

EDITORIAL

Although the Mustagh Tower is not among the highest of the Himalayas, its ascent on July 6th and 7th by Hartog's expedition and the reascent by the French party a few days later is one of the most astonishing double events in the history of climbing. Notwithstanding Brown's (Dick's not Joe's) assertion that there was an easy ridge up the back, it was widely held that the Tower would never be climbed. And now it's been done twice in a week! Panther must be feeling a bit sore about it, for he was planning an expedition to the peak with Penlington and Pettigrew in 1958. (The three of them sound like a music-hall trio, don't they?) Disappointed though they must be from a personal point of view, it is to be hoped that they will not abandon their plans, for in two years' time the Mustagh Tower will for all practical purposes be a virgin summit. The difficulties involved in its ascent will by then be quite different and perhaps greater than they were last month. Never let it be said that a bunch of Creads were interested only in the glory attaching to a "first".

During my recent fortnight at Bryn-y-Wern, I wandered up to look at this Craig Isallt where parties keep going gardening. I couldn't help being a little disturbed about two things - firstly that people should choose to spend days of good mountaineering weather on a crag little bigger than a gritstone outcrop when there are far worthier crags within easy distance, and secondly the ravages wrought (with the best of intentions) by the "gardeners". The second of these seems to me the more important. Kicking down bits of turf, patches of moss or the odd clump of heather is one thing, but chopping down trees and stripping vegetation wholesale is another. Non-climbers are likely to see no distinction between this sort of climbing and sheer vandalism. And is it really worth it when some of the buttresses unearthed are no more than thirty feet high? Enthusiasm for opening up new crags is a fine thing, but it would be a pity if misguided enthusiasm earned us a reputation for bad behaviour and lack of regard for the countryside.

On July 22nd a large party of climbers and ramblers headed by Lieut.Col. G. Haythornthwaite (more power to his elbow) did a very fine cleaning-up job at Stanage. Clubs represented were the Barnsley, the Derbyshire Pennine, the Marabiner, the Rock and Heather and the Sucksack. After all our fine words on the subject of litter, why weren't we there? Will the Committee please take steps to ensure that Creads are among the scavengers on any future occasions of the same sort?

The accident in which Tom Bourdillon and Dick Viney were killed on the Jagihorn on July 29th came as a great shock to all climbers, not only because they were well-known and popular mountaineers who will be widely mourned, but

(continued on back page)

It was a change for a gritstone Meet to start on a Friday night. Two new members plus their "chauffeur-Gust" arrived early at 9 p.m. in their Red Morgan two-seater sports car. It was these three that we first met in the dark at 10.30 when our "Old Faithful" arrived. The Phillips and Burns were scouring the Moor for the camp site occupied by Paul Morris. There was a tale of "No water" except at the Pub and two stout shapes in the darkness, who turned out to be Jack Wolfe and friend, down from the North East. Our tents were pitched on pleasant ground behind the Quarry. Just before turning in all was quiet and the sound of rushing water could be heard - so a full water bucket was obtained from a stream about 150 yards away!

It was fine in the morning, and the first event was the arrival of Andrew Renville on his motor-bike from Maidstone. His keenness takes some beating.

Climbing first in the Quarry below us, several good routes were done by lunchtime. Ronni showed her old skill on the "Fairy Steps" before being whipped off on a search for caves in the Melham Cove area by Ernie and Laurie. Interesting to learn later that this search was confined to various log books in the local pubs.

The two new members, John and Geoff, successfully did "Josephine" and her "Direct" variation, this being pointed out by some locals as the hardest "Severe" in the area!

Two "guide-book" V.S.s were done, but due to "chisellers" these climbs were now only V.Diff.

The Cow and Calf Rocks were climbed by most of us, the A climb being most enjoyable. Several firm artificial routes up the cracks and overhangs were noted, still adorned by many pegs and wooden wedges.

After lunch we visited the Rocky Valley Buttresses. Most of the routes were Severe but nevertheless a few were climbed and enjoyed. Bogey Wall proved to be unsurmountable and little A climb turned out to be a short V.S., which only one of us, Geoff Layes, was able to do on a top rope.

From the last buttress a few of us walked up to a large cairn on the edge of the Moor overlooking Ilkley. A wooden board was inscribed "E.L.II. 1953. I.G.S." A lad nearby ruefully informed us that I.G.S. stood for Ilkley Grammar School, and that he had been one of those who helped to build it.

After tea, we packed up and the short convoy of vehicles left for Almscliff. There we were welcomed by the President, and pitched our tents in sight of the Crag, amongst the buttercups and daisies!

We were now 20 strong and in the evening we invaded the lawns and lavatories of the Square and Compass. Apart from the fact the the lounges and bars were crowded, an attempt was made by the habitues to give us the impression that we were not dressed or washed for the occasion. However, we quaffed good ale on the terraces, and were greatly entertained by the comings and goings(on). Betty, Ronni and Marion, after an interval excursion, returned enthralled with the decorations of their carpeted closet.

- 3 -
Sunday morning saw most of us on the way to Almscliff Crag. We visited the S.W. face first, where most of us went up and down Three Chockstones Chimney. John and Geoff did Birds Nest Crack, but the Bird found the hand jams too awkward. Several of us then did what appeared to be the easiest route on this face (No. 29 in the guide - about V.Diff) which entailed a short layback crack, an easy traverse and a delicate step up in balance.

I was pleased to find that I could manage the jams of Birds Nest Crack and Norman Ridley came up as well.

We next retired from anything harder on High Man and went to climb on Low Man. Several parties did the awkward V-chimney, it occupied a succession of Creads for most of the afternoon.

Fluted Columns was also popular. Ernie Phillips set foot on gritstone and climbed the Matterhorn Boulder, mainly I think to get a better view of the activities in the V-chimney.

A friend, Jim Foster, inveigled me into doing Figott's Stride and Whisky Crack. The Stride is a unique experience which I should not like to lead. John Russell followed me and made it look easy. Farson's Chimney was the last climb I did that day, but it was most satisfying and enjoyable. I led the fairly easy flake layback pitch while Jim Foster led through up the second pitch. This had an exhilarating finish and for me a grand climax to a good weekend.

I'm all in favour of a return visit, although I could promise the Club just as enjoyable a time in Northumberland from the N.M.C. Lut near Bardon Mill. Anyone interested in an interim Meet up there?

Present on the Meet at Ilkley: The Phillips, Cookes, Laurie Burns, Paul Morris, Francis Holmes a Court, John Russell, Geoff Layes, Jack Wolfe, Douglas Robinson and Andrew Renville.

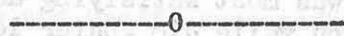
At Almscliff: The above and Betty Bird, Jim Kershaw, Mike Moore, John Bridges and Sybil, The Prettys and Laura, Barry Cook, Norman Ridley, Jim and Peggy Foster.

Climbs done on the Meet: Ilkley:- Fairy Steps, Josephine and Josephine Direct, Wellington Chimney, Nailbite, Bald Pate, A Climb, Chiseller, Cooper's Slab, Little A Climb, Stiction Chimney, Three Slab Route, Flake Climb and Oak Tree Crack.

Almscliff:- Fluted Columns, Whisky Crack, Figott's Stride, Birds Nest Crack, V-chimney and traverse, No. 29!, Three Chockstones Chimney, Cup and Saucer, and Farson's Chimney.

REFLECTION by JIM KERSTAW.

A time there was
 When I believed the crystal spire
 The unknown clouded pinnacle
 The only summit of desire.
 The years there were,
 The precious years of youth,
 Lost in the desert sands of learning
 That surround the citadel of truth.
 At length I scaled its adamantine face
 And stood alone where no man stood before
 Until my strength deserted hands and failing feet
 Perforce began the bitter desolate retreat
 Down to a black tarn shore.
 But on the shore
 I came to see
 The summit that I strove to reach
 Beneath my feet concealed,
 For darily mirrored in the lake
 The beauty of the mountain was revealed.



ARDNAMURCHAN by ERNIE PHILLIPS

On the evening of Tuesday, July 3rd, the Burns-Phillips Scottish Expedition left Derby en route for the Highlands. The previous few days had been spent in victualling, and a supply of food adequate for at least a month kept the rear springs fully bottomed, so that starvation, at least, would be avoided, while the delicatessens of south Derbyshire looked like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. All went well via Buxton and Manchester, and so to fish and chips at Preston; here the rain started, slowly at first, but insistently. We drove onward through the night, Lancaster and Carlisle came and went, but the rain, torrential now, was still with us.

Driving alternately, two hours at a time, the main road to the North passed on the speedometer, and at some ungodly hour we stopped in a transport cafe for some tea. All idea of camping for the night had gone, and we passed through Hamilton and Glasgow with deserted streets.

Eventually we came to the foot of Loch Lomond at five in the morning, the petrol tank empty, and no hope of replenishment. We drew in under the canopy of the last garage to escape the noise of the rain on the roof, which was like a tarradiddle played on a galvanised iron bucket, raked out the bug-bags, and settled down for a couple of hours sleep. Sometime after eight the place opened, we filled up, and continued along Loch Lomond to Crianlarich, Bridge of Orchy, and Rannoch Moor, to Kingshouse.

By this time the pangs of hunger were obvious, and we cajoled Mine Hostess into providing a late breakfast of bacon and egg; on emerging, we were astonished to discover breaks in the clouds, and in a few minutes the sun was out. The Pub, the stream, the valley, and Buchaille Etive Mor all came in for their share of photographs, and then we cruised down Glencoe admiring the nearby peaks, to

Ballachulish. As it was our intention to see the country, rather than get there as soon as possible, we circumnavigated Loch Leven via Kinlochleven, and then took the road towards Fort William.

Leaving the main road after a short distance, we crossed Loch Linne at the Corran Ferry, which leads to Ardgour, Sunart, and Ardnamurchan, and then filled up with petrol, as this was to be our last contact with civilisation for some days. From Corran to Kilchoan, which was our destination, was about 45 miles, and we expected to get there in something less than two hours - in fact, it must have taken us about four and a half, as the road is only wide enough for one vehicle, with occasional passing places, and a bend every ten yards. The scenery as we skirted Loch Sunart was most impressive, with the hills of Morven to the south at first, and then Mull, with Tobermory Bay, and Ben More blue in the distance.

Kilchoan proved to be somewhat larger than we had expected, with about twenty houses, a small general store, and an excellent pub, and, of all things, a petrol pump. However, when we bought three gallons of petrol a few days later, and the young lady said, "Fifteen an' threepence, please", we were somewhat taken aback!

We had some difficulty in finding a suitable camp site, as there is practically no flat ground in the area, and eventually we compromised, deciding to look for a better place on the morrow. The next day dawned with the tent like a drum-skin, and the rain hissed down, so we had a late breakfast and a rest, to make up for our lack of sleep the previous night, and then adjourned to the Pub for a glass of Worthington. In the afternoon we had a cruise round in the motor to spy out the land, and then back to the camp for more food, and beer in the evening.

The rain stopped sometime in the night, and the next day, Friday, was bright and clear; we were rapidly away to Sanna Bay, on the north coast, which turned out to be a most delightful place, and from here we walked along the cliffs to Glendrian Daves, where there is a great colony of sea birds of many species, and a genuine limestone cave of considerable extent, which we partly explored with the nub end of a candle. Needless to say, the candle gave out just as we reached the part where the interesting formations began, the light began to fail, and we had to return.

We were told that some two hundred years ago, a raiding party from the Islands landed nearby, and all the local inhabitants fled to hide in this particular cave. Unfortunately, there had been a fall of snow not long before, and one of the raiders noticed footprints which they were able to follow, and so find the refugees. The cave entrance could only be approached by one man at a time, and the raiders could not be bothered to wait for starvation to bring results, so they lit a great fire at the mouth and asphyxiated the lot!

The next day we had intended to move to Moidart, but as it was again very fine we decided to go up Beinn na Seilg which, in spite of being only 1123 feet high, is one of the finest view-points in Scotland and is, incidentally, the most westerly peak on the mainland of Britain. Bigg, Luck and Hum were at our feet, with Skye and Mull near at hand, while the outer Hebrides seemed only a stone's throw away. We noted that for the whole of this magnificent day, the Cuillins were the only hills in cloud!

Eventually we tore ourselves away, descended, and struck camp. A slow cruise back along the edge of the peninsula brought us to Salen, where we turned north to Acharacle, and then to Kentra Bay, and Ardtoe. Here we camped on top of a small hill, with a magnificent view from the tent door out over the sea, ate, and adjourned to the Pub, which turned out to be a rather poor sort of place.

In the evening we went down to Shiel Bridge, and then to Tioran Castle, a Macdonald stronghold now in ruins, at the end of Loch Moidart. We lingered here to a very late hour admiring the finest sunset that we have ever seen, and returned to the camp at 11.30 p.m.; at this time it was still easy to read a newspaper outside.

During the night the rains came again, and in the morning we had three inches of water in the cooking pans outside. By lunchtime we found that our estimate of the "highest point" had been out by six inches, and we hurriedly shifted the tent from the middle of a miniature lake. About this time the car radio gave up the unequal battle with the elements, and we were spared further descriptions of the heat-wave in England, but eventually, after about six inches had fallen, the rain did stop, and we were able to make our trip up Glen Moidart, even if it was somewhat curtailed. The Glen afforded magnificent scenery, especially as the Moidart was in full spate, being reminiscent of the Matherisp in the spring. Afterwards we went down to Tioran Castle again for another superb sunset.

As by this time I had almost used two lengths of Ektachrome, and Laurie had no film left at all, we decided to go to Fort William for further supplies. We went back along Loch Sunart, with Burns gnashing his teeth as I took one photogenic shot after another, and then up the west side of Loch Linnhe to Loch Eil, the Mallaig road, and so to Fort William.

The ten minutes shopping extended to the usual two and a half hours, and then beer, and with the promise of fine weather to come, we went up Glen Nevis. After the solitude of the last few days we did not feel ill-disposed to the odds and sofs infesting the valley, and decided to camp there for the night.

The next day came, cloudless, and we decided that the opportunity was too good to miss, so we ran up Ben Nevis in two and a half hours, to a perfect view from the summit. We must have seen, even if we could not identify, practically every summit in Scotland, with the gash of the Great Glen at our feet, and the North Sea visible beyond. After expending a prodigious quantity of film we descended, in an hour and a quarter, mashed, struck camp, and moved off towards Loch Arkaig.

From Bonavie, about three miles north of Fort William, we had a superb view of the awe-inspiring cliffs of Nevis, towering above the Allt a' Mhuilinn in the evening sunshine, with the gullies outlined in the snow, a most impressive sight. As the evening drew on we passed by Gairloch, and so to Arkaig, a remote and delightful place - no boozers here; the Loch is about twelve miles long, with a "road", just passable by car, on the north side. We camped about half way along, right at the waters' edge, at a very fine site, and the next day went to the head of the Loch, and up Glen Dessary. From here a track leads to Loch Nevis, and also gives access to the Knoydart area, which we had hope to visit, but were prevented by lack of time.

Eventually we had to think about the return journey, reluctantly struck camp, and came back via Fort William to Glencoe in perfect weather. Photographs of the valley, and the Aonach Bagach, preceded a trip down Glen Stive to the sea, and then across Rannoch Moor at high speed, and to Loch Lomond. For the expenditure of one shilling, Burns obtained a printed permit allowing him to camp on Firkin Farm, Glen Lomond!

The next day, Saturday, we packed up in the rain which kept with us all the way to the Lake district. Here Burns, the self-styled expert on the English Lakes, was unable to find us a camp-site in the whole of the Ullswater area, and we finished up on an official site in Troutbeck! This ignominy, however, was offset by a most entertaining evening in the local (at one time they had two sheep running about in the bar!), bringing into sharp contrast the austerities of the Scottish Taverns. On Sunday we left for home in the usual Lake District rain.

Our overall impression was of a verdant, lush countryside, flanked by great areas of desolation, mountains worthy of the name, and placid streams which are suddenly transformed into raging torrents, and always, nearby, the Lochs, changing from hour to hour, combined to give us a holiday which we shall remember for many a year.

-----0-----

"UNCLE ALF" (continued) by ERIC FINE.

By 1929 Alf Bridge had developed into a typical product of his time, tough on the moors and hills, and brilliant on the crags. His great walks went beyond the Peak District, for the Cuillin ridge of Skye and the Welsh 3,000s were added to his bag; the latter being started from Llandudno Junction and finishing at Beddgelert. This period which saw Bridge's development was a time of industrial unrest and slump in the manufacturing towns of Manchester and Sheffield. Some outlet was needed for the energies of unemployed youth and a large nucleus began to wander over the hills and moors of the Peak District each weekend. Many of these graduated into rock climbers and mountaineers, fostered to a great extent by such profic lecturers on the subjects as J.W. Puttrell and C.D. Yeomans, who, as members of the Derbyshire Pennine Club, were still actively engaged on the moors and crags, or in the cavern systems of the Peak. Rambling and walking clubs mushroomed, the older organisations being unable to absorb everyone interested.

This great influx into the Peak exercised the minds of many people. Railway authorities began to run regular cheap Sunday excursions, and the various land-owners recognised the danger to their great moorlands that were devoted entirely to grouse breeding and shooting. This potential danger to these secluded shooting preserves was checked for a while by the ominous trespass notices which flared brazenly in the face of adventurous youth, and by the teams of gamekeepers who were employed to line the strategic approaches to Kinderscout, Bleaklow, and the edges of Derwent, Stanage, Froggatt, and Combs Moss. Inevitably, clashes occurred, often bitter in intensity, but as always youth will not be denied.

Lack of money brought forth the bivouacker and barner, who would leave the towns' outskirts and walk out into the Peak on a Saturday, bivouac under a hedge or amongst boulders, or in caves, limekilns and in cabins, or sleep in any

accessible barn or haystack; and because it was necessary to carry a certain amount of gear, such as Primus Stove, paraffin, cooking utensils, a weekend's food, sleeping bag, and spare clothing, it was also necessary to have something strong and light to carry it in - so the Bergan Rucksack with its strong and featherweight duralumin frame proved ideal for the purpose and became very popular.

These tough weekenders, bivouackers and walkers gradually turned more and more to the high wild moorlands and the gritstone crags - being influenced by such people as Fred Beardman, Harry Gilliat, Robert Burns and Alfred Bridge, whose reputations were now well known amongst the elite.

As for Alf Bridge, he, unknown to himself, was at the crossroads, needing only a touch from some other dominating personality to take him to further heights. Then it happened; for at the close of summer's day on Cratcliffe Tor he met Maurice Linnell, and thus a friendship and climbing partnership was born which was to lead to many great days and fine expeditions on the crags of Wales and the Lake District. Both he and Linnell were strong individualists with strong views about many things and therefore found much in common, both as climbers and as men.

Linnell at this period, a product and founder of the Manchester University Mountaineering Club, was now progressing to that zenith when he would crown his climbing career by the pioneering of the East Face of Scafell, and the "Narrow Slab" on the West Buttress of Clogwyn Dur Arddu. Tall, slim, with a long face, lantern jaw, shock of black hair, and keen eyes, one sensed instantly the drive and determination that lay behind the gentle smile which could light up his whole countenance. His life was spent in keeping himself fit for climbing and in the training of himself to withstand cold, hunger, fatigue, and great effort, he would have found no-one more suitable as companion than Alf Bridge. Both he and Alf had a reputation for imperturbability in the presence of impending danger or averted danger, and neither would turn a hair but simply carry on climbing calmly upwards.

In Manchester these two tigers had a regular meeting place, where they would sit over coffee and talk about climbing and the routes they planned to do. It was here that the Girdle Traverse of Pillar Rock was first mooted, seized upon enthusiastically, and then planned in meticulous detail, until that day in 1931 when the expedition was finally transformed into fact. However, before this took place there were many exciting weekends on gritstone, on one of which they bivouacked underneath the Black Rocks of Cromford, and there, Bridge in great form led the first ascent of the direct start to Longland's "Birch Tree Wall", using the thin slanting crack which had repelled the layback efforts of Jack Longland's experimental advances the previous year.

There were also meetings with Ivan Walker, the tough Cambridge University mountaineer who reigned as undisputed monarch and "grand inquisitor" at Black Rocks - Ivan who would bundle Alf into his Alvis and tear away at terrific speed to some other climbing ground, anxious to make as complete a day or weekend as would satisfy his restless spirit. These were great days, with Alf in 1930 leading Walker and Longland on the first ascent up that ferocious super-direct finish to "Lean Man's Climb" on Black Rocks - truly an incredible effort considering that no previous inspection of this overhang was made. No wonder that it remained unrecorded for almost 15 years, when its pioneers considered it to be totally unjustifiable.

By 1931 the partnership of Linnell and Bridge was firmly cemented; there were grand times in the Lakes with A.B. Hargreaves, and it was these three who added the Girdle Traverse of The Pillar Rock, Linnell in the lead and Alf as last man. Gimmer Crag also proved attractive and George Bower's route of "Hiatus" was varied by a terrific new finish. On gritstone Alf was also busy - new routes on the Fairbrook Edge of Kinder Scout and an important visit to Stannage where he pioneered a route up the thin delicate crack now known as "Robin Hood's Innominate". There was some snow about and a little ice, yet despite these disadvantages he managed to force a continuation up the overhanging "Cave Gully Wall" - a most exposed climb above the level of the well known "Cave Traverse". This was a fine exhibition of climbing on such a cold day. Climbing visits to Stannage by many people during this time were often enlivened by Alf Bridge's displays when practicing his "technique of falling". His deliberate and controlled drops of anything up to 30 feet from such rock faces as the "Black Slab" were something that once seen could never be forgotten. That such practices paid dividends was proved when he, leading Linnell and A.V. Hargreaves up the great flake of the Central Buttress on Scafell, peeled off on the top portion and came crashing down towards his second man. At this moment when everything seemed lost, his training took effect, his left hand and arm shooting out to the chockstone. The aim was true, and his herculean strength just sufficient to check his downward progress. Linnell then took over, and calmly climbing over his friend, pulled himself to the top of the flake.

The greatest year for Alf was perhaps 1932, for that was the time of the start of his friendship with the great Colin Kirkus. It was the period of intensive exploration on Clogwyn Dur Arddu and Kirkus's great pioneering routes. Here Alf teamed up to help in the production of such famous routes as the "Curving Crack" and the "Direct finish to East Buttress". He also, on a visit to the Lakes led the first ascent of the safer and exposed Route 2 of "Esk Buttress".

Then came 1934 and tragedy as Linnell was swept to death and Kirkus severely injured by that avalanche on the Castles of Ben Nevis. This marked the end of a phase in British rock climbing; Kirkus was never the same, and he too was to die during the war on one of the great Hamburg Bomber Raids. Only Alf Bridge remained, trained Commandos, kept alive the memories of his two friends by his reminiscences, encouraged those who came to follow, and became to these "Good old Uncle Alf!"

COMMITTEE NOTES by BRIAN COOKE

LIBRARY. It has been decided to house the "readable" library books in a bookcase (with lock and key if possible) at Bryn-y-wern, where the Hut Warden can look after them, as from the middle of August.

Maps, guide books and duplicate copies of library books will be kept in a locked box at the Bell Hotel, Derby. Librarian Len Hatchett will have a key. Guide books and maps may be borrowed with the understanding that serious wear or tear or loss will be paid for. It is intended to increase this section of the library from time to time. As always, contributions of books, maps or guides will be welcome.

LOG BOOK. The old form of log book is to be discontinued. It is now to be based on the Newsletter, in which all Meet reports should be published. These will be kept for the year in a loose leaf file, to which pages of photographs may be added to illustrate meet accounts.

Notes of new climbs, personal climbing accounts, expedition (large or small) accounts should also appear and are needed.

The log book is to be kept in duplicate. During the year the two copies will be made up by Marion Cooke. One copy will be available at the "Bell" on Tuesdays and available for general circulation; the other will be kept safe in the "Archives". At the end of the year, the two copies will be bound, one copy for "Archives" and one copy for the Club Library at Bryn-y-wern.

So if you have any interesting photos of "Creads in Action" at meets or otherwise, please let us have them in duplicate to enhance the log book. Small prints are more welcome than large ones (not more than half-plate anyway).

ANNUAL DINNER - 24th November, 1956. This is to be held this year at the Rutland Arms, Bakewell. The "Devonshire" would only take us if we guaranteed a quiet exit!! Hence it was decided to have a change this year. In future years we have discovered that we can be catered for by the White Lion, Great Longstone, and the Maynard Arms, Grindleford. Unfortunately, neither is available this year.

Ideas will be welcome for activities on the Sunday. Do you still want to camp at Broggatt's Farm between Birchens and Gardons Edges, or shall we find a camp site near Bakewell?

It may be possible to arrange after-dinner transport to, say, Stannage Edge. Give committee members an idea of what you want or write to the Secretary!

-----0-----

NEW ROUTES

"THE CANNON RIDGE" - WEST FACE OF TRYFAN,
1,175 ft., (Just Very Difficult)

The longest continuous ridge on Tryfan, of which 400 feet is steep and gives excellent rock climbing of hard difficult standard. The remainder is pleasant and always continuous scrambling all the way to the North Ridge.

The climb is situated on the mass of rock between Castle Rocks and V-Buttress - this is the area which J.M. Edwards described unworthily in the Tryfan Guide as "giving excellent scrambling". Strange that he should miss such a fine section of steep ridge.

The best approach is up the long tongue of bilberry and grass which leads up to the scree which comes down between the West Face and the Brag Rocks. A path takes one quite high and easily. The large Cannon is situated almost on a level with the base of Castle Rocks. Below the Cannon lies a curving rock spur of 150 feet, quite continuous, and giving interesting scrambling.

Start - At the base of the Curving Spur below the Cannon Rock.

- 1) 150 feet - To the Cannon, starting with a little chimney, then go as you please problems, some quite hard if you wish. Above the Cannon rises a very steep Tower.
- 2) 100 feet - The Tower is breached in the centre by a prominent Chimney. Go first up the broken gully bed to grass ledge and belays, then the steep 60 ft. chimney, quite impressive and interesting and exposed, to a small ledge with belays. Immediately above is a vertical Tower cleft by a fierce overleaning crack (which might go).
- 3) 60 feet - Go up a short crack and bulge on the right-hand side of the Tower, swinging round into a corner crack which leads up nicely to a nook which in turn is left by a mantleshelf problem on to the top of the Tower.
- 4) 30 feet - Another steep rise going out to a spike on the right corner, and then up a bulge on sketchy holds to a rock ledge and belays.
- 5) 60 feet - Straight ahead is a variety of ways, the best being "The Vice" - a chimney at the left - and so up to a large leaning block. Belays.
- 6) 80 feet - Round the block to the right - passing the protruding flake and the Crevasse - to the base of a prominent chimney. The chimney forks at 10 feet. The left branch is strongly recommended. It proves most interesting.
- 7) 100 feet - The rock now lies back at an easier angle. The best line is up the centre, trending right at 100 feet to an incut niche at the left side of a steeper block. Belays.
- 8) 25 feet - The Block - step on to the flakes and pull up the corner on surprising holds, then easily up its face.
- 9) 90 feet - Very easy scrambling but still continuous, and then a short rise ahead.
80 feet - Straight up the centre of the rise, first by an awkward little crack, then a concave slab, so to a terrace (the first break).
- 10) 60 feet - After crossing the terrace (25 feet) one is confronted with a steepish wall. Take the obvious crack with chockstones, and the slabs above to a good ledge.
- 11) 260 feet - Pleasant continuous scrambling right up to the North Ridge, with an occasional steep rise to give interest, and steeper rocks on the final 150 feet.

<u>First Ascent</u>	Eric Byne	} 9th August, 1956.
	Ursula Milner-White	
	Fred Tomney	
	Brian Thorneycroft	

-----0-----

THREE OREADS IN IRELAND (Miss Elizabeth Bird, Moore and myself) by JIM KERSHAW.

These are the things I remember about Ireland - the kindness and generosity of the people (especially the Santa Claus who gave us a lift from Cork to Waterville), the rich vegetation and colour of the ocean-warmed Kerry coast, fuchsia hedges, honeysuckle, misty views of distant blue hills and islands with names like Carrauntoohil and Inishtookert, not forgetting the Guinness, of course. Drink plus Ireland are somehow inseparable. Many memorable episodes seemed to occur in or near a bar. I remember the horrorstruck silence that followed the announcement on the S.S. Eibernia, "Gentlemen, the stout has just run out!" There was no panic, everyone kept their heads admirably, sorrow was drowned in meaner drink until those shores were reached where no such disaster could happen.

I remember a view of the Guinness brewery towering over the Liffey, all the passengers on the 24 bus reverently lifting their hats as they passed by the fountain of their youth. There was the restaurant car on the Dublin-Cork express. By the time the Guinness had been cleared, things were really livening up. A monologue on O'Connell by a gentleman who removed his teeth for clearer enunciation was well received. The Wild Colonial Boy recurred at intervals. At this point, Moore was trapped on the wrong side of the door leading to the 3rd Class, but using a nun as a front, he amongst other exiles regained admittance. The end of the bottled Lager was closely followed by Cherry Ales, and a timely arrival in Cork.

I remember the ex-I.R.A. man in the village bar who insisted that the troubles were forgotten, although something was brewing on the border, and assured us that stout was more than a drink - it was a food. No doubt this explains the side-by-side display of food and stout in the shops of Ireland. Anyway, we had a hearty meal and missed the only bus to Caherciveen. There was the time we walked into the hotel on the lonely road by the sea to hear a request for silence in the packed bar. A man in the corner struck up a revolutionary song, half in Irish, half in English. Later the sound of dancing came from the room next door.

Fishing in Ireland? Yes, there are fish although Moore doesn't think so, he says they were banished with the snakes by St. Patrick. Other people were catching fish. Take the time in Glenbeigh when he was buying flies. A small boy rushed into the shop and asked for another of those hooks on which he had caught a 2 lb. trout. Moore says it was the shopkeeper's son. We tried every known method of fishing, barring dynamite and cyanide, but continued to sin on Fridays. (So Jim did get his fair share, even if only on one day a week! - Ed.)

I remember helping a gillie to row a bath for sheepdipping over a lake (not the bath, clot). Four men, Elizabeth Bird and a bath in a boat. In return for our help we had the use of the boat for three hours. A fair bargain if it hadn't teemed with rain and a storm sprung up. As the gillie said, it was a nasty day. We ended up by doing a Grace Darling to the profuse thanks of the gillie. "God bless you always, and I have no words to express my gratitude". His donkey had gone home in the meantime; sensible animals donkeys.

The time we caught the crabs in County Kerry. A rattling good line for a popular song, but not so funny when it happened. They were some sort of sand-tick, and about the nearest we got to the "little people". We pitched our tent behind the dunes in a secluded cove, went for a walk and returned to find we had visitors. Scores of ticks invaded ourselves and our gear. We rapidly moved camp and set to work with our thumbnails. Perhaps I had better draw a merciful veil over the rest of the proceedings. I shall always be reminded of this episode when I see the sign "Close the gate and use Coopers dip". (Just a minute, I think there's something biting my leg - that's better).

The animals of Ireland surely deserve a mention. Welsh Charlie, the horse who stood outside our tent all night at Mallow trying to get his teeth round Moore. The sheepdog who ate a pound of butter, half a pound of Cookeen and half a pound of bacon at one sitting. The long-suffering mokes patiently trotting along under loads of peat, often with a 15 stone man on top. Perhaps we could do worse in conclusion than join them in a derisive hee-haw at life in general.

O R E A D S I N S H O R T S

Phil Falkner, Chunky Cartwright and Les Pratt are back in Lyngen again. Phil reports that in spite of very hot weather, they had pushed their "aging and reluctant bodies up six peaks including two new routes - the East Ridge of Stortind and North Face of Imbedentind". At the time of writing they were planning a trip to "Styles' Land" in the North of the peninsular.

Jeanne and Colin Morris have been "doddering in the Dauphine", also in fine weather. No details available yet.

Dennis Hammond expects to be discharged from the R.A.F. any time now due to rifle-shooting having slightly affected his hearing. He hopes to be back in circulation as soon as he's released. He has recently got engaged to a White Hall student, Joyce Mitchell. Congratulations to both of them, and welcome home Dennis.

Brenda Goodwin has got herself engaged to Brian Porter of the Darnley Club and hopes to join him shortly in New Zealand.

Len Hatchett has taken his 11-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, up the West Face of Tryfan and down the North Ridge. Like George Washington, she did it with her Hatchett.

Johnny Fisher, Dave Penlington and Bob Parslow recently returned from a fortnight at Chamonix. Johnny later had a day or two at Bryn-y-Wern to recover.

Betty Bird laybacked Brassington Crack at the recent meet. It is not yet known whether she succeeded in kissing the Blarney Stone during her more recent overseas expedition with Messrs. Moore and Kershaw.

A judiciously placed peg belay saved Ray Handley and his second from a nasty fall on Tremadoc cliffs when a ledge on which they were standing collapsed.

Dave Penlington has purchased a 1950 Bedford van, in which he and Janet have delivered a gas-stove to Bryn-y-Wern. His B.S.A. A7 twin is now for sale. Price varies from week to week.

The Cullums and Prettys had a fortnight at the hut early this month. Weather was atrocious. A few climbs and walks were done, including a visit to Cuicht and the Moelwyns, and some bathing was enjoyed. Jack Longland et al. came to look over the hut, as one of the senior clubs is considering offering us reciprocal rights.

Pip Styles and his wife have a shop-cum-cafe in Croesor village, just at the foot of Cuicht. Creads are welcome.

Eric Byne has been to Glan Dena. Cyril Machin was also there. The hut was at one stage marooned by floods, but Eric rescued a party from Amphitheatre Buttress, did his 21st annual ascent of Grooved Arete and put up a long new route on Tryfan. Not all on the same day, of course.

The log book at Bryn-y-Wern contains accounts of many new routes in and around the Pennant Valley. These would be welcome in the Newsletter. Please send accounts of all new routes (and any other news of interest to members) to D.C.Cullum, 11 Corkland Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21.

Brian Cooke wishes to sell his 1950 Bantam. One owner, excellent condition, rear springer, lag shields, comfortable pillion, 16,000 miles, new tyres. Price £35. Description refers to bike, not owner.

PROFILE - BETTY BIRD by V & EP.

Phil Fallmer brought Betty to the Cread. This is probably the best thing he has done for the Club! Our first introduction was at a Fireworks Meet somewhere near Burbage, as a sound like that of the Kookaburra came out of the mist and darkness to greet us.

We gather that she had a rather sheltered upbringing, so we guess a few Meets with the Cread must have widened her outlook on life. Amongst her friends she is known as the Mocking Bird - you will hear her bird-call long before you see her, and like all birds she dislikes cats, four-legged or otherwise.

Until last week, when Janet Hughes was elected a member, Betty held the pride of place as being the only unattached female, so what about it you single bods? Remember that Betty takes no chances however - she always has three lines of defence, trousers, pyjamas, and pants!

On one celebrated occasion, two other females of the Club and Betty were stripped to the waist washing in a stream in the Lakes, and there were peeping Toms in the vicinity at the time, but the other two need not have worried, as all eyes were directed on Betty for two Big Reasons.

There was also the other occasion when a long thin member of the Club talked her into going out mushrooming with him at nine o'clock of a dark winter's evening, armed with a Tilley Lamp. We never saw the mushrooms.

Her staple diet is Smedley's sausage and chips.

We have always found her to be excellent company, and her skill on rocks, skis, and at the wheel is as good or better than some of our male members. On Tuesdays at the Bell you will find her perched, with her head on one side listening, and as soon as someone mentions that they are going somewhere at the weekend the Bird leaves her perch and flies over in the hope of getting a lift. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred she is successful, which is the best indication of her popularity.

Note: Since this Profile was written, Betty has produced one of this season's finest Quotes. On the occasion of her setting sail for Ireland in the company of Mike "Mex" Moore and Jim "Louie" Kerslaw, she declared firmly, "There's going to be no slop unless Jim gets his fair share!"

Editorial (continued from front page)

also because this tragedy really "brings it home". Now two experienced and competent men could come to grief on a reputedly easy route will probably remain forever a mystery; what is clear however is that if it can happen to them it can happen to anyone - to you or me for instance. In offering our condolences to the bereaved families, let us remember that if the memory of this accident increases our awareness of the possible dangers of climbing and our vigilance in avoiding them, then Bourdillon and Viney will not have died entirely in vain.

D.C.C.

THE OREAD JOURNAL

MUCH OF THE MATERIAL COLLECTED FOR THE JOURNAL OVER THE LAST FIVE OR SIX YEARS (!) IS NOW OBSOLETE. ACCORDINGLY IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO REJECT WHAT HAS GONE OFF WITH KEEPING, KEEP THE FEW IMMORTAL MASTERPIECES AND DISSIPATE THE REST IN THE NEWSLETTER. NOW LET'S MAKE A FRESH START. LET'S BRING OUT A THUNDERING GOOD JOURNAL TWELVE MONTHS FROM NOW. YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THE KIND OF THING THAT MAKES GOOD JOURNAL MATERIAL. SO GET CRACKING NOW. DON'T PUT IT OFF TILL NEXT WEEK OR NEXT MONTH OR NEXT YEAR. YOU CAN WRITE AN ARTICLE OR A VERSE OR AN ACCOUNT OF AN EXPEDITION OR PERHAPS A STORY. DO YOUR SHARE TO ENSURE THAT THE OREAD JOURNAL VOLUME ONE APPEARS IN MID-1957.