

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



MAGAZINE
AND
HANDBOOK
1963

INTRODUCTION,

With the gradual expansion of the UCW.M.C., the need for a club Magazine has become more and more pressing. Circumstances this year have been favourable and we are pleased to present the first, but not, we hope, the last edition of the Magazine. As such, this edition is more than a journal -it is a Club Handbook. The history of the Club, from its inception back in the mysteries of pre-war University life until the present day, has been described by our President, and we have included at the back, guides to the routes which members have carved out - quite literally in some cases, from the shale cliffs of Constitution Hill and on the sea wall.

1962 also saw the birth of a Club Library and it is hoped that in future years the library and magazine will grow together. As a club we are indebted to Peter Hancock, President of the Club in 1960/61 whose gift of journals provided the nucleus of the library and set the wheels in motion. The library includes a directory to past and present members with their addresses where available.

Finally I must express my indebtedness to all those who helped bring this magazine to fruition. It is essentially a Club effort and thanks are due to all members who wrote articles and suggested ideas. Foremost among the co-producers of our magazine are John Vose, Club Secretary, Bill Dean, Treasurer, and our President, John Jenkins, who have each put in a great deal of time and effort typing, duplicating and collating the contents.

E.G. Townsend,

January 1963

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A CLUB HISTORY.

It is difficult to prepare a history of the Club after being a member for only four years! So, the decision arose, of either making this article a correct but nevertheless, vague history of bye-gone decades of doubtful achievement, or an account of recent years drawn on personal memories and contacts. Obviously the first approach would necessitate letters galore to various parts of the globe. That pillar of human nature, laziness, has thus shown the way,

In that fine College publication, "College by the Sea," there is no mention of any mountain activities of the conventional sort. The year was 1928, I do not think that it is out of place here, to mention that Siegfried Hereford, one of the finest of rock-climbers, was born in Aber in 1895. The Club is known to have existed in the late 1930's but what sort of climbing was done will always be a matter for conjecture.

Between 1954 and 1957 there were just enough enthusiastic mountaineers to form a committee. Dewi Hudson Jones was president in 1956/57, and that grand old man of Aberystwyth, Norman Rea occupied this post in the following year. In 1958/59 Tony Howley was president. It appears that the Club went through a complete change in session 1957/58. Keen members of the previous session did not continue to support the club, and the new arrivals, Mike Shannon, Tony Howley, and Colin Powell had to start completely from scratch again. The official meets numbered three for the entire session with Xmas spent in Ogwen. The Cambridge University Club Secretary, Jim Davies, was doing T.T. in Aberystwyth that session and he put up innumerable new routes on the sea-cliffs. Buses on meets were only half full. Usually there would be a core of six climbers with a smattering of hill-walkers and associates.

In 1958/59, people of the calibre of Pete Hancock, Fred Arkwright, Mal Riley and Nev Jones arrived in Aber. These new arrivals were to be the mainstay of the Club for 4 years, and it is rumoured-that the latter is still with us.

The standard of climbing over the last 5 years can be illustrated by quoting from Showell Styles speech at the Club Dinner last March. He pointed out that 5 years ago a member slipped on the Milestone "Ordinary" and a year later, fat Ivan cracked an ankle on a severe on Window Slab. When, after another 13 months, Tony Howley slipped on an X.S called "Overlapping Wall" in the Pass, the Club's fortunes took a turn for the better.

Alas, I am now in a position to finish this sequence. Last year Katie Hall took a nose-dive off Canopy on the Milestone, and this session Delwyn Davies broke his wrist while walking down the Bochlwyd path. Having completed a very neat parabola, the Club turns to the future.

So, we come to Freshers Weekend, 1959. Only one bus was needed for transport and that was not full. If time has not dimmed the memory, one woman was present, but the reason for her presence was never disclosed. In those days - no women members! At a guess there must have been about 10 freshers mingling with a hard core of seasoned climbers.

Hard core is the necessary phrase here, because we were blessed with 48 hours of heavy rain., and only the freshers made any attempt to climb.

Perhaps it was lack of experience! R.K. Andrews and a character called Pat "the bed-breaker" Pevit, on their first day in the hills tried their fitness over Tryfan, the Glyders Y Garn, & Elidir Fawr. H. Jones, I believe, attempted to follow but was soon lost. They had rather a strenuous time in a blizzard over Y Garn. Once down in the Pass at night-fall, they frantically hitched back to tell us to call the Mountain Rescue back in. They were rather disillusioned by the smell of cooking and casual greetings that met them.

Our venue, by the way was William's Barn, soon to reach peak popularity with the Club. It was not so frequented in those days and the straw was always sweet and deep. Our sing-songs of that week-end have rarely been equalled.

This session saw the first Xmas invasion by the Club of the sanctity of the Cairngorms and the sacred rituals of Hogmanay. The Devil's Elbow was taken at 30 mph, in a very old car bursting at the seams. The arrival of 5 mountaineers at Etchagan Bothy coincided with excellent conditions which have not been bettered in 4 years. Easter was as warm as the Cairngorms were cold. Five cloudless days at Wasdale gave 10 of us a superb introduction to Lakeland climbing which threatened our loyalty to Ogwen. The trip was highlighted by a fight between Fat Ivan and Colin Powell - hence Deep Ghyll.

The number of meets that year was probably equal to half our present programme. Yet, because of a magnificent fleet of motorbikes, more independent climbing was done, mainly at Tremadoc. Our interest in this area steadily gained momentum through the year.

Thus session 1959/60 saw Colin Powell and Mike Shannon collecting their degrees with Howley still struggling with that elusive Geography. Andrews, Spivey, Leighton Norm Hatthill, myself and several others joined Pete Hancock, Nev Jones, Dickie Binns, Fred Arkwright, Mal Riley and John Smith who were consolidating the strength of the Club,

Colin Powell was president that year, and we have fond memories of his jokes at the last all-male Club Dinner that we were to have. Mary Eccles was invited but wisely did not accept. (Later that year she was to climb to severe on Holly-Tree Wall - not long after being Rag Queen). The speeches were very quaint and the following 2 hour sing-song ended in a Highland Fling. It took half an hour to load the bus, and the trip back to Aber from Devil's Bridge cannot be described as no one present can vouch for that presence with any degree of assurity. The Bangor Club President, after 20 whiskies was towed, up to Pantycelyn where he spent a very restless night.

With such a relatively experienced core and mounting enthusiasm for the Club as an individual enterprise, a big expansion was inevitable. In October, 1960, with Pete Hancock as President, a vigorous Quad-campaign led an unprecedented 2 bus-loads to Nellies Barn. The weather was perfect and, quite frankly, we could not go wrong. The weekend was an outstanding success, many good climbers and faithful Club members were to emerge from the dusty depths of Nellies. These are the core of the Club this session. Just by considering such names as John Vose, Bill Dean, Glyn Davies (who tragically fell to his death in the Pass - 1961) Jeff Armson, Dorian Pritchard, Hugh Jones, Robin Reeves, Pete Davies etc. you will see why this year was the most important in our history to date. Once such a large step is taken, other expansions in the Meets programme, our Coll activities and social life are bound to follow, and once the step is taken, it is difficult to retrace.

This wonderful weekend culminated in a visit to Bangor Hop. The brief visit to the Douglas had inspired us and the gentle folk of that College were witness to an exhibition of, sword-fencing, Russian dancing, and Aber. singing, the like of which will never violate, their sensory organs again. We still maintain that the £20 fine was unjustified!

Two important developments now followed. Peter Hancock, during his conscription had been a member of the R.A.F. Valley Mountain Rescue Unit. Many lessons had been learnt and as President, he was now in a position to pass needed knowledge to the Club. Since then we have been far more safety conscious and our record is excellent. Also an annual rescue exercise has been an established part of our calendar. This sort of training is not intended to be intensive? but is an integral part of a comprehensive mountain education.

The other important change was the enrolment of women into the Club as Mountaineers! The first female members were all doing the Dairy Diploma. It may have been that tough year on the farm, for these young ladies took to the sport quicker and with more success than did their non-agricultural counter-parts. With the arrival of women (in the Club) we hardened hay-dwellers left our barns and bothies and settled down to the unaccustomed atmosphere of the mountain hut.

The Cairngorms & Langdale were visited at the New Year & Easter respectively in accordance with a set vocational tradition. They were well attended. In Scotland Hancock set a Club record of 40 hours for a hang-over at Hogmanay.

The Club Dinner for the first time was attended by women. The occasion was formal, or as formal as mountaineers can get. Again the alma mater was the Hafod Arms and for the first time, an official guest, Captain Livingstone Learthmouth, was to grace our beer-mats, He was probably the Clubs best friend outside College life, and we were trying to repay the marvellous hospitality that has always been lavished upon us at Tremadoc. Hancock's speech, given under extreme physical difficulties will long be remembered. The imbibing and singing were ample but confined. It came as a pleasant surprise to us to see that we could behave reasonably well and still enjoy ourselves. The pattern of future dinners was set.

Langdale was our "Lakes host" for the Easter of 1961. Humanity was as abundant as the rain but 2 glorious days on Gimmer Crag compensated for this. During the summer there were trips to the Alps, Skye, and Arctic Norway (Six members of the Club were fortunate to be members of the Lyngen Fjord Expedition.)

So stood the Club at the beginning of last session. All the major developments have been mentioned save one? which for the sake of continuity must be included in the account of session 1961/62.

The programme of Meets was expanded to its present size. Rog Andrews took over the helm in what turned out to be his last year of single climbing (not to be confused with soloing). Tony Howley, Fred Arkwright, Nev Jones, Dickie Binns and John Smith of the old guard remained. Much climbing was done during this year, but the impetus of the previous year did not continue to the same extent. The weather on Fresher's Weekend was good and for the first time we stayed at the London Club Hut, with 70 members present.

The early promise of the male freshers was not maintained to the extent expected, but the second generation of women in many ways surpassed our tentative expectations. Although the numbers in the Club seem to slump every alternate year our membership will always be a good cross section of a College input which surely does not vary from year to year - or does it?

Last year weekends at Llanberis, Nantlle and Tremadoc were successful, with a well-maintained standard of climbing. This also applies to the Lakes meet and the Cairngorms meet over the New Year. Two car-loads managed the long trip north with snow conditions a slight improvement on the previous year. At Easter we returned to Wasdale after a 2-year gap. Again, the weather for the whole stay was perfect. The snow conditions in the north-facing gullies on Scafell and Great End were unique in our experience and commanded much of our attention, although Napes Ridge took the usual battering, with a magnificent sitting mantelshelf by Ivy Harley on the crux of the Needle.

Just before, at the end of March, we had another change in our already-altered Dinner routing. Due to a missing gin-bottle, we had parted company with our alma mater of previous years and for the first time the dinner was combined with a weekend meet and was held at the Prince Llewelyn in Beddgelert. Dressed to kill we left Aber. on Saturday afternoon just as Wales were hitting Hell out of France via the Transistors. Our guests this year were climber-writers Showell Styles and Gwen Moffatt, with Andrews looking very dignified in evening dress. The cleanness of Rogers speech must have brought blushes to the cheeks of past-presidents Powell, Howley, & Hancock-as they remembered theirs!

As in days of yore we stayed in Nellie's straw. Great deeds were planned but the morning's blizzard enabled us to muse over our hangovers for a few more hours. The return to Aber took several hours as we rescued many stranded cars at P.Y.G. and suffered the ignominy of a breakdown.

The summer term saw much academic deviation which led to an exceptional crop of good degrees for the Club. Tremadoc in the sun, sobered us up for the odd days during the term. Inevitably these trips, coupled with sea-wall sunbathing saw the usual summer rise in the Club's climbing standard.

The last event to report is the Clubs first visit to Torridon in Wester Ross, in September, 1962. The weather was foul, but the great, ridges were done with the exception of Beinn Eighe which awaits another generation. With good organisation and unreliable transport, the trip up was one hell of a laugh and I am sure that the Club will return to this magnificent hill-walking country very soon.

Early in 1960, the Club seriously started to think about accommodation of its own in North Wales. A Hut Sub-committee was set up to investigate possible property that was for sale in the area. After an extensive search it became obvious that nothing suitable existed. The alternative was to build our own hut, and financial support from the College was sought. Professor Bowen of the Geography Department has played a large part in the negotiations which are still continuing.

We hope that the many complications will be overcome, and that future years will see a U.C.W. Mountaineering Club Hut situated on the shores of Llyn Ogwen below Tryfan.

John B. Jenkins - President,
1962/63

A MOUNTAINEER'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

E.C. Townsend

This list is by no means exhaustive, but is aimed at giving the beginner an idea of the books available on the subject. If you think a book should have been included, then please add it to the list - the books below are merely those which first came to mind.

The Mountain World	Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research
Mountaineering Equipment Guide for Beginners	Mountain craft spring 1960
A Dictionary of Mountaineering	R G Collomb
The Ascent of Everest	Sir John Hunt
South Col.	Wilfred Noyce
The Everest - Lhotse Adventure	Albert Eggler
Forerunners to Everest	Dittert/Chevalley/Lambert
Blank on the Map	Eric Shipton
Kingdom of adventure- Everest	J R Ullman
Nanga Parbat Pilgrimage	Herman Buhl
Nanga Parbat Adventure	Fritz Bechtold
The Siege Nanga Parbat 1856- 1953	Paul Baver
Himalayan Campaign The Attack on Kangchenjunga	Paul Baver
Kangchenjunga Challenge	Paul Baver
Kangchenjunga - The Untrodden Peak	Charles Evans
The Kangchenjunga Adventure	F S Smythe
K2 - The Savage Mountain	Houston/Bates
Karakoram - The Ascent of Gasherbrum IV	Fosco Naraini
In Highest Nepal	Norman Hardie
Annapurna	Maurice Hertzog
Rakaposhi	Mike Banks
Makalu	Joan Franco
The Ascent of Dhaulagiri	Max Eiselin
Seven Years in Tibet	Herman Buhl
The White Spider	Heinrich Harrer
Starlight and Storm	Gaston Rebuffat
Neige et Roc	Gaston Rebuffat
Mont Blanc and the Seven Valleys	Roger Frison-Roche
Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles	C D Milner
High Mountains	Charles Mead
Portraits of Mountains	Eileen Malony (Ed)
The Swiss Alps	V H Green
Alpino pilgrimage	Julius Kugy
A History of Mountaineering in the Alps	Claire Elaine Engle
Mountaineering in Britain	R W Clark/ E C Pyatt
The Technique of Mountaineering	J E B Wright
Space Below my Feet	Gwen Moffat
A History of British Mountaineering	R L G Irving
The Climber's Weekend Book	Showell Styles

MEETS MEMORIES

"Write about Club Vac. Meets" said the Editor, "You'll think of something to say". The problem is that the Club has been in Coll. for much longer than I have, that restricts the list of Vac. Meets down to 2 years we'll start with the Xmas Meet in Langdale, logical, as it is the first one of 1960, my first session.

Hitched up - hut empty - perhaps they are in the O.D.G. Nope. Rather canned - arranged to climb Kipling Groove ("Rudi-ard") - very cocky see. after seconding Diff. on the Slabs 3 weeks previous. Thank God for rain next morning. Meet continued in a similar fashion; Evening Wall marvellous; Party climbed Scafell, poor snow conditions.

Lakes again at Easter - tents this time; number of Vac, Meet enthusiasts had now increased to 10. Excellent weather - flooded out of tent on first night, swathed like "mummies" in wet bug-bags we retired to barn behind O.D.G. Spent next day drying-out by fire of said tavern. Climbed on White Ghyll, Raven Crag and Gimmer - Amen Corner proved interesting; climbed in 52 minutes 6 seconds with artificial aid (lasso) and without knowledge of lay-backing.

Summer Vac. found us in Lyngen, Norway; further details of our Meet in that virgin territory can be found elsewhere in the Mag.-

Xmas Meet, 1961. Same hut - numbers reduced to 3. Attempt to climb Scafell - retired to O.D.G. after blizzard at Angle Tarn, Weather improved; mass ascent of the split boulder on way to Pavey Ark. Swam up Rake End Chimney - very pleasant climb if you happen to be a "natural-vertical-water and wet-moss-climber" - excellent stuff for tric's, we had vib's

The mists of memory clear a little at the thought of the 1962 Easter Meet (There's poetry for you) at Wasdale. Big coincidence, camped nearly on top of the Wasdale Head Hotel. A mixed Meet, this one - both sexually and rock and ice-ingly. Napes or Pillar ?

"Napes is nearer, init ?"

Party gathered shambolically beneath the Needle.

"Steep, init ?"

" Easy route round front, though"

Several climbs on Napes came and went in a similar fashion. Two snow and ice gullies climbed on Scafell; conditions good - X.S.brass monkeys (ref. Dylan Thomas).

Finally, there are the Meets of the summer vacation. Wester Ross was visited - Torridonian Sandstone and all that; Transport -3 cars and 2 motor-bikes of venerable age. New overland route (VS + A2) was made from Shildaig to Torridon.

Bad weather and midges - Liathach ridge done- in brief interlude of fine weather.

Pushed up to Dundonell (literally) following reports that Howley and Hancock were in the area. One of the motor-bikes spent much of his early

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

The weather was warm the sun beat down relentlessly, the terrain had been uninteresting? just sparse vegetation we had travelled a long way taking several days to reach this destination, but ahead there it lay on the horizon. The three peaks rose out of the surrounding country side, like a silhouette of the Matterhorn in triplicate the summit points reaching far into the blue vastness of the sky. They were indeed impressive. They excelled the admiration and praise lavished upon them by so many for so long. Of vegetation cover there was nought, nought but bare weathered rock, mellowed to a deep golden yellow in the heat.

Climbing here, there would be no worries of numbed finger-tips, cold aching feet or that bitterly cold blast which strikes your back whilst stretching for an extra-high hold. Here there would be little worry of a sudden envelopment in cold damp mist. Thunderstorms are as remote as Nebulae and even a shower of rain is a precious gem. Snow is unknown but ironically ice is plentiful. The climbing garb is not anoraks and sweaters but shorts and shirts. A paradise it would seem - but Oh that relentless sun. We made our camp in the shadow of the second summit and rested well, for the following day would be strenuous.,

The dawn broke early next morning, and subsequently the sun soared into its merciless blue expanse. An Alpine start was attempted and breakfast dispensed with save for a cup of tea. The arduous trek to the South West buttress of the tetragonal base of the first summit, (known locally as King Chips or Chops - or was it a combination, Chiopa) was soon accomplished. We were about to commence the climb when some of the indigenous people came over to us and signalled that this was not the correct start of the classic route. After much argument we decided to try their route after all they probably knew better than we, since they have guided enough people up.

The eternal sun beat down worse than ever but eventually we reached the North East buttress and quickly mapped out a route up to the outside corner edge. More locals intercepted us, but all was in order, we did not require guides. The climb was much easier than anticipated but the view was tremendous. The route was well worn with ample holds and wonderful belay ledges. Sometime later as we neared the summit, we reflected. An easy climb, well worth doing, but Oh, this terrible heat, Oh for a cool clear fresh mountain stream.

The summit at last.

"Mister you likee buy Coca Cola - ice culd, velly cheep only feeve Piastres - special callied to top off Pyramid for you, ice culd, velly, velly cheep..." Bill Dean

MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHY.

This branch of photography presents quite a number of problems to the photographer, technically and aesthetically. It might almost be considered as a form of architectural photography. Ruskin asked; "Are not the Alps the cathedrals of the earth?"

Mountain photography can be divided into two sections, true mountain or Landscape photography; and Rock-Climbing photography - the latter usually-being the more spectacular. Another division is that between black—and—white and colour photograph. I shall use this division and try to deal with each section fairly.

BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY

The light in high altitudes contains a large amount of ultra-violet radiation, to which photographic is sensitive. In order to delete the effects of this; an ultra violet filter is, advisable. At altitudes of more than 4000ft. this is essential, and below this it is always beneficial. A light-yellow filter can be used to the same effect this will tend to darken the blue sky, making the clouds "stand out!! Deeper filters should not be used as they tend to kill the impression of distance.

The lens to be used is one of normal focal length, although a tele-photo lens can be used to advantage, under certain circumstances. The difficulty which arises in the use of long-focus lenses is that the definition produced is much less sharp than with a normal lens. One should avoid taking photographs on hot days in summer as the trembling of the air can produce strange effects on the pictures.

The film to be used on mountains is an extremely slow one which gives a very fine grain suitable for enlarging. I prefer a film as slow as 32 ASA ; a fairly fine-grained film, often used in photographic circles is ADOX KB 17, but I have found Ilford FP3, which is a little faster, quite satisfactory, giving a good contrast and a fine grain. But unless very high shutter speeds are possessed on the camera, the use of faster film is not advised as less of contrast will occur, as well as an increase in, graininess and hence greater difficulty in enlarging.

A rule which can always be followed is to reduce the exposure given on the exposure meter by two stops. This is done because the exposure meter is sensitive to a large range of radiation wavelengths such as infra-red. The most common error in mountain photography is over-exposure - it is always better in the mountain to err towards under-exposure. When calculating the exposure, do not expose for the foreground this can be left to look after itself - always expose for the landscape.

The aperture used should be about f5.6 to f8 as far as possible, and the shutter speed should be varied to keep this position, as this is the setting which gives maximum definition.

When taking mountain pictures, it is always a great help to have some cloud in the sky otherwise a flat lifeless picture is obtained and this can be avoided by "bringing-out" the clouds with a yellow filter.

A camera tends to reduce the apparent height of mountains and it is therefore advisable to get as close as possible to the mountain for successful pictures. Someone or something in the foreground is almost

Essential to a good, mountain photograph; a person standing, a sheep or a farmhouse can be used, for this purpose and serve to give scale as well. A tree to "frame" the picture can also be used on occasions, but this tends to reduce the impression of height of the mountains.

When taking rock-climbing photographs, the reverse is true for the estimation of the exposure, as one should always calculate the exposure for the foreground, the background can take care of itself. Climbing photographs should usually be taken as close to the subject as possible, unless considerable enlarging of the picture is to be done.

Climbing photographs are usually more successful when taken from the rock itself, and not from the bottom of the climb; this brings in the necessity of belaying oneself onto the rock, in all kinds of precarious positions, in order to obtain interesting photographs.

When snow covers the mountains, the approach is changed again. Sunshine behind the camera can be ruled out completely, or nothing but flat whiteness will result., Sunshine is a help, especially when it falls at an extremely low angle, to give long shadows. The best effects can be obtained by taking photographs when the sun is in the front of the camera; the use of a lens hood is necessary in this case, although every photograph should be taken using a lens hood, as far as possible. In the same way as ordinary mountain photographs, under-exposure is always preferable to over-exposure. The use of a yellow filter is always beneficial in the case of snow pictures, but more exposure than demanded by the filter factor must be used (50% more), because blue light predominates in snow, and the effect of a yellow filter is to absorb blue light.

If one is in the mountains by moonlight, very interesting photographs can be produced, especially if the mountains are covered in snow. In this case it is essential that the moon or its reflection must not be included in the photograph. The exposure at full moon, with an ordinary speed film is about 15 minutes at f5.6. It is essential, of course, for the camera to have a firm support, such as a tripod stand.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

This form is slightly more expensive than black-and-white photography. It is much easier aesthetically, but technically slightly more difficult. It is very easy to produce attractive photographs by this method. Accurate exposure is much more important in this case as colour films are much more "delicate" as far as exposure is concerned.

The only filter for colour photography is 'Haze Colour', which is almost essential, although good photographs have been produced without this.

Reversal colour film is usually preferable to negative film, as transparencies are always more attractive because they can be projected on a screen. The make of film used is a matter of personal preference and the film to suit one's personal tastes can only be found from, experience.

Although colour photography is usually better for rock-climbing photographs, especially if the climbers are wearing coloured anoraks, which tend to stand out against the grey rock, I cannot recommend coloured snow-shots.

In conclusion, would like to urge people to bring their cameras with them to the mountains.... very interesting results can be obtained on club meets.

lolo ap Gwynn,

ONE DAY - ONE MOUNTAIN.

It was a typical Aber. Alpine start - midday. Yet Alpine starts do not matter in Arctic Norway - land of the midnight sun. After a mile the ice-fall loomed up ; we saw the shelter-stone before the storm hit us, and the next three hours were spent eluding the dribbles from the overhangs. Back at base we slept until 8 pm.

With the weather looking much more promising, we were on the ice-fall by 10 pm. and found our way through the crevasses, being forced right by the last one which was 50' deep (after all, we only wanted to de-rust our crampons).

The crossing of the Little Jaegervarre Glacier to the foot of the North Wall proved a typical Hampton-Court affair, with very few snow-bridges, the rock when we met it was either like granite or else the other extreme - like granulated sugar. The first 100' was a walk, but a line of yellow, overhangs barred our way. A traverse right, a piton, a 50' wall with one horrible off-balance move and that was that.

The hammer was clipped into a krab and down it went to Spivey in order to re-irrigate the rock. No shout of acceptance but a horrible silence, terminated by a thud on the cap below. (we still seek an explanation for this mishap - especially Vose who soloed 200' to dig out the hammer.)

The wall leant back and the resulting rib appeared to float under our feet. We all led-through, but how this was accomplished with three to a rope must remain a dark secret. The technical difficulties were trivial, but certain bands of rock defied description - although at times we were wont to try.

The night slipped by in a pageant of colours. At our feet lay a glacial bowl surrounded by 3,000' cliffs. Away to the north was a short break in the cliffs through which flowed a ramp of snow the gateway framed by Tigertind, its terrific gneiss-stripped south face softened by clouds. As we rose upwards to meet the dawn, the yellow changed to gold and then to an unbelievable orange which almost screamed the pending arrival of a new day.

We reached the diminutive summit at 4 a.m. The inevitable sardine tin told us that ours was the 4th ascent, and so as not to deny history her fruits, we added our names. Was that a cairn we saw halfway up our ridge?

How down? Just west of north was a very steep, broken- ridge leading to the snow col between Tobre Scar and our mountain. The steps were in the ridge alright, but why were they so steep and exposed? Determined to do something original, we ignored the spasmodic abseil pegs and some spectacular free-climbing resulted. 1000 exhilarating feet took us four hours. (It should be mentioned, however, that Vose held up-our descent whilst he soloed back over an overhang to fetch my ice-axe.)

We were on a symmetrical snow-saddle. The 40° slope to the bergschrund was 400' long, and looked safe for crampons. The first 50'

went slowly, but before I could call Spivey down, he passed me at a high rate of knots " en ramasse a derriere". Poor Vose - the wonderful view towards Balgesvarre vanished abruptly as he was yanked backwards into the abyss. Spivey had stopped, but the passing Vose, fair hair flopping, caused him to resume his journey towards the bergschrund. In such an article as this, modesty must rule all; thus, if you would like to know the secret of our survival, please contact either Vose or Spivey for a thoroughly corrupt version.

Wearily we dropped down the snow slope to the glacier. Suddenly Spivey's legs and middle vaporised as he found a crevasse. We had a good laugh over this until I also found myself supported under my armpits on the snow. This was serious. we roped up before Vose too decided to vanish and cautiously picked our way back across the glacier.

In order to give the ice-fall a miss, we contoured round through a Birch spinney. Now here was our favourite terrain - boulder-scrub set at an angle of 40° and covered with moss and long grass. Even after 15 hours of exhausting mountaineering we were still able to laugh this misfortune off but our language was far from "choice" when we saw, 1,000' below us, our tents holding court with a flock of glutenous sheep.

Two weeks' supply of apple rings and dehydrated carrots had vanished. One of Vose's curries was unusually welcomes- after which we slept for 30 hours.

J.D, Jenkins,

WEIGHT IS NO OBJECT.

... to the Leader who carries a Getumup Pulley in his anorak pocket No matter how Obese and Inept the Second may be, the Getumup can DO THE JOB IN A JIFFY .

Seconds up to seventeen stone in weight have been hoisted up vertical pitched in a few moments by a Leader.

USING ONE HAND ONLY:

Mrs. X writes; " Mr.Y. pulled me up the Yellow Slab without the least discomfort to either of us, although lunch had been partaken of just previous.

I do think your Getemup is okay,ever so."

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

PHOTOGRAPHS. Next page

Top Left Top slab, Constitution Hill

Top Right Mica Finish - Christmas Curry, Tremadoc.

Bottom Left New Peg-rout e, behind Minffordd Hut, Nantlle.

Bottom Right Rienetta (last pitch) Tremadoc

Note – photographs not available in the document I scanned Duffy

"Some Thoughts on Pegging."

----- By Clettermole.

Pegs, or to give them their proper name - pitons - are fast becoming an accepted part of the climber's equipment. Those who have stooped so low as to use them in a last-resort attempt to scale Cormorant Sock or the dizzy heights of the sea wall will have measured their usefulness "but will not have experienced that deep spiritual joy that comes to the skilled "pitoneer"

Historically some confusion has arisen through bad or indifferent journalism. The idea that the old school resented the use of pegs -terming them "Artificial" - is fallacy. The common reference to this word is in fact due to the original introducer of pegs into Britain, a Devon man - Roger Trevaskis Fishall. The old pioneers, amazed at witnessing this man scale formerly impregnable rock walls, would be told by their knowledgeable friends - "Look; R.T.Fishall."

However, to get down to a description of the various types of pegs in use today. They come in all sizes and shapes and are of varying strength. Long thin ones, short fat ones, stubby ones with rings at their ends and the twisted "Universal" type, which, though more expensive will fit any shape or size of crack that the climber is likely to encounter. Their strength cannot always be reliably assessed from a quick superficial inspection but one good knock is enough to tell the experienced man of their durability under stress. Fatigue is a common fault with the cheap ones and it always pays to expend more on a thoroughly tested job. The names of these can readily be obtained from any experienced club member.

Methods of getting fixture in cracks varies and the skilled mountaineer must acquaint himself with all of them. It should be remembered that any preliminary widening of the aperture to increase accessibility is strictly forbidden and is frowned upon in all the purist circles. The hallmark of the good mountaineer is that he makes the most of what he has, despite the obvious shortcomings in some cases.

Depending on the physical constitution of the climber, hammers for forcing the 'things' home come in various weights. On the one hand the lightweight tool is good but it takes a good few knocks to ensure that the 'thing' is in up to the hilt. Conversely the 4½ lb. "Thor" type although quick, tends to be tiring and on a long job temporary exhaustion may be induced.

Less conventional methods which have been tried from time to time include ramming with the boot sole and pummelling with the clenched fist, either can be recommended as they both disturb the dynamic posture essential for smooth, tireless performance and tend to spread gore on the rock.

In the event of having to withdraw for a short rest, care should be taken to come down slowly as the extra friction imposed by these artificial systems generates excessive heat, a factor harmful to modern synthetic fibres.

Although the use of pegs and etriers has tended to become synonymous with the term "Hard" man, not all of to-days pitoneers are hard. Admittedly a certain standard of performance is essential to the success

of the aspiring pegger but this does not necessitate his being "Hard"; although it helps. On the contrary many quite moderate climbers frequently feel the satisfying vibration of sound steel in their hands.

The unabashed statement "I'm going pegging to-day", is clearly most admirable. However, the deceitful and cunning use of those metal objects on traditionally "free" routes is to be deplored. This sort of thing has been exposed in such epics as "Jenkins Jocular Jaunts and other Fairy Stories" and "Nev's Fables", a fictitious account of the ascent of a Hard V.Diff. in Borth. In this latter case not only was the leader irresponsible enough to use pegs on the route but also suction-padded gloves and alloy ladders, (it is remarkable that a 12-year-old schoolgirl has since climbed it free and in plimsolls, in a vain effort to escape the clutches of a slightly balding man wearing blue rubber-soled boots with white circles on each ankle.)

Despite these obvious blemishes on the record of the pitoneers and their opponents, let us say right away that the peggers must come. When they do more people than ever will be enjoying their weekend outings to the hills.

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WHEN IN DIFFICULTIES –
Put in a PET Pattern Patent Piton.
No Hammer Heeded.

Simply press the PET against the rock face and it will do the rest. The action releases a plunger which fires a small charge, thus blasting a hole four inches deep. The heat of the blast liquefies the patent soldering material which instantly solidifies again, welding the PET immovably in place. Supplied by the gross in special safety sack from Messrs. Rack and Dangle Limited.

— &-&-&-&- &-&-

THE BALLAD OF A TIGER.

TUNE; "The man who broke the bank in Monte Carlo'.

As he climbed across the Holly Tree wall you could hear the girls declare
"He climbs -without a care,
Just a piton here and there.
If his second stops, he carries on
I bet he's solo'd Avalon
And traversed from Scafell to Monte Carlo".

He was tall and he was handsome and his name was Charlie Brown
A man of great renown
He came from London town.
The girls said he was quite a wag
"But once inside a sleeping-bag
He's probably a proper Belle Vue Bastion".

He climbed the Eiger Nordwand and was back in time for tea
There something on T.V.
"Which he simply had to see
When the show was over, he was off
He had to climb the -Jungfrauoch
And still be back for breakfast in the morning.

When he did the Darmolada it was snowing rather hard
But he was on his guard
He'd greased the holds with lard
As the snow slid off, his foot slid on
He stopped, to put some talcum on
In order not to spoil his new Scarpetti.

To join the Alpine Climbing Group he led a few T.D.'s,
He climbed them on his knees
Reversed them all with ease
He climbed the Dru in pouring rain
Then abseiled down and did it again
And he thought the Walker Spur was rather easy.

He did Ave Atque Vale wearing morning suit and tails
- Cenotaph in nails
He'd done every climb in Wales
When the weather got too foggy
He did practice-climbs on Cloggy
But he fell off the sea wall in Aberystwyth.

E.C.T.

ON THE NOMENCLATURE OF ROCK CLIMBS. By Showell Styles.

Much rope both hemp and nylon, has flowed over the rocks since Haskett-Smith saw nothing for it for it but to call Napes Needle "Napes Needle". Our simple-minded forefathers had the advantage of us in this, that having scaled some new route in Wales or Cumberland they had no further toil to oppress them, no lying awake o' nights trying to think of a title for their opus; North, South, East or West Buttress, Gully, Arete - it was a gift, pure jam. Points of the compass served both titular and locational purposes, then came the fillers in of unconsidered faces, Lliwedd being the archetype and Arthur Thomson the arch-filler-in. No North or South this or that would serve now. A tilted Sahara of East-facing slabs and ribs, on already-named buttresses East and West, demanded more thought when a new route-title was required- sometimes an incident on the first ascent provided a name, as Avalanche; sometimes, especially in the Lakes, the hardy first-ascender put himself in the running for the Immortality Stakes by appending his name to the climb – Gwynne's Chimney, Pendlebury Traverse, Cust's Gully. Or, hiding more modestly beneath a mantle of professional or family ties, the pioneer might dub his discovery Keswick Brothers Climb or Professor's Chimney. (Artists, Engineers, and more recently Advocates and Physicists, have joined in this appellatory game.) Presumably the system palled, for there appears to be no Politician's Crawl or Plumber's Surplomb.

A period of tentative essays now ensued, with the nomenclaturists fighting shy of using their wits on new-route-names and taking easy ways out. The Colourists - whose colour-sense seems often to have been underdeveloped -favoured names like Red Wall, Grey Rib, Yellow and White Slabs. Some lingering remnant of this fraternity survived into the forties with Pink Slab on Moel Hebog and Pinkie on the Moelwyns. But colours are a limited source of route-names, and though Winthrop Young scored neatly with his Purple Passage ("an excisable alternative to Red Wall") no one really wants to see his name in print under a thing called Mauve Meander or Puce Pinnacle. About this time the Gothic Group were terminating their period of rock-titling the apostles of the "finely horrid". Gashed Crag, Horned Crag, Crazy Pinnacle, The Chasm, The Black Cleft, and all the Devil's routes come under this heading, but the best in this kind is a later addition - The Crack of Doom.

And now the Klondike rush to stake a claim on a "first" got into its full swing and so did a host of competing nomenclaturists. There were the Pretty-Pretty school (reactionaries from the Gothic) with their Sylvan Traverse and Cinderella and Other Kingdom; the Alphabeticals - A, B, and C Gullies, or being scholarly with Alpha, Beta and company -and the Numeralists the Biblicals, with Paradise and Purgatory for examples, got cracking with Cenotaphs and Pharaohs and Nebuchadnezzar. Came Menlove Edwards, whose Early Romantic, Bluebell Traverse (made with two

females) later gave plane to the Pimple Witticism of Bee's Buttress and Gnat's Gnose. The monosyllabic tendency of Edward's last period was taken up by Tony Moulam, who littered the guide-books with things like Clutch, Scratch, Chic, Bent, Slick, black, and Fork. A tendency on the part of another school to Gattery (Soap Gut, for example) was fortunately checked before the less mentionable parts of the human anatomy were drawn upon.

Contemporaneously, the Gritstone boys were hard at work physically and mentally making- and naming routes. Faced with an unprecedented demand for names (Vol.3 of Climbs on Gritstone contains something like 800 routes) the Derbyshire nomenclaturists went appellatory haywire. Stewpot, Slime, Hades, Gehenna, Nailbite, Arsenic - these are admissions of inevitable failure in this branch of the mountaineering art, clinched finally by a climb called No Fame.

And so, to the present day. Will the dictionary, or the naming of new routes, come first to an end? Will some Dictator or Commissar of Climbing in the future decree an obliteration of all scratched holds and cairns and a burning of all climbing guidebooks, so that we can start again? Perhaps a ray of hope comes from the increasing number of new routes being made by Welsh-speaking Welshmen, who have already given us Y Gelynen, Taith y Pererin, and a good many more, names calculated, maybe, to drive the invading Saxon from the sacred heights in fear of lockjaw. Failing that, it is foreseeable that all routes will at least be categorised in the Whitehall manner under a, title such as XS/76431/495 (A). It would at least preserve us from four-letter names abstracted from Lady Chatterley's Lover.

ADVANCE NOTICE.

On and after Jan. 1st, 1977, the Milestone Buttress will be closed for repairs. Pitch 4 is being re-laid and Handholds 26, 35 and 48 will be replaced by phosphor-bronze plates. Traffic should proceed via Rowan Route, where a new queue-shelter has been erected near the helicopter station.

MRS. JONES, The Rest House, Capel Cursing, caters specially for Rock-Climbers. All seats constructed of un-resilient Cambrian Greenstone, mattresses stuffed with heather, damp sleeping-bags on all beds. Cold running water flavoured with Peat and Sheep. Bathroom fitted with boulder-problems. Pemmican soups a speciality.
Extensive views of mist –

Terms moderate to difficult.

STING IN THE TAIL.

E.C. Townsend.

- CHARLIE: Gets yer darn don't it Dai ? - All these brambles 'n that. Tremaddick's 'opeless in the summer.
- DAI: Oh come on Charlie, it'll be O.K. once we get started -The guide book says it's a very good climb that bears comparison with any severe in Wales. Pete's done it - says it's great, mun.
- C: Where's it start? What's the book say?
- D: Says it starts in the jungle below a corner between the overhangs and the diedre. Must be up there - by that slab in the corner.
- C: Let's 'ave a butchers yea - that's it, 20' up through vegetation to a tree at the foot of the corner . Giddup then Dai - I'll put me P.A.'s on - won't be a mo'.
- D: Watch that last bit - it's a bit awkward.
- C: It's O.K Let's 'ave a look round before we rope up for this pitch. Where's it go ?
- D: 40' Up the corner with two steep sections, stance on the edge to the right.
- C: What? Up 'ere ? - I ain't leadin' that ... it's bloody overhanging?
- D: Hang on boyo bach p'raps it goes over here and
- C: and p'raps it don't - that's not 'ard severe— more like 'ard excess. 'Ere Dai - can you see that dirty great wedge with the bit of bog-chain hanging off of it ... and the peg above it... no yer twerp - above that - yep there. Fancy that do yer?
- D: Looks 'ard don't it Charlie, Don't reckon that's it see.
- C: What about over 'ere - on the pinnacle - might as well 'ave a butchers - I ain't goin' back without doin' somethink..... Here y'are — up 'ere it's O.K. - dirty big groove chockstones in the crack 'n all.
- D: Reckon it'll go mun? Let's have a look then. Looks a bit 'ard -dead awkward that bit b'there: you'd never get up that bit without slings and there's no scratches by 'ere ... don't reckon it myself.
- C: Oh fer gawd's sake - let's 'ave a look at the book. If it ain't Creagh Ddu Wall, what is it? Someone's been up here - you can see two slings higher up.
- D: Eh Charlie - it's probably The Wasp - d'you reckon? What a laugh eh? - Charlie and Dai, where none save Joe has been before....
- C: Dai

- D; What mun?
- C; Look.....
- D; (1) 30'. Climb pitch, one of Tantalus to the oak-tree belay in the earthy corner.
- (2) 50'. Traverse left on to a pinnacle and climb the overhanging crack to a large ledge with oak-tree belay, (Two slings on chockstones used for direct aid)

- D & C ; THE WASP .-----
- C; Fancy a milk down at Bwlch - y - Moch?
- D| Aye mun.
- C, Gimme the rope then - I'm not soloing back down this.
- D; We can abseil off the tree.
- C; C'mon then
- D; Last one down's a fairy

HOW HARD ARE YOU.

This questionnaire has been compiled over years of experience with mountaineers. We are offering you the benefit of our findings - take advantage of it while you can.

- (1) You are faced with a 2,000' classical abseil, or an excess solo to get off a cliff: do you;
 - (a) Jump?
 - (b) Have a Mann's?
 - (c) Write a letter home cancelling the wedding ?
- (2) You have just bought a duvet: Do you;
 - (a) Jump into it straight away?
 - (b) Wear it over your string vest?
 - (c) Wear it around town?
- (3) You are buying mountaineering accessories: Do you buy;
 - (a) A Norwegian jumper?
 - (b) Paisley pyjamas?
- (4) The tent you are sleeping in is about to blow away: do you;
 - (a) Jump on it?
 - (b) Crawl into the next one?
 - (c) Go back to your own?
- (5) You discover a foreign body in your sleeping bag: do you;
 - (a) Jump on it?
 - (b) Count your blessings?
 - (c) Beat it?
- (6) You are given the chance of climbing on Cloggy with Joe Brown; Do you
 - (a) Jump at it?
 - (b) Look him up in Who's Who?
 - (c) Buy a cap?
- (7) You are standing on a ledge, when your leader falls past you: Do you;
 - (a) Jump too?
 - (b) Offer him a meat cube in passing?
 - (c) Throw discretion to the winds

(8) You are faced with a hard climb; Do you:

(a) @@@@ @ ?

(b) ////////////// ?

(c) &&&&&&& ?

Your score:

18:- Give it up - You'll do yourself an injury,

10 – 12 :- You're destined for President next year.

Under 10;- TOUGH You're HARD.

I.B.A. Basket.

Introducing?

THE BEATEMALL ICE AXE

(as used on the recent Polynesian expedition to Walsall

Why carry with you an Implement useful for one purpose only ?

The BEATEMALL ICE AXE includes the following :-

Normal Ice-Carving Head

Retractable Spike for Gathering Litter

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Hypodermic Syringe

Toothpick and

Combined Razor and Screwdriver...

A Thing for getting Stones out of Horses Hooves

The shaft of the BEATSMALL contains?

Compasses

Matches

A Set of Chessmen Needles and

Thread

and

A Small Flask (for medicinal purposes)

GET YOUR BEATEMALL ICE AXE NOW.

from

Sadlers & Wells Scrambler's End, E.16.

AN ASCENT OF RAVEN'S NEST WALL

We really had to hack our way to the "base of the climb. Nowhere else at Tremadoc have I seen anything like the profusion of brambles and thickets that we encountered at the bottom of Raven's Nest Wall and we both agreed at the time that we never wanted to see anything like it again. John Shaw and I had come up from Aber. that morning and it was a relief to get away from the atmosphere' of examinations which hung heavily over the whole town; like a December smog, I thought. Up here it was somehow different. The sun shone out of a cloudless sky, yet there was enough breeze to keep the air cool, even though it was early afternoon. Tremadoc cliffs can become very hot in May and the sheltered spots along the base of the cliff virtual furnaces when the sun is high in the sky. Today, however, it was no more than warm - in short, ideal conditions for a climb. We both felt good, despite throbbing polio jabs in our left arms, but perhaps it was the weather, or because we had got out of Aber. ; or perhaps it was because there is an intangible something about these cliffs which somehow inspires many of the people who go there.

We emerged, bloody and sweating onto the little platform from which the climb starts. Above us things looked pretty horrible. A small undercut slab on our right was faced by an overhanging wall which seemed to grow out of the cliff in front of us. Thirty feet up it pinched the slab out, forming a vertical corner for three feet. Above this only a few spiky projections bore witness to the steepness of the rock. The corner itself overhung our position considerably so that we had to look both upwards and outwards to see it. Furthermore, the rock was shaley and looked decidedly unsound. However, we roped up, forgoing a belay as there was none to be found. As it was, I hoped to be able to knock in a piton before I reached the difficult moves.

I made slow progress up the wall behind the slab. It was loose, slippery, and steeper than it looked. After twelve feet of this sort of climbing the wall bulged out alarmingly and necessitated a step onto the face of the slab on the right. With difficulty I turned and examined the slab, seeing little that would be of much value for the required transference of weight. Eventually the problem resolved itself into making a very long step across very thin air to a minor rugosity on the slab which looked too frail to support much weight. From this I would have to get enough purchase to perform a little jump-and-stretch move to reach a reasonable handhold, albeit at full stretch, but enough to enable me to get my feet onto better footholds higher up the slab. Already my position overhung that of my second. A fall would land me in a very thorny thicket about fifteen feet below and a few feet out from where John sat. A few tentative tries were enough to convince me that this move would be evilly off balance so I determined to place a piton in a slatey crack behind me.

As it turned out, this was of little use. It thudded flatly as I drove it in and I dared not test it but allowed it to remain as a purely psychological aid to progress. Things like this, however, are apt to turn contrary, this piton was no exception and John had a very hard job getting it out. When it emerged, it was somewhat corrugated but nevertheless serviceable after some bashes with the hammer. Anyhow, I clipped into it and commenced that process of tentative acclimatisation by which one can eventually reconcile

oneself to making most difficult moves. Here it took me rather longer than usual to do this, but eventually I succeeded in making the move, although it is hard to recall the precise details of how it was carried out. It was one of those spontaneous movements which started with me standing at the bottom and finished with me perched on the top. I was, however, encouraged by the fact that it was less difficult than it seemed.

I continued up the slab to its junction with the facing wall. The vertical corner was difficult, but fairly EASY in comparison with the step onto the slab. Above it I made a few tentative moves up a jagged vertical wall, trusting my not inconsiderable weight to a number of large, but dubious holds. The climbing then eased slightly and I made my way more easily to the top of pitch one.

The hollow which constitutes the belay is known as the "Raven's Nest" from which the climb derives its name. Situated at the junction of dolerite and slate, it is well furnished with belays, sheltered and just large enough to enable a sitting posture to be assumed. I belayed and dropped a stone. It fell free and hit the bottom ten feet from John's perch. The rope curled gracefully down to where he sat fifty feet below and out of sight beneath the overhang. I shouted down to him to come up.

Twenty minutes later John Shaw arrived sweating beside me, grinning behind his glasses. The legendary kepi perched on his head looked strangely out of place here. We were both enjoying ourselves. He led off on the next pitch, a twenty-foot leftward traverse, which was airy but festooned with jugs and more awkward than difficult. The fact that we were now climbing on dolerite made a big difference.

Arriving at the large ledge below pitch three, John belayed, in the absence of anything better, to a large but rotting tree. I would probably need the pitons for the next pitch and as we had only three, we could not afford to leave any here. I soon joined him, and after we had sorted out the inevitable shambles of ropes and humans, I prepared to lead off, resolving to put on a runner as soon as possible to lessen the strain which would be put on the rotten tree if I happened to come off. As it was, the accumulated weight of slings and karabiners round my neck was a hindrance and I would be glad to get rid of some of it.

The guide-book recommends the use of a piton on this pitch for protection and I felt uneasy about this from the outset. I swarmed up the tree for a few feet and then stepped left off a branch onto a minor rib. Again, to my left, around a corner, a smooth slab led to a small groove, with a vertical wall on its right which looked as if it might offer a resting place. The angle here had relented to something less than vertical, but the holds looked very sparse indeed. With trepidation I swung onto the slab and made progress up it more by faith than friction, to the base of the groove.

A mantelshelf into the groove proper necessitated the use of two blocks jammed in a crack at its base-, which upon inspection proved to be loose, so I treated them with care. Once this was done, I straightened up gingerly and looked around. A foothold on the right wall at the level of my knee seemed the best method of progress, but was difficult to fit the boot into. Therefore, I employed another method, using two minor handholds at full stretch above me. Two

or three goes at this convinced me of its futility, but used up a lot of my strength. I pivoted to the right and tried, it by the original method. With the assistance of my right hand I jammed my boot into the hold on the right wall and attempted to pull myself up on small in-cut jug some way above me, but by now I was too weak.

Suddenly I was scared. A bulge in the groove pushed me viciously outwards and my sweating fingers were already becoming stiff with the strain of holding on. It seemed impossible to move up, and retreat was out of the question now. I looked down and saw ten feet of nylon, white against the pale ochre of the dolerite, leading around the corner to where John was belayed another ten feet below. 20 feet, I had no runner on, could that tree hold a free fall of forty feet? So, this is what it feels like. I swore rather hysterically, and felt John tense below me. Hell, I'm coming off do something, I thought, do something, don't just hang on until you fall, but for a moment my mind was paralysed. I was unable to do anything but hang on, and my stomach began to turn over as sweat broke out on my forehead and dripped slowly onto the rock.

I am sure it was my instinct alone that engineered my salvation. My mind was a complete blank as my free hand griped for the only piton I possessed with karabiner attached. By a combination of teeth and hands I was able to give it two or three hammer blows, which sent it only a few centimetres into the crack at the base of the groove before my fingers gave way and all my weight came on the piton with a sudden sickening jerk. It held, but I was too tired to feel relief. I rested before knocking it in properly, and it sang gloriously as it went in.

Wiser in the light of recent experience I made fairly short work of the move on my second attempt. The main difficulties of the pitch now lay behind me, and I made my way more easily up the remaining twenty feet to the top. The final pitch was exposed, clean and really delightful at no more than easy severe grade. I think it epitomised all the climbs I had ever done at Tremadoc. We arrived at the top feeling somehow uplifted. Perhaps it was because we had at last got away from the atmosphere of exams, or could it have been because of that intangible something which just makes us feel good about being there?

Author *H.K. Andrews*

****EERATUM***

Did you spot the deliberate mistake in the Bibliography?

Of course, Herman Buhl didn't write "Seven Years in Tibet",
it was Heinrich Harrer !

Ed.

