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KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

AIDED and abetted by members of the Rucksack Club, several Kyndwr men are exploring the long series of Edges that overlook the river Derwent on the east. Froggatt Edge has never had its due as a scrambling ground ; a recent visit has disclosed a number of good things, and there is plenty left untouched. Here we have several miles of steep and sometimes perpendicular walls, varying from twenty to a hundred feet in height ; smooth in parts for long distances at once, in other parts shattered into gullies and pinnacles. Scrambles, stiff problems, and possible or impossible feats are offered in abundance ; there are so many that a list or guide is neither desired nor practicable. The Chequers Inn, with Froggatt Pinnacle standing out on the edge immediately behind it, makes a good landmark to start from. The Pinnacle has recently been climbed by an ingenious method. On the right wall of the Pinnacle Gully there is a 30 feet scramble ; and some little distance southward, a gully will be noticed cutting deeply into the escarpment ; the chief difficulty in the last is to get into the gully, then the climb is easy. North of the Pinnacle is Chequers Fissure, Chequers Chimney and Chequers Crack, with divers problems in between, all to be found in a furlong or so of cliff. The Fissure is an oddly shaped rift, extending from top to bottom of the cliff, which slopes back at an angle of 60 degrees, and is extremely smooth. One side is 18 inches higher than the other, and a striking feature is the zig-zag half-way up. In default of hand-holds, the climber jams his right arm and leg well in, and squirms up by means of friction against the gritty corner of the cleft. A pile of fallen blocks has almost closed the direct exit. Chequers Chimney is a tapering gully, with an overhanging tongue of rock at the bottom, capped at the height of 15 feet by a

protruding chock-stone. There is not room for honest backing up, and the pitch is consequently very difficult, the chief trouble being to work out and get a grip over the chock-stone. Chequers Crack is a short but interesting scramble a few yards north of this. A number of absorbing problems need not be particularised. One or two neat things are to be found on the giant masses of fallen gritstone that lie under the edge; there are others on the moor above.

Higgar Tor has an edge that is a smaller edition of Froggatt. Higgar Pinnacle has a scramble, the only difficulty of which is the take-off—a Rucksacker of unusual length being useful to bridge the awkward gap. The way off is by a jump across the head of a gully 40 feet deep. This Pinnacle Gully has two climbs, an inner up the jammed rocks and other things that form its bed, and an outer by way of an enormous chock-stone. One reaches this chock-stone by a stiff bit of backing-up, in the course of which one has to move out horizontally nearly to the mouth of the gully. On the adjoining face, a climb that looked well in theory proved too much for a strong party; one man got into difficulties, and was pulled up in a damaged condition. South of this point lies a miscellaneous series of chimneys, all of which show good sport. There is a stiff thing or two on the natural rampart of Carl's Wark, a mile away, and more of the same stamp on Millstone Edge, behind which a huge monolith, isolated on the moor, offers one possible route to its top. There are more scrambles as you go north over Stanage Edge and beyond, which may be dealt with later.

Two limestone climbs have recently been done, the High Tor Gully by members of the Club, and Ilam Tor in Dovedale by a Mr. Turner. The former is not a gully proper, but a great rift in the limestone of the sort common in the district. The top of the cleft is a funnel into which rubbish has been shot for a long period. Exploring it from above some years ago, a party of climbers made their way a long distance down, over this refuse and beyond, but the continual clatter of old tins, bottles, pots and pans and other abominations into the pit below

was appalling. They failed to discover a traverse out to the front of the cleft, and disgusted with the filthiness of the climb, never tried again. The successful party found the required traverse, and so accomplished the climb. The other also was a climb on that objectionable rock, mountain limestone. Call it a climb in default of an apter term. The performer, who was watched and applauded by hundreds of spectators, threw a stone over the pinnacle, at the end of a string, and so fixed a rope across the summit, to which he ascended hand-over-hand, like an acrobat, no sound holds existing on the rotten limestone. Unfortunately, he cannot truthfully boast that he was the first to conquer Ilam Tor, even by such tactics as these, for a countryman, forty years ago, climbed the rock by means of spikes driven in as he ascended, a much more sporting method of climbing.

