



THE
YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS'
CLUB JOURNAL

1892-1992
CENTENARY YEAR

Edited by
D.J. Atherton

VOLUME XI · NUMBER 40

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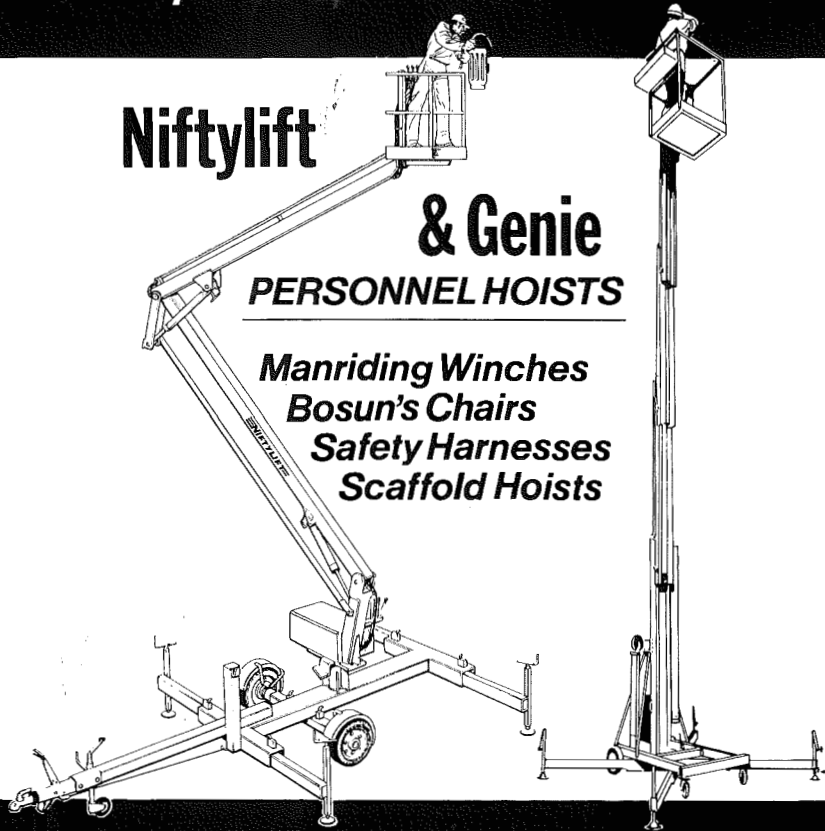
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*On the South Ridge of the Aiguille Dibona
(Massif des Ecrins)*

John Devenport, ARPS

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THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB 1892-1992

by AB. Craven

Looking back 40 years on, the first President of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, George T. Lowe, writes that, on a Three Peaks Walk at Whitsuntide 1892, he told his companion that he "would approach all the men I knew to be interested in rambling over our Yorkshire moors and fells with a view to forming a club and thus improving the chances of collecting larger groups for our outings". On 13th July 1892 he and three friends, J. A. Green, H. H. Bellhouse and Herbert Slater, discussed the formation of a club, drew up outline proposals and a rough draft of rules and called an inaugural meeting at the Skyrack Inn, Headingley, Leeds on 6th October 1892. Nine men attended and it was decided to form a club. Thirteen members were elected forthwith.

G. T. Lowe was appointed President, J. A. Green Secretary and H. H. Bellhouse Treasurer, and a small committee was also elected. Initially two meetings were held in the smoke-room of the Skyrack Inn in each winter month, at which papers were read by members on their excursions, and one meeting in each summer month for arranging expeditions. The first club meet outside Leeds was held at Christmas 1892 at the Hopper Lane Hotel at Blubberhouses.

It was not long before George Lowe was writing that "members soon took an increasing interest in climbing. It has extended the original ideas of the founders and the prominence given to this elevating branch of sport has considerably widened the scope of the club". To promote this interest within the club and to establish the standing of the club in Leeds and Yorkshire, eminent mountaineers were invited to give public lectures at the Philosophical Hall in Leeds. The first of these was by William Cecil Slingsby in 1893 on "Rock Climbing and Snowcraft", followed by Edward Whymper in 1894 on the "The Andes", Herman Woolley in 1895 on "The Caucasus", C. E. Matthews in 1896 on "Mont Blanc", then Norman Collie, C. P. Pilkington, Mrs Aubrey Le Blond and many others. Lectures continued in the club's proceedings until 1925, when Bentley Beetham, a club member, spoke on the 1924 Everest expedition, in which he had participated. Lack of support in 1926 saw the end of this tradition apart from brief revivals in 1930

and 1932, when F. S. Smythe, also a member, gave lectures on the ascents of Kinchinjunga and Kamet.

At the first Annual General Meeting in 1893, William Cecil Slingsby was elected President, an office in which he led the club with great distinction until 1903. By 1893 Slingsby had already made his mark in the development of mountaineering in Norway.

The club library was started in 1893 and the *Journal* in 1899 with Thomas Gray as its first editor.

H. H. Bellhouse in his article on the formation of the club writes, "parties, excepting for the Annual Meet, are never made up officially, but the many informal, not unlooked for, but not prearranged gatherings at Wasdale, Pen-y-gwryd and elsewhere add not a little to the pleasures and advantages of membership". The Annual Club Meet features in the club Proceedings up to the seventh such meet in 1903. It is mentioned again in 1907 and at the Hill Inn in 1910. But other club meets also begin to feature in club Proceedings - two in 1901, six in 1902, including an Easter meet in Langdale and a Whit meet at Thornton-in-Lonsdale. This pattern continues into the 1920s. The number of official club meets then slowly increased to its present level of 12 to 14 per year.

Commemorating the first 21 years of the club's existence in 1913, the President, W. Parsons, could write, "Its members have probably ascended every important peak in the Alps, have explored the Caucasus, have corrected our schoolboy knowledge of the Canadian Rockies, have practically taught the Norwegians their own country, have conquered virgin peaks in the Himalayas, have done a large amount of original work in our British crag districts, have made descents - in nearly every case first descents - of our Yorkshire pot-holes ..." The presidential pride and panache of that statement contrast sharply with the comments, in his correspondence with the club's editor, by that great but abrasive protagonist of the Alps, the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, that "all this scrambling in the British Isles does not commend itself to me as a form of mountaineering" and "I deny further that the qualities required for cave hunting in any way resemble those required in mountaineering". It can at least be said that the club had some outstanding rock climbers in J. W. Puttrell of the Keswick Brothers' Climb on Scafell, Fred Botterill of the North West Climb on Pillar, Slanting Gully on Lliwedd, and Botterill's Slab on Scafell, and

C. D. Frankland of Esk Buttress and the Green Crack on Almscliff. This list of major mountain areas in which members have climbed is wider now than those mentioned above and includes in addition to the Alps and Norway the Dolomites, Austria, the Rockies (American as well as Canadian), the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, the High Atlas, the Tatra, the Andes (Bolivian and Peruvian), Greenland, Turkey, Korea, Japan and the Himalayas. And, because the limestone area of the Yorkshire Dales was in their parish, the club took up caving and pot-holing on a major scale. Slingsby had none of Coolidge's doubts. In 1900 he wrote, "the YRChas a speciality, cave hunting Caves first, caves second and caves third".

In August 1895 the French caver, E. A. Martel, had made the first descent of the 350-foot main chamber of Gaping Gill, the greatest of the Yorkshire pot-holes. It was an outstanding performance using rope-ladders. In May 1896 the club made its first descent using a windlass and bosun's chair - two minutes down and four minutes up. Further descents for exploration and surveying were made in 1904, 1905, 1906 and 1907. From 1909, when a club party was trapped in Gaping Gill by flood for 40 hours, until 1938, a camp was held at Gaping Gill each year at Whitsuntide and exploration of the pot-hole was steadily pursued. Kindred clubs frequently attended this meet and it is recorded that on one occasion six members of the Pinnacle club joined the descent. In the first five volumes of the club *Journal* there are 16 main articles on Gaping Gill and in the next two volumes a further 13 entries in "Cave Exploration". These are a measure of the effort put into the exploration of this most impressive cave. In 1896, descents also include Troller's Hole, Clapham Cave, Long Kin West, Long Kin, Rowten Pot, Sell Gill Hole, Pillar Pot 1, Jingling Hole, and in 1897 Marble Steps, Death's Head Hole, Bull Pot, Lost Lohn's Cave, Short Dropto Gavel Pot, Hunt Pot, Cross Pot. That level of activity continued into the 1930s. The commitment was tremendous. There are no major Yorkshire pot-holes which have not been bottomed by the club, many as first descents, which in the case of Mere Gill took nine years to complete.

The club also made a significant contribution to caving in Ireland. Between 1907 and 1963 there had been 14 meets in Fermanagh, five in County Clare and two in Leitrim/Sligo. The Golden Age of Pot-holing, when there were still new pot-holes to be found, was said to be coming to a close in the 1930s. But new discoveries and

extensions in known pot-holes continued after the end of the War, many of them involving extensive digging and some diving. This was also a period of joint club pot-holing abroad and YRC members were involved in expeditions in Austria, Italy, France, Spain, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Morocco, Turkey, the Lebanon, Iran, Ecuador, Mexico and Penr,

In 1908, E. E. Roberts joined the club and made a great contribution to it. He was an excellent pot-holer, a very good Alpinist, and from 1921 to 1947 an influential editor of the *journal*. He was probably better informed about developments in pot-holing, certainly about pot-holing in Yorkshire, than any of his contemporaries and his *journal* feature, "Cave Exploration: New Discoveries", which included the activities of kindred clubs, was an invaluable record. It was also largely due to him that the club's safety record over 100 years of intensive caving had been so good – three accidents, none fatal. Roberts insisted that "parties entering pot-holes should treat them with the same respect as should be exercised on a big mountain" and evolved safety techniques in accordance with this view. Two other points might be mentioned in connection with the club's pot-holing – the high standards of its surveying and the excellence of the resulting plans.

A Club Dinner was arranged at the Hotel Metropole in Leeds for the club's tenth anniversary in 1902. The First Annual Club Dinner was held on 14th February 1903, also at the Hotel Metropole, which remained the venue until the 43rd Annual Club Dinner on 17th November 1956. Since then it has been held at various hotels in Harrogate, Ilkley and Skipton with varying satisfaction.

Another club tradition was the Hill Inn meet at Chapel-le-Dale. There was a meet there in 1910 and another in 1920. Then from 1924 until 1970 there was a meet in January and February each year including the War years. Until 1960 the hosts at the Inn were Mr and Mrs John Kilburn, who were succeeded from 1961 to 1963 by their son. Attendance at these meets reached as high as 80. In 1950 the club secured the tenancy of Low Hall Garth in Little Langdale from the National Trust. This provided a very acceptable climbing base in the Lake District and the advantages of reciprocal rights with kindred club huts.

The club library, founded in 1893, had grown steadily and its housing and availability presented problems. In 1952 the collection

was placed in the Reference Library of Leeds City Libraries for a trial period of three years. At the end of the trial period the club confirmed the arrangement.

In 1957 the club mounted the first Himalayan expedition sponsored by a single club. The area chosen was the Jugal Himal in Nepal. Few of the peaks in this area had been climbed, and the area had never been fully surveyed. The highest peak at 23,240 feet is the Great White Peak on the Tibetan/Nepalese border. The expedition was asked to carry out a survey, which was very largely completed, and the mountaineering goal was to climb the Great White Peak. Sadly the attempt ended in tragedy: the expedition leader, C. I. W. Fox, and two Sherpas were killed in an avalanche.

The tenancy of a second club hut, Lowstern, was agreed in 1958 with the Farrer Estate in Clapham to serve as a pot-holing base in Yorkshire. The original building, which had been the estate golf house, was demolished and rebuilt by the club in 1989.

A further development in 1986, and in each year from 1988 to 1992, has been a club meet in the Alps. These meets have been very well supported and highly successful.

Since the club was first conceived as a walking club, it might be fitting to mention the walk completed in 1901 by R. W. Brodrick of the YRC and a companion, Mr Dawson, of Sale in Cheshire – "a great road walker". Starting at Rosthwaite in Borrowdale, their route included Great Gable, Pillar, Wasdale Head, Scafell, Scafell Pike, Great End, Bowfell, Grasmere, Fairfield, Helvellyn, Threlkeld, Blencathra, Skiddaw, Keswick and back to Rosthwaite – 70 miles and 18,000 feet of ascent in 23 hours and 28 minutes. No wonder the club took to climbing and pot-holing!

The club has had a successful and enjoyable 100 years. It has much of which to be proud and is in good heart. It is attracting young new members of encouraging potential to start on the next 100 years.

COLOLO, AN ASCENT IN THE APOLOBAMBA

by M. Smith

An account of the ascent of a new route on Cololo, also called Ccachuca. The climb was part of the 1988 YRC expedition to Bolivia.

Morale was not at a high point, as the sun set on the first day of August. The entire day had been spent cooped up in a truck. We were hot, dry and dusty and had been bounced about to the point of numbness. Any discussions with the "maestro", as the driver called himself, had reached the point of stony silence. We had repeatedly requested that he turn right along one of two vague tracks across the pampa. He was sticking to his employer's map. An old envelope bearing two words and four squiggly lines was all the information available for a 270 km route which he had not travelled before. We finally arrived at a place we had not wished to visit.

The morale of the expedition was at an all-time low. One member was recovering from dental surgery and another suffering from altitude-induced headache. A puncture and muddy splashing from driving through part of Lake Titicaca were additional elements which made for a depressing day.

In the adobe (mud-brick) village of Hichocolo the local schoolmaster proved to be our salvation. Despite an ailment which confined him to bed, he was, between bouts of coughing, able to confirm that one of the tracks we had passed was the one we wanted. A little later and with his assistant as guide, we were able to tolerate an hour's roller-coaster drive in total darkness to Nubipampa village.

Our arrival was received by the villagers with many handshakes and greetings. We were given accommodation in the schoolhouse. The truck was unloaded and sent back to La Paz. Later, after drinking tea and eating cold chicken, we tried to sleep on the hard floor, but it was not easy. Inquisitive faces peered in through the windows. A drum trio performed close by and the candle-lit picture of Simon Bolivar (obligatory in every classroom) peered down on us. But we had at last arrived and our confidence was returning.

Before breakfast I stepped outside to make sure that we had arrived at our intended destination. The sight I beheld was enough to restore the enthusiasm of any mountaineer. Across a deep blue lake, like a scene from a child's story-book, stood a real mountain; sharply pointed, snow-capped, with steep rock sides set against a cloudless blue sky. Cololo, our objective.

A week later the view was not so rose-tinted. We had established a base camp at 15,000 feet by the side of a lake and made our first attempt on Cololo. It had failed. The assault party consisting of David Hick, Ian Crowther and myself had camped on the glacier at 17,500 feet, having had assistance from David Martindale and John Sterland. Next day we threaded through the seracs of the upper ice-fall and ascended a rock ramp to reach the west ridge at 18,100 feet before being beaten by lack of time and energy. Despite the set-back we were pleased with our progress and optimistic of the outcome. After a day's rest at base camp we were ready to make a second attempt.

Our departure breakfast was just the thing for stoking up energy before a climb. Three bowls of porridge, salami, local cheese, biscuits and week-old bread washed down by tea was good fare by any standard, if one had the stomach. Our cook, Francisco, had added to his culinary repertoire by making tea to an acceptable standard, thanks to Ian's thrice-daily tutelage. Despite such luxury we were anxious to be away. Our brief rest had been worthwhile.

Carrying our sleeping-bags, duvet jackets and more food than on the first attempt, Ian, David, Harvey Lomas and I set off towards Cololo. Our intention was to ascend the glacier to the base of the north ridge and have a look at it. If it looked doubtful we planned to traverse the glacier and attempt the west ridge again. Harvey and Ian would retrieve one of the tents and gear left at the high camp and return to base camp.

The slow, steady pace tempted frequent stops to admire our surroundings. Some way above the camp we came across an area of flat pasture land and a primitive building built of boulders, adobe and topped by a grass thatch. A herder's dwelling. It was protected by ferocious dogs which snarled and barked at our presence. A score of llamas peered imperiously over the stone wall of their dunging ground and wondered what all the fuss was about. We sat down for a rest at the side of the pasture in the lee of a stone

wind-break. At our feet we saw a miniature copy of the dwelling we had passed. Pebbles for walls, twigs for timber and thatched with grass. Several hours of painstaking work. A child's toy or offering to some unknown power, perhaps?'

We climbed up the spine of a lateral moraine which rose from the pasture. Cattle grazed by a partly frozen stream and we could hear the thin, plaintive cries of the vicuna as they galloped lightly away. A slender, more graceful relative of the llama, they are common to this part of the Ulla Ulla national reserve and a protected species. The strangest site was the viscacha, a rodent about the size of a dog, shaped like a squirrel but with rabbit's ears, a cat's tail and the gait of a kangaroo. The weird animals bounded up the screes into the distance as we passed.

On reaching the top of the moraine we cached our lightweight boots and donned plastic double-boots before stepping on to the glacier. The way was straightforward, winding upwards past crevasses towards a rock buttress, a spur off the lower reaches of the north ridge. Our only problem was keeping a footing on the glacier's surface. It was rough and covered with angled teeth which faced the sun. Varying up to three feet in length, they sometimes broke under our weight and made it impossible to set an even pace. Eventually they gave way to steepening powder snow, up which we floundered until arriving at our old camp on a broad shelf parallel with the north ridge. The tents were still standing.

Whilst Harvey and Ian packed one tent and its contents and set off back to base camp, David and I packed the other tent. The camp needed to be repositioned higher and further across the glacier to give a better start to the second attempt. With loads of 30 pounds we traversed the glacier shelf and entered the upper ice-fall by way of a partly collapsed snow-bridge guarded by seracs. Having covered the route before, we were roped up, confident and moved faster. As we climbed higher towards the head of the glacier, we reached the point of decision. The north ridge with its generally easier angle and two rock buttresses was rejected. On the principle of "better the devil you know" we traversed the head of the glacier towards the west ridge.

We moved up through a steeper section containing a few crevasses and arrived at a small plateau on the glacier, below the rock ramp which leads to the west ridge. This provided us with a campsite at 18,000 feet, just a few metres from where the seracs

plunged over an edge to the lower part of the glacier. As the glacier swung up and southwards, we had ascended the gentler slope on the outer side of the curve, the inner side being a chaotic jumble of large ice blocks. The campsite gave a magnificent view of the Northern part of the Apolobamba. To the left were Ananea and Calijon, two distinctly separate mountains in Peru. In front of us, behind the almost horizontal ridge of Huanacuni, was the Palomani chain which forms the Bolivia-Peru border. Over to the right at the end of a mass of other peaks were the snow-domes of Chupi Orco and Salluyo, the highest peaks in the range. Further to the right at the other side of the North ridge was cloud, marking the edge of the range and its descent into jungle, a continuous descent of 3,600 kilometres to the Atlantic Ocean. As the view faded, we were treated to our first sunset in these mountains.

Unusually that night a wind blew steadily and, although the temperature was not low at -7°C , it felt cold. Having enjoyed a sunny evening's view to the west, we paid for it next morning by being in the shade. We brewed up, whilst staying warm in our sleeping-bags. After a quick donning of outer layers we trudged off up the scree-covered rock ledges of the ramp towards the ridge. To banish the cold we tried to keep a good pace and restore circulation to numbed feet and fingers. A stop to attend to the needs of nature and the process had to be repeated. We were travelling light and soon reached the ice-covered ridge, where we clipped on our crampons.

The first section of the ridge consisted of steepenings topped by cornices. These were climbed with only occasional need for protection. Ahead lay the enormous fang of ice, or so it appeared from below. The left side was a steep face of ice descending directly to the head of the glacier at an angle of 70 degrees. On the right it overhung by a similar angle. Directly in front was its vertical edge, separated from us by a wide, impassable crevasse. This time we were fitter, fresher and more confident of the way ahead. A small descent to the left bypassed the wide part of the crevasse and led on to the face. The surface was like a choppy sea, frozen and up-ended. The sides of the "waves" formed near-horizontal gangways, whilst the wave above allowed convenient placements for ice-screws and wart-hogs. Cutting off the frozen "crests", which threatened to push one "overboard", and stepping up now and again to the next wave were the only technique needed. We finally arrived at a small colon the far side of the face.

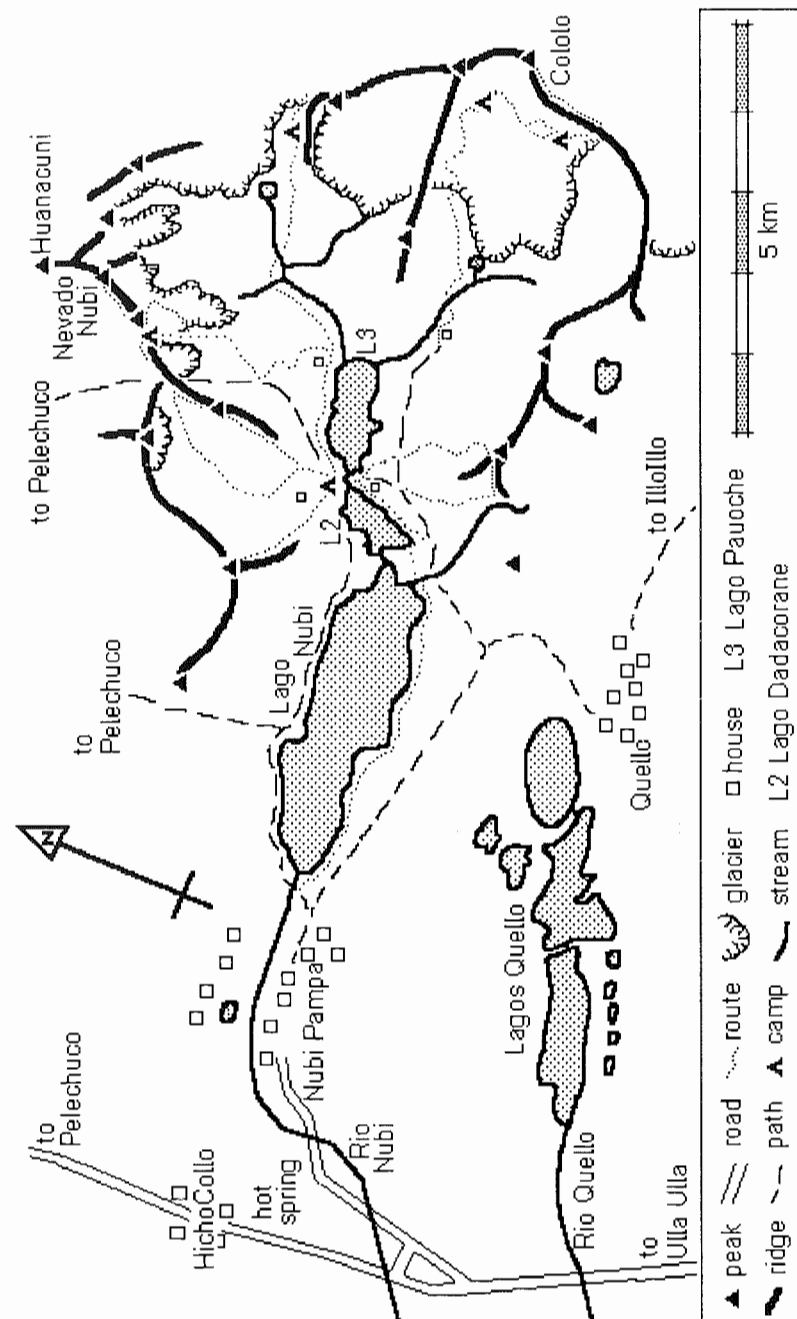
The time was 11 o'clock and we had been on the move for three hours. Over some chocolate and an orange we studied the final slopes. The ridge rose at an average angle of 50 degrees. Towards the summit it was narrower and steep on both sides; generally icy on the left, rotten or powdery on the right. It was slightly concave and made up of several 100-metre sections. Each section was divided from the next by small, stepped crevasses about five feet in height. As we traversed, we repeatedly had to make awkward moves to overcome the crevasses and the start of a section. Taking each one steadily and leading through, we were unaware that our every move was being watched through binoculars by Harvey at base camp. The moves tended to come in spurts of ten or more, interspersed by a couple of minutes of recovery time.

Near the summit David was belayed some distance below a step. I moved up to him and over the step on to a 15m section of very hard ice. It was at an angle of 70 degrees and felt considerably steeper than any previous section. David climbed up to the step to improve the belay and gave me sufficient rope to move past the difficulty and belay a matter of feet below the summit. At one o'clock he joined me at the belay and we walked the last few steps to stand on the summit of Cololo. A sense of self-preservation prevented us from standing on the very tip of the cornice, which overhung the South face, but it was a real summit, the meeting-point of three narrow ridges.

At 19408 feet, Cololo is the highest of the Apolobamba peaks entirely in Bolivia and the most beautiful. It had attracted three previous ascents; a German party in 1957, a Japanese party in 1965 and an American party in 1986; all from the South side of the mountain. We were delighted to have achieved the first objective of our expedition.

The views from the summit were good. Snow-clad peaks lay to the north and south, the altiplano stretched westwards into the distant haze, whilst to the east there was nothing but cloud. Our descent by the same route was uneventful but tiring. We struck camp by five o'clock and recrossed the glacier, as the shadows lengthened and the temperature fell. By the time we reached base camp it had been dark for an hour and we relied on a light from the camp to find our way back.

Later in the expedition we went on to climb Nevado Nubi and Illimani in the Cordillera Real but the ascent of Cololo was in many ways the highlight of our visit to Bolivia.





Most of the Cololo Team

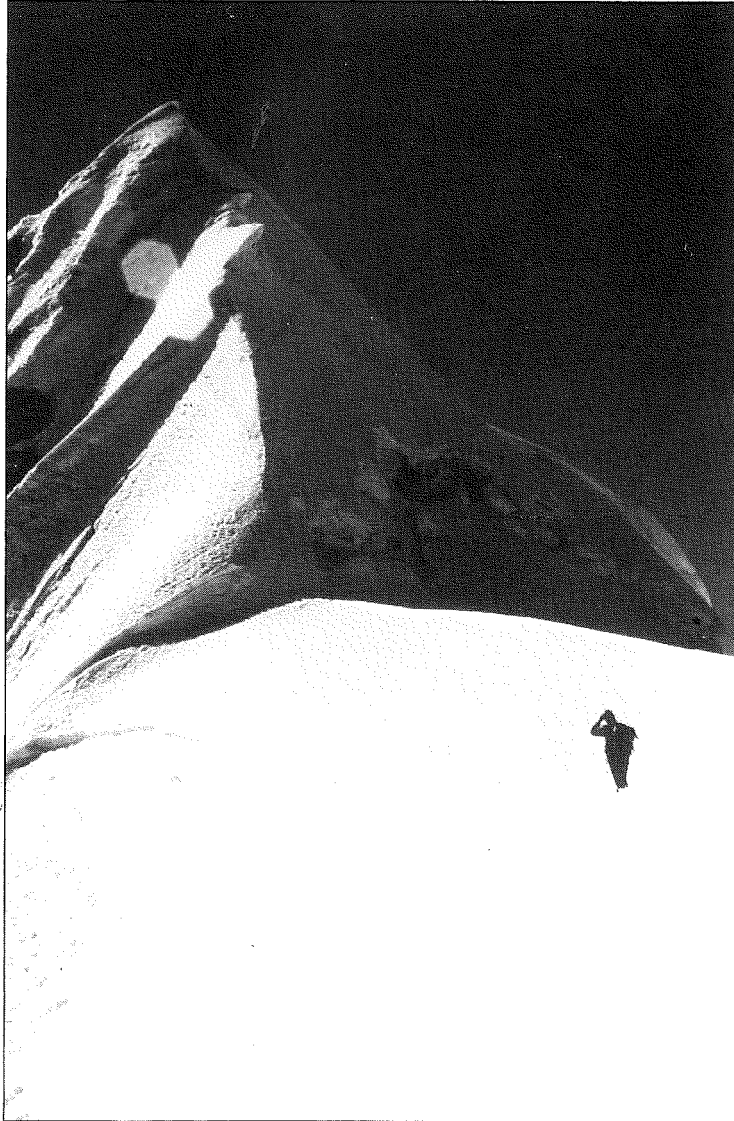
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Cololo

KARAKORAM TREK, 1989 - A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

by T. A. Kay



Cololo: a summit ridge

A photograph or perhaps a description of a mountain is sometimes sufficient to fire one's enthusiasm to go and climb the mountain or experience the same view. The first time I saw a photograph of Liathach rearing above Glen Torridon I knew I had to see and climb it. A few years earlier I harboured a similar ambition after seeing a photograph taken by an American, Galen Rowell, a circle of high, snow-covered mountains in the Karakoram, viewed from a glacier position called Concordia. Further reading indicated Concordia as being in one of the world's remotest regions within a few miles of Pakistan's borders with India and China and not far from Afghanistan and Russia.

In May 1989 I joined a trekking party, aiming to reach Concordia via the Baltoro glacier. At Heathrow I met the rest of the party; six men and three women, all seasoned travellers. Quickly we realised we had a lot in common, as well as a desire to go to Concordia. We acquired a cohesiveness and became a team; very desirable, if you are to spend a month together in remote mountain country.

We landed at Islamabad next morning and encountered two aspects of the East; the intense heat, despite the early hour, and that unmistakable smell, which can only be described as slightly sweet and dusty. Our trek leader was there to meet us. A capable person, very Australian, complete with wide-brimmed hat.

The Pakistan authorities require all trekkers to the Karakoram to be accompanied by a Pakistani guide. Ours was called Mohammed Iqubar. A little rotund figure, who clearly liked his food. His appearance, however, belied impressive fitness and energy. He became our "Mr Fixit", a man of considerable influence with many contacts. Another requirement of the Ministry of Tourism is that we attend a briefing, because the Concordia and Upper Baltoro Glacier region is a "restricted area", and only a few miles from the cease-fire line with India. The briefing amounted to "instructions" not to photograph any military personnel or installations and suspension bridges. Men in the party were specifically told not to photograph Pakistani women.

Despite rising at 4.00am next morning, our plan to fly to Skardu was initially delayed and then cancelled by 8.00am. The descent into Skardu from 26,000 feet beside Nanga Parbat to 6,000 feet in the Indus valley over a ten-minute period requires visibility which did not exist that morning. Our only alternative was to travel by road, for which our "Mr Fixit" obtained a 20-seater Mercedes coach, with two drivers and two other assistants. For the first five or six hours we drove on quite good surfaces, metalled in the main, though the road switch-backed up and down valleys. Secretly, our forced journey was one which I had long dreamed of making and proved to be an incredible experience. The scenery was superb. Later, after dark, we arrived at a hotel, where we spent the night.

Next morning we were away by 5.00 am and soon joined the main route of the Karakoram highway, which follows the Indus river for about 600 miles. The highway has simply been hacked from the steep valley side and is no more than an artificial ledge. Above and below are steep, loose, rocky slopes with the raging river at the bottom. There are frequent landslides. Whole sections of the road surface have been torn away by debris clearance, leaving many miles of loose stones and earth.

We continued along the highway, crossing the Gilgit river by a long suspension bridge, where it joins the Indus, and were stopped for the usual inspection by the Army, who told us the road was blocked about 20 miles ahead. It was late afternoon, the light was beginning to fade, but we decided to press on. Our driver had been at the wheel for 12 hours with only a lunch-time rest and he was tired. Nearly an hour later we came to a landslide strewn across the road. It was three feet high but only ten feet wide. The driver paused to look at the blockage, then accelerated towards it, hoping to clear it by brute force. He failed and the bus became stuck. Fortunately the vehicle had not veered left or right, for immediately to the right the valley plunged 300 feet into the Indus.

We tried in vain to push the vehicle backwards then forwards without moving it. In vain, we began to scoop away the rocks and soil with bare hands, as the bus carried no spades, picks or tow-rope. A thunderstorm was only a little way up the valley. It was virtually dark and we were threatened with more landslides. There is not a lot one can do in such a situation but hope something will turn up, *Inshallah* (God willing).

Something did indeed turn up, two minibuses, which approached from the opposite direction. Goodness knows where they had been but they were intending to go to Gilgit. Apart from one passenger they were empty. Our Mr Fixit again proved his worth. He persuaded a minibus driver to return with us to Gilgit, where we arrived at 11 pm. One of my aims of visiting Gilgit someday had been fulfilled, even though it was entirely unscheduled.

Much later the next day the party left Gilgit in a van and four jeeps. We encountered other landslips without mishap and finally reached Skardu in the late evening. The journey, 45 minutes by air, had taken three days along the Karakoram highway, but it was an experience I would not have missed.

Next morning a further five hours by jeep took us to the village of Dasso and a meeting with our porters at the nearby camping-ground of Bianco. Six days after leaving the UK the trekking was at long last about to start. Already in residence were a group of British women, who were aiming to climb Gasherbrum II, and a French expedition for an attempt on Broad Peak.

Next morning the hiring of porters was completed and loads allocated. Apart from the purchase of a goat, there was no chance of buying food for ourselves or the porters. Not only had we to take all our food and equipment, we also had to hire extra porters to carry food for the trek porters. It was also necessary to provide food for their return journey when no longer needed by the party. It is the old problem which must be faced whenever a journey is planned through country where supplies are unavailable; man is an inefficient "beast of burden", who eats more in proportion to his carrying load than a four-legged animal. Our party of ten trekkers, a leader and a trainee leader needed 70 porters in the early stages of the trek, which reduced to about 20 porters in the final stages.

The loads were allocated and we were away by 7.30 am along a continuation of the jeep track. One and a half hours later we passed through a tiny gathering of houses, all built from mud and stones, and stopped for a short while. Here we experienced for the first time the walking style of the porters. Without exception they would start off at a fast rate, certainly faster than oneself wanted to go, and after a mile or so would stop and rest their loads on boulders.

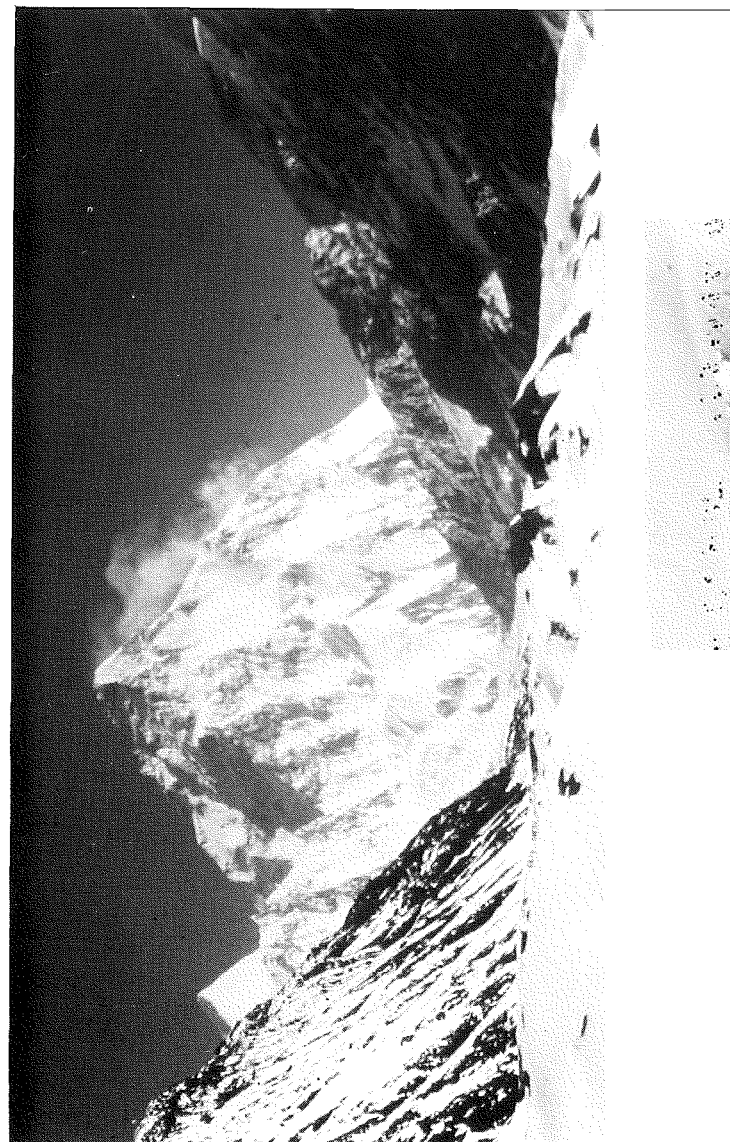
Whilst they were resting we invariably passed them. When they moved off again, it was at the original pace and they soon overtook us. This happened time after time and at first, perhaps smugly, one thought this was a classical "hare and tortoise" situation and that we, the tortoise, were bound to arrive first at the destination. How wrong we were; almost without exception they arrived first, despite carrying 50 lbs and occasionally more.

Later that morning we descended towards the river on loose rock and soil. The river was confined to a deep, narrow, rocky cleft some 300 feet below the upper lip like a huge version of the Strid in Wharfedale. About 12 feet wide, the cleft was bridged by tree branches and three or four planks. It certainly concentrated the mind wonderfully to cross the "bridge", whilst peering at the river below. Our campsite was a little further up the valley on a sandy, dusty spot near the entrance to the Braldu Gorge.

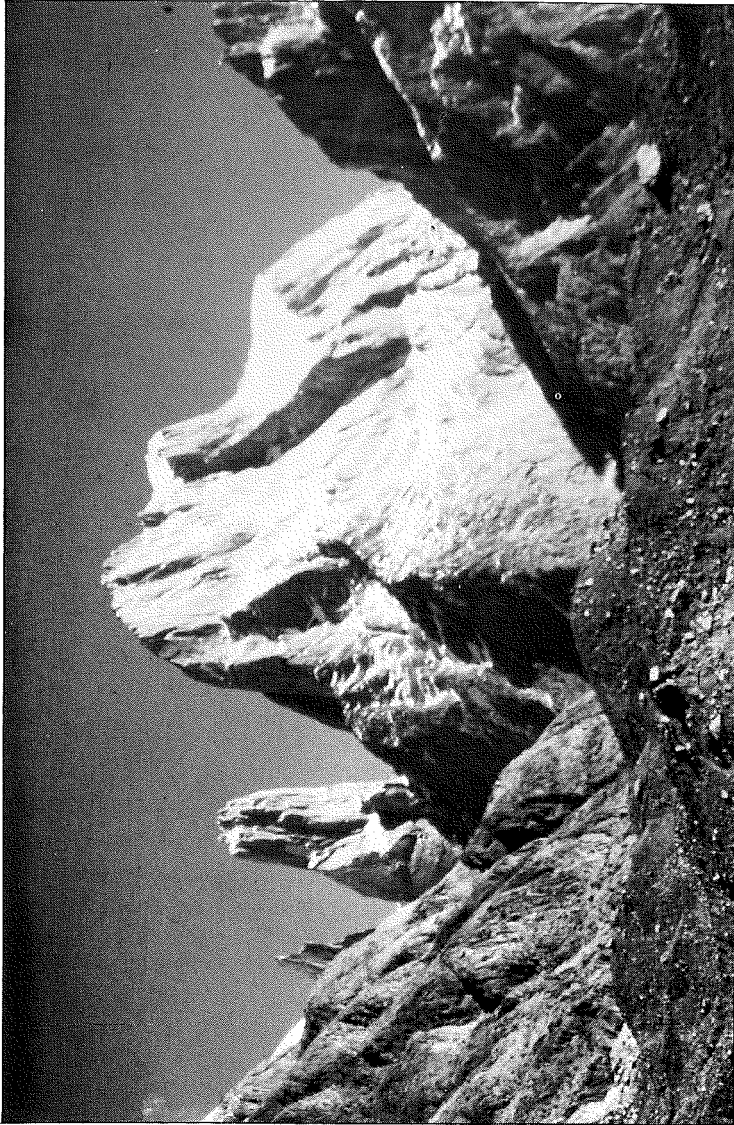
Next day we were up at 4.30 am and away by 6 am. The sides of the gorge are about 5,000 feet high and consist almost entirely of loose boulders and scree, all at precarious angles. It is correctly regarded as one of the more dangerous parts of the trek. For most of the passage we were boulder hopping close to the river edge and climbing rock bluffs too steep to scramble round. To escape the gorge we finally climbed a large spur some 2,000 feet high. Under the hot sun it was hard going even for the porters. Once at the top there was a mad scramble-cum-scrée run over very loose terrain back to river level.

We reached the village of Chongo, a few mud and stone houses partly built underground. In winter the animals and people live together for warmth beneath the snow and emerge only occasionally. There have clearly been years of inbreeding, for a number of the inhabitants, adults and children, had wizened features. A flock of goats was as wizened as the people tending them. I was reminded of a passage in George Schaller's book, *Stones of Silence*, written when he passed this way 15 years earlier. "At intervals we passed through hamlets where stunted men with scraggy beards and wrinkled faces resembling desiccated turnips watched us pass, and women fled at the sight of us, their brown and black rags flapping like the wings of giant crows:"

Beyond the village we found good water and had a lengthy lunch stop in the shade of some trees. There followed a hot three hours'



K2 (28,253 ft) from Concordia



Trango Towers (20,588 ft)

walk to our campsite half a mile before Askole. Situated amongst trees and by an irrigation channel, it was a superb spot at an altitude of about 11,000 feet. I did not sleep well that night. Reluctantly, I decided to take Diamox, as we would be going higher each day. It makes the fingers and toes tingle occasionally until they almost feel numb, but its main effect is to overstimulate the kidneys. One has to drink a lot of liquid, up to six litres a day, and get up at least twice each night. Despite the side-effects, I slept soundly again and felt better able to cope with the altitude.

Some two miles beyond Askole we forded the river, half a mile from where it emerged from the Biafo Glacier. After a few seconds in the water my legs and feet had virtually lost all feeling and the crossing became a precarious venture. This was followed by a second, shorter crossing and an hour's walk over dry river boulders to a lunch stop at Korophan. The afternoon heat was intense as we continued our boulder walk up the valley. Three more river-crossings were made; none so cold or rocky as the first. Our campsite for the night was a sandy, windswept spot called Bardumal. Its one virtue was a lovely view up the valley to one of the outlying peaks of the Masherbrum range.

Next day, our destination was a campsite known as Paiju, about seven hours' walk away. Our progress alternated between following the river, sometimes boulder hopping in the river itself, traversing long, sandy stretches of scree or climbing in and out of gullies by the side of the river. But we were beginning to see the shape of the mountains, where we were to spend the next two weeks. First, Paiju Peak (21,650 feet) from an unusual angle, then glimpses of Uli Biaho (19,957 feet), the Trango Towers (20,528 feet) and Cathedral Towers (19,245 feet).

Paiju campsite was in a narrow valley leading down to the main river valley. We hacked out level sites for our tents. The porters used an underground "hut" and stored food there for collection on the return journey. We shared the site with the British ladies and French expedition. Next day was a rest day, so that the porters could prepare extra bread before moving on to the Baltoro Glacier. It was one of the few bad weather days, a minor sandstorm followed by rain and mist. Porters from the other two expeditions went on strike for more provisions, a common occurrence on remote sites as they "hold all the cards". There were clearly no hard feelings for later

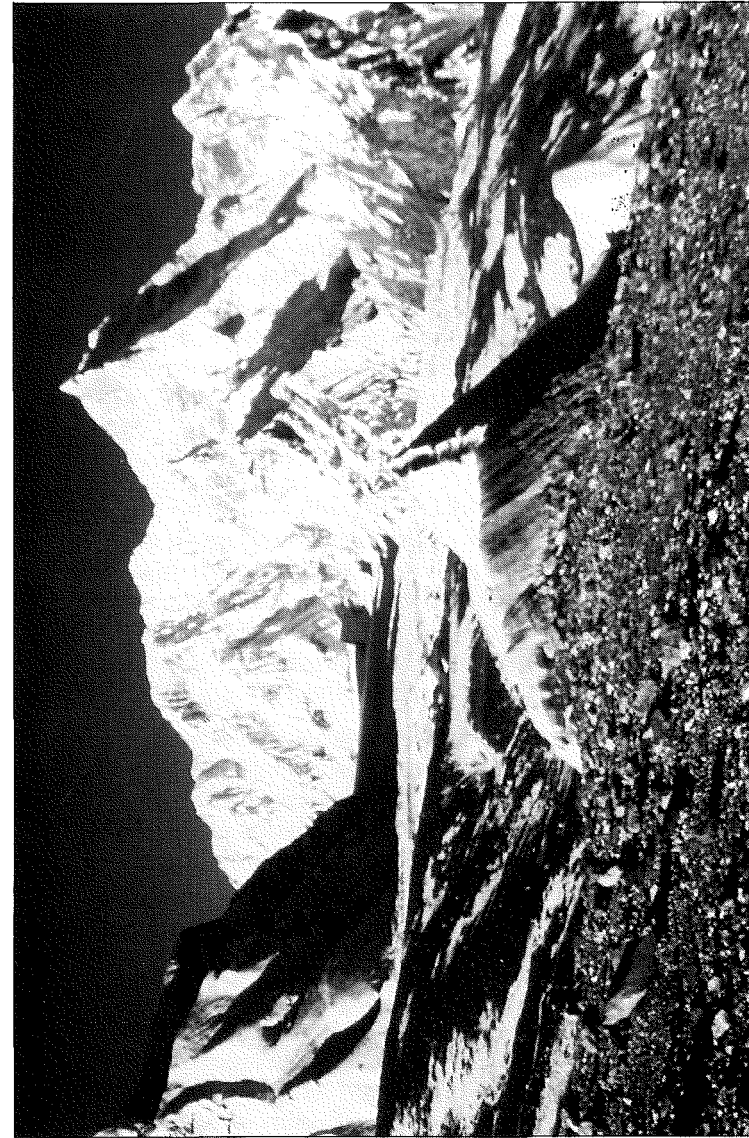
that evening there was a grand British/French/Pakistani camp singsong and dance. The porters showed their musical skills by playing "drums" very effectively on expedition barrels.

We spent the following day moving up the Baltoro Glacier. The moraine was loose and rough, the walking was slow. Later, on a lateral moraine, conditions improved and there was even a semblance of a path. Although it was slightly misty, the views of Uli Biaho improved all the time. We passed the old campsite of Liligo, which had been obliterated by a huge landslide two winters earlier. A new campsite had been found 20 minutes away. Like the original site, it was just off the glacier with high, loose cliffs rising vertically behind. It was as precarious as the previous site. Confirmation came in the night when a substantial stonefall passed within ten yards of the tents.

Our journey next day was dominated by the Trango Towers. Fosco Maraini beautifully describes these mountains as a "regular forest of peaks, towers and pinnacles; the world does not contain a more striking thron, all in granite that ranged in colour from tawny brown to terracotta red - colours that blend wonderfully with the white of the snows and the frozen bluish hues of hanging glaciers, seracs and crystal-still cascades". We walked across a frozen lake, where the Liligo Glacier meets the main Baltoro Glacier and over loose moraines. There was a small stonefall with one member taking a partial hit on his rucksack. Later we met two members of a small New Zealand expedition, who were planning to scale a face of almost 6,000 feet on Uli Biaho.

Urducas was at first sight an unpromising campsite. Littered with boulders the size of houses, it sloped down very steeply to the glacier. Ice-gullies flanked each side, whilst a spur of Masherbrum looked down from behind. But it was a surprisingly sheltered spot with the boulders shielding us from falling debris.

After a cold night and a late start we arrived mid-morning at a flat part of the glacier called Biange and rested. Masherbrum (25,600 feet) soared up to the South, the top tipped with a large cone of ice. Above Biange we passed remarkable ice formations. Initially they were pyramid-shaped and gleaming white. Others looked like huge pointed hats, 40 or more feet high, formations unique to the Baltoro Glacier.



Masherbrum from the Baltoro Glacier

Sunday, 28th May, was to be the culmination of the trek with our arrival at Concordia. We had left the campsite at Gore early and soon had our first views of the Muztagh Tower to the North. As we progressed up the glacier, it constantly held our attention and showed a totally different outline from the standard photographic viewpoint. Gradually, Gasherbrum IV (26,180 feet) began to dominate the scene, a peak of perfect symmetry. Gasherbrum I (26,470 feet) could be seen peeping over one of the ridges.

At last, we arrived at Concordia, the "Golden Throne of the Mountain Gods", two names given by Sir Martin Conway, a former honorary member of the YRC. According to our Pakistani guide, Concordia is reached only when K2 is in view and, sure enough, northwards along the Godwin Austen Glacier was K2, a mere 12 miles away. Marble Peak formed the left side of a perfect picture and Broad Peak (26,400 feet) the right side. By walking across the moraine towards Gasherbrum IV, Chogolisa (also known as Bride Peak - 25,110 feet) came into view.

We spent three days at Concordia and saw the whole circle of mountains in every shade of light. Although our visit did not coincide with the full moon, the millions of stars throughout each night were more than enough to light the scene. Dawn, with the sun coming up over Gasherbrum IV, was a veritable explosion of light. By contrast, the evening was soft and mellow, the rays of the sun transforming the highest mountains into gold.

Very early on the third day we struck camp and began our move down the Baltoro. The glacier had changed significantly during our stay in Concordia. Much snow had melted and the glacial streams were faster, wider and deeper. We camped on the glacier at Biange and heard the ice moving beneath the tents. Lower down the glacier the terminal ice was in a dangerous state. Huge sections were seeping water. They were cracked and on the verge of collapse. We moved further down towards the Korophan, Chongo and finally Skardu. Sadly, the trip was virtually over.

Sometime later, as our Boeing 737 climbed steeply out of Skardu, we saw within minutes K2 and the adjacent peaks 100 miles away. They were like old friends. Minutes later we passed close to Nanga Parbat. Thirty-five minutes later we were once again in hot Islamabad.

FARTHEST NORTH AND SOUTH

by W. T. D. Lacy

As one looks back on life, it is strange how one particular incident has led on to another.

In 1913, when I was six years old, I was standing in the roadway at Hawsker with my mother, when a man came up to us and handed her a parcel and said, "Keep these for the lad — tell him they are from Scott", and walked on. Inside the parcel was a thick woollen undervest and two nodules of rock. I never saw the man again. He was the son of a plate-layer who worked on the Scarborough to Whitby railway — he had run away from home and been missing for several years. When he turned up at home his father said to him, "Where has thou been all these years?" and he replied, "I've been to the Pole with Scott." The father said, "If that's the best bloody story thee can tell me, get out of the house before thy mother sees thee." I was excited by it all and in the village Wesleyan Chapel I found the two volumes of Nansen's *Farthest North*, which I read many times.

When I was 21 years old I was pressed into entering a local eisteddfod and was surprised to win as a first prize the book, *South with Scott*. The frontispiece contained in detail the names of the expedition members but the name for which I was looking was missing. Saddened, I turned the flyleaf over and there under the heading of "The Ship's Party" was the name, Iarnes Skelton, Able Seaman, the man who had given me the parcel years before had told the truth. By then I too had decided to go to the Pole.

One day, some years later, when I was manager of a bank in Didsbury, I was inspecting the contents of the strong-room and came across an Arctic Medal. This discovery caused me to write to the owner, who suggested I got in touch with one of the Norwegian shipping companies sailing from Tromsø. I also contacted a Norwegian customer, who some weeks later introduced me to his brother, who was on holiday but happened to be the director of an Arctic broadcasting station in Tromsø. As a result of our conversation I was surprised to receive a letter stating that a berth awaited me aboard the S.S. Lyngen, which was about

to make a voyage to Spitsbergen. Excitedly, I telephoned the bank's head office in London and received special leave to make my first Arctic voyage.

I travelled from Newcastle to Bergen and from there to Tromsø, where I joined the S.S. Lyngen. As the ship slipped its moorings, Amundsen's dog-driver was on the quay to wave us off. He was the only man then alive who had stood at the North and South Poles.

We sailed past Bear Island and up the coast of Spitsbergen to Longyearbyen, where there is a coal-mine. The miners lived in a hostel and after a two-year stint had saved enough money to allow them to return to Norway and buy a small homestead on one of the fiords. In Longyearbyen were several trappers waiting to sail with us up to the North-west corner of Spitsbergen. They were to be dropped off at various points along the coast, where they would remain over the winter period.

It was a most interesting voyage, seeing glaciers coming down to sea level. At one point I went ashore and walked along the beach to get a better view of one of the glaciers. As I got closer I realised it was about to calve an iceberg. I was in a difficult position. If it broke whilst I was on the beach, I might be swept away by the tidal wave it would create. Hastily I set about climbing the cliff face which backed the beach. On reaching the top I walked back to where I had come ashore. To my horror I saw the Lyngen had left without me and was already heading out to sea. I shouted and waved frantically until I was eventually sighted; the ship stopped and put a boat ashore for me. It was one of the most hectic moments of my life.

I eventually made three trips to the Arctic regions, including Greenland. Much later, in 1989, I read a report that an American, Skip Voorhees, was trying to arrange a trip to the North Pole in a Twin Otter aircraft. I contacted him immediately. Pleased with his response, I made the necessary arrangements to go on the trip. I was a bit worried on account of my age, for I was then 82 years old.

On 4th April 1990 I flew to Edmonton, Canada, where I met the other members of the party. There were eight of us, including Skip Voorhees, the leader. Three days later we flew North via Yellowknife to Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island in the North-west Passage, where we spent the night. From there our plan was to fly to Eureka,

a weather-station on Ellesmere Island, and on the way make a diversion over the Magnetic Pole. But our start was delayed, whilst we waited to hear whether another aircraft had been successful in dumping fuel for us at a cache between Eureka and the Pole.

Our Twin Otter eventually got away at 14.10 hours on Sunday, 8th April. As we approached the Magnetic Pole, the visibility was very bad and the surface ridged with pressure ice. After flying around for a little while, our pilot made a "touch and go" landing at 16.10 hours before heading for Ellesmere Island. The sun came out as we flew by its Western neighbour, Axel Heiberg Island, and the mountains of the 7,000 feet Princess Margaret range were a wonderful sight. We landed at the Eureka weather-station at 18.12 hours and were privileged to be given accommodation at the Government building, which is run as a club for weathermen, pilots and fellow travellers.

We had planned to make a dash for the Pole on Monday, 9th April, but the weather was poor - a low pressure area was coming across from Siberia. The weather forecast predicted high winds and poor visibility, which was unusual for the time of year. Despite the gloomy news, an aircraft flying within 40 miles of the Pole reported improved weather and a rising barometer. Skip and our pilot thought the improved weather might last for eight hours or so which was sufficient time to make a dash for the Pole. We left Eureka at 11.59 hours, just seven of us and two pilots, five barrels of fuel each holding 208 litres. The spare fuel left no room for Skip. There was also the point that it was wise to leave someone at base to supervise, any emergency help.

We flew at 10,000 feet into a head wind. The visibility was zero, our airspeed was 116 knots and from time to time we encountered turbulence. At 15.26 hours we began our descent to the refuelling stop. Visibility was still very poor, when quite suddenly we were out of the cloud and, standing on the ice 30 or 40 feet below us, were three men behind barrels of fuel. What exactitude! It really was a thrilling sight and equal to any military exercise. We had been flying for approximately 3½ hours in very poor visibility and had landed within 100 yards of our fuel cache. Wonderful!

The cache was at 86° 18'N, 76° 52'W. I walked around the area and took photographs as the aircraft was refuelled. Nearby two tents had been erected for the refuelling team. They would be picked

up next day. We took off again at 16.28 hours. As we flew North, the weather gradually improved and the sun broke through. In the cockpit an instrument began to waver between 89.265°N and 89.672°N. We were getting very near to the Pole. The aircraft turned and circled as we looked for a clear area to land. Suddenly we sighted a level area, free of hummocks but surrounded by pressure ridges. Down we came, bumped, rose into the air again, then landed at the North Pole at 18.30 hours.

The sun was overpowering and the snow glittered, as I jumped out of the aircraft into the cold air. It was -40°C. I must have been standing on the cleanest, purest spot on earth. We took photographs of one another before I went for a walk around the Pole - or was it around the world? - and fell into a concealed crevasse. I was held at my hips until pulled free. Below was 13,000 feet of water.

All too soon we climbed back on board the Twin Otter for our return flight to Eureka. We had been at the North Pole for about an hour, we had kept one engine running all the time, then each engine was revved in turn and then both together. We were ready for take-off. The aircraft shuddered and shuddered but would not move. After more shuddering we realised our skids had frozen to the ice. Again and again we tried but could not break loose. Inside the aircraft we moved around in the hope of breaking the adhesion and failed. We crowded into the tail section and endured more shuddering. The engine noise was deafening. After more shuddering and much rocking of the aircraft, we finally broke free. What a relief! It was 19.56 hours and we had been stuck to the ice for 20 minutes.

As we flew South the weather report from Eureka said visibility was decreasing. Our pilot decided to land again at the fuel cache and take on more fuel in case we could not land at Eureka. We landed at the cache at 21.28 hours. An inspection of the aircraft found the heating system to be failing and some running repairs had to be done with sticking-tape before taking off again.

The weather began to improve, the sun came through and the temperature rose to -15°C. Eureka reported increasing visibility. But it was temporary. We flew into deteriorating weather again and landed at Eureka in very poor visibility at 01.22 hours. Our journey time from Eureka to the Pole and back again had taken 13 hours

23 minutes. A hot meal awaited us and then it was off to bed. The completion of a very memorable day.

As one ambition is realised, so another inevitably takes its place. My earlier visits to the Arctic had been inspired by Scott's journey to the South Pole and my thoughts began to turn in that direction. In 1991, and now aged 84 years, it was arranged that I should join Adventure Network International's party, which was organising a *visit* to the South Pole.

On 11th December, I left Tees-side airport and arrived in Santiago, Chile, two days later minus baggage. It had been lost somewhere along the route from New York. I made enquiries at the airport desk, completed a search form and was given US\$150 to buy necessary items of clothing. Not much money to re-equip myself with clothing for the Antarctic! Later in the day, a delayed departure caused us to arrive in Punta Arenas at 23.30 hours. A long day. This particular Friday, apart from being a long day, had *proved* to be a real 13th.

I was taken to the Hotel Cabo de Hornos, where I slept well. At breakfast I met Guy Johnson from the USA, Elizabeth Phelps from Australia and ANI's representative, Anne Kershaw. I learned that Elizabeth had reached the North Pole a year before me and was hoping to become the first woman to visit both Poles. My baggage had not been traced until a telephone call in the afternoon said it was in Santiago. Our flight to Antarctica the next day, Sunday, would wait until my baggage had arrived.

Sunday came and went. My baggage arrived but the flight South was delayed by bad weather in Antarctica. I walked around Punta Arenas and was surprised to see little birdlife. One sparrow, one pigeon, one seagull were the only birds seen. We eventually left at 11.20 hours on Monday on board a DC6 aircraft built in 1953. The route South took us *over* the Magellan Straits and then Tierra del Fuego at an altitude of 9,000 feet. Our destination was Patriot Hills, 1,935 miles away, with the South Pole a further 580 miles beyond. There was little to see. After passing the first ice-floes we flew *above* the clouds until we sighted the Ellsworth Mountains close to Patriot Hills, where we landed at 19.02 hours.

I was in Antarctica. Our base camp, a short snow-skidoo ride away, was a large tent for cooking and eating and several smaller

tents. Approximately 100 yards away was an igloo lavatory, a wall of snow-blocks without roof, which *gave* me some shelter from the wind. After a meal I crawled into my sleeping-bag and was soon asleep.

The following morning I was able to take stock of the camp, which was at an altitude of 2,860 feet, some 30 miles from the coast. High winds had produced a dramatic landscape by sculpting it into a corrugated sea of irregularly shaped snow-forms known as *zastrugi*. I went on the pillion of a skidoo to take photographs of nearby hills. The temperature was -3°C . Later in the day a party which had been climbing Mt Vincent, 16,067 feet, returned to camp. They had been weather-bound at Camp 3 for six days. There were 30 people for dinner that evening. Outside the sun was shining brightly despite the late hour of the day.

Next morning, Friday, 20th December, we woke in fine weather. The wind had dropped, so it was decided to fly to the South Pole. Our aircraft was a single-engined Otter. On board the windows were iced-up, so I took photographs of the seven passengers. After a two-hour flight we touched down in a *five* to ten knots wind at the Thiel Mountains refuelling point. The time was 15.40 hours, our altitude was 5,250 feet and the temperature was -12°C . An hour later we took off on the last leg to the South Pole. For most of the time we were *above* the clouds at 12,000 feet and I wore an oxygen mask in the unpressurised cabin. At 19.25 hours (Patriot Hills time) we landed at the South Pole. The weather was poor and the temperature was -27°C .

We went to the Amundsen-Scott base and were told by the Americans, who run it, that we could not enter until 19.00 hours local time but we could use their lavatory. The base is built about 50 feet below the surface snow and consists of portable buildings, tents and other constructions and is surmounted by an aluminium dome. Within are numerous offices, living-quarters, dining-room and a library. Between 19.00 and 20.00 hours the shop is open. It is little more than a small bar, selling drinks, simple clothes and postage stamps. During the summer months 135 persons are employed, doing work of a scientific nature. Only 22 persons remain during the winter.

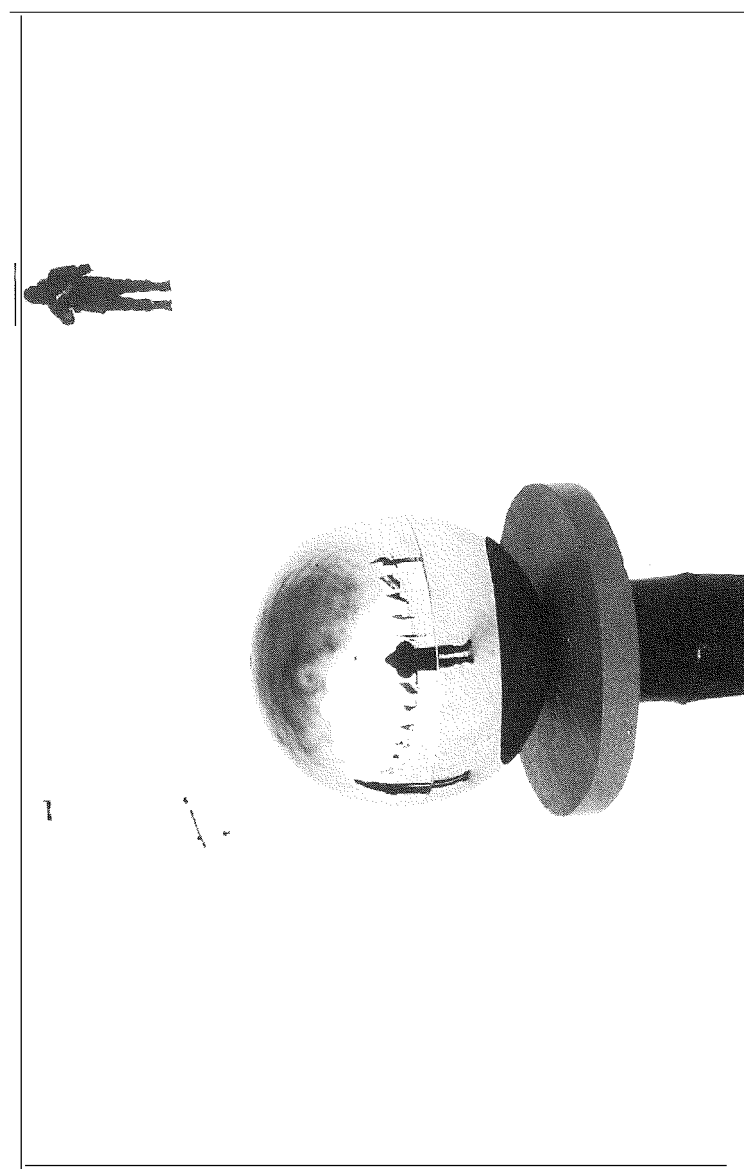
A short distance away was the Geographic Pole, where a barber's pole had been erected and surrounded by the flags of many

nations. We took photographs of the base and ourselves before returning to the aircraft. There was little to do as we sat there for three hours, waiting for a weather report. Later we began to question whether we should sit it out or move off. We decided to depart. The aircraft taxied to the refuelling point a mile or so away and the tanks were filled. Another change of plan - we decided to wait a little longer for the weather to improve. There was a risk that we would have insufficient fuel to reach Thiel Mountains.

After a brief visit to the American base, where everyone was very kind to us, we rejoined the aircraft and took off at 1235 hours (Patriot Hills Time) for Thiel Mountains. We flew at 14,000 feet and I was given an oxygen mask. The head wind began gusting at 45 knots and, with the cruising speed of the Otter being 90 knots, it soon became clear we could not reach the next refuelling point. We turned around and hoped the wind would help us to reach the South Pole a second time. We landed at 20.20 hours, the Otter was refuelled, and a tent erected. I laid out my sleeping-bag and was soon asleep.

Later the next day, Sunday, 22nd December, it was decided to make another attempt to reach Thiel Mountains at 85°S 7°W. We took off at 14.20 hours and landed 90 minutes later after an uneventful flight. The weather was fine and the temperature was -10°C. At Patriot Hills the wind was gusting at 125 knots. The Otter was refuelled, whilst I and others took photographs. There was little to do but wait for the weather ahead to improve. Mr Nishie, a Japanese gentleman, asked me to join him in drinking to "Johnnie Walker". He said in halting English. "I speak from my bottom - the bottom of my heart."

At 22.00 hours the weather was still bad at Patriot Hills, so we flew to a lower altitude site 20 minutes' flying time away, where there was less risk of encountering low cloud at take-off. Our new location was named Coffee Plateau. The tent was quickly erected. Three and a half hours later I crawled into my sleeping-bag after a meal of soup, sausage and Irish whiskey. I awoke about noon next day and learned that the weather ahead was still bad with snow and low cloud base. The remainder of the day was spent waiting for weather reports at four-hourly intervals and talking to other members of the party. Pat Morrow talked about the climber's endeavour to climb the highest peak in each of the seven continents. He was well on the way to achieving that goal.



The Geographic South Pole

Poor radio reception owing to atmospheric disturbances heralded Tuesday, 24th December. The forecasts at 06.00 and 08.00 hours were inaudible. Two hours later the weather began to improve, so we struck camp and departed at 11.00 hours. We landed at Patriot Hills at 12.35 hours, where coffee, scrambled eggs and toast awaited us. It seemed like home from home.

Spending Christmas day in the Antarctic was a unique experience. With others I went for a ride on a sledge and came back, riding pillion on a skidoo. Getting from the sleeping-tent to the dining-tent was difficult, as the wind was gusting between 35 and 40 knots and nearly blew me over. Our dining-tent had been decorated with various Christmas trappings and looked wonderful. The meal was preceded with champagne and followed by turkey and Christmas pudding. A very pleasant evening and our last on the ice-cap. We left Patriot Hills next day and arrived back in Punta Arenas at 04.50 hours on 27th December.

So ended my journey to the South Pole. At the time of writing I am the oldest person to have been there.

NORWAY, 1991 - A RECONNAISSANCE TRIP IN THE STEPS OF SLINGSBY

by J. D. Armstrong

"Come to Norway 1992" exhorted our President in his circular of Spring 1991, as he strove to get us thinking of the club's centenary project. Yes please, said one part of me, but the other part was aware of domestic commitments in train for the summer of 1992. So, when my plans for the 1991 Alps Meer did not crystallise easily, I was open to the invitation by our President, Derek Smithson, to join him ("You're a disciplined sort of chap") in a reconnoitring expedition in 1991. Better go in 1991 than not at all. Give the Autoroute du Sud a miss for a year. Get away from the garish crowds of the popular Alpine centres. Just two of us, three weeks, away from it all, to see where Slingsby had been. I accepted.

My set book for the trip was *Norway, the Northern Playground*, Slingsby's book, published in 1904, when he was 55, with 25 years of mountaineering behind him (1). This has now been reformatted in chronological order by Ian Schwarzott and is awaiting publication. Derek sent me an early draft, on A4, printed on one side and two-and-a-half inches thick. He had kindly marked the passages relevant to our journey. About two weeks before we were due to leave I sat down to tackle this monster. I can only say I found it fascinating. I found myself reading much more than the set reading. Slingsby describes his mountaineering in a modest and accurate style, similar to Peter Boardman's, and also includes comments on the customs, folklore and history of Norway. My admiration for him began to grow. He did so much on his famous Leeds nails. A good day out for him was often 21 hours. My mind began to attune to the days ahead, keen to see the terrain he had covered. I was not to be disappointed.

We took all our own food (except bread and milk). Derek acted as quartermaster and, as he had the maps, he decided the routes. It was, after all, his show. My responsibility was to have a car big enough to take our gear and supplies, and to be fit enough to keep up with him, made possible because he carried twice as much as me.

The trip was from the 1st to the 23rd August and was to be in three parts: Sunnrnore to begin, because it is Derek's favourite area,

Jostedalbreen because of hopes of crossing the ice-cap, and finally Jotunheimen. Between parts one and two, an excursion to Oslo had been inserted to see Ian Schwarzott and to meet influential people who may be able to help us in 1992. It also involved, at Ian's invitation, going to a concert to hear Vladimir Ashkenazy with the EC Youth Orchestra play Mahler's Symphony No. 3 in D minor. No more need be said here about that trip except to say that the concert was so good that Derek admitted he did not go to sleep.

Our first camp was in Sunnmøre at Hjortedalen at some 680m. The aim was to climb Storhornet (1,599m). Slingsby had climbed it in 1881 but he had started from the other side at Grodas, Storhornet for him was an interlude along with several pinnacles, when making a new glacier pass to Bjørke. We wanted to see where and what these were. We set off early, ascended by way of Blabreen and found on the West (our left, as we were moving North) two sharpish knolls. These, Derek declared, were Slingsby's pinnacles. So over them we went, descended to the glacier which was well covered in snow, and ascended a snow-field without difficulty to the ridge. We had lunch waiting for the cloud to lift to let us see Storhornet. It did lift, so along the ridge we went to the summit. We found a metal canister with pencil and book to record the names of ascensionists. One person climbed it last year and two people had climbed it from Bjerke the day previously. Otherwise no one else had been in two years.

That night our greatest hazard was cows. I, having fallen asleep early, was assured next morning that Derek had twice had to rise to ward them off, drawing on his choice Anglo-Saxon vocabulary for the purpose - some of us have heard similar sounds, when a boot has descended near our rope. The cows were suitably chastened and sought pastures new.

Next day, we moved North, crossed Hjørundfjord from Leknes to Seebe and found a campsite in Standalsdalen just below the impressive ski-hut in that valley. Our aim was to ascend Kolastinden (1,433m). Slingsby climbed it in 1876. It was his first mountain in Sunnmøre. He started at fiord level, not like us at 600m. He ascended by way of the "fan-shaped glacier - Blabreen", cutting an "icy highway", which his companion would not follow. Whereon he had carried on alone and his description of route finding that

day alone on glacier, ice and ridge, often in cloud, is breathtaking. The glacier has retreated since 1876.

We found ourselves trying to reach the ridge (very like the Cuillins) by the greasy rocks of the South-east side, until we came to an impasse. So we traversed left and gained the ridge lower down. This did not permit great progress and we were forced once more back on to the face. Now the rocks were coated in lichen, inches thick but, with the help of an ice-axe, upward progress was possible. So we gained the ridge and I admitted to being exhausted from the uncertainty of the lichen footholds. We were in cloud now, so the exposure was hidden from our eyes. But you could *feel* it and across the glacier the pinnacles of Sunnrnore (Slingsby calls them "cathedral spires") kept emerging and retreating in the gently swirling spectral wraiths.

The summit of Kolastinden is the tallest of many pinnacles along the ridge but, when on the ridge, it is difficult to say which that is. On his famous ascent, Slingsby climbed several but was never sure if he ascended the tallest. Other experts say he did not. What was clear to us was that to progress along the ridge was similar to, possibly sharper than, the Cuillins. We saw that, to get to the taller pinnacles of Kolastinden, the ridge should be gained further to the East, using the glacier as Slingsby had done. We decided to descend, losing the way (I was leading) and getting soaked in the afternoon rain and wet, thick vegetation.

The following day we moved back over Hjørundfjorden, admiring the dramatic view of Slogen ("a pyramid", writes Slingsby, "so sharp I have not seen it equalled at Chamonix or in the Dolomites") descending 1,800m from its pinnacle summit straight into the fiord. We remembered that Slingsby had climbed it from Seebo, which meant crossing the fiord twice, in one of his 21-hour days.

We left the car at Skylstad and back-packed up the path to the Patchell Hut (950m). The path was relentlessly steep, made more difficult by overhanging branches. As the gradient eased off, the way became bestrewn with boulders. With tired legs and heavy packs the path was hard to see. The relief when reaching the "bandet" cairn is intense. But, in Slingsby's days, no path existed and he pleads that one should. Despite its unremitting steepness and final boulders, it is a good path, taking you into the very heart of superb mountains. We were undecided whether to camp or to

use the Patchell Hut, but, as Derek had left the hut key in the car, the decision was made for us.

Our first objective was to be Little Brunstadhornet, climbed by Slingsby in 1899 with a young party of son and nephew. Our way was over the shoulder between Slogen and Brekktind, crossing a snow-field, ascending to the ridge and so to the summit. We set off in clear weather and, once over the shoulder, there before us was a marvellous mountain, free of all cloud. "That's it", cried Derek and across the snow-field we went and began to scramble up the rocks to the ridge. Once on the ridge, we left our rucksacks and took out the rope. We ascended first one, then two and then three pinnacles, thinking each one must be the summit. After three of them Derek said that was *it* (or words to that effect). It was probably the Eastern summit, not the absolute top. It was, however, a good spot and we enjoyed it. We retreated along the ridge to recover our rucksacks and scrambled down the rocks to the snow-field. As we recrossed the shoulder we looked back at our mountain, standing proud in the afternoon sunshine. It was then that we consulted the map, and to our consternation found we had climbed Eastern Velleseterhornet (1,330m), not Brunstadhornet! We could not believe that we had climbed the wrong mountain and one which Slingsby did not ascend. But it was so. Tomorrow we must make good.

The morrow proved wet. The wind had swung to the West, the clouds hid all the peaks and a wet spell looked probable. So reluctantly we packed up and descended to the valley. There we found that I had left on the lights of the car and the battery was flat. But with the help of a friendly farmer with jump-leads and the good luck that another climber drove up at that moment, we were able to make good the lost power without serious damage to the battery. It was perhaps as well the wet weather had forced us to retreat early.

The next three days were as promised — wet. We spent two days camping outside Stryn with clouds almost at fiord level and rain varying from light to heavy. Our excursion to Otta in the East, the early morning train journey to Oslo and return Journey on the midnight special then followed. So three days later found us camping in Lodalen near the North-west edge of the huge ice-cap of Jostedalbreen. Slingsby estimated it was nearly 400 square miles and over 48 miles long. ("Used as I was to large expanses of snow,

I was not prepared to see such a white Sahara as this:’) But the weather remained most unkind and we were not to see the immensity of this snow plateau.

Derek had chosen this location for two purposes: to try to go up the Robber's Pass (Tjuvskardet) and to reconnoitre Kjenndalsbreen, the steep glacier at the end of Lodalen. Slingsby had been up the Robber's Pass and found it an excellent way to the main ice-cap. John Snoad had ascended it in 1977 with a local Norwegian as a guide. We were hopeful that, equipped with John's detailed instructions, we could find our way. The path ascends by four zig-zags up a vertical, rocky face, densely covered in brambles, bracken and birch trees. It looks quite impossible from below. At *nOm* the trees and scrub end at a fine viewpoint and easier going leads up to about 1,500 or 1,600m, where the ice-cap begins.

We spent three hours in the afternoon in wellies and over-trousers in the lush growth, which was shoulder high and very wet from recent rain. The aim was to make a preliminary inspection of the face to identify John's initial landmark, the crack which was the key to unlocking the secret of the route. Soon Derek pronounced himself satisfied that he had got it "sussed", so we retreated for an early night. Next day, at an early hour we began our serious attack on the route. Derek led and my job was to flatten the bracken, tie knots in reeds and twist branches, so we could find our way back. After three hours on the face, however, it was clear that we had not got it "sussed", so I suggested we should retreat and make sure we had found the crack. "Smart arse", muttered Derek, but he did not dissent. Once more we looked at the face and once more we looked for the crack. This time we found it and made good progress along narrow rock ledges, through the branches, even finding signs of human beings, a heel-mark and sawn stumps of branches, which encouraged us greatly. But by 2.00pm we had not found the fourth zag and it was clear we were not going to get to the ice-cap. We were wet through and dispirited by our failure. Our descent was by no means obvious and I was grateful that Derek had had the foresight to fix fluorescent streamers to guide us back through the undergrowth.

Once more in the valley we went to look at the huge Kjenndals glacier, which in 1881 Slingsby had descended after one of his crossings of the ice-cap. His is an epic description, negotiating "genuine West Jostedalsbreen precipices, hundreds of feet without

a ledge". John Snoad had warned of the dangers of trying to descend such ice-falls, especially at the end of a long day. We went to see if 100 years after Slingsby the glacier was any easier. It looked as though progress could be made on the right (Le. West) side but soon rocks blocked the route, which Derek pronounced "quite difficult". The glacier itself looked very steep and formidable in its middle reaches.

After our rather fruitless day getting nowhere, I was glad when Derek decided we should give our legs a stretch and have a day in more open ground. The previous year he had climbed Lodalskapa (2,083m), one of the few rocky peaks projecting proudly from the plateau, but he wanted to explore another route from the North. After an Alpine reveille, we drove in thin drizzle up to Bodalen and left the car at 750m. We then followed the well-marked standard route to Lodalskapa to 1,000m and then struck off North-west into the grey, rocky mist to find a lake, Kapevatnet (1,211m), lonely and inscrutable. It was cold here and for the first time we brought out our warm clothing. Several hoary, old cairns indicated that someone at some time had been before us. The cairns were thickly coated in lichen, looking vulnerable to the winds but, once touched, proved so solid that concrete would be superfluous.

Our aim was to cross the stream, debouching from the lake, ascend the slope and then swing round to the East and so climb Lodalskapa from the North side. The stream, however, was in flood after the recent rain and there was just no way we could cross. There are stepping-stones but these were well covered. So our way was barred and we retreated, disappointed.

We had had enough of the bad weather on the West side of the ice-cap and so we decided to move East to the Jotunheim. The Jotunheim is a much more popular region, akin to our Lake District, where marked trails lead up the more obvious mountains and through passes and where Den Norske Touristforening (DNT) and private huts provide, for about £30 per night per person, accommodation and all meals. The highest mountains in Norway, Glittertinden (2,470m) and Galdhøpiggen (2,469m) are in the Jotunheim, together with the monarch of Norwegian mountains, its Matterhorn, Store Skagastølstind (2,403m), thankfully abbreviated to Storen.

With an afternoon to spare, we drove up Leirdalen to Leirvassbu (1,399m), the tourist complex and centre for walking. We noted that

wild camping was permitted 150 metres away from habitation and also noted that the ground was extremely stony. Campsites were not easy to spot. We looked hard at Semmelholstinden ("a pretty peak on the East that gave us half an hour's excellent rock climbing up a steep face and along a narrow crest until the top was reached"). The rocks on the left side of the glacier looked (at a distance) reasonable.

Next day we drove to Spiterstulen (1,106m) in Visdalen, another large tourist complex, privately run. In Slingsby's time it was only a two-room hut. Our target was Vestre Memurutinden (2,280m), which we were to approach via a glacier, Hellstugubreen. This was Slingsby's route of 1874, when he chose to leave the ice for the snow-field, which they found very steep. For our part we took to the glacier, having donned crampons for the first time and all other gear. I received a swift two-minute lesson on prussic knots, which I was assured would not save me if I fell into a crevasse. Suitably cheered, on to the ice we went. With only two of us on the rope and with the mist circling above us, Derek was cautious. We found a skiers' route, marked by a few iron poles, and made reasonable progress until we met an area of new snow which covered the surface, hiding what might be below. Derek would not go near this, nor could he thread his way through the crevasses safely. As neither of us was comfortable on this glacier, we decided that we should retreat. Derek said later, Norway was no place to take chances with the route. He repeated his personal claim to fame: that he had *not* climbed more mountains than anyone else. On the way down we met a sole Norwegian old enough to qualify for the YRC, who was going to avoid the ice and tackle Memurutinden by the Eastern ridge. He was planning to camp high that night and make the summit in the morning. The value of local knowledge!

Cloud persisted the next morning but we decided we must go and look at Storen, a peak ever linked with Slingsby. We drove up Leirdalen and Breiseterdalen, passing the summer skiers *en route*, to Turtegnb, the inn which is the staging-post for climbers of Storen(2). We set off on a well-marked path up Skagastølsdalen, past the Tindeklubb's hut(3), and on to a long, gentle snow-field which led to Bandet (The Band) at 1,800m. Here, perched in the lee of the prevailing wind, is the tiny DNT hut, with seven beds. Looking down the other side of The Band, we could see Midtmaradalen, straight as an arrow, falling down 1,500m into Utladalen. Above us,

completely covered by cloud, was the way up to the summit of Storen, some 600 feet of "difficult" rock. We accepted the shelter of the hut for our lunch. There were several Norwegians in a working party there. As we prepared to depart, the leader asked us whether we were going to ascend Storen. We said no today. The relief on his face was a picture.

The next day was to be our last climbing day, as we were due in Ardal that evening to begin discussions about 1992. It proved to be at last a perfect, sunny day with uninterrupted views. We had our sights on Austabotntindane (2,203m), also in the Hurrungane. We drove past Turtegnb once more and paid our fee to use the private, narrow Berdalen road. There we left the car just past the pay-point and began the climb in full sunshine to the East-west ridge. It may not be strictly true to say that there is no path but, as it appeared to be used so infrequently and the cairns are about a mile apart, you are in effect on your own. One of the cairns was double, two cairns about four metres apart. We christened them "The Gates of Heaven".

After a couple of hours and covered in perspiration, we reached the West end of the ridge, which was about ten-feet wide for most of the way, and made our way along it for over a mile to the first pinnacle. It may have been easier to have used the snow-field just below the crest. We had lunch in the warm sunshine, drinking in the wide view and using up film. Refreshed we left our rucksacks and scrambled down the end of the ridge, over a snow-bridge and climbed the second pinnacle, Derek leaving his sunhat to signpost a critical turn. Before us now was the summit, perhaps an hour away, requiring ropes. But our reconnaissance was complete and we turned round, retrieved the sunhat and rucksacks, and in glorious sunshine gently descended to the car. Then followed two days of discussions with the Ardal Aluminium Works, which are keen to develop tourism and see the proposed Slingsby centre in Ardal as an attraction. Its site is earmarked and we are invited to the proposed opening, probably in 1993.

So ended my reconnaissance in Norway. I had broadened my general mountaineering experience and, like everyone else who goes out with Derek, I had learned so many tips that on the boat I had to write them all down to make sure I did not forget them. I am grateful that he invited me to accompany him. Above all, I came

to appreciate why Slingsby is so revered in Norway. I saw that in 1992 climbing Slingsby's peaks will be no push-over, requiring long days, commitment, favourable weather and preparation. We did not reach many summits on this trip; after all, we were reconnoitring. As Robert Louis Stevenson rightly says: "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive:"

- (1) Slingsby's book was assembled in 1902 and 1903 from his diaries and articles published in journals both in England and Norway from 1872, the year of his first visit. Slingsby planned a second edition but it was abandoned sometime in 1917, probably following the loss of his youngest son, Laurence, in the Great War. Laurence was a very promising mountaineer and his loss was a blow, from which Slingsby never quite recovered. The new edition planned for publication in 1992, assembled into chronological order and edited in Norway by [an Schwarzott, will include additional material right up to Slingsby's last visits in 1921, when on the first he was received by the King in Oslo and, on the second, he dedicated a memorial in Bergen to seamen and fishermen, who also lost their lives in the Great War. Slingsby died in August 1929, aged 81.
- (2) The walls of the ground-floor lounge are covered in interesting photographs, a veritable museum of mountaineering and photography in the area from the late nineteenth century to modern times. It is well worth the hotel price of coffee just to see them — and it's a nice hotel!
- (3) The Tindeklubb is Norway's ultra-exclusive Alpine club, an organisation with a fine history but one which seems to have acquired an unfortunate reputation in recent years for ignoring correspondence from non-members.

The author wishes to thank Derek Smithson and John Snoad for reading this article in draft and for all their comments. Derek has put him right where his memory and notes are uncertain, and John has provided the three notes and corrected the spelling of Norwegian place-names, where this was necessary.



Slogen from the Col en route to Velleseeterhornet

MOUNT ALBERT EDWARD DIARY

by J. C. White



On top of the first Slingsby pinnacle en route to Storhornet

David Hutchinson and I heli-ported to Yongai at 08.00 hours with Winston Boysen of Pacific Expeditions, one of whose forbears was the creator of the Boysenberry. Arrival 08.40 hours at Yongai at 1,800m in sunshine. It had rained there the previous day but the helicopter pilot said they had been up to the repeater station on Mt Albert Edward the previous four days in sun. July/August is accepted as the best weather time for this mountain and the three of us had been up a year earlier. Martin Viru of Yoribai Village met us and his wife gave me a big hug. She had been to POM Hospital after our walk in 1987, where I had arranged her admission. By 09.30, I had assembled six carriers and off we went up the Mission Track (in 1987 we lost two days waiting for carriers). The sun shone. We walked through Pandanus groves. Busy Lizzie grows in the damp corners. At 13.20, we lunched above Yoribai Village in cloud. Warm enough for shirt-sleeves. Bracken, raspberries, violets, Chinese lanterns, orange lilies. At 16.05, we camped at Leveli, pitching our tent by the path near the hut with a Pandanus leaf roof at 2,700m. It rained. Both David and Winston developed altitude headaches and did not eat.

wednesday; 6 July 1988. Clear sky by 07.20. Wet grass. We saw one black sickle-billed bird of paradise and the men in the hut felt an earth tremor. 08.30, set off. 10.00, stop at the junction of the track from Yoribai, where we came up last year (why did it look different?). We were above the tree-line. Bracken and lupin flowers. Banks of white cumulus cloud shifting at various levels. Martin explained that his people spoke Fuyuge but over the hills it was Tawadi. "White man" is "Tidi". At 10.50, we were in the Murray Pass at 2,750m, cloudy and cool. Straight on was Tidibamu (or Sidibamu), meaning "white man's woman". His explanation was enigmatic (the original white men being the French/Swiss Catholic fathers). It was cloudy and cool. We took a short-cut to the right (North) through a wet moss-forest but round a tambu area, which must be avoided and to which "men go to die", apparently because of the presence there of certain pointed rocks, which are poisonous or otherwise dangerous. This was after Martin's statement that their grandfathers

feared the mountain because of spirits, but the Catholic fathers taught them otherwise! We came to the Neon Gap and the sun came out briefly to show us the Neon basin underneath. At 15.30 we camped, after seven hours of walking over the grasslands, by a stream with fern trees in the pouring rain at about 3,200 metres, cold.

Thursday; 7 July 1988. Awoke to pouring rain. Moved off at 10.15 in thick, white cloud. At 11.25 we were at the junction to the Neon Basin track with cloud obscuring Mt Albert Edward to the North. About 3,400m, cold. Michael and four young porters went down towards the Basin because of the cold and we got to the summit hut (Gilles hut, after the French/Swiss, who got it built in about 1973) at 13.30 with Martin and 19-year-old Amo. 3150m, on a grassy ridge, cold, cloudy with occasional views. The hut is stripped to the four walls, one with two panels missing to the West side, no equipment except six bed-frames with springs, no means of heating, water quite far below. Cold as the grave. We saw the sun set behind Mount Yule to the west.

Friday; 8 July 1988. From Gilles hut to Father Dubuy's Cross on the East Dome summit of Mt Albert Edward (Bioda). Waking at 06.30 am in the Gilles hut, it was cold but reasonably dry - dressed and eating breakfast at 07.00 am, views of the red tarn and the grasslands below, and down towards the Northern slopes above the Neon Basin, were obtained through shifting mists. Above, the track for the summit over a low hill was clear, as were sightings of tarns in the valley to the left below and beyond. Nothing could be seen of the summit region, however, although some brief but perfectly clear views had been obtained the previous late afternoon (with even a fleeting sunset illumination of the East dome).

All too soon, the mist closed in, with rain and cold wind coming from the direction of the Chirima Valley. DJH had mild but definite altitude symptoms, and it was decided he and Amo remain at the hut, whilst at 08.00 am Winston and I set off with Martin, confident in his leadership and knowledge of the whole summit region, and equipped with some food, water and extra protective clothing in small day-packs. The narrow, grassy track proceeding uphill immediately from the hut was perfectly easy to follow, in spite of considerable mist, and wound very directly over and skirting several hills and depressions in a northerly and North-east

direction. Short grass was varied with boggy and rocky patches, and glimpses of the small tarn below the hut where our water had been obtained, and more distant tarns to the North-west, were just visible. By a rocky outlook above Tonombo (or Tongumbo) tarn to the left, rain was heavy; beyond, the track approaches high hillsides to the left, and mounts steeply to grassy moorland again before descending to a narrow, rocky ridge separating the larger Husband Guguba tarn on the left from the smaller Wife Guguba tarn, considerably lower down on the right, which is receiving water from the Husband by a narrow creek crossed on the ridge, and then giving rise to the Chirima River. A solitary pair of Salvadori's Teal were just visible in the middle of the Husband tarn, and two distant tarns towards the West Dome. A few showy, red flowers, abundant lower down, were still seen in this inhospitable area, as well as small, flowering heaths. The East Dome slopes were now directly ahead, and the track mounted a broad, grassy chimney inclining to the right, then turned left at the top and wound up over grassy slopes and ledges between large plates of rock to directly below the ridge, on which Father Dubuy's Cross stands, about 3,990 metres (some 13,000 feet). This was reached after 2½ hours' walking from the hut. The Repeater Station was visible intermittently across a saddle to the East but nothing could be seen of the West Dome. The return took the same time and, at first very wet and misty, it was clearer when the hut was reached.

It was cold in the wind - nobody wished to spend a second night at the hut and, after welcome hot soup and lunch, the red, dry and nearby larger wet tarns were soon reached through improving conditions and a pronounced rise of air temperature. Martin took us off over open grassland to the right, traversing a valley to a forested zone, where the orthodox track to the Northern end of the Neon Basin was joined, leading rapidly down to the Quia hut, where the rest of the party had made a comfortable encampment. The late afternoon was now clear, dry and reasonably warm, and a magnificent view of Mount Yule in the sunset was obtained directly westwards.

The conditions were certainly not ideal for the summit walk, but gave rise to no concern with Martin to lead; otherwise, it would have been very different.

Why does one undergo these discomforts? Certainly there are discomforts, but always balanced by deep satisfactions, which will

vary for each individual - for example, three years ago at the junction of the Fane and Fatima mission tracks, the view of the distant hills to the Murray Pass promised high moorlands beyond - and indeed there are such, with close similarities to the fascinating Three Peaks (Ingleborough, Whernside and Penyghent) of the Craven Pennines of Northern England, but on roughly six times the scale! But, speaking strictly for myself, I call to mind Or Samuel Johnson's comparison in another context with a dog walking on its hind-legs - Sir, it is not so much that it does not do it well, it is surprising that it does it at all.

Saturday, 9 July 1988. Blue sky. Cloud blowing over from the East in that cold, wet East-north-east wind, which had spoiled the mountain for us, but evaporating in the Western sun. Mount Yule in sight. The Neon Basin covered in early morning mist. Birdstwittering in the forest. Down the track by the Kuropa stream at 0855 and by 10.00 on the Basin, to the "bridge" over the Neon or Neyom (called "Guimo"; as it flows North finally to reach the Northern coast near Morobe as the large Maria River). The grassy basin is all tussocks and holes to trip you up. We fished all day. Overpopulation has reduced the size of the trout to six to ten inches. No problem catching 50 or so, on fly, lure or worm. It rained at 1530 and we retired to a bracken-roofed hut on the forest edge, 500 metres away. We ate trout for dinner, while wild dogs howled in the hills.

Sunday, 10 July 1988. An 08.00 start in brilliant sun, not a cloud in sight. Walked along a North-flowing stream, set about with fern-trees. About 2,500m. At 09.15, we passed the wreckage of a US aircraft from the War. At 10.15, the forest started. Bamboo, Pandanus, slippery, steep track. Yellow or red ginger flowers. 11.00, view of Kosipe below. Balancing across logs laid over ravines. 13.15, out of forest into bush pit-pit and the edge of the track rooted up by pigs. 13.40, lunch at river in Pandanus grove by a village. Then across the tip of the huge Kosipe swamp and at 17.15 arrived at Catholic Mission, a little group of Swiss chalets on a hill, empty since Father Alex Michellod left in mid-1988. "John" came up from the village behind the abandoned airstrip and blew a cow-horn with a Wagnerian flourish, whereon Old Andrew ran up from the other village to dig out the keys and open the house. It started to rain. We slept on beds, with running water and a log fire. Surrounded by souvenirs of Father Alex, Swiss calendars, a cuckoo-clock, a book of songs (*Le Marilon sur le Prunier*).

Monday, 11 July 1988. At dawn, the new moon was low over the Murray Pass and mist covered the valley. Sunny by 07.00. Started to walk along the road to Woitape at 09.35, past kau-kau gardens, with the huge swamp on our left. Butterflies, swiftlets, goshawks screaming, pools of water on the red laterite road. 13.30, lunch over the ridge with a view of Woitape. Light rain. 16.05, arrived footsore at Owen Stanley Lodge.

The walk was completed, but there still remained the warm welcome at the Owen Stanley Lodge by Ken and Kerrie Wearing, and the fortunate and stimulating encounter with Father Maye of Fatima mission and Father Alex, visiting Woitape and then Kosipe with his nephew and niece from Switzerland. In recollection, we had all had a most rewarding time. It may be thought that a mountain is being made of a mole-hill (but, if so, what a rnole-hill!), and we are well aware that many fine walkers can and do complete this circuit in a fraction of the time, and with a fraction of the equipment and support which we employed - but we would like to feel that the average walker can take interest in this lovely region. Nonetheless, it is a large tract of country, and the weather can be difficult, particularly in the higher regions with significant chill factor, and adequate familiarity with the terrain, sufficient warm clothing, food and shelter for all, and appropriate medical supplies are essential.

In conclusion, to paraphrase the good Or Samuel Johnson (and others) again, granted that Papua New Guinea has many fine prospects, of the many fine prospects these Sassenachs have seen, the vasty uplands and plains of Boda and Neyom can hold their own with the best.

"I KNOW THE BEGGAR"

by j. H. Hooper

... the scree was so rough that I rose clean up into the air like an indiarubber ball...

..., no paper in your next issue will be so keenly scanned and criticised as this...

... I would rather not have my name mentioned in the matter...

... scrambling in the British Isles is not a form of mountaineering...

just four quotations from a batch of some 200 varied items, which are now in the YRC library, many of them trivial, most of them in isolation from connecting material, but some of them gems from a past age, the earliest written in 1887. When the articles were passed to me in several large folders, it was thought that they were letters from famous early mountaineers; in fact, many of the letters had no connection with the YRC and most of the remainder were from YRC members, officials and associates, but some stood out from the rest.

Certainly, well-known names from the past are there; William Cecil Slingsby, j. W. Robinson, Haskett-Srith, Owen Glynn Jones and W. A. B. Coolidge, as are Edward Whymper and Christian Almer. Some of these are mentioned once or twice, illuminating the pages and then flitting off. Others have left complete letters, their handwriting giving some indication of their diverse characters. There are hints of mystery, controversy and prejudice but most indicate that YRC men 100 years ago were very similar to YRC men now. These sidelines to the lives of ordinary people indicate that they struggled with business worries, ill health and family ties, whilst trying to find time for meets; they began tasks which they feared they would never complete, and used the mountains and pot-holes as a means of recreation:

...went seedy, disconsolate and thoroughly out of sorts to Coniston...came back rejoicing in restored vigour and spirit(1).

(1) William C. Slingsby in April 1903.

Correspondence was necessarily by letter or postcard and took on a formal air, appearing at times to be quarrelsome. Sometimes the subject became tedious. A series of letters began on 11th November 1898 with Thomas Gray writing to j. A. Green regarding a dispute with Professor Hughes as to who entered Clapham Cave first, and went on until at least 3rd May 1902, involving numerous people and an article in the journal. In the letter of 3rd May 1902 regarding Clapham Cave, j. A. Green also writes that he can do no more such exploration:

...this year or next or perhaps ever again I am seriously told that I shall never be the same man again, can never do the feats of endurance and hardship that were once my joy....all this year will be spent in careful endeavour to regain strength to face the winter. This is strictly between ourselves. I do not want it talked about.

He had caught a severe chill in the previous December and developed rheumatism. Thankfully, in August 1904 he writes of returning from a climbing holiday in Norway.

All the correspondence, save that from William Augustus Brevoort Coolidge, was handwritten, but he was using a typewriter in 1896, when he decided to go to live in Switzerland for several years, to recover from a severe influenza attack one year previously. This correspondence with Thomas Gray between 1896 and 1915 shows him to have been interested in many subjects and to have had great confidence in his own opinions, unafraid to condemn anyone who he thought had broken his own code or infringed his territory.

He resigned from the Alpine Club after 30 years' membership following a dispute. In his letter of 20th December 1900 he writes that he is in very bad odour with the Alpine Club, because in his *Life of Almer* he had said that Christian Almer had told him that he had never made the kind of leap depicted by Whymper in *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, showing Almer doing a desperate leap over a chasm during the descent of the Western arete of the Pointe des Ecrins in 1864, 36 years earlier. As it was drawn by Whymper from memory to illustrate his book, Almer probably spoke the truth. W. C. Slingsby is taking Whymper's side in the dispute, in his letter of 22nd May 1900. This is not surprising, as Slingsby and Coolidge had many differing opinions. Slingsby was the pioneer of Norway, loved the Lake District and Scotland, considered caving a YRC speciality and wrote with a quill pen.

Coolidge:

November 1904: "...no interest in Norway..."

April 1898: "...scrambling in the British Isles is not a form of mountaineering...."

January 1898: "...cannot see the connection between caving and mountaineering..."

Both men were authors of mountaineering books. Later Coolidge resigned from the Swiss Alpine Club according to his letter of 20th October 1905, after they published the *Unteralpen Filhret*; "...which was sheer robbery from-my book".

After the seriousness of the Clapham Cave dispute and Coolidge's letters it is good to read of an apparently nonchalant approach to pot-holing. Jack Green writes, 13th July 1905, of a fact not mentioned in the account of the descent of Gaping Gill in July 1905, given in Vol. 11 of *The YRC Journal*: Waiter Parsons, the Leeds headmaster, nearing the bottom of Gaping Gill, found the ladder caught up in the rope used to lower the bottom end. As he was only 20 feet from the bottom he took hold of his safety line and stepped off!

Anyone who has climbed ladders of this length will realise his predicament; he had no choice. It was not possible to signal to the surface, he would know that he could not climb back to the surface, almost certainly wet through and most likely carrying equipment and, if he tried, it would have to be without the support of a safety line. Hence the heroic stepping-off.

Tragedy struck in 1903 and is illustrated in a dramatic letter but, first, in February 1902 R. W. Broadrick wrote to Thomas Gray, saying he had not time to write a *report for the journal* of his round of the Lakeland 3,000-footers. He relented in March. The dramatic letter, written by Harry Williamson on 1st October 1903, tells how on 21st September 1903 he found R. W. Broadrick and three others at the foot of Scafell Pinnacle at 5.40 pm, only one still alive. The letter tells of going for assistance to Wasdale, arriving back with a doctor at 8.30 pm. A hurdle arrived at 10.00 pm and Ridsdale, the sole survivor, was eventually carried down but died before arriving at the hotel at 3.30 am. Why did the writer of the letter, who had been with the party earlier, not want his name mentioned in the matter? Why was Slingsby so adamant to Thomas Gray that:

... care must be taken in the matter of composition of a report in the *Journal*?

Why was an account not published? Why, years later, did Slingsby write to Gray:

Thanks for your views about the Scafell papers... I quite agree with you. I am burning your letter?

Mistakes can be made even by experienced mountaineers on their home ground. J. W. Robinson features in one or two letters and in one, dated 22nd June 1898, after giving George Lowe his opinion of the correct name for Broad Stand, tells in his flowing individualistic writing of this accident:

It happened the week after Easter on the snow at the foot of Ennerdale Crag on Great Gable just in the same way as the accident to the gentleman on Great End on Easter Saturday. His was on soft snow and mine hard like ice. I was wrong to attempt a glissade, as I had no axe and in any case it was dangerous, as the snow was like ice - the sun could not get to it. I shot down 100 feet with terrific force and the scree was so rough that I rose clean up into the air like an india rubber ball and went headfirst, down on to my left arm and shoulder. Fortunately the arm was bent across my chest. I bounded over and over several times and how my head escaped I don't know; if it had got the blow which dislocated my ankle, I should have been killed. I was astonished at the distance I had bounded down the scree after leaving the snow, 25 yards at least. It took me four hours to get down behind Fleetwith, where Nelson's strap met me.

The articles are as interesting for general information as for mountaineering content. Newfy-invented thermos flasks cost 21/- or 31/6 (£1.05 or £1.58) in 1907; instructions on how to print pictures from negatives so dense that nothing could be seen; how much more serious illness was then; how banks were open in Leeds on Saturday evenings; where to buy boots and nails.

Printing, photocopying, high-quality laser printing and colour reproduction are now available to anyone. Two of the great difficulties at the time of these letters were the illustrations of books and obtaining copies of lectures. Anyone who allowed an article of his to be printed insisted that 25 copies should be run off for his personal use. Slingsby had great difficulty illustrating his books and bullied Thomas Gray for three years, as he drew for him, either from flimsy sketches or photographs. On one occasion pressures *overcome* Slingsby and he writes of the illustrations:

... **put** in clouds, showers of rain, snow, thunderstorms, mowing-machines, goats, cattle, barrel-organs, ploughs, men, women, children or what you like.

Photographs were too expensive to print.

After reading through this material the 1890s seem very close to our own time. Only a glimpse can be given here of what is in the Library, but all is there to be examined. Envelopes with stamps of the period, the types of ink and paper used, different handwriting. What interest!

My favourite quotation is from J. A. Green to Thomas Gray about his friend, Edward Calvert:

I despair of getting anything from Calvert - he has never taken any care in the preservation of such things. He had *The Climber's Book* five years and never finished his work and not all the Club's officials could get it from him until I forced him to give it up! I know the beggar.

It takes real YRC friendship to write about someone like that!

During the same year Waiter Parsons was invited to attend a dinner-party at the home of the President, Alfred Barran, given in honour of Edward Martel, the man who in 1895 had made the first descent of Gaping Gill. It must have impressed him greatly, because it was many years later when he wrote:

.... I have quite vivid recollections of Martel and his visit to the YRC in 1905. Our late President, Alfred Barran, gave a dinner in Martel's honour at his house in Moor Road, Headingley, and invited members of the YRC committee to meet him at this dinner. I myself was present and had a considerable amount of conversation with Martel himself.

I found him to be modest and unassuming with nothing of the voluble loquacity which one sometimes associates with the French. He spoke English with ease but with a pleasing French accent... In appearance he was characteristically French, about 5'9" or 5'10" in height and carrying no superfluous flesh. He looked like a wiry athlete, as he had proved himself to be. To me it was a great pleasure and stimulus to meet and to hear this intrepid Frenchman who had done so much pioneer work in our YRC sport...

Coolidge made comments on many topical subjects:

22nd January, 1898: "The Jungfrau railway work is halted - the resident Engineers have resigned."

One can picture him rubbing his hands with glee at the prospect of those impertinent entrepreneurs being stopped from infringing his mountain kingdom.

30th April, 1898: "...very little probability that the Jungfrau railway will get beyond Eiger Glacier."

4th April, 1901: "On 2nd March 1901 the Jungfrau railway people opened the Grindelwald Gallery in the face of the Eiger."

Gradually he is realising that the Engineers will succeed.

10th October, 1904: "The Jungfrau Railway is not yet through the Eiger." Maybe there is hope again!

26th July, 1907, he writes that there is now a hotel at the Eismeer station in the South wall of the Eiger.

Now work has progressed far enough to spoil his world, even if the railway is not completed.

After the death of Owen Glynne Jones on the Dent Blanche on 28th August 1899 he comments to Thomas Gray on 15th November 1899:

I hope someone will have the courage to speak out about O. G. Jones's folly and madness. It was proverbial out here among the guides and the end was foreseen long ago.

THE REDISCOVERY OF CWM DWR 11

by G. Campion

Cwm Dwr Quarry (new) Cave was first discovered by quarrying in 1938 and, after two brief weeks of exploration, was supposedly destroyed and consigned to the list of "lost" caves of Britain. Fifty-three years later, on 7th February 1991, I was fortunate to be staying at the South Wales Caving Club headquarters in Penwylt, when interest was expressed in exploring a spoil-filled rift in the floor of the abandoned Cwm Dwr Quarry and some 200 feet from the main Cwm Dwr cave entrance.

In the company of two members from the South Wales Caving Club and three members of the Wolverhampton Caving Club, the removal of loose material from a deepening cylindrical shaft took place throughout Saturday and Sunday morning. Use of the SWCC dumper-truck made the removal of spoil and the haulage of boulders less laborious. As we dug, we had no idea of what lay below and knew nothing of the 1938 discovery. As far as we were concerned, we were into something completely new. Over 14 feet down and much to Adrian Doney's surprise, an uninspired push of a spade caused one side of the shaft to collapse, revealing an arch with darkness beckoning beyond.

Like desperate pirates digging for booty, we almost shoved Adrian to one side, as we clambered to widen the opening and crawl through it. Soon we were all through into a passage, pleased that our efforts had been rewarded so quickly. The passage contained a small stream and was reminiscent of Ogor Ffyon Ddu. Small formations and calcite walls abounded. There appeared to be a number of ways on, but the possibilities quickly came to nought and the small stream disappeared into a bedding-plane, which was impossibly low. There was agreement that the stream had digging possibilities but, first, the find must be surveyed.

Back at Penwylt cottage there was much excitement, especially as the discovery was on the doorstep of the SWCC headquarters. Desperate searching in the club library revealed a 1938 article entitled "A Report of Exploration of Survey on Cwm Dwr Quarry (new) Cave". Our survey taken that day and the 1938 survey seemed

uncannily similar. Quarrying had clearly removed the upper section of the old discovery with the quarry floor being 30 feet lower than 53 years earlier. It was with mixed feelings that we took in the news, a little saddened that our find was by no means original.

The library report in the 1938 edition of *British Caving* by P. Rayner read:

During the Ogor-yr-Esgym "Bone Caves" meet of August, Arthur Hill and Bill Doyle reported that, in the company of Mr Ernest Roberts (YRC) and others, they had made an inspection of a 20-foot deep rift half-way up the working face of the Northern Cwm Dwr quarry, above Craig-y-Nos Station, which had been broken into during quarrying operations. Owing to the fact that the floor, of loose boulders, appeared to be a false one and liable to run in, Mr Roberts decided that it was dangerous to work there and exploration was abandoned.

During the following weeks, it would seem that P. Rayner and friends, in the absence of Ernest Roberts, decided to return and try to get through. They discovered what we were to rediscover some 50 years later.

Like Rayner and friends, we returned the following weekend and began moving silt from the far end of the low stream passage. Conditions were uncomfortably wet with water constantly backing up to hinder our efforts. Such was the nature of the passage that a nasty duck was soon created with little prospect of the passage opening up beyond.

Dye testing has since shown that the stream flows into the Cwm Dwr Quarry (main) cave at the "rising" area. It is almost certain that the water comprises the same stream which was discovered by the "Ogor Scope" experiment in 1984, when members of the SWCC mounted a camera on a length of pipe with springs and triggers attached and lowered it down an existing 40-foot borehole, drilled by the Cwm Dwr Quarrying Company ten years earlier. The hole was draughting and water could be clearly heard at the bottom. This somewhat eccentric but ingenious experiment revealed relatively clear photographs of a yet-to-be-discovered passage. To introduce scale into the exploration, table-tennis balls were dropped down the hole and photographed in their new surroundings. "Blob Hall", as it was aptly named, is almost certainly

a downstream section of the rediscovery beyond the duck. The photographs would suggest that the passage is quite large and leads tantalisingly on.

There is still work to be done and scope for substantial finds in the direction of Ogof Ffyon Ddu, but the duck and beyond will need to be enlarged by explosives.

When Ernest Roberts visited the area in 1938, the caves of South Wales had hardly begun to reveal their true potential. It was not until 1946 that Ogof Ffyon Ddu was first entered and 1966 before divers entered Ogof Ffyon Ddu to break into a new system, which was to be the longest in the country. Cwm Dwr will no doubt become just another ramification of the giant and sprawling OFD system, but the elation of its rediscovery will always remain one of those "special" memories for those involved that weekend.

SOME NOTES ON THE WORLD CAVING SCENE, 1992

by J. R. Middleton

It is some 20 years since an overview of the world caving scene last appeared in *The YRC Journal*, Vol. XI No. 36, 1973. An update of global activity in this, the Club's centenary, year is perhaps an appropriate time for comparisons to be made.

What happened in the early 1970s, whilst amazing for the time, has been totally eclipsed by the year-in, year-out exploits of the world's increasingly active cavers. The previous boom in new discoveries was attributed to new techniques and equipment. During the last decade both have again been important but do not explain why there has been a dramatic surge in cave exploration. The real explanation lies in the massively increased access to information on caving regions, the opening of frontiers to China, Vietnam, Russia, other previously forbidden regions and the availability of cheap international travel.

The lists and explanatory notes make fascinating comparative reading. For the purpose of definition, a system is where two or more caves are connected, so that a through-trip is physically possible. In 1972 there were only two known systems over 1,000 metres in depth and now there are 40. Similarly, there were only five known systems over 50 kilometres in length and now there are 25.

Grateful acknowledgement is given to Tony Waltham and Claud Chaubert for providing the majority of the information. Other sources are "Longest and Deepest Caves in Britain", *BCRA Bulletin*, No 5 and Paul Courbon's *Atlas des Grands Gouffres du Monde 1972*.

1972	The Longest Caves of Britain		1992
	Metres		Metres
1. Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (5. Wales)	40,000	1. Easgill System (Yorkshire)	67,000 ^a
2. Easgill Caverns (Yorkshire)	30,500	2. Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (5. Wales)	48,000
3. Ogof Agen Allwedd (5. Wales)	24,800	3. Ogof Agen Allwedd (5. Wales)	32,900 ^b
4. Dan-yr-Ogof (5. Wales)	16,000	4. Daren Cilau (5. Wales)	26,000 ^c
5. Poulnaggolum-Poulelva (Clare)	11,500	5. Kingsdale System (Yorkshire)	23,000 ^d
6. Doolin Cave (Clare)	10,500	6. Gaping Gill System (Yorkshire)	16,500
7. Gaping Gill (Yorkshire)	10,500	7. Dan-yr-Ogof (S. Wales)	15,000
8. Mossdale Caverns (Yorkshire)	9,500	8. Peak-Speedwell System (Derbyshire)	14,400 ^e
9. langcliffe Pot (Yorkshire)	8,850	9. Poulnaggolum-Poulelva (Clare)	13,000
10. Little Neath River Cave (S. Wales)	8,138	10. Ireby-Notts System (Yorkshire)	11,100 ^f
11. Peak-Speedwell Caverns (Derbyshire)	7,500	11. Mossdale Caverns (Yorkshire)	10,500
12. Swildon's Hole (Mendip)	7,000	12. Doolin St Catherine's (Clare)	10,000
13. Pippikin Hole (Yorkshire)	7,000	13. langcliffe Pot (Yorkshire)	9,600
14. West Kingsdale System (Yorkshire)	6,800	14. Swildon's Hole (Mendip)	9,100
15. Marble Arch Cave (Fermanagh)	6,400	15. Ogof Craig y Ffynnon (S. Wales)	8,600

a Now includes 16 entrances with Lost John's, Gavel, and Pippikin. The highest is Lost Pot.
b A connection with Daren Cilau is close but still proves elusive.
c Perhaps the most amazing British discovery of the past 20 years. Over 20km are new, creating not only one of the country's most arduous systems but also one of its most beautiful and spectacular.
d Entrances now include Simpson's, Swinsto, Jingling, Rowten, Keld Head, and Valley Entrance in West Kingsdale and King Pot from East Kingsdale. The dive between King Pot sump and Keld Head is 3,050m, or 1,955m from the King Pot sump to the Kingsdale Master Cave. Swinsto is the highest entrance.
e The last five years have seen many dramatic discoveries, several after impressive aven climbs.
f This system could probably prove to be a key connection between the Kingsdale System and Easgill.
g The third Llangatock system, which may eventually connect with Daren Cilau (4).

Table 1.

1972	The Deepest Caves of Britain		1992
	Metres		Metres
1. Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (S. Wales)	308	1. Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (S. Wales)	308
2. Giants-Oxlow System (Derbyshire)	212	2. Giants-Oxlow System (Derbyshire)	214
3. Penyghent Pot (Yorkshire)	176	3. Daren Cilau (S. Wales)	213
4. Mere Gill Hole (Yorkshire)	173	4. Easgill System (Yorkshire)	211
5. Gingling Hole (Yorkshire)	169	5. Gaping Gill System (Yorkshire)	203 ^h
6. Swildon's Hole (Mendip)	167	6. Penyghent Pot (Yorkshire)	194 ⁱ
7. Nettle Pot (Derbyshire)	159	7. Ireby-Notts System (Yorkshire)	183
8. Black Shiver Pot (Yorkshire)	159	8. Peak-Speedwell System (Derbyshire)	182
9. Tatham Wife Hole (Yorkshire)	159	9. Mere Gill Hole (Yorkshire)	181
10. Gaping Gill (Yorkshire)	156	10. Reyfad Pot (Fermanagh)	179
11. Long Kin West (Yorkshire)	154	11. Gingling Hole (Yorkshire)	176 ^j
12. Quaking Pot (Yorkshire)	152	12. Longwood Swallet (Mendip)	175
13. Manor Farm Swallet (Mendip)	151	13. Long Kin West (Yorkshire)	174
14. August-Longwood Hole (Mendip)	150	14. Poll na Gceim (Clare)	170 ^k
15. Lost John Hole (Yorkshire)	145	15. Dale Head Pot (Yorkshire)	168 ^l

h The depth includes a deep dive in one of the Ingleborough Cave sumps. Whilst 20 years have produced very little depth difference, the length has more than doubled to 5,300m. An arduous connection was made from near Niagara pitch to the "Living Death Extensions", which contain the Little Hull Pot water. Divers broke into the Fountains Fell Master Cave in 1991, when an extra 1,200m of passage was added to the system. Exploration is still continuing.
k An extension through a boulder-choke in 1991 reached this new depth with a 100m potential still to go.
l New to the list but originally explored in 1975.

Table 11.

1972	The World's Longest Caves		1992
	Metres		Metres
1. Flint Ridge-Mammoth Cave (USA)	232,000	1. Mammoth Cave System (USA)	560,000 ^a
2. Holloch (Switzerland)	115,000	2. Optimisticheskaya (Ukraine)	178,000 ^b
3. Optimisticheskaya (USSR)	92,000	3. Holloch (Switzerland)	137,000
4. Greenbriar-Organ System (USA)	70,080	4. Jewel Cave (USA)	127,200
5. Jewel Cave (USA)	50,400	5. Siebenhengstehohlensystem (Switzerland)	110,000
6. Reseau de Palomera-Dolencias (Spain)	46,000	6. Ozernaya (Ukraine)	107,300 ^b
7. Eisriesenwelt (Austria)	42,000	7. Gue Air [ernih (Malaysia)	100,500 ^c
8. Binkley's Cave System (USA)	40,000	8. Wind-Cave (USA)	96,900
9. Ogof Ffynnon Ddu (GB)	40,000	9. Lechuguilla Cave (USA)	93,600 ^d
10. Reseau de la Dent de Crolles (France)	31,060	10. Reseau de la Coume d'Hvouernede (France)	90,500 ^e
11. Easgill Caverns (GB)	30,500	11. Sistema de Ojo Guarena (Spain)	89,100
12. Blue Spring Cave (USA)	30,400	12. Fisher Ridge Cave System (USA)	85,300
13. Reseau Trombe (France)	30,000	13. Zoluska (Ukraine)	82,000 ^b
14. Ozernaya (USSR)	26,360	14. Sistema Purificacion (Mexico)	76,300
15. Ogof Agen Allwedd (GB)	24,800	15. Friar's Hole System (USA)	69,200

a The most recent connection was that to Roppel cave with its 17km-long streamway! It is expected that the Fisher Ridge Cave System (12) may one day also join Mammoth.

b All these caves are formed in gypsum, giving very complex shallow caves.

c The majority of this system has been explored by British teams.

d A relatively recent discovery, which contains probably the finest known formations in the world with some gypsum chandeliers measuring up to 6m in length.

e Now has some 34 entrances and includes the Reseau Trombe and Reseau de la Henne Morte. Its depth is 1,004m.

Table III.

1972	The World's Deepest Caves		1992
	Metres		Metres
1. Gouffre de la Pierre Saint-Martin (France)	1,171	1. Reseau Jean Bernard (France)	1,602 ^f
2. Gouffre Berger (France)	1,141	2. Shakta Pantjukhina (Georgia)	1,508
3. Gouffre des Aiguilles (France)	980	3. Sistema del Trave (Spain)	1,441
4. Abisso Michele Gortani (Italy)	920	4. Puerta de Illamina (Spain)	1,408
5. Gouffre de Cambou de Liard (France)	908	5. Cueva Cheva (Mexico)	1,386
6. Gouffre della Preta (Italy)	886	6. Sneznaya-Mezonnogo (Georgia)	1,370
7. Reseau Trombe (France)	880	7. Boj Bulok (Uzbekistan)	1,368 ^g
8. Gruberhornhohle (Austria)	854	8. Sistema Huatla (Mexico)	1,353
9. Sumidero de Cellagua (Spain)	853	9. Reseau de la Pierre Saint-Martin (France)	1,342 ⁱ
10. Grotta di Monte Cucco (Italy)	821	10. Sistema Cuicateca (Mexico)	1,243.
11. Reseau Ded (France)	780	11. Reseau Berger (France)	1,242 ^j
12. Sima de la Pina Blanca (Spain)	775	12. Sistema V.Ilyukhin (Georgia)	1,240 ^k
13. Iaskini Sneiznej (Poland)	752	13. Schwersystem (Austria)	1,219 ^k
14. Ghar Parau (Iran)	751	14. Gouffre Mirolida (Austria)	1,211
15. Hollach (Switzerland)	742	15. Abisso Olivifer (Italy)	1,210

f This became the world's third 1p00m-deep system in 1976, when a depth of 1,208m was reached. It now has eight entrances.

g A quite amazing cave, consisting almost wholly of one long, narrow canyon passage reaching this great depth with only two 25m rope-pitches.

h Also 52,600m long.
The second cave in the world to reach 1,000m in 1965. It is now 52,100m long.
In 1956 this became the first cave to exceed 1,000m. It is still a much visited system and is still considered to be one of the finest.

k Includes a 205m pitch.

Table IV.

LET'S GO PARAGLIDING (with apologies to Colin Kirkus)

by A. G. Smythe

As an uninformed person there were plenty of reasons why paragliding off mountains was an activity I preferred to leave to others. Parachutes were unreliable, liable to fail to open or collapse suddenly in mid-air, and at the best of times you could hit the ground terribly hard. The wind could blow you in all directions and, if you got safely airborne (you had to throw yourself off a cliff to do this), there were the numerous obstacles of the landing over which you had little control - high-tension cables, trees, fences, lakes, buildings. It was the quickest way to break your leg, if not your neck. And what about all those cords? If you had trouble coiling a climbing-rope, the knitting you could achieve with a parachute would be horrendous.

Nevertheless, in spite of these apparently unanswerable objections I found myself reading with growing interest an article in the September 1987 issue of *The Climber*, in which a novice on a paragliding course in Austria described his thrills and spills. Some of the questions were answered, some of the doubts dispelled, and before I knew it I had applied for details of a weekend course in Wales. I was quite clinical in my thinking. There were dozens of sports in which one could become expensively embroiled, and this was likely to be just one more. I would do the weekend course, paying my £60, and make, I hoped, a cool, objective decision as to whether I wanted to take it further. Would it enhance or degrade my "relationship" with hills, would it be cripplingly expensive and, above all, how dangerous was it? The course, run by a proper instructor, should enable me to find all this out without risk.

Now I am fairly sceptical about innovations in the hills. Gore-tex was the last big advance, Vibram before that. But the weekend in South Wales, on the grassy slopes of the Black Mountains, was magic. I started by doing everything wrong - at 53, I was about 30 years older than anybody else, and was clearly a slow learner. The enormous canopy had a mind of its own, and on my first attempt I pulled hard on the wrong lines and shut my eyes. I felt three separate impacts before I finished up in a tangled heap with a bruised coccyx and ripped trousers. But I persevered and managed

some short "Wright brothers" - type flights and, next day, rather to my surprise, we were taken to the top of Mynedd Troed, the local hill, and launched ourselves from there. Suddenly it was fantastic - the hill behind became a great scale-model of itself and the rush of speed settled to a silky-smooth drifting through space. Sheep, trees, farms were part of a miniature set. Then the ground came to meet me - I flared out with the brake-lines, as instructed, and the landing was as gentle as stepping from a log. I had descended some 800 feet in under two minutes. I was hooked at that moment. This was the way I was going to come down mountains from now on! If it was not too late, I could avoid becoming a "hippie" (elderly mountaineer with artificial hip(s) as a result of pounding down mountains).

The paraglider is rectangular in plan view - modern ones are more elliptical - and consists of linked cells, open at the front, closed at the back, which inflate with air on launch and remain inflated during flight by one's passage through the air. The whole thing is like a flying mattress, although the section is an aerofoil shaped like an aircraft wing, giving powerful lift during the glide at a steady 15 mph, at an angle of about one unit of descent for four forwards (early models). This glide angle allows a descent from all but the most gentle of slopes.

The canopy is made of coated, airtight 1-ounce rip-stop nylon, and comes in different sizes, according to the weight of the "pilot". My original one is 280 square feet, about 10 feet front to back x 28 feet wide. It packs into a bag about 18x12x6 inches and weighs 9 lbs. The harness, similar to a full climbing harness, weighs 21 lbs, and I carry it all on the hill in a medium-sized, framed rucksack. Total about 15 lbs before you add your lunch, spare sweater, etc. Light enough not to be too much of a burden, and I find I leave it behind only if the weather is certain to prevent flying.

At the time of writing, three years later, I have made about 280 flights, clocked about 38 hours total in the air, have flown a dozen different paragliders and owned three of them.

The variety of paragliders now available is considerable. Advanced models have glide angles exceeding 7 to 1 - better than the early hang-gliders. For high mountaineering they have also introduced very lightweight ones, but these would naturally glide steeper and not offer soaring flight (more about this aspect later).

We now come to the crunch (not literally!) - the operation of the beast. It should be stated that it is absolutely essential to get proper qualified instruction from the outset, and place yourself under the perhaps mildly irksome wing of the BAPC (British Association of Paragliding Clubs). If you do not, and go it alone, the chances of coming to grief are considerably enhanced! The problem with paragliding is that under friendly conditions it is incredibly easy. After my first few weeks I thought I knew it all, and then had one or two nasty moments and became much more cautious. There really is a great deal to learn and quite a bit cannot, must not, be discovered the hard way.

So, to the launch. You do not throw yourself off a cliff! The best terrain is grass, about 30 degrees in angle. The wind can be anything between flat calm and about 20 mph maximum - the ideal is about 10-12, a medium breeze, but it must be blowing straight up the slope, so a site must always be selected with this in mind. I often find myself planning a mountain walk with this option for the final descent.

The canopy is laid out, top surface down, and the pilot goes through a routine of pre-flight checks. He then straps in, helmet on, and, positioning himself further down the slope, grasps part of the rigging and, with one good heave or snatch, hoists the canopy clean above his head, inflated and ready to go! Sounds easy, but it takes a bit of practice. There is another method, the reverse launch in stronger winds, where you face the laid-out canopy and allow the wind progressively to inflate the cells, then hoist it aloft and turn to head downhill.

Either way, the next stage is the moment of truth. Having visually checked that there are no problems with the canopy, now floating overhead - crossed lines, etc. (surprisingly rare) - you move forwards and downwards, at a run in little or no wind, or quite easily in a good breeze, and, when the canopy is felt to be very tight overhead, a steady pull on the two brake-line handles - the only controls - which are connected to the outer rear edges of the canopy, gives lift-off, just like the elevator of a plane. If you were then to do nothing more, the thing would glide with perfect stability onwards and downwards. Turning is achieved by pulling on one brake-line or the other and, having manoeuvred to land exactly where you want, whether you have come down 100 feet or

10,000, a gentle "stand-up" landing is achieved by flaring out at the right moment, i.e. by pulling strongly on both brakes together.

Paragliders are probably safer than any other form of light aircraft because they fly so slowly and, although the pilot is very exposed, at least his machine is soft and forgiving. However, in common with everything else which takes to the air, a paraglider will stall if it is forced to fly too slowly (e.g. by over-heavy use of the brakes in "stretching" a glide). It does give plenty of warning, rustling and crumpling before it becomes the proverbial "bag of washing", and it is easy to recover from a stall, given sufficient height, by releasing the brakes, when the canopy will fully inflate again and resume normal flight (all prototype paragliders are subjected to rigorous official testing to check their inherent stability).

A paraglider can be mishandled, but a greater danger for the pilot exists in being tempted to fly when conditions are unsuitable, and deciding just where that borderline lies is a skill in itself. Arriving at the top of a mountain, it requires considerable discipline not to a) allow your eagerness to fly outweigh a careful assessment of the wind strength and potential launch areas, or b) allow natural nervousness, the cold, etc. to persuade you to "wimp out" unnecessarily.

So far I have dealt with only top-to-bottom type flying, beyond which many mountain walkers and climbers might not want to go. But the sport of paragliding has evolved into a quest for longer and longer soaring flights and, using dynamic lift and thermals, it has become possible to remain aloft almost indefinitely and to cover distances of 100 miles or more. I will remember the amazing thrill of tracking along Hay Bluff in South Wales for the first time, balanced by the updraught, and coming down only because hunger and thirst intervened. It was this "real flying" which led me to update my canopy twice in the next three years and I now have a high-performance "state-of-the-art" model which uses space-age materials and was probably designed on a computer.

The ability to soar in even light winds has taken me into some extraordinary places and given me literally a new perspective on the hills. I have observed from above hovering birds of prey and seen below *them* small rodents escaping into their holes (probably warned by me!). I have worked high along the Carneddys for an hour on a sparkling autumn day and marvelled at the three-dimensional

view of the great rounded ridges, a feeling of shape and volume which you never get standing on the surface. I have been to the Alps several times to build up experience. So far I have restricted myself to recognised lower-level areas such as Mieussy and Annecy in France and Mayrhofen in Austria. My ambition is to fly from Mont Blanc and other high "easy" peaks, such as Monte Rosa and the Dom, but I am in no hurry. Where possible I like to fly with fellow enthusiasts. It would be true to say, however, that most people who go paragliding are interested in the sport only for its own sake and are not hill walkers. This has the advantage of leaving the higher, less-accessible airspace less frequented, but does tend to make flying companions in short supply.

I cannot deny that I have had some terrifying moments. On the Black Mountain in South Wales, while soaring the great ridge of Bannau Sir Gaer, I failed to notice that the wind was slowly building in strength, until I found myself drifting backwards uncontrollably, yard by yard. I eventually became caught in the turbulent air behind the crest and was dumped from a height of 30 feet, luckily without injury. On an early flight from Snowdon I had a tangle on a brake-line while launching — totally my fault — and missed some rocks by inches. I have bodged take-offs and misjudged landings galore and have had a fair share of knocks and bruises. Nobody tries to pretend that paragliding, any more than rock climbing, is free of risk. The dangers can be minimised only by rigorous attention to detail, patience (the mountains will always be there for another time), and lots of practice.

So — does paragliding fit in with mountaineering — the question posed at the beginning? It can — it does! This assumes that one's companions are also equipped with paragliders or, if not, are suitably tolerant, and the party is able to function, suddenly, with one member fewer. In the end one can be sure of one thing — whenever the risk of paragliding taking over begins to loom, the weather will always have the last word, and there you are, there you are going to be, tramping the hills on a windy day as you always used to, earthbound. Overhead the larks are soaring, but now it's a bit different — you're keenly looking forward to the next chance to join them!

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

by D. J. Farrant

As a child I seemed to have an instinctive love of mountains, despite living in a flat part of coastal Lancashire, and I cherished our outings to the famous hill regions. In my last year at school I had a week's mountaineering in the Lakes and then, on coming down from University in 1959, I took my first job in Brecon with superb country on the doorstep. I was up on the main plateau of the Beacons in the first few weeks, and came to love this area very deeply.

In 1962 I had the fortune to move to another teaching post at St Bees and for the next four years I indulged in a spree of climbing, ascending all the Lakeland peaks. The experts introduced me to both rock climbing and winter mountaineering, and I was most fortunate to be there in the hard winters of 1963 and 1964, when snow and ice conditions were absolutely magnificent.

The memories of this time come flooding back: a winter day when we walked across both Loweswater and Derwentwater on the ice; an ascent of a snow gully on the East face of Helvellyn, which began with a walk across the frozen Red Tarn; superb conditions on Central Gully on Great End; an ascent of Deep Ghyll, which took for ever and ended near the summit of Scafell in almost total darkness. Of course there were also the marvellous summer days when we climbed on warm, firm rock and I enjoyed some of the classic routes: Chamonix, Corvus, Ash Tree Slabs, Scafell Pinnacle, Kern Knotts Corner, Tophet Wall. I was also thrilled by some of the classic scrambles — Jack's Rake, Sharp Edge and Broad Stand. Perhaps the greatest joy, though, was the ascent of Napes Needle, the place where English rock climbing virtually began with Haskett-Smith's epic solo ascent in 1886. The mantle-shelf is a wonderful moment, and the final few moves are delicate and airy indeed — but what a sensation as one stands on the top and gently rocks the pillar from side to side!

It was at this time that Richard Gowing, an old Oxford friend, also living in West Cumberland, kindly proposed me for membership of the YRC, and I attended my first meet at Mungrisdale in 1964. Much fun was had by all. The conviviality was infectious and I have

rather hazy memories of our esteemed former treasurer buying endless rounds of whiskies as the evening progressed.

I had by now drawn up my own list of Lakeland peaks and reckoned to have completed them in the summer of 1965 before moving off to a new appointment in Edinburgh, which enabled me to get to grips with first the Munros (completed in 1974) and then the Donalds (in 1978).

During these 13 years in Scotland I made a number of trips to both English and Welsh mountain regions (frequently on Club meets), but in 1973 I bought George Bridge's book, *The Mountains of England and Wales*, which set out to produce a catalogue of all the peaks of 2,000 feet and over in both countries, following a similar ruling for inclusion to that used in Munro's *Tables*. I decided to accept Bridge's list as the definitive one - he also makes the distinction between separate mountains and mere tops - but, if one includes all the tops, Bridge's tally is 240 in England (including Snaefell on the Isle of Man) and 168 in Wales, for a grand total of 408. I thought at the time it would be nice to collect them all, and ticked off virtually all the Lakeland peaks (though he had identified a few I had missed) and a few others in different regions, which I had climbed over the years. Some of these sorties to collect outliers were full of interest, including a misty day on Dartmoor finding High Willhays and Yes Tor and at one moment having the eerie sensation of being surrounded by huge, grey, ghostly shapes, which turned out to be the moorland ponies.

Bridge's regional division is interesting, as it highlights the significantly different characteristics of the mountains. The Cheviots have their own rounded, grassy shape - but what a wild plateau crowns the top of the Cheviot itself! The Pennines are for dry, clear days, when you can walk along rather barren, broad hillsides without too many navigation problems; the big Yorkshire peaks have their own special charm, particularly when one walks across the great limestone pavements; the tops of Kinder Scout and Bleaklow present almost impossible navigation problems in thick weather, as one stumbles from a heathery tussock into a glutinous peat bog. For all the awful days, when one had trudged onwards in blinding rain or howling gale to a summit which never seemed to be at the top of the next rise, there have been the absolute gems, when it has been a privilege to enjoy the beauty of our mountains

on sunlit, summer days or crisp, clear winter mornings, when the views have been diamond-sharp.

There was a day in the summer of 1975 when we did the main horseshoe of Cader Idris, when it must have been 90 degrees in the valley. There was not a breath of air until we reached the ridge, but what a noble walk this becomes! Cader is a magnificent mountain from any approach and, when we finally strolled down through the high ferns in the late afternoon, we found a glorious pool in the river, in which we wallowed like a pair of contented hippos.

The contrast with this would perhaps be an ascent of the Snowdon Horseshoe in December 1962, when the temperature must have been 70 degrees colder than the day on Cader. The mountains were absolutely ice-bound and, although we had axes and a rope, we would certainly have benefited from crampons as well. The steep Western face of Lliwedd was just about possible but the traverse of Crib Goch in the afternoon was high drama. It was absolute knife-edge, with the recognition that, if one of us fell, the only tactic would be for the other to jump down the opposite side. It was while making this traverse that I witnessed the most remarkable phenomenon which I have ever seen on the mountains: with a mixture of strong sunlight and thin cloud cover above us our two shadows were suddenly vividly thrown across the valley on to the slopes of the Glyders, encircled in the concentric rings of the spectrum. Two superbly delineated Brocken Spectres surrounded by the Glory. It was quite breathtaking, and indeed rather eerie, making one think of the supposed sight of the Crosses just before the fatal fall of Whymper's party on the Matterhorn. The shadows remained outlined for the full length of the level part of the ridge - well over five minutes - and even now it remains one of my most astonishing personal experiences.

Club meets have figured quite tellingly in a number of these expeditions, especially in Wales. What a magnificent circuit it is to climb Tryfan by the North Ridge, to move on to the Glyders via the Bristly Ridge and return to Ogwen! Derek Clayton and I enjoyed this one summer day, and ended by having to rescue two youngsters, who had gone off route above the Devil's Kitchen and become cragfast. There was a very wild and wet expedition up Moel Siabod one Easter and a much longer, more serene walk from

Beddgelert over Moel Siabod to the Nantlle Ridge and down to a high level camp with George Spenceley and Tony Smythe - nine hours, and it felt like every minute of it!

Thus gradually in recent years the target number has reduced, and individual sections have been completed. The Burnhope Seat group took just three days of a Club meet at Middleton-in-Teesdale, whereas the huge Cross Fell group required a number of different trips. The finest of these was undoubtedly the circuit of Long Fell, Little Fell, Mickel Fell and Murton Fell on a lovely spring day. Mickel Fell is one of those very attractive and remote mountains which offers a tremendous view because of its central position, but is often inaccessible because of firing on the Army ranges. The military are very co-operative, however, and willingly inform you on which days free and safe access can be made. The final walk up the steep dome and across the springy, grass plateau to the triangulation pillar on Mickel Fell is delightful, and the view across to the Lakes in the West, to Cross Fell nearer to hand and down to the main Yorkshire peaks to the South-east is most impressive.

After Mickel Fell there were just three left in England: Long Crag (beside Mickel Fell) and two remote Cheviots, Bloodybush Edge and Cushat Law. To approach the latter I drove up from Teesdale - in itself a fair exercise in cross-country navigation - and again had to encounter large groups of men in khaki in various forms of intensive training. I drove up the Uswayford road as far as possible and then left the car and resigned myself to a long trek to the base of the hill. Suddenly the post van appeared, however, and I struck an amiable bargain with the local postie - a lift up to the farm in return for Hopping out and opening all the gates. I had a quick chat with the farmer and his wife - how mentally strong you must be to live on your own up here with the nearest neighbours about five miles away over the green drove-road in a different country! The route from here was now fairly simple and the two Cheviots were duly claimed.

Thus I came to the last peak, Long Crag, which I left until early August. This also involves a long walk in from the road to the Close House Mine, but my good fortune struck again, as a land-rover bounded its way along the track and the factor asked me how long I was going to be walking in the area, as the grouse season was about to start. I assured him that I was aware of the significance

of the 12th of August and had no intention of being shot (in the Pennines, if the Army doesn't get you, the landowners always seem to have a second chance). They were going up to inspect the butts - did I want a lift? Well, yes I did, which again made a long, unexciting walk rather less arduous. When I thanked them for their kindness, the ridge and plateau were not too far away, but the actual summit lay inside the dreaded range boundary. I moved circumspectly beyond the red notices and found the final cairn without any shells whizzing about my head.

So that was the English peaks completed: from Great Gable in April 1955 to Long Crag in August 1990 - an immensely pleasurable and rewarding 35-year odyssey. The Welsh peaks had been dwindling as well, but there were still quite a few of these to be claimed. At least with my present home on the Derbyshire-Staffordshire border, Wales is quite accessible, and I have recently enjoyed becoming acquainted with some of the lesser-known Welsh ranges, such as the Arans, the Berwyns, the Arennigs and Rhinogs. They all contain some superb mountains and I have had some memorable days in each region. The sharply notched ridge of Arrenig Fawr is a fine walk, and on the summit is the poignant memorial to eight American airmen killed in a Flying Fortress crash in the summer of 1943 - a sad thought in such a lovely spot, but what a beautiful last resting-place!

Quite a few of the Berwyns are rather dull, but the central section makes a fine walk. I set out from Tyn-y-Ffridd to walk the horseshoe on a glorious winter day with a considerable fall of snow on the hill. The Eastern side makes a good ridge walk but the best bit is when one turns North to climb the main summits of Cadair Berwyn and Moel Sych. In between the two is a little rocky outcrop, which the Ordnance Survey cartographers have apparently missed, and it is believed that in the next edition of the map a new peak, possibly called Craig Uchaf, will be shown at 2,733 feet, 20 feet higher than the other two and thus the principal peak in the range. The route off this section down the Western shoulder is steep indeed, and requires considerable care, but it makes a most satisfying day.

The main ridge of the Arans is also a superb high level walk, all the better if one has transport at both ends and can start from Cwm Cywarch and gain the height from this beautifully shaped, steep valley before completing a South-north traverse. Sometimes

strangers are not welcome on these hills, though, and the region has had a long history of tortuous access negotiations, and to avoid confrontation it is better to stick to the permitted tracks. Aran Fawddwy and Aran Benllyn are both over 2,900 feet and the former is the highest peak in Wales outside the main Snowdonia area, so they are in themselves worthy of great respect.

Mid- and South Wales have great charm as well. The circuit of Pumlumon is a *very* rewarding walk with superb views almost the length and breadth of Wales. The four peaks in the Radnor Forest offer a pleasant ramble (with another chance of getting shot in the cartridge-testing range on the South side); and I yield to none in my *love* of the Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains. If you start beside the show caves at Dan yr Ogof, there is a marvellous walk up on to Bannau Brycheiniog and Bannau Sir Gaer; which also have the huge precipitous cut-off on the Northern face, which is such a feature of the Beacons. If you then strike back across the moor towards the road, there is a jewel of a tarn just below the main escarpment. It is circular and almost surrounded by steep cliffs and provides the perfect place for a swim on a hot day. Also I defy anyone to take the walk through Cwmgwdi and up on to the summit of Pen-y-Fan without marvelling at the beauty of our British landscape.

Another attractive walk is *above* the reservoirs in the Elan Valley on to the summits of Gorllwyn and Drygarn Fawr. These are a long way apart, and it is quite a bog-slog between them, but when I was there last May not only did I hear my first cuckoo in what had been a worryingly poor year for these harbingers of summer but, after years of seeking, at last I saw my first red kite — dark at the *curved* wing-tip, bronze in the sunshine with the distinctive forked tail and rusty-red colouring. My joy was complete that day as I was fortunate to have three further sightings, including one where the bird floated not more than 50 feet *above* me.

By this time I was coming down to the last five Rhinogs. I had already been on the summits at the Northern and Southern ends of this fascinating ridge and had enjoyed the final scramble up to Moel Ysgyfarnogod from the farm beyond Trawsfynydd. However, the real essence of the central regions remained for *discovery* in the middle of August 1991. The first day was absolutely filthy: a strong wind, driving rain and no visibility, but I set out anyway to

climb Diffwys at the Southern end of the ridge. Navigation was a little tricky, as I kept intertwining with the famous Rhinog Wall, which snakes its way over most of this range and is described as the longest wall in Wales. Eventually I reached the ridge, which is *very* steep, and, as I plodded up section after section after section, I felt that surely one day the summit would be just beyond the next rise. Eventually I found the trig. point, seemingly hiding behind the wall, so I retreated, glad only to have added the peak to my list and happy at getting down to the car to find some dry clothing.

I watched the TV weather forecast that evening without much enthusiasm, as it still seemed to be blowing a gale, but to my surprise a large red sun was firmly fixed over the middle of Wales for the morrow. And so it turned out. I *drove* into Cwm Nantcol from Dyffryn Ardudwy and set off just after 10am on a warm, sparkling morning. I made good progress up on to Crib-y-Rhiw and Y Uethr and then saw the full magnificence of this range spread out before me. The sun was gleaming on the waters of Cardigan Bay to the West, and there was a clear view from Harlech round to Porthmadog, Criccieth and the whole of the Ueyn Peninsula out to Bardsey Island. To the South and East lay Cader Idris and the Arans, then towards the North the Arennigs and into the main Snowdonia peaks. But what magnificent walking the Rhinogs are for only 2,300 feet! *Every* mountain is extremely steep-sided with huge drops in between — the surface is almost entirely rock with ferns the only vegetation, cunningly concealing huge, unstable boulders. No wonder it is called the toughest mountain region in the country! It would bow in severity only to the Rough Bounds of Knoydart and that only because the latter peaks are higher and less accessible. This is real tiger-country. The descent from Y Uethr to the col just *above* the beautiful Uyn Hywel is treacherously steep grass, where even in a dry summer it was necessary to proceed with extreme caution. The following ascent of Rhinog Fach is more of a rock scramble than a walk, and is vastly more entertaining than a long, grassy plod. I stopped on the summit for some refreshment, and wondered whether life had anything fairer to offer: gentle warmth, so that I wore only a thin shirt, the superb view all around, magnificent mountains and there, far *above*, wheeling and plunging at howling speed, a peregrine, the ultimate refinement of the mastery of flight.

The descent from Rhinog Fach to the col is so steep that I did not take the direct route and the height loss is enormous. It took me

almost an hour to get to the pass, and I can imagine what a nightmare it must be to get off this mountain in bad weather. The final ascent of Rhinog Fawr was again almost a rock climb - never difficult but always requiring considerable agility. I got up on to the summit dome and grasped the cairn with a great sense of fulfilment. My first Welsh peak had been Corn Du in October 1959, so that these ascents had also taken over 30 years until August 1990. Even to get down off Rhinog Fawr without threatening life or limb is an adventure in itself, but eventually I reached the valley after a memorable seven-hour day, grateful to have saved the best wine until last and for being granted such beautiful conditions to savour it.

When one completes an exhaustive (and exhausting) table, such as Munro's or Bridge's, there is always the feeling of "What next?" I think in my case I shall be very happy to climb any of Britain's mountains again, either alone or with anyone who cares to join me. There will be so many peaks which I really look forward to climbing again, and maybe now I can be a little more selective. I feel that I have been immensely fortunate to have had the time, the resources, the health and the good companions to help me on my way, and am glad too that each experience is safely recorded in my climbing diaries to be read over again with great satisfaction when I get to the point when mountaineering can be only a memory.

Oh, by the way, I haven't been to the Isle of Man to claim Snaefell yet.

EXTRACTS FROM ALPINE MEETS

by F. D. Smith

The introduction of an annual Alpine meet to the YRC calendar may be a factor in the membership's increased interest in climbing and serious mountaineering. Described in the handbook as an "open meet", they can be attended by members' families and have enabled those members, who would otherwise have difficulty in attending, to be present. A further gratifying aspect of the meets has been the introduction of young members to high mountains with the support of older members.

Each Alpine meet over the past six years has been fully reported and the following two articles are representative of the period.

THE ASCENT OF THE DENT BLANCHE

By John Devenport

Since a failed attempt to ascend the Dent Blanche on a previous YRC meet in the Val d'Herens in 1986, in my mind, its size had decreased and its slopes had become less steep, so I was in for a rude awakening, as I drove up the valley from Sion to join this year's Alpine meet and turned a corner to see the bulky shape of the Dent Blanche totally dominating the end of the valley, looking very high and very, very steep!

In the second week of the meet, a group of seven (Peter Chadwick, Mike Smith, Jonathan Riley, Graham Salmon, David Smith, David Hick and John Devenport) set off from Ferpectle for the long walk up to the Rossier Hut, for this year's attempt to ascend the mountain by the South Ridge (Wandflue Ridge). The latter three had a previous attempt foiled in 1986 by a severe storm the night before. In blazing sunshine the party made good progress, passing through Bricola before reaching the extensive moraines at the edge of the Glacier des Manxettes. We were able to keep on rock for most of the way by keeping mainly below the glacier, before the initially steep ascent of the convex ice-slope leading to the Rossier Hut. On arrival at the hut, we were very pleasantly surprised to find it had been extended and totally refurbished, beautifully decorated throughout in new pine. Even the female guardian managed a smile this time!

After a mountain of spaghetti, the group retired to bed early, knowing that, whatever happened, tomorrow would be a long day on a big mountain!

After an early call at 4.30 and a speedy breakfast, we set out into the cool, clear night, with the stars-shining brightly above the black shadow of the Dent Blanche looming above us. As soon as you leave the hut the way is tricky, as you quickly reach a very narrow rock arete, which comes too soon so early in the morning. After that, a steep snow arete leads up to a broad, snow col at the Wandfluel Ucke (3103m), from where stunning early morning views across to the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa group are revealed. Here we turned left and started up the South ridge, crossing familiar territory: the broken, rocky ridge, then the traverse across the steep ice-slope with its enormous scoop and large cornices, leading up to the main ridge proper. We were moving well in ropes of four and three, and before long we were at the foot of the Grand Gendarme, turning it on the left via the couloir, which is partly filled with snow (and caused us so many problems last time with its verglassed, sloping slabs!). The ridge was quickly regained and before long we were making more good progress, winding our way past the many rocky obstacles along the ridge, some small, some very large. Surprisingly soon we were at the crux of the ridge, which involved an awkward move round an exposed corner followed by vertical wall (10m of 11+). I was elated after climbing this, as it was where we had turned back last time.

By now, cloud had gathered around the ridge, somewhat restricting visibility, but the angle of the ridge started to decrease, indicating that we were nearing the summit. Our rope of three met the other rope of four, as they appeared out of the mist on their descent from the summit, which they indicated was about 20 minutes away. As we passed, with a smile on his face, David Smith said to me, "I think you'll make it this time, John", which was wonderfully encouraging. Surprisingly, about ten minutes later, we were walking carefully along the exposed summit ridge with a crucifix at the end. It was quite a moving moment, as the three of us congratulated one another in the swirling mist.

We hung around for about half an hour, taking photographs, hoping that the mist would clear to reveal the surrounding peaks, but it never did. So we set off back down, after taking about five hours for the ascent.

Things went fairly well to begin with, but then we were held up above the Grand Gendarme by other parties queuing/pushing past us inconsiderately and dangerously to use the abseil points. At one point we caught up with the other four in our party. By now the weather was taking a turn for the worse, and before long we were in a severe hailstorm as we descended the ridge. Things were getting decidedly unpleasant, as the large hailstones stung our hands and necessitated putting a cagoule on for the first time in the holiday! We went as quickly as possible, though it was taking us ages, but eventually we were crossing the scooped snow slope and then descending the snow arete to the last rocky ridge, made very tricky by the rain which was now falling at the lower altitude. Eventually the welcoming sight of the hut roof appeared out of the mist a short distance below us at about 5.45pm.

By the time we reached the hut, the other four in our party had already set off back down to the valley and, after a quick drink at the hut, we too set off into the inclement weather, in order to get down to the valley before dark. Surprisingly, the weather cleared, and we had a very pleasant walk down in the warm glow of the evening sun. We arrived back at Ferpectle at about 9 pm, after a 14-hour day, very tired but very happy at having reached the summit of the Dent Blanche, and getting down safely.

THE AIGUILLE DIBONA

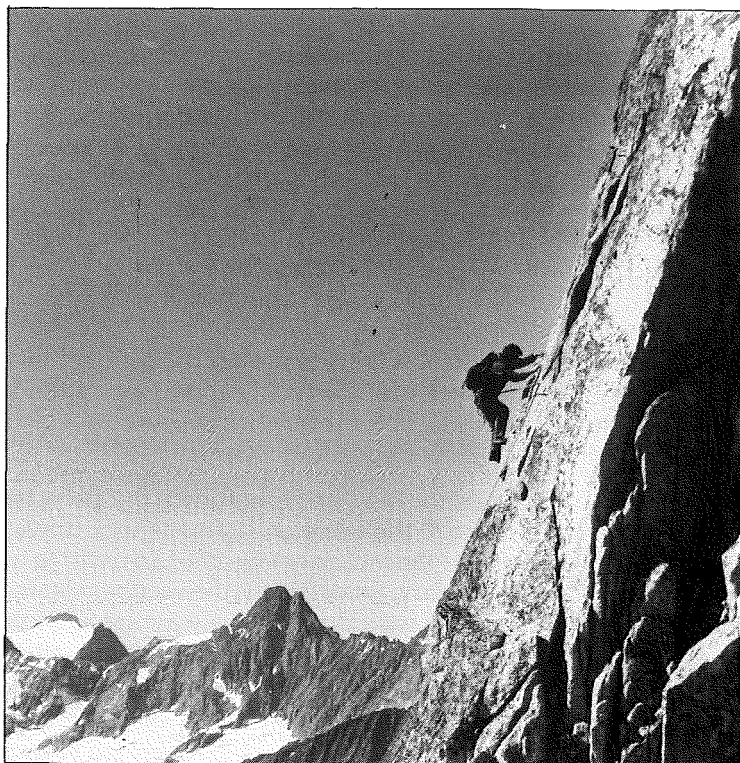
by Jonathan Riley

The first time I saw the Aiguille Dibona was on the back of Paul's guidebook the night before we set off to the Alps. A magnificent sight, more like a church steeple than a mountain.

Searching through the list of TO and EO routes, I thought that climbing it was merely a dream, until I saw the route called Voie Boell, graded AD. Translating AD (Assez Difficile) into a "real" British climbing grade revealed that it was only severe. From then on it had to be done.

A few days later, after some persistent persuasion, I had found three other "victims", that is people silly enough to come with me, namely David Smith, Graham Salmon and John Devenport.

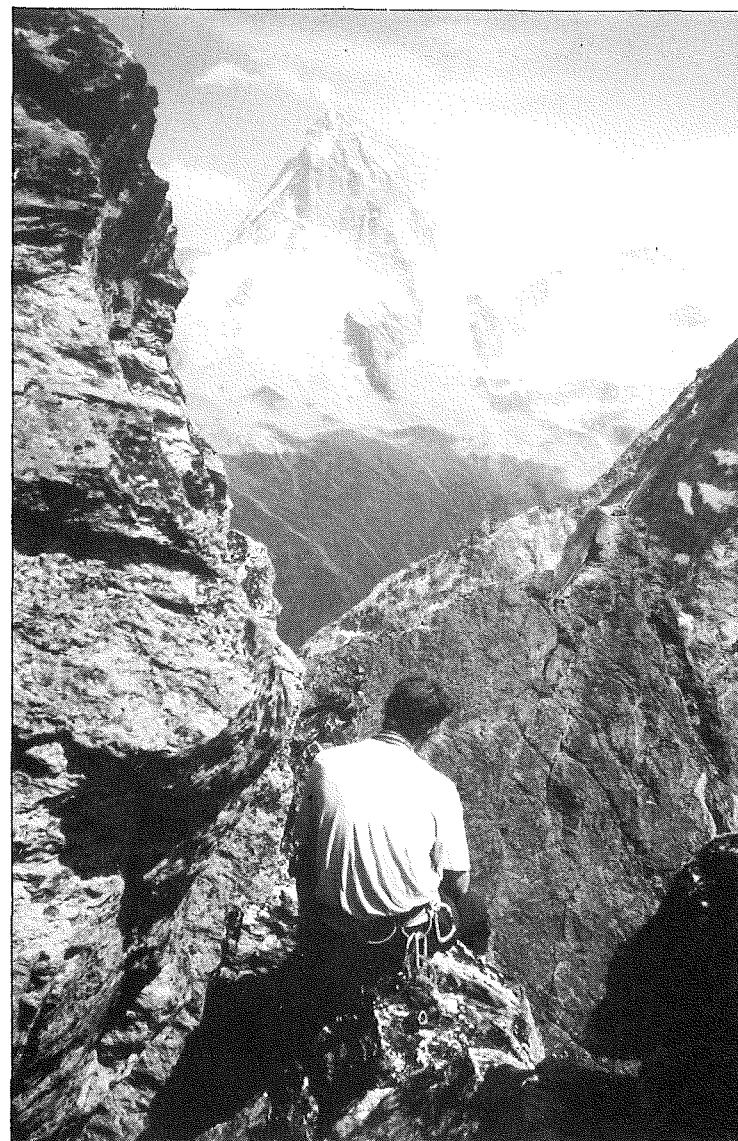
As always the approach to the hut was weighed down with big, overloaded rucksacks. We toiled upwards in the heat. The Dibona

*Aiguille Dibona**John Devenport, ARPS*

was hidden in mist, tempting us with only glimpses of her razor-sharp summit.

The Refuge Soreiller was practically empty, the omelette was enjoyed by nearly all and a good night's sleep with no Alpine start was sheer luxury. Looking out of the hut at 7 am, expecting to find mist, only to find that the sun was out and the sky was bright blue, left us with mixed feelings of excitement, concern and uncertainty. What had the Dibona in store for us?

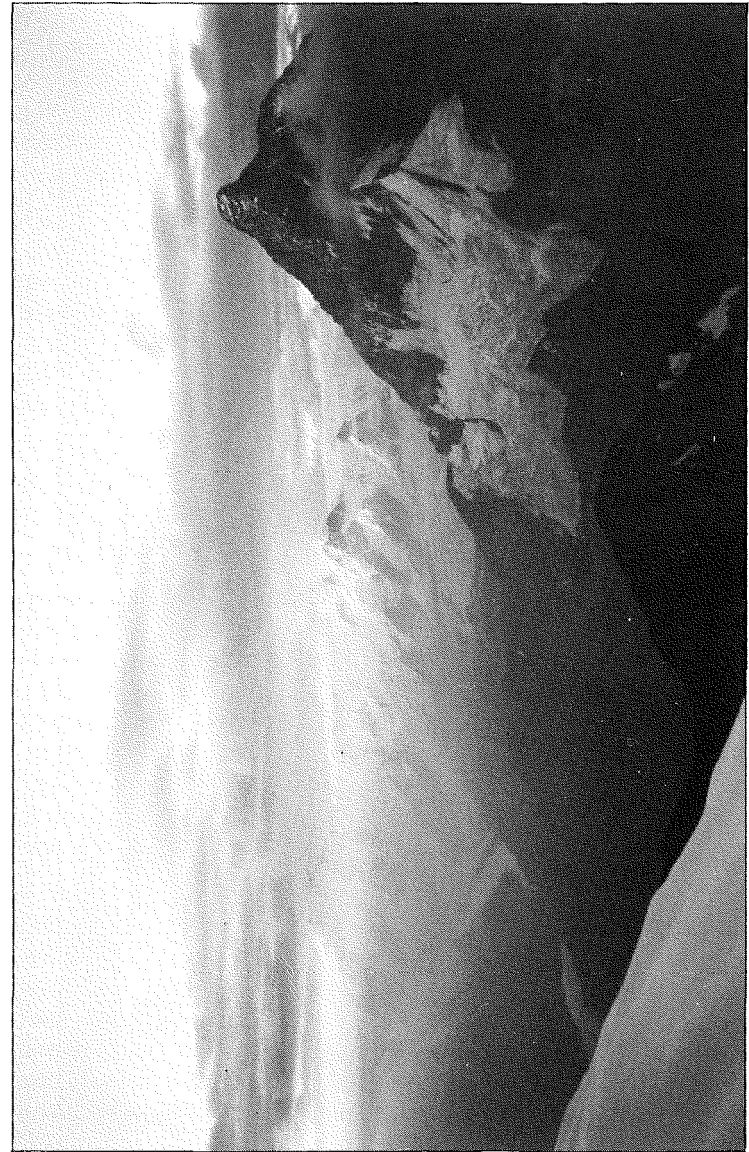
We left the hut and, after half an hour of scrambling over rocks and scree, exchanged our big boots for rock boots at the foot of the East face. Leading off up the first corner, I was shaking, though the climbing was easy. Only then did I understand how serious the mountain was. A first attempt at a real pitched Alpine rock climb, warm rock, rough granite and clear blue skies, perfect.



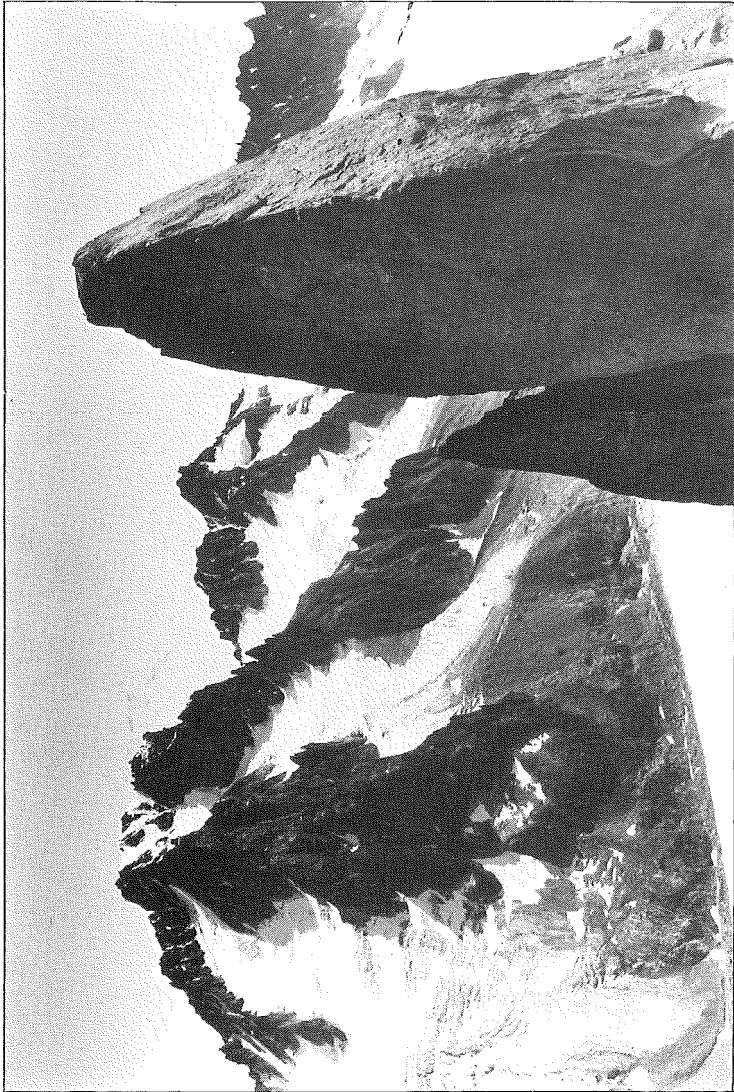
*fan Riley - fsarmine Ridge of Petit Dent de Vésev 
Looking to Dent Blanche*



*Summit cross on Dent Blanche marking the centenary of first ascent.
by Riley, Peter Chadwick and Mike Smith*



The Matterhorn from the South ridge of the Dent Blanche



*Towards the Aiguille d'Argentière (Mont Blanc Massif) from Aiguille de Grand Montets
John Devenport, ARPS*

I traversed leftwards delicately under an overhang. Round the corner I cast my eyes on to the South face to where the exposure was intense. Sweeping granite faces terminated at the hut a long way down, while all around jagged Alpine summits looked on to us.

I perched on a huge flake, pondering if it was attached or not. As David climbed up to the flake, an Alpine guide and his clients glided effortlessly past up an even harder route. I attempted a confident smile: somehow I don't think the guide was convinced!

David did not seem worried at all; he never is. We couldn't see Graham and John, but continued by a wide ledge to the foot of a cold, enclosed corner, which offered respite from the exposure and provided easy climbing to a delicate and exposed traverse over a slab to another small chimney. Once up this we sat on the arete, watching the guide and his clients negotiate the next pitch. From what I could make out this was where the real climbing started. I was right!

In a fantastically exposed position I climbed up shallow, vertical finger-cracks to a notch in an overhang. A bold bridging move over thin air led to a large ledge and a short rest. Thank God!

Graham and John arrived on the arete, closely followed by yet another guide and his clients. As we set about hauling our vast rucksacks up the pitch, the guide was heard to say, "I just haven't time to wait", and with that he led up the pitch and emerged at the top. Grinning, he tapped his head and remarked about the stupidity of the English. This time I had to agree with him; the rucksacks were ridiculously large and heavy! David followed underneath the guide and did his bridging move facing outwards; it must be the classic method. He was followed by Graham who was impressed and John who was relieved!

We sorted the ropes and Graham set off on the next pitch. He was just above us when he exclaimed, "It's delicate and there is a hole!" He was right, it was another bridging move from a friction foothold into a vertical crack, again over thin air and with a distinct lack of handholds! (Nice lead, Graham!) This led to a piece of artificial aid, a short rope-sling used as an initial foothold to gain more vertical cracks on an apparently featureless slab, which led to easier pitches and finally the summit at a comparatively modest 3,130m.

All four of us were relieved and jubilant to be there at last. We drank, ate, posed for heroic photos and then abseiled for 150 feet down the North ridge to the Breche Gunneng to get off the top. We met our rescue party on the way down, who were under the impression that we must be having an epic, because we had not exactly done it in guidebook time. All was well but we were pleased to see them nevertheless.

My walk back down to the valley was spent thinking over the day, a climb which had tested nerve and concentration, but ended in triumph and jubilation, surely the essence of climbing.

A truly beautiful mountain!

IN MEMORIAM

DENNIS ADAMS (1950-1992)



Dennis Adams passed away in hospital on 1st January 1992 after a year-long battle with cancer.

After his education at King James's Grammar School, Knaresborough, he was with the Civil Service before and after his National Service with the Army.

He was elected a member in 1950 after his initiation in caving at Goyden Pot in a party led by E. E. Roberts, and after attending his first Meet at the Hill Inn.

His help was invaluable during the compilation of *Climbs on Guisecliffe* and he was complimented on his underground culinary expertise in Gaping Gill. (*YRC Journal*, No.27). His great pleasure came from climbing, fell-walking and pot-holing, both at and away from Club Meets.

He served on the committee 1952-54.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his wife Sheila and family. G.P.A.S.

CEDRIC ROGER ALLAN (1953-1992)



Members of the Club will not find it easy to remember Roger Allan without recalling an exciting day in the mountains or underground in a cave. It was in these environments that he derived much pleasure and fulfilment. On 24th July 1992, whilst descending a ridge on Trollvasstind, he was struck by a large rock and fell 2,000 feet to his death.

Born in Leeds in 1934, he graduated in Physical Chemistry at the University of Leeds. After a period of research he was awarded a Doctorate and later accepted

a lectureship at the University of Dundee, where he remained until retirement in 1991.

But it was mountains which were a major driving force in his life. His knowledge and experience of Scottish mountains seemed inexhaustible. He is well remembered for frequently ascending an extra Munro at the end of a long day. Whilst not admitting to being a Munroist, he had ascended most of the peaks on numerous occasions. He regularly attended the Glen Etive and Spring Bank meets. It was on Alpine holidays and meets that some members first encountered Roger. Superb days on the Grepon, the Geant, the traverse of the Dom and Tasch, or the epic days which did not go to plan bring back memories to his companions.

Roger was a complex man. Whilst easy to get on with most of the time, he had a stubborn streak and could get quite cross on occasions. Another facet of his character is best illustrated in the precise and almost tender way he cleaned his boots or mended an article of clothing. Not a man of fashion or the latest car, his equipment and transport were merely a means to an end and would be discarded if no further repair was possible.

During his years of club membership he held several posts, Committee member 1955, Secretary 1956-57 and Vice-President 1987-89. He was elected a member of the Alpine Club in 1965.

Our sympathy goes out to Sue, his wife and companion on many mountains and their three children, Bob, Hazel and Pete. Roger's spirit lives on in them and in our remembrance of him.

ED.S.

NORMAN ELLIOTT (1924-1988)



Norman Elliott died in November 1988 at the age of 86 after a membership covering 64 years, a period only ever exceeded or equalled by two other members.

A founder-member of the Gritstone Club, he was very active with them during the 1920s and took part in much of their pot-holing activity during that period. He was also a competent climber and had climbed in Norway with our late members, Charles Burrow, Ernest Creighton and the Booths. He had done a great deal in Scotland and the Lakes, and several times skied with members of the Gritstone Club in Austria and Norway.

Born in London, Norman moved with his parents to Bradford about 1918 after a period working in Rye, and very soon became interested in fell-walking and pot-holing, originally, he always said, because he found it an antidote to the relative tedium of work in a bank. It was an interest which was to last all his life.

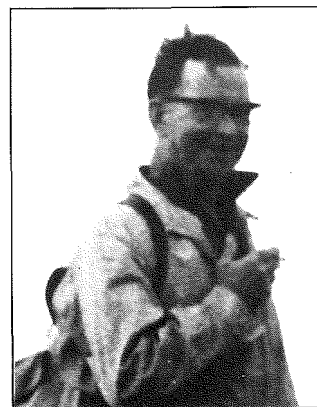
His working life was spent with the Westminster Bank, as it then was, except for a spell in the Navy during the Second World War as radio mechanic, most of which he spent in South Africa, and during which he spent most of his spare time walking or climbing. He was demobilised with the rank of Petty Officer.

After the war he returned to Nottingham, where he remained for some years before moving to Scunthorpe as bank manager. On retirement he moved to Carleton-in-Craven and was intrigued to find that the house he had acquired there was part of the old family house of the Slingsbys, which had been divided.

Although he had been able to take little part in the activities of the Club for many years, he retained a lively interest in its affairs. Towards the end of his life he remarked that he had climbed a lot of mountains and been down a lot of pot-holes and that one could wish for little better from life.

J.G.

HARRY HASLAM (1955-1989)



Harry was born in Oldham and in his younger days played Rugby there. After some years as a salesman he became manager of Millet's Stores and moved to Stokesley. With his wife he opened a Youth Hostel, for which they charged one shilling for bed and breakfast. After the war he joined the firm of Hyman's, who were wholesalers in toys and decorations and, when the owner retired, he moved in and bought the firm.

Always a keen traveller, he made several visits to Austria and weekly cycled to Middlesbrough to study German, which he spoke fluently. Indeed, he boasted of having toured the Rhine Valley on £5, excluding travelling expenses. His other outdoor recreations were tennis and riding. He also kept a horse until only a few years ago.

I came to know father and son, David, in the early 1950s and we climbed together a good deal on the local outcrops. In 1954, they were my guests at the Club Dinner and, to my pleasure, asked if they might join. This they did soon afterwards.

Harry and his wife, Alice, never quite recovered from David's tragically early death. Moreover, after his wife died, Harry's condition declined rapidly and it was sad to see him no longer able to enjoy so many of his traditional pleasures. The Club was one of the mainstays of his life and in it he made many friends, all of whom remember him with affection. A strong walker, he was especially keen on the Scottish Meets, at which he was a regular attender.

M.F.W.

GEORGE CYRIL MARSHALL (1928-1989)



Cyril Marshall died suddenly 19th July 1989 at the age of 89. He had not been active during the last two or three years, but maintained a keen interest in the Club — and the last time I saw him he remarked with some satisfaction that he was now the senior member, having joined in 1928.

He was born in Salford and took his degree in Chemistry (1st Class Hons.) at Manchester. He then worked as a demonstrator at Leeds University and later joined ICI at Billingham about the time when that was an important source of Club members. Subsequently he moved to live in Huddersfield.

He was a steady climber and an interested pot-holer, taking part in the Goyden Pot and Lost John's explorations before the War and carrying on after, when he was a regular attender at Club meets. Probably his chief love was moorland walking and, whilst active in the Lakes, North Yorkshire and Scotland, he was happy to spend many weekends with friends on the moors West and South of Huddersfield, of which he had an intimate knowledge.

Cyril was spare in body and tended sometimes to be sparing of speech, though fond of company. He was greatly concerned about the material state of the world, when this was not a fashionable subject, and I remember him in the 1930s complaining about the vast quantities of gas being flared to waste by the oil companies in the Middle East. He never flagged in

keeping up-to-date with his technical interests and retained a great deal of information so that, if one were contemplating any development, it was always useful to ask Cyril what he knew about it.

He was a kind and helpful friend.

j.E.C.

B.E. NICHOLSON (1954-1988)



With the sudden death of Brian Nicholson in May 1988 at the age of 67 the club lost one of its most distinguished and respected members. Brian had moved to North Wales in 1983, following his retirement, and he collapsed and died whilst out walking with his dog. He joined the Club in 1954, while living in Harrogate, and was a most active member for over 30 years, rarely missing a Meet. He twice served on the Committee, was Vice-President in 1963-65, and was honoured with the Presidency from 1972-74.

Brian was born and educated in Essex and as a youngster was a keen member of the Boys' Brigade. He originally served an apprenticeship as an instrumental mechanic, eventually becoming a technical instructor. During the war he served in France, Belgium, the Middle East and Cyprus, earning the Battle of Britain, Atlantic War, and Defence Medals. In the Middle East campaign he continued an earlier interest in cycle racing as a member of the Desert Wheelers, who raced on the sand on machines which they had constructed themselves out of whatever materials could be obtained.

After the war he started his nursing career and he qualified at the London Chest Hospital in the tuberculosis unit in 1951. After a brief spell in Norfolk, he moved to Yorkshire and became Charge Nurse in the operating theatres at the Harrogate General Hospital.

The call of the North was very strong for Brian. His family, which traces its roots back to the Battle of Bosworth Field, came originally from Cumbria, and as a child he had spent summer holidays with his uncle, who was a Methodist minister in Filey. The move to Yorkshire began his long and happy association with the YRC.

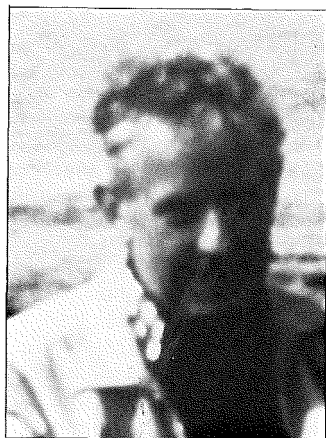
He became an enthusiastic pot-holer who was a leading member of the exploratory parties in the Irish caving systems, and it was especially under B

ground that his great photographic talent was so fully displayed. His pictures grace several earlier editions of the *journal* and, as a member of the Harrogate Photographic Society, he won many awards in exhibitions. As a rock-climber, Brian was thoughtful and safe, and one always felt confidently protected when climbing with him. He was also a keen long-distance walker in later years, taking in the Pennine Way, the Coast-to-Coast and Offa's Dyke.

Brian seemed to be such an institution at Club Meets: tall and good-humoured, slightly reserved and yet of excellent value and interest once the conversation started to flow. It was a privilege to have known him and his presence in the Club will be sorely missed. We extend our sympathy to his widow, Brenda, and his daughter, Helen.

E.C.D.

TOM PETTIT (1968-1988)



Tom Pettit died in the Bradford Royal Infirmary 13th October 1988 aged 64, following complications after what is normally a straightforward operation for a hip-joint replacement.

Tom lived in Steeton near Keighley and spent practically the whole of his working life as a craft teacher at Aireville School, Skipton, where he finally became the Head of the Craft, Design and Technology Department in the early 1960s. Tom was very highly thought of in his profession as a master craftsman and perfectionist, not only in metalwork but also in woodwork, woodcarving and as a silversmith. Tom was so dedicated to

his work that along with other colleagues in Yorkshire he set up the first specialist in-service centre for craft and design teachers in Britain at Burley-in-Wharfedale. As a result of this work he was invited by the British Council to undertake lecture tours in Africa and the United States over a period of several years. Many members will remember that it was Tom who designed and made the E.E. Roberts memorial furniture at Low Hall Garth. Tom also wrote nine books on his various crafts, some of which have become standard textbooks and are used in many schools throughout the world.

Being a very keen outdoors man, he became a member of the CPC shortly after taking up his appointment in Skipton and he remained a member until his death, having spent a few years in the early 1960s as

Secretary and was elected President for the year 1987. The first YRC meet Tom attended was the 1965 Whit Meet in Knoydart, and he eventually joined the Club in 1968. During the next ten or twelve years he attended a good number of Club Meets and was a very regular attender at our Craven "Wednesday Night" Group. However, as his arthritic hip condition got worse, he had to give up practically all his outdoor activities except for an occasional walk with the help of a walking-stick.

All members who knew Tom and had spent any time in his company either fell-walking or pot-holing will feel a great sense of loss at his passing.

S.W.

FRANK WILLIAM STEMBRIDGE (1933-1991)

In 1908 Frank, choosing his parents with his customary skill and felicity, was born second son in a family well-suited to mountains and the outdoor life. Already experienced in his teens in scrambling in the Lake District, his first walking tours abroad were in 1930 in the Pyrenees, and then Northern Spain in 1932. Living close by Almscliff Crag, he soon resolved to follow the regular climbers there (including such YRC men as Frankland and Villiers Brown) and by constant weekly training during 1933 became able to tackle successfully climbs such as Bird's Nest Crag, and thence joined the YRC.

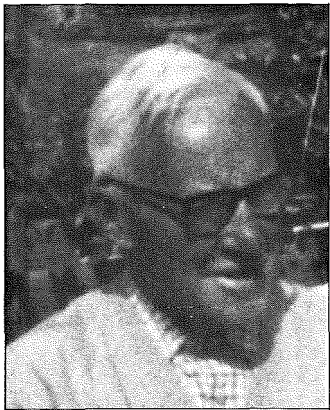
His baptism of fire (or rather water) took place in Rowten Pot in a deluge and, as well as exploring Gaping Gill, he paid his first visit to the Alps that year, traversing the Pigne d'Arolla and the Petit Dent de Vésev , ascending the Col d'Herens and narrowly failing (after 21 hours and an injury to Fred Booth) to climb the Aiguille de la Tsa. Meanwhile at home he was climbing in the Lake District, developing new climbs on Guy's Cliff and the Rocky Valley and taking a full part in the Club activities, such as the third descent of Mere Gill and the unfortunate incident in Gaping Gill, in which his father suffered a fall owing to kinking of the guide-line. He spent much of his time in Scotland, including Easter in Arran, the Tower Ridge in fresh snow and a testing lead up Crowberry Ridge Direct in rough winter conditions. He took a leading part in the descent of Juniper Gulf and the Rescue at Rowten Pot and managed to explore the Cairngorms before Hitler intervened to take him via a commission in the Field Artillery to Alamein and Monte Cassino.

By Easter 1946 he was back on the Tower Ridge and the following year tunnelled the cornice on No.2 Gully on the Ben. Also in 1947 he crowded six major peaks into a fortnight's Alpine holiday (*YRC Journal*, Vol. VII, p.198). These were the years of much of the Irish Exploration from Mr Barbour's house at Kilesher, and Frank will always be remembered for the exploits of Sam the Truck Driver (*YRC Journal*, Vol. VII, p.228). Kilesher then gave place to Loch Scavaig and the Black Cifilln for our Whitsun venues and Frank became a regular visitor to the dubious comforts of "Grand Hotel" (the writer's tent).

He was Assistant Secretary 1946-52, President 1960-62, and long maintained his interest in the Club, though after the commencement of the long and harrowing illness of his wife his time for Club activities was much reduced. He will long be remembered as a witty raconteur, never at a loss for a shaft of humour (see Sam the Ingleton Plumber, *YRC Journal*, Vol. VI, p.331), a kindly man (e.g. serving whisky in the bath to those still frozen off the Ben), a clubbable and excellent company and one to whom the writer is deeply indebted for many thoughtful actions. In his latter days he became much involved as Vicar's Warden at Weeton Church. Shortly before his death he lost a leg by amputation. He leaves a son (our member Simon), a daughter, Janet, and the affection and respect of us all.

R.E.e.

JAMES STUTIARD (1957-1988)



Jim, who died 21st October 1988, aged 84, joined the Club in 1957, but had been on the same wavelength for many years. He was born in Huddersfield and went straight from school in 1919 to work for a firm of Silk Throwsters, where he remained all his life. When silk was ousted by man-made fibres the firm became linked more and more to the fine worsted trade and produced a great variety of fancy yarns.

As a young man Jim was attracted to the hills and soon developed an encyclopaedic knowledge of the South Yorkshire/Derbyshire hills, through outings which had to be timed to the minute to catch a Baddeley's bus to the Flouch Inn and after the walk a return train from Penistone. There was also a regular programme of keeping fit with swimming and running with

the Longwood Harriers. Bill Stoney, a former member of the YRC, introduced Jim first to Cyril Marshall and subsequently to the Club, and was his companion on holidays in Scotland, Austria and the Dolomites, culminating in a visit to Zermatt, where Jim climbed the Matterhorn with a companion and apparently almost everything within sight.

Marriage and family cares led to a rather different tack in alternate years. A sprinkling of culture in Provence, Italy, Spain and latterly Greece - but "no museums or art galleries, thank you!"

All his life Jim was a loyal member and officer of the Methodist Church, closely linked with his work with the League of Nations Union and similar organisations.

He married May Priestley in 1939 and they had three daughters. Rewards came when children and then grandchildren obviously inherited the love of travel and the outdoors and, though the radius had extended and opportunities multiplied, the germ went back to the Derbyshire hills and the Lakes.

S.M.

GORDON SURREY-GRANT (1947-1986)

Gordon Surrey-Grant, a Life-Member of the Club, joined in 1947 and died 12th December 1986. Gordon was a native of Leeds and attended Leeds University before joining the family firm of Samuel Grant Ltd, Paper Merchants in the city. He was never active in the YRC, though he occasionally attended the Annual Dinner. Gordon's pot-holing and climbing activities were with the Northern Cavern & Fell Club which he regularly attended, and his main interest was in pot-holing. The Cavern and Fell Club suffered a decline in its activities during the War and the late Ernest Roberts brought Surrey-Grant into the YRC. Whilst never active, Gordon was keenly interested in the doings of the Club.

E.e.D.

GEOFFREY TURNER (1957-1987)

Geoffrey, who died in 1987 aged 77, was a chartered accountant in Bradford, where he had many business and professional interests. We shall remember him as a loyal and generous friend, for his kindness, thoroughness and complete integrity. He had a keen brain, a sharp wit and a dry sense of humour.



Geoffrey Redman Turner was born in Bradford 21st September 1910, was educated at The Leys School and went on to St John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in Economics and Law. A member of the Territorial Army, he served in the Royal Artillery during the War, with the rank of Major and, after returning to his practice, further developed his interest in people and their welfare, which led to his many interests in life. He had great energy and was generally involved in any organisations with which he was connected.

Among his interests were golf, including a spell as President of the Bradford Golf Club, and hockey as a player and administrator in the County, Northern and National Associations. Geoffrey also served on several committees of the Sports Council. After several years as a director he became President of the Huddersfield and Bradford (now the Yorkshire) Building Society and he was also President of the Bradford Club.

Geoffrey joined the Club in 1957 and he was the Club's auditor for over 20 years until 1983. He was a strong goer in the hills both at home and in the Alps, where he spent some 30 holidays before and after the War.

He never married.

S.M.

CLUB PROCEEDINGS

1979: The weekend meets were: January 19th - 21st, The Marton Arms, Thornton-in-Lonsdale; February 2nd-4th, Low Hall Garth; February 23rd-25th, Glen Etive and CIC Hut, Ben Nevis; March 10th, Ladies' Evening, Parkway Hotel, Leeds; March 16th-18th, Lowstern; Easter, April 13th-15th, Blairgowrie, Perthshire; April 27th-29th, High Level Camp, Upper Eskdale; Spring Bank May 25th - June 2nd, Loch Coruisk, Skye; June 22nd-24th, Long Walk, Mungrisedale to Kentmere; July 13th-14th, Joint Meet with Rucksack Club, Lowstern; August 10th-12th, Juniors' Meet, Low Hall Garth; September 7th-9th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' Club, R.L.H and L.H.G; September 28th-30th, Helyg; October 19th-21st, Joint Meet with Alpine Club, Malham; December 7th-9th, Coledale Hotel, Braithwaite, Keswick. Average attendance at Meets was 23. Total membership was 200, made up of 169 ordinary members, four junior members, 22 life-members and five honorary members.

The 87th Annual General Meeting was held at the Cairn Hotel, Harrogate, 17th November 1979. The following officers were elected for the year 1979-80: President: J.P. Barton; Vice-Presidents: J. Stuttard, G.A. Salmon; Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Asst. Hon. Secretary: C.D. Bush; Hon. Treasurer: D. Laughton; Hon. Editor: A.B. Craven; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: W.A. Linford; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, N. Newman; Lowstern, W.c.!. Crowther; Auditor: G.R. Turner; Committee: D.J. Atherton, G.P. Posthill, M. Smith, D. Smithson, J.A. Varney, I.C., Whalley.

The 66th Annual Dinner followed at the same Hotel. The President, J.P. Barton, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was George Band. Kindred Clubs were represented by A.D.M. Cox, Alpine Club; A.B. Hargreaves, Climbers' Club; H.G. Adshead, Rucksack Club; A.J. Ravenscroft, Wayfarers' Club; D.M. Roberts, Midland Association of Mountaineers; K.L. Peart, Gritstone Club; A. Bridge, Craven Pot-hole Club; Dr K. Gregson, Oread Mountaineering Club. The attendance was 118. The after-dinner meet was held at the Racehorses Hotel, Kettlewell.

1980: The weekend meets were: January 25th-27th, Low Hall Garth; February 24th-27th, Glen Etive; March 8th-9th, Ladies' Weekend, Parkway Hotel, Leeds; March 14th-16th, Lowstern; Easter, April 3rd-8th, Auchtertyre, Crianlarich; April 25th-27th, The Berwyns, Llanarmon-Dyffryn, Ceitiog, Llangollen; Spring Bank, May 24th-31st, Loch Stack, Foinaven; June 20th-22nd Long Walk, Tan Hill to Lowstern; July 11th-13th, Lowstern; July 27th, Day Meet at Rylstone Crag; August 8th-10th, Juniors' Meet, Lowstern; September 26th-28th, Beudy Mawr, N. Wales; September 5th-7th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' Club, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 24th-26th, Rothbury,

Northumberland; December 5th-7th, The Grove, Kentmere. Average attendance at meets was 27. Total membership was 200, made up of 167 ordinary members, six junior members, 22 life-members and five honorary members.

The 88th Annual General Meeting was held at the Cairn Hotel, Harrogate, on 15th November 1980. The following officers were elected for the year 1980-81: President: W.R. Lofthouse; Vice-Presidents: G.A. Salmon, P.C. Swindells; Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Asst. Hon. Secretary: C.D. Bush; Hon. Treasurer: D. Laughton; Hon. Editor: A.B. Craven; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: W.A. Linford; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, N. Newman; Lowstern, W.C.I. Crowther; Hon. Auditor: G.R. Turner; Committee: D.J. Atherton, G.P. Posthill, M. Smith, D. Smithson, J.A. Varney, J.C. Whalley.

The 67th Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The retiring President, J.P. Barton, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Dr John C. Frankland. Kindred clubs were represented by C. Douglas Milner, Alpine Club; P. Howard, Wayfarers' Club; D. Smithies, Rucksack Club; N. Dyson, Bradford Pot-holing Club; P. Buckley, Scottish Mountaineering Club; S. Cross, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; B. Cummings, Gritstone Club; D. Allanach, Craven Pot-hole Club. The attendance was 113. The after-dinner meet was held at the Miners' Arms, Greenhow.

1981: The weekend meets were: January 2nd-4th, New Year Meet, Lowstern; January 23rd-25th, Low Hall Garth; February 20th-22nd, Glen Etive; March 14th-15th, Ladies' Weekend, Parkway Hotel, Leeds; March 20th-22nd, Dinas Mawddwy; Easter, April 17th-20th, Muir of Inverey, Braemar; May 1st-3rd, Lowstern; Spring Bank, May 23rd-30th, The Fannichs; June 19th-21st, Long Walk, S.W. Lakeland; July 10th-12th, Lowstern; August 7th-9th, Juniors' Meet, Low Hall Garth; September 4th-6th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' Club, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; September 25th-27th, Helyg, N.Wales; October 25th-27th, Lowstern; December 11th to 13th, High Trenhouse, Malham. Average attendance at meets was 26. Total membership was 201, made up of 165 ordinary members, five junior members, 26 life-members and five honorary members.

The 89th Annual General Meeting was held at the Cairn Hotel, Harrogate, on 21st November 1981. The following officers were elected for the year 1981-82: President: W.R. Lofthouse; Vice-Presidents: P.C. Swindells, D.A. Smithson; Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Asst. Hon. Secretary: C.D. Bush; Hon. Treasurer: D. Laughton; Hon. Editor: A.B. Craven; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: W.A. Linford; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, N. Newman; Lowstern, W.C.I. Crowther; Hon. Auditor: G.R. Turner; Committee: G.A. Salmon, G.P. Posthill, P.R.P. Chadwick, J.C. Whalley, H. Robinson, M. Smith.

The 68th Annual Dinner followed at the same Hotel. The President, W.R. Lofthouse, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was A.D.M. Cox. Kindred

Clubs were represented by A. Blackshaw, Alpine Club; H. Melior, Wayfarers' Club; B. Cosby, Rucksack Club; S. Warren, Craven Pot-hole Club; D.M. Roberts, Midland Association of Mountaineers; R. Turner, Gritstone Club; A.B. Hargreaves, Climbers' Club. The attendance was 105. The after-dinner meet was held at Long Ashes Inn, Threshfield.

1982: The weekend meets were: January 15th-17th, Hag Dyke, Kettlewell; January 29th-31st, Low Hall Garth; February 17th-21st, Glen Etive; Easter, April 9th-11th, Cairngorms; March 12th-14th, Lowstern; March 20th-21st, Ladies' Weekend, Windermere Hydro; April 30th-May 2nd, Brecon Beacons; Spring Bank, May 29th-June 5th, Inchnadamph; June 18th-20th, Himalayan Reunion, Low Hall Garth; June 25th-27th, Long Walk, Cumbrian Pennines; July 16th-18th, Lowstern; August 13th-15th, Juniors' Meet, L.H.G.; September 3rd-5th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' Club, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; September 24th-26th, Beudy Mawr; October 22nd-24th, Spring End, Swaledale; December 10th-11th, Kentmere. Average attendance at meets was 21. Total membership was 191, made up of 159 ordinary members, four junior members, 23 life-members and five honorary members.

The 90th Annual General Meeting was held at the Cairn Hotel, Harrogate, on 20th November 1982. The following officers were elected for the year 1982-83: President: W.A. Linford; Vice-Presidents: D.A. Smithson, T.W. Josephy; Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Asst. Hon. Secretary: C.D. Bush; Hon. Treasurer: D. Laughton; Hon. Editor: A.B. Craven; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, N. Newman; Lowstern, C. Bauer; Hon. Auditor: G.R. Turner; Committee: P.R.P. Chadwick, G.P. Posthill, M. Smith, G.A. Salmon, T.A. Kay, H. Robinson.

The 69th Annual Dinner, on the occasion of the 90th Anniversary of the Club, followed at the same Hotel. The retiring President, W.R. Lofthouse, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Dennis Gray. Kindred Clubs were represented by C. Douglas Milner, Alpine Club; H. Melior, Wayfarers' Club; E. Courtney, Rucksack Club; F. Falkingham, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; C.R. Ambler, Gritstone Club; Dr K.A. Grassick, Scottish Mountaineering Club; A. Bridge, Craven Pot-hole Club; I. Clifford, Bradford Pot-holing Club. The attendance was 99. The after-dinner meet was held at Long Trenhouse, Malham.

1983: The weekend meets were: January 21st-23rd, Hag Dyke, Kettlewell; February 4th-6th, Low Hall Garth; February 19th-21st, Glen Etive; March 11th-13th, Lowstern; March 19th-20th, Sparth House, Malham; April 8th-10th, Lake District 3000s, Low Hall Garth; Spring Bank, May 28th-June 5th, The Munros; April 29th-May 2nd, High Level Camp, Blackbeck Tarn; June 24th-26th, Long Walk, Welsh 3000s; July 15th-17th, Lowstern; August 5th-7th, Juniors' Meet, Lowstern; September 2nd-4th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Club, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; September 30th-October 2nd, Cwm Cowarch, N. Wales; October 28th-30th, Kirkby Scout Hut, Cleveland; December 9th-11th, High Trenhouse, Malham. Average

attendance at meets was 27. Total membership was 193, made up of 165 ordinary members, one junior member, 23 life-members and four honorary members.

The 91st Annual General Meeting was held at the Craiglands Hotel, Ilkley, on 19th November 1983. The following officers were elected for the year 1983-84: President: WA Linford; Vice-Presidents: T. Josephy, D.J. Atherton; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Asst. Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Hon. Treasurer: J.D. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: AC Brown; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: N. Newman, L.H.G., C. Bauer, Lowstern; Hon. Auditor: J.H. Sterland; Committee: M. Smith, H. Robinson, G.P. Posthill, G.A. Salmon, P.R.P. Chadwick, TA Kay.

The 70th Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The President, WA Linford, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was AG. Cousins. Kindred Clubs were represented by A.N. Husbands, Alpine Club; 8.1. Hassall, Wayfarers' Club; R.E. Gee, Rucksack Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; D.G. Smith, Midland Association of Mountaineers; H.H. Dawson, Gritstone Club; J.H. Longland, Climbers' Club; C.J. Radcliffe, Oread Mountaineering Club. The attendance was 125. The after-dinner meet was held at Ilkley.

1984: The weekend meets were: January 6th-8th, Low Hall Garth; January 27th-29th, Beudy Mawr; February 16th-19th, Glen Etive; March 9th-11th, Joint Meet with the Gritstone Club, Long Marton, Appleby; March 17th-18th, Ladies' Weekend, Sparth House, Malham; March 30th-April 1st, Crossburn Bothy, Galloway; April 27th-29th, Low Hall Garth; Spring Bank, May 26th-June 2nd, Spean Bridge; June 23rd-24th, Long Walk, Three Counties, L.H.G.; July 6th-8th, Lowstern; August 10th-12th, Juniors' Meet, Low Hall Garth; August 31st-September 2nd, Rhinogs, N. Wales; September 21st-23rd, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 26th-28th, Spring End, Swaledale; December 7th-9th, Scar Top, Chapel-Ie-Dale. Average attendance at meets was 24. Total membership was 200, made up of 165 ordinary members, one junior member, 30 life-members and four honorary members.

The 92nd Annual General Meeting was held at the Craiglands Hotel, Ilkley, on 17th November 1984. The following officers were elected for the year 1984-85. President: J.D. Armstrong; Vice-Presidents: D.J. Atherton, G. Turner; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Asst. Hon. Secretary: J. Hemingway; Hon. Treasurer: J.D. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: AC Brown; Asst. Hon. Editor: E.C. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: L.H.G.; C. Bauer, Lowstern; Hon. Auditor: I.H. Sterland; Committee: H. Robinson, T.A. Kay, G.A. Salmon, AR. Chapman, R. Goodwin, L. Morgan.

The 71st Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The retiring President, W.A. Linford, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was T.W. Birkett. Kindred Clubs were represented by CD. Milner, Alpine Club; H.

Melior, Wayfarers' Club; V. Birtles, Rucksack Club; H. Holgate, Craven Pot-hole Club; C. Ambler, Gritstone Club; T. Clifford, Bradford Pot-hole Club, C. Pickles, Felland Rock Climbing Club; D. Lang, Scottish Mountaineering Club. The attendance was 106. The after-dinner meet was held at Ilkley.

1985: The weekend meets were: January 4th-6th, Low Hall Garth; January 25th-27th, Llanberis, N. Wales; February 14th-16th, Glen Etive; March 9th-10th, Ladies' Weekend, Wilson Arms Hotel, Threshfield; March 15th-17th, Allport Castles Barn, Derbyshire; April 12th-14th, Lowstern; May 3rd-5th, High Level Camp, Scoat Tarn; Spring Bank, May 25th-June 1st, Glen Brittle, Skye; June 21st-23rd, Long Walk, Cheviot to Kielder; July 12th-14th, Nordrach Cottage, Mendip Caving Group, Somerset; August 2nd-4th, Juniors' Meet, Low Hall Garth; August 30th-September 1st, Ravenstonedale, Cumbria; September 20th-22nd, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 18th-20th, The Trossachs — Callander; December 13th-15th, Marton Arms, Thornton-in-Lonsdale. Average attendance at meets was 22. Total membership was 189, made up of 154 ordinary members, one junior member, 30 life-members and four honorary members.

The 93rd Annual General Meeting was held at the Craiglands Hotel, Ilkley, on 16th November 1985. The following officers were elected for the year 1985-86: President: J.D. Armstrong; Vice-Presidents: G.R. Turner, AC Brown; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Asst. Hon. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: J.D. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: AC Brown, Asst. Hon. Editor: E.C. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: - Low Hall Garth, C. Bauer, Lowstern; Hon. Auditor: J.H. Sterland; Committee: AR. Chapman, AJ. Duxbury, GA Salmon, L. Morgan, T.A. Kay, R. Goodwin.

A Special General Meeting was held to make amendments to Rules 4 and 19 concerning subscriptions from Life-Members and Junior Members respectively.

The 72nd Annual Dinner followed at the same Hotel. The President, J.D. Armstrong, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Richard Gilbert. Kindred Clubs were represented by AN. Husbands, Alpine Club; M. Ball, Climbers' Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; J.K. Escritt, Gritstone Club; J. Scarborough, Midland Association of Mountaineers; J. Richardson, Rucksack Club; B. Hassall, Wayfarers' Club. The attendance was 104. The after-dinner meet was held at Ilkley.

1986: The weekend meets were: January 3rd-5th, Low Hall Garth; January 24th-26th, Tai-Neyddion, Ogwen, N. Wales; February 20th-23rd, Glen Etive; March 14th-16th, Lowstern; March 22nd-23rd, Ladies' Weekend, Sparth House, Malham; April 18th-20th, High Moss, Duddon Valley; May 2nd-5th, Fontainebleau; Spring Bank, May 23rd-30th, Macgillicuddy's Reeks, Southern Ireland; June 20th-22nd, Long Walk, Peeble - Moffat; July 26th-August 10th, Alpine Meet, I.otschental, Switzerland; August 15th-17th,

Juniors' Meet, Lowstern; September 5th-7th, High Level Camp, Cwm Silyn; September 19th-21st, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 17th-19th, Milburn Arms, Rosedale; December 5th-7th, Crown Hotel, Horton-in-Ribblesdale. Average attendance at meets was 19. Total membership was 192, made up of 156 ordinary members, one junior member, 30 life-members and five honorary members.

The 94th Annual General Meeting was held at the Craiglands Hotel, Ilkley, on 15th November 1986. The following officers were elected for the year 1986-87: President: P. e. Swindells; Vice-Presidents: **SS**: B.rown, R. Gowing; Hon. Secretary: **CD**, Bush. Asst. Hon. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: J.D. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: A.C. Brown; Asst. Hon. Editor: E.e. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith/WA Linford; J. Lovett, Lowstern; Hon. Auditor: J.H. Sterland; Committee: AR. Chaprnan. AJ. Duxbury, GA Salmon, R. Goodwin, T.A Kay, L. Morgan.

The 73rd Annual Dinner followed at the same Hotel. The retiring President, J.D. Armstrong, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was J.H. Emlyn Jones. Kindred Clubs were represented by H. Melior, Wayfarers' Club; W. Riley, Rucksack Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; R. Sutcliffe, Gritstone Club; M. Hartland, Bradford Pot-hole Club; WA Comstive, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; W. Wallace, Scottish Mountaineering Club. The attendance was 100. The after-dinner meet was held at the Fell Hotel, Burnsall.

1987: The weekend meets were: January 23rd-24th, Low Hall Garth; February 19th-22nd, Glen Etive; March 13th-15th, Tai-Neyddion, North Wales; March 28th-29th, Ladies' Weekend, Sparth House, Malham; April 10th-12th, Lowstern; May 1st-3rd, Brackenclose, Wasdale; Spring Bank, May 23rd-30th, Mullardoch; June 27th-28th, Long Walk, Lake District 3000s, L.H.G.; July 24th-25th, Nantmor Barn, South Snowdonia; July 25th-August 9th, Alpine Meet, Saastal, Switzerland; August 21st-23rd, Howgills; September 18th-20th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 23rd-25th, Spring End, Swaledale; December 11th-14th, Harden, Austwick. Average attendance at meets was 23. Total membership was 192, made up of 153 ordinary members, one junior member, 33 life-members and five honorary members.

The 95th Annual General Meeting was held at the Cairn Hotel, Harrogate, on 21st November 1987. The following officers were elected for the year 1987-88. President: P.e. Swindells; Vice-Presidents: R. Gowing, e.R. Alien; Hon. Secretary: e.D. Bush; Asst. Hon. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: **JD**. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: Ae. Brown; Asst. Hon. Editor: E.e. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith/WA Linford; Lowstern, J. Lovett; Hon. Auditor: J.H. Sterland; Committee: A.R. Chapman, AJ. Duxbury, G.A. Salmon, R. Goodwin, D. Hick, L. Morgan.

The 74th Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The President, P.e. Swindells, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was V. Last. Kindred Clubs were represented by AN. Husbands, Alpine Club; P. Harvey, Wayfarers' Club; J. Richardson, Rucksack Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; E. Hambly, Midland Association of Mountaineers; D. Chapman, Gritstone Club. The attendance was 100. The after-dinner meet was held at the Racehorses Hotel, Kettlewell.

1988: The weekend meets were: January 22nd-24th, Low Hall Garth; February 19th-21st, Glen Etive; March 11th-13th, Lanberis; March 19th-20th, Ladies' Evening, Sparth House, Malham; April 8th-10th, Middleton-in-Teesdale; April 29th-2nd May, Buttermere; Spring Bank, May 27th-June 3rd, Rhum; June 24th-26th, Long Walk, Moel Siabod - Moel Hebog, N. Wales; July 22nd-August 7th, Alpine Meet, Plaunus, Switzerland; August 19th-21st, Lowstern; September 16th-18th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 7th-9th, Deinolien, N. Wales; October 29th-30th, Arrochar; December 9th-11th, Blencathra. Average attendance at meets was 23. Total membership was 190, made up of 147 ordinary members, one junior member, 37 life-members and five honorary members.

The 96th Annual General Meeting was held at the ICI Whinfield Restaurant Harrogate, on 19th November 1988. The following officers were elected for the year 1988-89: President: A.e. Brown; Vice-Presidents: e.R. Alien, D.R.H. Mackay; Hon. Secretary: **CD**. Bush; Asst. Hon. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: **JD**. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: Ae. Brown; Asst. Hon. Editor: E.e. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith; Lowstern, H. Robinson; Hon. Auditor: J.H. Sterland; Committee: D. Hick, AJ. Duxbury, G.A. Salmon, A.R. Chapman, R. Goodwin, L. Morgan.

The 75th Annual Dinner followed at the same venue. The retiring President, P.C. Swindells, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was David Rose. Kindred Clubs were represented by D.W. Milner, Alpine Club; M. Gee, Wayfarers' Club; K. Hostford, Rucksack Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; D.J. Bennet, Scottish Mountaineering Club; I.G. Hargreaves, Gritstone Club; JA Hartley, Fell and Rock Climbing Club; T. Clifford, Bradford Pot-hole Club. The attendance was 98. The after-dinner meet was held at the Buck Inn, Buckden.

1989: The weekend meets were: January 13th-15th, Low Hall Garth; February 16th-19th, Glen Etive; March 17th-19th, Joint Meet with Gritstone Club, Tai-Neyddion, Ogwen, N. Wales; March 31st-April 1st, Ladies' Weekend, Shap Wells Hotel; April 7th-9th, One Ash Grange Farm, Monyash, Derbyshire; May 5th-7th, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale; Spring Bank, May 26th-June 4th, Knoydart; June 23rd-25th, Long Walk, Ribbleshead to Ribbleshead; July 21st-August 6th, Alps Meet, Les Chosalets, Argentiere, Switzerland; August 18th-20th, Lowstern; September 15th-17th, Joint Meet with Wayfarers' and Rucksack Clubs, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 13th-15th,

Tigh-na-Phuirt, Ballachulish; December 8th-10th, Blencathra. Average attendance at meets was 23. Total membership was 187, made up of 141 ordinary members, 40 life-members and six honorary members.

The 97th Annual General Meeting was held at ICI, Crimble House, Harrogate, on 18th November 1989, preceded by a Special General Meeting, at which the following resolution, amending Rule 3, was debated and carried:

The management of the Club shall be vested in the hands of a Committee consisting of a President, one Vice-President, an immediate Past President for one year, giving way to a President-Elect for one year, a Treasurer, a Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, a Huts Secretary and five other members, who shall retire annually but be eligible for re-election. Five shall form a quorum. The Committee shall have power to co-opt any member or official on to the Committee with equal rights as the Committee members.

At the Annual General Meeting the following officers were elected for the year 1989-90: President: A.C. Brown; President-Elect: D. Smithson; Vice-President: D.J. Mackay; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Hon. Assistant Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: J.D. Armstrong; Hon. Editor: A.C. Brown; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith; Lowstern, H. Robinson; Hon. Auditor: J. Sterland; Committee: G.A. Salmon, L. Morgan, D. Hick, M. Godden, ED. Smith.

The 76th Annual Dinner followed at ICI Whinfield Restaurant, Harrogate. The President, A.C. Brown, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Alan Blackshaw. Kindred Clubs were represented by P. Nunn, Alpine Club; M. Gee, Wayfarers' Club; G. Adshead, Rucksack Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; M. Mortimer, Climbers' Club; K. Peart, Gritstone Club; W. Moores, Midland Association of Mountaineers. The attendance was 106. The after-dinner meet was held at Clapham and was the occasion of the presentation of the "Norsk Project" by the President-Elect, D.A. Smithson, at the New Inn, followed by the official opening of the new-Club premises at Lowstern by S. Marsden. This was followed in turn by a buffet lunch for 91 members and guests attending the opening.

1990: The weekend meets were: January 5th-7th, Lowstern; January 26th-28th, Low Hall Garth; February 22nd-24th, Glen Etive; March 16th-18th, Llanberis; March 30th-April 1st, Ladies' Weekend, Shap Wells Hotel; April 20th-22nd, Cheviots; May 11th-13th, Thirlmere; May 25th-June 1st, Inverary; June 22nd-24th, Long Walk, Wasdale Skyline; July 13th-15th, Lowstern; July 20th-August 5th, Les Hauderes; August 14th-16th, Lowstern; August 17th-19th, Rhinogs; September 14th-16th, Joint Meet R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 5th-7th, Galloway; October 12th-14th, Open Meet, Rosedale; December 7th-9th, Settle. Average attendance at meets was 23. Total membership was 188, made up of 137 ordinary members, one junior member, 44 life-members and six honorary members.

The 98th Annual General Meeting was held at the Craiglands Hotel, Ilkley, on 3rd November 1990. The following officers were elected for the year 1990-91: President: D.A. Smithson; Vice-President: W.C.I. Crowther; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Hon. Asst. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: T.A. Kay; Hon. Editor: D.J. Atherton; Hon. Asst. Editor: E.C. Downham; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Huts Secretary: K. Aldred; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith; Lowstern, EM. Godden; Hon. Auditor: J. Schofield; Committee: ED. Smith, D. Hick, EM. Godden, H.M. Papworth, P.A. Elliott

Immediately after the Annual General Meeting, the President, D.A. Smithson, gave a talk on the Norsk Project and his preliminary visit to Norway with D.J. Mackay in April 1990.

The 77th Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The retiring President, A.C. Brown, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Lt. Colonel (Rtd) H. R.A. Streater, OBE. Kindred Clubs were represented by R. Ruddle, Alpine Club; M. Hartland, Bradford Pot-hole Club; R. Myers, Craven Pot-hole Club; C. Ambler, Gritstone Club; D.W. Smithies, Rucksack Club; J.R.R. Fowler, Scottish Mountaineering Club; W.L. Sutherland, Wayfarers' Club. The attendance was 100. The after-dinner meet was held at Lowstern.

1991: The weekend meets were: January 11th-13th, Cwm Crafnant; February 1st-3rd, Low Hall Garth; February 22nd to 24th, Glen Etive; March 9th-11th, Lowstern; March 10th-17th, Ski-meet, Norway; March 15th-17th, Hut Maintenance, Low Hall Garth; April 5th-7th, Ladies' Weekend, Llanberis; April 20th-22nd, Joint Meet with Gritstone Club, Thirlmere; May 4th-6th, High Level Camp, Piliar; May 25th-June 1st, Torridon; June 21st-23rd, Long Walk, Welsh 3000s; July 26th-August 4th, Dauphine Alps; August 16th-18th, Low Hall Garth; August 31st-September 1st, Middleton-in-Teesdale; September 13th-15th, Joint Meet, R.L.H. and L.H.G.; October 11th-13th, Edale; October 25th-27th, Cornwall; December 8th-10th, Blencathra. In addition a visit was made to Norway in preparation for the 1992 Norsk Project. Average attendance at meets was 20. Total membership was 188, made up of 131 ordinary members, one junior member, 49 life-members and seven honorary members.

The 99th Annual General Meeting was held at Randell's Hotel, Skipton, on 16th November 1991. The following officers were elected for the year 1991-92: President: D.A. Smithson; President-Elect: G.A. Salmon; Vice-President: W.C.I. Crowther; Hon. Secretary: CD. Bush; Hon. Asst. Secretary: M. Smith; Hon. Treasurer: T. Kay; Hon. Editor: D.J. Atherton; Hon. Asst. Editor: E.C. Downham; Hon. Auditor: J. Schofield; Hon. Librarian: R. Harben; Hon. Hut Wardens: Low Hall Garth, ED. Smith; Lowstern, EM. Godden; Committee: P.A. Elliott, EM. Godden, D. Hick, H.M. Papworth, ED. Smith.

The 78th Annual Dinner followed at the same hotel. The President, DA Smithson, was in the chair. The Principal Guest was Derek Walker. Kindred Clubs were represented by G.D. Hughes, Alpine Club; W.j. Burrows, Climbers' Club; T. Kenny, Wayfarers' Club; CD. Beard, Gritstone Club; E.E. Whitaker, Craven Pot-hole Club; W. Moores, Midland Association of Mountaineers; P. Lord, Felland Rock Climbing Club. The attendance was 100. The after-dinner meet was held at Lowstem,

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MEMBERS, RESIGNATIONS AND DEATHS SINCE JOURNAL No. 38

MEMBERS

1980

D. Brandon AN. Laing R. Wilson

1981

T. Chignell PT. Moss HA Rutter

1982

G.D. Bull

1983

A.j. Blair AD.C Bridge T.E. Edwards

I.C. Goodwin S.j. Goodwin

H.M. Papworth I.M.D. Potter

1984

A.j. Duxbury R.G. Hague C jepson

P.L. Selby A.L. Wells

1985

I.E. Chapman A.D.M. Cox, Honorary Member

j.R, Laing C Mitchell

1986

I.D, Collins D. Hick D.P Morgan

G.R. Salmon T. Smythe

1987

j.C, Devenport

1988

P. Armitage I-Colton Dr j.A Farrer, Honorary Member

EM. Godden D. Martindale L Schofield

1989

D. Hall R. Newman

1990

K.C. Brown G. Campion I. Gilmour
 J. Humphreys P. Linford J. Riley (Junior)
 ED. Smith, Honorary Member M. Woods

1991

T. Bateman A. Blackshaw P. Glendenning
 I. Hunt R. Josephy J. McClean
 M.P. Papworth W.N. Todd

RESIGNATIONS

1980

R. Cook

1981

P. Burns J. Carswell D.G. Woodman

1982

G.I.G Baldwin H. Beaumont
 D. Ronson H.E Woodman

1983

J. Rigg

1984

D. Andrews G. Batty G. Edwards
 E Fitzpatrick L. Rush M. Stirling

1985

J.A. Kay

1987

A.P.R. Harris

1988

T. Chignell D. Henderson
 J.R. Robinson A. Wrigglesworth

1989

C. Bauer S. Lindsay

1990

D. Brandon J. Cullingworth P. Kay
 G. Lee L. Morgan

1991

M. Church I. Goodwin C. Jepson
 D. Mahoney D. Morgan D.R. Smith

DEATHS

1979

J.C Appleyard A. Humphreys A. Maude
 J. Williamson H. Yates

1980

A. Butterfield W.E Higgins E.M. Tregonning

1981

H.S. Booth J. Hilton E.J. Woodman

1982

D.S. Blair J. Lether H.S. Stringer

1983

W. Armstrong J.A. Dossor J.D. Driscoll
 J. Gott R.B. Wharldall

1984

G.S. Gowing

1985

G.H.E Nelson E.H. Sale

1986

S.G.S. Grant

1987

G.R. Turner

1988

N. Elliott B.E. Nicholson
 T. Pettit J. Stuttard

1989

H. Haslam G.c. Marshall

1991

EW. Stembridge

1992

D. Adams