

**Fylde  
Mountaineering Club**



**Journal 1954-55**



OFFICIALS — 1954

Chairman ..... A. MacBEATH  
Vice-Chairman ..... J. JOWETT  
General Secretary ..... A. CANNELL  
Meets. Secretary ..... Miss M. ORMROD  
Treasurer ..... J. COOPER

Committee :

R. LEGGE, J. MACKESON, E. LOMAS,  
W. COMSTIVE.



A. Roberts

THE LONE SKIER.



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## EDITORIAL

As in the house I rate  
Alone and desolate  
No feature but the fire and I,  
The chimney and the stool, I lift mine eye  
Up to the wall  
And in the silent hall  
Saw nothing.

Not quite true—but I saw very little. Once more the committee have done the back-bone of the articles.

Start thinking members. I will accept articles of about 1,000 to 1,500 words any time for next year's journal.

This journal will be open to criticism. Dislike, or even hatred is better than indifference, so let us have your views.

Within the club there is a small happy band—the regulars. They attend most functions. Then there are the back-room boys, very rarely seen, and then invariably complaining. Can we see them more often and try to get them into the spirit of the faithful few

Some coach meets have been cancelled. Maybe it's the weather, but if one has a profound love of the country and the mountains, what matters the weather

The committee select, as requested by the moaners, new venues. Result—coach cancelled; only the same faithful few there.

This state of affairs must be altered if we are to get a happy club. The coach meets are the only means of some members to get out into the country, so come on members, rally round and see if this year cannot be the best ever.

I cannot close without thanking the sub-committee who have been such a great help to me and in particular Margaret Ormrod for the getting of estimates and typing scripts.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou soul that art the eternity of thought  
That givest to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion, not in vain  
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul;  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things—  
With life and nature—purifying thus  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying, by such discipline,  
Both pain and fear, until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.  
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valley made  
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,  
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.

—WORDSWORTH.

## FROM THE CHAIRMAN

I suppose that the weather of 1954 will be described by local mountaineers as the worst in their memory. But we have been lucky in this respect for I can remember only two coach meets held where we have been rained off. Both of these were to Dow Crag, Coniston, but on one of them a hasty conference between Waterhead and Skelwith decreed that the coach should be diverted to Langdale where the crags are nearer the transport.

Nevertheless five coach meets throughout the year were cancelled due to insufficient bookings. These were in the months of February, May, July, September and October and included a most promising expedition to the Peak district and two Welsh week-end meets. Throughout the year the committee laid on plenty of variety, for example in February alone five functions of sorts had been provided. The Xmas meet and the annual dance were most highly populated, so it may be that our outdoor activities are less popular than the indoor ones.

An attempt was made to encourage meets outside the English and Welsh Hills and two circulars advertised meets in Glencoe and the European Alps.

The Glencoe meet was attended by five members and a guest, using private transport, and was highly successful. Individual temperaments blended with a very necessary ingredient, the weather was grand and Mr. McNiven of the Clacharg Inn tolerable.

The Alpine meet was attended by two members and a guest on private transport with the base camp at Zermatt and later at Chamonix. It is possible that the activities of the party is reported elsewhere.

Private expeditions were carried out to Norway, France, Switzerland and Austria, reports of which may be found elsewhere to help future tourists.

Various gritstone crops and quarries east of Garstang have been visited and vanquished whilst pot-holers have slithered and shivered in underground caverns and caves in the West Riding limestone country.

In the ab initio training years of the club, former chairmen were obliged to give advice on the safety angle of mountaineering. I consider that we have come safely through that period and almost all active members can conduct themselves successfully on rock and fell. Less experience is available however, for snow and ice work in the confines of the Lake District, so that every advantage should be taken of getting in some practice in the smallest of gullies or shortest of ice pitches. I am not unmindful of the fact that where there is snow, however thin, you will find our ski tigers, in fact some of them don't need any snow!

Our relations with the Holiday Fellowship remains good. We had some slight differences of opinion regarding the state of the huts when we handed them over in March, but after explanation had been made and accepted on both sides, we decided that we were all jolly good fellows. It may not be out of place here to report that we were given only a week's notice to hand over; that the working party consisted of two officials only; and that vesting day was considerably wet. These huts are of inestimable value to us and we should do everything in our power to ensure that we retain the confidence of the H.F.

This year the journal is being handled by a sub-committee under the editorship of J. D. J. Wildridge and it is to be hoped that members will contribute a little more than in the past. Last year for example only two members outside the officials and committee co-operated. The success of the journal or the club for that matter depends on the individual member and what he is willing to put into it. In this respect the non-active member who reads a little could contribute book reviews.



On the termination of my year of office I offer thanks to that hard core of a dozen or so members who keep the club in circulation. They will take part in any activity; anywhere; anytime; and my gratitude to the General Secretary and Committee whose endeavour has not always been reciprocated by members. In debate their enthusiasm has been a reproach to my tendency to somnolence and their tolerance to an ageing part worn mountaineer, highly commendable.

Finally if our ex-Treasurer, Clive Wilson of Vancouver, ever gets a copy of this journal, I thank him for his Xmas greetings and wish him well.

And good climbing to you all,

—A. MacBEATH.

## CLUB ACTIVITIES

1954-55 has been a very wet but nevertheless fairly active year. Our meteorological section foretell that the storm belt centred over the Lake District, especially on club Sundays, will be dispersed for our next coach meetings!

**Annual Dance.**—This year was held at the Queen's Hydro on Friday the 21st January, where 'bright lights shone o'er fair women and brave men'. It was indeed a most enjoyable evening. Commencing with a most excellent meal, followed by lucky spots, novelties and dancing. Judging by the expressions of the merry-makers, it looked as if one or two of the moves were in the V.S. class. Altogether in spite of the slight tiff between the head waiter and our eminent bilingeant speleologicalist, the dance proved to be the best ever.

**Emigrants.**—We extend our very best wishes to a keen and active member of the club, Eric Lomas, who is shortly to leave Blackpool for Canada. May his mountaineering career be as successful as in Great Britain. Watch out for those grizzly bears Eric!

Also, we have received news of Ron and Angela Freeston who are now settled and enjoying life in Ontario; Clive Wilson in Vancouver; Colin Derbyshire in Peru; Jean McKie in South Africa who is recovering from an accident, and our good wishes go out to her, and hope she may have a complete and speedy recovery.

**Romance.**—In spite of the strong concentration on mountaineering, romance still continues to rear its ugly head. The following lapses have to be reported. Our best wishes to:—

**Engagements.**—Mike Heaton to Pamela; George Bunce to Joan Ewbank.

**Marriages.**—Noel Scott to Pat Tipper; Frank Pendlebury to Mary  
; Bruce Millar to Daphne ; Charles Fletcher  
to Margaret ; Dennis Scott to Rena Whitehead.

**Births.**—To Jack and Dorothy Jowett, a son, John; Joan Fletcher (nee Farrell) a son; John and Margaret Cooper, a son, Ian; Dennis and Rena Scott, a daughter, Karin; Bryan and Kathleen Bradley, a son.

## THE CAVES OF DEVONSHIRE

The Devonshire village of Buckfastleigh overlooks the valley of the river Dart, and lies at a distance of 25 miles from Exeter on the main Exeter to Plymouth road. Behind the village rises a low hill on which the spired church stands. Geologically the greater part of this hill is composed of limestone. In the past this limestone has been extensively quarried for use on the roads. These quarries, with one exception have lain disused for many years, with the result that they are now largely hidden behind a tangle of vegetation. During the quarrying operations, the presence of natural caverns was revealed.

One of these caverns which has since collapsed reveals the entrance to one of the largest caves, Baker's Pit Cave, which takes its name from the quarry where its entrance is situated. This cave system covers a total passage length of nearly one mile.

The entrance to the Baker's Pit Cave is about 15ft. by 8ft. The roof of this entrance houses literally hundreds of bats which appear like a black cloud when seen leaving in the evening. On entering the cave it is best to keep to the left hand wall of the Boulder Chamber otherwise one becomes lost in a maze of little passages, all of which either become blocked finally or else lead back to the Boulder Chamber. At the farthest end of this chamber is what is known as the 'Rift', in other words a vertical bedding plane. This 'rift' is followed as far as a yellow "A.A." sign which was left by some earlier motor-minded cavers. From this point one traverses to the left until a small low chamber is attained. In one corner of this chamber is a small hole sufficiently wide enough to allow a body to wriggle through. This section consists of a narrow tunnel with an S bend in the middle, and it aptly named the Dutch Oven Tunnel, it slopes steeply down into the lower section of the cave. At the end of the Dutch Oven Tunnel is a small pot some 15ft. deep from which a passage runs down to the Stream Chamber.

This Chamber is about 50ft. by 20ft. but the rocks are very unstable, and the whole is coated with a thick layer of mud, which shows that the whole series were at one time subjected to heavy flooding. The stream flows into the Stream Chamber from a passage in the left hand wall. Following this passage one comes to a waterfall some 6ft. in height. At this point some very interesting formations are seen. Unfortunately in this particular system an excessive amount of mud present frequently hides most of the formations.

Farther down the chamber on the same side as the stream passage, another tunnel, after many windings, leads to the bottom of a 20ft. chimney.

On the occasion of my last visit to Baker's Pit Cave this was the farthest point reached by previous parties, as there were no signs of nail scratches either in or above the chimney. At the top of this chimney was a wedged block, from here the passages ran in various directions. To the right a low and extremely painful bedding plane ran on for some little distance until it ended as all these high level passages did, in mud choke. To the left a passage led off and after many ramifications (all mud choked) doubled back on itself to a point near the wedged block. There is no doubt that with some hard work in a confined space, the system could be extended for a considerable distance. Provided one did not upwards, things would be alright, as some of the upper passages are very superficial, only a few feet below the churchyard.

One of the most remarkable caves in this area is Reed's Cave, this was discovered around 1938 by the founders of the present Devon Speleological Society.

The entrance to this cave is a huge archway 60ft. by 20ft. Behind this entrance is a overhanging ledge 8ft. above the ground forming the floor of an ascending tunnel which becomes progressively smaller as one advances along it, finally ending in an earth choke some 90ft. from daylight. A short distance from the end however there is a low passage not more than 18ins. high. This passage terminates after a few yards in a horizontal dip. The beginning of the passage has now been occluded by an iron door and padlock to prevent the cave being squandered by stalactite hunters. The key however can be obtained from Mr. Reed (after whom the cave was named) who has a grocery business in the village.



Passing through this tight slip one enters a small grotto which opens out into a large chamber roughly oval in shape. 120ft. long by 75ft. wide. This large chamber is known as the Easter Chamber. Wonderful stalactite formations are to be seen on every side. The roof at one side is hung with multi coloured stalactite curtains, the largest being 8ft. long by 2ft. Another side consists of pillars of large white stalactite, which greatly resembles an organ. The floor consists of myriads of reddish brown calcite needles.

An obvious main passage leads to a very decorative chamber 400ft. from the entrance. The outstanding feature of this chamber being a freak of crystallisation known as 'The Little Man'. It consists of a translucent stalactite pillar, about five inches in height, in the likeness of a man wearing a top hat, with outstretched arms.

One wall of the chamber contains numerous stalactite curtains which are translucent and give off a musical ring when struck.

From the roof of the Easter Chamber is a difficult chimney which allows access to numerous upper passages situated at various levels, the rock of which is very loose and near to the surface as tree roots hang from the roof. A lower system of passages extend in various directions in a complex labyrinth.

Should anyone be in this part of the country at any time, I certainly recommend a visit to these caves, not for the size of the systems or the large ladder pitches, but for the remarkable formations contained in them. In my opinion they will equal anything Yorkshire has to offer for variety of formations, especially the brilliant translucency of many of them.

F. PENDLEBURY.

## LYNGEN — 1953

by Dennis Wildridge.

The Lyngen Peninsula is situated almost on the 70th parallel of latitude (almost 250 miles north of the Arctic Circle) 40 miles east of Tromsø, in Norway. It is an isolated peninsula cut off from the mainland in the east by the great Lyngenfjord and on the west by Ullsfjord, being divided into two more or less equal areas by the Kjøsenfjord. Our party visited the southern area and concentrated on the mountains bounding the Andersdal River. This area was first visited in Victorian days by Elizabeth Main (Mrs. Aubrey le Blond) accompanied by two Swiss guides, the brothers Imboden. It was her book, "Climbing in the Land of the Midnight Sun", which inspired our visit and it was interesting to compare the conditions shown on her photographs with the existing conditions. For example, the glaciers shown on some of her photographs had receded considerably and in some cases they no longer exist. Much birch forest has grown over the bare glacial drift at the foot of the glaciers and the dwelling places of the inhabitants have increased in number and have undergone striking alterations in style.

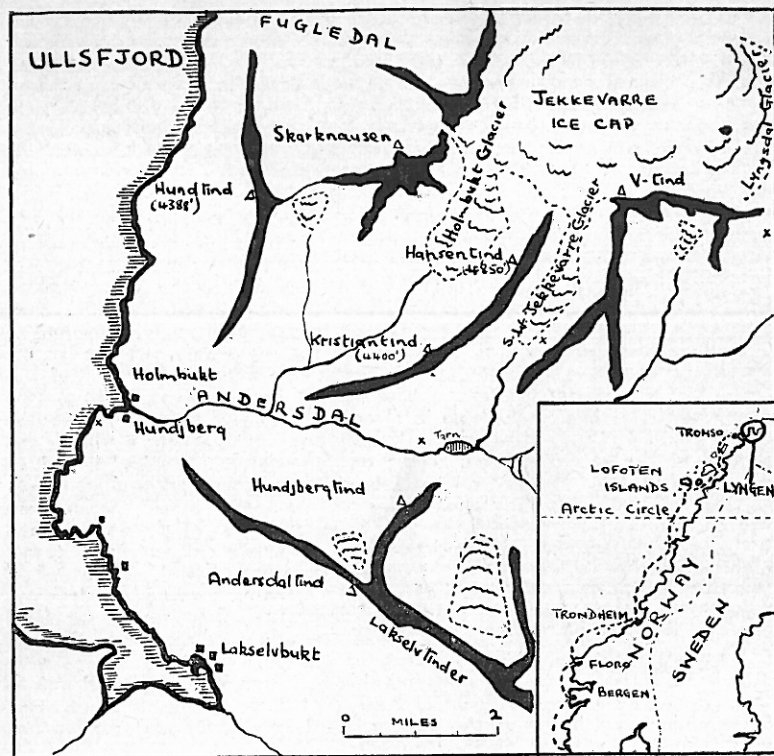
The party of six (plus half a ton of food and equipment) left Newcastle on the 20th July, arriving at Stavanger the next morning. We were allowed a couple of hours ashore then the ship (M.S. Leda) took us on to Bergen where a swift passage through the Customs was assured by our permit for the surveying instruments which was lodged with the British Consul in Tromsø. Our passages were booked on the ship that was to take us on our next stage (some 1000 miles north, to Tromsø) but large cabins were not available and the best the Purser could offer us

was a cabin for four. Imagine the state of this cabin during the course of the following week, six people living, cooking (strictly forbidden) and eating in the space of a good sized mountain tent. Sometimes we even had visitors for tea! Immediately above our cabin was the boat deck and I often wondered what the people leaning over the rails thought, when they saw a constant stream of bottles, tins, cardboard boxes and on one occasion a four pound chunk of rotten bacon issuing from the porthole to the strains of "John Peel" (and other songs!)

This boat trip is like an express train service, making some twenty calls on the way north. There is no need to worry about sea-sickness as the ship very rarely leaves the quiet waters of the fjords. The views are superb, range upon range of mountains disappear into the distance, with here and there a glimpse of a glacier or a mighty waterfall. At each port of call the length of stay varies, the longest being a full morning at Trondheim, the old capital of Norway. As we progressed north, the period of darkness dwindled until, when we arrived at the Lofoten Islands it was almost negligible. The scenery here is magnificent and we spent as little time as possible in sleep, in fact any time of the day or night would find us sitting in the "sharp end" of the ship planning out routes on the extensive rock ridges on the islands. We had hoped to climb the "Goat's Horns" on the Island of Svolvær but unfortunately the ship did not stop long enough for us to attempt it. At Tromsø, we boarded a small boat on which the only sober members of the crew seemed to be the skipper, the first engineer and the ship's cat (perhaps it was our imagination, but even the cat seemed to sway a little). We stood on the tiny upper deck and watched a truly amazing example of drunken seamanship. When all was ready for departure, the skipper signalled the ship to move off. The engines raced, the whole ship quivered, but we did not leave the quayside. The reason was obvious, the hawsers were still firmly attached to the ship and this fact was loudly pointed out to the skipper by amused onlookers much to the poor officer's annoyance. Once under way however, the crew sobered up slightly and the journey was completed without further mishap.

At six o'clock the following morning we entered the mouth of the Ullsfjord to be confronted with a most impressive panorama. It was our first sight of Lyngen and we eagerly crowded the upper deck trying to pick out the peaks from the scanty notes in our possession. The main massifs could be identified easily enough but it was too difficult to name with any certainty the isolated peaks. We were deeply impressed by the steepness of the mountains and the apparent soundness of the rock. Two hours later the boat hove to at a tiny jetty near the settlement of Lakselvbukt and the task of moving our equipment began. This was no mean task, the camp site was some four miles away but we set about the job in high spirits and thoroughly enjoyed the trek through the birch woods on the edge of the fjord. A small truck which we borrowed from an obliging storekeeper came in very useful but the strain proved too much for its springs and it expired in a clearing, fortunately close to the spot where we had decided to camp. Almost twelve hours after leaving the boat we completed our camp arrangements and settled down for the night amidst the constant drone of the Lyngen midge—the big brother of the Skye species. When we awoke next morning the mountains were hidden beneath swirling mists and before we had finished breakfast rain was drifting dismally over the birch woods. We had planned to explore the approaches to the Holmbukt Glacier, not an ambitious proposal, so we set off fully prepared for a wet day. After crossing the Andersdal River (on a rope, the river was flooded) we plodded for an hour or two up a steep moraine, cut across a steep slope of snow and negotiated some rather dangerous boulder strewn slopes which led to the foot of the glacier. The weather was now really foul and as the object of the trip had been achieved we set off back down the chaos of boulders. At this



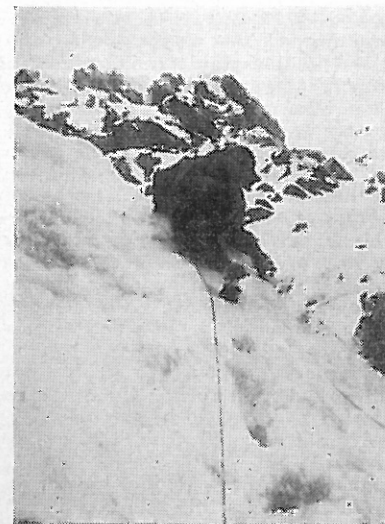


moment a great booming noise in the mist above us heralded the unwelcome arrival of a pile of huge boulders which crashed from a couloir and headed venomously in our direction. We fled and as a parting thrust a further shower of boulders hissed down the snow slope narrowly missing the leading members of the party. Altogether it was not a healthy place from which to admire the scenery.

Next day, the weather had improved considerably and the sun shone on the blue waters of the fjord inviting us to take a lazy day among the heather. However, three members of the party fought off the dreadful lethargy and decided to tackle a small unnamed peak to the north which had a fine sweep of slabs on its southern face. On reaching the foot of the rocks a very prominent rock in the shape of a dog's head could be seen on the skyline, we therefore named the mountain Hundtind. The slabs gave over two thousand feet of very enjoyable climbing and ended upon a very shattered ridge. At the north end of the ridge, very close to the summit were two conspicuous "Trolls" one of which gave us great difficulty, the final slab being of a very high V.S. standard. The final vertical section of the ridge was much easier and we reached the summit of the mountain at midnight feeling very pleased with ourselves. The descent from the summit to the fjord was very tiresome. Some four thousand feet of steep serec and rotten rock led to the water's edge and at eight o'clock the next morning we trudged wearily into camp and slept a rather uncomfortable sleep in the hot sunshine.

We had planned next to attempt the unclimbed ridge which lies be-

tween Kristiantind and the Hansentind. Two members of the party had previously ascended the former and had reported that the ridge looked most impressive but that it would certainly "go". The first attempt on the ridge failed, having reached the Kristiantind summit we were faced with the prospect of a thunderstorm so we descended the eastern face of the mountain to the South West Jekkevarre Glacier, on the terminal moraine of which we discovered a very nice camp site. We returned to the fjord and packed up sufficient food for several days. Next day, with the food and tents four members moved up to this very attractive position. Our first night at this site was somewhat disturbed by the grinding and crashing of huge blocks of ice which were falling on to the glacier from the ice cap above. I was, therefore, astir early and after making breakfast I went to the other tent to be greeted by a flood of invective which I can only translate here as, "Go back to your comfortable sleeping bag you silly man, it's only four o'clock". However, with a certain amount of persuasion the others were aroused and Robin and I set off to complete the unfinished part of the Hansentind ridge. We reached the point where we had abandoned the climb on the previous attempt only to find that the weather was again deteriorating. This time we meant business. Leaving as much kit as we could safely spare we set off along the ridge towards the summit. We had little thought what was in store for us, the ridge turned out to be almost a mile long, composed of firm rough gabbro. Pinnacle after pinnacle blocked our way, the climb becoming progressively harder. The situations were splendid, on the north side the wall fell away 1500 feet to the Holmbukt Glacier and on the south 2000 feet to the S.W. Jekkevarre Glacier. At last, we arrived at the foot of the first of Hansentind's twin summits, the rock was very steep and it appeared that the only practical route lay on the exposed north wall. A short steep groove led out on to the wall which was climbed on small holds to the top. A short descent and a scramble up a long easy slab brought us to the true summit of the mountain. Whilst building a cairn we discovered a small compass in perfect condition which we later found to have belonged to the only previous party who had reached the summit by way of a couloir from the Holmbukt Glacier. With an eye to the weather we cut short our well-earned rest on the summit and returned by the way we had come to the glacier camp.



From the camp we had seen a striking pinnacle which stood out from a fine looking mountain at the head of the glacier. Once more we had to acknowledge defeat on the first attempt a great overhanging wall being the stumbling block. The route was reconsidered and the mountain yielded at the second attempt. A very steep slab, over 400 feet high abutted against the overhanging wall, this wall was eventually climbed with great difficulty to a further series of slabs, very exposed but fortunately at an easier angle than the first ones. A very long chimney led to easier rocks until the way ahead was blocked by another fierce looking wall. Several attempts to climb this wall proved fruitless so it was turned by a very exposed traverse on to the west face, overlooking the camp site. An arête then led easily to



the summit which we had previously named V-Tind. There was a reason for this peculiar name, to the south of the summit was the pinnacle which had first attracted us to the mountain. It was possessed of twin summits, lying very close together so that from below it appeared to form a letter V. We felt that the mountain was insulting us, presenting the fingers of scorn as it were, therefore this pinnacle had to be ascended. From the ridge, we descended a short slab and attacked the pinnacle from the rear (as well befits such an insolent piece of gabbro) but it did not give in without a struggle and ninety feet of very severe rock had to be overcome before we eventually stood upon its summits and solemnly returned the compliment to the parent peak.

The following day we strolled back down to base (leaving a supply of provisions and the tents near a boulder in Andersdal) and spent a couple of days lounging around in the glorious sunshine. We had a shotgun in camp, but so far the only damage it had done was to blow the tail feathers from a few conceited magpies and to provide the meat for "Oyster Catcher Stew" (which, when well seasoned with herbs and onions, is delicious). We had seen wild fowl, but always when the gun was not available. The time had come for the gun to justify its existence, a stroll along the fjord revealed that a colony of duck existed in a small bay on the other side of the river. One such bird (a Goosander) was the base of a most excellent meal. It was plucked and stuffed with ceremony (and sage and onions) and fried in a large pan after being pressure cooked for twenty minutes. The menu that evening read as follows:—

Fillet of Cod Ullsfjord.  
Roast Norwegian Goosander.  
Roast potatoes, creamed potatoes and peas.  
Fresh bilberries and cream.  
Jappaties.  
Coffee, cheese, biscuits, etc.

What are Jappaties? Merely flour and water mixed to a dough, a pinch of salt, some grated cheese (or dessicated coconut) and a lot of pounding and bouncing. Small pieces of the finished material are put on hot stones in the fire to cook. They are not recommended to anyone suffering from bad digestion.

Towards the end of the holiday we decided that we must climb the imposing face of the north side of the Hundjbergstind (Bulldog Peak). Well over 3000 feet high, this face appeared to be very much harder than anything we had previously undertaken. We moved camp to the large boulder in Andersdal and spent the better part of a day in working out routes and practising piton work on a convenient boulder. At seven o'clock the following morning we set off up the steep scree slopes at the foot of this great wall which is rather like Idwal slabs on a large scale. Two thousand feet of slabs rise to the foot of a great thousand foot buttress which juts out aggressively in bleak, barelooking overhangs. After almost a thousand feet of fairly easy slab work we reached the foot of a subsidiary buttress which supported the base of the final cliffs. This buttress was climbed with a certain amount of difficulty and we found ourselves on a pinnacle beneath the great upper cliffs. In order to gain the foot of these buttresses we had to descend into a shattered gully, the lip of which plunged alarmingly towards the valley. We climbed out of the gully by a steep black wall and worked our way into the centre of the buttress to the foot of a groove which appeared to be the only definite weakness in the overhangs. After 60 or 70 feet, the groove became impossible so we traversed across its left wall to a slab. Imagine the Gangway on Gimmer, 3000 feet higher, with no holds just the roughness of the gabbro and you have some idea of what this slab was like. A

piton at the beginning safeguarded the delicate traverse to the left and a thin crack at the top of the slab was climbed with the aid of another. As the third man moved across the slab we could hear him muttering rudely under his breath as he removed the ironmongery. From the top of the slab a steep strenuous overhanging crack led to the foot of a huge chimney, which though very exposed was comparatively easy and we swung out over the final chockstone into the warm sunshine after almost 10 hours of excellent climbing on perfect rock. From the top of this chimney a very shattered ridge led without any further difficulty to the summit of the mountain where we rested and discussed the possibility of a bivouac. It was almost 11 o'clock and at this stage we could expect a couple of hours twilight which might seriously handicap us on the descent for we were by no means sure of a quick safe route to the valley. However, we decided to attempt the descent and we reached the foot of the cliffs after traversing the entire west face of the mountain. We had been away from camp for over 18 hours and sorely in need of a rest on the following day.

This was to be our last climb in Lyngen and two days later we boarded our hired fishing boat which was to take us back to Tromsø. We stood on the deck of the tiny craft watching the shore slowly receding, thinking with regret that a full year would pass before we could again return to this attractive land, for return we must if only to climb the peaks upon which we had failed on this visit. No true mountaineer could turn down the challenge of unclimbed, uncharted mountains in which he can enjoy such unique advantages as absence of crowds and all-night daylight. Anyone having a long summer holiday, £50 and a taste for something new and different will find a good use for all three on a trip to the Lyngen Peninsula.

## ARRAN IN JUNE

Arran welcomed us with torrential rain. It was two days after our arrival that we reluctantly ventured forth into Brodick—to have lunch and later to toil up a path through sickly smelling bushes to the moor above.

The world around us was fresh—and wet. The rain poured. Above four hundred feet the rain gave way to thick mist. The view of the sea and the smell of the sickly bushes both faded. We could see moorland rising before us, mist and more moorland, then low cloud.

At fifteen hundred feet we rested and then climbed the boulder strewn slope. The mist closed tighter in. We found a small gritstone slab, scaling this we found ourselves on the summit of "Goat Fell". We ate and rested—then scooped a pan of rainwater from a rock pool and boiled it on the primus to make tea.

People holidaying on Arran were surprised when the mists and clouds dispersed within a few minutes—and they most probably were highly delighted to bask in the warm afternoon sunshine.

Is it too fantastic to suppose that the heat from the primus made the clouds rise? I didn't think about it at the time—my Rollei was working overtime.

B.B.



## IN AND AROUND WHARFEDALE



“ . . . UP THE DALE THROUGH BUCKDEN ”

W.A.C.

The weather not being what we all expected this year made the decision of when to take a holiday more difficult as it was impossible to predict the weather from one day to the next. Being more fortunate than most, in more or less taking my holidays when I please, I agreed with my boss to take a few days when the weather looked like settling for a short spell. I decided on a walking tour of Wharfedale, an excellent region for this type of tour and a dale steeped in history and romance. The second week of September commenced with a cloudless sky, brilliant sunshine and the promise of four or five settled days. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for, and on Tuesday morning, with the sun still shining, I hurriedly packed my rucksack and hit the road, intending to hitch to Skipton. I got a lift to Preston and another direct to Skipton with a stop at Salmesbury for some famous home-made ice cream.

I arrived at Skipton at 1-0 p.m. on what appeared to be market day as there were sheep being driven through the square in all directions and quickly spying a welcome and familiar sign I popped in for one which helped down a couple of pork pies. The castle was my objective but unfortunately I was refused entry and told photographs were absolutely out of the question. Skipton Parish Church which adjoins the castle occupied my attentions. The church was built on a former Norman site in the 15th century but was without the impressive tower, this being added later. Inside the church are the Clifford Tombs, those of the 1st and 3rd Earls of Cumberland who are the notable family of the district and occupied the Castle for centuries. The fine oak screen erected in the 16th century is a piece of masterful carving which, along with the oak roof remain as examples of the intricate workmanship of the craftsmen of bygone years.

After taking some photographs of the church I wandered out and took the Bolton Bridge Road. I walked nearly to Draughton before I got a lift which took me to the Devonshire Arms, a well known hostelry of this region but a little out of touch with the average man's purse. Skipton is undoubtedly the southern gateway to Wharfedale but one does not feel the sense of having arrived in the dale, until Bolton Bridge is reached. The country for miles around here is owned by the Duke of Devonshire and one gets the impression immediately of a great estate as the countryside is a little cleaner and tidier. I was now at the southern extremity of the dale and no visit to Wharfedales would be complete without a look in at Bolton Abbey.

The Abbey commands attention by its situation, originally it was formed in 1120 at a house named Emsay Kirk behind Barden Church a mile or two up the Burnsall road and moved to its present site in 1151. This site is a magnificent one being on a broad flat section of land on the banks of the river Wharfe. One can imagine, walking along its banks, the abbot sat fishing under a big oak which grows near the edge of the bank. With the memory of the monks go that of the great families, the Cliffords and Nortons, who lived in this part and worshipped in the Abbey. Looking down on the abbey from the surrounding heights is like looking down on a Scottish river scene and one can hardly imagine oneself in the N.W. Riding of Yorkshire. The parishioners worshipped in the nave of the church and when the abbey was dissolved in 1539 they were allowed to keep this portion as the parish church which it remains to this day. Except for the Nave which is still used for worship the remainder of the Abbey is in ruins but remains a fine example of the workmanship of the builders of these fine abbeys of yesteryears.

I left Bolton Abbey and turning north took the Burnsall Road. I had walked about three miles when from over a hill Barden Towers came into view. I stopped at this ancient manor for tea and had a chat with Mrs. Lister whose ancestors have lived at Barden Towers for 400 years. Barden Towers was enlarged from a keeper's lodge in the 16th century by Henry Lord Clifford who made it his residence. Lady Ann Clifford the "rebuilder of the dale" after the reign of Henry VIII was also very fond of Barden Towers and spent much of her time here. I was shown an Halbard which, along with others, hangs in the dining room of the lodge and which was used by the Wharfedale Yeomanry when they marched to Flodden Field.

I left Barden and headed for Grassington and was fortunate in obtaining a lift thereto. Appletreewick was reached in due course, "Appletreewick"—you say it over and over again—it means "the village by the apple trees". Appletreewick has produced a Lord Mayor of London—Sir William Craven, who was sent as a poor boy to London in 1548 to be apprenticed to a city mercer, became Sheriff of London in 1600 and Lord Mayor in 1610. The chief industry of this quiet little village was the weaving of drapery for four poster beds. This gradually died out, and to-day the livelihood is mainly agricultural.

Thorpe and Burnsall were reached, two trim little villages built alongside the swift flowing Wharfe. The church and grammar school in the latter village are well worth a visit and in the churchyard is buried Billy Bolton, the last of the wandering minstrels of the dales, in 1881.

I entered Grassington at tea-time, the square, which is usually busy, was deserted, and a solitary dog wandered across and disappeared down a side alleyway. Grassington can be divided into two distinct portions, the ancient and the modern. There is a recent housing estate on the hill behind the older part of the town which was built round the market square in customary tradition in older times. Grassington owes much of its importance and growth to the lead mines which were opened up in



the district in the eighteenth century. It is an old world town set on a hillside with up and down houses and an air of tranquility about it. On market day it is a busy bustling place with sheep and cattle being driven down the street, and farmers' carts parked everywhere. I entered and left it on the quiet of a September evening with the last rays of the setting sun striking the tops of the taller houses, impervious to my hasty visit and unmoved by my twentieth century air and bustle.

I moved on to Conistone, past Kilnsey Crag, that bastion limestone outcrop of middle Wharfedale where Mastiles Lane leaves the valley for the open moor and over to Malham. I reached the junction of where Littondale joins Wharfedale "the meeting of the waters" of Wharfe and Skiffare. I arrived in Kettlewell as the lights of the village were being turned on and entered the Race Horses Hotel, being greeted with the smell of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. The Race Horses is a typical homely Yorkshire inn, clean and hospitable, and I fell asleep that evening wooed by the waters of dale beck flowing past my bedroom window. Park Rash and Coverdale were my objectives on the following bright and sunny morning, and after a good breakfast fare I moved off with a kind gentleman from the Hotel who offered me a lift over Park Rash, through Coverdale to Middleham. The story of this visit to Horse Houses, Coverham Abbey and Middleham Castle would fill an article on its own but suffice it to say that I arrived back at the Race Horses that evening tired out and ready for my evening meal. I spent the evening quietly writing notes for this article and planning the following day's route which was to take me up the dale through Buckden (photo), Starbottom to Hubberholme, with a stop here to visit Hubberholme Church, on up Langstrothdale to Yokenthwaite and Deepdale, over Horse Head Moor to Halton Gill, taking the Malham Moor Road past Malham Tarn down to Malham village and over the moors past Attermire Scar and down to Settle and the bus home.

I was up and off early this following day, but alas, the weather had broken during the night, it was a misty morning with drizzle. I got a lift from Starbottom to Hubberholme, with a halt to visit "the most ancient church of Hubberholme". There is a venerable look about the exterior as though hewn from the rocks around; it belonged to the earth on which it stands. Built by masons from local stone and roofed by lead from the mines at Buckden, it was built in the 13th century. The tower being late Norman, was probably added later, but the arches of the arcade are odd, those on the left hand side being Norman, and those on the right hand side being of much older appearance, probably late Saxon. The rood loft—the only other in Yorkshire being at Flamborough Head—was erected in 1500, and is the chief glory of this church. As I left a weak sun broke through the flying mist and I paused for a photograph of this fine ancient church, the original lead roof of which still remains, lead which was mined at Buckden lower down the dale.

I took the Langstrothdale road to Yokenthwaite and so finally left Wharfedale with a memory of the many picturesque villages which I had visited, the hospitable dales folk and the history and character of this truly fine dale of the North West Riding. At the summit of the road near Yokenthwaite I turned for a last look at the dale with Buckden Pike, Little and Great Whernside shrouded in mist and the air of quiet and contentment which had settled over it on this misty September morning.

At Yokenthwaite I took the Malham Tarn road, the drizzle had got worse and I was thankful for a lift to Malham and Settle where I arrived wet but happy in time to catch the bus home.

W.A.C.

## A LETTER FROM ONTARIO

We don't really know what business a letter from the flat wastes of Ontario is doing in the journal for a mountaineering club, but perhaps as our "five year plan" to see various parts of the world progresses, we shall be writing to you from places which provide more opportunity for first ascents—or descents.

Our first views of Canada from the boat were of several of the coastal mountains of Newfoundland shrouded in the fog, but it wasn't until we were in the mouth of the wide St. Lawrence, and during the day's journey up it to Quebec, that we got a close-up view of the country. Here the scenery was beautiful, as the Laurentian mountains swept down to the shore, and the mountain tops still glistened with snow and the remains of the ice in the river hacked against the sides of the boat.

Our first impressions on landing were: (1) The best way to get your belongings through the customs is to look sheepish and to declare that all but the most obviously ancient are wedding presents—at this the hearts of the customs melt. (2) That everywhere as far as the eye could see were rows of huge gleaming cars. (3) That the food was terrific. (4) That the Canadian's clothes are so LOUD. (5) That in the beer parlours there are drinking rooms for men, and ladies and escorts, and getting in the wrong one is awkward!

The 600 miles from Quebec, through Montreal to Toronto was through bush covered flat uninteresting country, much of it farming land. Everything had a new prefabricated look about it, the houses were mostly frame with no gardens, seemingly just put there the day before. Towns were growing before your eyes, with cut timber and scaffolding everywhere, but also many old (50 years!) buildings were just falling apart, and left in disrepair in the rush to build new.

Two days after settling in a spacious apartment, we hitch-hiked to Niagara Falls and were duly impressed by the width, splendour and noise of the millions of tons of water crashing over the Horseshoe and American Falls. The rapids above and below the falls, the whirlpool and the huge rainbow at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls were all marvellous to see.

We soon discovered that Ontario was no mountaineer's paradise, so after conquering the highest peak—1,000 feet—we took up canoeing. We made some good friends at the Canadian Y.H. group, where out of the 500 members 475 are British and European, so most week-ends found us in Muskoka, a region of forests and thousands of lakes 100-200 miles north of Toronto. We learnt to canoe the hard way—in and out of it—and our first close-up view of a water snake was not too pleasant! These trips were very nice in the hot sunshine, on the peaceful blue lakes, and at night round the camp fire listening to the call of the wild deer, moose, and odd bear we decided that our .22 rifle wouldn't be much use if the latter animal felt hungry.

In August we spent two weeks touring round New England, first of all going down to New York via Hudson-Mohawk gap, past the Catskill Mountains. After seeing the sights of town we hitched along the rocky coasts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island to Cape Cod, and then went over to Martha's Vineyard, a beautiful island off the coast which is a great centre for yachting. After basking in the sun on golden beaches, then spending two nights and a day in the tent in a thunderstorm, we set off north to New Hampshire and the White Mountains. We had intended to climb one or two peaks round here but the weather and time only permitted us to get half way up Mount Lafayette.



The Appalachian Mountain Trail which altogether is 1,000 miles long runs across this area, and the Appalachian Mountain Club maintains huts along this route which we were anxious to visit.

In the White Mountains there are various notches or passes and in one, the Franconia Notch, the weather has cut out of the rocks at the tops of two mountains, the likenesses of two heads, called the Indian Head and the Old Man of the Mountains.

From New Hampshire we went N.W. into Vermont, which is the most beautiful state, with green rolling hills and old covered bridges not unlike Austrian ones. From one vantage point all around us was a sweeping panorama consisting of the Presidential Range, the Green Mountains and the Adirondaks with Lake Champlain far to the west. After crossing the lake we visited the Ausable Chasm in the Adirondaks. It is a huge gorge 3 miles long, not more than 30 feet wide at the widest point, where the water rushes along the bedding plain of rock, and the sides are high and steep. At one point there are rapids which we "shot" in a boat.

Passing through the mountains the land gradually became flatter as we moved N.W. back to Canada, and was liberally dotted with lovely lakes; and so our holiday was ended.

Next spring we are going to drive 2,500 miles across Canada to Vancouver, visiting as many places of interest as possible on the way. Once in British Columbia we hope to resume our walking and climbing and we shall certainly have plenty of scope out there.

ANGELA & RON FREESTON.

### AN EVENTFUL NEW YEAR'S EVE

This tale to tell, I beg your leave,  
It happened on one New Year's Eve,  
A member went to fair Grasmere,  
To dance and drink-in the New Year.  
As time went on it was quite clear,  
No F.M.C. men had come here,  
Poor member he had been let down,  
And viewed the matter with a frown,  
The dance he left most discontented,  
His wrath by no means had relented.  
He took the path up Loughrigg Hill,  
Along the tops to Dungeon Ghyll,  
Near Stickle Tarn he heard some bells,  
Echoing among the fells,  
The reason was therefore very clear,  
They were ringing for New Year.  
Poor lonely member what a plight,  
To be up here on such a night,  
While down below there in the valley,  
All his pals were making merry.  
He thought of those down at Wall End,  
Who by this time were round the bend,  
He'd had no bevy since last year,  
When he set out from fair Grasmere.  
On Mill Ghyll track he stopped a while,  
Across his face appeared a smile,  
From Wall End huts both loud and clear,  
Songs and laughter he could hear,  
At O.D.G. his old abode,  
He stopped to have one for the road.

The blessed huts were reached at last,  
The Tilley Lamp its shadow cast,  
A friendly welcome from within,  
But blimey, what a raucous din.

The door he slowly opened wide,  
And with a grunt he stepped inside,  
The laughter stopped when he appeared,  
A.B. just stood aghast and leared.

Each member stood there with a frown,  
They knew they'd let poor A.B. down,  
Excuses each one in turn were offered,  
But quickly flouted as they were proffered.

Here, have a drink, a member cried,  
Staggering around quite stupified,  
A.B. soon downed the blinkin' lot,  
His plight tonight he soon forgot,  
His face took on a beaming smile,  
And songs he echoed in great style.

This is not all I have to tell,  
For this New Year did not end well,  
Poor A.B.'s luck was out tonight,  
Soon he was in another plight.

The sanitation at Wall End  
Has hardly got a modern trend,  
In fact it is most mediaeval,  
The aroma being quite primaeval,  
Dangerous too, as I shall prove,  
For careless members on the move.

Each week old Izac does his round,  
A pit he digs deep in the ground,  
When full he leaves it there to stand,  
Later to scatter on the land.

By three o'clock on New Year's morn,  
Most members between two things were torn,  
Either to carry on the celebration,  
Or go to bed in meditation.

A.B. to the contrary, however,  
Was still quite full of high endeavour,  
We all sat round the stove to talk,  
But A.B. decided to go for a walk.

The events which were then to follow,  
The truth we heard of on the morrow,  
Quite soon after A.B. went out,  
The party heard a muffled shout.

At length we heard disgruntled tones,  
And then the sound of falling stones,  
Quickly poor A.B. returned,  
The reason therefore we all learned.

While vaulting o'er the cobbled wall,  
In Izaak's pit A.B. did fall,  
Attributable solely to the dark,  
When the nimblest can miss his mark.

"What shall I do?" poor A.B. cried,  
And ran down to the river side,  
In all his clothes he waded in,  
Amid loud laughs from those within.



A suitable place he quickly found,  
And in the water he splashed around,  
He soon washed off Izaak's manure,  
A torch he shone to make quite sure.

A.B. took off his smelly clothes,  
And went to bed in sombre repose,  
To dream of things he should have done,  
Of food and beer and lots of fun.

There is a tale of Sonja Snell,  
To whom a like misfortune fell,  
So remember when you're out at night,  
Never venture out without a light,  
And never vault an unknown wall,  
Or into Izaak's pit you'll fall,  
And land yourself in a sorry plight,  
Like our member did on New Year's night.

W.A.C.

## A PRODIGIOUS FIND

The remainder of us were sitting by the roadside at the time, removing the last remnants of Batty Pot from our boots, when a hoarse shout broke the silence, echoing through the cold air. Seconds later, the crunch of frosted grass under labouring feet heralded the arrival of an unkempt figure, which, having gone as much through the wall as over it, landed in a heap on the verge . . . it was Wildridge.

His general demeanour was that of a second Fleming or Curie; and not without justification for, having reduced him to a state of coherency, it was at once apparent that here was a discovery of great moment. It was, in fact, a new cave!

We were soon stood surveying this eighth wonder from the edge of a skakehole not unlike a teacup save that it had a hole in the bottom. We descended the steep snow rather circumspectly and peered down into the Stygian gloom. Though we could see nothing, the steady roar of an underground torrent was ample recompense and we resolved to return at the earliest opportunity.

The following week-end, again towards the end of the day, saw us descending the tiny hole and alighting in an earthy passage which soon came out in the side wall of a much larger stream passage . . . but where was the stream?

The torrent of last week had subsided to a mere trickle and without further ado we made progress downstream in a steeply descending, jagged tunnel with a floor of loose boulders. I was markedly impressed by the looseness . . . the mark being square and the impression centrally placed in my back. I say placed, for a backward glance and a benign smile which creased Wildridge's face revealed the boulder's origin.

I lifted my body and allowed the boulder to continue unhampered—it was soon plainly obvious that Macbeath was also impressed with the looseness. We slithered on into a dome-shaped chamber where we halted. The passage split into three, as did the party. My own choice was an opening I fancied I could see in the roof above me. I began to ascend immediately and eventually reached it, not without a measure of anxiety and effort, only to meet disillusionment, for it ended within a few feet in a beautiful little grotto.

I descended slowly, feet groping for anything resembling a hold. I reached an impasse. I swung my feet to no avail. As hope was fast fading my foot struck something . . . it was Wildridge's head.

I dropped down to meet the full force of the paroxysm of rage which shook him and which no amount of profuse apology and explanations seemed able to mollify and only the arrival of Macbeath saved me further chastisement. We compared results and found that all passages had been pursued to their utmost. We returned up the rocky conduit to the entrance and continued upstream . . . but not far. We turned a corner and halted.

The roof lowered and we stooped to gaze owlishly down the narrow twisting tube that faced us. Having already descended Jingling Pot that day, all enthusiasm for more hard work ebbed rapidly at the sight of this "bete noir" and only Wildridge could regain sufficient to enter.

We gazed in profound admiration at his slowly disappearing body. How could such a frame bend in so many places at once? We watched a pair of highly clinkered boots go slowly out of sight round a bend and then listened eagerly to the miscellaneous sounds that marked further progress . . . a grating shuffle, a muffled grunt, a tearing of cloth and, finally, a string of monosyllables. He had reached some difficulty. Much shouting. Reluctantly, I entered the close embrace of the tube. More shouting elicited the fact that he had met a sharp protuberance from the floor directly in front.

The hazards involved in surpassing such an obstacle when facing downwards will become as obvious to the reader on reflection as they do to the surpasser on surpassing. He continued but, as we feared, his efforts to pass unmolested met with less success than they deserved. and, expected though some comment was, the torrent of profanity that echoed down the tortuous pipe attained such variety and volume that we unanimously acclaimed it as his best-ever effort.

For myself, now that I was in it, I decided to investigate a side branch but succeeded only in wedging my shoulders. I peered into a pool below me and envied the freedom of a shrimp gyrating wildly in the offending glare of my lamp, stopping now and then to gaze balefully at me. I began to return . . . and so did Wildridge. We heard him forcibly remove the offending nodule before passing and, moments later, he reappeared travelling backwards. There was hope he said of breaking an obstructing dam and continuing . . . but not to-day. We applauded him and returned to the entrance.

Standing outside once more, I watched Wildridge's head appear in the hole, and he began to draw himself out. After his heroic efforts in the tube, he deserved all the comforts life has to offer . . . but it was not to be. I watched with mingled fascination and horror, as, unbeknown to him, a razor-sharp edge of rock caught in the waistband of his trousers and, as he drew himself further and further out, neatly severed the trouser leg from top to bottom—a tragedy which became all too obvious when he stood up. It fell in two halves.

I broke down and, shrieking hysterically, fled down the fellside pursued by an angry, roaring figure clutching the tattered remnants of his trousers round a fast-freezing, naked leg.

A. E. CANNELL.



## EASTER GLENCOE MEET

At 4-0 a.m. on Good Friday two cars of the F.M.C. arrived at the 46th milestone in Glencoe after a ten hours' journey from Blackpool. The pilots were Tony McIddon and Bruce Millar, while the navigators were Flash Gordon and Eric McLomas. A. MacBeath and guest star Frank Wearden accompanied the party as "tourists".

Four tents were erected on the high ground to the north of the Clachaig Inn fork and very soon the parties were in their 'flea pits'. Later in the day wine was taken at the Clachaig Inn after which we strolled along the old road to Carnoch and returned to base along the new road. It was decided that the whole party would traverse the Aonach Eagach ridge on Easter Saturday.

This ridge forms the north walk of Glencoe and extends approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Stob Coire Leith (3,080 feet) on the west end to Am Bodach (3,085 feet) at the east end. Meall Dearg (3,118 feet) in the middle is the only Munro.

The traverse was made from east to west, leaving the road at the Meeting of the Waters. The best part of the ridge is between Stob Coire Leith and Meall Dearg where there are two short pinnacles and some crags. No equipment was used as the guide book informed us that a rope is required only in hard and icy conditions when step cutting is necessary.

Passing the top of Clachaig Gully on the south flank of Sgor Nam Fiannaigh an entrance to and descent was made of West Gully. This is graded V.D. and was first ascended in 1946.

There is only one buttress of any importance on the ridge, i.e. The Chancellor on the S.W. flank of Am Bodach. There are a variety of routes, some of which are both loose and vegetative.

The weather conditions could hardly have been better and the climb was punctuated by many halts. To the south the summit peaks of Bidean had a good plastering of snow, while to the north the broad flank of Nevis reminded me of past endeavours.

There are no more technical difficulties on this ridge in dry weather than on Striding Edge or Crib Goch, nor does there appear to be as much exposure as on Llvedd. So that any member visiting Glencoe could safely tackle the ridge as described. If one considers the descent the easy ground to the west of Sgor Nam Fiannaigh to the old Glencoe Road. Map: O.S. of Scotland, Sheet 54.

A. MacBEATH.

## FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB LIBRARY

### LIST OF BOOKS

Book No.	Title and Author
1—	F.R.C.C. Guide Pillar and Neighbourhood.
2—	Do. Great Gable.
3—	Do. Dow Crag and Gt. Langdale.
4—	Do. Buttermere and Newlands.
5—	C.C. Guide Glyder Fach.
6—	Do. Tryfan.
7—	S.M.C Guide The Cairngorms.
8—	Do. Glencoe.
9—	Climbing in Britain, J. E. Q. Barford.

- 10—Rock Climbing and Mountaineering, C. Brunning.
- 11—Mountaineering, Peacocke.
- 12 to 22—11 Volumes of Swiss Alpine Club Journal.
- 23—Famous Caves and Grottoes, W. H. Davenport Adams.
- 24—Mountain Holiday, Frank Smythe.

Further contributions to the library will be gratefully accepted. The charge for the loan of a book is 2d. per week per volume from the Librarian, W. Comstive, 38, Dean Street, Blackpool, S.S.

## SOME NOTES ON ELLEL CRAG, GARSTANG

The results of an investigation of this crag may be of some interest to members with an odd day to spare. The crag lies some 4 miles north east of Garstang and can be reached by taking a bus to Bay Horse and walking past the station and along the road to Five Lane Ends. Continue past and across this junction taking either of the two roads directly opposite, a few minutes' walk will bring into sight a large hill on the left (or right). The outcrop lies sunken into this and is not visible from the road.

The rocks are roughly horseshoe shaped and the east side of this cirque is being quarried. The west side is the climbing face. It is divided into 4 faces, A, B, C, D, left to right, and varies from 12ft. to 30ft. in height. In extent it must approach 200ft. In general the Rock Faces finish directly on steep heather, thus making the finishes somewhat precarious. If the limitations of such a small outcrop are appreciated beforehand, the climbs can be quite interesting. The standards given overleaf are tentative and refer to technical difficulty only, as the climbs are essentially one pitch and are not exposed. The climbs are offered as a token only, as many others could be made; neither are they claimed as first ascents, as at least one other club member has visited the outcrop, though several probably are.

## AERIAL VIEW OF ELLEL CRAG, NEAR GARSTANG

### FACE A.

Formed by two distinct bays. Rock about 15ft. high and rather shattered. The slab forming the left bay gives:

**Left Hand Route:** Up the left ledge of slab to the overhang where a hold in the little recess on the left leads to the top with difficulty. (V.D.)

**Right Hand Route:** Straight up the right slab side (M).

**Kerbstone:** In the right bay. The chief difficulty lies in getting off the ground onto the Kerb. (V.D.)

### FACE B.

Has a little annexe of about 12ft and then deepens to 20ft to 25ft. before merging with Face C. The annexe gives:

**Annexe Slab:** Start in the middle and trend left to finish on small holds. (D.)

**Flake Route:** V.D. The face above the flake is climbed direct.

**The Gutter:** Gain the obvious ledge at its left end and continue up the shallow, twisted gutter above. The middle moves are rather difficult. (V.D.)

**The Eaves:** The very trying bulge on the left of the gutter. The top is reached with relief. (S.-V.S.)



**The Median:** Start up Annexe Slab and traverse horizontally round the edge, under the overhangs, across the gutter and as far as Solitaire. (V.D.).

#### FACE C.

**Scars Climb:** On the right hand edge of the face step up onto the wall and ascend to a large yellow scar when two difficult moves lead to the right, where the wall is ascended direct. Rock needs care, 30ft. to 35ft. (V.D.)

#### FACE D.

The main face does not seem pregnable save at one point, an obvious corner above the shake hole, this gives:—

**Saints Wall:** About 30ft. to 35ft. The corner is climbed with considerable difficulty until a ledge can be gained in the groove on the left. The groove is then climbed direct, to a good ledge or the wall on the right leads to the same place. Neither is easy. The wall above is then climbed direct to a steep heather landing. Vertical throughout. (Severe in Boots).

There are many more climbs in this quarry, and they are listed for reference, in the old log book, which may be obtained from W. A. Comstive.  
G. F. R. STANLEY.

### POT-HOLES

A group of enthusiastic pot-holers in the club have got round to doing some exploration work. This has resulted in the following two finds:—

#### **Sulber Pot (Allotment Area).**

"... water can be heard under crack opposite ladder pitch. Large hammer required to open it."

The above extract occasioned a visit by a small party in June, 1953.

The crack mentioned above was negotiated with difficulty, but without recourse to hammer, and the stream bed entered.

The stream which enters on the right curves gradually left in a wide bedding plane which was followed to where water sinks in pebbly pool.

June, 1953 A.C. and A.M.

#### **Kingsdale Cave.**

An apparently new cave near Batty Pot. Entrance 5ft. drop into earthy passage leads to T-junction with stream passage. Left leads to two narrow passages still to be negotiated. One was pushed as far as a shallow canal and was extremely tight. Forking left from this passage is another narrow passage which requires the removal of a flake to effect an entrance.

To the right of entrance passage is a stream passage (small grotto seen). Downstream rather twisting and low until passage is blocked by a block of limestone. Upstream to where stream enters through a fissure which is too narrow to enter.