

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB
JOURNAL

1979/1980

THE LIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

**Edited by
GEOFF MILBURN**

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'But economy is still the order of the day.
The Editor has received a severe wiggling
from the Treasurer for his extravagance
and members who read the Balance
Sheet will know why.'

C.C. Bulletin, May 1932.

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AN AVALANCHE ON THE PETIT VIGNEMALE

RICHARD REYNOLDS

In February John Harding suggested I joined his ski touring party planned for the Pyrenees in April last. The idea was to do a high level tour, roughly from West to East, of the area behind Cauterets and Gavarnie, starting with a traverse of the Vignemale. I jumped at the invitation, first because I had never done any serious ski touring, and secondly because I had always wanted to get to know the Pyrenees, and this seemed a wonderful way to start.

Our party for the first week consisted of John and I, Sue Baldock, Alain Bevan-John and a French friend Jean-Pierre Lair. We spent Monday, 9th April making our way up to the Bayscellance Hut in disappointing weather, and during the night conditions got steadily worse, so by Tuesday morning it was obvious that the Vignemale was out of the question and we decided instead to drop down to the Oulettes Hut - not realising how much new snow had collected on the lee side of the Col.

Initially we descended from the Col in single file carrying our skis, working to the left (when facing down the mountain), but owing to the very bad visibility could not tell exactly our position on the face. After descending some 300 to 400 feet, we considered the snow conditions were safe to start skiing, and were at the leftward extent of our third short traverse when there was an immense thundering above us in the cloud that could only be one thing.

Our instinctive reaction was to turn back sharp right and dash for the moraine but as we turned my binding opened and I knew that for me there was no escape - I just thought that this is the end. The next moment I was knocked off my feet and being swept down the mountain. There was not time to get rid of skis or pack and my only

thought was to get my arms up and make a bridge of my forearms in front of my face so I would have a chance to breathe. After some moments, I realised that I was rolling and sliding on the surface and I began to dare to hope I might survive, then I felt myself falling down a steeper part of the face and this was followed by a terrible rib-crushing compression as the snow packed on top of me. Again, my only thought was to protect my face, and I suppose I kicked desperately with my legs, then I was moving again and near the surface, because I soon came to a stop and with one heave was able to roll over and sit up. My skis and sticks had gone, but my pack and all my equipment were still with me.

My first reaction as I sat in the snow was an incredulous joy and disbelief that I was alive and then what a laugh it would be when the others came skiing down and found me free and unhurt. My next reaction was to get to my feet and start down the mountain as the avalanche track was no place to hang around. It was only then, after I had descended some fifty or so feet that it began to dawn on me that there was no one else moving on the mountain, and all my companions were almost certainly trapped or dead in the huge debris of snow stretching hundreds of feet below me, and it was up to me to find them.

I dropped my pack, got out my snow shovel, fitted it on the shaft of my ice axe, got out my Autophon, switching it to 'receive', and thank goodness had the sense to keep it firmly attached round my neck. I then began to take some stock of the size of the avalanche which had carried me perhaps 500 to 600 feet, was some 300 feet wide where I stood and stretched 600 to 1,000 feet below me, getting wider all the time. Remembering John's instructions, I thought I had best climb back up the track of the avalanche and start my search from the point where it had hit us. As I climbed slowly back up the track, I turned and looked down more in despair than anything else, and to my joy, saw a hand waving out of the snow some 300 feet below me.

Slithering down towards it as fast as I could, my Autophon began to pick up an increasing signal until I came round a pile of snow and found Sue with her face and one hand clear. She immediately said, "I am O.K., look for the others", so I went on down to where I

could see a ski some 75 feet away and a little to the left. Again my Autophon started to give a strong signal and I found John also with his face and one arm clear, trying to get himself out. He too said, "I am alright, look for the others", so once more I went down to where I could see a ski 100 to 150 feet below, but my Autophon indicated no one was there, so I climbed back up to John and set about digging him out. Even with the snow shovel this proved a much slower and more laborious job than I expected, and it must have taken 10 to 15 minutes to get him clear. I then went back to Sue and again it needed 10 to 15 minutes hard work to free her.

Once the three of us were out we decided it was time to start a systematic search for the other two, that John would go up the track, I would look roughly in the area where they had been, and Sue would work further down. Neither John nor I could get any signal, but after some time Sue started waving and calling from a position well down and to the right side of the avalanche track, and I realised that she had found someone and needed the snow shovel. On my way down and across to her, my Autophon started to give a strong signal and when I shouted this to Sue, she said, "Mark the spot with your hat and bring the shovel down here". When I got to her, I found she was with Jean-Pierre whose body, legs and one arm were still trapped, and to get him out I had not only to dig but also to cut his pack free and cut through one of his ski safety straps.

All four of us then converged on the spot marked by my hat and our Autophons told us that Alain must be close by, but nothing showed on the surface of the snow and it was a slow and laborious business to pinpoint him. We each in turn had to switch off our Autophons until only one was receiving; both John and I started false digs, and it was Jean-Pierre who finally located him by probing with a ski. Frantic digging revealed first his pack, and then his body, lying face down under some four feet of snow. We urgently tried mouth to mouth respiration but from the beginning it was hopeless, and it is my belief that he had died very soon after he had come to a standstill. The avalanche had hit us at 11.45 a.m. and it was 3.15 p.m. before we had got Alain's body clear of the snow.

As Alain was dead, we unanimously decided that there was no point in trying to get his body down then, so we left it laid out on the snow with his pack and a ski stuck to mark the place, and got ourselves down to the Oulettes Hut. The body was lifted by helicopter next day after we had reached Cauterets and given the alarm.

Obviously I have thought extensively about my experience and the practical lessons to be learned if you are caught in an avalanche. It may not all be text book stuff, but it would seem to me that the following points are all worth remembering.

Before it hits you, if you have time for nothing else, get rid of your ski sticks and get your arms up to guard your face. Your ski bindings will look after themselves, but have a weak point in the safety bindings that will break and let you go free from the skis. On the way down, guard your face and kick like hell with your legs to try and stay on or near the top of the snow. If you are lucky enough to finish on the top and free as I was - don't mess about - assume from the word go that you are on your own and the rest of the party depends on you. Take stock of the avalanche track and if you are one third or more from the bottom, then it is probable (but not certain) that your companions are below you. Look for any equipment on the surface, this may not mark where anyone is, but will give you an indication of the line down which someone has been carried. Start your search down the mountain, making wide, slow zigzags from side to side of the track. Remember your Autophon is directional and be ready to follow its lead, especially in the early stages. Try it both upright and on its side, as its signal will vary depending on the plane of the transmitting unit. Everyone alive is in urgent need of your help, but you can do most good, most quickly for someone near the surface but with their face covered. Anyone deeply buried may already be beyond your help and it will take time, careful bracketing and perhaps probing as well to locate their exact position, so try first to help those near the surface where you stand the best chance of getting people out alive. Lastly, I would say, make sure before you start that everyone in the party not only has an Autophon but also a snow shovel that will fit their ice axe, and don't argue about the weight!

Opp: Georges Bettembourg at 22,000' on the brittle ice of the West Wall.

- Doug Scott

Centrespread Left: Crystal Slabs, Pembroke. Tim Daniells leads Razzle Dazzle (vs) and Jim Perrin 'gardening' Michelangelo (vs). This is just one of several new middle grade areas.

- Ken Wilson









FURTHER THOUGHTS ON THE EXPEDITION CLIMBING GAME

DAVID HOPKINS

A qualitative shift in the games analysis of climbing is becoming increasingly apparent, particularly in our approach to the big hills. During the 1978 post monsoon season in the Garwhal Himalaya alone, there were four small British parties attempting objectives traditionally the preserve of much larger expeditions. The North East face of Nanda Devi West, the South face of Kalanka, and our attempt on the South West face of Nanda Devi East and the Nanda Devi Traverse, are all major Himalayan objectives in the modern idiom. What is significant is not the fact that any one of these objectives was attempted by a small group, but so many of them, at the same time in such a relatively small area. And as we know this type of activity was not confined solely to North East India.

The historical mainstream of mountaineering is predicated on deeds such as Mallory's on Everest, Welzenbach's and Cassin's in the Alps, Buhl's on Nanga Parbat, and more recently those of Messner and Habeler on Hidden Peak, Boardman and Tasker on Changabang, and last year of Messner alone on Nanga Parbat. But noticeably in the last few years these tactics have been consciously adopted by those other than mountaineering's elite vanguard.

It is this increase of small groups on big mountains, the percolation downwards of elite standards, which argues for a qualitative shift in the climbing game's typology. It was Lito Tejada-Flores, who first analysed climbing into a hierarchy of games in his seminal paper 'Games Climbers Play'. Flores sees seven discrete games, ranging from Bouldering to the Expedition game, each characterized by its own set of rules,

"The higher one goes on the scale, the more accessible and formidable become the climber's goals, and, in consequence, he need apply fewer restrictions to conserve the full measure of challenge and satisfaction inherent in the climbing-game he is playing"

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*Opp: Group at Pembroke - Easter 1980. Waiting for a new hut.
Centrespread Right: Climbing up a fixed rope on the West Wall leading up to the North Col of Kanchenjunga.*

*- Tony Riley
- Doug Scott*

To ensure the full measure of challenge, the rules are more complex at the lower end of the scale. As Flores explains,

“For example, it would be an absurdity to use a ladder to reach the top of a boulder in Fontainebleau, but to use the same ladder to bridge a crevasse in the Khumbu Icefall would be reasonable since Everest defends itself so well that one ladder no longer tips the scales towards certain success. Thus the basic principle of a handicap is applied to maintain a degree of uncertainty as to the eventual outcome, and from this very uncertainty stems the adventure and personal satisfaction of climbing”

These rules provide us with a dynamic framework in which to consider climbing; the application of rules from a lower to a higher game being the way the sport develops. As the complexity of rules shifts upwards the number of climbing games will decrease, and the first to go will be the Expedition game.

Flores realizes this when he writes,

“The eventual victim, of course, will be the expedition game which will disappear completely as super-alpine climbing takes its place. This is not only the newest but, in a sense, the most creative climbing-game, since here the nature of the obstacles encountered is so severe that it will be a long, long time before technological advances even begin to encroach upon the climber’s personal satisfaction. The possibilities, on the other hand; are immense. One can even visualize the day when, equipped with ultra-modern bivouac gear, a climbing party of two sets off to do an 8,000 metre peak just as today one sets off to do a hard route on the Grand Teton or on Mont Blanc.”

What I don’t think Flores quite realized was how quickly the complex of rules would rise. We now have examples of a significant number of climbers attempting the most difficult, serious and ambitious of routes. Messner may be the doyen, but as I have argued, there are many others not far behind.

Has this any practical significance for those of us who attempt to use super alpine techniques in the expedition arena? Reflecting on

the death of my friend Ben Beattie on Nanda Devi last summer, and of those many others who died in the greater ranges last year, I think it has.

Flores argues that the complex of rules will move slowly upwards as a significant mass of the climbing community adopt the style of ascent that the creative nucleus of elite climbers have been using. Good style being the application of a more complex set of rules to a higher game, such as Messner applying the rules of the alpine game to his recent ascent of Everest. When the majority accept the feasibility of the actions of the elite and do likewise, is when the rules change and the movement from one game to another is confirmed.

Is this what is happening to the Expedition game? It certainly appears as if a significant mass of the climbing community are adopting super alpine rules while playing the Expedition game, if what happened in the Garwhal last fall is typical. However the other glaring fact is that a lot of people died while doing so. Although the statistics are not yet available my guess is that expedition fatalities are on the increase.

There could be a number of reasons for this. More people are going on expeditions, and therefore proportionately more will die. It could be that with the increase in the number of expedition climbers, the quality will be diluted, and the number of deaths from incompetence rather than 'bad luck' will increase. OR it could be that the generalized application of rules up the spectrum is premature, that the climbing community does not quite understand the implication of such a shift. Perhaps Flores is correct in his assumption that the assimilation of new rules by the climbing community is a slow business.

We are in the age of the democratization of achievements - the media encourages us to believe that everything is within our grasp. Indeed it is true that psychological barriers all too often inhibit the fulfilment of potential, and the more we realize that the better. But this implies a degree of responsibility, a more exact appreciation of what is possible and what it is in reality, I can do. The balancing of this equation is fundamental if our aspirations are not going to lead

us to dissolution. What I am trying to say is that our aspirations must be militated by application. That to climb Everest without oxygen, to do the Nanda Devi traverse alpine style, requires preparation, conditioning and experience of a degree not previously associated with traditional expedition climbing. The margin is so severely reduced that even with technological innovation only the fittest will survive. The most ambitious goals, and the highest mountains are essentially undemocratic, and we are naive to assume otherwise.

This may all seem unduly pessimistic, over-cautious and unadventurous. A rationalization in the face of failure, or an over-reaction to the death of my friend. But it does seem to me dangerous and glib to adopt the rules of super-alpinism on expeditions, without fully realizing the responsibility and preparation they require.

Walking back down the Rishi Gorge this fall, having just buried my friend, and facing the prospect of telling his wife and family of the event, I began to realize that the application of alpine style techniques to major Himalayan objectives is a difficult, dangerous and committing business. Far more so, than even we, had imagined. Although we were all competent, fit, mountaineers with plenty of high standard alpine experience we were not in the Messner class, neither by skill, temperament or commitment. Yet playing the game by alpine rules requires his type of dedication. Perhaps we (Ben) were unlucky whatever: our experience (and now it seems that of many others this season) provides a salutary warning to those of us who search for the hard ways up the high hills.

BELTANE FIRE

GEOFF MILBURN

"You're mad Moran! Stark raving mad", howled a voice, as the gale subsided just long enough for the sound to carry up on the wind. Teams had already baled out off The Medlar and The Empire and were purposefully stacking away their gear. As they departed with a last, smug, upward glance, there was Jim hanging one handed from an evil overhang, looking for all the world like some primitive ape. His hair was blowing in all directions while the contents of his newly-filled chalkbag streamed skywards, liberally coating his grinning face and spotting his glasses prettily in the process. Somehow it seemed eminently appropriate that after the last string of insults Jim should be at grips with Gates of Delirium, until recently one of the hardest Lakeland routes. How on earth had the idiot lured me on to it on such a vile day when the lads were all off to play arrows in the nearest pub? In fact they must be right, "Come down you daft so-and-so, it's not fit for climbing in weather like this." "Not blooming likely, I didn't come all the way up here for nothing." And so there was nothing for it but to huddle up under a little bulge and pray for an early release.

Some comfort was derived from the fact that I had crammed on as many extra layers as I could but how to climb looking like a barrage balloon was a distinct problem. Not that it gave me much to worry about as everyone knows that comfort comes before ethics every time. With stiff little fingers fumbling about here and there I took the groove at a rush and began to lurk under the huge roof where I could chunter away to myself in peace. "If he thinks that I'm traversing downhill at this angle he can think again. I'm not that crazy." The cold sapped enthusiasm away and made me more determined than ever not to remove the substantial runner above my head. After a while the answer came in a flash as I realised that the tatty old sling in the roof would be good for a back rope to keep me in contact with the crag. After some intricate fiddling about with the ropes I launched out onto the steep side wall and was

soon hanging at full stretch ready to fly. Surprisingly after a move upwards I struck a little bulge with my head and found myself jammed in a back and foot position while standing upright. It was even possible to take both hands off, an utterly ridiculous position which others I understand have also discovered by accident.

Looking slyly sideways and trying to be casual I began to wonder what Jim was attached to as he was leaning out at a funny sort of angle. There didn't even seem to be a stance and we were soon climbing all over each other in a vague attempt to get things sorted out. The wind was having a fine old time whipping the ropes about below the roofs and knotting them up into a web and it took ages to pull it all up onto my knee. The initial adrenaline flow caused by the sensational position soon ebbed away and the cold took over as Jim began to enjoy the intricacies of the pitch. Much later I whipped out the belay slings and headed for the safety of the big groove above. Just to be able to move was a delight but after dropping the peg which I use to tap out little nuts a fierce battle soon started with the sequence of wires. While clipped in at one point I found myself hanging upside down to poke about with a too bendy threader. The nut had ground in solid somehow and with great reluctance I finally left it behind.

On top of the crag my crime was admitted - very grudgingly - and Jim showed his surprise in no uncertain terms. "That's the first time that I've known you fail in five years. What a let down!" Was I mad, and for minutes on end the air was blue as I gave vent to my feelings. When we sorted out the gear however Jim started to get confused. "Hang on a minute, that's not mine; I've got all mine; and that's not mine either." No wonder I'd had a battle...one down suddenly became two up, which is a different ball game altogether. Honour was restored and we crossed the valley to meander up North Crag Eliminate and the rather smart Final Giggie.

In Ambleside, while queuing for the chippy, two lads greeted Jim affably, only to get a blank look for a few seconds owing to the fact that he had failed to recognise the lad he had agreed to climb with in the States. In the pub, however, we soon recognised lots of familiar faces dotted about the room, but what was Smiler doing off his home patch? It turned out that we had run into a joint

F.R.C.C./C.C. meet; so much for a peaceful weekend.

Next day I took advantage of the dry weather to pay a much delayed visit to Dove Crag. As there were still snow patches on the hills Jim was reluctant, but it was my choice and on such a sunny day the stroll would be a pleasant change. Just as we reached the crag we were caught up by Smiler who, while grabbing a breather, sheepishly admitted that he was spending a day fell running. "Don't you dare print that, Milburn. I know you." "Wouldn't dream of it Smiler", said I with a dishonest grin.

For years Dovedale Groove had been high on my list but Jim dismissed it as being too trivial and only agreed to knock it off at the end of the day when it was in the shade. The idea was to warm up on Extol, the supposedly three star route of the area, but as we soloed up a loose and vegetated gully we started to get suspicious. Belayed to an arboreal octopus which kept snagging the rope and jabbing me in the ribs was no fun, but the constant stream of chunters and moans which flowed down from above made it quite clear that the chossy chimney pitch was not to a certain person's liking. Even to an ardent chimney lover such as myself the pitch failed to exhibit any obvious charms, and I despatched a few lumps of rock to the scree below.

As soon as I had belayed to some tottering blocks on Hangover Jim shot away only to get off route after a few feet. "That's it, I'm abbing off. It's a heap of tot." Even when I pointed him at the correct groove he cursed all the way to the top of the crag. Not that I thought that the route was much better but at least it was a tick and after all it was thought of as a pretty mean route at one time. How are the mighty fallen.

By the time we had descended, another team was at work and Jim with his frank, down-to-earth approach soon put them off. "Hey pal, are you doing Extol? Don't bother, it's a waste of time. The whole crag is a heap of rubble." And with that Jim donned his suede shoes, slung his gear in his sack, gave one last grunt and bounded off down the scree towards the valley. Absolutely livid I followed down more sedately in order not to meet him too soon and some time later found him curled up asleep on a grassy bank

near the road. A brew just about brought us back onto speaking terms and then it was back to Castle Rock for The Ghost. We had only just finished and reached the foot of the crag when whoshould come into view but Smiler who had come over the tops. He seemed a bit surprised to see us again, especially as I tried to con him into believing that we too had nipped over the tops. In big boots he danced up the immaculate Agony behind us all - a great route that, and one which is so good that it ought to be taken down to Clogwyn y Wenallt where the climbing is very similar.

On top of the crag a Sheffielder was quietly taken in a rope while soaking up the evening sun. Thirlmere and the sky were both a vivid blue and a wisp of cloud was creeping in on the northern hills - in short an idyllic setting. Just then he spoke wistfully. "Bloody hell, what a right mess - not a factory chimney in sight. I'll be right glad to get back to Sheffield tomorrow night." We rolled down the hillside giggling helplessly at his dry humour.

Somehow a newish rope 'disappeared' while at Castle Rock and by next day I was in a foul uncompromising mood. The slow team on Vertigo didn't help as we ground to a halt at the top of the first pitch of Grand Alliance. Another team soloed up The Shroud in a very purposeful manner in mistake for our first pitch and joined us at the stance. They ignored my suggestion that that they should do 'a few' other routes and then come back and elected to wait. Within a minute or two Jerry Peel and another lad started up the first pitch and there were all the signs of an epic about to unfold. While waiting a pitch higher the acrid smell of cigarette from the stance below hit my nostrils and at that point I 'flipped my lid' for the first time on the hills. After the first few insults when even Jim suggested I should cool it, I pointed out that as I was directly above him biological retaliation was quite feasible if he did not stop offending me. Later I got some good natured banter (most of which I did not appreciate at the time), about my curious gear. A balaclava and mitts dangling from my belt as well as a couple of prussick slings (useful when hanging in extremis under roofs) caused some amusement and even the home-made chalk bag sewn by my ten year old daughter provided a laugh. At least it put me on my mettle and I completed the big pitch in reasonable style.

Opp: Jim Moran and Smiler Cuthbertson on the first ascent of Mein Kampf, Left-hand Red Wall.

- Paul Williams





After abseiling down the wall to get to the start of Prana I got a grandstand seat to watch the others perform. Jim hovered casually from the abseil rope and watched the next leader's moves from only a few feet away. The leader had already failed on the pitch once before and seemed distinctly reticent about the whole affair especially as the hard section keeps going a long way above a good nut. After a trial look he was faltering somewhat when Jim hit him below the belt with a well aimed shot. "It's alright mate you can go another ten feet before you rest to get ready for the hard bit." I shuddered sympathetically as the poor bloke muttered and made a hasty descent before scuttling across the wall to my eyrie. His second then proceeded to get gripped on the lower traverse and after clipping into a sling for a while to restore his equanimity he made the moves with the sort of help from the rope that I too appreciate only too well at such moments.

The third leader came out to bat confidently and literally zoomed across the nasty traverse leaving me gasping at his proficiency. On the upper wall however his confidence gradually disappeared as he started the hard moves. As he paused I sucked in air in anticipation, expecting the inevitable to happen, and then with a rustle of gear he was airborne... and my how he flew. After about thirty feet he twisted round suddenly towards his distant second and screamed... "Jerrryyy", at the top of his voice. And then after a muffled thumping noise he was brought to a sharp halt on the wall where he breathed in deeply and looked up in an irritated sort of way as if it was not really his fault at all. "Hell, I couldn't remember who I was climbing with for a split second." What a classic falling leader story to retell in years to come. As he finally admitted defeat and moved across the wall we were able to see the huge white patch where his chalk bag had struck rock. It looked nice beside the other two patches left over from previous leader falls and what is more all three could be seen quite distinctly from the main road.

Later in the day we joined a traffic jam stretching from Ambleside to Kendal and then, just as in the good old days with the mini, I swung the Saab out into the middle of the road, put a foot down hard and burnt them all off in fine trazzing style.

A TRAVERSE OF MOUNT KENYA

M.S. BINNIE

I first became taken with the idea of climbing Mount Kenya a year or so ago after a re-read of an article by John Harding in the 1965 CCJ. The mountain seemed to offer the advantages of a semi-remote setting more of an 'expedition' than the Alps without those mountains' overcrowding. It also seemed perfectly possible to do a route or two and see something of the rest of the country within three weeks. In the event we were correct about the latter assumption, but found that it is as easy to get to the foot of the mountain as it is to Cham. and that the main route to the huts is more reminiscent of the PYG track than a jungle path in the Dark Continent. The vast majority of those using the Naro Moru track, the quickest and most convenient route to the peak area, were not climbers, and hardly even experienced walkers, but tourists of all ages hell bent on reaching the third highest summit, Point Lenana (16,355 feet), in the shortest possible time. All credit to those who make it for it is a stiff two day walk, but an astonishing number are whipped off to base on stretchers suffering from the dreaded P.O.-fatalities have not been unknown. There were remarkably few climbing parties, perhaps four others during our two weeks on the mountain.

Our 'expedition', (we never did decide whether we qualified for that title), took place during the last two weeks of August and early September and consisted of George Backshall, Bernard Ingrams and Ed. Hicks of Croydon M.C. and Robin Quine and myself. Our main aim was the West Ridge of Batian, the classic Shipton/Tilman passage first climbed in 1930 and still considered a serious undertaking. I was also keen to do something on ice on the South Face and had my eye on the Ice Window Route (sometimes called the Hidden Couloir) which had been eulogised to me by Ian Howell. We climbed neither route. What we did do now follows.

We arrived in Nairobi on the morning of the 15th August, bought our supplies the same day and took a Peugeot taxi to Naro Moru River Lodge arriving in time for a candlelit steak dinner with second helpings. The Lodge is a pleasant hotel with a trout stream running through the grounds and afternoon tea served on the lawns. The trees overhanging the stream looked remarkably like alders and those dotted about the lawns vaguely oakish, so that the general impression given, aided by the fact that there was a thick overcast, and a thin drizzle, was that this couldn't be Africa at all, but Scotland. A very capable African at the reception desk called Stephen made all the arrangements for transport from the Lodge to the Met. Station, porters, hut dues, Mountain Kenya National Park entrance fees and camping charges and off-loaded us to the tune of about £20 per man, and at three in the afternoon the following day we set off in a Toyota four wheel drive for the park, which we still hadn't seen. After a night at the Met. Station Lodge we legged it under sacks weighing up to 25 kilos, our porters carrying no more than the stipulated 18. We thought that it was the sahibs who carried less on expeditions.

After a short section of forest we came onto the moorland and the dreaded Vertical Bog, which every descending party had made much of. At first there was a certain amount of leaping from tussock to tussock to avoid the actual bog, but as this risked spraining ankles or worse we decided that wading through the porridge between the tussocks was the best course. After five hours, longer than expected, we reached Mackinder's Camp, described by George on arrival as a 'tip', an epithet, sadly, which was appropriate to much of the accommodation on the mountain. Bernie was feeling a degree or two more wretched than the rest of us after a miserably cold night, so next day, in brilliant sunshine George, Ed and I set off for Kami Hut on the North side of the mountain leaving the hapless Ingrams under the charge of Robin who had drawn the shortest straw. They caught up with us a day later.

The next four days saw us tuning up for our proposed West Ridge climb with ascents of Lenana, Point Dutton and Point Peter, two rock aiguilles to the north of the main ridges. But the more we scanned the West Ridge as it leapt in a series of superb steps

towards the summit, the more it became obvious that we were not fit enough for it and that we ought to try a less demanding climb first. The most climbed line on this side of the mountain is the Firmin/Hicks route, called the North Face Standard and by all accounts straightforward enough. A couple of Spaniards and an Anglo/Italian team had climbed it recently and apart from the 150 foot Firmin Tower (iv sup.) there appeared to be no real difficulties. So we decided to plump for this in one party of two ropes. We failed to make the top.

We were desperately slow. Robin, who was leading Ed, was clearly feeling out of sorts and only later did we discover the reason. Bernie was suffering from the African equivalent of Montezuma's Revenge. George's knee became decidedly wobbly. Firmin's Tower looked a great deal fiercer than it actually was, well-endowed as it turned out to be with a liberal supply of chock stones, pegs and other aids to not too desperate leading. Half way up it started to snow and I spent a chilly hour waiting for my anorak to come up in someone else's rucksack. Nastiest of all was the collapse of half the stance which George, Robin and Ed were perched on, sending a chair-sized block down the crack which Bernie was about to climb. Fortunately he had just stepped round a corner to untie his belay. My own experience of the incident was the horrific crash and the shouts of alarm followed by one of those awful silences. The rock fall had cut the rope about thirty feet from the end but Bernie was uninjured, if a little shaken.

Something like an hour and a half after I had started the Tower we were gathered at the top in increasingly nasty weather. We estimated the top to be about two hours away and it was now noon, the time when we had hoped to be taking the summit pictures. Our bivouac gear from the previous night's bivvy was a long way down the route and it looked as if an electric storm was brewing up. Ice axes were humming and beards twitching disconcertingly. I went 'to have a look' at the next pitch, but it was quite steep with the snow insidiously filling up the ledges and the attempt was rather less than half-hearted. So we turned back.

Sodden ropes and freezing hands made the seemingly interminable abseils most unpleasant. Of course about five it

became a perfect evening, and as we looked back up the route to the sunlit upper rocks the question, "Should we have bashed on?" nagged inside each of us maddeningly and, later that night in the hut in the bitterness of defeat we worried and chewed at our decision. But the talk helped. Gradually disappointment turned to acceptance and the sleep which followed was long and restful.

Breakfasting on the rocks the next morning, sitting in the sun throwing titbits on to the frozen Kami Tarn for the friendly little hillchats to skate across to, we were new men, already making fresh plans to get Kenya under our belts. Personally I was getting tired of this side of the mountain and thought of trying the South Face climb, or the Ice Window and descending the North Face, most of which we now knew. The South Face was under winter conditions, which added to the challenge. Bernie and Ed agreed to try this with me while George and Robin made plans to tackle the West Ridge.

That afternoon the three of us set off for Two Tarn Hut, opposite the West Face, with plans to make a recce of our route the next day and climb it the following one. We could either head direct for Batian by crossing the Diamond Glacier and down in one day, or take in Nelion and a night in the Lohonar shelter, cross the Gate of Mists and traverse to Batian. Two Tarn Hut faces the magnificent West Face of Kenya, to my mind the most impressive face of the mountain. If only one had more time! If...If... We shared the hut the first night with four Peace Corps volunteers who were doing the walk round the peaks, a circumnavigation of the base of the mountain and a very worthwhile walk. Nexy day we traversed the moraines and ascended the Darwin Glacier to the foot of the South Face in an hour and three quarters. A 180 foot ice fall guards the start to the South Face. An easier snow shoulder to the left leads to the normal start of the climb. It occurred to me that the ice fall might be a new line on to the Face and that fame at last was within our grasp. It was only later that I learned that the renowned Howell/Snyder team had already climbed it. I might have guessed.

The ice fall is a series of vertical steps interspersed with narrower rocky ribs. I decided to try a line on the left of the fall, close enough to its retaining wall to be able to get some protection into the rock.

This worked well for a pitch of about 120 feet, the steepest and hardest ice climbing I had ever done. Ed soon joined me and I continued for another thirty feet to a place where the ice assumed a distinct bulge to my right and the rock became vertical to my left. However there was a peg and I clipped in and descended to Ed. We then abseiled down to a cold but patient Bernie. It had taken two hours, and although the problem was not cracked I felt confident of being able to force the ice bulge next day.

At four o'clock we stumbled out of the hut in the dark and a rising wind and reached the snout of the Darwin well before light. I started to climb the ice fall on the top rope we had left in position, at 7 a.m. In twenty minutes Ed and I were in the identical positions of yesterday and there, I'm sorry to say, we remained for a very long time. To cut it short, the ice bulge was just too bulgy and too brittle and clung - excuses, excuses - too tenuously to its parents rock for me to be able to justify further progress. There were three of us to get up and this was just the second pitch. So we made a repeat of yesterday's withdrawal, if not actual retreat. It was now nine and precious time had been lost. I felt that I'd been a bit selfish in trying the direct line rather than the normal start, but Bernie and Ed, if they had felt any impatience while standing around getting cold, had stoically kept it to themselves.

Fortunately the line which leads into the bottom of the Hidden Couloir and South Face routes is easy. I was too shattered by my footling around on the ice pitch to even think about the former route, so we made for the middle of the South Face, further to the right.. This was straightforward enough - six or eight rope lengths at grade three. There was a brief half hour of sunshine from about ten, then the inevitable, rather dreary mist. A final pitch of grade four ice led onto a prominent rib which separates the Upper Darwin and Diamond Glaciers. Here we sat for about an hour trying to decide what to do next. Should we continue straight up the rocks towards Nelion, or descend to the Diamond and make for the Gate of the Mists? We decided on the latter alternative.

There has always been a feeling of awe when climbers have written or talked about the Diamond, ever since its first crossing by Mackinder in 1899. It was so named on account of the hardness of

its ice. It is a dramatic piece of ice, a short, bold glacier which leads up to the notch between the two peaks, the equally famous Gate of the Mists. I confess to having felt a thrill of excitement as I stepped onto it. We were now very tired and climbed it slowly and deliberately. I was conscious that a peel here would have the three of us descending the couloir below in a highly sensational manner. At last, the Gate, appropriately enough in mist and with a gale rushing through it. I was almost on my knees and Bernie took over the lead, a tricky rock pitch directly up from the Gate. It was 6 p.m. and very cold. The mists now started to clear. There followed a hundred feet of scrambling and we were sitting thankfully beside the coffin-like Lohonar shelter stripping ourselves of gear. We had made it.

And what an evening! Below us great banks of cloud, tinged with pink, hurtled past and across the gap; 500 feet to the west stood Batian, black and inaccessible-looking. I remember seeing Bernie's face light up with a smile for the first time that day. We stayed out to watch the sun set, but somehow it disappeared without our noticing, creeping surreptitiously behind the clouds and leaving us suddenly cold and scuttling into the shelter, where we brewed our soup and nibbled one-inch cubes of cheese. It was very cold but the effects of a fourteen hour day soon had us asleep.

In the morning the wind was still worryingly strong and our equipment frozen. We left at nine in unsettled conditions, which persisted all day, abseiled back onto the Gate and crossed it. This was not so difficult as anticipated, and after one doubtful cast by myself on the North side, the correct line was found by Ed who led us in fine style up to the summit. It was 10.30.

The first hour from the summit followed the more or less horizontal West Ridge. The rock was shattered and dangerous. Quite soon we were on familiar ground, where the West Ridge and North Face routes separate. Here the abseils started and we made rapid progress. There was one classic heart-stopper when the rope jammed half way down Firmin's Tower; Ed went up to retrieve it. But how we flowed down the mountain and at five thirty we were coiling the ropes on the screes.

It had been a good climb on a splendid mountain. It is not perhaps the most spectacular of routes, but as a traverse it was very satisfactory and is probably very rarely made. Sadly, both Robin and George had been unable to reach the summit owing to Robin having succumbed, it was suspected, to pulmonary oedema while we were on our route. Happily he recovered instantly on reaching base. George had sacrificed his hopes of getting to the top by taking him down with a party of rangers and Dr. Paddy Yeoman of London who happened to be with a climbing party. Our thanks to them for their help. Perhaps Robin and George will get back again one day.

TAXATION TO TYRANNY

JIM PERRIN

I am not a good psychologist and do not know by what springs fear works in us. Yesterday, for example, on a steep little piece of rock in Llanberis, there it was..... I'll tell you how it came about. Martin, who is young and headstrong, and I had gone out on a warm Sunday to try a new route. It was on Castell Cidwm, and to be quite frank we got nowhere on it. It seemed to us scarcely feasible for there was not a hold we would have defined as such in view. Also, the day was one of those when you get up late and the car breaks down and your E.B.s, still wet from yesterday's sweat, slip on as easily as an elephant down a mousehole. It was a day of the aching muscle and the wrong decision, the ill omen and the throbbing toe. I was even frightened walking along the grass terrace at the foot of Cidwm to our projected route. Fear elicits from me the intensest desire to get my backside on the ground. I have sidled thus quite happily across the steepest grass in Wales when on my feet there would have been only a good whirling, toppling dose of vertigo. Some day some kindly and inspired equipment manufacturer will invent the pantseat crampon, and usher in the era of the first backward ascents. But this is the merest rubbish. We ran away from Cidwm.

He said, "What shall we do now?", with the day half gone. "Where's near, and what have we not done?" said I. At a certain stage in a climber's life he enters the phase where everything which he has not done, he has not done for a very good reason. Either that the most intense effort of fitness only will carry him through, or evil reputation adheres, or at best, the route has never caught his eye. I cannot tell you which of these reasons covers yesterday's choice. But he, this youth, Martin, had decided to do Spectrum and I had to tag along. "No hardship", you may say, "Not hard at all". And it may be so, but last year I watched someone fail upon it, and therein lies the point. By subtle illogic I had convinced myself of its unattainability. In my imagination it had become a feat,

something in the order of tumbling into bed with Charlotte Rampling, Shirley Williams, and Marjorie Allen all at the same time. Which would economise on your vocal chords, but could leave your performance in some doubt.

Where was my theme? Oh yes; the point is, I had seen someone fail at a particular point on this route, and was convinced therefore that it was beyond me. So strange an emotion is apprehension. We arrived at its foot and Martin, too eagerly for my taste, volunteered to lead the first pitch. In an anxiety situation, you make the evidence fit. Instead of realising that the pushy young bastard was actually grabbing the supposed hard pitch, leaving the easier top pitch for his grandad, I thought the opposite. When he fell off his pitch, twice, with all the aplomb of youth, I suggested he should come down and let me do it, for I could see what he had not seen and treacherously, competitively, miserly, was not prepared to tell him so. But he would not, and was spurred on, and said, "Watch the rope whilst I jump", which he did. And when I came up I used my secret hold and could reach what he could not reach, so that it fell easily to hand. A tactical point you might think, but not so, for it confirmed my point of view. I gathered his gear and quaked, and set off up a thin crack. "Oh", I said to myself, "You have climbed so little these last few years. You are fat and lack finesse." So this thin crack, where all should be ease and pleasure, was fretful tribulation to me. I put in a runner, and than another, and stood up a little, and explored it tentatively, became rather engrossed, stretched inquiringly after a hold and when it slid beneath my fingers pulled on it, though it was less than it appeared, and slubbed a foot over a piece of slimy blankness till it stuck in a groove, and the net result of all these manoeuvrings was that I was caught with my runners twenty feet below, an overhang at eye level, and little choice but to carry on - which I did, and then I was thirty feet from a runner, and frightened, and not relaxed. So there followed a period of squirmings and contortions and the dropping of karabiners and fumbling with ropes and similar ineptitudes at the end of which a point of security emerged, and a smile re-emerged, and fear went to hide itself again a while.

I moved up to a ledge. Ledges are hard to leave. I recognised this one. The poor man I had watched last year struggled to leave it for

an hour or more before he came down. Chalk marks went off right into the gully. Again, I totted up the evidence. Looking round the corner the sun shone in my eye and I could see nothing. So I groped, and could feel nothing, and I dabbed with my feet and they would stay on nothing. "Where does it go?" I wondered. "Can it really go out there where it is so blank and steep." Such rhetoric is good: it makes you put on more runners. I leered down at Martin and told him how frightened I was, hoping that beneath the assumed quaver in my voice he wouldn't detect the shrill, dry undertone of fear. He merely told me that I was a cowardly old fart, which I knew anyway. Now a little more groping revealed a large, sharp hold, and the next thing I knew I was up it. Then the rope jammed, so quite blasé by now I put a tape on a flat spike and climbed back down to free it. Nothing so easy as a known quantity, which is all to labour a point about the duplicity of apprehensiveness.

I shall tell you another story or two. At Easter I was in Pembroke. It was the time when Ken Wilson found the perfect venue for his new-found fascination with war-games, but nobody would play with him. It was also the time when a far-back Sandhurst-type complained to Dave Cook that the place was full of people-who-didn't-know-how-to-do-as-they-were-damned-well-told, and to me that these bally-climbers who came on the bally-tank-ranges were bally-irresponsible and might bally-well-damage the archaeological remains, which I suppose has something to do with blowing up one's credibility. To come to the point, Littlejohn collared me, probably mistaking me for Friar Tuck, and carried me off to do a route with him. Or rather, to hold his rope, which I did with utmost unctuous competence, and when he put a runner above his head I thought to store up riches in heaven, or rather a tight rope in the near future, by holding the rope, subtly but distinctly, tightly. But instead he shouted at me and told me not to cheat, and I quaked with fear. When he had been on it an hour or more he arrived at the top, and this not without some difficulty, and then he was all smiles and told me, great ironist, that it should be called The Pleasure Dome. No-one seemed to be crossing the water from the direction of Porlock, so I climbed it, in a state of near-panic. Some people I have known climbed like this all the time. It fills you with good resolutions about getting fit and climbing more and the like, all of

which hurt. The best one-liner I've ever heard in this area was from Warren Harding, who told me, without leaving his preference in any doubt, that he had either "gotta climb a whole lot more, or just a little bit less."

When I had climbed just a little bit more, I wound up the machine called pioneering instinct, and focussed it on a slippery little crack sliding through the first belt of overhangs on Mewsford Point, which I think Pat must have wanted to do, because he half-suggested that it had already been done, which made me suspicious. So I had a weekend in Derbyshire, where strong arms grow and, since it was still vacation-time, co-opted Jim Curran and drove down to Pembroke on the Monday. We called in at Pat's on the way, to check on the truth of this route rumoured to be in the vicinity. And actually enough it turned out to be nowhere in the vicinity, and Jim and I were all glee, and Pat said we were bastards because he had to go up to the Lakes to do some guiding, and anyway this route would be too hard for me. Next day we slept late, abseiled in, and looked at it. Mewsford is a big, complex, and quite wonderful cliff. At the top is a band of shaly degeneracy, and at its base is a narrow channel between the cliff and a tilted slab of rock, which clears at low tide, but through which the water races furiously from half-tide onwards. My little crack was just what it seemed to be: an easy entry to what lay above, overhanging, but on big firm holds. Forty feet up I took a belay and brought up Jim. As I watched him tie on, the zeal of the convert rose in me. All the slapdash habits of ropework which had sufficed for years were now repugnant to me. But I kept silent and tried covertly to adjust a few things, then set to work on my pitch. There were sundry traversings left and right and soon the one way and the one way only became apparent, and it was hard. "How long", I wondered, "since I did a 5c pitch on this end of the rope?" No answer from the mists of time. I vented my terror on Jim. I lectured and wheedled and nagged; I gave him my Sticht plate and fiddled with his belay and he, most long-suffering of men, grew distinctly irritable and told me how long he'd been climbing and so on. The more he protested, the more finicky I became, and the sun beat down upon us. When I'd got everything to my liking, it was not to his, and he complained, and I complained, and the sun baked as the sea crept in. The route was not getting done and Jim was saying Hail Maries,

so finally I tried this smooth little groove, and came down, and tried again and wobbled up for a few feet, got frightened, fixed a runner, moved on, got elated, climbed fast over a bulge with big holds, found myself miles from a runner with no prospect of another, climbed on to where I could fix four or five, worried about how much rope was left, and ground to a halt beneath the collapsible top. There were wafer-like flakes of some loosely-compounded aggregate. There were monstrous blocks of pure, incomprehensible detachment and poise. I pulled dragging rope through, and shuffled breathlessly past. What I threw off by now plopped into deep water. I reached the top with just enough rope to sit on the edge without a belay. And Jim leant heavily on the rope. This, I thought, is a volte-face. As soon as I could, I crawled over to secure myself to a military flagpost. Jim came up, and it was all apology and exultation. We waggled our toes in the sun and lost an abseil rope in the sea, but it didn't matter. A week or two later I watched a razorbill wavecutting erratically out over the wide sea which stretches to America.

On it flew, dipping, veering, finally lost to view somewhere out on the rough, cloud-dappled plain of waters. "Yes", I thought, "It is a joke, of sorts, or the work of a cosmic joker, who gives to each of us his battle, to each his clamorous victory."

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

DON WHILLANS - Honorary Member 1979

"Don, haven't you got short legs?"

"What's the matter, they reach the ground, don't they?"

"What are these things round Trevor's waist?"

"Friends, Don."

"Eh, they must be the only friends he's got."

"Never mind, Trevor, we have the technology, we can make a new man out of you."

"Why doesn't Trevor concentrate on growing some hair - and stop worrying about trying to get up Extremes."

"Eeh, it was getting so hard I had to turn right round to get my centre of balance right."

Whillans looking wistfully at a climber who had geared up:

'Eh, they don't make one of those harnesses to fit me these days."

A.B. HARGREAVES - raconteur extraordinary

After a dinner at the New Dungeon Ghyll:

"Hmmm. The landlord had a very pretty daughter. Hmm.

Hmm. Waller was after her. Hmm. Longland was after her.

Hmm. I got there first."

Concerning breaking in to a F.R.C.C. hut:

"I was pushed through the window into the ladies dormitory and inside there were two girls. Hmm, very pretty."

They said, "We'll report you to the committee."

I said, "Report me to the committee. Hmm."

They said, "We'll report you to the Secretary."

I said, "Report me to the Secretary. Hmm."

They said, "We'll report you to the President then."

"Hmm." I said, "But I am the President."

P.H.H.

SENIOR MEMBER

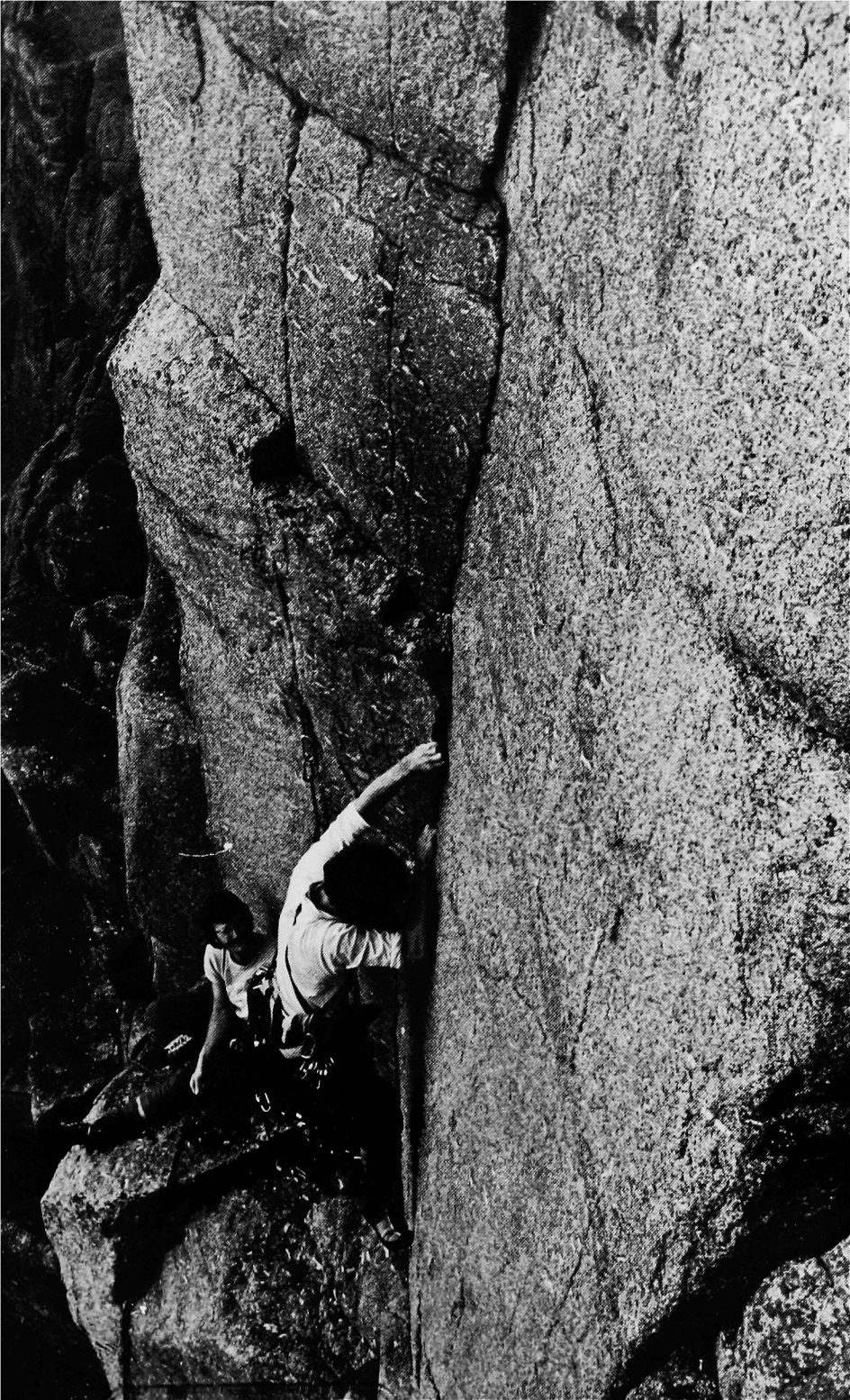
JOHN POOLE

Since the death of H.E.L. Porter in 1973 I have been the senior member of the Club. I am not the oldest member in the Club, although I must be nearly that, but I am the man who has been a member for the longest period. I joined in 1920, which must have been a vintage year but I am the only bottle left in the bin. The Club was founded in 1898, one year before I was born, so I have belonged to it for just about three-quarters of its history. I was born in 1899 and I have often thought it a pity that my parents did not show a little earlier philoprogenitive enthusiasm so that the two earth-shattering events might have co-incided. Of course, there is nothing clever about being the senior member. If there were, I could not have done it. All you have to do is get yourself elected at an early age and then outlive your contemporaries. 1980 marks my diamond jubilee of membership and I am looking forward with great confidence to celebrating my centenary.

The Club has meant a great deal to me. Before telling you how I came to join it I had better fill in a bit of personal background. I was the first of my parents' seven children, having three brothers and three sisters. Incidentally, all my brothers joined me in due course in membership of the Club, and one of them (next but one after me, a mere stripling of 74, my brother Gerard) still is. For many years all four of us were members at the same time and the suggestion to change the name to Pooles Club was abandoned only when two of my brothers dropped out just before it was time to implement it. As children, all seven of our family were encouraged by my father to be strong walkers in our native Staffordshire and bordering Derbyshire and we also spent many summer holidays in Llandudno whence we used to sally forth by train or bicycle or on foot to climb the mountains of Snowdonia. My brother Harry, next after me, was only a year and a half younger than me, and I clearly remember how he and I were one day taken by my father by train from Llandudno to Llanberis,

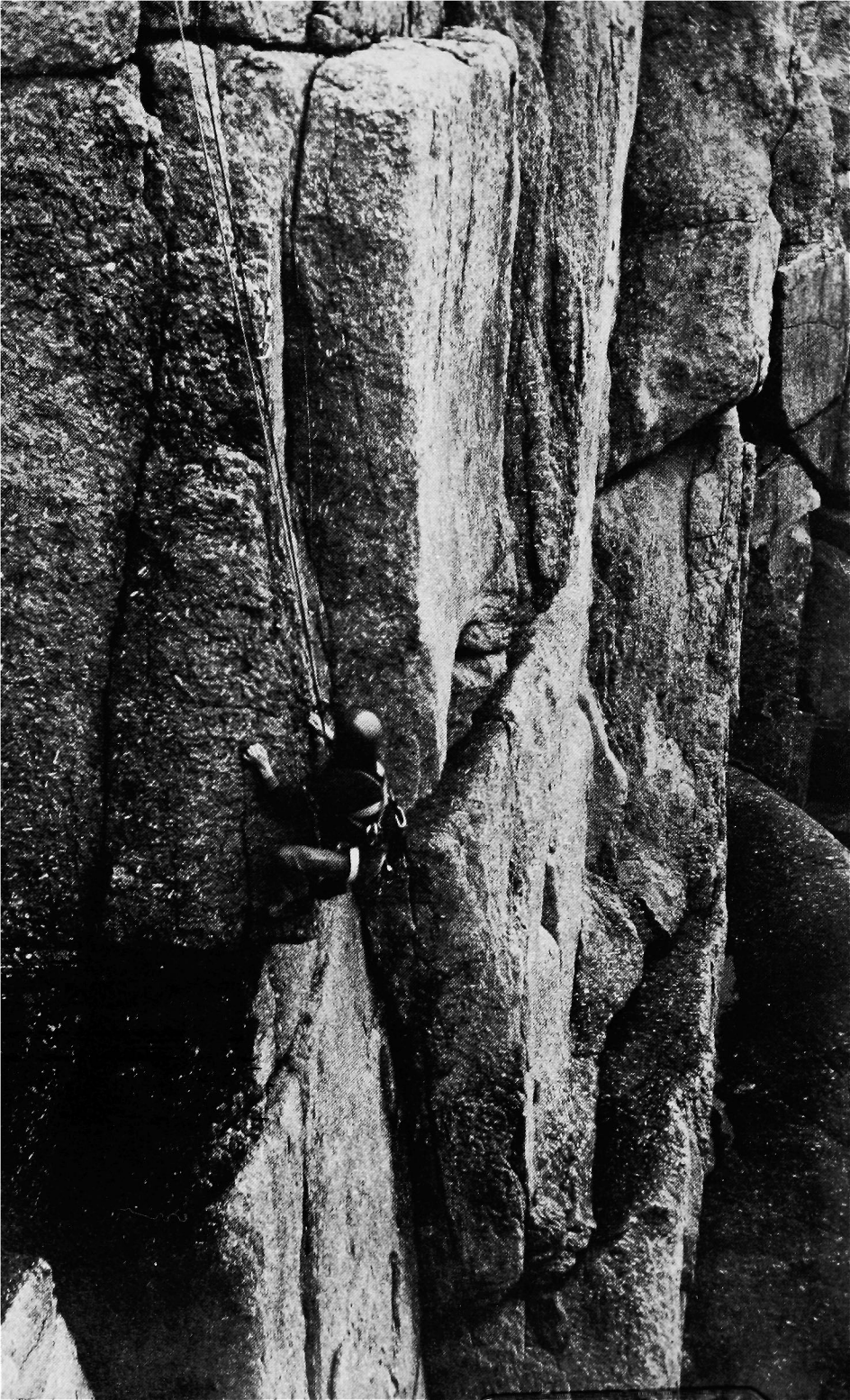
whence we walked up Snowdon by the track which has since become so familiar and then descended by the even more familiar Miners Track to Pen y Pass. On the way down my father knocked his knee against a projecting rock so that he arrived at the Gorphwysfa Hotel (as it then was) dead lame and we had to hire a car from old Owen (father of the man whom I later got to know well at the car park) to drive us down to Llanberis to catch the train back to Llandudno. Besides my first ascent of Snowdon this was also my first ride in a motor car and I am ashamed to say I was more thrilled by that than I was by the climb. Harry and I and later our younger brothers and sisters did many more similar rambles in succeeding years, while we were still children.

My first break into a little more serious mountaineering occurred in 1918, the last year of World War 1. Harry, although my junior, was already in the Army fighting for his King and Country (from a barracks in England) but I was medically exempt, graded C3, which is as low as you can get. That was well over 60 years ago yet here I am now still alive (just) and kicking (not very hard). But that year of 1918, while Harry was defending his native shores, my father and I did a walking tour across the Welsh mountains and back again. We started from our familiar base at Llandudno, walked to Deganwy, crossed the Conway estuary by ferry, then walked over Conway mountain to the Sychnant Pass, paid 6d to get into the Fairy Glen and paid nothing to get out of it again at the top and at last we were on the open mountainside, over Foel Fras, Foel Grach (where many years later I helped build the shelter), Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Dafydd, and finally dropped straight down into Nant Francon. Someone we met directed us to the farm Ty Gwyn, a mile below Ogwen Cottage, and we were hospitably received by Mrs. Williams, whom we later found to be a daughter of the famous Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Ogwen Cottage where in succeeding years I stayed many times. More of that later, if I don't forget. We refreshed ourselves by a swim in Llyn Idwal that evening, and in the next few days walked over the Glyders and Snowdon and Moel Hebog etc. until we worked our way back to Llandudno. On Llandudno Junction Station, as we waited for a train to take us home to the Midlands, I bought at a bookstall for a shilling an illustrated brochure called 'Beautiful North Wales', which had been got up by the Abraham brothers, authors of 'Rock Climbing in









North Wales' This was the first I knew there was any rock climbing in North Wales and it set fire to my imagination which had already been kindled by reading Whympers' 'Scrambles Amongst the Alps' and such like famous mountain literature from my father's collection, so as soon as I got home I wrote to Abrahams at Keswick and bought a copy of their 'Rock Climbing in North Wales', and then learned it nearly off by heart.

I was a law student at the time, so on my next visit to London for one of the examinations I called on Mr. John S. Carter, South Molton Street, and he measured me for my first pair of nailed climbing boots as advertised in Abrahams' book. They cost a little over £4 and were duly sent to me through the post. I also bought a 60 foot length of Alpine Club rope (with the red strand down the middle, as also advertised) from John Beale. Next summer, Harry by now having won the war and being released from the Army, he also bought a pair of nailed boots (from Hardern of Keswick). To begin with he and I repeated the walk which my father and I had done in 1918, and I remember that when we dropped in at Ty Gwyn on the first evening out from Llandudno I said "Good evening, Mrs. Williams" and she said "Good evening, Mr. Poole" and we were not even the same pair.

That Christmas we collected two more young men and all four of us stayed at Ty Gwyn and I led my first roped rock climb, all four of us on sixty feet of rope, taking belays every few inches. The climb was the Bristly Ridge on Glyder Fach. The other two chaps, who both later became Town Clerks in their own right, as I did myself, never climbed again. Harry and I never stopped.* During the next few years we spent every moment of our leisure in climbing. We lived only a hundred miles away from Snowdonia so it was easily accessible by motor cycle. We worked our way steadily through the list of climbs in the Abrahams' book, then on through those in Owen Glyn Jones' 'Rock Climbing in the English Lake District', staying principally at Wastwater Hotel where we played Billiards fives on the table which has long since been removed. In Wales we stayed many times at Pen y Gwryd and also at Ogwen Cottage where we made a close acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Jones who had previously entertained the Abraham brothers, Owen Glyn Jones and many others. I was there once in the winter when Mr.

* Harry has stopped now. He died in his eightieth year, after this article had been written.

Opp: Mark Edwards on Illustrated Man.

- R. Edwards

Centrespread Right: A turbulent sea chases Roland Edwards up Mastodon.

- Esther Edwards

Jones sallied forth one evening in his model T Ford to meet a train at Bethesda. The Holyhead road in Nant Francon was then a lot narrower than it is now, and just below where the snack bar now stands you practically went through a tunnel. On this occasion, a little below there, Mr. Jones' car skidded through a turn of 180 degrees and when he came to a standstill he found himself facing towards Ogwen. It was too narrow to turn where he was, so he had to drive back to Ogwen to turn round and start again. I was there on another occasion, also in the winter, when Dorothy Pilley and I.A. Richards (not yet married) came in for a few days after spending the Christmas weekend with three others on Snowdon summit, as she described in Chapter three of her book 'Climbing Days'. One day the two of them set out from Ogwen Cottage and made the first ascent of the Home Climb and when they started to write it up in the book which used to be kept at the cottage they disputed whether the climb should be graded as Difficult or Very Difficult so they kindly took me up next day for a third opinion. I voted it V.Diff. and today you will find it in the guide book as 'Just V.Difficult' which shows how the dispute was compromised. I was at Ogwen Cottage for a month on that occasion, partly recuperating from a fractured skull caused in a motor-cycle accident and partly catching up on my studies which had been neglected and during the next few weeks I repeated the climb solo on several occasions.

I had the great good fortune to join the Club in 1920 on the introduction of one W.J. Williams, who had been an Original Member, and with whose son, the late Professor Gwyn Williams, I subsequently climbed on many occasions, at home, and abroad, including the Monch, the Jungfrau and the Eiger (by the Mitellegi Arete) also the Finsteraarhorn and many other peaks in the Oberland, the Valais, the Dolomites, etc. Joining the Club was a great milestone in my career as it opened the door through which I was introduced to many more companions. (Have you ever tried to open a door with a milestone?). Another milestone was a few years later when I married and found to my delight and relief that although she knew nothing about mountaineering until then, except what I had told her, my wife took to climbing with a great aptitude and has been my companion on a very large proportion of the climbing I have done since. I had gone to live in London shortly

before my marriage and thus had the opportunity of making contact with more of my fellow members of the Club and I soon found myself on the Committee and soon after that for a couple of years as Honorary Secretary. I joined the Alpine Club in 1931, the same year as my wife became a member of the Ladies Alpine Club, and with the recent take-over bid by the A.C. of the L.A.C. she and I are now both members of the Alpine Club.

Two of my closest companions in those early days were Will McNaught and M.G. Bradley. I climbed with them (not in fact often with both at the same time) on innumerable occasions in Wales and also many times (especially McNaught) in the Alps. One or two reminiscences of them: I was once taking McNaught and a young woman friend of ours Biddy Deed up the Chasm Route on Glyder Fawr and as we approached the Vertical Vice McNaught said what a terrible situation he found himself in. When I asked why, he said "Well, Vice above and Miss Deed below!" In the Dauphine, after the Ecrins, trudging home along the Bon Pierre glacier, McNaught said it was getting Bon Pierre and Bon Pierre. In the Engelhorn, while we were staying with Bradley at Rosenlaur, G.R. Speaker took me and my wife and the aforementioned Biddy Deed up the Rosenlaurstock. Bradley did not join us but he knew the climb well and he told us that on the way down we should have to abseil over an overhang called the Luftschwingort and that we should suspend the rope from a piton already there which was 'almost certainly safe' We found the piton but it wobbled ominously as we tested it and resisted all attempt to drive it further in with a piece of rock (we had no hammer). So we had to risk it and I was nominated to be last man down on the principle that we could not leave the responsibility to either of the girls and it could not be Speaker as he was a better route-finder than I was and if he got killed I should be unlikely to get the party safely off the mountain. I had never abseiled so cautiously in my life as I did on that occasion and when I finally touched down felt greatly relieved that my wife had avoided or at least postponed widowhood.

But it is on my earliest climbing days that I really wished to dwell, as, I suppose like other octogenarians, I take great delight in recalling incidents of my youth. I have left myself little time for further reminiscences if this article is to be kept to reasonable

length but I must find room to refer to the many happy occasions when I stayed at Helyg in its earliest days. I remember being there once with my brother Harry and we came across a young man named Kirkus who was on his own so Harry and I condescendingly took him up the Pinnacle Rib on Tryfan Central Buttress and ensured his safety by putting him between us on the rope. He did the climb well enough. I climbed often with Charles Marshall, Helyg's first custodian, and my brother Gerard was probably the last member of the Club to see him alive as he visited him in hospital in Chester after Charles' calamitous fall at Helsby.

I think it was from Helyg that I made the first of my innumerable ascents of the Grooved Arete, this time leading George Lister to whom I had been introduced by Herbert Carr (to whom I owe so much, and so does the Club as he practically resuscitated it from oblivion when it nearly expired in the aftermath of World War 1) on my first visit to the Alps. This was before they had published their classic book 'The Mountains of Snowdonia' Lister had a daughter named Eira, whom I first knew as a school-girl, and when she was old enough I took her up the Grooved Arete. Many years later, when I had retired from my job and come to live in Anglesey, I met her again, she having now married and produced a son who was then a medical student, and I took him up the Grooved Arete. I think there cannot be many people who have led three generations of the same family (except perhaps their own family), up the Grooved Arete.

I have just mentioned my retirement from work and coming to live in Anglesey and this must provide me with the opportunity to conclude this rambling article. When I came here in 1959 I learned of the existence of the Mountaineering Club of North Wales and made haste to join it and before I knew where I was I found I had become President, in succession to Charles Evans. In next to no time I had made a host of new friends, many of whom were first class climbers, and quite a number of these were exceedingly kind to me and took me up routes which, in my old age, were beyond my capacity to lead. Thus the M.C.N.W. did for me in my declining years what the C.C. had done for me in my youth and I shall never cease to be grateful to both clubs for the help and friendship I have had from them. I went on climbing up to Hard Severe standard

until I was 70, then unhappily contracted osteo-arthritis in my rightwrist and had to give up rock climbing altogether. But I still went on with my mountain walking until a couple of years ago when hardening of the arteries and other inevitable concomitants of incipient senility gradually overtook me and I am now reduced to ambling about on the lower slopes. But my enthusiasm for the mountains remains undimmed. So does my gratitude to the Climbers' Club, which has contributed so much to my happiness.

RAIN STOPPED PLAY

JAMES MORAN

“Go for it youth!” “I could go for another couple of hours sleep” This was the usual ritual when climbing with Paul and his mania for early rising - 7 o'clock and already we were on our way to Gogarth. Never mind, I might be able to snatch 'forty winks' on the way. 8.15 saw us arrive at South Stack, deserted, bar the ever present seagulls and the 'white horses' playing out at sea.

Left Hand Red Wall again, and Mick Fowler's Heart of Gold, a product of the previous year's 'new route fever', and still waiting for a second ascent. Gear sorted out and off we go; well, at least off I go. After rigging the abseil and waiting down at the bottom for an hour, Paul finally arrives with this feeble excuse, "I thought you'd gone for a walk" - there is no answer to that!

No sooner have I started on the first pitch than I'm down again on terra firma, arms pumped and not even 15 feet up the route. If only there were some boulders to warm up on, but no excuses. 10 minutes later I'm on the route again, past my last runner and at war with the traverse, small holds on bulging rocks make for hard work. The traverse over and I'm able to rest in a groove with a couple of runners in generally poor rock - no place to fall off - too late! off I come, chasing my footholds and handholds down to the sea. "Well fielded Paul." The runner had held, much to my surprise.

Up again past the runner and after ten feet of steep rock a stance, with two of the worst pegs I've ever come across. Half an hour later Paul arrives having removed his usual quota of holds. Within seconds he's banging pegs in, placing unplaceable nuts and dismissing climbs like Pagan, Redshift and half the routes in Wales as a 'pint of mild' compared to this.

With Paul 'firmly' tied on and looking rather pale I start on the second pitch, making for a peg and in the process passing some

dubious rock. "It's going O.K. Paul" not sounding too convincing. Peg clipped and backed up I can relax and 'sus' the next moves out, a 15 foot section and a possible runner. Over the overlap and onto the wall, then a couple of thin moves to a bridge and a good hold - well, I should say was a good hold. Before I knew it I was back level with the stance, and Paul momentarily unconscious having received the good foothold squarely on the head. "Nice cleaning Mick!" "Let's get you to hospital", but no, Paul insists he's alright. As he's saying this a huge lump appears in the middle of his head, like something out of a Tom and Jerry cartoon!

Even so he still insists on continuing and off I go again, rather worried and shaken, thinking how close I came to killing the lad. Moving up past my previous high point, small layaways and finger holds lead to a high step up and the promise of a rest - but not this time. My left foothold, slowly but surely, bit by bit, disintegrated, leaving me dangling on the ropes, this time past the stance, with Paul very relieved that I had missed him. "Nice cleaning Mick!"

Ten minutes to compose myself and off I go yet again. This time I make the rest - some rest! Managing to get what I thought were a couple of poor runners I start the lichenous traverse rightwards. This was more like a vegetable plot and should have read - "Step right on the asparagus tips, using lettuce leaf layaways to gain the obvious ledge" To cap it all it starts to rain. With my left foot fighting for purchase on the lichen and my right handhold deciding it had been on the wall for thousands of years too long there was only one way to go, down, and fast. "Nice cleaning Mick!"

First good luck of the day, the runners hold and I'm lowered down to the stance. This time it's all the way down to the ground for both of us, leaving the rock for a washing and Paul a trip to hospital.

"No, no, a thousand times no! I'm not doing that first pitch again!" "What shall we do?" "Abseil, youth!" "Well, I suppose I can use the opportunity to clean the traverse" After an hour's cleaning on the next day we re-established ourselves on the stance helmet and all. With the traverse cleaned, gear racked, and a

couple of deep breaths, round two begins...

Rapid progress up the wall and across the traverse leads to a shallow groove and good runners which inspire confidence. From the top of the groove a traverse back left brings an obvious spike within reach; the moves are rather 'hairy' but not too hard and I'm glad the runners are good, even though they are 15 feet away. A full-weight sling round the spike backed up with a couple of 'bombproof' nuts provides an 'elephant stopper'! A good rest possible here but above all seems blank. Consulting the guide book my worst fears are realised - it does go up there!

Might as well get on with it. A sequence of steep, fingery moves leads to a crack and then to a shallow depression, and though the angle eases the rock deteriorates with only a couple of poor runners for moral support. More steep moves leftwards, this time on large friable holds, lead up to Left Hand Red Wall. Just as I'm beginning to relax, my footholds disappear with a loud crack, leaving me dangling from extended arms, somehow still in contact with the rock.

With racing heart and high blood pressure I make Left Hand Red Wall where I am able to look down at the poor runners twenty to thirty feet below and contemplate a grand entry into the Guinness Book of Records had I fallen off. Straight to the top and bring Paul up, the route in the bag, and what a route!!! The best on South Stack and certainly one of the best in Britain.

Note: The above account is a summary of the second ascent of Heart of Gold over the two days, 20/21 August 1979, by J. Moran and P. Williams. *** E5, 6a.

SANDINISTA

DAVE COOK

Deprivation lay heavy on us in South London that summer.

In hearts made mean in smoky weekend rooms, it was hard to find much charity for Monday morning phone calls that crowed exultant descriptions of days of wine and gritstone. Other people's hit lists fell like salt into the wounds of envy, rubbed in deep by clumsy good intentions, "Christ, Cooky, you should have been there"

Steve and I weren't. We too had our sports plans, but time was scarcer than a pint of bitter tasting beer in London. We were stuck close to home.

Stolen hours on canal walls, in sports centres and on sandstone gave brief respite, but they were not as satisfying as some other substitutes I know. Clearly, something had to be done.

Pigott, when he inserted a chockstone and used it for an aid on the first ascent of his climb on Cloggy, wrote, "The sole responsibility for the conception and execution of the devilish plan was Linnell's" Anyway, if he didn't, he meant to. I'll do likewise. To climb at Warlingham chalk quarry was Steve's idea.

Steve is in many ways the discovery of the decade. Every ageing climber yearns to find a young apprentice who can be pointed at the nasty ones. 'Off the peg' seconds are common enough, but 'off the peg' leaders are a prize indeed.

He drank at the Prince of Wales, and idly enquired if we were going on any trips because he would like to try his hand. Some months later we tied him onto the rope at the foot of his first route, Undercracker (EI) at Baggy Point, and he padded up it with embarrassing ease. To this day, I'm still not sure if Steve's

enthusiasm to climb at Warlingham was an index of his inexperience or his vision.

One and a half miles south of Purley, on the east side of the A22, a giant handful of chalk has been scooped from the hillside. A derelict factory blocks the entrance between viaduct pillars. Not an old Pennine relic this; smoothed and legitimised by the passing years; but a brash, tatty-splintered, pre-fabricated box, slightly shocking in its deindustrialised nakedness.

What lies beyond is that classic habitat, inadequately dealt with by science, 'quarry bottoms' Here abounds that unique mixture -old bits of iron, elderberry bushes, tyres, dumped cars, small boys and men with airguns among which climbers feel so much at home.

The far right hand quarry wall is eighty feet high, vertical, giving one magnificent line, a face crack, almost a unique feature on chalk. You can see it from the road; a riven tower, not unlike a Stoney Middleton buttress. But either cracks don't wink down south, or people don't respond to their advances.

Other steep and overhanging rock abounds, but it is frightening to go close, let alone touch it. The crack, which we called Sandinista, is different. In the old days, an L.P cover would have described its 'come hither' voice.

We abseiled down onto a steep fan of chalk. I was going to call it scree, but it was more like avalanche debris. Lester Cook, my eight year old son, the third member of our party, rolled snowballs down it, while we rigged up gigantic top ropes from tiny trees at the top.

"Dad, the police are coming" Lester was overdramatising things, for a single constable, perspiring in the hot sun, his uniform picking up snow flakes each time he stumbled, approached us up the slope. To our surprise he told us he was in the Metropolitan Police Climbing Section, and was glad to see some 'experts' here.

Getting talking, we asked his name. "P.C. Everest", was his rather anxious reply. You could hear the backing group change

key, and the string section begin their build-up.

Now, with some replies you can see them coming for miles. They hang, looming, waiting to take verbal form. "This is Sherpa Tensing", I said, introducing Steve. P.C. Everest's eyes narrowed, his face taking on that tired, world-weary, East London look that Cockneys do so well. Even Lester got in on the act. "Dad, where's his ice axe?"

I've not seen one set up like that since long ago at school. A small, new pupil was asked his name. "Paine, Sir", was his reply, "Ivor, Sir"

Sandinista inhabited the same bizarre world. Usually on loose rock a crack is sanctuary. Deep jams will hold when the surface crumbles. However, chalk is nothing if not consistent. If it moves on the outside, it moves in deep as well. Clenched fists caused cracks to become chimneys. Steve, who also does karate, was at an advantage, able to fashion holds at will.

Each probing hand triggered a landslide of chalk dust down the crack. My mind flashed back to the Black Cleft on Cloggy fifteen years before. The body formed a water conduit between hand and trouser leg. Now, on this white cleft, chalk dust followed the same route.

Each move was delicate, tense. You had to hold both yourself on, and the rock together at the same time. I suppose on solid rock the route would have been 4c/5a technically, but the adjectival grading does not yet exist that can describe its overall character. There is no protection, but with a top rope the only risk is having shovelfuls of chalk dust dumped on you. I've seen plenty of climbers looking pale at the top of climbs, but never 'white as a sheet' before.

But, believe it or not, if you sidle your way up this strange cleft, you will probably be back. Adventure in London comes in many forms. This one is worth a try.

THIS WEEK'S TOP TWENTY-FIVE (Summer 1980)

- | | | | |
|--|----|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| E6, | 6c | Lord of the Flies, Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 6c | Hall of Warriors, Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | The Bells! The Bells!, Gogarth | J. Redhead |
| E5, | 7a | Atomic Hot Rod, Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 7a | Strawberries, Tremadog | R. Fawcett |
| | 6c | Bananas, Tremadog | J. Redhead |
| | 6b | The Wrinkled Retainer, Idwal | J. Redhead |
| | 6b | Psycho Killer, Cloggy | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | Ivory Madonna, Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | Blackleg, Gogarth | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | The Big Sleep, Gogarth | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | J.R., Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | Barbarossa free, Gogarth | J. Redhead |
| | 6b | Wall of Fossils, Gogarth | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | Sexual Salami, Tremadog | J. Redhead |
| | 6b | Erg free, Castell Cidwm | R. Fawcett |
| | 6b | Nexus Direct, Dinas Mot | D. Roberts |
| | 6a | Plas Berw, Great Orme | J. Redhead |
| | 6a | Alien, Gogarth | P. Littlejohn |
| | 6a | Heart of Gold, Gogarth | M. Fowler |
| | 6a | True Grip, Dinas Cromlech | R. Fawcett |
| | 6a | Right Wall, Dinas Cromlech | P. Livesey |
| E4, | 6b | Crash Landing, Craig y Dwr | S. Cathcart |
| | 6b | The Atomic Finger Flake, Tremadog | J. Redhead |
| Other New Releases - Hang 'Em High, Castell Cidwm J. Moran | | | |
| | | Sebastopol, Gogarth | J. Moran |
| | | Mein Kampf, Gogarth | J. Moran |
| | | Tet Offensive, Gogarth | J. Moran |
| | | Zero, Idwal | P. Livesey |
| | | Wall of the Dead, Idwal | R. Fawcett |
| | | The Long Run, Gogarth | P. Whillance |
| | | The Cad, Gogarth | R. Fawcett |
| | | The Horrorshow, free | R. Fawcett |
| | | ... and next week? | |

WANDERERS IN WALES

ROBERT CROOKALL

It was Dennis Stanfield whose last years, and whose death in Nigeria were so quietly heroic, who introduced me to the Climbers' Club. This was in 1952 and by then I had been walking, wandering and scrambling in Wales for nearly twenty years.

Dennis and I explored the stark, granite hills of Western Nigeria together, forcing our own routes up the onion domes and the smooth, grey molars that protruded from the surrounding forest. He was, I learned, a member of that most ancient, elitist and exclusive company, the Climbers' Club. Was it thinkable that I might gain admission - perhaps as some sort of lowly acolyte? One year we went climbing (mere scrambling I suppose most Club members would now call it) in the Cuillins: then he took me up the Parson's Nose and pronounced me potential, if raw, material.

In those days nominated members had to do a not less than 'Difficult' climb with members of some standing in the Club before they could be admitted. Mine was with Charles Evans and a young American who was later killed in the Alps. I was scared stiff, but determined not to make Dennis Stanfield look a fool. Besides, I had begun to taste the exhilaration of real rock climbing. So there I was cosseted between a fearless American leading the rope and the imperturbable Charles Evans behind. Half way up a steep gulley I had a demonstration of true climbers' nerves. "Stand clear", said a voice twenty feet above me on what seemed a smooth and vertical rock face, "I'm coming off". "Tighten your belay and stand back" said a perfectly calm voice from below. The matter-of-fact tone of the one, the complete assurance of the other, steadied my own nerves, but I wondered if my knots were right and the belay firmly secured. My skill, or lack of it, was not put to the test. He did not fall, and we continued to the top. "Not too bad for a complete beginner", seemed their verdict of me.

Thus I joined the Club, looking forward to an aspect of mountaineering that had not seemed to me, till then, something to which ordinary mortals could aspire. Alas! More service abroad and then unexpected family demands, made the years slip by, and except for an occasional climb with Charles Armour I rarely visited Wales, the magic playground of my youth. Until 1962 - when work took me to the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the Pennines seemed a small barrier between me and Snowdonia.

So began a series of January weekends (and occasional June ones as well) which have continued unbroken until now, and nearly always at Helyg. But the friends who came with me and have since joined us, were hill walkers rather than climbers, and I have remained content to wander in Wales, to walk its ridges and scramble in its gullies.

This is why I found Sir John Hunt's article in the 1966 Journal strangely comforting, and realised I had come to think of myself as a failed member of the Club. I had not progressed beyond the 'Difficult' climb (now, I suppose, hardly considered a climb at all): I had a rope and an ice axe but could not tell one bit of ironmongery from another; I thought all the people I met at Helyg (very, very few in January!) must be 'tigers' and so felt even more of a lamb myself. When asked where we had been I felt embarrassed at not being able to name some perilous or pioneering route.

Sir John Hunt's article brought me to my senses. I re-read the Club's Handbook, and sure enough it said, "Its object shall be to encourage mountaineering and hill walking, to further the interests of science and art in relation thereto, and to guard and promote the general interest of mountaineers".

Isn't that what our party was doing on one weekend every January, whatever the weather? Hill walking, exploring country new to us, observing (and suffering) the weather patterns of Snowdonia, doing what we could for conservation and for mutual respect between those who came here for recreation and those who earned their livelihood. And were we not, as Sir John ends his article, "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?" I felt better; more able to accept my limitations as a climber, but aware again - as I always had been at heart - that North Wales may be a rock climber's paradise, but it is far more than that - a land where those who love the mountains can struggle and suffer but not give up, where they can wander and talk and dream, where they can find themselves and each other, and be at peace.

We begin in the hard winter of 1962/3, a small group, two fathers and three sons, all from Wakefield in Yorkshire. We have never been more than twelve at any one time but over twenty five have taken part. We straddle the generations: and the professions: fathers and sons (but no grandsons yet), students and those near the end of their careers; we come, now that families have moved, from all corners of England - London, Sussex, Dorset, Devon, Lancashire, Northumbria, drawn to Helyg each January by our love of the hills and by the friendships strengthened there.

But time, alas, is stronger even than the friendship of the hills, and few of the originals now come in January - which is perhaps why I felt stirred to write this article - to try to make in some way permanent that which must have an end.

What image of Snowdonia is created by nearly 50 years wandering there, and since 1963 in the dead of winter? First its inexhaustible variety of mood, weather, terrain and landscape: rarely when we leave Helyg on a Saturday morning do we follow for long a route ever taken before, or in conditions previously experienced (except Welsh rain of course). Secondly its strength, and the strength it evokes: you are drawn to the wildness of the mountains, but it is no soft option, especially in January, and we return to our office, shop, surgery or laboratory with renewed self-confidence and self-respect because of what we have attempted, achieved, and survived. And then, perhaps, the loneliness and beauty of Snowdonia, and its majesty; where is there a greater loneliness than in the Rhinogs! Where is a more beautiful mountain to be seen than looking to Snowdon from Moel Siabod? Where is there a more majestic landscape than from the tableland behind Nnicht? Finally, the sense of home, after all these years: we walk into Helyg late on a Friday night as though we had been there the

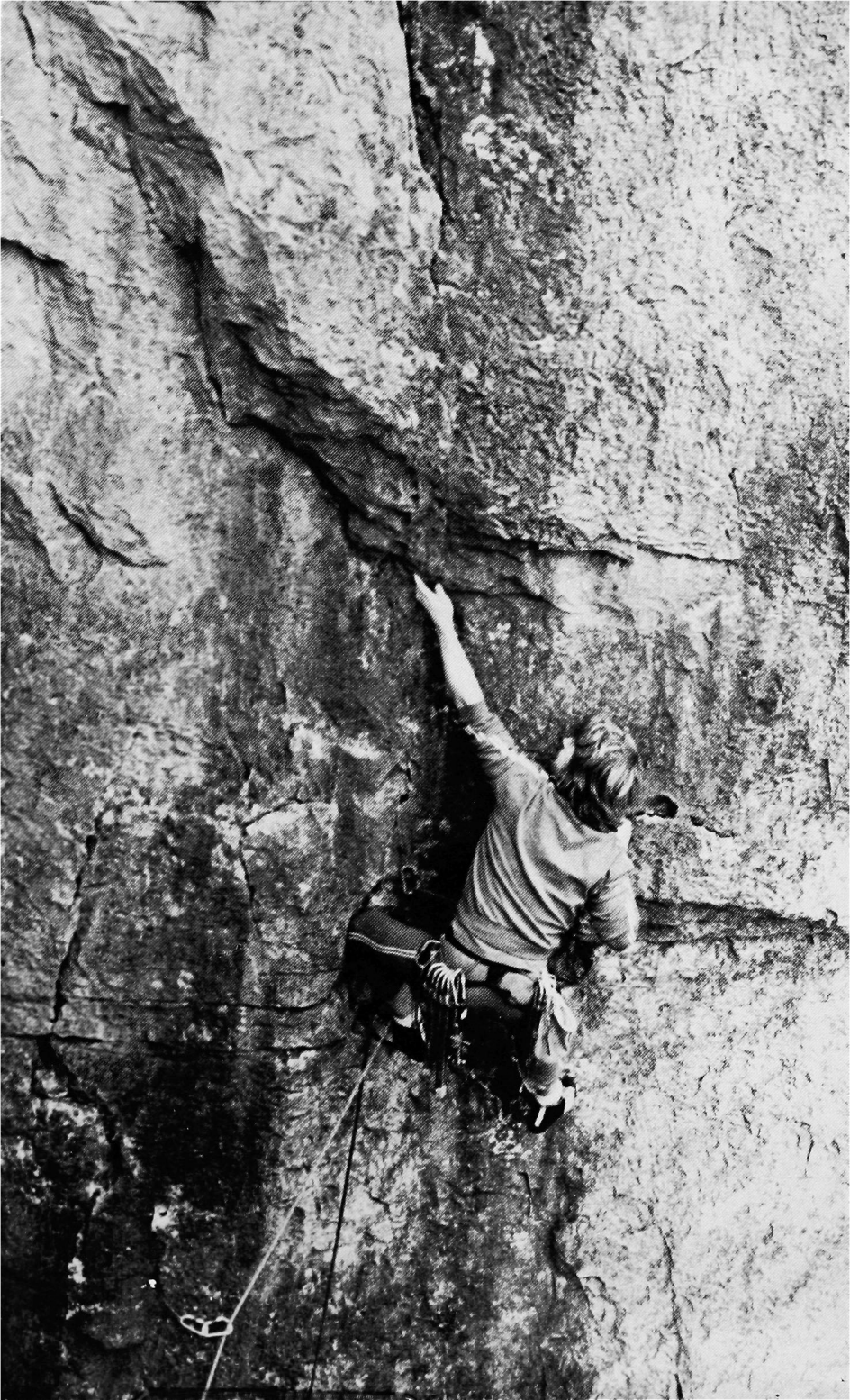
week before the water's still leaking from behind the sink, the fire will soon be filling kitchen with smoke, the mattress covers are just that much dirtier than a year ago, and Tony Jones is almost certain to be there, the embodiment of the spirit of Helyg at its most rugged, secure and sincere how lucky the Club and Helyg are to have him there.

What mental vignettes emerge as one looks back over eighteen years to that grim winter of 1963? Here are a few, adapted from diaries kept at the time.

Jan. 1963. Pen-y-Pass. Park the car. Never known such cold. Few people to be seen. Why not coffee in the hotel instead? We follow the Miners' Track. The ground is iron. A dislodged stone reverberates. Llyn Llydaw is frozen solid. No need to use the causeway. Path a sheet of ice. On to Glaslyn. Stop for food, sheltering in ruins of miner's cottage. Out of their mittens hands freeze in seconds. Dangerous to unzip. Whole mountain from here seems solid blue and green ice. We start cutting steps, but give up; we need all the daylight to return.

Jan. 1964. We are a large party. Bobby (doctor), Ray (education officer), Denys (bookshop proprietor), his two sons Jez and Bruce, my son David, Steve his friend, Barry (youth service). It is muggy and misty, with sloshy snow. Bobby insists on filming us slithering about. Aim - Snowdon via Cwmglas and Clogwyn (we are at Ynys). Mist thickening. We have no idea where we are but push on, each keeping the man in front in sight. Reach a ridge. Are we east or north of Crib-y-ddysgl? We turn right; guess proves correct. By now we've had enough and seen nothing, so slither down the Pyg track. Tea at the hotel (as it was then). Never did tea taste so good.

Jan. 1965. Lie in sleeping bag listening to the gale. Hope Denys will brew up tea before conscience makes me do it. He does. Cold and clear we decide on Tryfan, via Heather Terrace because of the westerly gale. At Bwlch Tryfan we cannot cross the wall for the wind. Have to choose our moment and fight our way over. Tryfan seems impossible in this gale, so we follow the path to Llyn Bochlwyd. Follow the stream down, the wind





Above: His first Welsh Peak

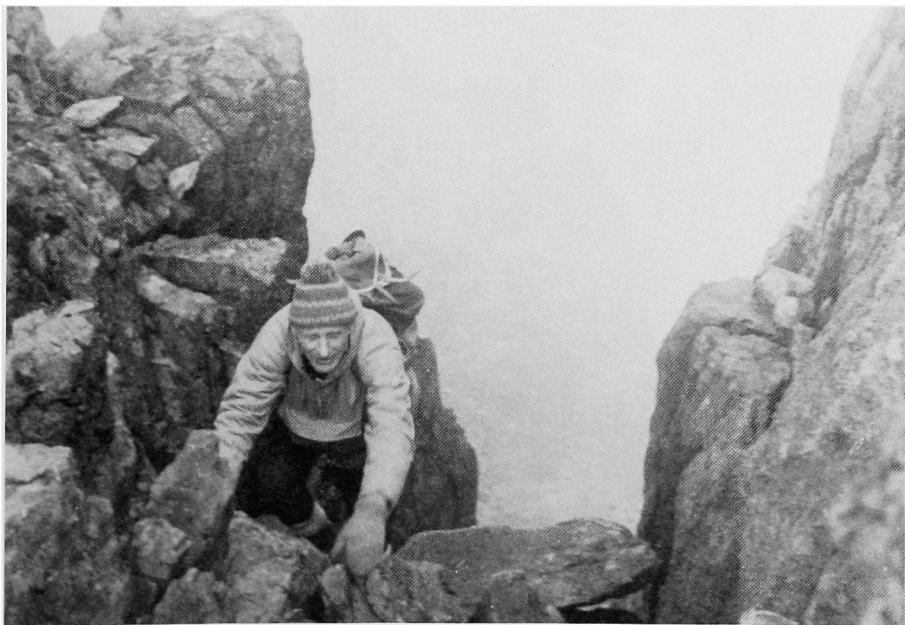
Below: The crags above Llyn Crafnant





Above: Coming up to Crib Goch ridge from Cwm Glas

Below: Tryfan from Helyg





driving it back into our face. Exhausted by this time. Stagger back along the road, thumbing for lifts. Bloody motorists don't want hikers messing up their cars! Gale increasing. Thank God for Helyg's thick walls, and for tea.

Jan. 1966. A wash-out. Unceasing rain, sleet and wind all Saturday. We stay in, read, sleep, eat, look at maps, talk, go to pub. Sunday the same but we must get our boots on once. Pack up, clean hut, go to Capel Curig. Follow Crafnant path for one hour until utterly soaked and frozen. Return to cars, mutter goodbyes, curse Wales, go home.

Jan. 1968. Company very unfit. Escape routes therefore necessary. Aim, Pen Llithrig, Craig yr Ysfa, the Carnedd summits, down to Ogwen Cottage. This is a new route for me. A slog, but fine ridge above Ffynon Llugwy. X drops out here and goes back. Sun breaks through. We eat lunch watching climbers on Craig yr Ysfa. Sun almost warm. We relax and then go on. Climbers seem to have made no progress (can't be C.C. members!). Y and Z decide to go back keeping west of Llugwy. Reach Carnedd Llewelyn. At Craig Llugwy A and B make for Glan Llugwy. Only Ray and I left and from here on we enjoy magnificent sun and cloud effects. The Glyders and Y Garn across the valley most dramatic. Path down from Yr Ole Wen is purgatory, but someone's brought a car up for us - we forgive their earlier defection.

June 1970. A perfect day. We go up Cnicht by south west ridge. Exhilarating. What a viewpoint! 360° We explore fascinating country to north and east - remote tarns, long vistas north to Snowdon south to Cader Idris. We return via Yr Arddhu with its crags and tarns. Several people swim.

Jan. 1971. Someone insists on Watkin Path to Snowdon and back over Yr Aran. I oppose but am outvoted. They'll soon learn what a grind it is! Weather deteriorates and on col between Lliwedd and Snowdon the gale hits us hard and we are in cloud. I stop to remove a stone from boot and lose the party. Wind increases, visibility decreases. Am blundered by wind and rain. Forced to crawl and rest every ten yards. Feel deserted.

Deafened and frightened by this wind. Must avoid precipices I know are on the right. Reach the top. No one there. Party has deserted its leader. Need map and compass to reach Yr Aran. No one there either. Reach car park and find party chatting happily, having missed out Snowdon summit and Aran. "What happened to you?" they ask.

June 1971. Invigorating and sunny. Not like Wales. We decide on the Rhinogs and make for the top of the Roman Steps. Then follow any route to top of Rhinog Fawr. Tom says the view eastwards reminds him of Texas. Drop to Bwlch Drws Ardudwy and up to Rhinog Fach. Test myself by keeping same pace to the top, without a rest. We go on to crag overlooking Llyn Hywel a real eagle's eyrie. Y Llethr looks tempting, but we have no time. Denys produces his flask. Back in the woods we find a sunlit pool. Wash our feet, talk, listen to the sounds of the mountains.

Jan. 1973. We want an easy day, so decide on Bristly Ridge, Glyder Fach and a gentle walk along the top to Gallt yr Ogof and down. Mist closes in at foot of Bristly Ridge. Party very undisciplined. We are 11 with only 2 maps, 2 compasses, 1 whistle and 1 survival bag amongst us. Several have never been on Glyders before. People go ahead, or drop behind. I hear shouts in the mist, getting fainter. Idiots! But somehow all get to the summit which is clear of mist. Back along the ridge - a splendid walk this, like the world at its creation. John has trouble with his knee and I keep close to him off Gallt yr Ogof, and then run the last half mile.

Next day I try to lay down some mountain rules. No splinter party without a map, compass, whistle, survival bag, and without stating intentions. Suppose Tony Jones had to get his Mountain Rescue service into operation for a C.C. party from Helyg! I could never face him again.

Jan. 1976. Saturday. Weather grim. Cloud down to 1,500 feet. We wander in the hills south of Llyn Dinas and find them fascinating and lovely. Down to Beddgelert for an Edwardian tea, and then a Victorian stroll along the river back to Llyn Dinas and the cars.

Sunday. Weather appears hopeless. Northerners go home. Don and I take our time going south and discover the Llaethnant valley. First a gentle path through a green Shangrila, then pastmagnificent falls, then into open moorland running up to the Aran Fawddwy escarpment. A good day after all. Home 2.30 a.m. with work the same day!

Jan. 1977 Saturday. Grey, cold, damp. We go up to Moel Siabod from the south, round Lyn-y-Foel and discover a delightful rocky staircase to the summit. How sombre look Snowdon and the Glyders from here, in such weather. The usual way up, a thankless grind, proves a most enjoyable way down.

Sunday. Dramatic change in the weather. We stop at Bwlch Oerddrws and have three hours splendid walking up Cribin Fawr and round the Maesglasau escarpment to Dinas Mawddwy. Discover the highest fall in Wales and a new liking for the Forestry Commission - its Dovey Forest area adds a new scenic dimension to Wales. Empty our flasks back at the Bwlch and set off home, some north, some south, some east.

Jan. 1978. Snowbound in Dorset. John rings the Welsh meteorological office who report Snowdonia cut off. In any case, he says, we can't get out of Dorset. He counsels cancellation. I accept his wise cowardice and ring Exeter, Wakefield, Middlesborough, Chesham.

June 1978. The long, east ridge proves a fine way up Cader Idris, with views north and south all the way, and then the sudden opening out of the great summit plateau.

June 1979. Hoped to do the Snowdon Horseshoe, but cloud down to 2,000 feet. Some still want to go. We vote. The noes have it. We opt for the Nantlle Ridge, hoping for better weather on the western edges. Leave a car at Drws-y-coed and start from Rhos-las. Cloud low here too and for first hour we depend on map and compass. Then it clears and we have a superb walk towards Snowdon, its summit clearing just as we reach the end, Y Garn. We see the car right beneath us. How to get there without slogging round via Rhyd Ddu? Arthur says he

recognises a gulley and its feasibility. I don't like the look of it without a rope, but half the party, including my daughter Jean, have started down. I follow. It gets steeper. Stuart sensibly turns back, Mike also to accompany him. I sit and watch, up and down, biting my nails. But all survive, muddled and a bit subdued. At the car Arthur confesses he was wrong and had never been there. We christen it "Arthur's Gully".

Jan. 1980. How nice to be back in Helyg. Weather perfect. Ground frozen hard. No wind. Sun with enough haze to add mystery to the landscape. For two days we explore the Crafnant region. The lake rivals Gwynant for peace and beauty and surroundings. Lovely heathery country to the north, rising to Creigiau Gleision above Llyn Cowlyd. Soft snow on heather and boulders makes progress slow and exhausting. We cut down through the plantation, discovering impressive falls, now hidden by trees from the valley. Hills encircling the lake to the west are warm, heathery, craggy, intriguing. Best views I've ever seen of the three main mountain groups. A great semi-circle with Hebog, Lliwedd, Snowdon, Crib Goch, the Glyders, the peak of Tryfan, the Carneddys, shining white above 1,500 feet in the afternoon sun. Grey, brown, purple below. A small patch of dark green, the copse sheltering Helyg.

Yes, Wales is a good place to be, in January.

THE PAPER MOUNTAINS

GEOFF MILBURN

Well, go on admit it, would you be conned into editing the next Journal? If asked, most climbers would be half way up the nearest cliff before you could say Dennis Gray. Or perhaps your wife likes a tidy house and refuses point blank to have typewriters and unstable mountains of paper scattered all over the best oak table for months on end.

On the surface it all seems so simple; get a few articles, photos, obituaries and new climb details, parcel it all together and send it off to a printer. What a laugh!

First you must go in search of the original Editor who has by now fled the country (O'Connor reached Sweden and Nunn was last seen heading for Everest!). Completely ignore any feeble excuses about work, family, or climbing problems - it was the Journal that drove him off, make no mistake about it.

The next major obstacle is the G.P.O. where postmen play a fiendish game of pass the climber's parcel. They even have a graded list based on our own system; Grade 1 delayed letter, Grade 2 mislaid parcel with script, Grade 3 scratched photo, Grade 4 - colour slide smashed to smithereens, Grade 5 - has only twice been used so far and is for the loss of the only copy of the script for a new guide book (especially if it was recorded, registered or sent Express Delivery).

Article writers must all be literate, interesting, amusing, knowledgeable, and above all active HXS leaders who will reflect glory on the Club and prevent the magazines from saying how boring our snow plodders' journal has become.

There are some cunning Members (and we know who you are) who never answer the phone or who fail to pay the phone bills to

get cut off just to spite the Editor. If the Editor then resorts to the post in desperation folk are apt to say later, "Didn't you know, I've changed address at least six times since you first wrote". Or else, "Didn't you get my letter, I posted it weeks ago?"

There are some who don't get an article in for a variety of reasons - they couldn't think of a last line, or a title, or a plot; the dog ate the script, or a burglar stole it; they hadn't a pen, stamp or envelope. The final technique when in utter desperation is to write an article yourself, send it off to a big name for a signature and then sit back and wait....

And when at last it all comes flooding in the job starts in earnest. The first covering letter which is better than the article itself says something like, "Pleese feal frea tw chaynge enythin yew wont". Then there is the other type who writes in flawless Greek prose, interspersed with frequent quotes in broad Yorkshire dialect. Such a person insists on every last little comma being included on pain of death.

The Publications Committee then throws back the first script for a complete re-write, and the Editor realises that he has been saddled with the job of preserving hallowed standards so that ancient Members are not offended. What are YOU doing about all the sex, drugs, politics, libel, obscenities etc.? A good question indeed and my answer was nothing. Being a bit naive I was prepared to include the whole lot just for the hell of it.

Even now months later, often when half way up a pitch, I still hear 'the bells'. The phone just never stopped ringing, usually at just the most awkward moments. My wife began to feel that she had married the whole club and with the phone beside the bed it added an extra dimension to our nocturnal life.

Do you realise just how diplomatic one must be over obituaries? After countless tactless comments I now formally propose that every Member should send a clear photo of himself to the Editor so that it can be put on file until needed. In addition why not write your own obituary and save someone a job in the future? You could even update it from time to time if you live long enough.

At the minute when older Members die one rings round for suggestions as to who should write the obituary. The usual reaction to such a request is, "Who? Never heard of him", or, "Is he really in the club? I always thought of him as a Fell and Rock man", or even "Ask Trevor, he'll know" From close friends one contacts older and older (long forgotten) climbers until about twelve calls later a faint voice about five hundred miles away admits that he was a contemporary of the deceased. Hang on to that man and get him writing fast, before it is too late, or you will need an obituary for him as well.

There is no problem with the reviews; every climber is just itching to slang the latest guide out; they fight each other for the job. "Can I pan him?", "Great, leave it to me", "Stupid cover, text, grades, diagrams etc." In fact guide book bashing could well take over from climbing as a national sport in the near future.

When it comes to New Climbs one must be prepared to jump into a car and drive hundreds of miles to get all the missing descriptions from hut log books. People then say months later, "Why didn't you ask me? I went to Ynys/Bosi. about that time" If there are too many routes one must lose a few to save the club from financial embarrassment because the Journal is going to be too big and expensive. The President may even ring you up and ask you to go out into the field to slow down new route activity by fair or foul means. Tell any climber found on the C.C. patch that routes have already been done by X, or that there is a peregrine in residence on the cliff (even if it's Cloggy) and that climbing is now banned. On the other hand if the Journal is looking too slim one must either point out a few potential lines to others or dig out a rope, P.A.s and a few slings in order to create the required number of new routes.

Perhaps the biggest nightmare of all is that of finding photos. If one is lucky enough to get any after the magazines have taken the pick of the bunch they are often too small or too large. If the latter, instead of scaling them as required, the printer usually manages to chop off the heads of all the climbers in view. He also preserves the best shots for printing upside down or back to front.

And there is the language problem of course. Forget all familiar terms such as, 'climbing', 'that's me', 'take in' and 'runner on': instead one must learn a new language complete with its own technical jargon. When citizen Ken rings up to ask what the hell has gone wrong one must be ready with, 'offset litho', 'letterpress', 'bleed', 'cropping', 'sanserif', 'run on', 'ellipsis', 'caps', 'ligature'... and so it goes on and on... and on... It can't have been like this for Kirkus back in the good old days when one had time to walk to Wales. Even when the proofs arrive yet another language of weird signs is needed to tell the printer what he has done wrong.

By now one has an astronomical telephone bill which is reaching the proportions of the National debt, the printer has just gone on strike (and is off climbing in Corfu), the Members want to know why the Journal is now four years behind schedule, the Treasurer has lost your expenses claim and the baby is screaming its head off. At this stage one quickly and quietly packs a rucksack, creeps out of the house without a word (leaving a good luck note for the next Editor) and disappears in a cloud of dust in the direction of the hills.

When did you say you last did something for the Journal!

YNYS ETTWS EXTRACTS etc.

- 15.2.79 Craig y Rhaeadr Central Ice Wall exiting left at overhangs. D. Pearce & C. Bonington (Leading through)
- 17.4.79 Today we had a swim in the high level tarn in Cwm Silyn -just below the snow line. G.M.
- 28.4.79 Rock fall on Shadow Wall destroyed part of second stance.
- May 79 J.A.Y.W.A.Y Shriek! A modern horror!
- 5.5.79 I spent the same wet afternoon climbing, but then that's what I'm here for. Mike Browell OR Bob Bradley.
- 13.5.79 2nd ascent of Brut 33 'Very Butch' P. Thomas and Andy Sharp.
- 1.6.79 TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Arrived at noon on 28/5/79, and was appalled. Hut full of large hairy monsters making a lot of noise. Most left soon thereafter. etc.
But I fear that a Yobbo is, and always will be, a Yobbo, despite birth or breeding. C.H.S.R.P
- 2.6.79 ... nobody has the slightest idea who is a member and who is not. Phil Bartlett.
- June 79 I volunteer to be obnoxious to non-members who don't pay. Signed, Clive Jones.
- 19.6.79 I'm afraid all this writing isn't doing any good though. We've all got to get nasty. Smiler.
- June 79 It appears to me that the place is phlegmmed up during and after large meets by other clubs. C.J.

- 7.7.79 Did Zukator at Tremadoc. Well protected though desperate. If it is 6b (which we reckoned it was compared to Cream) then there are 6c routes on Gritstone. Andy Grondowski, Dave Wiggin.
Everybody's known that for years.
Then it's about time they were graded as such, eh.
- August 79 Jeremy Frost failed on Right Wall and on his washing up, but at least he tried Right Wall!
- 1.9.79 Why don't YOU - both large hairy monsters and geriatric has-beens (apologies to C.H.S.R.P and Pete Botterill) look after our hut? Ron Prior.
- Sept. 79 Personally I like a bit of squalor. J.F
- 27.10.79 Bonny Masson U.F.O. (O.K.!)
- 29.10.79 We recovered!
- Feb. 80 In my opinion Mongoose has not yet had a second ascent. When people climb routes of this type, i.e. no line, not classic - in fact just boulder problems, and then miss out the crux they have NOT ascended the route. They have climbed some easier alternative. If people climb routes of this type there should be a 'purity of judgement' when considering what exactly is the route. P.L. Gomersall.
- June 80 Having completed 140 (half) the Munros between 1925 and 1978 in easy stages, almost by accident, I have in the last 1½ years, at the age of 73, just completed the other half (Not by accident). Ivan Waller.
(The above quote was from a letter not the Ynys log.)

OBITUARY

BENJAMIN LUDLOW BATHURST

1926 - 1979

It was on Tryfan that I first met Ben Bathurst. That was in 1924. Miles Coventry and I were having a go at the then unclimbed Belle Vue Bastion, and an easy scramble had brought us to the point where one has to take the 'agonising step' successfully accomplished a year or two later by Ivan Waller. Neither of us liked the look of it, and we were discussing retreat when we heard a voice call out, "I've tried that too, but it wouldn't go" Turning, we saw on the Grooved Arete slab a figure made conspicuous by the pink woollen scarf round his neck. Then we spotted on the arete, below him the four other men he was leading up it, and every one of them had a scarf of the same distinctive shade of pink! It was an odd sight, but we quickly realised that they must all have been Leander Club members.

Later in the day I met the leader of the party in Capel, and we talked. He told me that he was a keen oarsman, and that someone had recommended rock-climbing as an ideal form of out-of-season training for rowing crews, so for a year or two he had been bringing members of his college eight to N. Wales and shepherding them up the crags. None of them had really taken to the sport, but he had been badly bitten by it and would like to try some harder things with men who had some experience. We made a date there and then to meet in Wales on the next Bank Holiday.

That was the start of one of the most precious and enduring of all the friendships I made through the mountains.

Ben Bathurst was the scion of a family which was nothing if not 'aristocratic'. His father, the first Lord Bledisloe, had had a distinguished career ending up as Governor General of New Zealand, and owned the large Lydney estate in Gloucestershire. Ben was educated at Eton and Magdalen College Oxford, and in his rowing days was the strong man of the crew, though he never quite made the University eight. On coming down he read for the

bar, and had a very successful career as a barrister, keeping up his law practice almost up to the time of his death.

Ben was known to few members of the Club as he was not club orientated and joined the C.C. only under pressure, at a time when a few of us were trying desperately to halt the decline in membership which had set in after World War 1. He always preferred to climb with his personal friends, even if they were totally inexperienced. Thus his earlier climbing years were largely spent in leading novices, or semi-novices, up routes of no more than V.D. standard, and he seemed to derive almost sadistical pleasure from watching them struggle on the harder pitches. One of his favourite ploys was to lead a large mixed party up some route on the Gribin Facet, and then make them all descend the Monolith Crack. The cries and groans that came up as the stouter ones writhed in the constrictive depths seemed to fill him with glee. But none of his victims ever felt resentment. In reality he was one of the kindest of men, full of warmth and possessed of a unique charm which won the hearts of all who knew him.

In the hotel after a climbing day Ben still preferred to mix only with his own group, and it was hard to persuade him to stay anywhere he could not get a private room to house his own party. In pre-war days his Welsh base was always the old Royal Hotel at Capel (now Plas y Brenin). He was a great favourite with the management there, and he and his friends received the kind of treatment usually only accorded to royalty. If some other guest complained, say that we were too noisy - and I must admit that we were a bit noisy at times - he was immediately asked to leave the hotel. I have very pleasant recollections of those evenings at the Royal. Ben's sister Ursula married one Horace Parshall, who had comic gifts unsurpassed by any professional entertainer. He joined us enthusiastically on our climbs, and in the evenings kept us in fits of merriment - at one time, perhaps, extemporising at the piano a four-part oratorio with the Idwal Guide as his text; at another giving us an unbelievably funny lantern lecture, with imaginary slides; or displaying his talent for mimicry at the expense of prominent figures of the day. Eheu fugaces!

When the Royal Hotel closed Ben transferred his Welsh H.Q. to

Bryn Tyrch, using for his parties the private room which had been formerly M.G. Bradley's summer residence.

As he advanced in his profession, oarsmen began to be replaced by lawyers in his climbing parties. When today I read news of the doings or sayings of a certain eminent judge I am reminded of the day when, as a rising barrister, he was at the tail of a long rope of mixed sexes ascending the Great Chimney on Lliwedd. On a previous climb his knee had been badly bruised, and from time to time it came into painful contact with the rock. Whenever this happened he relieved his feelings with the most unjudicial language, blissfully unaware that the funnel of the chimney acted as a kind of loud-speaker, so that every word he uttered was heard distinctly by the entire party above him. In those days four-letter words were not used so freely as they are today, and after the climb I was actually embarrassed when an innocent young girl, who had been on the middle of the rope, asked me to explain some of the expressions that had come up to her ears.

On another occasion Ben had taken the wife of another eminent judge for a climb on Tryfan. She got her boot stuck in a crack and couldn't get it out. Ben came down to help her, but he couldn't get it out either. He decided to cut the boot laces so as to extract her foot, and got out his penknife. A look of great alarm came into the lady's face. She said, "Ben, I trust you absolutely to do the right thing, but I think you ought to consult my husband before you do it" "Before I do what?" asked Ben. "Well you are going to cut my foot off, aren't you?"

As the years went by Ben took his climbing more and more seriously. The large parties of innocents gave way to small groups of expert climbers whom he had gathered round him. With them he would tackle V.S. routes which were quite highly rated at that time. As might be expected in an oarsman he had great strength of arm and would make light of 'brutish' pitches where others might struggle and gasp; but he was no less adept at delicate balance climbing on minimal holds. He was a natural leader, and a very safe one. When on a serious climb, with him at the sharp end of the rope, it was inconceivable that anything could go amiss. But in the earlier years with his string of novices, there were some incidents.

Once, in the Twisting Gully on Glyder Fawr a stone was upset half way down the line and knocked out one of Ben's girl friends at the tail of the rope. Fortunately the damage was not lasting. Then, I remember when, towards the top of the Gambit Climb, one of the party embraced a large rock, which promptly came away. He managed to hold it for long enough for us to warn those below to take cover. Raymond Greene and his wife had come with us to the cliff, and after bathing in the llyn, were now basking on a large boulder with a towel spread between them. They were most reluctant to move, but eventually strong language from Ben drove them to shelter under their boulder. Then the loose rock was released. It landed bang on the Greenes' boulder and exploded into fragments. When the Greenes emerged, half stunned by the concussion, they found only tattered rags where their towel had been.

Ben never seemed ambitious to pioneer new climbs, and I think the only new route to his credit, apart from The Cracks on Dinas Mot, was the Gargoyle Traverse on the Blochwyd Buttress. In 1946 he took a party to rediscover the original Abrahams' Route on Crib Goch. They found two separate lines up the rock to the left of Reade's Route both severe and both a little risky owing to loose rock.

As a mountaineer Ben had one weakness. He seemed to lack the normal climber's topographical instinct, and tended to lose his way on an ascent, or at least stray from the orthodox routes. Sometimes on a rock climb this would land him in an apparent impasse, but he always succeeded in forcing a way out. In 1932 he planned to conduct a party over all the peaks of the Leiterspitz -reputed to give a fine rock climb. But he started up the wrong valley, landed on the wrong ridge and had to be contented with a mild scramble up the highest peak. In the Lakeland he took my wife to explore the Dove's Nest caves in Coombe Ghyll, but again he started up the wrong valley; and spent an unprofitable day on the slopes above Stockley Bridge.

In that same year he led my wife and myself over the Grepon, which he had himself traversed the previous year. We started from the Montenvers about midnight and when we came to the cairn

marking the start of the track up to the Nantillon Glacier, Ben looked at it and said, "That's the way to the Petit Charmoz. Our cairn is further on" So we continued along the level path for what seemed an interminable time until I protested that we were leaving our peak far behind us. Ben conceded the point, and decided that we must clamber straight up the moraine. We did so and the next few hours are not among the happiest of my mountain memories. Scrambling for thousands of feet over unstable moraine boulders is not everybody's idea of fun even by daylight, but in the dark...! Ben led us astray twice more on the ascent and on the descent was relegated to the tail of the rope, so we got home without further incident.

Ben was a keen aviator and owned his own plane, which he sometimes used to get to chosen climbing grounds. During the war he was given the responsible job of running, jointly with 'Pops' D' Erlanger, the Air Transport Auxiliary, an organisation formed to ferry war planes from the factories to the air-fields where they were needed. His work gave him little leisure for climbing, but occasionally he got off for a day or two in Wales. On one such visit he was approached by J.M. Edwards, whom he had never met, and invited to do a climb. He accepted gladly, and was shown one of the Elliptical routes on Lliwedd. The two men had little in common except for their love of climbing, and they walked to and from the mountain in almost complete but apparently amicable silence. When they got back to the road Edwards left abruptly after saying, "I shall not ask you to climb with me again" Ben was as puzzled as he was amused by this parting remark.

Mountain photography was another of his hobbies, and he was very expert at it, his technical skill and eye for a good picture putting him in the same class as Douglas Milner or Gerald Lacey. Sometimes he took a cine camera on his climbs, and got a lot of fun recording his friends' contortions on awkward pitches. I well remember my wife's indignation when she saw herself on film squirming along 'stomach traverse' on the Pillar North Climb. Later on the same climb he handed the camera to his wife Joan, to record his lead over the nose. She was terrified that he would fall, and tears were streaming down her cheeks as she filmed with trembling hands. Joan Bathurst (now Lady Bledisloe) never took to

climbing, but she loyally tried her best to enjoy it, at least during the earlier years of their marriage. Later she would take a book with her and read quietly while the rest were on the rocks.

In the fifties Ben found that the pressure of work gave him less and less leisure for climbing, and he finally gave it up when his father died, leaving him heritor and administrator of the large Lydney estate. He took on other public duties too, such as Presidency of the Garrick Club in London, and Chairmanship of a Commission of Enquiry into river-fishing rights. He also frequently attended debates in the House of Lords. I suspect too that he was feeling the first symptoms of the heart trouble from which he eventually died.

Ben was one of the most charming and endearing men I have ever known, a wonderful companion both on and off the hills.

Maurice Guinness

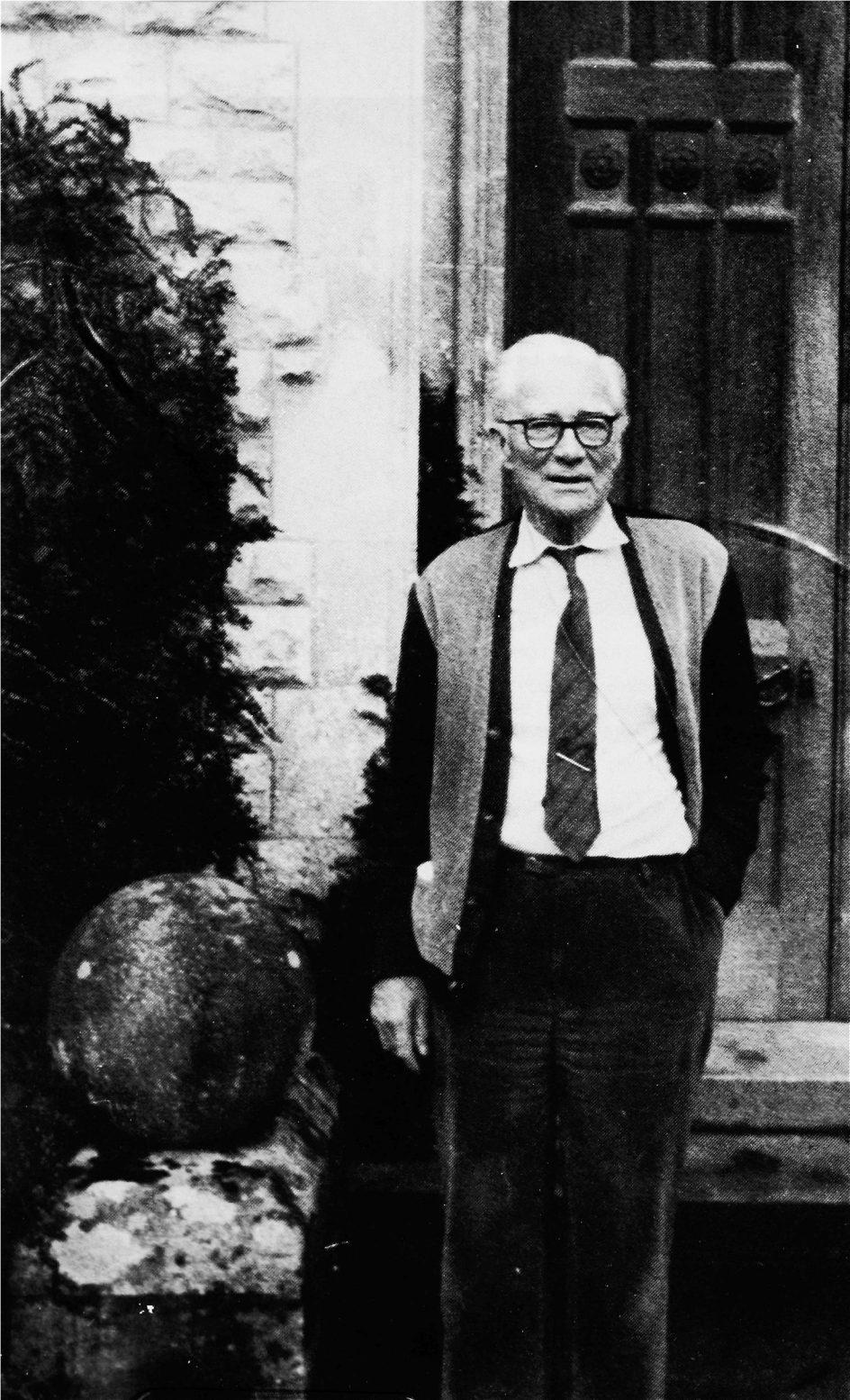
From its birth in the 1850s Alpinism for nearly 100 years appealed solely to the middle classes. It was of no interest to the upper crust of our society. There was nothing surprising in this because those fortunate people who lived in stately homes found all the sports they wanted outside their own doors... huntin', and fishin', and shootin'... and whatever else might be in fashion at the time. You can find exceptions but they are rare. There was once a king who was a keen alpinist; he was killed climbing solo on a crag in his own kingdom. In this century one of the Popes was an alpinist.

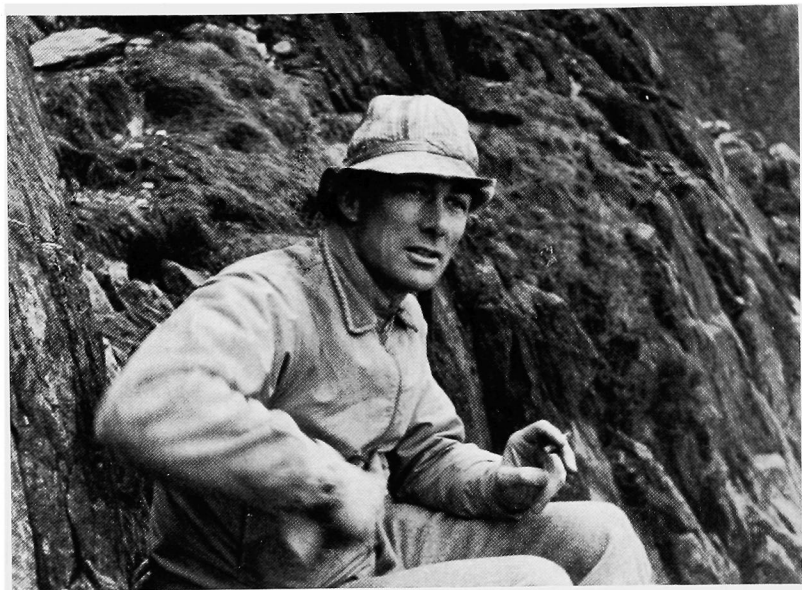
Ben Bathurst, who on his father's death became the second Viscount Bledisloe, died within a few days of his 80th birthday in September 1979. Maurice Guinness and I are now probably the only men who remember him as a climber and our memories of him go back to the 1920s and 1930s.

Nature bestowed on Ben pretty well all the gifts a man can desire - a vigorous and able mind and a spirit full of grace and courage,

Opp: Ben Bathurst

-H.R.C. Carr.

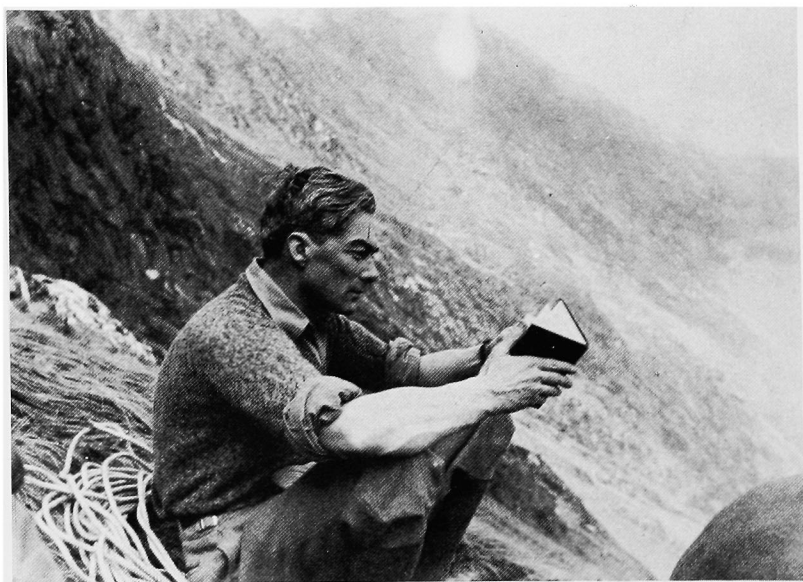




Above: Ben Bathurst on Lliwedd - 1958

Below: What shall we climb next old boy

Photos - M. Guinness



framed in a body deceptively slight and slender, yet strong and well-proportioned. He must have learned to admire the Snowdon mountains in early youth, because when he went to Oxford (1919-1922) he was a keen and expert rowing man and managed to persuade his rowing friends to go with him to Capel Curig in the Easter vacation for strenuous days of training upon Tryfan and the Glyders. Maybe it was a factor in their success at Henley.

About this time Ben became an enthusiast of the Cresta Run at St. Moritz (in fact he won the Curzon Cup) and of winter skiing: he was active in both these sports long after he gave up summer climbing in the Alps. When he inherited Lydney he devoted his leisure to landscaping part of the park into a lovely rhododendron and azalea garden.

When he joined us in North Wales or the Lakes it was normally for a weekend only and we were content with the good old DIFFS. In the Alps too our seasons were normally quite short. One year he took Evelyn and me up the requin and Gloria and Maurice Guinness over the Grépon by the old Mummery route. I had a week with him one year in the Dauphiné and we did the Meige. Another year he was with us in a traverse of the Matterhorn from the Italian side. One year he and his elder son Christopher with Evelyn and me spent two weeks in the Dolomites and had some good climbing with that charming guide Johann Demetz around the Sella Pass. This season was outstanding in our memories as Ben flew us out and back in his small aeroplane. With the full load it carried (four plus baggage) this machine had a ceiling of 8,000 feet so we went out by Luxembourg and Munich to Innsbruck and back by the Lake of Constance and the Black Forest to Luxembourg. There we were held up by the report of fog over the Channel. In the afternoon this was said to be clearing so we set off for Gatwick. However by the time we neared St. Omer we were flying above a sea of fog which extended north as far as we could see. "Let's try to get under it", said Ben and down we went when we had turned back to an area of good visibility. Then we tried at tree top level. Almost at once we ran into thick mist, so up we went and back finding a safe landing at Lille. Next day we turned south-west of Boulogne and crossed the sea in clear weather west of the fog. We were lucky that Ben was such a fine and experienced pilot.

The words Alpinism and rock-climbing have changed their meaning in my lifetime. It is not only that standards have moved up and up beyond our old-world dreams. On the one hand, transport, with its modern speed and ever-widening availability: on the other the life style of millions around the world who can afford holidays even in remote mountain ranges. In all our days together I cannot remember that we ever had another party on the crag or on the mountain: we often had huts to ourselves; though I can remember once when Ben, Evelyn and I lit a lantern in the hut (the Betemps ... it was our last day and it was a bad night), a voice came out of the darkness:- "Voilà les moins intelligents!"

For all of us there are the great hills and the great cliffs, and there are the men and women who love them as we do. Among them we make our friendships. How lucky are they, who like Maurice and me, possessed a mountain friendship with a man like Ben Bathurst that lasted for more than half a century.

Herbert Carr

A.J. HYDE

1951 - 1979

Tony Hyde died at the end of 1979, very suddenly and unexpectedly. Born in Sheffield, he attended school and University there, being a contemporary at both of our former member John Clegg. He read Chemistry, and it was not until his second year that he began to climb, and then in a rather private and personal way, rather than in a clubby manner. My acquaintance with him began about this time, when I was a miner. Weekend grit excursions became a regular habit, and within a short time he was extremely competent, and moreover very safe: I cannot recollect him ever coming off. He lived at this time very close to Bell Hagg, and there is one route there which for a long time no one else was able to do.

He was deeply interested in music and had wide and catholic

taste. We used to discuss and argue quite a bit, and he would decry my Bach obsession at crucial passages on the rock by miming barrel-organ-grinder gestures and remarks about harpsichord playing. He had a great sense of fun, and of the ridiculous. Never one to be pompous, he was a great deflator of the breed; a couple of sharp asides relegated the worst offenders.

I was surprised on going up to the University that Tony was not a committee member at least of the S.U.M.C. but he attended meets regularly. It was a period of upsurge as there was a pack of tigers in the S.U.M.C. at that time and Tony became a leading light. He 'saw the light' as it were one wet Saturday in Stanage Cave, with a large company assembled, the Valkyrie, the Peak and some S.U.M.C. Draining his enamel mug of tea, and daintily emptying the dregs by a deft inversion Wilf White ran his fingers up the side to rest on the everted lip, and said "You know, Joe, you could do a pull up on that" and proceeded to show how. The Baron said nowt, but later Tony said "About that pull up, Dick, he really MEANT it!" With this mind enlarging factor absorbed his climbing became more and more spectacular. He was one of the Sheffield pioneers of public transport to Wales as few students at that time had cars or bikes. Tony's scheme involved cutting all lectures on Friday (to get there) and all Monday's (getting back) and five interconnecting buses between Sheffield and Helyg. It was very cheap.

He had a curious persuasive charm, not often aired, but on occasion indispensable. Once in Fort William with Tony and Clegg the latter was refused meths (for the stove) in a chemists. John was very irritated (he had qualified in medicine about four days before) and sent Tony in, who had just been with me in Glencoe for a week under what was laughingly called canvas and who looked pretty disreputable even by our exacting standards. He was served at once without question. Perhaps they were sure he'd drink it... which takes us neatly to the two gallon stone jar which at one time was an indispensable part of his gritstone equipment. It placed a severe burden on his endurance and his generosity. People were glad enough to swig his beer, but carry the empty... certainly not. I think that Peter Wilkinson was the only regular volunteer.

He went on to become a research student after his degree and

continued to influence the S.U.M.C. He became a very proficient skier, a matter he kept up more than climbing. He skied in several places up and down the Alps, but I don't think he ever climbed there. The summers were spent in Eriboll and Western Ross; he knew the Northwest Highlands very well.

Before he left Sheffield for Bradford there was a period when with Moulam a student in Manchester, and with transport too, a fair amount of visiting occurred. There was A.J.J.M.'s digs companion who was not at first a climber but who came out for the social life... Mac Davis. One of the visits involved an ascent of Rivelin Needle, another an abortive attempt on the outside route on the Blackpool Tower, which ended in a Manchester club.

While a research student he met Zillah who was later to become his wife. After a period at Bradford he went to the States for some time, where he did quite a lot of climbing. When he came to rest he settled at Glasgow at the Royal College and later Strathclyde University.

I had not seen him for many years when he wrote to say he would be in London, and we arranged he should stay with me. We met at the end of the next road by accident, in the dark, and the time between our meetings vanished. He will be sorely missed not only by his family, but by his many friends. Requiescat.

Richard Brown

ALFRED SEFTON PIGOTT

1946 - 1979

With the death of Fred Pigott on the 28th July, 1979 the climbing world has lost one of its greatest and best known characters. Not only was Fred an Honorary Member of the C.C. but he was also an Honorary Member of the Rucksack Club and had served as Vice-President of the Alpine Club from 1969-1970. He was President of

the Rucksack Club in 1941 and 1942 and served on its committee continuously from 1921 to 1971, apart from the compulsory fourth year sabbaticals. He was even President of the Karabiner Club.

At the end of the 1914-18 War Fred left the army and started climbing with John Wilding and Morley Wood who were both members of the Rucksack Club. Much of his early climbing was restricted to Peak District gritstone on account of transport difficulties, but this clearly gave him a very good start. To quote from High Peak:

“It was not long, however, before a new generation of tigers began to appear. One of the first and greatest was Alfred Sefton Pigott, whose polished manners and mild good humour gave no clue to the enterprise and tenacity of his character. After a little tentative climbing he came to the conclusion that the sport was over-rated, and took to golf instead. The lapse was temporary. A little later he again handled a rope, tied himself on, and then suddenly caught fire. From then onwards there was no stopping him. To some extent this may have been owing to him finding an ideal companion in Morley Wood. They became known as ‘the inseparables’.”

In fact George Bower said of Wood:

“Morley Wood was quite willing to follow Fred Pigott to Hell, ready to shoulder him across the Styx if need be”.

At Black Rocks, Pigott, Wood and Wilding made ascents of Lean Man’s Climb, Sand Buttress and Lone Tree Gully. Over on the Roaches they found a vast area of unclimbed rock and added such routes as Pedestal Slab, Black and Tans, Crack and Corner etc. Bachelor’s Buttress was led by Pigott, and Wood drily commented that it was a misnomer as the climb was severe and suitable only for married men and others accustomed to taking risks.

It was rumoured that the slim, wiry Pigott was the leader of a band of climbing toughs called the Black and Tans:

“My Black and Tans originally were a private corps enlisted (mainly from the Stockport Lacrosse Club) to fill some beds at a

Rucksack Club meet."

With Morley Wood and Fergus Graham, Pigott explored Laddow and they added such choice routes as Smithy, Priscilla, Omicron and Gallic Buttress. One nice story comes from this era:

"Pigott got Wood to lead the top pitch (of Priscilla) by assuring him that the climb had been done before, only breaking the news when he had reached the top!"

Fred possibly with tongue in cheek later denied the story.

A classic route of his early days was High Neb Traverse at Stanage which he completed with Wood, Garlick and Evans, behind the one and only Harry Kelly.

Fergus Graham with George Bower ran into the inseparables at Cratcliffe and were taken up Giant's Staircase by them. Graham later wrote:

"I was lucky to see Pigott do the first passage of the hand traverse into Owl Gully, and it remains with me as one of the most remarkable feats that I have ever seen. I shall always remember him stepping up to it with his usual quizzical banter, a cigarette dangling from his lips. We did not believe he would do it but by an astonishing display of determination and skill he got round and into the Owl Gully. When one considers that one of his arms was not functioning properly as a result of a war wound, one will realise the extraordinary nature of the feat. But this was typical of Fred Pigott. He combined a quick, even dashing action with great determination and courage, and one got the impression that nothing was going to stop him. It rarely did"

Apart from all his gritstone exploration Fred soon foraged farther afield and it was not long before he was adding new routes in Scotland. Crypt Route on the Church Door Buttress of Glencoe which was done with Wood and Wilding was put up as early as 1920. A year later with Wilding he explored Ben Nevis and produced a variation to the Tower as well as a route on Comb

Buttress. They even got as far as Skye and climbed two Very Severe routes on the Inaccessible Pinnacle and also added a Direct Finish to the Crack of Doom. In 1922 Fred returned to Scotland with Wood and explored the Central Buttress of Corrie Mhic Fhearchair.

During his climbing career Pigott did not really get seriously involved with new routes in the Lake District but in 1922 he paid a visit to Gimmer with Wood and C.F. Holland and the result was Juniper Buttress.

In about 1923 he made the first guideless ascent of the Mer de Glace face of the Grepon with George Bower.

1924 is significant as it saw the arrival of Recent Developments on Gritstone, a delightful guide book edited by Fergus Graham. For this guide Pigott wrote the section to Black Rocks.

By 1925 Pigott was building up to greater things and with Graham and Henshaw he explored the extremely impressive Eagle Crag in Birkness Combe - Western Buttress Ordinary route was the product, although it was not as mild as its name suggests.

The name of Fred Pigott will undoubtedly best be remembered for the break-through on the East Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu which had long been waiting for a team which would not be easily intimidated. The other members of the team, who also played such a significant part in the ascent were Morley Wood, Lindley Henshaw and Firth Burton. On Good Friday 1926 the campaign opened unsuccessfully but they returned in June and with the aid if combined tactics they reached the Conservatory.

"On the next attempt conditions were foul and Pigott lay ill in bed. He encouraged the others to try again - almost to the point of offering his favourite piton from the dress-tie drawer."

May Day, 1927, was to be the big day and they arrived complete with an ice axe (brought at Pigott's insistence) which the long-suffering Henshaw carried all the way up the route even though it was not used. The assault went well up to the previous high point

and then the fun began in earnest:

“Our leader having arrived exhausted at this point stood up on the ledge and called for a man with guts. Having none to spare we sent up two chockstones slung in a handkerchief, one of which he inserted in the crack above and secured himself by passing his rope through six feet of Beale. This noose and our blessings enabled him to leave the crack and climb a steep little wall on the right...”

This was the crucial lead which opened up the buttress and ensured the success of the party. A new era in Welsh climbing had dawned.

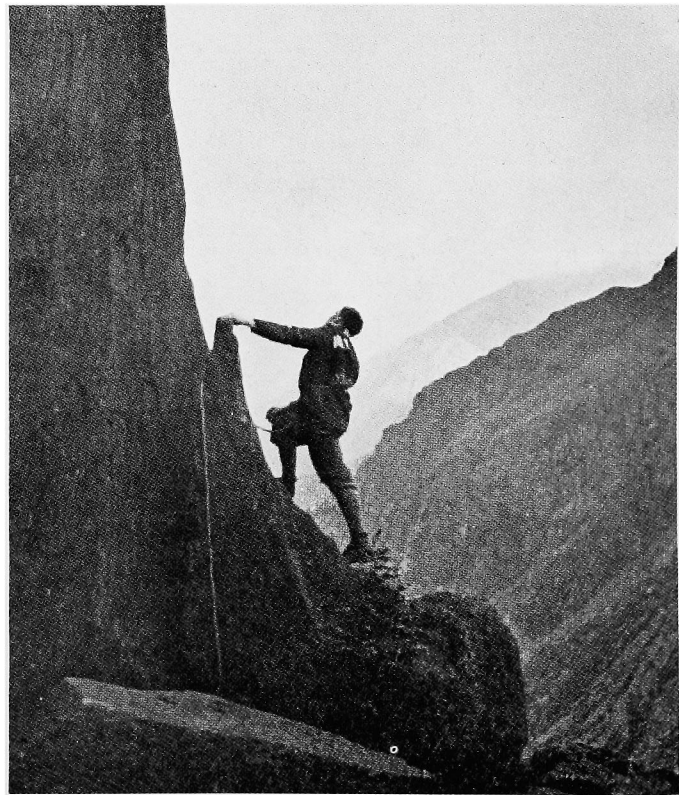
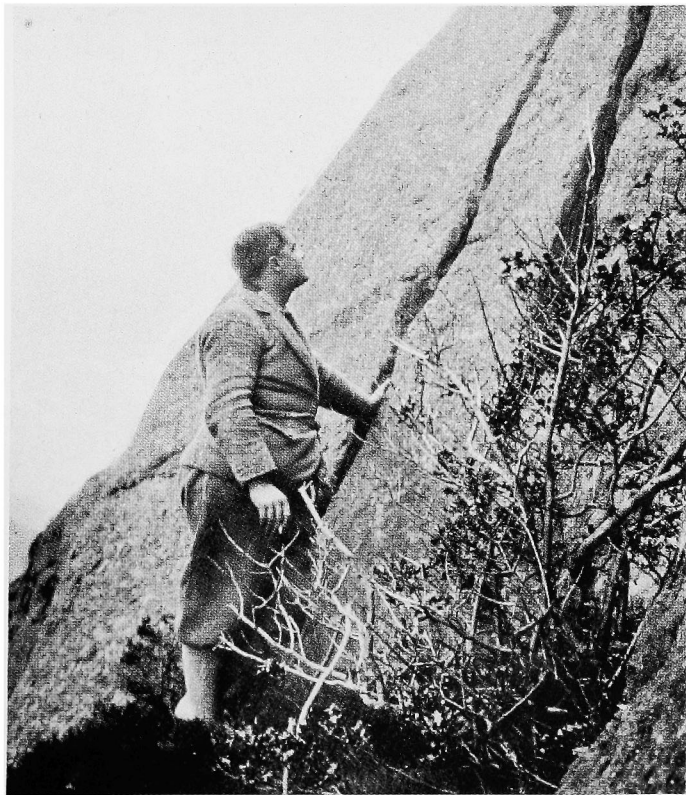
The next great challenge in Wales was the West Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu and a year later Pigott was back with Eversden, Henshaw and Wood. After finding the lower overhangs of the West Buttress impossible Pigott took his party down the Eastern Terrace. Eventually Eversden got a long way up a narrow slab until he discovered a sling left by Smythe when his own team retreated from the route after Longland had discovered the entry. Pigott later recalled:

“To Henshaw and me far below, the clink of steel against rock heralded the advent of a crisis. Eversden advanced; paused; and descended. Wood, putting a rasp into his voice, called for the shock-troops, but Henshaw, as averse as ever to artificial aids, kicked out the pitons and demonstrated the fallacy of the security they seemed to offer.”

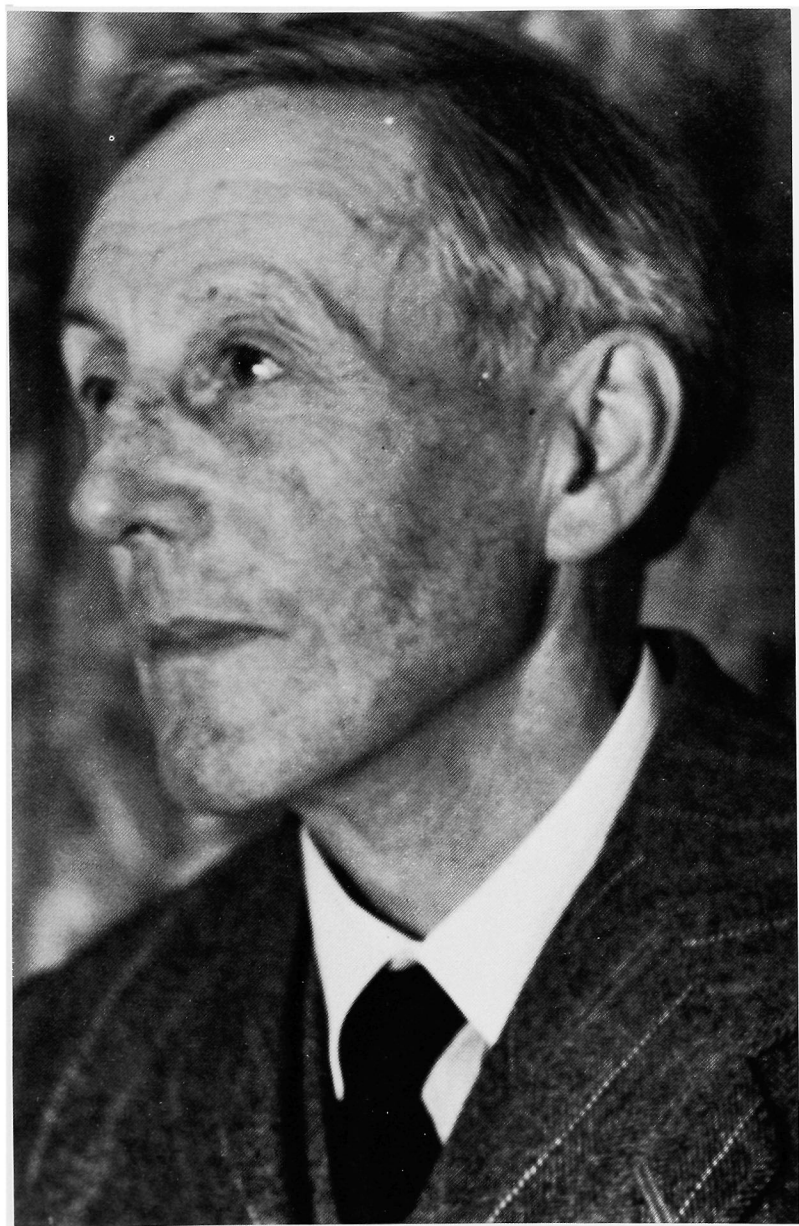
Next day is now history and when the Rucksack and Climbers' Club teams combined forces Pigott eventually became the second so that Jack Longland could lead the route, which is now named after him. This breach in the defences of the West Buttress was just the first of many superb routes. Over twenty years later Peter Harding referred to these first two hard climbs on Cloggy:

“These climbs were classics, brilliant advances, and were bound to have far reaching consequences”





Dinas Mot - The Cracks - B.L Bathurst



George Samuel Sansom



Concerning 'aid' it has been written that, 'Pigott and Longland bent the rules a little', but one must remember that at that time equipment was still very primitive and it was necessary to use every trick in the book to push the standards of climbing onto a higher plane. In fact the only aids used were: an inserted chockstone below the crux a ploy previously invented by Pigott and Morley Wood on the East Buttress: the piton used above the crux an ancient one which Longland had picked up in the Dauphiné. Looking back at that historic ascent Jack Longland recently commented:

"On Pigott himself, I would stress his unflappability on the climbing scene. It was impossible to ruffle him or to imagine him flustered, much less frightened. It so happened (largely through his generosity) that he was my second man on the West Buttress, whereas he could have led the climb himself. He was an incomparable second - and I was never allowed to suppose that failure was in the least possible, and so it was not"

After a further four years Pigott, Wood and Bridge followed Colin Kirkus up the Direct Finish to the East Buttress, and in the same year Pigott teamed up with Maurice Linnell to produce the Ridge Variation to Route 2 on Pillar.

During August Bank Holiday of 1933 Linnell repeated Pigott's Climb on Cloggy and used tension from the rope by putting it over a little spike. It is rumoured that this first use of a rope move on Cloggy was in fact thought up by Pigott.

The same holiday Pigott became part of a three man pyramid when Linnell tried to find a new way through the overhangs of the West Buttress. The attempt failed but Linnell completed Narrow Slab, a route which was to command respect for many years to come.

"For the second man, Pigott, perched on an awkward little stance in the middle of a wilderness, it was tremendously impressive. The Beale line crept out, returned, and inched out again as Linnell picked his way up the cliff."

Opp: The ascent of Rivelin Needle 6. 11.50.

A.J. Hyde, A.J.J. Moulam, R.A. Brown.

Photo - C.A. White

Sadly Wood died in 1933 and this left a big gap in Fred Pigott's life, but sixteen years later he followed his elder son Geof up Caravan Route, a new line on the East Buttress of Sron na Ciche.

Since 1932 Fred devoted his untiring efforts and his gifted powers of encouraging others to building up the Mountain Rescue Organisation. He was Secretary of the Mountain Rescue Committee until 1955, then Chairman and in 1972 was promoted President. The whole climbing world owes him an enormous debt of gratitude.

Such is the chapter of deeds by which Fred Pigott will be remembered, but to his friends it was the man himself which made such a deep impression. He was a truly gentle man, kind, sympathetic, modest and full of humour, cultured and widely read, with a love of poetry and the fine arts. He was successful in his business in which he was fortunate to have his son Geof as his partner, and between them they provided a really useful service to their customers.

Above all it was his home and family life which impressed the most. Elegance, dignity, generous hospitality and a great sense of peace and tranquility prevailed, but there was endless fun and a great background of humour. It seemed as if Fred did not want to be thought of as the good man that he was, and sometimes he would twist the facts against himself to tell tales of outrageous situations and villainous acts, which everyone knew he could never have perpetrated.

He leaves his widow Frances and the two sons, Geoffrey and Hugh, to whom the sympathies which they will have received must be quite overwhelming.

G.M. with Postscript
by Ivan Waller

W.W.P. RHYS**1969 1979**

It is with regret that we report the death of the Reverend Wynn Rhys and even more sadly that at present we cannot publish a full obituary, owing to the fact that no Member so far has remembered him.

We do know that he was a Member of the Club at some previous time and that he later rejoined the Club.

He was a close friend of Bill Tilman and while he was a prisoner of war in Germany he devised the idea of crossing the Patagonian ice cap. He not only inspired Tilman to go on the voyage but also encouraged him to buy Mischief, the elderly British Channel Pilot Cutter.

In later years he retired to Wales living near Barmouth and regularly called on Tilman for a friendly chat. We hope that he has now rejoined the friends of his own generation.

GEORGE SAMUEL SANSOM**1914 - 1932 - ?**

In March 1980 George Sansom passed peacefully away while in his 92nd year, and so the climbing world lost one of the last few survivors from the early days of the sport. His name, forever linked with that of Siegfried Herford, will always be remembered for the ascent of Scafell, Central Buttress. Even in the current 1974 Scafell guide C.B. is still referred to as, "Probably the biggest single breakthrough in standard in the history of Lakeland climbing." What better epitaph could any ardent climber ask for?

Born in London in 1888 Sansom was educated at Wellington College and first visited the Lake District in 1907 when he was immediately taken with the area. In 1908 he became a member of the F.R.C.C. although he did not join the C.C. until 1914. Indeed it is somewhat surprising that he did join the C.C. at all as to quote his own words:

"My great love for Wasdale prevented me from wishing to visit other regions, although my friends enthused about Skye, Scotland and Wales. I did climb in Wales for a few days but strangely enough, I cannot recall a single day's climbing there that I really enjoyed. For some reason, which I do not understand, the Wasdale mountains seemed friendly, whilst the Welsh ones seemed hostile."

Undoubtedly the reason was that his friends were members of both clubs; in fact it was John Laycock who luckily introduced him to Herford. Although Herford climbed further afield than Sansom the pair of them did spend many vacations in Wasdale while they were both undergraduates, before Sansom finished his B.Sc. in Biology at University College, London, of which he was made a Fellow in 1930. A Doctor of Science, and one of the most distinguished Zoologists of his day, he was a very quiet and modest man, his reserved and courteous manner concealing a warm and most generous nature.

The first new route Sansom climbed was Left Face Route, on Elliptical Crag in Mosedale which he did behind H.B. Lyon as early as 1910. By 1912 he had teamed up with Herford and they quickly made second ascents of both Botterill's Slab and Jones' Route Direct on the Pinnacle of Scafell. The scene was then set for their blitz of Scafell, but first they discovered the West Buttress of Kern Knotts on Great Gable. After the tragic accident of 1903 on Scafell Pinnacle the face had been left alone but nine years later Sansom followed Herford on the Direct from Lord's Rake to Hopkinson's Cairn.

'We see no reason, therefore why the climbs on the Pinnacle Face should be regarded as intrinsically dangerous, but at the same time we would most emphatically urge that they be not

attempted by any but the steadiest and most skilful of leaders, who, moreover, have had considerable experience of difficult slab climbing without boots. We would most strongly emphasise the point that boots should be taken off; the holds are so sloping in places as to render the climbing in boots excessively dangerous. These climbs are undeniably best tackled alone. We have both experienced the weight of 130 odd feet of rope, while negotiating the exposed traverse below the Waiting Room, and must say that it is more dangerous than useful."

It must be remembered that they climbed everything hard in stockings, did not use shoulder belays and were the first to experience long unprotected runouts on hard rock a no mean achievement for 1912.

In the same year, as well as visiting the Dolomites, they added Hopkinson's Gully and with W.B. Brunskill and H.B. Gibson created the splendid Girdle Traverse of Scafell. This was inspired by Herford's own girdle of Castle Naze in the Peak, although the first girdle of a crag had been done in Wales as early as 1907. Herford made it perfectly clear that, "Sansom planned the whole thing", and although Herford gets the credit for all the hard leads of that partnership he himself was the first to admit that much of the inspiration came from Sansom who clearly had an eye for a good line, especially up improbable -looking rock. Sansom's comments from that time would still be valid nearly seventy years later:

'Consideration of other climbs, which led up apparently impossible but actually feasible rocks, impressed on us the necessity of not judging by appearances, but of trying all places, however impossible or impracticable they looked. The proverb "Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire" is inimical to those desirous of finding new routes on a much-explored rock face."

Many leaders were to use similar phrases in the years to come.

Finally after much tentative exploration Central Buttress was to

succumb in April 1914 during the lull before the world wide storm. Although well documented the story of the ascent of C.B. still sends the blood racing and over the years the route has been an ultimate target for many younger leaders. Having previously seen a leader fall from the crux I well remember winding myself up to lead the flake for the first time in 1968; and the electrifying thrill which ran through me as I grasped the top of the flake. What must it have been like on that first memorable day when Sansom went up to belay in slings?

'Our plan of attack was to climb up the crack and thread a loop behind the jammed stone, and I undertook to do this if Herford would lead the upper part, which he was quite prepared to do. My first procedure was to soak two feet of the end of the rope in wet moss, to render it stiff, and facilitate the threading. I then attempted the ascent but six feet below the jammed stone found my position too precarious to be pleasant and called to Herford for a shoulder. He came up without the least hesitation and standing on the bulge at the foot of the crack, steadied my feet on small holds until I attained a safer position and was able to climb up to the chockstone. The stiff rope threaded very easily, and making a double loop I ran my own rope through it for the descent, which was under those conditions, quite safe.'

That first attempt failed but the next day they were back:

'One member ascended to the chockstone to renew the loop, which showed slight signs of wear from the previous day's use. We decided that combined tactics would be necessary, and accordingly ran a second rope through the loop. Herford tied on one rope and I on the other, whilst Gibson and Holland manipulated the respective ropes. I followed Herford closely up the crack and hung on to the loop whilst he used my shoulders as foot-holds. Directly he vacated them I climbed three feet higher and hung by my hands from the top of the chockstone, whilst he again employed me as foot-holds, which are most sorely needed at this point, for the crack is practically holdless and overhangs about 20°. A minute or two of severe struggling and he reached the top - to the great joy of all members of the party.'

And so the ascent became part of history, but one must not forget that it was Sansom who later led the very tricky upper traverse, a pitch which many current leaders would hesitate to sharp end without modern protection techniques.

In the 1914-18 War, he served first with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, then he joined the R.F.C., being awarded the M.C. and the Distinguished Flying Cross. His love of the air continued in the inter-war years, when he flew regularly at Brooklands. He was also a magnificent marksman with the revolver, winning many prizes at Bisley.

Although Sansom continued to climb after the War the death of his close friend Herford during the War must have destroyed much of the enthusiasm which was needed for exploration. He did however often return to his beloved Wasdale and frequently climbed alone ascending routes such as the North West on Pillar. Following his marriage in 1921, his climbing in the Lake District was limited to holidays with the family.

A most loving family man, with three sons and seven grandchildren, he and his wife Vivien celebrated their Golden Wedding two years before her death. Their beautiful home was always a place of lively, yet serene activity. George delighted in nature in all its moods, greatly enjoying country walks in the rain - a lost art today!

His marvellously inventive mind, full of quiet humour, and his skill as a cabinet maker and metal worker, combined to produce from his workshop and laboratory many useful inventions for his home - including a mechanical cat to scare wild birds from newly planted grass; the cat emerged from a hutch every two minutes, its eyes lit up, it turned its head, and it gave forth a somewhat alarming mew! He embellished his large garden with beautiful fountains and a rock garden, and used to make splendid fireworks before this activity was gently discouraged by Authority.

George lived in excellent health of body and mind, enjoying games of croquet and snooker, into his 92nd year. A few years

ago Harry Griffin wrote of Sansom:

'On one occasion I was fortunate enough to have a week's climbing at Wasdale with George Sansom. We did many of the Wasdale climbs and he also took me up the North West on Pillar my first Very Severe. Sansom was the quickest and neatest climber I have known. He used to smoke a cherry-wood pipe and eat barley sugar useful for making fingers stick to small holds as he told me. At that time his favourite climb was Hopkinson's Gully on Scafell Pinnacle, which he used to ascend regularly on outings from the south, without doing a training climb first.'

When he was 85 Sansom was asked what he thought Herford would have made of pitons, bolts and other artificial aids. In typical style he replied:

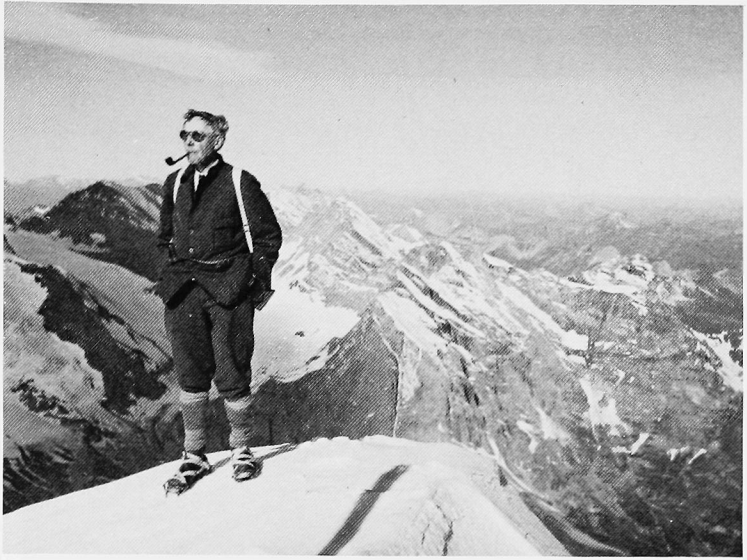
'I am quite sure he would have been entirely opposed to them. Personally, I think it destroys the whole idea of mountaineering, which is to find and climb a practicable route up the crags. I gather from recent articles, that some men prefer to climb on loose vegetation covered rocks. Personally, I do not; I consider that an ideal climb is up firm, clean rock. As I am 85 this year, I fear that my climbing days are over, but my love for Wasdale fells will endure for ever.'

G.M. with help from Christopher Sansom

IVOR ARMSTRONG RICHARDS

On September 9th, 1979 Professor I.A. Richards, C.H., died at the age of 86 and although essentially he had been an academic for most of his life his early years undoubtedly belong to the world of mountains and he will long be remembered for some of his exploits in an era when climbers first started to rock climb for its own sake rather than as a means to reach the summits.

He was born in Cheshire and as a very young boy was taken to the Alps where he trotted up the burning streets to catch sight of



Above: George Sansom aged 58 on the summit of Jungfrau

Below: I.A.R. in camp on Maligne Lake - Jasper National Park, Canada

Photo - Prof. D. S. Rawson





I.A. Richards - Dorothea Pilley Richards



*1930 The mountain god and examination god in our Peking garden
Photo - Dorothea Pilley Richards*

the snow 'before it melted'.

Richards was educated first at Clifton and then at Magdalene College, Cambridge where he eventually became a fellow in 1926.

As part of his family life he spent several years at Idwal Cottage with his mother and was constantly on the rocks exploring. Much of his time was spent in observing and working out new lines and it was this approach which finally led to the ascent of Hope, the first route to encroach on to the virgin expanse of the Idwal Slabs. Richards was then 22 years of age and the year was 1915. Gallantly Richards who was an ardent feminist handed over the lead to Mrs. E.H. Daniell as she was regarded as a most careful and steady leader with an extremely precise technique on slabs. The next year Richards also partnered D.R. Pye and T. Picton on the ascents of Charity and Faith (his other preconceived lines) to complete the trio of now famous routes. As far as new routes are concerned Dorothy Pilley in her well known book 'Climbing Days', painted an excellent picture of the Ogwen scene at that time:

"New climbs, by my second year, had become somewhat an obsession. This was largely the fault of I.A.R. who would at any time give up a perfect day, when any number of standard climbs, as yet unvisited by us, would have 'gone', to poke about round neglected corners of the crags in search of something new. In fact our association opened with a new climb, the Spiral Variant on Glyder Fach, as our third expedition..... I.A.R. in a green corduroy suit and a blue 'onion seller's' tam-o'-shanter turned up to suggest Oblique Gully."

Richards did many of the Welsh routes of that time and on an early ascent of the Direct Route, Glyder Fach, he had got his heels dug into the shallow turf ready to belay his leader who quickly got into difficulties:

"He exclaimed, 'Find me a rugosity! Find me a rugosity!' with some insistence. Slowly he concertina'd out until he was dangling at full arm-stretch by his finger tips. He made no attempt to return. Suddenly with a grating screech (I have never heard a sound quite like it before or since) his hands slipped off

and he dropped clear through the air on to the ledge below, where I.A.R. pounced on him with a rugby collar."

I.A.R. was evidently first rate when it came to fielding as the leader not content with his first flight repeated the act shortly after only to be caught a second time on the lip of the ledge:

"This time he landed squatting on its very verge and was in the act of diving off into the void, head first, when he was clutched by the collar of his jacket and held for a second time. There he sat wringing his hands and ejaculating 'Curse me for a tailor! Curse me for a tailor!' again and again."

One particular paragraph in 'Climbing Days' is especially revealing as it shows how Richards' character came through when climbing:

"I.A.R.'s speciality in those days was high steps. Being loose in the limbs he seemed to like using footholds near his chin. Analytic and scientific by disposition he would sit at the top of a pitch and give me the most extraordinary instructions as to the precise movements which would bring me up with the least stress and strain. He was in fact of the cautious-controlled type in excelsis, tentative in his movements and always seemed able to come back without difficulty from any position, however experimental a sign of conscious, deliberate planning of the balance. Perhaps through being not particularly strong, he seemed to me to be more reflectively aware of how his holds were supporting him than any other leader I had ever followed."

Looking back to 1918 it is easy to see how the originally stout holly tree which survived above the Idwal Slabs until 1961 must have provided quite a challenge to the early climbers:

"Always our eyes came back to the same point. Right in the middle of the upper wall, flanked on all sides by smooth, apparently holdless faces of rock, was a holly tree. It was self-evident that, if only one could reach it and then go on upwards from it, the Proper Route must pass by this holly tree. But, as we had often proved, reaching it would be no easy matter..."

For Holland, Richards and Pilley the ascent of the Holly Tree Wall (Original Route) must have been something of an epic especially as at the time it represented a distinct step forward in climbing standards at Idwal. Holland later wrote:

“for the original take-off had been performed by a complicated and risky ladder, improvised with an ice axe held aloft at arm’s length by a second whose position was so unsafe that he had to be secured with a rope flung over a projection luckily available overhead.”

Above the holly tree Holland took over and climbing in nails failed on the chimney but managed to get up the wall on the left. After the climb they descended gardening as they went to dig out a first pitch.

In the same month Holland and Richards, who climbed regularly together, also added a new climb, Oblique Buttress, to Glyder Fach. For the next two years they did nothing new but in 1921 Richards and Dorothy Pilley returned fit from the Alps and made tracks for Lliwedd. Their route, Birch Tree Terrace Climb, was a much harder lead than the existing routes and remained so until over ten years later, when Linnell added his variation to Yellow Slab. Later Richards’ route was described as ‘a considerable achievement’ in the Lliwedd guide book.

Whitsuntide 1922 is yet another landmark in the history of Welsh climbing as an unprecedented act took place during the first ascent of Other Kingdom a fairly insignificant route which was the result of an attempt on what later became Piton Route:

“At the foot of the cliff an uncanny thing happened. Tucked in a cranny an iron piton just showed. What mysterious person had left it there and for what purpose? It seemed on that haunted morning, a hint too clear to be ignored. Up above, where belays are lacking, and the climbing is delicate, I.A.R. sought out a crack for this iron Finger of Fate and hammered it in securely with a stone carried up for the purpose.”

Somehow they used the piton with the rope belayed about it and this event was the first documented placement of a piton in Welsh rock... if only we knew where it came from... but alas that mystery is not now likely to be solved, and in any case it is perhaps better to remain that way. In December 1928 Hicks and Bere discovered the piton and in 1929:

"Hicks took a line directly up the cliff past Richards' piton. By that time the piton had become part of folklore so that Kirkus felt compelled to comment: 'This venerable relic had too many historical associations to be regarded with any great distaste by even the most rabid purist: but alas! when getting frail and weak with advancing years it was uprooted by some ruthless vandal having no respect for the antiquities of a bygone age.'"

In 1922 Richards also did Home Climb on the Gribin Facet and his last recorded new route was a year later in 1923; that was Far East Arete on Lliwedd. It was on Lliwedd that Richards had yet more of his remarkable escapes when he was climbing with Holland:

"... as at that instant he had no other holds, off he came. He landed luckily astride I.A.R.'s neck and the two of them managed to stay where they were..."

"Without a word Holland slipped down a little, then fell out backwards and came like a loose sack, head-over-heels, down the wall. At this instant O.A.R. noticed that the rope had again worked off the belay... I.A.R. avers that Holland was making a loud whizzing noise in his fall before he caught him, and that he swerved a great deal in his flight. There was no use now in worrying about the rope, the thing to do was to catch the climber..."

In 1926, the year of his fellowship, Ivor Richards married his climbing partner Dorothy Pilley.

As well as climbing all over Britain throughout the 20s Richards visited the Alps regularly and had an impressive list of routes to his credit (such as the first ascent of the North Ridge of the Dent Blanche), but not without incident; in 1921 while still an

undergraduate he fell up to his armpits in snow and realised that his feet were swinging below him in a void. Feet away the same thing had happened to his companion,⁷ but the question was, were they in the same crevasse? Richards lived to tell the tale and the year after he had a tooth removed in Chamonix by a Greek dentist, while he was pinned to a bench with his climbing rope. He even visited Corsica and the Pyrenees on more than one occasion, but even in Córstica he had his moments:

“Another quick glissading descent for thousands of feet was made memorable by the almost complete disappearance of the seat of I.A.R.’s breeches. We all suffered a good deal, but he most, through going at high speed over a crusted area on the lower slopes that had unexpectedly frozen iron-hard in the shade! But I.A.R. carried a four-yard silk scarf with which to meet all emergencies. I never saw it put to better use. The next morning passed necessarily in a search for garments, and by afternoon he was looking resplendent but peculiar in a pair of skin-tight, orange, cotton cavlary breeches with the braid taken off.”

It was in 1928, one of his best seasons, that the party had a lucky escape on the traverse of the Weissshorn when a snow slope avalanched, but this was just one of many incidents during a lifetime of hectic rock climbing and mountaineering.

As a philosopher Richards explored ethics, aesthetics, psychology and semantics. He was a central figure in the development of English as a University discipline both in Britain and America. With C.K. Ogden he created Basic English which he saw as an essential tool for the promotion of understanding between Nations. One of his chief concerns was to teach a sensitive, lively and intelligent appreciation of poetry. From 1927 to the end of his life he maintained close contacts with China, teaching in Pekin from 1929-31 and revisiting the Country several times after he had made Harvard his base in 1938. In later years he embarked on a further career as poet and playwright, mountains playing an important part in the imagery of his poems.

After giving up serious rock-climbing Richards and his wife

continued to explore and mountaineer in every part of a world in which they travelled widely. They visited the Rockies and Selkirks and achieved a number of first ascents in the Canadian mountains, back-packing and camping for weeks at a time. Till his last year, 1979, he was regularly snowshoeing over the Presidential range of the White Mountains of New Hampshire and his devotion to high places endured throughout his life. His ashes are scattered on Tryfan's summit.

G.M. with help from Dorothea Pilley Richards

Note: Richards was an honorary member of the Alpine Club and although he was not in the C.C. he did have a close connection with C.C. members in the 1920s. I feel that his contribution to Welsh climbing was sufficiently significant to set a precedent in these pages by including his obituary which will possibly be appreciated by future generations. While researching several notable climbers' histories it struck me very forcibly that we are rapidly losing the last few survivors before the Great War and the links with the birth of 'modern' climbing will soon be no more.

HOPE

(To D.E.P in hospital with a broken hip.)

My dear: Wales has a slab
Named Hope ... a tall, buff, tilting thing.
It listens, these late centuries,
To querulous, lost, impatient lambs
And the ambiguous sheep
Conversing through the mist.
There, leading, one cool Spring.
Rope out, the holds glare ice,
You found your pocket scissors:
stab by stab
Picked enough clear, floated on up.
I keep
A memory of that for other jams:
You immaterialist
You know when to persist.

Recall the Epicoun:
Night, welling up so soon,
Near sank us in soft snow.
At the stiff-frozen dawn,
When Time has ceased to flow,
The glacier ledge our unmade bed -
I hear you through your yawn:
"Leaping crevasses in the dark,
That's how to live!" you said.
No room in that to hedge:
A razor's edge of a remark.

(I.A. Richards, *Internal Colloquies: Poems and Plays of I.A. Richards*, New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovitch, 1971, p. 208)

RAYMOND JAMES TAUNTON**1979**

Ray Taunton died from injuries received in an accident at work on February 12th.

I first met Ray nearly 30 years ago at Harrison's Rocks, and have climbed with him over the years in Cornwall, Wales and the Lake District.

Ray was never a 'hard man' He liked being in mountains, and I think he preferred hill walking to waiting in the queue under the East Buttress; but he was quite willing to serve as anchor man on a rope struggling up some Hard V.S., and he was more than just a competent rock-climber.

His two winters in the Antarctic and his visit to Greenland testify his love of the solitary places. He chose his regions for holiday trips with care; putting in a number of Alpine holidays as well as trips to the Atlas, Corsica and Northern Norway. He was planning to visit his brother Hugh in West Africa in 1979.

Ray lived in Dundee, and skied regularly in the Scottish hills; in fact he enjoyed the mountains as much in winter as in summer.

His many friends, who will not forget his sense of humour, his cheerfulness and unflappable nature, are going to miss him.

Pat Vaughan

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EDITORIAL

As the pace of living for most of us increases, each year seems to bring a host of memorable events and 1979 has certainly been no exception.

First looking on the dark side, the Club has lost several Members and certainly the greatest gap in our ranks has been caused by the death of Fred Pigott, one of our best known characters who first achieved fame in 1927 when he finally overcame the problems of the East Buttress of Clogwyn du'r Arddu. Another loss was Viscount Bledisloe who was better known as Ben Bathurst of The Cracks. W. Wynne Rhys, A. Hyde and R. Taunton have also died during the year.

The sequence of harsh blizzards which swept Britain from end to end and held it in an icy grip for many months will be remembered by the snow and ice devotees, just as 1959 and 1976 were the magic drought years for rock addicts. A snowball fight outside Ynys as late as May and snow drifts in the Peak in June tell their own story but one of the earliest memories is of Smiler Cuthbertson and team getting winched off the Eiger North Wall, an event which although costly delighted the climbing world. There were accidents though such as when Peter Newman and Mike Burt made a too rapid descent in Cwm Glas, but they are still around to tell the story.

'Ken Wilson's' unconstitutional A.G.M. provided more than the usual amount of entertainment, but at least it was a catalyst which should in theory ensure the production of an Annual Journal. Journals do not appear by magic and it would be nice to think that Members are all pulling together, whatever their age or ability, to create a literary publication which will be treasured by future generations as an invaluable record of the Club's activities. Too many of the Club's vital documents, such as log books, have already gone astray and possibly have been lost to posterity, and it is only the Journal and guide books which appear to provide a continuous though somewhat tenuous thread.

Alpine style ascents of the big peaks are now almost commonplace all over the world and have led to much success, but with the increased dangers of such ventures. Doug Scott, with a successful ascent of Kangchenjunga, continues to add to his Himalayan haul and we now appear to be entering an era of Himalayan 'Munro Bagging' - perhaps 'Scott bagging' is a bit closer! Al Rouse and Brian Hall were active in the Himalaya but also had an amazing season in South America. Still in South America, Keith Myhill was on the successful expedition to the East Face of The Fortress.

During the year, after much hard graft and one or two mercy dashes in blizzards to get some vital artwork done, Mike Mortimer's guide to Tremadog and the Moelwyns appeared. The Lleyn Peninsula Supplement compiled by Trevor Jones also reached the shops. It was planned roughly during a chance meeting with the Journal Editor on top of Clogwyn y Wenallt after Trevor had chased him up Shake. The Peak District Northern Limestone guide has nearly been completed and now that the Series Editor has just joined the Club the C.C. appears to have taken over

nearly all of the Peak guide book team as Members (Jackson 71, Evans 72, Marshall 73, Browell, Birtles and Proctor 77, Milburn 78 and last but not least Gregory 79). Fiendishly cunning these 'Chinese'.

On rock, standards seem to be getting higher day by day and we are now firmly in an era of blank 'holdless' wall climbing where boulder problem type moves are being done on the big cliffs as well as on the outcrops. Cloggy has yet again become the scene of major new hard routes, but this was not in isolation as Llanberis Pass, Tremadog, Gogarth and even Idwal have been under attack.

The technical grading of new routes continues to remain a thorny problem and we still hear climbers moaning that no matter how much they train and improve they can still only climb to the same technical standard that they did years ago. Since Rodney Wilson and Peter Crew devised the modern system in 1963 a revolution has taken place in British climbing. They gave routes such as The Thing, Erosion Direct, Rigor Mortis, East Gully Groove Direct and The Boldest the top grade of 6. In 1979 only two or three Welsh routes have been given a grade of 6b and most of the 6a routes around are streets harder than the 'old' routes of the same grade. The rampant undergrading of routes by a younger generation in the Peak District spread like a creeping malaise until we arrived at a situation where Moon Crack on Curbar was given 5c by Bancroft in 1977 and 6b by someone else in the Froggatt guide. Personally I regret some of the downgrading in the last Llanberis Pass guide (done as a result of the influence of Peak climbers) and looking back would give a route such as Erosion Direct 5c without any hesitation if the chance arose. The repression of grades also forced the use of (+) and (-) which caused a great deal of confusion. If Lord of the Flies, Fawcett's super route on the Cromlech, is really 6a as graded then we can only deduce that British climbing has not progressed since the 1960s - which is a ridiculous suggestion. As there is almost complete agreement on technical grades in the 4c/5a area perhaps it is about time that we reviewed everything from 5b upwards to arrive at some degree of uniformity in North Wales for a start.

During the year, in an attempt to shed some light on the problem, I did a quick analysis of all the grading combinations which have been used in our Welsh guides. The results were as follows:

	4a	4b	4c	5a	5b	5c	6a	6b
Severe		2						
H. Severe	3	11	6					
V.S.		49	175	23				
H.V.S.			24	156	53	3		
E.1				24	72	7		
E.2				4	84	78	1	
E.3					12	78	13	
E.4						9	19	5
E.5							4	1

It is clear that if 175 routes have been given VS/4c then that is a combination

which we all understand. Similarly HVS/5a is not very controversial. It is up in the E grades where the area is most nebulous and until the Tremadog guide HVS/5c and E2/6a had not been accepted in Wales. The 6b was not used until the appearance of the Gogarth Supplement early in 1979. And now with Lord of the Flies the E6/6c grade is bound to make new levels of difficulty.

It would not be fair to leave 1979 without some mention of the hard work done by many Members on the huts. Helyg, Ynys and the Downes Hut have all been decorated and our 'Honorary Lumberjack', Pip Hopkinson has been hard at work round the Downes Hut. At times even the weather seems to be against us as witnessed by the gales trying to remove the Bosigran roof, but Hamish Nicol's successful fund raising events are helping to redress the balance. When I tried to book the club caravan at Bosigran for a family visit some time after the gales it came as something of a shock to be told that of course I could book it - if I could find the bits. The children will miss the adders, the Captain's ghost and the sharks which bask beyond the lawns. As I hear that it is not to be replaced I must say that I don't fancy writing the next journal in a tent full of family at the height of the English monsoon.

With an increasing number of new routes on the Pembroke cliffs and the potential of much more to come there has been talk of a new hut in this area which can offer so much to climbers of all grades. In addition it is another Cornwall in that the whole family can enjoy a holiday whatever the weather. Such a hut would be very strategically positioned as it would nicely bridge the gap between the Club's huts in North Wales and Cornwall. Better this than say a Gogarth hut which would only serve a very small minority.

Apart from rock some of the best memories of the year include speeches by A.B. Hargreaves and Jack Longland at the Welsh dinner, Pat Green's A1 cooking, another good dinner in October and plenty of socialising and heated arguments at Ynys. What more could one ask? An article for the next Journal perhaps?

Geoff Milburn

NOTE: The Editor would like to thank Paul Nunn for starting off this year's Journal before he had to leave for the 1980 Everest expedition. In addition thanks are also due to Alex Jones and Bob Pettigrew for helping, as well as both Ken Wilson and Bob Moulton, the two friends who have given me the most help and inspiration and without whom the last three Journals would most certainly not have appeared. The names of the others who rallied round to help finish the job at the eleventh hour will be seen through these pages.

Since writing the above Editorial we have decided to produce a 1979/1980 Journal to get back up to date as quickly as possible rather than try to catch up with the slight backlog. It is expected that we can return to an annual basis with the 1981 Journal.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor has received several highly complimentary letters about the Ted Hicks article by A.B. Hargreaves. Two minor points however need correcting. Phyl Hicks points out that her husband never sailed for Aisher: "He was navigator for the big boat of the Spanish Admiral's Cup team in 1975 and then with the Duke of Arion (private owner of the yacht Azakara)"

Herbert Carr writes: "In 1925 the Club threw all its slender resources into Helyg which was very small and was soon bulging at the seams. In 1926 I was told that Tal-y-Braich was on offer and with Charles Marshall (Helyg's first custodian) went to see it. We agreed it was much more attractive than Helyg but could see no means of raising finance: many of the older members of the Club were critical of our radical policy of property venture. So I passed on a strong recommendation to the Rucksack Club which went into it in 1927.

When I joined in 1924 I think the Club's membership was about 150, and many of my days on the hills, walking and climbing were spent with the 'old guard', men like Philip Minor, Claude Wilson, Thomas Rose. We had lots of fun doing the old stuff with the old boys."

REVIEW

Tremadog and the Moelwyns by Mike Mortimer

Climber's Club £3.75

It was a shock to see a guide called 'Tremadog and the Moelwyns' - it sounds more like a Welsh terrier on holiday with the family. Does ANYONE pronounce the hard 'G'? If the purists insist on Tremadog then I think that the latter part of the title should be 'Moelwynion'.

Why aren't there any Hard Extremely Severe gradings which are standard practice in all the other Welsh guides? Surely if Mongoose has a technical rating of 6b then the overall grading should get the highest rating of H.X.S.? The pioneers of such routes are also the ones who have further developed the Cenotaph Corner walls where Hard Extreme has been included.

I was glad to see Diadic included in the guide as I foolishly left it out of my own previous guide to Snowdon South. It is a fine route with its own qualities as it pokes its way through the left hand Vector overhangs.

Mike... Mike... what about the rear end-papers? No dogs in Tremadoc or Portmadoc, three other spelling mistakes, two crag names without a CRAIG or a CLOGWYN and a crag list that needs shaking to get rid of its surplus hyphens.

Thank God for the graded list. To the average climber like me they stop all those illogical thought patterns. 'Bert has led Route B - Hard X.S. I am better than Bert, therefore I can lead Route B.' Of course ethically they are wrong, contribute to a lack of adventure and further wrap up climbers in mental cotton wool. Jolly good, let's have longer lists. But seriously I think they have a place for the unfamiliar climber from Cumbria or Scotland.

A minor criticism is of Nimbus at 5c which I have always found very reasonable, but it was surprising to see the second pitch of Vector at 5b. Everyone knows that I became detached from this pitch during the first ascent but I have led it twice since then and still find it a more difficult lead than Nimbus.

It seems odd to relegate the Moel y Gest quarry routes to a mere diagram. The routes are nearly as long as those on Craig y Gesail so why relegate them? If they are poor then they should be omitted. They are loose, but in this modern era this should not mean going into the relegation zone. Perhaps the same diagram treatment could have been given to the upper tier as it is continually climbed and a few obvious lines and gradings would have been helpful.

But generally a fine, solid guide like the Tremadoc dolerite and Mike himself. There will always be the criticising visigoths waiting in massed ranks in the Padarn Lake; that is the penalty of doing a guide book to a popular area.

Trevor Jones

Northern Limestone edited by Chris Jackson

B.M.C. £4.00

During 1980 the long awaited and sorely needed Northern Limestone guide appeared. This is the fourth in the present series of Peak guides produced by the Peak Committee of the B.M.C. The committee have adopted a constant change policy - no doubt in search of the ultimate guide book, and while not perfect this guide is a considerable improvement on its predecessors in the series.

It is inevitable that the production of a new guide to a major climbing area will result in an influx of climbers to the area. This, together with the star system in use, will result in increased popularity of hitherto obscure crags. While this may result in less thickly spread climbers it has already led to access problems at Staidon Moor Quarry (now known as Staden Quarry). In an area which is as sensitive to access as Derbyshire the Editor should have adopted a more low-key approach to those areas which are likely to be adversely affected by an increase in climbers. I feel that this could be achieved without altering the objectivity of the guide.

However some people may find these obscure crags difficult to locate, with the exception of the well-worn Stoney Middleton, which seems to experience an ebb and flow of climbers, the topography of the crags and vegetation common to the area normally lead to a sense of isolation; the diagrams do little to combat this and in certain cases may increase the sense of isolation until one is lost! If one knows the crag then the diagrams are of use in identifying some routes but the newcomer will experience more problems, particularly if trying to gain a vantage point from which to view the crag - these rarely exist.

The text and maps are excellent being easily read and clear. The text manages to be brief without being terse. The occasional anomaly exists, see page 184 (hint -compare White Magic with The Tarot. Ed.) and I note that two climbs mentioned in the 1970/71 C.C. Journal are not included. The Editor of the guide was in fact on the first ascent of one of these, a route called Tigon. The ground covered by both does seem to be covered by more modern offerings.

Few of the photographs add to the guide, and none are worth a thousand words. I would rather have a slight reduction in cost than a few pictures that owe their atmospheric nature to the quality of the reproduction rather than the composition of the shot. The Editor and his team could have perhaps left the action shots to more specialised publications and tried to find some photographs that manged to guide the reader.

The guide possesses the full complement of grades currently in use; these are correctly defined in the introduction and it also points out that some routes have not yet had on sight leads. The usual irregularities exist, possibly due to having a lot of fieldworkers, and some routes will be found hard for the given grade (e.g. Helicon -Stoney Middleton). No doubt the Executive Grading Committee will avoid all unintentional anomalies in later guides.

The days of the individual effort by one author and the distinctive style common

to some past guides are perhaps over. I only hope that the approach that the Peak Committee is currently adopting continues to result in as a good a publication as this, and that editors capable of doing such a good job as Chris Jackson continue to be appointed.

Jeremy Frost

Buttermere and Eastern Craggs

by I. Roper, E.M. Grindley and G.N. Higginson

F.R.C.C. £3.95

Casting a keen collector's eye over the books in the shop I quickly spotted the stranger. It stood out like a gem as the spine of this latest F.R.C.C. guide has one of the clearest designs I have seen for some time. Gone was the chunky black print and in its place was an aesthetically pleasing print style which seemed to be made for the pale green cover.

Eagerly I thumbed through the pages of this pace setting guide, the first in a new series. My first strong impression was - GREAT - and whatever its faults it is a vast improvement on the last series which looked so dated that various commercial vultures and cunning opportunists had started to poach the Fell and Rock territory. If the rest of the series are like this then it will kill all competitors stone dead in one fell swoop.

To go from an eight guide series to a streamlined five guides is without a doubt a step in the right direction. When I first heard about the changes I was cynical about the merger of Buttermere with the Eastern Craggs as the areas could hardly be described as being adjacent. What I did not know was that it was the unsold guides which controlled the mergers to avoid a financial loss. As soon as I started to work out the new pattern I looked for a map of the whole area but alas it had disappeared. As there are several blank pages please can we have our map back?

Of the five proposed volumes it is the Scafell/Dow amalgamation which irritates me most. Personally I would have put Scafell with Gable, and that would have forced a Buttermere/Pillar combination (not unreasonable). But then Dow and Eastern Craggs would have had to go together.....yes it was a problem.

To return to the review how refreshing it was to see two action photographs even if the one of Sansom is well known. Although not a fan of Heaton Cooper I did suffer a twinge of regret not to see the reproduction used as a frontispiece for the 1970 Buttermere guide. It was to my mind superb and provided a magnetic pull to the high combs.

At last we have an excellent text in a modern layout which does not waste half of the space it used to. It now reads well and the technical grades are where they ought to be. In addition it is pleasing to see that the 6a and 6b grades have been accepted in this area. Let us hope that the Peak District climbers will take note of

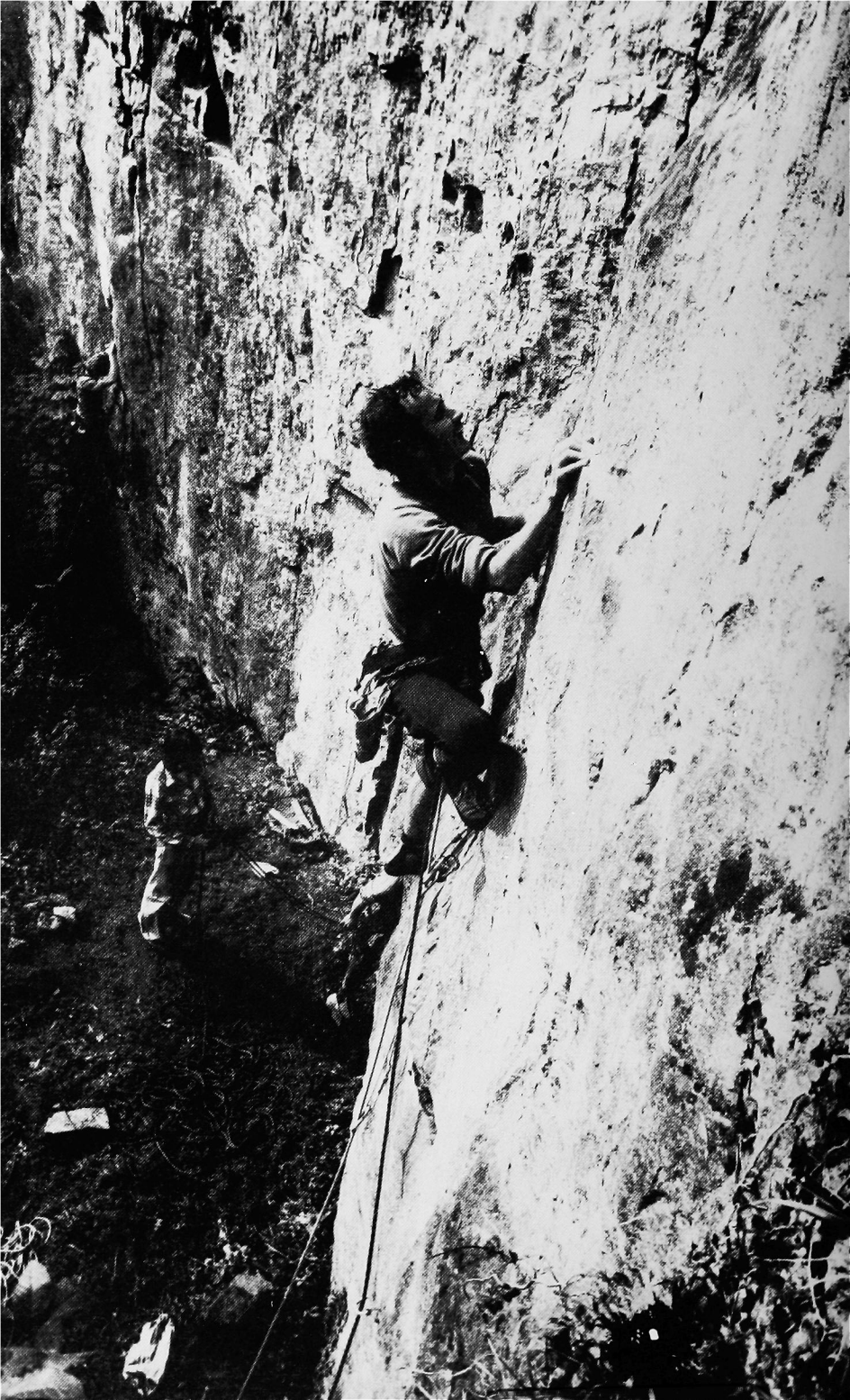
Opp: Bob Bradley on Five Finger Exercise

- Mike Browell.

Centrespread Left: Climber - Chris Jackson "Soapsuds"

- Photo Ian Smith









this and extend their own system to include 6c and 7a.

It surprised me to see so many pitches graded 3a, 3b and 3c as below 4a most of us have little idea about technical grades. Ask any climber for a typical 4c or 5a pitch and there is no problem but ask for a 3a and just listen to all the excuses.

After all the debates on 'E' grades and despite their apparent acceptance I think that the FRCC has made a sensible decision in this guide. They could have put the 'E' grades in the back of the guide (out of sight but not out of mind) or they could have gone the whole hog and replaced the Extreme grades in the text with the 'new' E grades. Instead they played safe and added the grades to supplement the existing system. Many will say that a bold decision was called for, but better safe than sorry, and there is plenty of time to let E grades settle down completely in all areas of the country.

I counted no fewer than three 'thank you's' to the same artist which does seem a trifle generous as the diagrams are the big disappointment. Most of the old ones have been dredged up yet again. Surely a brand new series called for a new approach? Also we could have done with some decent artwork as there were letters of all shapes and sizes on the diagrams. Now I know that it rains a lot in the Lake District, which is why I frequent Wales more often than not nowadays, but that is no reason for having diagrams such as those to Raven Crag, Thirlmere and Dove Crag - they look as if the artist drew them in a thick mist. And talking of mistakes, who boobed and forgot to update the key to the Eagle Crag diagram? Several of the grades have in fact changed since the last series, e.g. Carnival, HVS (sorry Vs(hard)) to E1, and Eastern Buttress from Severe (hard) to VS (mild).

One minor worry is that if the heap of rubble and vegetation which goes under the name of Extol is worth three stars then what must some of the routes be like?

The index is conspicuous by its absence but there are sixteen indexes which go under the name of a Graded List of Climbs BUT try finding Wall End Arete, V.Diff, or Rowan Route, Severe. In any case I still maintain that it is not a graded list (we have been robbed and perhaps it breaches the Trades Descriptions Act) merely an index of climbs of each grade and sadly as such provides no entertainment.

The First Ascent List and Historical sections are compact but boring and leave out all the thrills and spills.

On the whole this is a good, clinical, double guide which, with about 380 routes, is excellent value. We can look forward to the next guide in the series.

G.M.

South-West Climbs by Pat Littlejohn

When examining any selected climbs guide a number of questions are raised,

Opp: South-West climb, Pillar Rock

Photo - Geoff Milburn

Centrespread Right: An airy perch on Gimmer

Photo - Geoff Milburn

normally unusual with ordinary guides. Perhaps the most obvious is that of reviewing the selection of climbs presented. Any such selection can only be one person's view and although a wide consultation can be made before publication it cannot possibly be the ideal of all. We should not expect it to be so but thankfully it does give us hours of fun arguing about the respective merits and demerits of the omissions and inclusions, usually during opening time. Personal preferences aside then, this guide does give an excellent coverage of routes, producing a true selected climbs rather than being an attempt to usurp the functions of the definitive guides. This latter criticism is usually the most serious levelled at such guides but Littlejohn points out in his introduction that the aim is to complement the definitive guides and to show further possibilities arising from them. All very altruistic, I hear a few cynics murmur, yet the text does fulfil this aim, by not blitzing any crag, and by outlining the position and grade of routes other than those fully described. To take advantage of such information you need the definitive guide or a very good eye for a route. And how many of us are prepared to stray from the well described paths of such routes? Hopefully this guide will stimulate interest in these areas rather than suppress it, thus eventually helping the definitive series to fulfil their aims.

The main criticism of the selection probably lies in the low number of easy routes included. This can be answered by the nature of the cliffs themselves, many not lending themselves easily to the provision of good easy climbs of a classic nature. I do feel that a little more effort could have gone in to looking for them. Sennen is a good example where many good low grade climbs were missed yet it could also be argued that this would have conflicted with the current area guide. Sennen itself is treated in a rather odd fashion with the author seeming a little unsure as to why it was included. "Mention is also made of Sennen Cliffs, the importance of which rests on their sheer popularity", yet later on we are told, "These fine cliffs offer superb climbing". If the climbing is superb why not a few more descriptions? Surely the Cornwall guide would not have suffered too much through an increase in the publicity of these superb and popular cliffs? The family man on holiday may find the offerings a little thin if he has only the selected climbs for his short, and possibly only, visit. Again we're back to the fact that most climbers do not like treading rock without the assurance of the printed word.

Apart from the routes selected, gradings are usually next on the critical agenda but there is very little to criticise here. Such a guide, should of course, be as accurate as possible and this one has a great deal of knowledge and experience behind it, and apart from the usual preferences as to how hard a move is, this guide has produced an effective correlation of grades throughout the South-West.

However, it is not just technicalities that make guides interesting. In any such guide as this visual impact must be of high importance and the initial impact of this book is excellent, illustrating much of what is best in the area: sun, sea, technical difficulty, exhilarating exposure, and steep granite plunging into dark recesses, hinting at a level of seriousness and commitment necessary for many of the climbs described, both easy and hard. The guide is graced by some 114 photographs, some old and well known but still of interest and excitement, and many not seen before but which confirm the immense range of climbing quality present. A few are

outstanding because of their subject (e.g. Mercury at Carn Gowla), a few are uninteresting such as the one of Giant's Cave Buttress which could be almost anywhere, and the reproduction of some is not very good, but these are minor defects in a wealth of visual promise. More than anything it is the combination of text and photographs that produces a freshness and vitality which often seems to be lacking in the older, jaded establishment areas of the north. Littlejohn does not lose sight of the changes that are bound to occur either, because this guide will attract many visitors and will stimulate exploration. One of the charms of the area is the solitude that can be gained. Littlejohn points out the value of discretion on various cliffs and if we want to continue having such advantages we could all benefit from such advice. In addition to the photographs there are a number of simple maps and diagrams that are easy to read and use, a welcome improvement on some of the drawings to be found in definitive guides to the area.

In terms of production I was very disappointed with the number of printing errors, particularly when involving names, e.g. Chudleigi, and Lander (Admiral Lawder). Anyone contemplating an attempt on Magical Mystery Tour be warned - it is a little longer than 110 feet. And please may I make a plea for what must be the most misspelled climb in the kingdom? So far it has been Sacre Corner (Mountain), Sacre Cover (Crags), and it is even misspelled in the photograph caption in this guide, but thankfully, is also found in its correct form with the route description (I think). At £5.50 the book is not overpriced considering its generally high quality but such errors do detract from the otherwise high professional standards.

Many climbers buy guides because they like having them around to dip into on rainy days, to remember past glories and to dream future dreams. And it is in this context more than others, that Littlejohn has done a good job. Not only does it look good on the shelf but, more importantly, it is a very good read. He is certainly the best qualified person to have written such a book, his knowledge of, and involvement in the area giving him an overall view of the South-West that can not be matched at the moment. It is not just the knowledge that makes this guide succeed though but the undoubted enthusiasm for the climbing. He dwells on the character of the climbs, instilling the desire to go and do them. He manages to compress into a very brief space all the variety, flavour and atmosphere that is an integral part of the magic of the South-West, and enables us to view with ease and simplicity, the complexity of its development and history. Within a few minutes of opening the pages the mind is lost on past experiences renewed; the crump and hiss of waves heard through the swirling mists and rainbows at the bottom of the Great Zawn; the heart bursting joy after the layback move on Eroica; the gallons of tea consumed after a dry throat grip in the slate desert of Tintagel; and then onto the future possibilities as the pages slowly melt on, one by one. After all, this is the land of the Great Dream, of Numenor, the legend of Arthur and the last battle against the rising dark. My own memories, of a groping and grateful emergence from some bleak and black zawn to retrieve the day's last sun, makes the legend all the more impressive, the dreams all the more real.

Well, enough of my own soft spot and back to the practicalities. The preface and introduction outline the aims and answer some criticisms as well as providing sound

advice on approaches. All those who have had any experience of the hazards and problems involved will recognise the validity of such advice. It is also good to see a realistic approach to the use of protection, particularly at Avon, and of aid in general. One very welcome feature is that while the author presents his personal selection in the end, he does not lose sight of the personal differences in the approach of others to the climbs he describes. This book will provide plenty of climbing pleasure in memories, talk, action and dreams. It contains the essence of the South-West experience. Don't take my biased word for it. Go and see for yourselves.

David Hope

Glencoe and Glen Etive by Ken Crocket

S.M.T. £7.95

What a rip off! Since lashing out on this exorbitantly priced guide book in a fit of rash enthusiasm I have spent an impecunious time bemoaning the loss of so many bawbees. To affect a Yorkshire Sassenach so strongly must mean that a high proportion of the stock is destined to remain unsold on shop shelves, and when a review of this guide failed to appear for the Journal I couldn't resist a chance to get my own back.

It greatly pleases me that this publication neither feels nor looks like a proper guide book such as one would see in Wales, the Peak District or the Lake District. With 20 more pages than the Northern Limestone guide which has over 1,100 routes Glencoe has a mere 330 routes. And what is more annoying is the fact that the Glencoe guide costs twice as much. A close look at the front of the guide will soon reveal why... and it is clear that climbers must decide whether or not to pay such a high price.

Instead of condensing the material the aim here seems to have been to spread it out as much as possible. Why I can not imagine unless this guide is aimed at the armchair mountaineer, or has been produced simply to give someone a fat profit.

The appearance of the Extreme grade in a Scottish guide is not before time after all these years of impossible V.S. routes but where are the technical grades? Enough said.

The diagrams are clear but never in my life have I seen such huge labels. Is this a guide for climbers with poor sight? Rumour has it that Pat Walsh could not see more than a few inches in front of his nose but this is ridiculous.

At the breakfast table it was nice to read about 'mucus', 'vomit' and 'blood' and on transferring to the Geology section I soon encountered 'spewing lava'. Perhaps we are entering a new era of gory guide books.

The route descriptions seem just about adequate but the metric distances are still beyond my comprehension. Just what does a 39 metre pitch look like and can

climbers now estimate distances accurately in metres? I suspect that someone sits at home with a calculator to convert the traditional pitch lengths. It won't be long before ropes have a built in tape measure. "How much rope left Bill?" bawls the leader. "17.38" comes the immediate response from the ever alert second.

The Scottish system of putting first ascent details in the route description has never bothered me BUT the lack of a first ascent list in chronological order irritates me considerably as it is impossible to get a good overall picture.

Of the 32 photographs which were thrown in to swell the guide only the odd one inspires me; many look blatantly posed and it is easy to believe that they were all taken in the 'miserably poor summer of 1978'. Perhaps it would have been better to wait for some better weather if photos were such a high priority. In any case one does not want to climb with a guide book with lots of photos.

It was amusing to read that 'climbing is a potentially dangerous activity' but such naive comments did not improve my opinion of the book and overall it left me as cold as a Scottish winter. Ah well, strange things have always happened in Glencoe.
G.M.

French Rock Climbs by Peter Livesey

Cordee £3.95

This book will sell! It is the only guidebook written in English for the rock climber abroad in Europe, and suddenly a whole new range of possible climbing areas is available and waiting for similar treatment. For a one-man publication, to attempt a book on French rock climbs must have been a Herculean task, and Livesey has to be congratulated for taking it on. Much of the information contained is original, and the British guide-buying climber will grasp what there is of it eagerly. What a pity it is so thin.

The cover is excellent and, being in the same style as South West Climbs, promises great things. A quick scan through the pages however soon has one wondering about the price and, inevitably, comparing value with other Selected Climbs guides. Beyond the cover there is no comparison. The hard-backed and no doubt very expensive cover and dust jacket enclose a mere 77 pages of poor quality paper which is inadequately bound. Initial doubts are confirmed by a glance at familiar crags; barely enough information to find them, and with very few sketch maps. The book is intended to cover a colossal area - France is four times the size of Britain - and one wonders how 77 pages can do justice to such an enormous task. The answer is painfully obvious: it doesn't.

Value comparisons are perhaps a little unfair, especially when one considers the current price of Alpine guides. But content criticism is more valid; this book covers only a few climbing areas - there must be many more yet to be written about in English. Perhaps it would have been better to publish this book as a cheaper limp-bound interim version while research continues towards a more comprehensive

volume?

Always controversial, Livesey has managed to introduce a new grading system which would make Ward-Drummond green with envy. For those not familiar with the U.S.A., this interesting concoction of British technical and American numerical grades has no advantage over a UIAA grade. Top European climbers are now extending the old VI+ into, VII, VIII and IX. When in France, surely the British climber should be able to cope with this system?

Livesey has an exceptional knowledge of rock climbing in France. He showed us the way in the mid 1970s as we all tripped off to the sunny south clutching photocopied magazine articles. But surely he could have enlisted some assistance from French climbers to write various sections? It would be presumptuous for one man to write a *Roches d'Escalades en Angleterre*, and similarly *French Rock Climbs*. Certainly one would expect this book to be followed by a bigger and better volume, perhaps written by French climbers with British climbers in mind. A guidebook writer is usually expected to have a very detailed knowledge of the area about which he writes. He should be in a position to anticipate difficulties of approach, route finding and descent, and accordingly make his advice very clear. Therefore beware, for *French Rock Climbs* is not that sort of guidebook. If you can accept it for what it is, a shortlist of selected climbs in a few areas, then you'll find it very useful. But if you treat it as a definitive guidebook you may come unstuck. Apparently there is an abseil described which leaves the victim in the middle of a very blank bit of rock.

One could nit-pick individual descriptions and grades at length, but this would not be comprehensive and perhaps not necessary. Sufficient to say that British climbers should take Livesey's over-simplified descriptions with a pinch of salt, and beware the technical grades; they appear a little stiff. In France, topos are more useful than written descriptions and, unfortunately, several of the diagrams produced in this book are very poor. The topo of Pichenibule is seriously vague, and that of Estemporanee is quite frankly useless. The selected climbs are not always the best, and one or two are quite atrocious.

Climbing in France is fast becoming a trend with British rock climbers, being much cheaper and more accessible than the U.S.A. The climbing is absolutely magnificent and the scenery and weather puts Britain to shame. *French Rock Climbs* partly fulfils an increasing demand for written information about climbing areas in France, but it can only be regarded as a stop-gap measure. There is, I believe, an unsatisfied demand for a much more comprehensive guidebook, or series of guidebooks to France and other European rock climbing areas.

Mike Browell

Note: Sleep easy Mike and go on the crag with impunity: I'm certain that Pete is not vindictive! Ed.

Lundy Rock Climbs by Robert Moulton (1980)

R.N.R.M.M.C.

Before 1970 Lundy was a sleepy little island best known to a few climbers for the classic Devil's Slide. In the 1966 Devon guide there were a mere 31 Lundy routes, then by 1970 when Bob Moulton's first little guide came out there were still only 55 routes, and now a decade later there is a staggering total of 264 routes on the island. Lundy can now certainly hold its head up proudly and be counted as one of the major climbing areas of the country. Indeed this new guide is just about the optimum size for a guide and can only get too bulky in future editions if the current rate of exploration continues.

It is the evocative and aesthetically pleasing cover which first catches the eye. Brian Wilkinson's fine drawing makes a pleasant change from the usual photograph and adds a hint of mystery to this isolated area. It must bring back many happy memories of hidden zawns, sea stacks, friendly seals and the plaintive cries of the seabirds. The drawings are also well done and are enhanced by some excellent, professional artwork.

The history and first ascent list make quite a good read and in the early era we read of climbers such as Logan, Shaw, Lawder, Fishwick, Biven and Banks. By the 70s however it was mainly Cannings, Darbyshire and the inevitable Littlejohn who were putting up the big routes, and fairly big they were with routes of 300 feet and even a recent one of 460 feet. Some of the names are very fine and provide a strong incentive to visit the island: Antiworlds, The Stone Tape, Wolfman Jack, Creation, Spacewalk, The Promised Land and Scorched Earth are just a few of the Extremes which appealed to me during the first browse through the guide.

There are not just routes for the hard lads however as, in addition to the 47 Extremes, there are 126 routes in the VS/HVS range and 91 below VS; in other words somewhat more than enough for 'just one flying visit' to the island.

The route descriptions are clear and concise and who could fail to be interested by such phrases as 'dramatic severe', 'elegant route', 'unrelentingly steep', 'impeccable route' and best of all 'the soaring crack'? Superlatives abound and we see 'excellent', 'magnificent', 'superb', 'impressive', 'spectacular', etc. etc., which all paints an overall picture which is guaranteed to give any climber an acute attack of itchy feet as he thumbs through the guide. In fact sitting listening to the beating rain and the South Stack foghorn at Gogarth I begin to wonder why I have not gone south to this promised land of milk and honey.

To re-use a recent phrase; everyone who uses this guide should buy Bob a pint when they see him (I wonder where I read that last?). Seriously though this is a first class job and should sell like hot cakes.

G.M.

Devon New Climbs 1980 by Pete O'Sullivan

R.N.R.M.M.C. £1.30

This is a useful little supplement which updates both Bob Moulton's 1978 Devon guide and also Pat Littlejohn's South Devon guide.

It is nice to have a supplement with a cover photograph although in this case what the two climbers are actually doing is totally beyond my imagination. Inside it says that they are benighted but to me it looks like a case of consenting adults in public!

With 162 routes the old rule of thumb of 1p per route makes it a fair price especially as they are all concise and well described. The routes cover a wide range of difficulty and there is rock for everyone but don't ask me to do Breakaway with you. The answer is emphatically NO.

JOURNALS OF KINDRED CLUBS

The Editor thanks the Midland Association of Mountaineers for sending their 1979/80 journal. Packed into its eighty pages are some 14 articles which take one through the Selkirks and Rockies, to Mt. Edith Cavell and Mt. Athabasca. We visit medics on Chimborazo and travel to Kenya, Switzerland and the Pyrenees. Closer to home we get to grips with the Old Man of Hoy and the Ben and even get caught in Pat Littlejohn's slipstream. Throw in an article on Desert Island Mountaineering Books and you have a pleasant evening's read.

Other publications received were Appalachia December 1979 and June 1980, American Alpine Journal 1980 and New Zealand Alpine Journal 1977. And what of the others?

EXPEDITION & AREA NOTES

British Kangchenjunga Expedition - 1979

The object of the 1979 Expedition was to make the first ascent from the North West from the Kangchenjunga glacier. We decided not to use oxygen equipment, but took one bottle of oxygen and mask and regulator for use in medical emergency - happily this was not used. We also decided to limit Sherpa support to two Sherpas as far as the North Col only. From the start it was decided to limit the team to four members and to finance the project from our own resources as far as possible. The original team had to be changed when Paul Braithwaite withdrew because of illness and his place was filled by Georges Bettembourg from Chamonix. (Peter Boardman and Joe Tasker were the other two members). One of the Sherpas, Ang Phurba, was a good friend who had been to Camp VI on Everest South West Face with us, and to Nuptse as well last year. 50 year old Nima Tenzing was the second Sherpa and he had been a young porter on the 1955 Kangchenjunga Expedition!

The 18-day walk in to Base Camp began on March 18th and we arrived at Pang Pema (16,500 ft.) on April 4th. The approach march was magnificent, but unfortunately Peter, whilst bouldering, damaged a ligament in his ankle and had to be carried for four days in a wicker basket by a three man team of strong porters. Six porters were retained for a one day carry to the temporary Camp I at 17,000 ft. then on the 14th April Camp II was established at 19,000 ft.

During the next two weeks, after many setbacks with the weather and stonefall, we climbed and fixed rope up the 3,000 ft. mixed ice and rock West Face of the North Col to establish Camp III at 22,600 ft. This face was reminiscent of the difficult North East Spur of the Droites in the Mont Blanc range. In teams of two we had now systematically climbed the major technical difficulty of the mountain.

On May 1st Joe descended with severe headaches to Camp II. The rest of us reached a suitable site for Camp IV after climbing 1,800 ft. up the North Ridge to 24,000 ft. We moved up the ridge on May 2nd to dig a snow cave for Camp IV and after five hours we had a magnificent grotto - a firm base from which to tackle the remaining difficulties of the mountain.

We left for the summit on May 4th, re-climbed the Rock Step and exited onto the Great Scree Terrace and snow slope on the west of the North Ridge. We were now at the mercy of the westerly winds, blowing in gusts of 60-70 m.p.h., which just allowed us to proceed intermittently along the North Ridge until at 26,000 ft. we decided to shelter on the Sikkimese side of the ridge. The winds were now blowing continuously at 80-90 m.p.h. and we were now catching the full force of them. Crossing over a little snow col, we experienced violent static electricity that felt as if our backs and buttocks were disintegrating. Immediately we crossed over the ridge

the wind dropped, and we dug out a ledge about 50 ft. below the ridge on the ice slope. At 1.30 a.m. on May 5th the wind changed direction and rapidly increased in violence snapping the centre hoop of the double skin tunnel tent. After 2.30 a.m. the wind was at hurricane force and strips of fabric began to blow from the tent. The inner tent in its turn was torn to shreds and was released and snatched away by the wind. The team was now left sitting on that steep slope at 26,000 ft. and soon beat a retreat to safety, but in the descent I sustained frostbite on four fingers and Peter had frostnip on his big toe.

On May 11th we all returned to Camp IV snow cave, wasted a rare fine day to rest and on May 13th we decided to go for the summit for the second time. We intended to go direct without tents or sleeping bags but took along a shovel to dig an emergency shelter if necessary. We set off that evening, hoping to use the light of the full moon and soon reached the Great Terrace, but the wind became stronger and snow flurries blew up. After sheltering, the weather deteriorated and we descended back to Camp IV.

Peter, Joe and I set off for a third go on May 15th and at last the weather was kind. We spent a good night at a small bergschrund cave and set off again at 8.00 a.m. We made good progress up the band of snow that is a main feature of the upper summit triangle and after 2,000 ft. of climbing reached the pinnacles on the 1955 route at 4.00 p.m. By 5.00 a.m. we had climbed the last 500 ft. and reached the summit for a magnificent sunset and a fantastic view of all the surrounding mountains. It was, surprisingly, a very enjoyable day, despite the lack of oxygen, although the descent to the bergschrund cave was something of a trial. Two days later the mountain had been evacuated and we arrived at Kathmandu on May 29th, tired but happy.

Doug Scott

British Kussum Kangguru - Nuptse - Everest Expedition - 1979

By the Summer of 1979 a plan had emerged to climb several peaks that would not only offer interesting climbing but would also enable us to acclimatise sufficiently to tackle Everest in alpine style. Georges Bettembourg, Michael Covington and I planned to climb Kussum Kangguru and Nuptse, whilst Alan Rouse and Brian Hall were on Kang Taiga. All five of us then arranged to meet up at Everest Base Camp around the 10-15th October, to try the West Ridge of Everest in alpine-style.

After a three day walk in and three days of mixed climbing over the rock and snow of the 3,000 ft. buttress of Kussum Kangguru Georges, Michael and I reached the North Summit of the mountain. The final twenty feet to the main summit were not taken owing to the delicate nature of the cornices laden with fresh monsoon snow. We descended by the same route and moved around to Khumjung and eventually reached Everest Base Camp towards the end of September.

We easily climbed up the Ice Fall with the help of ladders fixed by the German Everest Expedition, and went through to establish a Camp 2 in the Western Cwm, where we checked on the snow conditions on Nuptse and also on the South Buttress of Everest. Two members of the German expedition died from exposure on the South Col Route and as Michael was out of action from a severe intestinal infection he volunteered to accompany the American wife and child of Roy Genet, one of the dead, down to Syanboche airstrip.

Meanwhile George and I went up to the Lo La, in order to inspect the West Ridge of Everest and also to view the North Buttress of Nuptse from the side. With the help of 300 ft. of Yugoslav electron ladders in place, the 'pass' was reached after six hour's climbing from Base Camp. The West Ridge was in reasonable condition considering that it was just into the post-monsoon period.

Brian Hall and Alan Rouse arrived from Kang Taiga on 7th October and the next day they went up to Camp 2 in the Western Cwm to acclimatise, and also to have a look at Nuptse. It was obvious that with Michael off the Expedition, and with Alan and Brian only having been up to 20,000 ft. on Kang Taiga that they should acclimatise by joining in on the Nuptse climb, if the Everest plan had any chance at all. On October 14th we left for Camp 2. The top of the Ice Fall was already breaking up and was quite dangerous, but we reached Camp 2 by late afternoon.

Alan, George and I set off to reconnoitre a route through the Ice Fall at the foot of the North Face on October 15th. We found a way through and left a total of 250 feet of rope hanging down five short ice cliffs which had been climbed with pegs. Next day all four of us set off up the base of the prominent snow and ice spur that is an obvious feature of the North Face. At this point we dug a large cave into the bergschrund at 23,500 ft.

We climbed up about a thousand feet next day with the climbing gear and left two fixed ropes for the night. On the 18th we left the comfortable cave carrying three day's food. By late afternoon we had reached the top of the spur, and after a further thousand feet of climbing found a terrace of snow suitable for another snow cave at 25,000 ft.

After climbing up steep snow aretes the summit was reached at 2.30 p.m. on the 19th. The actual summit this year consisted of a huge 'whipped cream roll' of a cornice. As this seemed in danger of collapsing it was not ascended. The team descended in violent winds and found the Ice Fall in complete chaos.

After a few days recovering from the Nuptse climb the team turned its attention to Everest, but the weather was now clear but very cold and for various reasons it was felt that it was too late for an alpine-style climb on the West Ridge for this team.

Doug Scott

The Andes - 1979

Between May and June there was a remarkable series of alpine-style ascents by a very strong team. On May 22nd Brian Hall, Nicholas Jaeger and Al Rouse made the first ascent of Tsacra Grande Oeste (18,337 ft.), by the 1,700 foot North West Face and then descended the South West Arete and the South East Face.

On June 3/4 Hall and Rouse ascended Ninashanca (18,494 ft.) by the West Spur of the West Face. They descended the North East Ridge and Face.

Lastly Hall, Jaeger and Rouse made the first ascent of Trapecio (18,547 ft.) by the South West Ridge.

Patagonia - Paine Group

In January 1979 a three man team, consisting of Phil Burke, Mick Horlov and Keith Myhill, made the first ascent of the 5,000 foot East Face of the Fortress. After two earlier attempts had failed the final push was completed in 13 days after 40 pitches of hard free and artificial climbing, which included a rarp and skyhook traverse. As Burke's hands were badly frostbitten on this 'big wall' the last pitch up the summit terraces was not completed.

British Mirganmishelli Expedition - 1979

At the end of March a strong team was planned for the assault of this last great Himalayan problem and an official letter from the 'Himalayan Club' headquarters in London was despatched to J.M. one of our club's young hard lads. The news of his inclusion in the team spread within a matter of hours to Wales, Derbyshire, Yorkshire and the Lakes, and was quickly the talk of the pubs. The team was to get together for an introductory meet at Yarncliffe Quarry and just as J. was about to go into Manchester to buy his double, high altitude boots, he was tipped off about the dubious nature of the expedition. It should be pointed out by the way that this 'mythical' but now well known peak got its name from a hot Indian curry!

Loof Lirpa

North Wales Notes

The savage winter of early 1979, undoubtedly one of the worst (or best whichever way you look at it) since 1947, will long be remembered and the unforgettable sight of parties 'strolling' both up and down the great cleft of the Devil's Kitchen is not likely to be seen again in a hurry. It was even possible to strap on crampons down at

road level and step straight out onto the lower ice slopes. After years of waiting for routes to come into winter condition the rush was on as teams took to the hills ready for action with all the latest gear. Consequently there was an immediate break through in local standards and some superb grade IV and V ice routes were grabbed during this period. Tut Braithwaite set tongues going after a necky ascent of the ice-coated *Bloody Slab* on Cloggy, but it was Mick Fowler who dominated the scene. His tally included *Brwynog Chimney* (IV) and *Mostest Direct Start* (IV) on Cloggy, *Central Gully Direct* (V) on Lliwedd, *Skid Row* (IV) on Llech Ddu, as well as *Lungfish* (V), *Left-hand Pillar* (V) and *Chequered Wall* (V), on Craig y Rhaeadr. His various seconds included M. Morrison, C. Griffiths, T. Jones and C. Rowe. Teams even got to grips with the heavily iced-up gullies on the Grochan and many were the epic tales that reached the pub.

Eventually the spring made a belated appearance and with Mike Mortimer's new Tremadog guide the low level crags saw a great deal of frenzied activity. Many minor variations were claimed by various parties both before and after the guide came out. On Bwlch y Moch, S. Cathcart added *Savage Man* (E3,5c), while S. Peake climbed *New Management* (E2,5b) and *Magic Mushroom* (E3,6a) as well as soloing *Broken Edge* (E2,5c) the arete left of the Neb. Pant Ifan received a close inspection from M. Griffiths who produced *Electric Edge* (E3,5c), *Technical Master* (E2,6a), and *Laser Crack* (E1,5b). Cathcart climbed *Fear* (E3,6a), and *Integral Direct* (E3,6a) was added by Dave Humphries. A certain controversial Peak District climber also got in on the action. Along the road at Craig y Castell, Al Evans resurfaced once again for *One Step in the Crowds* and *Sorry Sally*, two E1s.

Down in the Crafnant valley on Craig y Dwr, Cathcart climbed *Crash Landing*, the groove left of Tremor, and caused a few raised eyebrows by giving it a grade of E4,6c much to the amusement of some of the cynical locals.

At Idwal there was plenty going on on Suicide Wall where Ron Fawcett with Chris Gibb did a big line left of Route 1. *Wall of the Dead* or *Mur y Meirwon*, whichever you prefer, gets E4,6a while Pete Livesey with Jill Lawrence climbed *Zero* (E5,6a) an even harder line. Nigel Shepherd also got in on the action with *Jailbreak* (E3,6a) and *The Reprieve* (E1,5b). On the Gribin Facet M. Crook found three new routes: *The Scream* (H.V.S.), *The Serpent* (E1) and *Diadem* (H.V.S.). John Redhead, who added one or two top grade routes during the year, paid a visit and climbed *Insidious Sliit* (E4,6a) a hard route to the left of Yob Route.

Along the coast at Gogarth activity returned to normal as far as new routes were concerned but many of the routes in the '78 Supplement took a hammering and most of them received second ascents. Pete Whillance repeated *The Cad* with Dave Armstrong and chopped one of the two controversial protection bolts, and another hard route, *Barbarossa*, had leads by Cleasby, Hamilton and Gomersall. Fawcett's test piece, *Blackleg*, is still holding out however despite a determined effort by Whillance. The Wintringhams returned for *Morphine* (E1,5b) a line which crosses *Pentothal*, Fawcett filled in *Three Musketeers* and *Levi* near *The Hustler*, while on the Upper Tier, Knighton and Cronshaw gardened the obvious crack which crosses *Amphitheatre Wall* to give *Mill St. Junction* (E1,5b). Four major routes were

eventually completed at Gogarth. *The Long Run* (E4,6a) by Whillance takes an airy wall to the left of *The Cad*, at North Stack. To the right of *Big Groove*, Jim Moran with Paul Williams finished off two outstanding routes which had been gardened in 1978 - *The Tet Offensive* is E4,6a,6a while *Sebastopol* is a line of similar difficulty. *Mein Kampf* (E4,6a) another Moran creation, the last of the four, is a powerful line on *Left Hand Red Wall*.

Up on Cloggy during a dry spell in August several of the outstanding problems were solved as well as others which involved an attack on some of the steeper and blankest-looking walls. *The Axe* (E4,6a) is an audacious line up the overhanging arete to the right of *East Gully Groove*. On the Far East, Whillance soloed a *Direct Finish to Sinistra* (E1,5a) and Mick Fowler freed *Chicane*. In addition Whillance with the Berzins singled out the lethally loose groove, *Vanishing Giraffes* (E3,5a), which stands out so prominently in the centre of the Pinnacle face. The line to the right of *The Boldest*, *The Boulderer* (E3,5c) was also picked off by Whillance and Phil Jewel. On the East Buttress no fewer than three new routes appeared in quick succession; Fowler and Thomas climbed *Spread Eagle* (X.S.,5c,5c) which takes thin cracks to the left of *Vember*; Livesey and Lawrence took a steep line, *The Purr-Spire* (E4,6a) on the wall to the right of *Troach*; the third line up the arete right of *Pedestal Crack*, which was climbed by Redhead, was given the rather crude name of *Organ Flagellator* which is somehow out of place on such a historically significant crag.

Early in the year while the weather was bad the Llanberis locals stayed low down and put up several routes in the Craig Nant Peris quarry. *The Butcher*, *The Hooligan*, *The Poacher* and *The Deceiver* were a few of the products created by Williams, Trower, Jewel etc. Williams with Dave Roberts then went on to *Brut 33* (E3,5c) an impressive overhang to the left of *Unicorn Direct* on the Wastad which was described as being 'very strenuous and butch'. On the Cromlech, Williams continued his search for new bits of rock with *Zimbabwe* (E1,5b) the arete to the right of *Holly Buttress* and *Misty Wall* (E1,5b) an excellent little pitch to the left of *Cenotaph Corner Finish*. He also partnered Leigh McGinley on *Golgotha* (E4,5c) a serious line to the left of *Ivy Sepulchre*. In the Pass two major routes stand out from the rest of the '79 batch. On Cynr Las, Ed Cleasby with Rob Matheson completed *Superskull* (E4,6a,5c,5c) in two sessions to give an airy companion route to its more famous neighbour.

The really big news of the year however was the ascent of *Lord of the Flies* by Ron Fawcett and Chris Gibb. This stupendous wall pitch between *Cenotaph Corner* and *Right Wall* was first given an E5,6a grading and was described as being both 'harder and more sustained than *Right Wall*'. Now that says only one thing to me - if an open ended graded system is ever to be used sensibly then this is probably the time to have the first Welsh E6 with a technical grade of either 6b or 6c. Whatever the decision there is no doubt that Fawcett is now a head in front of all the other pace setters who are trying to create a big impression and this pitch which must be regarded as a major step forward in Welsh climbing standards is only the catalyst which will start a chain reaction in the next few years.

G.M.

North Wales Notes -1980

Unlike 1979 when the weather was bad for several months, the start of the new decade saw one or two hard routes as early as January when Ron Fawcett started the ball rolling with *Precious* on the Cromlech. This route was given E5,6b as were *J.R.* and *Hall of Warriors* two further routes on the same crag. Fawcett also created *Ivory Madonna* a superb but hard girdle, yet the hardest pitch was *Atomic Hot Rod* the overhanging crack to the left of *Horseman's Route*. Graded as 7a this pitch has so far repulsed several leaders who have fancied their chances at repeating the route.

Also in the Pass, Fawcett climbed *Venturi Effect* a smooth groove to the right of *Sickle*. It was not all a one man show however as Pat Littlejohn with Steve Lewis added *Silent Spring* and *Ghosts* to Craig y Raeadr to fill in two of the most obvious gaps. They paid a visit to Ogwen as well to grab *Night Moves* up the left wall of the Devil's Kitchen. Ogwen was also the scene of an act of wanton vandalism as after Martin Boysen had previously done a route off the one and only mature oak tree for miles around the tree was felled at about the same time as John Redhead claimed *The Wrinkled Retainer*, an E5,6c route. Compared with such a thoughtless act the route which takes the top block of the Milestone Buttress seems hardly worth mentioning.

To be fair Redhead has climbed some very hard routes during the year and his persistence has spurred Fawcett on to climb some of the hardest routes seen so far. At Great Orme, Redhead's *Plas Berw* and *The Bittersweet Connection* are both outstanding hard routes. Tremadog however has been the major forcing ground for the latest technical breakthrough, with Vector Buttress in particular in the limelight. Redhead's routes include, *Sultans of Swing* (6a), *Sexual Salami* (6b), *The Atomic Finger Flake* (6b) and *Bananas* (6c), while Fawcett finally stole the *Strawberries* (7a) which is the much tried line shown on the front of the Tremadog guide.

Out at Gogarth most of the action has been at the highest level with leaders grabbing most of the last few great problems. Fawcett freed *The Horrorshow* and not to be outdone Redhead freed *Barbarossa*. On the Main Cliff *Wall of Fossils* and *The Big Sleep* were sorted out by Fawcett, Moran and Williams, but Littlejohn climbed *Alien* which has been one of the most talked about lines for some time. Yet again North Stack has seen history being made, and it is hard to decide which of two events is the most significant.

Cathcart, who is not noted for his soloing activities on the hard trade routes, has claimed a solo ascent of *The Cad*. If true this must count as probably the hardest and most serious solo done in Wales so far, and I am staggered by this achievement. A few feet away Redhead, who does not seem to be able to get his nose in front of Fawcett technically, has put up *The Bells! The Bells!* which has been given an initial grade of E6,6b.

And so in 1980 we have seen 6c and 7a technical pitches as well as the first E6 which indicates yet another dimension as far as seriousness is concerned. We have

also seen a new level in competitive showmanship. All I can say is "Roll up. roll up. Come and see the circus with its performing sapients. Stand back off the ropes there you boys". Is this what climbing is really all about?

After years of waiting it now looks as if the true Great Wall/Master's Wall on Cloggy is about to receive an ascent. Redhead seems to have worked out nearly all the moves and is about to strike with minimal protection. All we can do now is wait and see, but what next?

G.M.

Peak District Notes

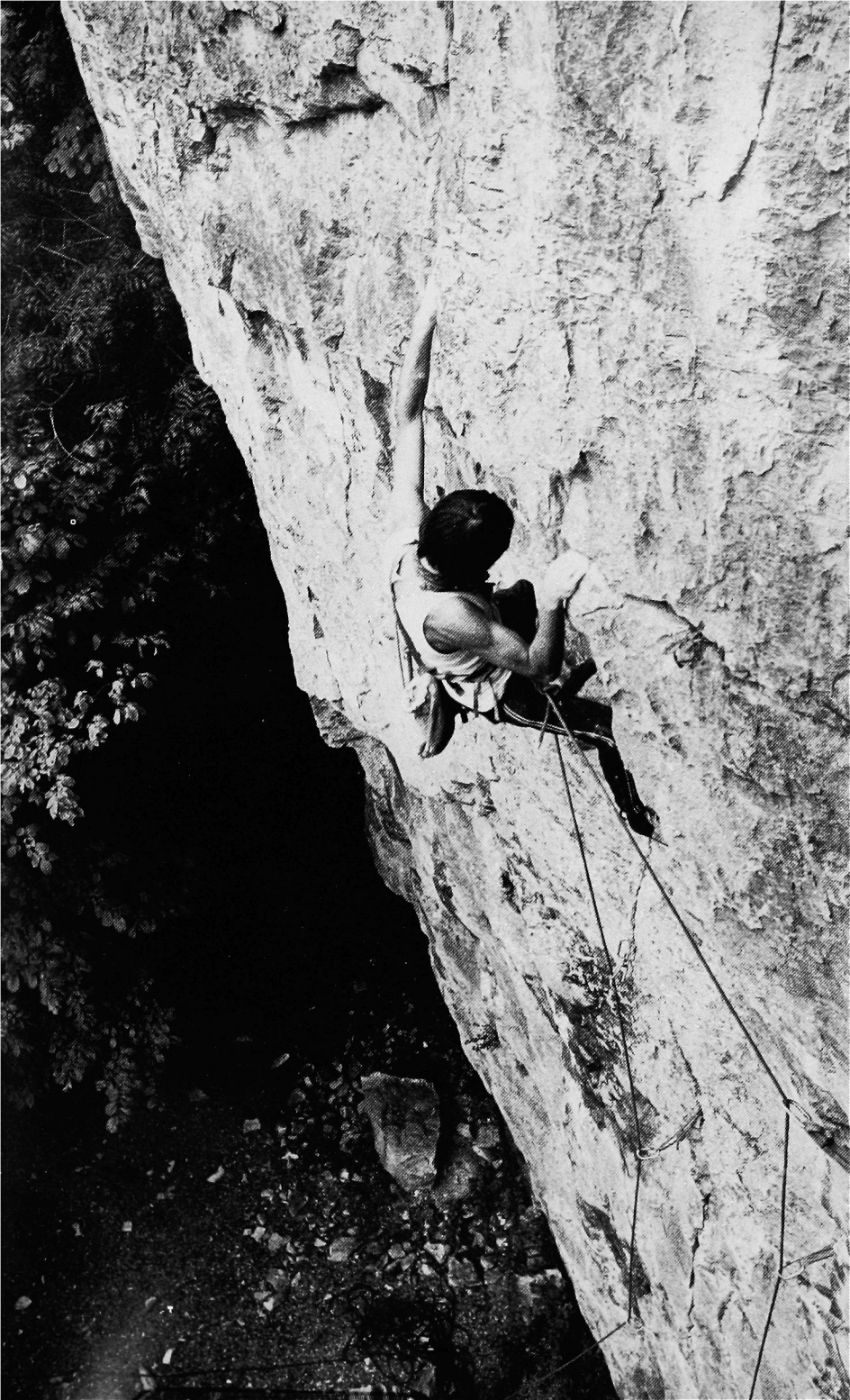
At the close of the 1970s perhaps one can be forgiven for attempting a brief overview of the decade before examining 1979 in detail. In searching for a theme amongst the learned works of past authors, one finds individual hobby-horses being ridden roughshod over such issues as chalk, hold chipping, ethics and the price of tea at Eric's.

The 70s have seen the arrival of chalk on the 'Peak District scene and there is every indication that it is here to stay. Early thoughts that it might be just a passing phase have been clearly dispelled, and indeed chalk is now considered to be as necessary as EBs in the climbers' equipment.

Hold chipping has long been a skeleton in the Peak District's cupboard; not uncommon on loose limestone or quarried grit, but in the 70s it found its way onto natural gritstone. Peak District climbers were quick to react, and such acts of vandalism as *Linden* and *Downhill Racer* were severely criticised. Certain blank lines on limestone and gritstone are currently under surveillance, lest crucial holds suddenly appear.

Ethics in the Peak District have been hotly debated throughout the decade. Abseil inspections and cleaning are now considered to be reasonable precautions for first ascents; but top roped practice, falls for resting, baby-bouncer side runners and pre-placed protection are viewed with suspicion. Validity of first ascent claims is being openly questioned, where perhaps not all the story has been disclosed. In an area where second and third ascents of a new route may take place within hours of the first, the ethics of the first ascensionist quickly becomes open knowledge. All has not been above reproach in the 1970s; and it is to be hoped that the 1980s see a new ethic accepted.

1979 was the fourth year of a particularly intense boom period in Peak District climbing. Each year has seen perhaps 200 plus new routes, an amazing quantity considering the high grades and the quality. 1979 produced almost 300, few easier





than HVS and many of exceptionally high quality. And coupled with this development has come a perennial generation of intense young men, Peak District climbers who appear annually, cut their teeth on last year's horrors and then proceed to create their own. Characteristically, employment is the exception rather than the rule, and equally characteristic is that the star performers of one year do not necessarily re-appear in the next spring. Perhaps Rock Athletics is not such an addictive hobby as rock climbing?

High standard rock climbing is now commonplace - it is no longer exceptional to see ascents of E3 standard. Indeed, a typical day on High Tor saw parties attempting *Bastille*, *Flaky Wall*, *Original Route*, *Debauchery*, *Darius*, *Robert Brown*, *Lyme Cryme*, *Delicatessen*, *Castellan* and *Highlight*. Not all were successful.

The Peak District climbing (and rock athletics) scene still centres around Eric's cafe at Stoney Middleton; now under new management and with four sizes of cup. Up the road, nothing changes; Tom Proctor still keeps the world at bay with a perennial crop of desperate routes. Of the 1979 harvest few have yet been repeated, but of those which have, *My Girdle is Killing Me* ranks highly. *Colonel Bogey* and *Four Minute Tiler* are particularly fierce and seem destined to become the next decade's test pieces. Few other climbers have succeeded in penetrating the Proctor domain, but Geoff Birtles is one of the chosen few, and took the lead on *Black Teddy*, and on *Oliver*, an instant classic steep wall climb in Stoney Quarry. *Jasper*, the next route left of *Oliver*, suffered a remarkable facelift after the particularly severe winter of 1978/79 (of which more later) and the huge flake now lies below the route. Those who already have the necessary tick in their old guidebooks may groan, it isn't transferable to the new version. Proctor has re-ascended the climb at an even higher standard than previously. Al Evans also managed a minor filler; *Soapsuds* was apparently climbed cleaner than clean; a companion to the classic *Bubbles Wall*.

1979 saw repeat ascents of *Kink* by a number of parties, and *Bitter Fingers* has now become a trade route for aspiring rock athletes. The conveniently located resting jug, well known to be loose but safe, is now residing on Jeremy Frost's fireplace and the chalky handprints of scores of climbers bears witness to the relief it gave, but no longer.

With publication of the long awaited Northern Limestone guide book imminent, limestone experienced a surge of last minute exploration. Proctor was seen to spend substantial amounts of time on *Little Plum* and on *Menopause*, but both retained some aid into the 1980s.

Down in Chee Dale the news of the year was Phil Burke's ascent of *Big Plum* with only one aid point. For months, rumours were rife that it might have been, but there again it might not; and it was left to Burke to sort it out. There was no rush to repeat the ascent. Horizontal tactics were the order of the dale with Proctor's impressive ascent of *Santiano* - at 20 feet reputedly the biggest free climbed roof in Britain.

Chris Jackson was taking a healthy interest in his new guide book, and having the manuscript at his disposal, was ideally suited to climbing all the gaps before

Opp: Unknown climbers on *Debauchery*, High Tor
M. Warwick & R. Conway on *Lyme Cryme*, High Tor

Photo - C. Jackson

publication. Deepdale was re-discovered, and Jackson, with Bob Conway and Tom Proctor, cleared up a bumper crop of new routes in a very short period. As yet, few have shown interest in repeat ascents, but the same is not true for Jackson's new routes on The Cornice in Chee Dale. *Fey* and *Rue Morgue* became instant classics, and had several repeats in 1979. Also on Chee Dale, *Stolen Fruit* takes a lower line across the Isolate wall on Two Tier Buttress, and again, repeat ascents confirm its quality. These and other new routes on limestone are notable in that they take completely new lines up unclimbed rock, rather than free climbing artificial climbs. Indeed, this would appear to be a precedent for the next decade's development on limestone; existing aid climbs are now quite rare and attention has turned to the gaps between.

Chee Dale enjoyed considerable popularity in 1979, and all the Two Tier Buttress routes except *Ra* received several ascents. At Chee Tor, *Apocalypse* was singularly avoided whilst *Ceramic* and *Mortlock's Arete* received regular attention and spectacular falls. Water cum Jolly has returned to its backwater image after a brief spate of feverish activity between 1975-1977. Little new development of note took place, barring Proctor's ascent of *Rubicon*, a 15 foot roof problem, and Jim Moran's impressive lines of *The Alien* and *War*. The latter two climbs take painfully obvious sections of unclimbed rock on what may be the least developed buttress in the Peak District. Nearby, Raven's Tor continues to provide unlikely free routes where previous generations have relied on light engineering. *Little Extra* from the Proctor, Birtles and Marshall team and the serious *Ministry of Silly Walks* with Birtles in the lead are the routes this year, and one wonders how long it will be before the major aid routes are free climbed on this crag.

On Derwent Valley limestone, High Tor retains its reputation as having the highest possible free climbing standards. *Bastille* has been repeated in its free state by Andy Brown and *Castellan* has been climbed statically. But the big news has been Phil Burke's ascents of everybody's secret lines. *Tales of Yankee Power* between *Supersonic* and *Original Route*, and *A6*, free climbing *Extender*. Both are at the top of the scale for difficulty.

Staffordshire limestone in Dovedale and Manifold has continued to develop under the impetus of John Codling and Dave Jones. Of their routes, Codling's *Wild Country* on Dovedale Church seems to be a big undertaking and *Deltoid Shuffle* on Raven's Tor has already witnessed a spectacular failure.

In Beresford Dale, Codling and Jones appear to be unchallenged, and such gems as *Finger Drive*, *A Man Possessed* and *Bright Eyes* seem destined to await a future generation of connoisseurs.

Manifold Valley has had its share of the action, with a free ascent of *Curtain Variant* by Frost and Codling and a new girdle of Beeston, *Lord of the Dance*, by Codling and Jones. *Black Grub* and its companion route *Catharsis* have at last received some attention, both are superb, and it is interesting to note that *Black Grub* remained unrepeatable for four years.

Gritstone would appear to be in decline in 1979, with much less new route activity than that occurring on limestone. This phenomenon seems to suggest that the current technical standards have been almost exploited on gritstone and that few new lines remain in the more reasonable grade categories. Few aid climbs remain to be ascended, and the future must look with horror at the unprotected faces between existing routes.

The usual rash of inconsequential lines have been claimed on all the gritstone outcrops. Most have been climbed before but are so close to existing routes, or so insignificant that they were quickly ignored. Currently it seems in vogue to record all claims as the search for new rock becomes more competitive.

A few important lines have been climbed, in particular on Stanage is Steve Bancroft's *Bocno Buttress*, and on Curbar, *The Beer Hunter*. At long last Steve has managed to complete the second pitch to *Narcissus*, extending this boulder problem to create an amazingly difficult route up Froggatt Pinnacle.

The Roaches have continued to yield up a fine crop of new routes, and as such they do not fit into the pattern of the other Peak District gritstone. Many of the routes are in the HVS category, and may well become popular. *Fantasy Finish* and *Sign of the Times* by Dave Jones, and Nick Longland's *Sneeze* are notable on the Roaches, and at the Third Cloud, *Waxwing* and *Tim Benzadrino*.

The axe-cess problem on the lower tier of the Roaches meant a voluntary self-preservation ban on climbing while Eugene's reign of terror continued, but Jones managed to sneak in the topical *Eugene's Axe* before climbing ceased.

But perhaps the exceptional events of 1979 in the Peak District were in fact not rock climbing, but winter conditions in January and February of the year. The hard winter gave rise to some hysterically funny situations, Bob Berzins stepped off a high bergschrund to ascend *Buffoon* on Stanage, and Chris Calow soloed *Old Friends* without the usual consequences of failure. At Millstone high standard climbing became fashionable owing to considerable snow drifts. *Green Death* was top-roped in January by several parties, and Proctor returned in late February to lead the route, an amazing effort. The consequences became all too apparent when the ice melted, as the crampon scarred rock bears witness. Other rock routes were ascended under severely iced conditions, and at one time, Burbage North disappeared completely.

The hard frosts continued to make a contribution to the rock scenery throughout the year. *Jasper* was not the only route to collapse from freeze-thaw action. One spectacular lob from the summit of High Tor was attributed to it being the first ascent of *Darius* since the winter. Luckily the bolt held this time.

And perhaps the other memorable event of the year was the filming of *Rock Athlete*, by Sid Perou. Television viewers in 1980 are to be given a rare insight into the delights of Peak District horrors - Steve Bancroft gasping his way up *London Wall* and Pete Livesey performing on *Downhill Racer*. It is perhaps ironic to note

that both routes are the product of light engineering activities, and that ascents of either frequently touch the sensitive nerve of Peak District ethics.

Mike Browell

South West Notes

The South West has yet again yielded a fine crop of new routes to persistent teams. New crags have been developed and much tried lines have fallen.

At Avon the local climbers have been filling the lines of blankness between existing blank routes. On the quarried wall above Unknown Butress, Andy Hall has added *Slender Noris* (E3,6a), which climbs the thin crack right of there. Steve Monks climbed the strenuous overhanging crack line just right of *Mirage* to give *Arms Race* (E3,5c). Monks led *Atmosfears* on Main Wall without the rest points to give Avon its most serious route.

Cheddar has not seen a great deal of activity, possibly owing to the appalling weather during the winter. Monks eliminated the final aid point on *Ginsberg* at E4,6a. Steve Finlay dispensed with the aid on *Concorde* which is now E3,5c. *Stone Warrior* (E4,6a) free climbs *Mordor* to the roofs and then continues directly over these and was climbed by Monks. In the Amphitheatre he also added the exacting *Boadicea* (E4,6a) which boasts a lunge over a roof from undercuts.

On the Dorset coast Swanage has seen a burst of activity from a number of keen, talented climbers. This area has unlimited potential for, as climbs fall into the sea, new and better routes are uncovered. George Hounscombe has climbed the crack/groove where *Blinking Crack* used to be at E2,5a and this is reported to be superb. On the Promenade Kevin Turner has free climbed the old aid route *Crystal Voyager* at E3,5c to give a magnificent route. Monks managed to eliminate the final aid point on *Warlord* to make this a very sustained and strenuous route. The roofs left of *Squid* at Fishermens Ledges gave Nick Buckley *The Ritz* (E1,5b) although it looks harder. The hanging flake to the left of the second belay of *Polaris* at Blackers Hole gave Dave Ivory *Nuke* (X.S. 6a). With the preceding 6a pitch of *Polaris* this must be the most sustained route at Swanage.

In Devon all hell has been let loose with major routes falling with monotonous regularity to a number of strong teams. At Torbay Mick Fowler and Arnis Strapcans climbed the ridiculously angled rock between *Curse* and *Iron Butterfly* to give *Depth Charge*, X.S., with a number of 5c pitches. Also here Pete O'Sullivan added *False Alarms* E3,5c through the overhangs left of *Melinda*. The much tried groove line on Sanctuary Wall succumbed to Monks to give *Call To Arms* (E4,6a). Steve Bell also freed *The Mitre* which had repulsed a number of strong teams.

On Dartmoor a number of 'last great problems' were solved. At Haytor Pat Littlejohn climbed the shallow cracks right of *North Face Chimney* to give *Rough*

Diamond (E3,6a). Fowler free climbed the *Haytor Girdle*, a long hand traverse on rounded holds. At Eagle Rock near Dartmeet O'Sullivan climbed the overhanging arete right of *Ivy Wall* to give *Solitary Experience* (E2,5c). The Dewerstone had its remaining lines climbed by O'Sullivan and Bell the best being the latter's *Dragon Song* (E3,6a) which takes the wall to the left of *Dangler*. On the North Face of Vixen Tor Nipper Harrison snatched the obvious groove and roof much to the chagrin of a number of aspirants.

On the Culm Coast O'Sullivan was active developing Cow and Calf at Hartland Point. The best routes were *Tsunami* and *Carriatid*, both E3,5c. At Hartland Quay he climbed the middle of the blank landward slab to produce *Half-Life* (E2,5c). Undoubtedly the best routes were on Exmansworthy, two miles west of Blackchurch. Superb lines and excellent rock have been found here in eight months. The best are *Cat Burglar* (E2,5c), *Shadow Walker* (E3,5c,6a), *Hand Job* (E1,5c), *Formation Flying* (E3,5c,5b) and *Sheepdog Trials in Babylon* (E2,6a). This area deserves to become popular as these routes rank with the best in the county.

Further south Iain Peters has found the superb Hippa Rock which has produced, so far, two routes of great quality, *Dominator* and *Matchless* both E1,5b. Fowler upstaged and shocked everyone by climbing Henna Cliff in 6 hours. This epic produced *Breakaway*, HXS, with a number of 5c pitches from non-existent belays. His penchant for the more esoteric types of cliff means he will never be short of something new to climb (If he lasts that long! Ed.). Further south at Bukator he climbed the left arete to give *Private World* which he graded Alpine E.D.! Near here at Beeny (another unstable rock) he added *The Tourist*, X.S. The last three routes are 500 and 400 feet respectively so the objective dangers are obvious. As there are miles of cliffs in this area it is certain that developments will continue.

Carn Gowla has had a quiet year except for one or two notable exceptions. Rowland Edwards continued up the crack of *Mercury* to add a fine direct finish. Andy Tobin and Simon Harry climbed the wall on the right of *Halcyon Days* to give *Bridge of Sighs* (E3,5b/c) a serious route on brittle rock.

Down in the depths of Penwith Edwards has been extremely active climbing a considerable number of fine lines on various cliffs. Perhaps the most impressive are those at Carn Glouce just south of Gurnard's Head. *Astral Stroll* (E1,5b) finds its way through the huge roofs from the left and deserves to be extremely popular. On the right hand side he added *Dangerous Visions* (E3,6a) which forces a way through roofs and very steep grooves. At Carn Barra he climbed the crack and roof right of *Ra* to give *Illustrated Man* (E2,5b/c). At Zawn Kelly north of Carn Barra he found *American Dream* (E2,5c) an obvious line up the steep buttress on the north side of the zawn. He has added a large number of other routes including some in the easier grades in the zawn below the Horse's Back at Zennor.

Finally O'Sullivan and Peters climbed the first Extreme on soapstone with their girdle, *Loose Change* (E2,5b) at a zawn north of Kynance Cove at the Lizard.

With the escalation of standards and the surprising number of top class routes still

being found one cannot but feel keen to return to the area and get involved in the rush for routes.

Pete O'Sullivan

Guide Book Editor's Notes

In the three years since these notes last appeared in a Journal the new guide book format has become well established with the publication of three major Welsh guides (Gogarth, Llanberis Pass and Tremadog and the Moelwyns) and the long-overdue Bosigran guide. We are currently in the position of only having one title out of print (South East England or Southern Sandstones as it is to be re-titled) and while this is considerably better than past performance it still leaves scope for improvement - generally we should aim at publishing a replacement guide (either a re-print or a re-write) within months of a guide selling out. All of the new Welsh guides give E grades at the back of the book along with numeric pitch grades, but the decision has now been made to incorporate all the various grading information into the route descriptions. Our failure to do this before has been the cause of mounting criticism, particularly in reviews. We also intend to bring the West Penwith guide(s) into line with the Welsh series by the introduction of asterisks and other minor modifications. The absence of asterisks in the current West Penwith guides is a feature that arose from the decision to retain a certain autonomy for these guides - the asterisk system has to date found little popularity in South West guides despite its introduction in Peter Biven's Cornwall Volume 1

During the last three years we have also published two Interim/Supplement guides: Llyn Peninsula and the 1978 Gogarth Supplement the latter created something of a record for the club in being conceived, written and published in little over two months. The emphasis with the Interim/Supplement guides has been on economy and speed of production and the format is a useful one to have available to meet specific needs when a plastic-covered guide would be inappropriate. The object with the Llyn guide has not been to promote the climbing in the peninsula but rather to make the known information available to climbers so that they can make their own choice as to the future popularity of the area.

Our general policy for new routes remains one of publication in the C.C. Journal and to this end the inclusion of the Journal within the Publications Sub-Committee's sphere of activities should lead to closer co-ordination between the two arms of the club's publishing activities. The possibility of making additional print runs of the new route section of the Journal will be considered for future journals. It may be that continued intense development will force a re-think on this subject and a reversion to the New Climbs type of publication may be necessary.

Plans for the immediate future include the publication of three new guides: Southern Sandstone by Tim Daniells, Ogwen (the combination of the Idwal and Tryfan guides) by Tom Leppert, and Pembroke by Pat Littlejohn and Mike Harber.

All of these could be published within a year but some delays are probably inevitable. The other early publications will be reprinted Llanberis Pass and Tremadog/Moelwyns guides these are our two best-selling guides, whose publication has done much to finance our current guide book programme. In both cases we are planning to add an appendix of new routes and make minor revisions to the text - however the sheer volume of new routes, particularly at Tremadog may give rise to certain problems. Our next project is likely to be a single West Penwith guide possibly in conjunction with an interim guide to the Carn Gwla/North Coast area. For the longer term future there will be the question of how to handle the Cwm Silyn/Cloggy/Lliwedd areas and the North Wales Limestone cliffs.

Although detailed procedures for financial reporting still remain to be sorted out, it is now generally accepted that the club's guide book business is running consistently at a profit. While much of the profit needs to be used for financing future publications it is evident that a share of the profit can revert to the club.

R.D.M.

WANTED

The Editor is keen to acquire copies of Climber and Rambler for May 1965, January 1975, and October 1975 to complete a set.

In addition he is after Mt. Life nos. 2, 5 & 7.

To complete a set of C.C. Journals he needs: Old Series numbers 2 and 3; New Series numbers for 1920, 1923, 1929, 1959 and no. 95 (for 70/71).

Have you a spare C.C. Bulletin no. 1, 2, 3, 6, or 10/11?

Selling a complete run of Mountain Craft magazine?

Most of all, the Editor would like to purchase a complete or near complete set of Alpine Journals: they do seem very useful for checking information. If you do know of a set going for sale, please ring Glossop 63954.

Many thanks, Ed.

NEW CLIMBS

(Compiled by the Editor with help from Jim Perrin, Ben Wintringham,
Paul Williams and Rowland Edwards)

NORTH WALES

1 CARNEDDAU AREA

LLECH DDU

Herostratus has now gone FREE to M. Fowler and J. Kingston.

CRAIG YR YSFA

Excalibur 160 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

1 110 feet. 5c. Climb the Grimmer for 30 feet then step right onto the lip of the roofs. Traverse slightly right and go up the shallow groove above to a small overhang. Pull over this, crux, and continue more easily up the crack above to a stance and belay.

2 50 feet. 5a. Climb straight up aiming for the obvious groove on the right. Enter it and follow it to the top.

First ascent: Pitch 1 April 6, 1980. M. Crook (unseeded).

Pitch 2 April 26, 1980. M. Crook, R. Pritchard.

BRAICH TY DU

Lazy Sunday 240 feet Hard Very Severe, 4b,5a,4c

Start just left of the groove of Decameron Rib and climb a rib then a system of slabs to finish up a wide bottomless chimney.

First ascent: D. Jones, B. Pinion.

Time Served 90 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

1 90 feet. 5c/6a. Climb a line with a five-foot roof to the left of Apprentice's Route.

First ascent: N. Shepherd, G. Miller.

Let Your Feet Hang 90 feet Extremely Severe

1 90 feet. 5b. Takes the wall, overhang and jamming crack to the left of Apprentice's Route.

First ascent: G. Dady.

Note: The above routes sound similar, but not the grades.

2 OGWEN AREA

CWM IDWAL - GRIBIN FACET

Insidious Silt 120 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

1 120 feet. 6a or harder. Take a line left of Yob Route climbing two overlaps.

First ascent: J. Redhead, K. Robertson. 1979.

The Derelict 130 feet Extremely Severe (E2/3)

The steep wall right of Yob Route gives good climbing.

1 130 feet. 5c. Climb a thin crack to a good hold. Move left to a shallow scoop and climb this with difficulty to a good pocket. Reach right to a good hold and go straight up the easier slab to finish.

First ascent: R. Fawcett (solo). October 22, 1979.

Diadem 100 feet Hard Very Severe

A little gem.

1 100 feet. Climb a thin crack in the wall between Sweet Sorrow and Llyn.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant. 1979.

The Scream 100 feet Hard Very Severe

A line up the steep tower which contains Playtime.

1 30 feet. Climb the groove as for Playtime to a tree belay.

2 70 feet. 5a. Continue up the groove behind the stance until it is possible to swing out and pull onto a ledge on the left. Continue up the steep crack above, more easily and in a fine position.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant. July 8, 1979.

The Serpent 160 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start about 20 feet left of Angular Chimney at a crack in the slabs.

1 60 feet. Climb the crack in the slabs passing a spike to suspect rock. Continue over grass to a good stance and belay just right of the chimney on Pinnacle Route.

2 30 feet. 5c. Step left into the crack and climb it past a sapling. Continue up the crack/groove above with difficulty to reach a stance and belay.

3 70 feet. 5b. Move left into the obvious crack and climb it strenuously to a good ledge. Easier rock leads to the top.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant. July 11, 1979.

Delta 100 feet Hard Very Severe

An obvious line which may have been done before. It takes the thin crack in the buttress between Angular Chimney and Monolith Crack. Start just left of the crack.

1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the wall to a good horizontal break which leads to the crack. Finish up the crack.

A harder finish (5c) is possible by traversing left from the half way ledge to gain a thin flake which leads up the front of the buttress.

First ascent: R. Fawcett (solo). October 24, 1979.

IDWAL - EAST WALL

Tasa 210 feet Hard Severe

Start at the top of Hargreave's Slab below an obvious quartz ramp. Go past a spike and follow the left edge of a quartz slab to an overlap. Step left then climb diagonally left to meet Heather Wall. Move right then follow a ramp into a corner (East Wall Girdle crosses here) which is climbed to a belay. Climb the V-groove above to gain easier ground on the right to join Tennis Shoe.

First ascent: A. Ashton, J. Ashton.

Mur-y-Meirwon 115 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

This 'Wall of the Dead' is a superb route, probably the best of the recent crop. Start up the obvious thin crack which comes straight down from the right side of Route 1 ledge.

1 115 feet. 6a. Climb the crack with difficulty until it eases just below the ledge. Go straight up from the right side of the ledge - the peg runner is just to the left - then trend left across the steep red rock past a peg runner. Move left and go up to an undercut hold, move right to better holds and go easily to the top.

First ascent: R. Fawcett, C. Gibb. June 30, 1979.

Note: I cleaned the route by abseil finding a peg runner already in place. I also removed an unnecessary peg which was in the lower crack. R.F.

Zero 110 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A serious test-piece on this popular but overcrowded wall.

Start as for Route 1.

1 110 feet. 5c/6a. Start up the first moves of Route 1 then climb the wall on the left crossing the Girdle. Move right then left to finish up a faint groove in the upper wall (between the finishes off Garrotte and Mur-y-Meirwon).

First ascent: P. Livesey, J. Lawrence. 1979.

Jailbreak 110 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

1 110 feet. 6a. Take a line crossing Suicide Groove and follow an overhanging crack in the upper wall.

First ascent: N. Shepherd, T. Hulme. 1979.

The Reprieve 80 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

1 80 feet. 5b. A line up the left arete of the groove above Solitary Confinement.

First ascent: N. Shepherd, I. Leslie. 1979.

IDWAL WEST WALL

Deimetricious Extremely Severe (E3), 6a

This superb face crack is to the left of Saints Wall.

First ascent: D. Beetlestone, G. Gibson. August 1979.

IDWAL HOLLY TREE WALL

Wavelength Touch Extremely Severe (E3), 5c, 5c.

An eliminate line. Start at a faint crack in the face left of Balcony Cracks. Climb the crack then break left on pockets to a bulge which is easily crossed. Above the ledge is a thin crack, which is climbed to a finishing groove.

First ascent: G. Gibson, J. Walker. July 3, 1979.

Jubilee Climb Hard Very Severe

This 5b route is the overhang and corner between Rampart and Original Route.

First ascent: G. Dady, J. Batty.

IDWAL - CONTINUATION WALL

Crack-n-Up 50 feet Very Severe

1 50 feet. 5a. The thin crack in the wall left of Groove Above.

First ascent: P. Thomas, D. King. 1978.

(Note: J. Walker and G. Gibson claimed this as Xenopus on July 3, 1979)

Narcotic Melody 50 feet Hard Very Severe

1 50 feet. 5b. The thin crack right of Groove Above.

First ascent: G. Gibson, J. Walker. July 3, 1979.

IDWAL THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN

Night Moves 150 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

A good serious wall climb up the left wall of the Kitchen. Start about 15 feet left of the big, detached pillar in the bed of the Kitchen.

1 150 feet. 5c. Climb to a small ledge at 25 feet then move left and up steeply to good holds at a small thread. Climb up slightly right until a wall of smoother, compact rock is reached, then traverse 15 feet left and climb direct to the obvious double bulge. Move right with difficulty then move up to better holds which are followed directly until an easier break leads up to the left to easy ground.

First ascent: May 17, 1980. P. Littlejohn, S. Lewis.

MILESTONE BUTTRESS

The Wrinkled Retainer 100 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A controversial route up the central block below the final crack of Super Direct. Start at the remains of the once proud oak!

1 100 feet. 6c. Step off the tree and climb the wall to a resting ledge, crux. Climb the crack above to join Super Direct just below the top. High quality and of perfect line.

First ascent: M. Boysen, while the tree was intact.

April 3, 1980. J. Redhead, C. Shorter, after the crime.

Myopia 130 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

The arete between Soap Gut and Chimney Route.

1 Follow Soap crack to belay on a big flake at the foot of the arete.

2 130 feet. 5b. Climb the arete on its right hand side to a huge flake. Continue up the arete until just below a grassy area of rock. Move up right into the top of

Chimney Route.

First ascent: March 30, 1980. C. Shorter, D. Nottidge.

GLYDER FACH

The Last Pretender 120 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Start in the corner on the left of Hawk's Nest Arete.

1 30 feet. 5a. Climb the overhanging corner to a stance belay below the obvious wide crack in the wall on the right.

2 70 feet. 5c. Follow the crack which gives fierce technical climbing to the top. An extremely strenuous but enjoyable pitch.

3 20 feet. Climb up to gain the easy way off.

First ascent: May 11, 1980. M. Crook, S. Durkin.

IDWAL - CARNEDD Y FILIAST

This under-developed crag which is one of the biggest in Wales has several good routes of a mountaineering nature. If cleaned up a bit it could become a longer 'Idwal Slabs' or a poor man's Cloggy.

Hawkwind 1,000 feet Severe

A good intricate route which follows the slabby crest to the left of The Tower. On the lower 'slaty' section protection is poor but in the upper reaches the sound, rough rock offers plenty of possibilities. Start to the left of The Tower but at a slightly lower level.

1 130 feet. Climb the right edge of the slab, cross a grassy furrow to reach the main slab and follow its right edge to a stance and belay.

2 130 feet. Move up the edge until poor holds force one diagonally leftwards to a spike runner. Trend easily back right to the arete (above the steep section) and ascend to two good nut belays.

3 120 feet. Climb easily until harder moves lead up a groove on the right edge. Thread belay at a grassy stance on the right of the slabs.

4 120 feet. Move back left onto the edge of the slab and climb to a large fallen block on the right (runner). Step left and ascend a short, steep groove/corner. Trend right to a stance and peg belay on the right edge.

5 110 feet. Return to the slab and follow an easy line up to a vegetated stance with nuts in opposition for a belay.

6 80 feet. Follow the crest on the right to a bulge then traverse left below it to vegetation above the belay. Cross an awkward slab on the left to an obvious corner. Ascend this easily to a good nut belay in a quartz filled corner below a large overhang.

7 130 feet. Pass the perched blocks up on the left of the overhang and step right above the lip of the overhang. Follow the right hand edge of the slab on delightfully rough, grey rock.

8 130 feet. Continue pleasantly up the crest passing belays at intervals to a good ledge at a tiny overhung corner.

9 50 feet. Finish easily up the arete.

First ascent: October 21, 1979. P.G. Martin, G. Milburn (AL)

NOTE: There has been considerable debate about this crag; like Lliwedd it is not in vogue but should it be included in the Ogwen guide? Would anyone else like to comment?

3 LLANBERIS PASS AREA

NANT PERIS SLATE QUARRY

The Hooligan Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b

The large left hand corner and the slab above.

First ascent: P. Williams, P. Jewel. March 19, 1979.

Vandal Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b

The central corner and overhang.

First ascent: P. Trower, C. Hudson. November 1978.

The Decelver Extremely Severe (E3), 5c

The crack in the wall right of Vandal.

First ascent: P. Jewel, P. Williams. 1979.

The Poacher Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b

The crack in the wall left of Butcher.

First ascent: P. Jewel, P. Williams, M. Pattison. March 11, 1979

Butcher Very Severe 4c

The corner at the right hand end of the crag.

First ascent: P. Trower, C. Hudson. January 1979.

CLOGWYN Y GROCHAN

Last of the Summer Whine 230 feet Hard Very Severe

1 35 feet. 4c. As for Hazel Groove Direct Start.

2 55 feet. 4c. Step left and go up a small groove. Move left onto the rib and go round into a crack. Climb this and go direct to a belay at the Yew Tree.

3 80 feet. 5a. Climb the fine crack in the wall on the right of the vegetated gully of Hazel Groove, first by laybacking then by jamming to a difficult exit. Belay on the higher ledge.

4 60 feet. 5a. Go up to the oak tree. Climb the wall behind the oak tree trending slightly left, then go up using a slot to a move right and then the top.

First ascent: J.R. Peart, J.L. Hardy. September 19, 1979.

(Sounds similar to Quixote - see 78 C.C.J.)

Venturi Effect 120 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A testing pitch to the right of Sickle.

1 120 feet. 6b. Climb the left hand side of the Sickle flake. Bridge up the groove above the flake to the overlap. Step right and go up a short overhanging groove (the left arete of the Brant groove). Go straight up to finish by a thin flake.

First ascent: May 23, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams.

Quantum Jump Extremely Severe (E3), 6a

Takes the crack right of Quasar, crosses Kaisergebirge Wall and finishes up the wall on the right of Kaiser.

First ascent: R. Fawcett (unseconded). October 1979.

DRWS Y GWYNT

Too Hard For Mongols Extremely Severe (E4), 6b.

Climb the thin crack between Little Sepulchre and Cracked Wall (hardest at the start)

First ascent: P. De Mengel, P. Thomas. July 1978.

CARREG WASTAD

Brut 33 180 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Takes a line through the overhang left of Unicorn Direct.

- 1 40 feet. 5b. Climb the white groove and trend right to the belay of Unicorn.
- 2 40 feet. 5c. Climb the roof by the obvious flake and crack (very strenuous and butch) and belay on some flakes 20 feet higher.
- 3 100 feet. 4c. Finish up the arete as for Gryphon.

First ascent: D. Roberts, P. Williams (AL). May 12, 1979.

DINAS CROMLECH

Zimbabwe 200 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 4b,5b,4c.

The arete right of Holly Buttress. Start up Dives, then cross a steep wall on the right. Climb a broken arete and finish up a short crack from the last stance on Spiral Stairs.

First ascent: P. Williams, S. Pyecroft. April 17, 1979.

True Grip 130 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A fine direct start to Left Wall.

- 1 130 feet. 6a. Start as for Left Wall then go up and slightly right to a rest on Resurrection. Step left and make a long reach for a pocket then go up to the Girdle ledge. Follow the leftward curving flake with ones feet on it, using tiny pockets on the wall. Where the flake disappears make a difficult move to a very good pocket then go on easily to Left Wall. Follow this taking the direct finish.

First ascent: April 19th 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams

J.R. 140 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A fierce eliminate in the new idiom which takes an uncompromising line between Resurrection and the Corner.

- 1 140 feet. 6b. Follow Resurrection for 10 feet to where it goes left. Instead, go straight up to the Girdle ledge. Climb the flake above to the peg runners (as for Resurrection) then go rightwards and up with a long reach on a poor hold for a jug. Climb up to a flake, runner, then go right and up until a layback on a small edge and a pinch grip move lead to the big ledge below the crux of Resurrection. Follow the Resurrection right hand finish to the top.

First ascent: April 12, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams, C. Shorter.

Lord Of The Flies 130 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A tremendous pitch of the utmost difficulty which takes a line between Cenotaph Corner and Right Wall. It is harder and with fewer resting places than Right Wall. Start 12 feet right of the Corner at some thin vertical cracks.

1 130 feet. 6b. Climb the cracks until they run out, go straight up on good pockets to a thin ledge, then finger traverse right on this. Go up to a croszly pocket, poor resting place, then go straight up to better holds which lead to the Girdle ledge. Climb the wall past a good nut runner to sloping holds. Bold moves lead to better holds and a good runner. Finish direct.

First ascent: R. Fawcett, C. Gibb. June 26, 1979.

“NOTE: Many holds on this route have been improved by dubious means (i.e. bashed); these were not our doing, we have witnesses”

Precious 130 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

Yet another stupendous line on Right Wall. Start at the old bolts.

1 130 feet. 6b. Move right to a faint scoop, then go straight up to a resting ledge. Go straight up to good nut runners then move right on a loose spike. Go back left to a large pocket then climb up to the Girdle. Follow Right Wall past the shallow hole to jugs. Instead of moving right go straight up to finish at a small tree.

First ascent: January 13, 1980. R. Fawcett (belayed by C. Thomas).

Ivory Madonna 260 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A superb right to left girdle of the walls of Cenotaph Corner.

1 140 feet. 6b. Climb the Gates to the first good resting ledge. Traverse easily leftwards along a ledge to the ring peg runner on Lord of the Flies where a very sustained 20 feet of climbing, crux, give access to the Corner.

2 120 feet. 6a. Climb the Corner for 15 feet then make a long reach left for a couple of good pockets and carry on to a good flake runner. Step down 5 feet then go easily to the good flake below the crux of Left Wall. Move left on a rising line of pockets to join Epitaph at a large perched block 15 feet from the top.

First ascent: April 18, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams.

Golgotha 130 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A serious route as the peg runner can only be clipped after the crux. The name means 'place of the skull'. The route is an independent line between Crucifix and Ivy Sepulchre.

1 130 feet. 5c. Climb the crack, just left of Ivory Sepulchre, on good holds. Trend left under the overlap and step down to a resting ledge. Climb rightwards over the overlap using a pocket to reach a hidden flake on the white wall. Stand on this with difficulty (crux) to reach a peg runner, then climb the wall slightly right of the peg.

First ascent: L. McGinley, P. Williams. June 25, 1979.

Hall of Warriors 130 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5/6)

A long-standing problem up the wall right of Ivy Sepulchre.

1 130 feet. 6c. Climb the wall with a hard move left to a ledge at 25 feet. Continue up until it is possible to pull out onto the centre of the large Girdle ledge. Step up left to reach a pocket then go straight up with a very long reach, crux, for a

jug, and so to the small tree and grass ledge. Move six feet right (a bit of a shock horror) then go up to finish up a crack.

First ascent: April 11, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams.

Atomic Hot Rod 70 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

The most vicious test piece in the Pass.

1 70 feet. 7a. Start up the final pitch of Horseman's Route then move left below the undercut and overhanging finger crack. To ascend this needs a DESPERATE effort.

First ascent: April 11, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams.

Misty Wall 60 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

A smart little pitch, up the wall left of Cenotaph Corner Direct Finish.

1 60 feet. 5b. Climb straight up the middle of the wall making for a short crack.

First ascent: L. McGinley, P. Williams, M. Brett, D. Roberts etc. May 15, 1979.

DINAS MOT

Runnymede Easy Variations 200 feet Hard Very Severe

Start at the grass field above Runnymede.

1 70 feet. 5a. Climb a line of flakes to join Runnymede.

Follow a smooth slab on the left to a thread belay.

2 60 feet. 5a. As for Runnymede.

3 70 feet. 4c. Climb the smooth slab on the left of the upper wall.

First ascent: June 18, 1978. M. Mortimer, M.G. Allen.

CRAIG Y RHAEADR

Ghosts 240 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Good climbing up the open face to the left of The Wall. Poor protection but perfect rock. Start as for The Wall.

1 90 feet. 5c. Climb fairly directly to below a small overhang at 35 feet. Move up to the left with difficulty then climb up rightwards for 30 feet and move up into an obvious open groove. Restricted stance and good belays.

2 150 feet. 5b. Move left and climb the steep scoop to better holds. Continue up and slightly left to more featureless terrain and climb easily to the top or finish at the left edge of the crag.

First ascent: May 18, 1980. P. Littlejohn, S. Lewis.

Silent Spring 350 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

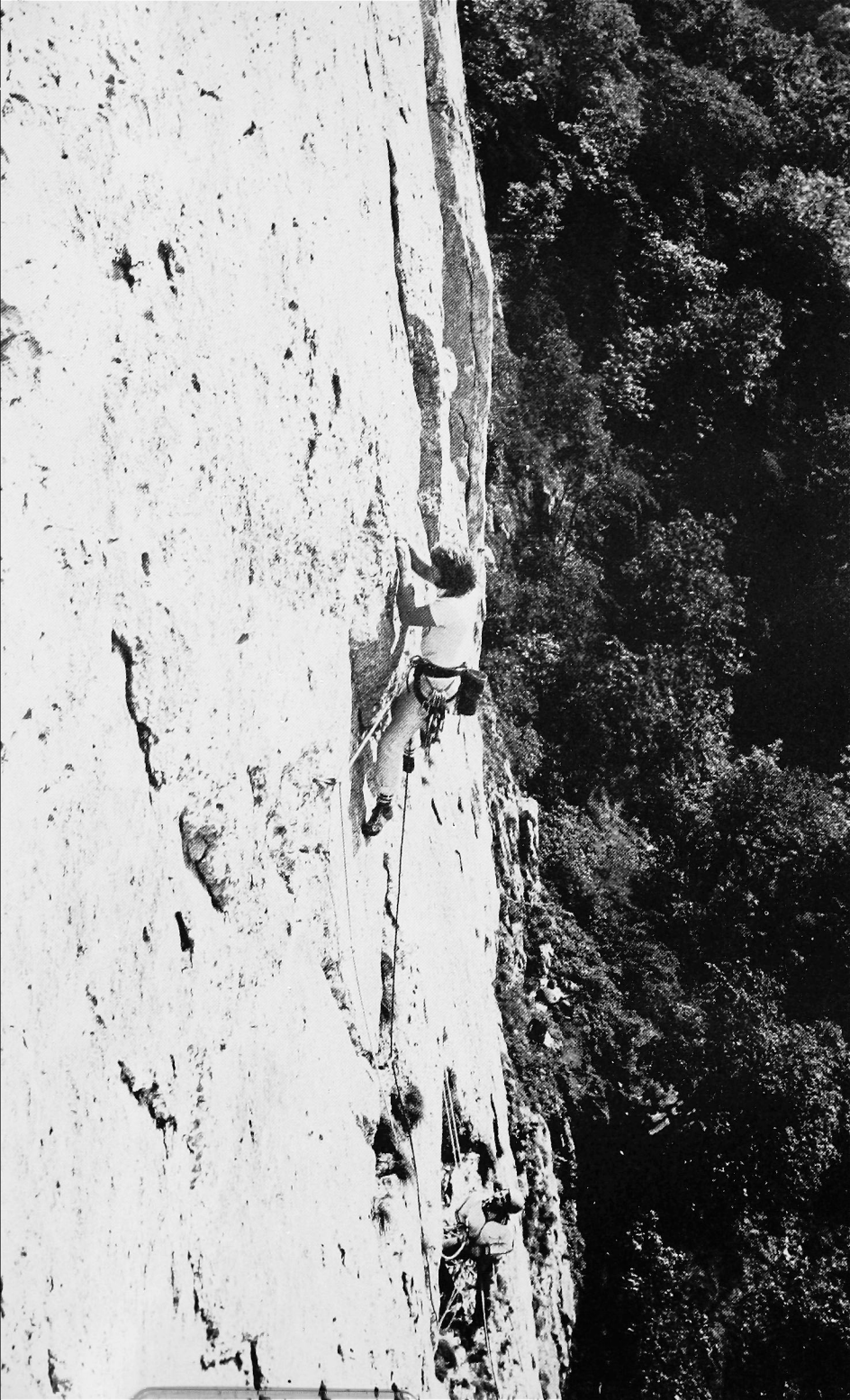
An excellent route on perfect rock, taking a central line up to and through the overhangs. Start as for Lung Fish.

1 140 feet. 5c. Climb diagonally left for 30 feet to a good runner below a shallow groove. Climb the groove to reach a horizontal line of handholds. Step right then go straight up the face above to easy ground. Climb to the top of the Pedestal then go up obvious grooves as for Waterfall Climb to a good spike belay.

2 110 feet. 5c. Above is a smooth, black groove. Climb to the base of it then move left and climb steeply to gain the slab. Climb up left slightly to the apex of the

Opp: Bob Bradley on Robert Brown, High Tor

Photo - C. Jackson





slab then move back right across the top of the black groove. Climb for a few feet then go up left on improving holds until a slight groove leads up to the right to some ledges below the main overhangs (and just left of the obvious way through them). Good belays.

3 100 feet. 4c. Climb out to the right through the roofs then go up a clean, white slab to an easy rib leading to the top.

First ascent: May 18, 1980. P. Littlejohn, S. Lewis.

CYRN LAS

Superskull 400 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A direct and independent line between The Skull and Great Buttress. It gives sustained and hard climbing with protection which is both difficult to find and arrange. Start as for The Great Buttress.

1 & 2 190 feet. As for The Great Buttress, pitches 1 & 2

3 50 feet. 6a. From the top of the pinnacle step left onto the wall, peg runner, and climb the wall to enter an open groove. Climb this and continue a further few feet to a sloping ledge. Nut belays over on the right at a poor stance.

4 40 feet. 5c. Climb up and slightly left to obvious undercuts and using the crack on the left go up to a sloping ledge. Nut and peg belay in place under the bulge.

5 120 feet. 5c. Climb the problematical groove above which is hard to enter and continue to a junction with The Skull part way up its last pitch. Follow The Skull to finish.

N.B. A belay is possible at the top of the problematical groove so that the second can be better protected.

First ascent: Pitch 3, E. Cleasby, I. Greenwood. July 8, 1979.

Pitches 4 & 5, E. Cleasby, R. Matheson. August 30, 1979.

CLOGWYN DU'R ARDDU

Chicane now free at X.S., 5b.

First free ascent: M. Fowler, P. Thomas. 1979.

Sinistra Direct Finish 100 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

5a. Where Sinistra joins The Key, climb up rightwards to an old peg (used to abseil on the Girdle) below a slim, clean groove. Climb the groove to ledges at the top of Woubits Left Hand.

First ascent: P. Whillance (solo). August 31, 1979.

Psycho Killer 150 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A big, serious pitch which takes the line of the ambiguous route, The Final Judgement. Start 25 feet up left from Octo.

1 150 feet. 6b. Pull over the overlap (loose) and make towards an old peg, crux. Poor protection. Go up leftwards passing some unstable holds to a small overlap. Traverse left and gain an obvious crack. Follow it past an old peg. Finish up Aries.

First ascent: May 19, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams, J. Moran.

Opp: Bob Conway on Rue Morgue, Cheedale

Photo - C. Jackson.

The Axe 170 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

Very steep and intimidating climbing up an impressive section of the cliff. If some large nuts are carried it is possible to belay 15 feet lower and so manage the route with 150 feet of rope. Start 20 feet right of the main arete as for Gargoyle.

1 160 feet. 6a. Climb the groove right of the arete for 15 feet, then traverse left and move round the rib to a line of big holds leading leftwards. Where these end climb a thin flake and the wall above until the true arete is gained. Follow the arete to reach a spike on the right then make a move up the wall before regaining the arete at a small overhang. The arete is then followed completely to a crevassed ledge 10 feet from the top of the tower.

First ascent: P. Littlejohn, C. King. July 6, 1979.

Vanishing Giraffes 130 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

A fairly serious route up the obvious groove on the front face of the Pinnacle, right of Spillikin. Start below the groove.

1 70 feet. 5c. Climb easily up the loose groove to the overhang (poor peg runner up on the right). Pull over to gain the groove above (awkward). Move up a few feet, then go leftwards up a flake and into a scoop. Continue to a ledge and peg belays on the left (as for Pinnacle Girdle).

2 60 feet. 5b. Climb up rightwards to reach a thin crack. Climb this and the wall above to the long grass ledge on Spillikin. Continue via the thin crack in the short wall to The Meadow.

First ascent: P. Whillance, R. Berzins, M. Berzins. August 30, 1979.

Spreadagle 170 feet Extremely Severe

The first route to break out onto the right side of Great Wall.

Start 15 feet right of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

1 100 feet. 5b/c. Climb a groove and trend right to the edge of the Drainpipe Crack. Climb up just left of this to a belay where the angle of the crack eases (unfortunately it is possible to step right onto Vember at several points).

2 70 feet. 5c. Move left and go up to a horizontal traverse along a narrow ledge. Go up to a short crack leading to a groove and belay below Jelly Roll.

First ascent: M. Fowler, P. Thomas. 1979.

The Purr-Spire 195 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

An intimidating line up the wall between Troach and Pedestal Crack.

Start at the foot of Pedestal Crack.

1 140 feet. 5c/6a. Move left almost immediately to climb a faint spire up the wall, peg runner at mid-height, to reach the stance at the end of Troach Pitch 2.

2 55 feet. 5b. Go directly up the wall to finish.

First ascent: P. Livesey, J. Lawrence. 1979.

Organ Flagellator 130 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

The compellingly obvious arete right of Pedestal Crack.

1 130 feet. 5c. Boldly follow the arete with poor protection.

First ascent: J. Redhead, C. Shorter-Herbert. 1979.

The Boulderer 230 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

The faint line to the right of The Boldest gives a hard route.

Start at the foot of The Black Cleft.

1 170 feet. 5c. Go easily up leftwards to a horizontal grass ledge and step right to the start of an obvious thin crack (possible belay). Climb the crack and shallow groove to a small overhang. Move over this and step up right to reach a vague rib. Follow this to a spike, step left, then go straight up to join The Boulder traverse at the smooth scoop (at 150 feet). Go easily up for 20 feet to a spike and peg belay on The Boulder.

2 60 feet. 5b. Traverse left for 15 feet, then go directly up the steep slab to reach easy ground.

First ascent: P. Whillance, P. Jewel (AL). August 29, 1979.

The following winter routes were done on the cliff:

Brwynog Chimney Grade IV M. Fowler, M. Morrison.

Mostest Direct Start Grade IV M. Fowler, C. Griffiths.

Silver Machine 480 feet Grade V M. Fowler, C. Griffiths.

Start as for Mostest Direct Start. Climb the prominent ice streak, gained by tensioning in from the left, to the foot of The Eastern Terrace. Take the groove above to belay below the 'overhanging crack' of Naddyn Ddu. The ice chimney right of the crack leads to easier ground.

Arete Left of Rumpelstiltskin Grade IV M. Fowler.

Camus Grade IV/V M. Fowler, M. Morrison.

Bloody Slab Grade IV P. Braithwaite.

6 TREMADOG and the MOELWYNS AREA

CRAIG Y GESAIL

Perilous Journey Extremely Severe (E2), 4c, 5c.

The short slab and wall left of The Chateau. The finish is over a short overhang.

First ascent: P. Doncaster, A.N. Other.

Paradise Lost 130 feet Mild Very Severe

A line up the right side of the small tower containing Astonall.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant.

Turn Terror 100 feet Hard Very Severe 5a

The chimney line on the far left hand side of Midas Buttress.

First ascent: S. Cathcart, P. Waters.

Lysergic Touch 110 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b.

The groove system left of Touchstone.

First ascent: S. Cathcart, W. Lockley.

Yukio 100 feet Hard Very Severe 5a

A groove and crack line on the right side of Midas Buttress.

First ascent: G. Gibson, D. Beetlestone.

CRAIG-Y-CASTELL

Pulsar 180 feet Hard Very Severe

Start as for Iolyn.

1 70 feet. 5a. Climb up to the overhang (Iolyn goes left here). Step right and cross the slab under the overhang to the arete. Pull over at this point with a good hold onto the slab above. Climb this on the right hand edge to a stance. Tree belay.
2 110 feet. 4c. Take the easy slab to the left of the buttress. Go under the roof moving left to a small holly tree. Step off a loose spike block onto the wall on the right. Climb the steep slab to finish.

First ascent: October 1979. F. Crook, K. Crook.

One Step in the Crowds 170 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start as for Creagh Dhu Wall.

1 90 feet. 5b. Follow Creagh Dhu Wall until it is possible to move out left beneath a large roof onto a wide sloping ledge. Use a diagonal crack which splits the roof to move left under the roof to a jutting rib with a second crack above it. Go round the roof and move right to good holds. Step back left into a shallow groove and belay 15 feet higher.

2 80 feet. 4c. Continue up the groove/crackline until it is possible to move right below a roof to a flake crack. Climb this and join Creagh Dhu Wall at the niche to finish.

First ascent: A. Evans, S. Tansey, S. Beresford. June 1, 1979.

Sory Sally 150 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start 15 feet right of Mensor below an obvious wide crack which splits the flake.

1 95 feet. 5a. Climb the crack to a ledge. Move up right onto the top of the flake. Step down and traverse an easy ledge on the right to a smaller flake pinnacle which leans against the wall. Climb this and then the bulges which lead into a steep hanging corner. Swing out left round the overhang and go up to join the traverse of Mensor Pitch 2. Traverse 15 feet right to a ledge and belay.

2 55 feet. 5b. Move up left from the ledge, then go back right to below a steep crack line which splits the centre of the wall. Gain this awkwardly then follow it past a good resting ledge, moving left at the top to finish.

First ascent: A. Evans, S. Tansey, S. Beresford. May 31, 1979.

("On One Step in the Crowds it was a bit like some of the funny Gogarth incidents. I spent an hour or so cleaning grass out of the groove above the overhang, midweek so that nobody saw us. Then this bloke and his bird turned up; I thought "Oh No!", but Beresford on the ledge above me shouted down, at the top of his voice, "It's O.K. Al - it's only a couple of bumblebees coming to do Creagh Dhu Wall." At this point I'd decided the roof was far too big, very frightening and that I'd better come back later when I was climbing better. Suddenly one of the bumblebees shouted up

from below, "Hello Al". Of course it just had to be; Joe Brown and his missus. So then I had no choice.") The Ed apologises to Al for leaking this story. I.O.U. a pint!

CRAIG PANT IFAN

Fear 100 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

1 100 feet. 6a. To the left of Electric Edge, climb the huge overhang at the base of the buttress on its right to gain a short slab and a ledge. Traverse left round the arete to a finishing crack.

First ascent: S.: Cathcart, G. Griffiths.

Electric Edge 100 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

1 100 feet. 6a. Climb the arete and roof on the buttress left of Huntley.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, G. Griffiths.

Sexual Salami 75 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

1 75 feet. 6b. Take a line up the slabs and overhang to the right of Stromboli.

First ascent: J. Robertson, C. Shorter, J. Redhead.

Silver Crow 70 feet Hard Very Severe

Start from the tree belay just left of Struggler.

1 70 feet. 5b. Climb up into the recess above the tree and swing out right. Move up and go back left to gain the arete. Climb up and do the crux of P.T. variation to the large block. Step off this and climb the short wall and groove above to the top.

First ascent: April 19, 1980. M. Crook, M. Mitchel.

Spare Rib 150 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Start at the foot of Mangoletsi.

1 75 feet. 6a. Climb Mangoletsi for 15 feet to a flake. Climb the overhanging groove above and move right on a good hold. Go back left over a bulge, then climb straight up the wall to good footholds below an overlap. Climb the overlap then go up rightwards to the arete.

2 75 feet. 5c. Take the old Spare Rib finish to Mangoletsi.

First ascent: P.L. Gomersall. June 23, 1979.

Laser Crack Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b, 5b.

A good route up the obvious crack to the left of Integral.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, K. Robertson, S. Peake.

Integral Direct Extremely Severe (E3), 6a.

Essentially this straightens out the parent route.

First ascent: D. Humphries, P. Williams, B. Sutton.

Technical Master 100 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 6a, 5b.

Climb the crack of Fandango, taking in its crux and finish up the arete on the right.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, G. Griffiths.

Bucket Rider is a route which takes the groove left of Alcatraz.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, M. Crook.

Hey 100 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b

Climb the wall 15 feet right of Alcatraz, go up a short groove to a ledge. Finish direct.

First ascent: M. Mortimer, M. Allen ?

or: G. Gibson, I. Barker.

Back To Nature Extremely Severe (E3), 5c.

Climb the scoop left of Holloway and cross Holloway to finish by the thin crack above.

First ascent: G. Gibson, J. Walker.

CRAIG BWLCH Y MOCH

New Management 140 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 5b.

Climb the crack just right of Grasper pitch one, then take a diagonal crack to reach a groove between Valour and Grasper. Climb the groove and move right at the top to join the crux of Grasper.

First ascent: S. Peake, G. Griffiths.

Broken Edge Extremely Severe (E2), 5c.

The left arete of Neb Buttress, starting up the first difficult crack of The Neb.

First ascent: S. Peake solo (after several ascents on a rope)

Magic Mushroom Extremely Severe (E3), 6a.

A scruffy route on the wall right of grotto

First ascent: S. Peake, P. Walsh.

Bombshell Hard Very Severe 5a, 4c, 5a.

The wall bounding The Plum arete, on the right.

First ascent: G. Gibson, J. Walker.

The Weaver 200 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

An excellent route on the Vector buttress. Start just left of Vector.

1 40 feet. 5b. Climb straight up a faint groove pulling up a wall onto the first Vector stance.

2 120 feet. 5c. Step up and left 10 feet and climb the steep wall direct to the triangular overhang on Nimbus. Step right and go up the groove and then go back left onto good footholds (crux) and follow a crack to join Diadic. Finish up this.

First ascent: C. Shorter, P. Williams (AL). February 1980.

Bananas 220 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

An intimidating line which finishes to the right of Croaker.

1 40 feet. 5b. As for The Weaver.

2 100 feet. 5c. Follow The Weaver to the large thread on Diadic. Move right and go over the roof to a hanging stance below the Croaker chimney.

3 80 feet. 6c/7a. Climb Croaker to the peg then traverse right to gain the

magnificent but short crack/arete. Climb this!

First ascent: March 30, 1980. J. Redhead, K. Robertson.

(About ten falls were taken over two days).

Strawberries 60 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

Climb the obvious 7a crack to the left of Cream.

First ascent: R. Fawcett finally completed this early in 1980 after 15 to 20 falls spread over about three days.

The Atomic Finger Flake 240 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A sensational few moves on the second pitch.

1 60 feet. 5b. Climb the face of the slab between Void and Vector following a diagonal line to a belay on Void.

2 100 feet. 6b. Climb diagonally right, go up a short groove and continue until just below a peg runner on the left wall. Gain the flake by a desperate move and continue strenuously to the belay at the bottom of the Void crack.

3 80 feet. 5c. Finish as for The Snake.

First ascent: March 2, 1980. P. Williams, J. Redhead (AL), C. Shorter, 'Big Willy' Robertson.

Cream a third pitch, 50 feet, 5c. Climb the roof as for Vector then go right between the roofs. Move round the arete and into a crack. Move up on the right across a slab then step down to the cave belay.

First ascent: P. Gomersall, P. Livesey. September 8, 1979.

Sultans of Swing 300 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A superb girdle of Vector Buttress.

1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the first groove of Cream then go left and up the wall to Nimbus. Move left to belay.

2 60 feet. 5c. Climb the wall behind the belay as for Diadic. Move up and left with difficulty into an undercut groove which is followed to a ledge at the top. Belay.

3 140 feet. 6a. A magnificent pitch. Move right and up across the Vector slab to Croaker. Continue right round the arete to a crack. Cross a slab to the spike on Cream top pitch. Follow this then move right to Void below the peg. Follow Void until a move right can be made onto Mongoose (5b/c easy way) up which it finishes.

First ascent: April 4, 1980. J. Redhead, P. Williams.

No More Heroes 175 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 4c, 5a, 5c.

Start up a groove right of Nifi Heim, then use existing routes to reach the Leg Slip stance. Finish up the arete between Venom and Leg Slip. Some good climbing.

First ascent: G. Gibson, J. Walker.

NOTE: It must be mentioned that there is some doubt about the validity of Gary Gibson's routes. For example his route Last Gasp, E1, 5b, 5b, took the same line as Livesey's Leg Break but was claimed as being done three weeks earlier. Livesey nicely pointed out that some of the 5b holds must have disappeared to warrant the

Original grade. Until such problems are resolved all Gibson routes must be treated with a fair degree of respect.

Jackal Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b, 5b.

The crack and groove system up the centre of Slipway Buttress.

First ascent: M. Crook, M. Griffiths.

Savage man Extremely Severe (E3), 5c.

A steep and complex line on the wall between Boo Boo and Chwys.

Starts from the huge flake at the foot of the main wall.

First ascent: S. Cathcart, G. Griffiths.

CARREG HYLL-DREM

Biggles 140 feet Very Severe

A line to the right of The Spook, finishing up a pleasant and delicate, right sloping ramp.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, R. Chamberlain.

CRAIG Y LLYN

Perdido Street 150 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 5c.

A line up the wall to the right of The Moon.

First ascent: W. Wayman, D. Walsh.

Erotickos 140 feet Hard Very Severe 5a.

A line up the slabs on the small outlying buttress to the left of the main crag.

First ascent: S. Cathcart, P. Waters.

CLOGWYN Y WENALT

Caligula Hard Very Severe 5a, 5b.

Follow the aretes about 45 feet left of Ferdinand.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, R. Chamberlain.

Mescalito 150 feet Hard Very Severe

1 50 feet. As for Torero to the grass ledge.

2 25 feet. Walk left a few feet to the foot of an obvious clean crack which forms the left side of a huge pinnacle. Climb this to a stance and belay.

3 15 feet. Move right up an awkward little wall onto a big sloping ledge. Spike belay below the final wall of Carol Crack.

4 60 feet. 5a. A very fine pitch. Step left and climb the obvious overhanging groove until it is possible to pull strenuously over a bulge. Climb the short crack above to easier ground. Continue up to the top of the crag.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant. July 10, 1979.

Picador Hard Very Severe 5b, 4c.

Start up Carol Crack then take a series of cracks on the left.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, R. Chamberlain.

The Fugitive 170 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Fine climbing between Bovine and Shake.

- 1 50 feet. Climb up to the bottom of the first crack on Shake. Tree belay.
- 2 40 feet. 5c/6a. Climb the corner on the left of the stance passing a peg runner to a belay on the big grass ledge.
- 3 80 feet. 5c. Walk rightwards along the ledge round the corner from Bovine to the tree below the next crack of Shake. Climb the overhanging groove on the left (care needed with some flakes) until a move right to another tree. Continue up the arete behind the tree.

First ascent: Pitch 2 was done by C. Shorter, as a start to Death Wisher. June 1980. M. Crook, M. Griffiths.

NOTE: The route was so named because of a certain climber's epic escape from the Llanberis police and his subsequent run over Snowdon to evade capture!

CRAIG Y GELLI

Hurricane 150 feet Hard Very Severe

This route, possibly the best on the crag, takes a line up the extreme right hand side of the cliff. Start at some obvious slabby grooves.

- 1 100 feet. Climb the easy angled groove to a small overhang. Step right and then back left above the overhang (crux) and continue up right to a crack on the right side of the buttress. Climb this moving on to the edge of the buttress for a few feet before taking a stance and a tree belay.
- 2 50 feet. Move back out right onto the arete and climb this direct to the top to a rotting tree belay.

First ascent: M. Crook, D. Farrant (AL). July 21, 1979.

CLOGWYN Y HOLLAND

Strawberry 210 feet Very Severe

Takes a vegetated slab and a left-facing corner to finish up pitch 5 of The Hump.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, H. Griffiths, P. Denham.

Bacon Slicer Direct 350 feet Very Severe

On the buttress to the right of the central recess. Start up the right side of the toe of the buttress and follow the buttress to finish up the prominent forked crack at the top.

First ascent: D. Laddiman, M. Adey.

CLOGWYN Y WRYSGAN

Sasquatch 100 feet Extremely Severe (E3), 5c.

The thin crack left of Dislocation.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, H. Griffiths, P. Denham.

Busby Hard Very Severe

Climb the cracks and groove in the right wall of the gully on the Upper Tier.

First ascent: M. Griffiths, P. Denham.

CARREG ALLTREM

Thunderbolt 140 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 5b, 5b.

The overhanging groove left of Lightning Visit leads to the arete between Lightning Visit and Fratricide Wall.

7 CWM SILYN AREA

CASTELL CIDWM

Erg now free at E5, 6b.

First free ascent: April 1980. R. Fawcett.

Zwm Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 5b is a line which starts as for Glwm up to the roof, but then goes right across overhangs in a rising line below the roof of Dwm.

First ascent: August 1979. F. Crook, K. Crook.

Hang 'em High 110 feet Exceptionally Severe

The superb roof crack right of Tramgo gives a harder and more sustained lead than its more celebrated twin. Start 40 feet right of Tramgo at a slightly higher level.

1 110 feet. 6a. Move up on good footholds and passing an old peg in the roof trend diagonally up left to an obvious peg runner at a small foot ledge. Ascend the crack above to a poor resting place at a small niche. Steeper and more precarious moves up left lead to a wide crack where the angle relents. Finish easily.

First ascent: April 8, 1980. J.N.C. Moran, G. Milburn.

8 GOGARTH AREA

The Long Run 125 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

An airy wall pitch between South Sea Bubble and The Cad. Start as for The Cad.

1 125 feet. 6a. Climb The Cad for 15 feet. Pull up left and climb up and left to the start of a thin flake crack. Climb the crack and continue in the same line to good holds below the overhanging headwall. Hand traverse right for 10 feet and pull over the bulge on small holds. Go easily up left to finish.

First ascent: P. Whillance, R. Parker, D. Armstrong. September 30, 1980.

The Bells! The Bells! 150 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E6)

Exceedingly difficult to the n'th power. Yet another lonely and mind-bending lead up the airy wall to the right of The Cad.

1 150 feet. 6b. Start up The Cad for 30 feet or so. Traverse right along the lip of a small overhang for 20 feet to a poor resting place. Move right then climb up and left to a peg runner (poor) just above a small bulge. Go straight up for 20 feet then move right along a line of quartz holds to a rightward facing flake crack. Continue right to an obvious foothold on the arete (good rest) step right and go up into a groove. Climb this for a few feet then go left to the top.

First ascent: June 30, 1980. J. Redhead, C. Shorter.

Games Climbers Play Original start pitch 1 is now free and gives a very

strenuous pitch. It is now E3, 6a.

First free ascent: R. Fawcett, in a go cart! (It was later pointed out that Fawcett's second was in fact called Gill Kart/Kent and it was merely Ron's writing which had caused confusion!)

High Noon 120 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

The overhanging groove between Wrangler and Gringo has also been recorded recently as Levi. Start as for Gringo.

1 60 feet. 5b. Follow Gringo until it is possible to traverse left to a hanging corner. Follow this to the stance on Gringo.

2 60 feet. 5b. Traverse right to a crack directly above the first pitch of Gringo. Finish up the crack.

First ascent: June 9, 1979. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

Three Musketeers 130 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

A bold pitch up the wall to the left of Mestizo.

1 60 feet. Go easily up the wall between The Hustler and Mestizo to the flake belay ledge.

2 70 feet. 5c. The wall on the left is climbed on layaways to gain the thin crack. Finish up the crack.

First ascent: R. Fawcett (unseconded). October 21, 1979.

Hyena 220 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Start as for The Assassin.

1 100 feet. 5b. Climb the crack of The Assassin and continue straight up a thin crack to a belay at the foot of the crack of Scavenger.

2 70 feet. 5c. Climb the wall between Scavenger and Scavenger Direct.

3 50 feet. Finish as for Scavenger.

First ascent: May 19, 1979. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

Morphine 280 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start at the foot of Syringe.

1 80 feet. 5b. Climb the right hand crack in the wall to just below the niche of Syringe. Traverse right to the foot of the wide crack. Stance and belay.

2 60 feet. 4a. Climb diagonally left to the smooth corner and follow this to the stance of Pentothal.

3 140 feet. 5b. Climb a thin crack 15 feet right of Pentothal, over two bulges. Continue in the same line moving slightly right to the top of the crag.

First ascent: May 5, 1979. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

The Tet Offensive 400 feet. Extremely Severe (E4)

A sensational line. The second pitch takes the hanging arete which overlooks Big Groove. Start 20 feet right of The Wastelands below the obvious overhanging crack.

1 120 feet. 6a. Climb the crack which is steep and hard to a junction with Puzzle-me-Quick, which is followed to the sloping stance belay on Big Groove.

2 100 feet. 6a. Climb directly up the short, steep wall into the bottom of the groove of Big Groove. From the top two peg runners on Big Groove step right to the

foothold on the arete, then make a swing round into a crack. Follow the crack until a traverse right along a ledge. Ascend a short wall and belay at a thread in the crack.

3 100 feet. 5a. Step left and climb the crack to a shallow cave. Climb the groove on its right and belay on the large ledge.

4 80 feet. 4c. Finish up the pillar which is directly above the ledge.

First ascent: J. Moran, P. Williams (P.W. led pitch 4). May 20, 1979.

Note: Pitches 3 and 4 were cleaned from abseil in 1978, but the two lower pitches were done on sight.

Sebastopol 320 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

Yet another impressive route on the big wall. Start 15 feet left of Graduation Ceremony and follow the tower left of Graduation Ceremony in its upper section.

1 140 feet. 5c. Climb the short crack to the left hand end of the small roof, good runner. From below the roof pull out left onto the wall and ascend to a junction with Graduation Ceremony. Move left then back right to the continuation groove which is followed to easy ledges. Move right along the ledge systems then climb the short wall to belay below the steep quartz corner on Graduation Ceremony.

2 80 feet. 6a. Climb the steep quartz corner, step left, then climb the wall moving leftwards to the arete. Make a strenuous traverse back right until a steep wall leads to a sloping ledge. Belay on the left as for Tet Offensive.

3 100 feet. 5a. Move back right to the groove. Follow this and overcome the little wall which leads to the sloping ledges and the top. Either scramble off left or finish up Tet Offensive.

First ascent: J. Moran, P. Williams. May 22, 1979.

Note: Pitch 1 was led on sight but the rest of the route had been gardened in 1978.

Wall of Fossils 200 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A powerful line between Mammoth and Dinosaur.

1 100 feet. 6a. Climb Mammoth to the roof and traverse under it on undercuts to Dinosaur which is followed to the stance.

2 100 feet. 6b. Move left and up through some overhanging flakes. Continue passing a good spike runner to a 'path' (Ordinary Route crosses here). Attack the steep overhanging red wall above and climb it to a rounded finish. Very strenuous.

First ascent: May 27, 1980. J. Moran, R. Fawcett (AL), P. Williams.

The Big Sleep 200 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A brilliant uncompromising line going from the left of Dinosaur to finish up the Positron wall.

1 80 feet. 6b. Climb the easy chimney just to the left of Dinosaur till a move onto the left arete. Follow this passing a peg runner to the junction with Dinosaur which is followed to the stance.

2 120 feet. 6b. Move down and right to the hanging flakes which are followed with difficulty to a large foothold on the right, approximately 15 feet below the Positron overhang. Traverse right to join Positron and climb up and right to join a flake crack, which leads to a good ledge. Go easily up behind a pinnacle to belay on Cordon Bleu.

First ascent: May 22, 1980. R. Fawcett, P. Williams, J. Moran.

Alien 300 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

An impressive route which takes the overhanging fault between Dinosaur and Positron then a good independent line on the walls above. Start at the cleft just right of the start of Dinosaur.

1 120 feet. 6a. Climb up into the chimney, break out onto the fault line and follow it until hard moves gain the base of the groove gained by Positron's second pitch. Climb the groove joining Positron to the stance of Rat Race.

2 90 feet. 5c. Climb the chimney of Rat Race for 25 feet then move left and go up into a shallow groove. Follow this then a slabby rib to belay on a big flake (on Cordon Bleu).

3 90 feet. 5b. Move up right to the obvious crack system and follow it to the top (a good pitch which would make a logical top pitch for Dinosaur).

First ascent: May 16, 1980. P. Littlejohn, S. Lewis.

Devotee 380 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Start at the foot of Gogarth.

1 60 feet. 5a. Climb diagonally left to the arete, follow this and belay on top of the pinnacle.

2 120 feet. 5b. Climb directly up from the pinnacle to the sloping stance on Gogarth. Step right and follow a groove until a move left to a stance below the wide crack of Gogarth.

3 100 feet. 5b. Traverse left and climb directly up the front of the pinnacle to the stance on Gogarth.

4 100 feet. 5c. Traverse right as for Gogarth for about 10 feet, to a small groove. Follow this and the bulge above. Continue with difficulty in the same line to the top.

First ascent: July 15, 1979. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

Revelation 180 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start as for Diogenes.

1 30 feet. As for Diogenes.

2 70 feet. 5a. Follow Diogenes to the first bulge then climb diagonally left to a large loose spike. Traverse left across the slab to the hanging stance of Resolution.

3 80 feet. 5b. Climb onto the spike on the left, step right into the crack line and follow this to the top.

First ascent: July 23, 1979. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

Mill Street Junction 160 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1), 4c, 5b.

This is the obvious dogleg crack which is to the right of The Cracks.

First ascent: D. Knighton, D. Cronshaw. 1979.

The Horrorshow is now free at 6b.

First free ascent: R. Fawcett.

Barbarossa now free at E5, 6b.

First free ascent: July 6, 1980. J. Redhead.

Mein Kampf 150 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

Mein Kampf 150 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

A fierce and intimidating route.

1 75 feet. 5b. Climb up the fault line of Left Hand Red Wall for 15 feet till it is possible to traverse right (feet on flake) into a depression of white rock. Move right into the groove on the right hand side of the obvious pillar and go up this, peg runner, to step left onto the Left Hand Red Wall belay.

2 75 feet. 6a. Follow Left Hand Red Wall to the top of the flake and step up and left onto a small ledge. Move up to a small overhang and pull round this (peg runner). Climb left and then go up on layaways to the top.

First ascent: August 25, 1979. J. Moran, D. Cuthbertson, P. Williams, P. Aubrey.

Safer Start! 150 feet Extremely Severe

This is a better start to Television Route as it misses out the very bad rock near the bottom.

1 150 feet. 5c. Start 10 feet left of T.V. Route and climb diagonally left past a peg runner until it is possible to move up and right to a sandy area below an overlap. Traverse right under the overlap to join the ordinary route.

First ascent: December 1978. B. Wintringham, M. Wintringham.

Funky Gibbon 110 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Start 30 feet left of King of the Swingers below a short groove.

1 60 feet. 5b. Climb up to the groove and follow this to the sloping ledge of King of the Swingers. Traverse 15 feet left to a line of flakes leading up and right to the large ledge.

2 50 feet. 5b. Follow the obvious traverse line left to the easy ramp. 'Scary'.

First ascent: M. Boysen, J. Brown, B. Wintringham.

Crafnant - a forgotten valley

by Pete Gomersall

Isolated in a cul-de-sac valley between Llanrwst and Capel Curig the two major crags of Craig y Dwr and Clogwyn Yr Eryr have been the sole property of the Mynedd Club until fairly recently. Because of a twist of fate this climbing area has somehow been omitted from the present guide book series.

Up until 1978 there were many routes with considerable aid; today there is no aid in the valley. The result has been several routes of superb quality and some of great difficulty, all situated in a sparsely populated but easily accessible area. There has been little published information on the area: the only review to date is available in Mountain 59 but this is somewhat misleading and inaccurate. It is hoped that the following review will clarify the situation.

CRAIG Y DWR (732 602)

Situated near the head of the valley this crag is rather small and broken with little to offer hard climbers; the exception to this general rule being Crash Landing, a magnificent groove line on the left hand side of the cliff.

Crash Landing 75 feet E4, 6b

★★

(No protection on the first 30 feet which is 6a). An obvious steep and 'holdless' groove line with a finger tip crack to finish. (I chiselled hold and I peg for progress and protection).

First ascent: S. Cathcart, G. Griffiths. 1979.

CLOGWYN YR ERYR (733 604)

This crag is also known as S.H. Wall (see photograph). It is a most striking feature - seen from the valley floor it is luminous green with black overhangs at its foot - very impressive. The climbing complements this impressive atmosphere being steep and exhilarating and the crag deserves much more attention.

The routes are described from left to right and the first route of any importance is Skylark a prominent wide crack line starting 20 feet above the ground near the left hand end of the crag.

Skylark 130 feet E3, 5c.

Climb the crack, exit left then straight to the top.

F.F.A. R. Fawcett, S. Foster. 1979.

The first major feature on the left hand side of the cliff is a 40 foot square-cut groove capped by a roof. This is the start of Oriole and Phoenix.

Oriole 150 feet E4, 5c.

Low in the grade but rather serious. Climb the groove to the roof, pull straight over and take a direct line to the top.

F.F.A. P. Gomersall. P. Livesey. 1980

Phoenix 150 feet E2, 5c.

★★

A very good route, varied and well protected. Climb the groove to the roof, traverse right to the arete and move up (possible stance). Above are several possibilities: leftwards, rightwards or straight up; each way is good - take your pick.

F.F.A. M. Boysen. 1976.

A direct start to Phoenix is possible starting in the first groove to the right. This is:

Screech Owl E3, 5c.

First ascent: P. Livesey. 1980.

To the right is the main groove line of the crag.

Clonus Left Hand 150 feet E3, 5c.

Climb up into the main groove line to about 40 feet then take a diagonal line towards the left arete. Finish up the right hand finish to Phoenix.

First ascent: P. Livesey, P. Gomersall. 1980.

Clonus 140 feet E4, 5c, 4c.

A fine and fairly serious line but the climbing is not so good. Climb the obvious central groove line in two pitches.

F.F.A. R. Edwards.

To the right is a series of stepped overhangs which is the start of Connie's Crack.

Connie's Crack 150 feet E4, 6a, 4c. ★

Climb up into the hanging groove starting from the right. After a few feet exit left to the arete. Climb this until a move right is possible. Continue straight up to a stance. Follow Clonus to the top.

F.F.A. R. Fawcett, S. Foster. 1979.

To the right a large groove reaches the ground. This is the start of Snowdrop and Astoroth.

Snowdrop 160 feet E3 ★★

1 110 feet. 5b. Climb the groove for 30 feet. Traverse left along a shelf until it is possible to step into a groove. Climb this exiting rightwards and move up to a belay below the headwall.

2 60 feet. 6a. (low in the grade). The headwall is split by a crack. Go straight up this to the top.

F.F.A. P. Gomersall, P. Livesey. 1978.

Astoroth 150 feet E4 ★★

1 100 feet. 5c. Climb the groove with a difficult move high up. Belay below the upper wall at a large block.

2 50 feet. 6a. Above, bounding the right hand side of the headwall, is a slanting groove line. Climb this.

First ascent: Pitch 1 B. Ingle, P. Nunn. 1961.

Pitch 2 P. Gomersall, P. Livesey. 1980

Connie's Crack - Snowdrop Connection 140 feet E4 ★★ ★

An extremely good combination of pitches as good as any in Wales.

1 80 feet. 6a. Climb into the hanging groove as for Connie's Crack. Continue up the groove to join Snowdrop.

2 60 feet. 6a. As for Snowdrop.

To the right of Astoroth there are several groove lines -

Beelzebub E1 5b, 5a.

Gondor E2 5b.

Prometheus E1 5b.

Although less difficult than the other routes they tend to be scrappy and rather loose.

NORTH WALES LIMESTONE**CRAIG Y FORWYN****Mojo Direct Finish** Extremely Severe (E2), 5c

A top pitch for the original route taking the thin crack above the belay. Much better than the original finish.

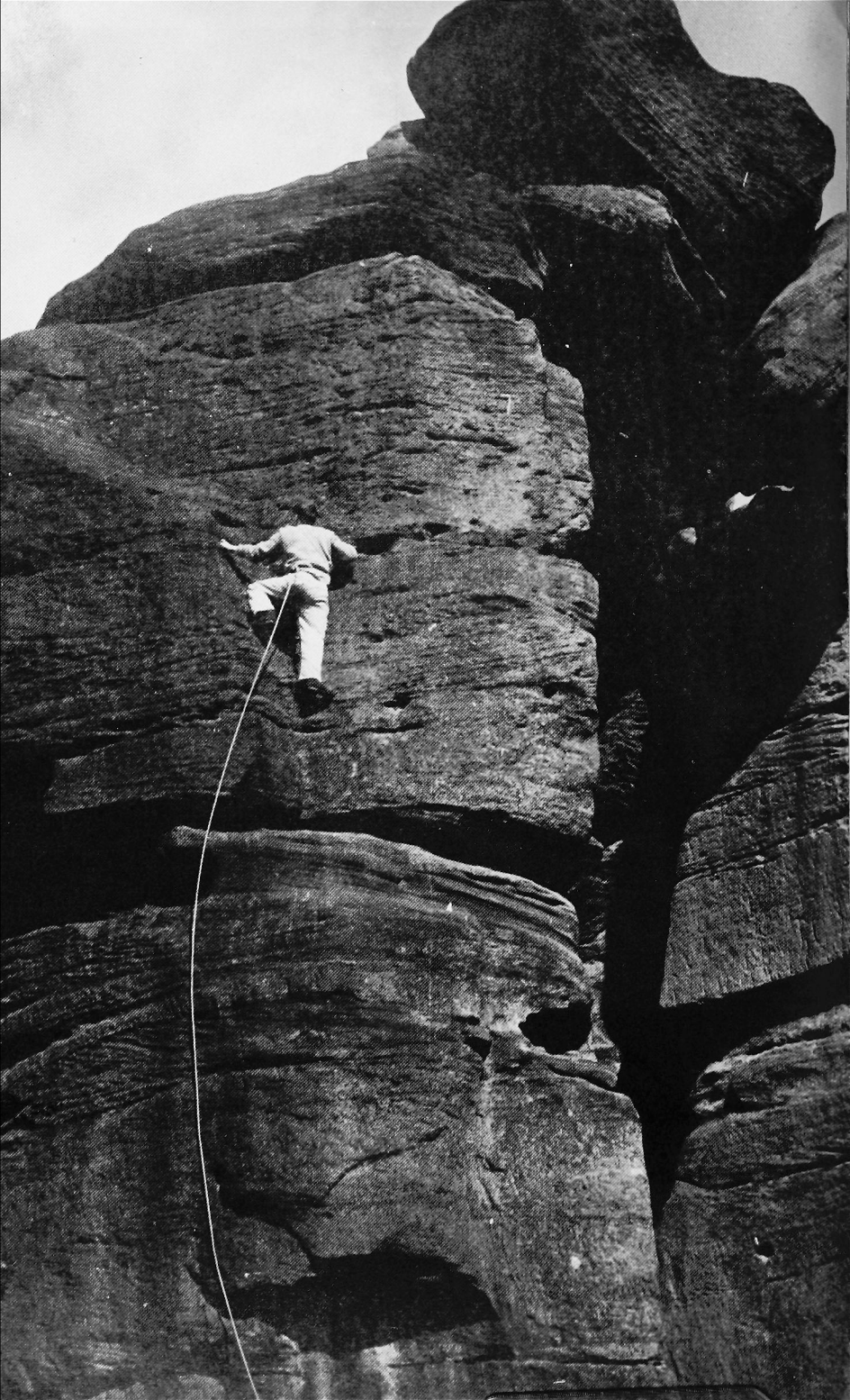
First ascent: M. Owen, H. Watkins.

Banana Moon Extremely Severe (E3), 5c.

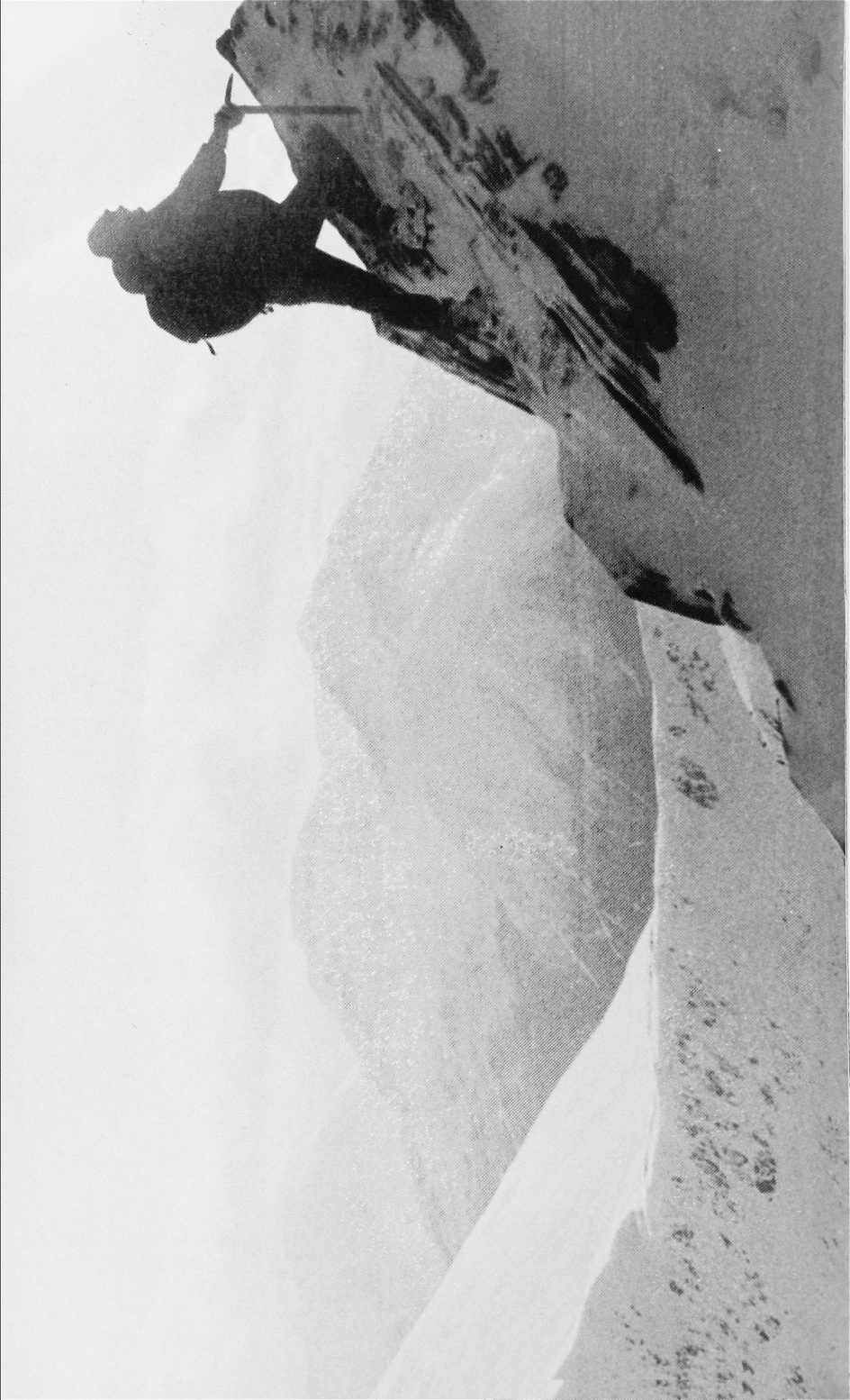
Opp: Clogwyn yr Eryr - Crafnant 1. Skylark 2. Oriole 3. Phoenix 4. Screech Owl 5. Clonus Left Hand 6. Clonus 7. Connie's Crack 8. Snowdrop 9. Astoroth 10. Astoroth D. Finish 11. Beelzebub

Photo - Pete Livesey and Climber & Rambler Centrespread Left: Birch Tree Wall, Brimham Rocks.









Climb the wall between Knightsbridge and Pterodactyl with a very hard move to gain the steep slab below the final overhang. Finish up the fragile layback flake.

First ascent: M. Owen, H. Watkins.

Duchess Hard Very Severe, 5a

The slab left of Sunset Strip.

First ascent: G. Gibson, D. Beetlestone.

Tears of a Cloon Extremely Severe (E4), 6a/b.

A line between Great Wall and Quickstep.

First ascent: R. Fawcett unseconded.

The Crunge Hard Very Severe, 5a.

The arete left of Extinction Crack.

First ascent: K. Robertson, M. Owen.

Knightsbridge Variation Very Severe

From the sentry box break out left to climb a shallow groove and wall.

First ascent: A. Pollitt, D. Prendergast.

Spike Driver now FREE.

First free ascent: A. Pollitt, A. Boorman.

GREAT ORME - UNNAMED CRAG

Hoe Down 200 feet Extremely Severe (E2), 5b, 5a.

Starts well to the right of the existing routes at a large block. Step off the block to climb the wall, trending left using an in situ peg to move up to the break. Traverse right and climb the obvious crack splitting the roof. Finish up the groove and wide crack above.

First ascent: D. Lyon, C. Lyon.

GREAT ORME - HORNBY CRAGS

Ocean Girl 100 feet Very Severe 5a, 4c.

Climb a thin crack and a slab, followed by an obvious overhanging crack about 50 feet right of Grande Finale.

First ascent: M. Gill, A. Gill.

The Enemy 110 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

1 110 feet. 5c. Climb the obvious white wall in the middle of the Central Buttress, gaining it by a ramp.

First ascent: C. Lyon, D. Lyon.

The Sea Goat 120 feet Hard Very Severe

1 120 feet. A line on the very far right side of the buttress, starting about 50 feet right of a broken pinnacle.

First ascent: M. Gill, A. Gill.

*Opp: Looking South from Sgurr an Doire Leathain
Centrespread Right: Bad Weather rolling off the Ben*

Sea Grave 110 feet Hard Very Severe

On the buttress about 100 yards right of Unnamed Crag. Abseil down the route from an obvious block.

1 110 feet. 5a. Climb the obvious corner in the buttress.

First ascent: D. Lyon, C. Lyon.

GREAT ORME - CRAIG Y GWYNT

Plas Berw 200 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A spectacular route between Central Pillar and New Dimensions, which is graded 6a, 6a, 6a. Follow New Dimensions to the thread then traverse left and over the bulge, peg runner, to reach the magnificent hanging arete. Follow this to Fosse Way, then traverse right to the stance on New Dimensions. Traverse left on Fosse Way to the lower stance on Appian Way. Climb diagonal flakes leading right to a steep wall below the roof and traverse right to a stance. Finish as for New Dimensions.

First ascent: J. Redhead, K. Robertson.

The Bittersweet Connection Extremely Severe(E4)(1 aid bolt)

A 'cosmic' free version of Central Pillar. From the thread belays on Central Pillar climb left and go up the wall to the overhang. Traverse 20 feet right and go over the overhang via a prominent block on its lip. Go up the wall to the next roof. An aid bolt leads to holds leading to Fosse Way. Traverse left to the Appian Way stance. After the 6b first pitch the roof of Central Pillar is free climbed at 5c to finish.

First ascent: J. Redhead, K. Robertson.

Rude Awakening 130 feet Extremely Severe (E4)

Start at a small cave at the right hand end of the crag.

1 130 feet. 6a/b. Climb the wall and overhanging crack above the cave to the obvious horizontal break. Traverse this to below a steep groove just right of New Dimensions. Climb this past a bolt and peg. Go up to the overhang. Traverse left to belay on New Dimensions. Finish as for New Dimensions.

First ascent: July 19, 1980. M. Jones, W. Wayman.

Since the 78 CCJ Rowland Edwards has written in to complain about allegations of illicit aid used on some of his routes (see the Llanberis Pass review). He states quite adamantly that no extra aid was used on any of his routes.

GREAT ORME - ST. TUDNO'S BUTTRESS

Gritstone Gorilla which has had several ascents is now considered to have been undergraded and is more like E2, 5c.

Perilous Journey 150 feet Very Severe 5a 4c

On the left hand Central Buttress between Gardeners World and Grand Finale there is an obvious cave. Climb the wall, peg runner, to reach the cave. Traverse right out of it to climb a crack. Follow the chimneys above moving left at the top.

First ascent: D. Lyon, C. Lyon.

PEMBROKE

Routes continue to fall thick and fast along this popular coast and details will soon be released in the new guide which is being written by Pat Littlejohn for the Climbers' Club.

SOUTH WALES**OGMORE**

Titanic - now FREE at Extremely Severe (E2), 5c.

First free ascent: A. Sharp. April 17, 1979.

Sorcery 120 feet Hard Extremely Severe (E5)

A very serious and difficult route taking the shallow groove to the left of Spellbinder. Start below a projecting ledge 20 feet up.

1 120 feet. 6a/b. Move up into the niche then break right and go up on razor rock to gain the ledge. Climb up rightwards to a horizontal slot then move up into the groove and climb with difficulty until it is possible to move right and up to gain A Bigger Splash. Traverse left for 10 feet then climb straight up through the overhangs on improving holds to the top.

First ascent: July 25, 1979. P. Littlejohn, S. Robinson.

Flying Fortress 130 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Bold climbing in exciting situations, but little independence.

1 80 feet. 5a. Follow Dog Day Afternoon for 20 feet then take an obvious rightward traverse across the wall into the sentry box. Move up and right through steep rock to a corner; step up and right onto the arete then go up a loose groove to belay as for Stronghold.

2 50 feet. 4c. Pitch 2 of Stronghold.

First ascent: April 6, 1979. S. Massey, S. Bartlett.

Western Shoot Out 130 feet Hard Very Severe

Rather loose. Start 10 feet right of Castle on a large, flat block and below an arete.

1 55 feet. 4c. Follow an arete on the left to an overhanging cleft which is taken on the right to reach a flat ledge.

2 75 feet. 4c/5a. Climb diagonally left, following a broken crack, to a large ledge. Climb a thin crack in a short, steep wall, making an awkward mantle on the right. Follow the crack in the wall above to a large niche - loose. Exit left past the overhang. Belay stakes in place.

First ascent: March 24, 1979. S. Robinson, F. Lunnon.

The Brawn Drain 90 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

A wild, steep pitch between Overboard Man and Phaser. Start a few feet left of Phaser at a vague weakness.

1 90 feet. 5c. Climb to the first overhangs and move past them, pulling up left slightly, to a fairly distinct horizontal break at 30 feet. Traverse right to obvious good holds and continue right to a small resting ledge above the main overhang of

Phaser. Climb diagonally left and break through the roofs to a steep wall which is climbed direct for 10 feet before moving left to join the finish of Overboard Man.

First ascent: April 18, 1979. P. Littlejohn (unseeded)

Cheap Trick 90 feet Very Severe

An amazing route for its grade; very steep climbing on big holds. Start at the chimney fault right of Hunchback.

1 90 feet. 4b/c. Climb the chimney outwards from its base until the right wall can be traversed on good holds to an arete. Climb the arete and wall above to the second stance of Hunchback. Abseil off.

First ascent: July 2, 1979. C. Connick, D. Hughes.

Fritz the Cat 80 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Takes the first weakness in the roof left of Mitzy. Enjoyable and not too fierce.

1 80 feet. 5b. Climb the wall and then go up to the first stage of the roof. Move out and go up to the second stage, then swing out and round the lip on good holds. Move up left then go straight up to a stance on a projecting ledge. Abseil from situ belays.

First ascent: May 19, 1979. P. Littlejohn, C. Connick.

To Mitzy a Pup 100 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Takes the rib between Mitzy and The Pod. Start at the right hand side of the rib.

1 100 feet. 5c. Climb the wall (hard) to a small ledge. Move left onto the arete and follow it to the top. Hex 10 belay.

First ascent: July 22, 1979. A. Sharp, P. Lewis.

WITCHES POINT

Stone Wings 120 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Climbs the sharply overhanging crack left of the obsolete aid route Snark. A striking line which is very strenuous on the first pitch and serious on the second. Friends are useful.

1 50 feet. 5c. Climb the crack until just above some cemented stones (sling to rest). Continue to better jams where the crack rises vertically and climb to a ledge on the right. Multiple nut belays (mainly large).

2 70 feet. 5c. Traverse right to a shaky ledge on the arete. Continue up rightwards using holds above the overhang until steep moves lead to easier ground. Climb up left of the nose to the grass slope. Stake and nut belays 30 feet back. The finish is common with Magic Touch.

First ascent: July 27, 1979. P. Littlejohn, S. Robinson.

Magic Touch 90 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Takes the clean, white wall right of Snark. Fine climbing on solid rock but the route is poorly protected. Start at the right hand end of the wall where it joins the earth slope.

1 90 feet. 5c. Scramble up onto the flake, then traverse left until it is possible to move up to a poor peg runner. Climb the wall on the left to an obvious hold, then traverse left to a sloping ledge. Using a sloping shelf above the bulge move back

right and make a steep move to gain ledges. Climb the groove and gully above to the grass slope. Stake and nut belay 30 feet back.

First ascent: June 5, 1979. P. Littlejohn (unseconded)

NORTH CORNWALL - CARN GOWLA

The Mercury Connection 445 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

The first pitch reaches the foot of the main Mercury groove and so avoids the awful abseil from the top of the crag. Start by descending as for Diabolist etc. and traverse easily along the foot of the crag to the flat ledge at the far end.

1 120 feet. 5a. Ascend rightwards for 30 feet until a traverse right can be made for a further 40 feet. Descend to grooves on the arete and go down these to climb round the corner to the bottom belay of Mercury.

2 110 feet. 5a. Go back onto the arete and climb it to belay by some narrow grooves in the arete.

3 45 feet. Traverse right into these grooves then go up and finally right to belay at the middle belay of Mercury.

2a and 3a variations are as for Mercury.

4 85 feet. 5b. Climb the groove behind the belay until a delicate traverse rightwards to a peg belay half-way up Andromeda Strain.

5 85 feet. 5b. Climb up behind the belay to the roof, runners. Descend slightly then traverse right and go up to the roof where it is narrowest. Climb the roof. Belays on the left.

First ascent: Pitches 1,2, & 3, March 15, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Pitches 4 & 5, August 26, 1979. R. Edwards.

CORNWALL - WEST PENNITH

ZENNOR CLIFF

The next five routes lie on the buttress below the Royal Forester and they can be seen from the Horse's Back. Approach to the seaward side of the cliff: descend from the top of Zennor Head towards the sea bearing slightly west until above a large platform which becomes sea washed at high tide. Abseil from the northern side over a steep wall. This area is greenstone with an intrusion of slate in places. The rock is generally good but care should be taken in places. The situation of the climbs is very exciting.

Digital Wall 110 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start at the base of the big wall left of the corner at the point of arrival from the abseil, to the left of the big step.

1 110 feet. 5b. Climb the steep wall to a second ledge at the base of a thin crack. Climb the crack to its top, then ascend rightwards to the base of a rightward slanting crack. Follow this to its top then traverse left to a shallow groove. Climb this to a ledge formed by a large flake. Climb the wall directly above this to the top. Belays on the back wall.

First ascent: August 5, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon, A. Gallagher.

Charlie Farley 100 feet Very Severe

It is situated on the far end of the Main Cliff (seen from the end of Horse's Back ridge). Approach at low tide by scrambling down on the mainland side of the zawn and abseil to the sea washed platform. A good line with some friable rock.

- 1 30 feet. Climb easily to the bottom of the corner crack.
- 2 70 feet. 4c. Climb the corner crack direct. Belay on poor nuts.

First ascent: May 29, 1979. R. Astley, A. Davies.

Angulas 140 feet Hard Very Severe

Approach as for Digital Wall. Start at the arete leading into the zawn.

- 1 120 feet. 5a. From the flat topped ledge traverse right to the bottom of a steep chimney. Climb this to the base of a steep groove/corner. Climb this and exit on the right, then go straight up to belays.
- 2 20 feet. Easy climbing leads to the top.

First ascent: August 12, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Sail Race 150 feet Hard Severe

Start as for Angulas.

- 1 60 feet. Traverse into the zawn along the obvious traverse line until the descent. Belay.
- 2 50 feet. 4b. Climb the wall left of the fault line which slopes leftwards. Continue up in the same line then move right and go up to good ledges and belays.
- 3 40 feet. Climb the corner behind the belay. Move left at the top and belay just before the top.

First ascent: August 14, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Climb to the Sun 350 feet Very Severe

Should become very popular as it is on good rock and has a tremendous approach. From the platform walk to the right and go back up into the zawn proper.

- 1 150 feet. 4a. Traverse back up into the zawn by following the obvious fault. A slight descent is made at 60 feet and a harder move at 110 feet to get onto the large ledge. Belay at the furthest end of this ledge below a crack.
- 2 35 feet. Climb the crack and wall to a good ledge and belay. (A traverse left across ledges can be made here to escape. This would make the route into about Severe and would end on the ledge from which the abseil is made.)
- 3 135 feet. 4c. Traverse right round the corner for five feet. Climb direct up the steep wall to a pocket at 15 feet and then continue direct up the centre of the slab, keeping well right of the loose flakes on the left. The slab ends on a large grassy ledge below the top tower. Belays.
- 4 40 feet. 4a. Climb up the right side of the wall onto a ledge. Traverse left and climb the left side to the top.

First ascent: July 23, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon.

The next two routes are approached from the Horse's Back. At the start of this is a narrow track going down into the zawn etc.

Paper Moon 225 feet Very Severe

Descend onto the Horse's Back. At the start of this is a narrow path going down

into the zawn. Abseil down this path as it gets steep and loose near the bottom (belays can be found in boulders in the grass behind the Horse's Back). Start at the bottom of the zawn at the foot of the obvious corner on the second buttress along. Lowish tide is needed for this route.

1 40 feet. Climb the slab and corner to a small ledge below the top. Belays.

2 145 feet. 4b. Climb to the top of the pinnacle. Traverse left over doubtful rock to a ledge on the left and better rock. The ledge is at the base of a steep slab. Climb up steeply left of a small groove onto the slab. Ascend this rightwards to a V-groove. Belay possible here. Go up the groove and exit left onto the wall. Ascend rightwards onto the arete and then go straight up to the top. Belays.

First ascent: August 5, 1979. R. Edwards, A. Gallagher, B.R.E. Wilkinson.

The Eyass 255 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

A very steep route with some very good climbing. The start is quite loose but the climbing above is worth the effort. Approach as for Paper Moon until below the large overhangs on the right hand buttress. Start on the large boulders at the left side of the buttress below some small caves.

1 135 feet. 5a/b. Climb up into the first cave then go up into the one on the left, keeping right of the loose shale. Climb straight up over flat-topped ledges to the base of a steep crack. Climb this to a glacis beneath a large roof, then climb right across the slab to the lip of the roof. Pull up onto the slab above and belay 10 feet up this.

2 120 feet. 4b. Traverse left to the far arete of the slab, then climb more or less straight up to the top of the crag.

First ascent: July 12, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon.

GURNARD'S HEAD

Parabola 275 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

A fine expedition. Start as for Right Angle; and follow it to the foot of the main crack.

1 55 feet. 5a. Climb up to the second overlap and traverse along its lip to a vertical crack. Climb onto a block then go right to belay on a good ledge.

2 45 feet. 5b/c. Descend rightwards to a nose and climb round it to a peg runner. Climb a thin crack and make some difficult moves right to get onto a block. Belay.

3 40 feet. 5a/b. Climb the crack to a small ledge then traverse right round the arete. Easier climbing to finish.

First ascent: February 17, 1980. R. Edwards, R. Perriment.

CARN GLOOSE

This is a major new crag to the south of Bosigran. Approach to the east side of the crag and descend down the ridge west of Zawn Duel to the rocks just above the sea. The last 40 feet are Difficult.

High Frontier 200 feet Hard Very Severe

1 90 feet. 4b. Climb round the corner to a series of short grooves; cross these

rightwards to a steep slab. Traverse this into a corner and then go out onto another less steep slab. Belay at the far end below a leftward slanting groove.

If the sea is too high start a little higher up the groove at the base of the ridge. Climb across the right wall and make a difficult move onto a small ledge on the seaward face of the ridge. Cross this rightwards and go round the arete to a steep slab. Descend this to belay at the foot of the far corner/groove.

2 80 feet. 5a. Climb the slab above until an awkward move right onto a small ledge at a corner. Climb the corner, difficult near the top, to a large ledge.

3 30 feet. Climb the groove on the left. Scrambling remains.

First ascent: January 26, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Astral Stroll 310 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

A tremendous route in one of the most impressive positions in West Cornwall. Start as for High Frontier to the first belay.

2 40 feet. 5b. Descend and traverse right to the far corner, passing two peg runners.

3 100 feet. 5b. Climb up to the roof and traverse it to the arete. Climb up into the next one then traverse up and across into the next roof, just before a black wall. Cross this and make some impressive moves across short grooves to get onto a small, flat ledge in the middle of the crag. Belay nut and thin blade pegs.

4 80 feet. 5a. Climb the overhang then follow the corners.

First ascent: March 31, 1980. R. Edwards, C. Bryan.

Space Race 130 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Start from the third belay of Astral Stroll.

1 130 feet. 5c. Move right and descend slightly to the start of a steep wall on the right. Climb up steeply to the roof and traverse right across the steep wall with a roof crack above it. Descend to large block and move right to the start of a broken ramp. Follow this then finish up a steep wall and an arete.

First ascent: June 8, 1980. R. Edwards, P. O'Sullivan + ANO

Dangerous Visions 205 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

An incredible route through impressive overhangs. Good protection. Approach as for Hornpipe then continue down ramps to the large overhangs, below the second groove.

1 120 feet. 5c/6a. Lasso a flat-topped spike at the base of the groove, on its right wall. Prussick up to this and then climb the groove to the top. Traverse left with difficulty passing a peg runner to a good, large hold below the roof. Continue up to the roof, good Friend 3 placement to the left of a peg runner. Using the good jamming crack under the roof make a long reach over the roof to a good hold on the right. Two more good holds enable a resting peg to be reached. Traverse left with difficulty, good, small runners under the overhang, and cross a narrow slab to a corner (possible belay) Climb the steep wall on the left and make a long move left to reach holds which lead rightwards up to a small ledge at the foot of a steep corner. Belay peg and nut.

2 85 feet. 5b. Climb the corner then traverse rightwards to the foot of another steep corner. Climb this and then the steep wall above. Exit at the top on the left to a large grassy ledge.

First ascent: April 24, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.
(Note - four visits were needed to get it all together).

ROBIN'S ROCKS

The Intruder 190 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start 30 feet up from the jammed boulder above the gap. This is a girdle of the main cliff.

1 100 feet. 5a. Descend to the white quartz break and follow it to below roofs on Black Sapper. Step right and descend to a crack. Belay on nuts and pegs.

2 50 feet. 5b. Move directly up to the slab then traverse right to step down below good hand holds. Climb directly up and right to Tuco the Terrible then go horizontally right to a corner stance.

3 40 feet. Move up to an obvious hold and swing round into a groove. Go right again into a bigger groove and follow a foot ledge to an easy finish.

First ascent: July 1979. P. Littlejohn, C. King.

BOSIGRAN

Flat Top 90 feet Severe

Start just right of Big Top.

1 90 feet. Climb easily to a gorse covered ledge. Mantleshelf on to a short wall above. Step right and pull onto the black, cracked slab between Big Top and Simple Simon. Climb the slab to an overhung niche. Surmount this to the ledge at the top of Big Top.

First ascent: January 21, 1979. S. Salmon, N. Hampson.

PENDEEN WATCH

Impendeen wall is NOT the large stepped corner which is the most obvious feature, but is the prominent groove to the left of the corner and right of the back wall of the zawn. Beware of sewage which is ejected onto the wall as it tends to take off in high winds!

Stoneflasher 80 feet Severe

1 80 feet. 4a. Climb the large stepped corner past two large terraces to the top.

First ascent: August 7, 1979. D. Hope, S. Hope.

To the east of the zawn is a square cut headland on top of the continuation of the slabby platform. The following three climbs start from the platform which is reached by a sea level traverse from the north at low tide or by an abseil. At the zawn side of the headland is a prominent pulpit block.

Foam Follower 70 feet Hard Severe

Excellent position with short lived difficulties. Better at high tide for atmosphere.

1 70 feet. 4b. It follows the clear cut groove bounding the seaward face of the headland and overlooking the zawn. Start at the same point as Sea Music but traverse right 15 feet into the grove then step up awkwardly and continue directly up

it passing the overhang on its right.

First ascent: August 8, 1979. D. Hope, S. Hope.

Sea Music 70 feet Difficult

Start at the right hand side of the block overlooking the sewage zawn. Very atmospheric at high tide.

1 70 feet. Climb the broken arete to the large ledge at the top of the block. Pull up a few feet onto the right hand side of the steep wall above, then step right round the arete into the groove of Foam Follower. Climb this for 15 feet until it splits into two and step left and follow a groove/crack to the top.

First ascent: August 5, 1979. D. Hope, S. Hope.

Wave Dancer 70 feet Mild Severe

Start as for Sea Music but on the pulpit block go directly up the steep wall from the centre of the ledge until another ledge is met. Go to the left hand end then climb the cracks up the final wall finishing over a small overhang.

First ascent: August 6, 1979. D. Hope, S. Hope.

CARN VELLAN

Zero Gravity 110 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

A very sustained and strenuous route on perfect rock. Well protectable. At low tide descend to the left edge of the crag, below the steep wall to the left of the arete. At high tide go down over the top of the crag on the seaward side and descend ledges to the same place or a bit higher.

1 110 feet. 6a. Climb the steep wall, left of the arete and right of the deep crack, to the overhang on the left. Go over this onto the steep wall and go straight up this on large but well-spaced holds to a small groove on the left. Climb up into this then traverse right onto less steep rock, to final cracks.

First ascent: August 24, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Ziggurat 170 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

A tremendous route on perfect rock, in a unique position. The two stainless steel bolts were placed after the first free ascent as pegs rot very quickly in this area. If the crack is wet one or two rest points may be needed. Start in the corner to the right of The Lid below a steep broken wall.

1 50 feet. 5a. Climb the wall for a few feet then traverse left below a ring peg runner. Harder moves upwards and across the corner lead to a short wall below a roof. Move left again to a small ledge and nut and peg belays.

2 80 feet. 5c. Climb rightwards across the short overhung wall to a short groove (peg runner). Climb this to good holds at its top. Move strenuously left to get onto the fault line, peg runner. Hand traverse the fault line, strenuous and technical, with peg and nut runners. The fault dips back round a short corner. Rest peg just before this. Continue left to a peg and bolt belay.

3 40 feet. 5c. Use an aid peg to move left and reach out over the roof to good holds and a peg runner. Difficult moves lead into a groove with good jams. Climb this. Belays far back.

First free ascent: August 24, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

(The 2nd pitch had previously been cleaned with aid).

KENIDJACK CASTLE CLIFFS

Saxon Direct Finish Hard Very Severe

Instead of the traverse right to the belay continue direct up to the top of the crag.

First ascent: April 2, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon.

In the Gallery 120 feet Hard Very Severe

Start 10 feet right of Gneiss Gnome at the base of a thin crack.

1 120 feet. 4c/5a. Climb the crack and wall to a flake on a long ledge at 45 feet.

Possible belay here. Climb up onto the flake and follow the faint crack line until it runs out at an easy-angled slab. Climb near its right edge to the top. Peg belay.

First ascent: April 20, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Rock Dancer 150 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start 15 feet left of Saxon at a scoop in the overhang.

1 150 feet. 5a. Pull up over the overhang and climb onto the traverse of Saxon. Climb the right wall of the shallow groove and climb directly up to the sloping ledge to the left of the big groove in the middle of the face. Get onto this ledge and traverse left. Climb directly up to the top of the crag passing a horizontal break at half height. Belays on the wall.

First ascent: April 17, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Super Direct 120 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start as for The Shield above the big boulder.

1 120 feet. 5a. Step off the top of the boulder and follow a faint crack on the left. When this peters out make for a small overhang above. This overhang is at the base of a shallow pillar. Climb the pillar direct to its top and a good ledge. Possible belay. Climb direct up the wall using small pockets finishing on better holds at the top. Poor protection.

First ascent: April 20, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Slanter 120 feet Very Severe

This route takes the upper of two diagonal lines across the steep wall at the back of the zawn. Start at the foot of the slab at the back of the zawn where it meets the wall.

1 40 feet. 4b. Climb up to the leftward sloping ramp and belay just above the block.

2 100 feet. 4b. Traverse right onto the small slab and cross over onto the larger one, peg runner. Pull up onto the steeper rock and follow this line past a fin of rock to large blocks. Climb these and then go right to belay round the corner. OR go straight up the groove to belays a further 50 feet up the grass slope.

First ascent: June 29, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Sunny Cellophane 150 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

The steep arete right of Thane. Start as for Slanter.

1 40 feet. 4b. Climb up to the ramp and belay above the block.

2 110 feet. 5a. Climb up then go right into a corner. Move left and go over the roof into the groove of Thane. Climb delicately across the right wall, peg runner,

and make an airy step onto the arete. Climb this and the wall above to the top.
Peg belays.

First ascent: June 30, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon.

Storm-bringer 150 feet Extremely Severe

Start as for Slanter.

- 1 40 feet. 4b. Climb up to the ramp and belay above the block.
- 2 110 feet. 5c. Climb up and then go right into a corner. Move right onto the arete. Make a strenuous move up to the roof then some difficult moves right enable the lip of the next roof to be used to get onto a sloping ledge. Move back left onto the steep wall which leads to the top. Peg belays.

First ascent: June 30, 1979. R. Edwards, S. Salmon.

PORDENACK POINT

Stone Boom 100 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Two superb pitches - a strenuous hand traverse and a technical groove on sound rock. Start as for Zeke's Route.

- 1 60 feet. 5b. Climb the left side of the big crack then go back into it by the side of a horizontal crack. Traverse this to the arete then to a ledge on the right. Go back left onto the ledge. Peg.
- 2 40 feet. 5c. Climb the corner to the small roof. Traverse right then go up to finish.

First ascent: March 16, 1980. R. Edwards, R. Perriment.

Endless Rhythm 90 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Another superb route. Start as for Nothing Much.

- 1 90 feet. 5c. Climb the groove to the roof. Traverse left under the groove and undercling across to some flakes. Climb up to the roof and make a long reach to a hold over the roof at the base of the steep crack. Climb the crack to finish in the gully. Belay.

First ascent: April 6, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards, C. Bryan.

CARN SPERM

Kari 130 feet Very Difficult

A good climb on perfect rock. Start 10 feet left of the central groove below Bitter. End at a short corner and a cairn.

- 1 15 feet. Climb the corner to a ledge.
- 2 55 feet. Climb the steep wall on the left then move right to a short groove. Climb this to a ledge. From the left end climb the steep overhanging corner and then a groove to a ledge.
- 3 45 feet. Climb the narrow slab and wall above to a ledge.
- 4 15 feet. Climb the wall to the top.

First ascent: September 3, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards, K. Harrison.

Wandering Worlds 130 feet Hard Severe

Start at the cairn to the left of Kari.

- 1 15 feet. Climb the steep wall to a ledge.

2 100 feet. 4b. Climb the wall on the left and the groove on the right to a ledge. Climb the steep corner on the right to another groove on the left. Climb this and the slab above to a large ledge.

3 15 feet. Finish up a wall.

First ascent: M.R. & R. Edwards, K. Harrison.

Four Directions 135 feet Severe

Start at the foot of the central groove of Bitter End.

1 20 feet. Climb the groove and move left to a large ledge.

2 55 feet. 4a. Enter the groove above from the left. Climb this then go right into the next groove. Climb this then go left under the roof. Climb the arete to a narrow ledge.

3 45 feet. Climb the wall and the slab above to a large ledge.

4 15 feet. Finish up the wall.

First ascent: August 27, 1980. R. Edwards, I.S. Hunter, S. Ghulamali (clients)

Immaculate Groove 115 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

A superb route on perfect rock. Start at the foot of the obvious groove/slab going rightwards. Approach at lowish tide by descending a slab on the north side of the terrace of Bitter End.

1 75 feet. 5b. Climb the groove using the crack on the left. The crack becomes steeper and widens higher up. Exit right after some strenuous jamming to a ledge on the right.

2 40 feet. 4a. Traverse left to a groove and climb it.

First ascent: September 3, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

CARN BOEL

The Immaculate Crack 115 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Combined with the approach this superb crack gives an exciting route. At low tide descend to sea level below the crag. Traverse north into the zawn separating Carn Boel from Carn Sperm. Climb the chimney formed by the large pinnacle. At 15 feet traverse left across a ledge onto the face overlooking the zawn and above a steep groove on the left. Abseil down this to a sloping ledge above the boulders (spare rope useful).

1 100 feet. 5c. Climb the thin crack onto a ledge on the left. Move back right to the crack and follow it until it widens. Where it ends move left onto a slab then climb the wall above.

2 15 feet. Step across the gap on the right and finish on the large ledge.

First ascent: September 3, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

ZAWN KELLYS Ref. 359, 227

These routes are on the buttresses on the north side of this zawn.

The Arch 80 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

A good and well protectable climb on solid rock. Start on a ledge to the left of the big arch on the left of the headland.

1 80 feet. 5a. Climb up to a flat topped spike on the left wall of the arch. Move up the arete to the narrow groove. Climb the groove to a small roof at its top. Climb up onto a ledge on the left and then finish direct.

First ascent: April 18, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards, M. Peplow.

American Dream 120 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

A very obvious line up a steep buttress on the north side of the zawn. It is next to a deep chimney. Start at the base of the buttress to the left of the chimney and right of a small pinnacle.

1 120 feet. 5b. Climb the pinnacle then go up and across to a flat hold on the right. Go up to the overhang, pull over this and reach a ledge on the right. Climb to the next roof and go over it on its left to the foot of a steep crack. Follow this.

First ascent: March 30, 1980. R. Edwards, C. Bryan.

The Screw 125 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

The initial start is very strenuous but well protectable. Start at the base of a slender column of rock to the right of the main buttress of American Dream.

1 125 feet. 5c. Climb the overhanging crack on the left. Move right with difficulty to a good resting place. Move back left to a good crack. Climb this and another crack on its right to a hold on the arete. Follow this over a small roof. Finish up a steep wall. Belays well back.

First ascent: June 6, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

CARN BARRA (Amen Corner Area)

Crack in the Sky 85 feet Hard Very Severe

A very good route with a classic crack finish. Start as for Amen Corner.

1 85 feet. 5b. Traverse left from the top of the boulders to the corner. Climb this to the first small ledge on the left wall. Move left to a short corner. Climb this to a slab. Go up the steep wall split by two thin cracks to the base of the wider one. Climb it.

First ascent: May 10, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards, C. Bryson.

Sunny Corner Lane 95 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Sustained, technical climbing which starts up the old aid route, Birthday Route. Start at the foot of the large corner right of Amen Corner.

1 95 feet. 5c. Climb the corner to the roof. Move left into the next corner and climb this to the next roof. Climb the steep wall into the overhanging groove above. Climb this then move right round the roof and go up to the top.

First ascent: May 23, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Powerflex 95 feet Extremely Severe (E3)

Very strenuous climbing up the rightward slanting roof. Start as for Sunny Corner Lane.

1 95 feet. 6a. Climb the groove to the roof and climb the steep crack under the roof on the right which gets harder. Pull over the top to a good resting place. Climb the thin crack in the wall.

First ascent: June 8, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Grande Plage 95 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

A fine technical route with some suspect rock. Start 30 feet right of Sunny Corner Lane at the foot of a steep wall.

1 95 feet. 6a. Climb the steep wall to a loose flake. Make a series of hard moves up and across left onto the slab. Climb the crack up the slab to a small mantleshelf move then traverse left to a corner. Climb this then exit on the right.

First ascent: May 23, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Geireagle II 95 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start 15 feet right of Grande Plage at the foot of some short grooves. Perfect rock.

1 95 feet. 5b. Climb the groove and when it becomes steep make some hard moves to reach the foot of the top overhanging headwall. Climb this to finish.

First ascent: May 24, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

52nd Street 95 feet Mild Extremely Severe (E1)

Start 15 feet right of Geireagle II at the foot of three steep grooves.

1 95 feet. 5b. Climb the first groove then the second to the larger one. Climb this by bridging and chimneying to the top.

First ascent: May 24, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Fine and Dandy 75 feet Hard Very Severe

Start at the extreme right of the wall below a short steep corner.

1 75 feet. 5a. Climb the steep corner to its top. Move left and then back right by a long reach. Finish up easy grooves.

First ascent: May 10, 1980. C. Bryan, M. & R.E. Edwards.

CARN BARR (Ra Area)**Illustrated Man** 75 feet Extremely Severe (E2)

Start as for Ra.

1 Climb the crack of Ra to the first break. Traverse right to the next crack and climb it to the roof. Surmount this on its left and climb the narrow slab with difficulty. Continue up.

First ascent: December 23, 1979. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Dialectic pitch 1 variation, 4c/5a.

Climb the left hand corner (as mentioned in the guide) for 35 feet until the horizontal break is reached. Step right into the shallow corner and finish as for the above mentioned route. This avoids the arete which requires aid.

First ascent: May 5, 1979. C. Nicholson, A. Gallagher.

Exodus 90 feet Very Severe

Start as for Axis.

1 90 feet. 5a. Climb the difficult wall to the ledge. Continue up the groove to the fault line which crosses the crag. Move right along this round the face to a step up into the final groove. Climb this and the steep crack.

First ascent: December 22, 1979. R. & M.R. Edwards, S. & M. Peplow.

Atlantic Crossing 190 feet Hard Very Severe

A traverse of the Ra buttress from left to right. Start as for Ra.

- 1 40 feet. 4b. Climb Ra to the second ledge.
- 2 125 feet. 5b. Traverse right round the arete and follow the fault line below the roof to a resting place. Continue along to a step down and hand traverse to the corner. Traverse right again round the corner to a belay at the far right of the crag at a groove.
- 3 25 feet. 4a. Ascend rightwards to the foot of a narrow wall with a thin crack. Finish up the crack.

First ascent: January 2, 1980. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

CHAIR LADDER

Toothache 155 feet Very Severe

- 1 80 feet. As for variation start to Terriers Tooth, up the right hand side of a tower and up the arete.
- 2 30 feet. 4c. Climb the overhanging chimney to the right of the arete.
- 3 45 feet. 4c. Traverse right along the ledge to the foot of steep twin cracks. Climb the left hand crack.

First ascent: April 14, 1979. S.M. Richardson, J. Knifton.

Consolation Climb 180 feet Very Difficult

Start at the foot of a steep black chimney by the bottom of the track to crossing boulder of West Wall of Zawn Ziny.

- 1 70 feet. Climb up, then traverse on the right wall to the foot of a steep incut scoop.
- 2 30 feet. Climb into then scoop and onto a ledge.
- 3 40 feet. Climb the left hand face of the pinnacle.
- 4 40 feet. A series of steep chimney cracks lead to the summit pinnacle.

First ascent: April 5, 1979. C.D. Boston, D. Dawson, P. King.

PORTHGUARON (Near St. Loy)

Last Day's Flier 50 feet Hard Very Severe

Start below the short, steep buttress at the top of the right hand side of the crag facing east. A steep rippled crack goes up the centre.

- 1 50 feet. 5b. Climb the crack then the groove above.

First ascent: December 31, 1979. R. Edwards, M.R. Edwards.

Giant's Crawl 190 feet Hard Very Difficult

A good route on sound rock. From the top of the crag descend the arete to the boulders which are jammed between the island and the mainland.

- 1 25 feet. Traverse right round the arete to the foot of a ramp.
- 2 50 feet. Climb diagonally left to an easy angled slab. Climb this to a corner.
- 3 30 feet. Climb the corner to the first groove on the right. Climb this to belays on the wall.
- 4 60 feet. Climb onto the slab slanting rightwards. Traverse right until just past a round bollard. Finish steeply.

First ascent: January 12, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards.

Gulliver's Route 135 feet Severe

Approach down the east ridge which faces the crag to the large jammed boulders below a steep smooth wall. Start at the left end of this ledge.

- 1 40 feet. Traverse right across the slab to a wide crack. Climb this to a ledge.
- 2 40 feet. Climb the groove to a ledge then go to the foot of a steep crack in a groove.
- 3 50 feet. 4a. Climb the crack then traverse left to finish.

First ascent: January 12, 1980. R. & M.R. Edwards, S. Peplow.

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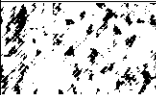



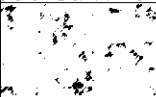

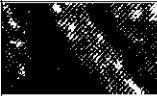



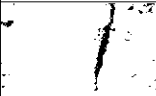

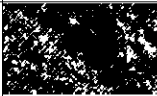
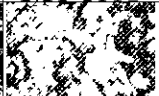
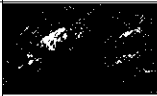
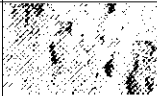
- Cwm Idwal (1974) by Ken Wilson and Zdzislaw Leppert.
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- Cwm Silyn and Cwellyn (1971) by Mike Yates and Jim Perrin.
- Snowdon East (1970) by Tony Moulam.

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IN PREPARATION

- Southern Sandstone by Tim Daniells. Due out 1981.
- Ogwen (Idwal and Tryfan) by Tom Leppert. Due out 1981.
- Pembrokeshire by Pat Littlejohn. Due out 1981.
- Llanberis Pass reprint by Geoff Milburn. Due out 1981.
- Tremadog and the Moelwyns by Mike Mortimer. Due 1981/82?

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