton: Artificial Aids in Mountaineering ... ..	J.N.	119
Terray: Conquistadors of the Useless ... ..	JOHN LONGLAND	198
Thompson: Climbing with Joseph Georges ... ..	H. R. C. CARR	116
Unsworth: Matterhorn Man: The Life and Adventures of Edward Whymper ... ..	J.N.	293

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Facing Page

Alder Creek: Barrie Biven on Raft No. 1	TONY SMYTHE	61
Clogwyn du'r Arddu, West Buttress Eliminate ... ..	P. CREW	55
Copper Mines of the Snowdon Area ... ..	J. NEILL	74, 75
Crib Goch & Snowdon ... ..	G. P. ABRAHAM LTD.	209
Crowberry Ridge: Buchaille Etive, The Foot of	G. P. ABRAHAM LTD.	234
Higher Up ... ..	G. P. ABRAHAM LTD.	234
Espejo, Pico and Pico Bolivar, The ridge between ... ..	G. C. BAND	155
High Level Route: Col de Valpelline ... ..	J. G. R. HARDING	230
Dent d'Herens ... ..	J. G. R. HARDING	231
Horn of Plenty, near Bude, Cornwall ... ..	E. C. PYATT	154
Idwal Slabs ... ..	W. A. POUCHER	125
Idwal Slabs, Saturday afternoon ... ..	W. A. POUCHER	54
Kanjiroba Himal ... ..	JOHN COLE	249
Kenya, Mount: South faces of Batian & Nelion...	J. G. R. HARDING	208
Medallion from U.S.S.R. ... ..	GEORGE LOWE	30
Moose's Tooth ... ..	BRADFORD WASHBURN	60
Milestone Buttress, Tryfan ... ..	G. P. ABRAHAM LTD.	281
Pillar, New West Climb ... ..	G. P. ABRAHAM LTD.	280
Rondoy, South & North Peaks ... ..	V. WALSH	134
Salbitschijen, South Ridge ... ..	A. GREENBANK	31
Stanley, Mount: Ruwendori ... ..	J. G. R. HARDING	221
Steeple, The: near Soar Mill Cove, Devon ... ..	E. C. PYATT	135
Speke, Mount, Ruwenzori, from Irene Lakes ... ..	J. G. R. HARDING	220
Towers of Paine:		
Central Tower from the Hut ... ..	D. WALKER	4
Tryfan from Llyn Caseg Fraith ... ..	D. WALKER	5
	W. A. POUCHER	3



## Books on Mountains & Mountaineering

**ALLEN & UNWIN**

### THE MOUNTAIN WORLD 1964-65

Edited by Malcolm Barnes

The eighth volume in the English language series, which began in 1953 and has increased in reputation with every issue. It is characterised by climbing and exploratory activities in many of the less familiar regions.

'It is produced with the sumptuousness of its predecessors.'

*Times Literary Supplement.*

'Well up to the usual high standard in both text and illustrations.'

*Daily Telegraph.*

54 plates and map supplement. 42s.

### EVEREST : THE WEST RIDGE

Thomas F. Hornbein

The ascent of the West Ridge of Everest, and with it the first traverse of the mountain, constitutes one of the most astonishing feats in Himalayan history.

'This is quite simply the most glorious book of colour photographs one can ever hope to see. Here at last the treasure chest has been thrown wide open.' *New York Times Book Review.*

90 coloured plates. About 5 gns. (Publication: Feb. 1967)

### PETER GRAHAM : MOUNTAIN GUIDE

Edited by H. B. Hewitt

An autobiography of Mount Cook's great Chief Guide.

One of the most delightful features of this book is his account of his childhood in Westland; it does much to explain the strength, integrity and gentle kindness which won him such admiration.

35 photographs. 42s.

### MONT BLANC

Claire Eliane Engel

'... a lavishly illustrated anthology, enthralling to mountaineers since it includes many piercingly vivid personal narratives by climbers, as well as humour and poetry. Very handsome.'

*Sunday Times.*

'A good collection of illustrations.' *Listener.*

69 plates. 45s.



---

# Climbing Guides

---

*published by  
the Climbers' Club*

---

## RECENTLY ISSUED OR REVISED

---

- South East England (1963)  
*by E. C. Pyatt, D. G. Fagan and J. V. Smoker* 12/6
- Cwm Idwal (1964)  
*by A. J. J. Moulam* 12/6
- Llanberis North (Revised Reprint 1966)  
*by D. T. Roscoe* 12/6
- Llanberis South (1966)  
*by P. Crew* 15/6
- Snowdon South (2nd Edition 1966)  
*by C. T. Jones and J. Neill* 15/6
- Lliwedd (Reprint 1966)  
*by C. W. F. Noyce and J. M. Edwards* 12/6
- Cornwall vol. II, West and South Coasts  
of West Penwith (1966)  
*by V. N. Stevenson* 22/6
- 

## PRINTING

---

- Corneddau (2nd Edition)*  
*by A. J. J. Moulam*
- Clogwyn Du'r Arddu (2nd Edition)*  
*by H. I. Banner and P. Crew*
- Tryfan and Glyder Fach (3rd Edition)*  
*by A. J. J. Moulam*
- 

## IN PREPARATION

---

- Cwm Idwal (4th Edition)*  
*by A. J. J. Moulam*
- Lliwedd (2nd Edition)*  
*by H. Drasdo*
- Snowdon East*  
*by A. J. J. Moulam, C. E. Davies and C. T. Jones*
- Snowdon West*  
*by P. Crew and others*
- Cornwall vol. I, North Coast of West Penwith*  
*by P. H. Biven*
- 

**Available through climbing shops and booksellers everywhere**

---

