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JUNE 1966



EQUIPMENT REVIEW

Hardly a month goes by these days without some new gadget appearing to entice the climbers hand out of his pocket like a carrot to a donkey. Most are useful. Some represent a real step forward in safety. Some, I'm afraid I can only place in the same category as a combined paper knife and egg-timer in a plastic case from Blackpool. Here are some of the things I've seen recently or which are about to appear.

Several kinds of harness have been tried over the past year or two. One of the latest is the "Troll" harness at £2. 13. 6d. This is simply a wide leather belt with nylon tape and karabiner fastening and loops for threading the rope through. The idea is to stop the rope or wait length cutting into the midrif in the event of a fall and causing internal injuries.

A crash helmet at 59/6d seems to be the best to have been made so far. A large D - straped Karabiner my Hiatt is available now which is subject to the same rigorous test as the other models. This costs about 17/6d.

The once much sought after Scott Karabiner will soon be available with a modified gate to anybody who will pay about 22/6d to own one. They are, of course, alloy but are not much good for pegging because of the extremely thick back.

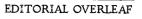
Frank Davies will soon have a range of sizes of the original P. A's which have been difficult to get for some time. These have the narrow toe. At £5. 10. Od they are approximately one pound dearer than "Masters" at the moment but for the masochistic tiger who "swears by them" (as well as 'at them') they will be there.

If you want a pair of webbing entriers but haven't the time or facilities to make up your own, Frank Davies has some. The $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide type are 22/9d which seems reasonable. The stitching, it is claimed, is the same strength as the webbing. These and the "Troll Harness" are presumably a result of the Trolltind expedition.

In the book line there is Alan Blackshaw's "Mountaineering" at 18/- in a Penguin paper back. I have also seen a paper back edition of W.H. Murray's famous "Mountaineering in Scotland".

The latest (April) edition of the Climbers Club Bulletin contains the latest crop of important new routes. Book 7 "The Western Fells" of Wainright's Lake District Guides completes this excellent seven for the walker and scrambler.

"The Ceunant Mountaineering Club Journal"



Probably the only times many Club Members and prospective Members realise that we do have a committee are the Annual General Meeting and the Wednesday evenings when early comers are asked to wait downstairs for a while.

A few members have expressed some concern at the general lack of publicity of committee proceedings. Whilst it is not thought desirable to pin up the minutes of each committee meeting afterwards, it would surely be a good thing to "keep everybody in the picture" as far as most of the "goings on" are concerned.

A considerable time has been spent in recent meetings discussing aspects of the renovation of Tyn Lon, although there is a Hut Sub Committee to deal with the necessary details. Many members will already be aware of several changes which have been made, chiefly the increase in size of the living room and main bedroom by the removal of a wall - an operation which had, for a long time been considered with forbodings. This has been done to the approval and satisfaction of all. To make this room more comfortable the committee decided to seal off - probably temporarily - the door leading into it from the front, so that access is now through the left-hand front door or the back door. A lot of discussion has been had about renewing bedding. There was no disagreement that this is necessary on a large scale but much heated discussion on methods. It has been decided, however, to retain the best of the bunks, to replace many of the mattresses and to construct a matrezzenlager in the small back room. A fire-place will be fixed in a rediscovered chimney opposite the old fire-place. The latter will be retained until we are sure of the efficiency of the new one. An electric water heater has been fitted in the kitchen, thanks to Daye Balchin and his friends and it is most important that this be used with care and not left on. There is still a good deal to be done and list of some of the things required appears later.

Recently the committee has received a lot of applications for membership of the Club. These have mainly been first applications and, at the moment the Club has a large proportion of Prospective Members. It is hoped that most of these will see fit to apply for full membership soon. The position regarding this may not be clear to all. On becoming a Prospective Member you are asked for a fee of ten shillings. This is the "joining fee". On becoming a Full Member your annual subscription becomes due £1. 1. 0. Usually the period between the first and second applications is about six months but this is not a definite period. During this period Prospective Members are expected to attend several weekend meets and generally make themselves known to the Club.

Regretfully I must include in this editorial, that Arthur Becker has resigned from Chairmanship of the Club having found it rather too much combined with his other commitments. There is no doubt that he was a good Chairman, particularly at committee meetings and his resignation is unfortunate. Mike Kirby has stepped into the breach once more. Bill Yale is now Vice Chairman and Brian (Leo) Davis a committee member.

Having spent so much time on Club affairs, I can say nothing about the fantastic activity of late in the mountaineering world in general. Perhaps this is not unfortunate.

14th - 16th January

Cwm Eigau - Ogwen Meet by D.J. Stokes

Due to poor weather conditions prior to this weekend, the road leading from Trefrin to Cwm Eigau, resembled a rather 'hairy' 606 - sleigh run, its' frozen surface making any form of mechanical transport ludicrous. Fortunately the possibility of such an occurrence was foreseen, and an alternative venue had been arranged. Orwen providing the majority verdict.

Several of our more resistant members arriving Friday night, kept the occupants of "Williamses" awake with their curses, emitted in anguish, whilst trying to hammer tent pegs into the frozen earth. Eventually equanimity was restored, and we settled to a very cold night. Most were prepared for this, but one stalwart was said to have survived without lillo, and with only one sleeping bag, such fortitude has to be commended.

Saturday dawned cold but dry, following a further light fall of snow. With characteristic enthusiasm, the nameless few eventually persuaded the other more seasoned veterans of the party to emerge from warmth which only two sleeping bags and several blankets can provide. By noon all who could manipulate their frozen limbs whole, dispersed over the surrounding mountains in various stages of exhaustion. The Glydors and Y-Garn were good for a walk. A gully on the east face of Try Fan provided entertainment for two members, and two people disappeared over the Carnedds to Cwm Eigau, informing us on their return, that the Cwm was empty of all human occupation; none were particularly surprised.

Sunday was wet and miserable, a thick blanket of mist blotting the surrounding peaks from view. Most at the inspiration of R. Lavill strolled up to Cwm LLoer, which was below the cloud level and provided a most satisfying and enjoyable walk. Others drifted around the flesh pots of Bethesda and Bangor.

My apologies to Jack Howell after his unsuccessful attempt at locating the meet, and apparently also Cwm Eigau.

4. Borrowdale Meet - 13th - 16th February

Eighteen members (50% prospective) and three guests congregated at the camp site at Hollows Farm, Grange-in-Borrowdale, during the weekend February 11 - 13th, 1966, having enjoyed peaceful driving conditions on the M6 on Friday night. Mr Jenkinson had only three or four visitors besides us and he welcomed us as old friends. Snow in the Lake District was mainly confined to the upper slopes and was only deep where it had drifted. It wasn't very warm during Friday night.

We all (save one whose boots gave trouble) bestrode Saddleback on Saturday, not without difficulty on Sharp Edge, where a rope was used; but without any view until we had begun the descent above Threlkeld.

We divided into smaller groups on Sunday, one heading for Great Gable, one for Shepherds Crag and one for Helvellyn (by road to Dunmail Raise and then via Dollywaggon Pike). It was an enjoyable day with some sunshine in the afternoon.

One driver had to return as a passenger, his car having impinged upon another and bent itself.

As things turned out the last few weeks of my three months holiday were to be spent in Norway, a country I had not contemplated visiting until one day when I was idling time away by Lac Bleu on the Plan des Aiguilles, above Chamonix. Norway seemed a far cry from the Alps but I thought that if I went there I might get away from the materialism of Chamonix and its associated hub bub and ching - ching as the money flowed in its one way course, and the noxious pavement vendors of sticky sweets and trashy trinkets. I was never really enamoured with the campsite slum colony behind the station and the pervading odour from the surrounding woods, the climbing population at large who seemed happy to have brought over the competitive spirit and the "cragsman's" outlook from the Llanberis Pass to Chamonix. Much as I was taken in by the magnificent mountains and lesser rock towers, spires and spikes I was ready to move on to less tainted lands.

In one week I travelled from Chamonix to Oslo where I arrived rather weary after the constant travel and there I rested for a couple of days. My rough plan had been to go to the Jotunheimen Mountains for a while then hitch-hike back to Ostende in Belgium to take the boat back home. But when I was in Oslo I made some enquiries and did some reckoning up and found that if I lived on next to nothing for two weeks I could afford to take the boat from Bergen to Newcastle. Having decided this I left Oslo with a large packet of porridge, which was to be my stable diet for two weeks, and many hopes for an enjoyable if rather Spartan two weeks. During that day I travelled about 120 miles by seven in the evening through what must be quite flat terrain for Norway on the main highway north. I liked the look of the country with its neatly laid out towns and villages constructed mainly in timber and brightened in places with gaily painted houses.

As it was evening I was enjoying walking along the quiet road, casually raising my thumb to the occasional car, and then I wandered a little off the road to fill my bottle from a nearby waterfall. Being a pleasant spot I left my pack on the ground and idly waited for my next conveyance. Then suddenly a hurrying car stopped and the driver jumped out with his hand outstretched and a friendly smile on his face, surprised I took it and surprised again I listened to him introduce himself as the President of the Norwegian Alpine

6. Club. Fortunately he spoke very good English and I enjoyed a most pleasurable journey relating my travels to him whilst he kept me constantly supplied with cakes and chocolate. As it turned out he was on his way to join some friends for a few days climbing in the Trollheimen, which were about two hundred miles north, and he then asked me if I would like to join him. I accepted as best I could without appearing too eager, and settled down to a few hours excellent conversation about Norway, its mountains, mountaining in general and England.

The landscape became more interesting as we wound our way up a valley between the hills and then eventually across a vast open moor, reminiscent of Rannock Moor, though this was really quite different, being vegetated at first with short stubby bushes giving way later to heather and moss. This I was informed was deer country where apparently they abound in the thousands, though we did not see any signs of life. We stopped at one point whilst he (Arne Hoem) took a photograph of a peak named Snöhetta with the sun setting behind it, quite a beautiful sight. He then entertained me with a story of a winter ascent of that mountain on ski's, quite a tour de force apparently.

Eventually we pointed our nose westwards towards the sea where it was still very light and gradually wound our way downwards from this upland area, alongside one of those famously steep sided fiords which unfortunately I was not able to see into properly and then we dropped down into another valley alongside and it was dark. Apparently we were a little ahead of schedule for a rendezvous so Arne decided to pay a visit to some friends of his who owned a farm cum hotel with a stretch of lucrative salmon fishing water. Here I was introduced to Norwegian hospitality and food. I was asked if I was hungry and politely mumbled something to the . affirmative, I was then shown into a room containing a large table set for about eight people, and which had every available square inch covered with a magnificent assortment of cold foods. I seated myself a little perplexed, not knowing whether to start or even how or where to begin my attack, so I sat back and studied the opposition, and gauged the size of my stomach until a smiling girl appeared with a pot of tea and encouraged me to begin. Having spent the previous two months living largely off bread and jam this spread was quite a challenge and I can assure you I did not cease eating until my stomach was so tightly stretched that I could hardly move.

Soon it was time to be moving again and we left our kind host whom I had to re-assure that I had eaten enough! and we sped along in the dark beside the fiord with steep mountain slope rising impressive and black to a beautiful starlit sky. We turned a headland into another valley and sped along a narrow rough road inland again, arriving in about five miles at a farm where there was a Land Rover awaiting to convey us the last few miles to our beds. The Land Rover was driven by Olaf Innerdalen, one of Norway's best known mountaineering guides and a close friend of Arne's. He made a superb job of driving the Land Rover over the roughest track I have ever been driven along, huge boulders everywhere necessitating much low gear crawling and careful manoeuvring. Most of this journey I spent gazing out of the window at the mountain skyline excited at the prospects for the next few days. After much bouncing around we arrived at some buildings standing by a lake and this was our destination - a mountain farm cum hut. I was shown to a small room which was to be for my sole use and I lay there for quite some time revelling in my luck until eventually I fell asleep.

Next morning I woke early to a perfect day without a cloud in the sky and I wandered outside to have a look around. The day-light showed to me what the starlight had only hinted at - I was standing in a really most beautiful valley - ringed with superb little mountains spotted with snowfields, and below luxuriant wood-land stretched down to a placid lake which was standing still, proudly reflecting a perfect image of the scene above. As I was washing in the lake Arne came out to me and explained that I was to be his guest and take all my meals with the rest of the people at the farm.

My first Norwegian breakfast was almost a repeat of the supper I had enjoyed the night before, except that now I was not alone, although the combined clammerings of twenty stomachs could not keep back the ceaseless supply of food, as regards drink our coffee cups were replenished each instant they were emptied by a hovering young girl who held in her other hand a large jug of milk which one was expected to drink between gulps of food and swallow of coffee. The meal was finished by everyone taking food enough for the day and wrapping it up in paper provided, rather an ingenious way of solving the problem of what to eat during the day.

Arne had already arranged a climb for the day, it was to be a route on the Dalatarnat - a party of four the other two being Olaf Innerdale and Mrs Buchanan (a Scottish lady who was on holiday in the area). The day was begun in style by our being rowed across the lake and then a pleasant walk up through the wood to a high valley - and then from there up steeply to the bottom of the ridge which was to be our climb. We were to meet Olaf and Mrs.Buchanan at the bottom of the climb as they had to come by another way. They were late so we rested and Arne fell asleep in the hot sun - so I explored the mountain and enjoyed some pleasant climbing until I was halted by Arne calling me being disturbed when he woke up and found that I had strayed. I reassured him that I was quite all right and descended to him again to wait for our companions.

Eventually they arrived and we followed them up the ridge, a very pleasant climb which would not have been out of place on the East Face of Tryfan or more suitably in some remote part of Scotland. The rock was granite and lichenous just like home, though the view behind us of a mountain capped by a snowfield would have been a little out of place in Scotland. The actual climbing section was about 700 feet in length with pitches up to H V. Diff and then after this we climbed Alpinefashion with coils up the remaining broken ridge - mainly scrambling interspersed with short rock pitches. On the summit we relaxed and enjoyed the sun and the splendid view and met two Norwegian lads who had come up by a different route - they were friendly lads and I was immediately taken with them. The descent was down an easy path and then back down the way we had arrived, down through the wood to the lake. Here Olaf's Son broke off from milking the cows to row us back across the lake a most relaxing boat ride across the lake (10:30 pm and it was still light). Back at the farm another superb meal was laid on for us by Olaf's Wife - beginning with something indescribably delicious to which I can only give the name "Norwegian Porridge" (sour goats cream, oats and a sweet sauce) followed by ham and potatoes and finished with fruit all washed down with a glass of brandy. slept soundly that night.

The following day Arne had to pay a social call on some friends so it was arranged that I would climb with the two Norwegian lads (Juhs and Arilde) who we had met on the previous day. Juhs and Arilde both spoke very good English and I found them excellent company, they had only been climbing for about a year and were very

enthusiastic, and very fit after many years of ski-touring. The day began mistily and we delayed our start hoping it would lift but the clouds were reluctant to move so we started out round the lake (no boat) and up through the wood again and appeared out into the sunshine. The route for the day was named S.E. Corner of Skarfiell (shades of the Lake District) - a most impressive route up a very steep ridge on the corner of two excellent faces. It took us about two and a half hours to reach the bottom of the climb, very pleasant walking up a wide valley with superb views of the surrounding mountains. The climb was a little harder, longer and more sustained than the previous day and more interesting because we had no one to show us the way, although it was none too difficult for me to find the route because the guide book to the Norwegian mountains is written in English! The lads climbed well and we enjoyed a splendid climb of about 1000 feet or more and relaxed in the sun on the summit.

Contrary to Alpine climbing many climbs in Norway begin from a green valley and end on a glacier at the top. This was the case for us on that day and we had to cross half a mile of glacier before we could descend. This was interesting because we were enveloped in mist again and had to guess our way until we found the main trail down. Juhs was a little disconcerted because he only had plimsoles on his feet having left his climbing boots at his University in Bergen, but they had the advantage that they were superb for glissading. This descent was great fun, throwing all caution overboard we shot down the hard snow seated on flat stones at a high rate of knots, digging our heels in to brake, and when softer snow was reached Juhs and Arilde glissaded superbly (we had not brought ice axes) whilst I followed in a more ungainly fashion. A very enjoyable day, again finished by being rowed across the lake by Olaf's Son to bring us back to the farm. Here I had a surprise because Arne Hoem had received an urgent message recalling him to his business and I felt rather stranded though he had left a message that I could stay on at his expense which was very kind but I felt rather disinclined to do so, also I had lost my room to an important personnage who had arrived during the day so I would have had to take a bunk in the large (very comfortable) building attached. This being the case I moved in with Juhs and Arilde who were sleeping under the slight overhang of a nearby cliff, though there was not enough room for me under the overhang I made my bed very comfortable on the grass outside.

That evening we were entertained by the important personage who had arrived during the day - he having made a film about the valley and the installation of Olaf Innerdalen (whom the valley had been named after) and his farm and the establishment of the place as a mountaineering centre which he showed to us. Apparently this centre is very well known all over Norway and Olaf has every reason to be very proud of it. If anybody is seeking comfortable accommodation, excellent hospitality and mountaineering on not too grand a scale (superb walking and excellent climbing at all standards) I can recommend them to Innerdalen in the Trolheim mountains on the west coast of Norway.

This evening was my last at Innerdalen because the weather broke completely and we retreated on for about three miles then the next two miles to the nearest village on a tractor drawn cart, and I spent the next week as a guest to Juhs and Arilde and their respective families at Molde which was situated sixty miles away on the side of a beautiful fiord.

OFF FORM

"You're walking much too quickly!"

"Yes, slow down a bit, this is steep

Air so damp, damp rock greasy.

Why AM I walking so quickly?"

Nervous response often happens when you're on your own. Read about it somewhere. You can become very tired without even knowing it. Dangerous. Good idea to regulate pace, keep eye on watch. Twenty five past eleven. Would be coming onto that flat section soon.

"Keep further to the right or you'll miss it".

This must be it, yes, more rocky over there and steeper. Caim. Yes, Christ I have made good time. Must have taken twice as long last time but then there was someone else. Not timed though. Better have a rest now. Sit down, eat a sweet or an apple. Eat sweet keep apple. Apple and pork pie left. Keep them. How long have I been sitting here. Two minutes.

"Not long enough".

Carry on now and have another rest later. Yes need another rest before you start the climb. Path seems difficult on this steep bit, keep stumbling.

"Just go for a walk".

Concentrate on placing feet. Better. This is where I leave the main track and contour round the side of the mountain to reach the crag.

"Keep on this track and go for a good walk".

I shall enjoy the climb once I've started. Easy. Last time up and down.

"Dry then and roped".

I remember this spring from last time. It was a really fine day then and the spring was wonderful after the flog up. Not thirsty now.

The route starts here. May as well have another rest.

"The rock looks greasy. Justified not to do it. Could have a really good walk."

"Chocolate, forgot about that, eat this and start before it gets too cold."

"Or go for a walk?"

I'll have a look at the first pitch. If it's too greasy still time for a good walk. Sling rucsac onto back.

Holds seem smaller than before still first pitch always seems a bit strange even if you're roped. Could put a runner on there, especially since its a bit greasy but no-one to hold me.

"If you came off here you would be killed - one slip. Reverse."

The art of climbing this sort of rock is to use every hold carefully. Here's that chimney. Sideways facing right.

"Heels insecure. Much harder with zucksack."

If I jam this left knee and keep th edge of the foot on that small hold. That's it. Good handhold. Knee up again and another small foothold. Now right hand on top. Good ledge.

"Hand cold, left foot coming off hold. Reverse that bit and have a rest. Then again - same."

"Forty feet up - one slip!"

Christ, shut up. Now remove rucksack and wedge it high up in chimney. Those two moves. Move rucksack up. Careful it doesn't come out with a jerk. Yes, now jam it higher, continue to ledge. Push rucksack onto ledge. Climb up after it. Standing on ledge dizzy.

Steep little wall behind ladge, then easier. I'll have to be very careful on the wall.

"If feet came off handholds too small hands too cold."

Sack on - try it, slowly. Good flake above, pull up on that. Done it. Terrible technique still, trousers grip better than rubber soles.

"It's bloody stupid this climbing on greasy rock in rubbers. It should be all right now except for the crack. I can probably traverse off if that crack is too hard. This is great now, big holds, clean, great. This is the wide ledge. Over there is the crack"

"You've done half the route, traverse off and finish day with a walk." This crack is steep but short. Jam a foot in. Hands high - nc, level with head. Good, foot higher. Small hold for right foot outside. Up, gently.

Right foot off. Down, jam lower, yer down again. Back on ledge. Christ.

"Now look for traverse get off."

I nearly got up that crack, I'll have another go. Same sequence of holds. Push in with right foot this time. This is awful why didn't I leave it. Two hundred feet. Arms tiring. Up or down? Mantleshelf. Nothing to pull up on. Coming off. Didn't come off. You don't come off. Only slabs now to the top. A series of short slabs with tricky moves between them.

Slime. This sort of slime belongs in gullies. The old fashi oned gullies. Secure. This

is exposed. Can't move. Up or down. Leg begins to shake. That's the worst thing that can happen. Reach high for uncut flake. Hesitate only for a moment. O what the hell pull up and on a ledge. Hands muddy. Look down and it seems ridiculously easy.

What have you done? Turn away and go down. Next time it will be different. Like that time on the slab you moved so well. The only movement was upwards and it seemed only natural. Or how will you? Anyway there will be next time.

TYN LON

J.W. Pettet

It has probably been noticed that most of the major items of work have now been carried out at Tyn Lon, however, before we can really get "Our House" in order there are quite a few jobs outstanding which are still to be done.

At a recent meeting of the Committee it was decided to make a list of items of work to be executed in the next 12 months. If this is not done the Hut Warden's head to roll!!!

COMMON ROOM

It was decided that the eventual purpose of this room would be to act as a Dining Room/Lounge. Detailed items of work as follows:

- 1) Old frontdoor to be sealed off in a semi-permanent fashion so that it could be used as a fire exit. Members are requested to use the other frontdoor at all times.
- 2) As the floor is now at two levels it is proposed to lower the raised section by taking up the paving slabs.
- 3) On completion of item one above take up path to old front door and rebuild wall on the front.
- 4) Form a permanent "L" shaped wall seat to Dining Section enthusiastic carpenters required?
- 5) It has been decided to build a new fire in the external wall i.e. the wall opposite the present fire. This will be a BAXI fire with ducting through the outside wall, when this is complete slate or stone fire place surround will then be fixed by a local specialist.
- 6) Sundry areas of walls are to be patched with plaster.
- 7) Redecorate walls and ceilings,
 - (i) emulsion paint on walls
 - (ii) two coats of gloss on woodwork and ceilings - colours to be decided at a later date.
- 8) The state of the furniture is in a very poor condition and I will be very grateful if any members with reasonable old lounge chairs and dining tables could contact me so that I can arrange to get them transported to Tyn Lon.
- 9) Gill Daffern has made some curtains for all of the windows at Tyn Lon and these are ready for hanging, however, this cannot be done until the painting has been completed.

KITCHEN

(1) Due to the lack of ovens at Tyn Lon it has been decided to obtain one second hand calor gas stove and if this is a success we will obtain another one later.

Also it was decided to look into the position of obtaining a calor gas hot plate.

- (2) Two timber kitchen tables have been made and are already at Tyn Lon only requiring assembly and final fixing.
- (3) A double drainer sink unit is to be purchased in lieu of the old cracked effort presently displayed.

WASH HOUSE

A full height partition is to be erected around the W.C. and if possible a new W.C. bought to replace the old one.

BEDROOMS

- A. After much discussion it was decided to build a small mattratsenlager in the small back bedroom.
- B. Four new beds are to be obtained to replace some of the tired ones.
- C. The mattresses on the beds are now coming to the end of their use-ful lives and half a dozen, and possibly more, will be obtained in the near future.

OUTSIDE

Everyone seems to agree that the conduit now running across the front of the building should be removed and rerouted either at eaves level or internally - lightening action from anyone qualified would be gratefully accepted!

In addition there are a few items which have since come to light

- a) our supplies of cutlery are now in a deserted state all offers would be greatly appreciated
- b) the old store under the staircase is to be removed due to the colony of rats now in residence there. A steel cabinet will then be obtained to store all valuable tools etc.

A list of all the above items will soon be posted in Tyn Lon and I would be glad if anyone wishing to do any work could contact me on the Wednesday night before, so as to avoid crowds of Members rushing to the Cottage all intent on doing the same chore!!! ???