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CEUNANT
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB.

NEWSLETTER, NOVEMBER 1970.

EDITORIAL

It is now well over a year since the last newsletter and so you have a right to expect a wealth of articles in this issue. Unfortunately this is not the case and I feel constrained to voice the well known editorial crie de coeur, "Please write articles about your experiences". At the moment the newsletter cannot be said to be fully representative of the club it serves, and it can only fulfil this function when a greater variety of members put their thoughts and experiences down in words.

I have tried a few experiments in this issue in an attempt to make the newsletter a source of information as well as a test bed for budding authors. Committee and general Club News will be included together with notices of forthcoming Indoor and Outdoor Meets. Any new routes done by club members will also be included as will any information concerning crags and climbs (Access changes, guidebook mistakes, camping etc.).

Roger Bennett.

COMMITTEE REPORT: By the Secretary, Andy Dowell.

The Committee has felt that it would be of great value if Club members could be kept closely informed of any matters arising in Committee Meetings that are their direct concern. With this end in view it is proposed to include a regular Committee Report in each issue of the Newsletter.

1. The members should be fully aware of the problems facing the Club regarding Tyn Lon. After receiving a letter from the Chairman considerable work has been carried out by a small number of people, but there is still plenty of work to be done. We would appreciate any help that you, the members, can give. The Club now has a legal adviser who is in contact with Caernarvonshire County Council. All bookings at Tyn Lon have been severely restricted to a few clubs that have been found to be considerate users of the hut.

2. The cottage is very short of Cutlery, Crockery and Furniture. If any member has any of these items that he does not require for his own use would he please give them to John Beddard (Hut Warden).

3. New Fees ! It has been felt necessary to increase the hut fees to outset the decrease in outside bookings. Whilst this means that the members pay a little more for the use of the hut it also means that they can use it more often.

The news fees are:

Members	2/6	per night in hut
Provisional Members	3/6	per night in hut
Junior Members	2/-	per night in hut, or camping.
Guests	6/-	per night in hut.
Members & Provisional Members ..	2/-	per night camping.
Guests	3/-	per night camping.

4. Mary C. Kahn was voted in as a Life Member of the Club, and the Committee would like to take this opportunity of publicly thanking her for the excellent work she has done for the Club, especially as Indoor Meets Secretary, during the many years she has been with us.

The following Provisional Members were voted in as Full Members:

Mr. L. Houghton	Miss M. Haden
Mr. C. Salt	Mr. M. Smith
Mr. P. Law.	

The Committee has felt it necessary to withdraw the membership of the following people and would like your support in ensuring that they no longer have access to the facilities provided by the Club:

Mr. E. Edkins	Mr. R. Kirkwood.
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INDOOR MEETS: Roger Lavill (Meets Secretary).

It is hoped to arrange a Hat Debate for the last Wednesday evening in November. Several of these debates were organised some years ago and they proved to be very popular and entertaining. The basic idea of a Hat Debate is as follows: several topics for discussion are written on slips of paper and placed into a hat. Two volunteers, a proposer and an opposition, are brought up to the hat and one picks out a piece of paper. They are then required to debate the topic written on the slip of paper.

Negotiations are in progress for Bill Cheverst to lecture to the Club on his 1967 expedition to the Hindu Kush with Doug Scott. It is hoped that the lecture will take place some time in December.

OUTDOOR MEETS: Derek Grimmatt (Meets Secretary).

Following the success of the present outdoor meets system a further experiment has been suggested. Instead of having the old conventional weekend meets in North Wales which tended to tie people down to a particular camp site and crag, it has been suggested that we hold one day meets in North Wales. A venue would be selected for one day only leaving people free to go their own ways as far as where they stay and the other day's climbing was concerned.

It has been suggested that the Club organise a demonstration of Mountain Rescue Techniques for the Club Members. The accent would be on Self-Help Techniques which would be of value when no organised rescue team was around. If there is anybody who is interested they should contact the Secretary.

OUTDOOR MEETS REPORT: By the Secretary, Derek Grimmatt.

This report is a review of the situation since the introduction of the more informal approach to organising outdoor meets that I put forward this year.

So far I think that it has been fairly successful. All the meets, with the exception of the Saint David's Meet, have been well attended. This particular meet probably ran into difficulties because it was timed during the holiday season.

Several points have come to light as a result of the change in organisation. Firstly no one seems to want to attend meets organised between the end of June and the beginning of September, most people being on holiday during that period. The requests for meets are generally during the period from Autumn to Spring, which rather limits the number of places that can be visited, many otherwise suitable venues being prone to bad weather. Due to the fact that Club Members are no longer presented with Club Meet Cards, suggestions for venues are being constantly received from people. Although this means that not all the suggestions can be followed I hope it will not daunt people from continuing to give me their ideas. I hope to organise more full weekend meets in the Lake District and a new system of one day meets in Snowdonia (See Outdoor Meets).

INFORMATION

A group from the Club visited BAGGY POINT recently and found that it provided a large area of rock with tremendous scope for new routes. The rock is technically slate but "behaves" rather like the rock at GOGARTH. It is possible to camp in very pleasant surroundings at Croyde Hoe (426405 on the Barnstaple one-inch-to-the-mile map) with the permission of the farmer. He makes no charge for the camping. The journey to the area is shorter than that to the LAKE DISTRICT and the weather is much more reliable.

Imperial Chemical Industries (I.C.I.) have been buying several quarries recently. Two quarries bought by them that affect climbers are LANGCLIFFE at SETTLE and GREAT ROCKS DALE above CHEEDAILE. They seem to be adamant in their decision to prohibit climbing on their property and take active steps to remove climbers, even on Sundays.

HIGH ROCK, BRIDGNORTH has been visited by Club members and although the cliff is large and impressive the rock leaves much to be desired, even by present day standards. The artificial routes, however, look as if they might be worthwhile.

Whilst on a recent visit to PRIESTCLIFFE above MILLER'S DALE several inaccuracies in the guidebook were discovered. On page 142, after the description of Crozzled Wall, it should read "The next routes are fifty yards right" and not "several hundred". Similarly, on page 146, just before the description of Quercus it should read "Fifty yards right there is a large black wet overhang" instead of "several hundred yards". It also appears that the route called Snowball in "New Climbs 1970" is identical to route number 14, Gonococcus Groove, in the "Northern Limestone" Guide.

TROWBARROW QUARRY, near CARNFORTH was visited recently and found to be very disappointing. The extent and height of the cliff seems to have been overestimated in the guidebook.

Finally, a fine campsite has been "discovered" in DERBYSHIRE near to Miller's Dale. If one leaves the main Bakewell-Buxton road at Taddington and drives down a lane to Miller's Dale one comes, within half a mile, to a crossroads where it is necessary to turn right to Miller's Dale. The campsite is situated in the field on the left as one approaches the crossroads and it is controlled by the owners of the farmhouse opposite. The charge per night is very reasonable at 1/- per person and 1/- for the car.

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AN EXCURSION FOR TWO by Pete Holden

Psst! PSST! Time to get up. Angela stirred from a sound sleep - disturbed by my noises and shaking and we both struggled out of bed by the wavering light of my torch and staggered down the stairs to the eating room.

The sky was perfectly free from cloud, there was no moon and thus the stars were seen in countless numbers speckling in the black heavens with various degrees of brightness.

I sighed - it was too warm for our plans, warmer at 1.15 a.m. than at 4 a.m. the previous morning.

Having risen so early we decided to press on with our plan or at least inspect our route. So we prepared breakfast by candle light - the roar of the illicit petrol stove I felt sure would awaken the rest of the inhabitants of the rather palatial Couvercle hut. After downing coffee, bread and peanut butter and muesli we packed our sacks and stepped out into the night, stopped and listened to the silence, such silence as we experienced that morning makes one feel small beneath the vast heavens so perfectly clear above.

The walk up the glacier was no pleasure at all - less than a walk - it was reduced to a sort of uphill stagger, which quickly brought on great fatigue. The causes of our distress were firstly a thin crust of hard snow on top of softer stuff, which broke through at every other step. Secondly our great lack of fitness for walking and lack of acclimatisation.

After an hour of laboured progress we gained sufficient altitude to reach a firmer crust and also the angle of the slope eased and we were able to gain a rhythm of movement and begin to enjoy our early morning exercise. We were now more able to appreciate our surroundings.

Our moving forms were the only signs of life, if we stopped nature was dead - absolute silence, no movement of air, water or earth if our hearts had stopped all would have been absolutely still on earth - only the stars would have flickered on, unconcerned with our life or no life.

Two specks in a vast white bowl with jagged, black, upturned edges. At such moments in such places the world is defined by colours

alone - black and white - if one could cease to think for a moment and become one with the surroundings, if only but alas the jagged edges have names, such emotive names - epitaphs on giant cenotaphs - Whympfer, Walker, Croz - great names of the Golden Age; men who trod virgin ways to virgin summits. Men of the mountains, possessed of great fitness of body and strength of mind. Tenacious men who lived hard lives in the mountains. What would they think of us modern alpinists with our refined equipment and clothing, mountain railways and telepheriques, iron ladders and comfortable huts. (Thank God !).

The sky grew lighter, the stars faded, the Grand Jorasses was splashed with colour - real beauty, the earth was awakening, colour was soon everywhere.

We gained height progressively and were soon able to see over the L'Eveque and the Cardinal Rodges to Mont Blanc and it's Brenva Face, Mont Blanc du Tacul and finally, the whole Chamonix Aiguilles - a feast of mountains perfectly prepared, a pleasure to behold.

We were now at the bottom of the Whympfer Couloir on the Aiguille Verte - it was so tempting to press on - the desire to stand on top of the Verte was immense - but we decided that the hour was too late and the weather too warm. We decided to cramp-on up the lower part of the couloir, the exercise would do us good and it was great fun pottering about. The exercise became serious when we reached the bergschrund and I secured Angela to her axe whilst I attempted to overcome this awkward obstacle.

The upper wall of the schrund was too high to contemplate climbing except where the main avalanche chute had disgorged its ominous load reducing the wall to about ten feet. I proceeded on to the rather unstable snow bridge - glanced into the icy depths and started to cut holds from my precarious position. As soon as I stepped on to the wall of ice I felt very insecure whilst attempting to cut further steps with the axe, my strength gave out and I could find no way of continuing, so I placed a tubular ice screw and hammered and screwed it home - I then dropped my axe on to my nose and gashed it - I swore profusely. With the aid of the screw I was able to pull over into the steep ice runnel and to cut my way up it until I ran out of rope and secured more screws for a belay. Angela then came up to join me finding it too strenuous

to hang around getting the ice screw out. This exercise had really convinced us of our lack of fitness and we decided to retreat from our potentially dangerous position. Thus Angela climbed back down whilst I protected her, then I followed rather apprehensively back down and over the schrund.

We descended to easier ground, de-cramponed and packed our gear away. A whole day was before us, perfect weather, what should we do ? We plodded back to the glacier - easy work this downhill stuff.

While descending we espied some English friends climbing the couloir on the Normal Route up the Cardinal followed by a guided French party - we aspired to follow them. When we entered the couloir the snow was soft and the going was hard work as we chased the parties ahead, the guided party we overtook and the English party we caught at the exit to the col, where we roped up because of the poor conditions. From here we took the lead. The route lay up mixed rock and snow until a small snow platform was reached beneath a steep wall, the normal route lay up the chimney-crack line just to the left but this was full of ice and looked time consuming. I chose a clean groove further left which was gained by an awkward traverse. The groove was hard but enjoyable - the guide shouted up apparently to warn us of our mistake - we waved, I was back in my element, steep, solid rock, rhythm was gained, a good effort by Angela in following. A diagonal crack lead us back into the ice-chocked chimney, an unpleasant place so I climbed back up into difficulties again up the steep right hand wall.

Time was now getting on - my thoughts returned to the couloir and how soft the snow must be getting. The French had retreated, the English party were struggling with the ice and we decided to retreat. I forced myself up one more pitch and then could see that that was the end of the steep difficulties but the easy ground above was plastered with snow and ice. I reversed this last pitch and then we abseiled 75 feet at a time (only one rope) and caught up the English party at the top of the couloir, they were making an epic of descending it. The snow was treacherous so we continued abseiling from protruding blocks and flakes on the side walls - making some interesting diagonal abseils and controlled slides in the mushy snow. We worked quickly but had to stop to fashion abseil points by notching the protruding rocks for the rope. After six abseils the angle of the couloir eased so we decided to make a

run for the bergschrund which was revealing itself, I let Angela out on 150 feet of rope and then told her to run - she slid over the schrund and carried on as fast as she could - I followed and landed on my head on the other side. We were soaking wet and tired. We sat down and relaxed and sorted out the gear and watch an English pair struggling with the Contamine Route on the East Face of the Moine

The day was still perfect - the only difference was that we were now tired and wet and were faced with a long trudge back to the hut in the soft snow. Once down we sunbathed for hour after hour on the enormous slab over the old aluminium hut - taking pleasure in watching the tiny dots on the distant glacier tracks getting slowly larger as the various parties homed in.

We had gained no summit - a pity- but an extremely enjoyable day was had and we felt contented.

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LLANMYNECH - RECENT DEVELOPMENTS by Dave Irons.

Since the first wave of development culminating in the Interim Guide a great amount of activity has taken place at Llanymynech resulting in a total of forty five major routes, thirty of which are Very Severe or over.

The Bay Wall area is fast reaching maturity, or saturation point depending on your outlook, with twelve routes and a girdle. Gordon Caine put up Garamba (VS) just left of Andy Dowell and Dave Sheldon's Pink Panther (HS). A person by the name of G. Hall has been responsible for two short technical routes to the left of the small mine entrance. They are Waterslide (VS) and Neanderthal (HVS). Roger Bennett finished off the Girdle and found it to be a very disappointing line at about Severe.

Gordon Caine and Smiler Cuthbertson climbed the right-hand arete of Blind Faith Buttress at VS and called it Cream. They also repeated Matt Peacock's Requiem and pronounced it to be about HVS.

The most spectacular activity has been on the Main Area. The arete to the right of Roger Lavill's Clematis (VS + A1) has been climbed by Gordon Caine at about HVS though it has no name at present. Gordon has also climbed the obvious arete between Clematis and Black Slab and called it Zeppelin (HVS) with only one point of aid, the wall between Ivy Wall (S) and Relaxative (VD) and called it Fake (S), the wall right of Flying Mantuan at HVS and named it Quake, and his best yet, a magnificent line going up left of the Nibbler ending up a prominent overhanging crack. This he has called Power Game and graded Mild Extreme.

Dave Irons and Dave Sheldon have been busy in this area also. They did a rather spectacular high-level girdle of the buttress of Clematis, starting at the top and going from left to right some twenty feet down the crag, calling it Space Odyssey at HVS. They climbed the large corner between Flying Mantuan and Quasar calling it Disraeli Gears at HVS. The same team ably assisted by Mike Cook put up Alphaville (VS) up a groove line between Blood, Sweat and Tears and Brave New World.

Joe Brennan has ventured from Sheffield to add his own distinctive nomenclature to the crag with two routes. The Old Fashioned Crab (VS) takes the oft attempted corner between Black Slab and Ivy Wall. To quote Joe, "Probably the worst route in the world. Short-sight, gross stupidity and a strong crash helmet will probably pay greater dividends on this route than the more normal attributes of a successful climber". His other line, Lewd Honk (HS) climbs a shallow groove line just right of Insanity.

The Northern Quarry, has to date, seen no activity though many lines await. Two climbs have been recorded on the Tunnel Buttress. Dave Irons' Pale Fire (VS) takes a undercut groove line at the left-hand end of the crag whilst Gordon Caine's Grooviest (HVS) takes the obvious groove line in the centre of the wall.

A second edition of the guide is now envisaged. It is hoped to make it a more elaborate affair than the last with some improvements in the presentation. Roger Bennett has roped in Gordon Caine to assist in this and they hope to be able to produce the finished article by next Easter.

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THE PUPPET SHOW

We found him on a ledge.
No blood, no sign of confusion
Like a discarded puppet,
Wrapped in its broken cord.
Limb askew;
Waxen.
A Pinnochio that would never
Miraculously start
To breathe and talk.

The watchers below,
Half ashamed
At the exhilaration they feel,
Stare in fascination
As the supporting players,
Up there on the stage,
Spin and hop
On their strings,
Bring down
The Principal Actor

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THE ALPS - '69, A SUMMARY ; by D. A. Irons.

As usual, several members of the Club managed to go abroad last year visiting several areas of the European Alps.

Joe Brennan, Ian Smith and Pete Langley spent a fortnight in Chamonix. They did the Big Blanc via the Gouter Route and Joe and Ian also climbed the Papillons Arete on the Peigne.

Earlier in the holiday they had a good do on the Chardonnet when they got involved with a large party of incompetants on the Forbes Arete. The route was in very poor condition and being behind a party of fourteen it took a great deal of time. It was very late in the day when they reached the descent route which was extremely dangerous due to avalanches. The large party were preparing to bivouac. Joe managed to persuade them to lend him their ropes to arrange an abseil further along the ridge. Eventually a three hundred foot abseil was arranged down a less treacherous part of the slope and over the bergschrund.

After several more hours all got down to the relative safety of the glacier.

Derek Grimmett and I met this trio in Chamonix for the final week of their holiday and ours, but we kept to rock climbs - put off mixed routes by the large numbers of accidents that had occurred due to bad snow conditions caused by the hot weather and mild nights.

We climbed the Menegaux Route on the face of the Little Aguille de L^M and the South West Ridge of the Aguille Pelerins.

Earlier we had been to the Bregalia, then had moved on to meet Pete and Angela Holden and the Costello's at Goschenen to climb a mountain called the Salbitschijen. We did the classic South Ridge, a superb and sustained route on very sound rock.

Pete and Robin made some very fine ascents during their four week holiday together including the Villiger - Gruter route up the East Pillar of the Zwillingsturm on the Salbitschijen and in the Bregalia, the North East Face of the Badile and the North Ridge of the Cengale.

Ken Hipkiss made his annual pilgrimage to the Dolomites and did several high quality climbs including the Steger route on the East Face of the Catinacio.

A former associate of the Club, Murray Jones, known to several members, had a particularly successful season climbing all of the six north faces described by Gaston Rebuffat in his book as well as doing the Bonatti Pillar on the Dru.

DANGLING CONVERSATIONS: by Roger Bennett.

"It's creaking". I wailed.

"Don't worry. It held me", shouted Dave Irons from far below.

"It's a bloody madness", muttered Joe.

"I'm coming down".

"Go on. It's not hard", encouraged Dave.

"Thank God", breathed Joe: swiftly arranging the abseil.

"We've wasted enough drinking time already".

So much for the Plum. Joe and I abseiled down and were well along the railway line as Dave Irons embarked on the second pitch solo.

We struggled upwards through nettles to the bottom of an AI crack. Here maybe we had found our level.

Fortunately, it went easily except for an unusual barrier caused by a House Martin's nest at twenty feet. Some awkward and entertaining manoeuvres had to be employed to avoid kicking it and bringing the wrath of the parents down on our heads. The belay was a narrow ledge upon which one had to sit sideways partially hanging from a large comforting native peg. The free climbing above looked steep, loose, and, we convinced ourselves, uninteresting.

The following abseil was not without interest however. Soon after starting down the rope became jammed in the descendeur and I could only progress a few inches at a time. Joe had the same trouble and decided to stand in a prussic loop while he sorted it out. Just as he had fixed the loop the tangle freed itself and he sailed down leaving the loop behind. This prevented us from pulling the rope through the abseil peg so it was decided that Joe had left it so Joe must fetch it. Prussic loops were thrust into his trembling hands and he was prodded towards the abseil rope. After exhorting the blessings of several now demoted saints he was successful and we returned to the car to drive to Miller's Dale for the serious business of the weekend.

The business over we lurched down the road to Ravenstor to spend the night in the cave.

Morning dawned with low cloud and light rain. This soon cleared up while we were cooking breakfast and plans were made for the day. Dave Irons rushed Meccawards followed by an apprehensive Dave Sheldon. Joe and I, being of lazier natures, saw a line of bolts just above our heads. That then was to be our target. Yesterday's epics were forgotten in a wave of enthusiasm and I leaped at the first bolt.

"Nothing to it", I told Joe. "Just like climbing a ladder".

Three bolts later I lurched to a halt and realised that I needed a little more practice at climbing ladders. Another brilliant start by our indomitable team.

We strolled down to Water-Cum-Jolly, scrambled up a steep grassy slope and roped up at the bottom of Marsh Dweller's Rib. Once again the pegging was straightforward. Too straightforward. I seemed to have followed the wrong crack and ended up belayed on a block high up on a loose grassy wall. Joe quickly depegged and was urged into leading the final free section. This very quickly reaffirmed his belief that limestone is not really a rock but rather an amorphous faecal mass deposited as a result of some violent Carboniferous purgative.

Feeling that we now knew just what this pegging game was all about we strolled back towards the others. By the roadside we spotted a small overhanging crack. Joe wanted to have a go at leading so we got the gear in order and Joe, hammer between teeth, leaped at the crack. He quickly finished and I was sent up to depeg. Whilst I was wrestling with one of Joe's more obstinate insertions a family hove into view just below us.

"Mummy" piped a young one, "Are they climbing men?".

"Yes dear", came the dutiful reply.

"They look like beginners, Mummy".

"Mummy, what's that man shouting at me for ?, What's he saying ?".

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It has been some time since I wrote of gullies. I have described in a previous article ascents of the Devil's Staircase and the Waterpipe Direct (See "Annals of Epics" C.M.C. vol. XVI). I feel compelled now to record an ascent of a similar obstacle on which I recently found myself in the company of those excellent fellows Holden, Grimmett and Clark.

Grimmett and I had travelled up to Buttermere early on a Friday evening. We pitched our tents in light rain and drove to the Fish Inn for a jar or two of Tartan ale. We retired early thinking of the rigours and excitements the morrow might bestow upon us. Alas we were soon disturbed by the noisy arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Bennett and Clark and others eventually falling asleep to the dulcet tones of some wandering lute player.

Saturday dawned fine, the sun was shining, and as Grey, Eagle and Drumhouse threatened to be dry and warm, Stack Ghyll seemed to be our only choice. We were setting out when Holden, lately arrived in his faithful old Austin, volunteered to join us. With such a strong party, we felt, success must be assured. As we walked up the valley of Warnscale Bottom, the Haystacks appeared invitingly green and shiningly wet. Holden was despondent at this time and expressed doubts as to the wisdom of the expedition, and even brought the actual existence of our goal into question. At the foot of the crags, however, he became almost enthusiastic.

The start of Stack Ghyll was a dismal prospect to behold and Grimmett was despondent. He expressed doubts as to the feasibility of climbing the pitch and even brought the wisdom of the expedition into question. I told him that I had often been confronted with more formidable obstacles but he only queried my sanity and brought the validity of my family tree into question. We roped up in two parties viz. we were now tied on to two separate lengths of stout perlon: Holden and Grimmett, Clark and myself. There was a unanimous decision that since I had been the instigator of the expedition I should make the first attempt on the unsavoury obstacle. Mustering all my skill and flexing all my muscles I approached the problem. I was soon fighting for my life on those slimy walls and battling with

no inconsiderable volume of water. Holden produced a photographic apparatus and I froze while he made the exposure. The pitch 'went' more straightforwardly than we had anticipated and I tied myself to a stout projection while Clark followed. Clark was despondent.

The second section was a dismal prospect to behold and we were all despondent but I soon flexed all my skill and mustered all my muscles and climbed it more straightforwardly than we had anticipated. I was now very wet and somewhat anxious lest I should become a victim of the ague. All went well for two more rope-lengths but we all agreed that friction was becoming less with every step. We were almost cheerful with our continued success until we gathered below the final overhang.

Picture, if you can, the position in which we found ourselves. Below, several hundred feet of undescendable grease-covered, vertiginous, unstable, verticality; above a mere fifteen feet of unscalable, grease-covered, vertiginous, unstable overhang. I was despondent but nevertheless I thrust myself at that monstrous roof. I was making remarkable progress when the ague took me. I was unable to move my right leg, hours of exposure and countless soakings were finally taking their toll. My past flashed vividly through my mind and I thought I was done for I retreated, the rest of the party, stout fellows that they are comforted me and tied me firmly to a jammed stone in the cave below the overhang.

Holden, the great alpine explorer, now took over and to my amazement, despondency gave way to elation. He was able to surmount the overhang, no doubt due to the great quantities of slime that I had removed and soon he and Grimmett and Clark were congratulating each other at the top. Soon, however, the rope began to whip through my hands and I only just managed to grab the end and tie it around my waist. I realised that they had done this so that I should be spared too long a sojourn in that grim place. I was elated.

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NEW ROUTES:

This is a brief note on some of the new routes done by club members since the last newsletter.

WALES: THE DEVIL RIDES OUT 290 feet HVS + A3. Takes a line just right of the Devil's Kitchen and details may be found in "New Climbs 1970". First ascent: K. Hipkiss, R. Lavill and Z. Leppert (Tom). (Varied leads).

DERBYSHIRE:

ORCHRIST 120 feet VS (2 pegs and 1 nut for aid). This takes a narrow corner line a few feet left of Oscillation on Moving Buttress, Cheedale. It follows the corner, with a peg and a nut for aid, to ten feet from the top where it traverses right into an adjacent groove using a peg (or tape on a spike) to exit. The next pitch follows a shallow groove through the ivy in the wall above. First ascent: Dave Irons and R. Bennett (Alternate leads).

FREE AND EASY 50 feet Severe. This is on the Bill Bailey Buttress in Dovedale opposite Raventor and it takes an obvious overhung groove a short way up the gully wall on the right of the buttress. Easily visible from the river path. The groove is followed to the overhang which gives a spectacular layback finish. First ascent: Roger Lavill and K. Thomas, September 1970.

BAGGY POINT:

crack

DANGLING CONVERSATION 160 feet A2 + VS. Takes a diagonal/line up the steep wall right of Moonshot finishing up the top section of an obvious deep chimney line a few feet right of Moonshot. First Ascent: Dave Irons. Phil Robbins, Dave Sheldon and Mike Cooke have put up some short routes on a small prominent slab between the Heart of the Sun and Urizen.