Ashley P. Abraham
President 1907-1908.

ALUM POT.

By George Seatree.

Many of the caves and subterranean waterways which intersect the remarkable limestone region stretching for fifteen or twenty miles around old Ingleborough are well known show places for excursionists and sightseers, very interesting caverns and underground passages, such as the Victoria Cave near Settle, the great Ingleborough Cave at Clapham, and the caves near Ingleton being easy of access and popular with summer tourists.

The more recently explored giant pot-holes, such as Gaping Ghyll, Helln Pot—now generally termed Alum Pot—Rowten Pot, Rift Pot, and many others, with the vast underground scenery pertaining to them, are the happy hunting grounds of the intrepid Sportsmen of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, and friends who are fortunate enough to be included in their delightful expeditions. Many well-known Lake District rock climbers resident in Yorkshire have successfully carried through underground explorations requiring as stout a heart, as clear a head, and as steady a nerve as any daylight climbing within reach of Wasdale Head, Pen-y-Gwyrd or Glen Sligachan. Most of them belong to the Y.R.C., a very much alive and thriving organisation, whose members have borne a strenuous and justly recognised share in the important series of operations and researches which have added so much in recent years to the scientific knowledge and appreciation of the wonderful natural phenomena of North West Yorkshire.

They are rare fellows to be out with, these Yorkshire explorers. It has been my privilege to be with them many times over their wild moors and pot-holes and amongst our own Cumberland Crags. They are equally good in both pursuits, and their helpfulness and hospitality is—well it is "Yorkshire."

It is neither my purpose nor within the range of my capabilities to write a geological essay on the subject. All I

have undertaken, in response to the request of our worthy Secretary and Editor, is to endeavour to describe the impressions received during a memorable day spent in visiting one of the most beautiful and famous of Yorkshire pot-holes in the company of several of the aforementioned pioneers and their friends. For information regarding the origin, discovery and history of such natural phenomena, the reader is referred to the works and records of Dr. Dwerryhouse and his colleagues of the Yorkshire Geological Society, and to the pages of the Y.R.C. Journal.

In the spring of last year a cordial invitation reached me from Mr. Fred. Botterill to join a party being organised for the descent of Alum Pot, a vast chasm situated on the eastern slope of Simon Fell in Ribblesdale. No time was lost in accepting. Such an opportunity for indulging a long cherished desire to go down a pot-hole of the first class does not often occur, and was not to be missed—especially Alum Pot, perhaps the most interesting and impressive, after Gaping Ghyll, of the ninety odd chasms now known to the Yorkshire explorers.

It was a mixed and merry party which foregathered at Stainforth, near Settle—"mixed" in the sense of the representative character of the gathering. Members of the following Mountaineering Clubs reported themselves—Alpine, Swiss Alpine, Climbers, Yorkshire Ramblers, Leeds Ramblers, Fell and Rock, and a couple of wayfarers from Liverpool. Seventeen in all, about equally divided between old expert hands and novices. The former were a strong contingent, including Messrs. Botterill, C. Hastings, J. H. Buckley, F. Toothill, F. Horsell, H. Williamson, Dr. J. H. Taylor, Dr. C. A. Hill and Dr. Barnes. The new hands were Prof. Dixon, Messrs. Dalton, P. Robinson, Petty, Fitzgibbon, Brayshay, and the writer.

The picturesquely situated village of Stainforth at the entrance to Catterick Ghyll was aroused from its wonted quietude by the influx of this crowd of enthusiastic explorers. The major portion were snugly housed at "Kern Knotts," an old-time farm cottage, tenanted by Messrs. Botterill, Taylor, Toothill and Williamson. The remainder were billeted for sleeping purposes at neighbouring farms, whilst

Photo] MOUTH OF ALUM POT. *[Godfrey Bingley.*

Photo. UPPER ENTRANCE TO LONG CHURN. *[Godfrey Bingley.*

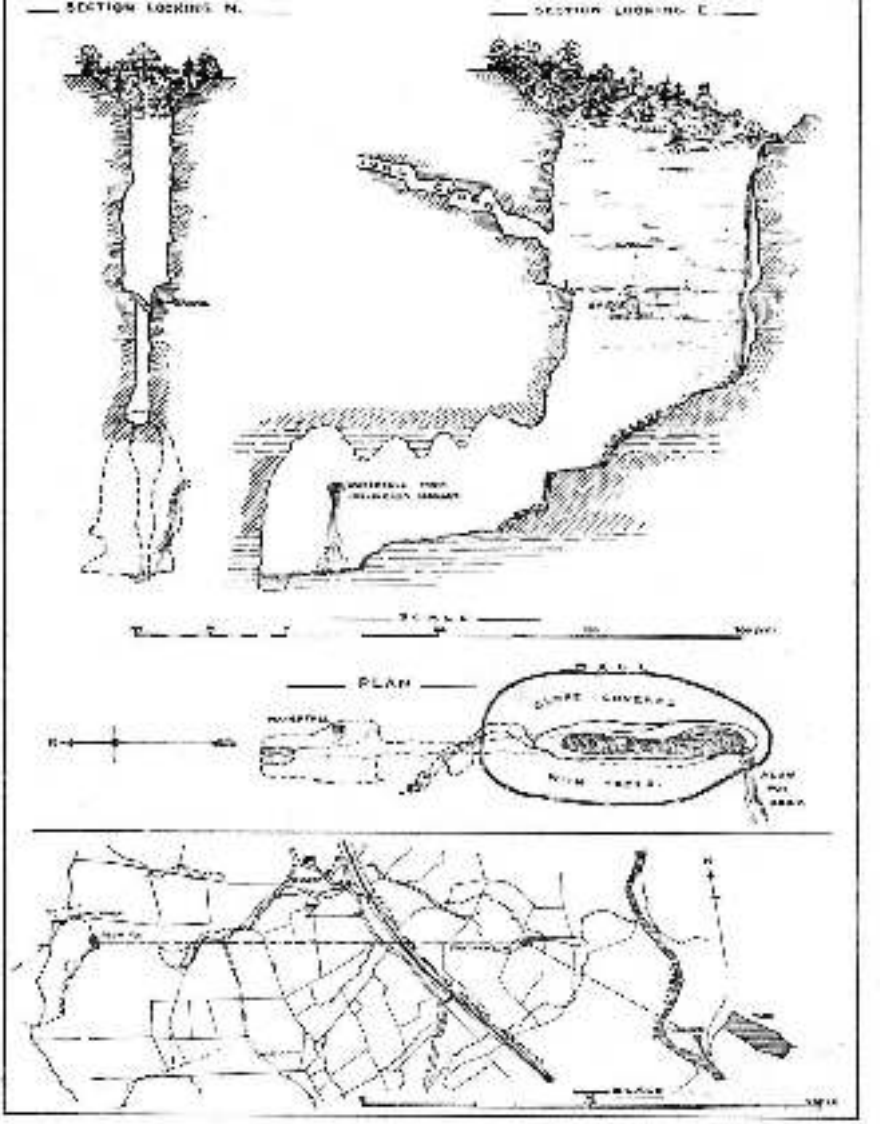
the whole were most sumptuously and ably catered for at the cottage, where two exceedingly happy evenings were spent, enlivened by many a good song and story.

In the morning after our arrival an early start was made from Stainforth, the " expedition " requiring two waggonettes and a light lurry to convey the members and their baggage to Selside, the nearest village to Alum Pot. The uninitiated may ask, why a lurry ? Well, the organising of a descent of Alum Pot by so large a party was no light matter. The equipment included a good-sized tent to protect wearing apparel and provisions during the absence of the party below ground, cooking apparatus, six stout rope ladders, an adequate supply of Alpine rope for life lines, lamps, candles, magnesium wire, etc., photographic appliances (several), and victuals galore for the day for nearly a score of hungry and thirsty explorers.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the seven miles drive up Ribblesdale in a crisp, bracing air proved invigorating and enjoyable. By nine o'clock we arrived at the village of Selside. A half-mile ramble further across Simon Fell brought us to the thickly foliaged clump of trees which marks the mouth of Alum Pot, 1125 feet above sea level. The fearful looking abyss was well named by the Ancients Helln Pot—mouth of Hell—for its appearance from this view point is sufficiently appalling. In France similar cavities are equally suggestively termed " Chaldrons du diable " and " Marmites de geants." The bottom is far out of sight. There is a direct drop of 200 feet to the first great rock floor and a wide ledge or gallery nearly encircling the chasm, known to the old hands as the Grass Ledge, and to be traversed during the descent, was pointed out about 100 feet from the surface.

The first complete descent of Alum Pot, in the Spring of 1870, was made by throwing huge beams across the mouth of the chasm, which measures one hundred feet by thirty. A windlass and a bucket to hold two persons were used. A gang of navvies, then engaged on the construction of the Settle and Carlisle extension of the Midland Railway system, were requisitioned to aid the explorers of those days. Prof. Boyd Dawkins, the eminent authority on cave exploration,

ALUM POT.



was accompanied on the occasion by Mr. Metcalfe, equally well-known as an enthusiastic local pioneer, he having led partially successful expeditions down Alum Pot so far back as 1847, and again in 1848. A different method and route are now adopted. About one hundred and fifty yards higher up the Fell from the mouth of the chasm the Long Churn Spring—which with Alum Pot beck forms the important stream feature of Alum Pot—disappears below the surface, and in the course of the ages has washed and worn the extraordinary channels through the carboniferous Limestone which now provide the route for the descent of Alum Pot. Here our tent was pitched and preparations quickly completed for the day's exploration.

"The oldest pair of boots and toggery of all kinds" was an ominous item of the instructions received. A motley group responded, clad in all garbs. It would tax the resources of a second-hand clothes dealer to equal the "style" adopted by many who answered the roll call ready to follow the leaders anywhere, above or below ground, through wet or dry. Short oil-skin jackets and leggings were in evidence amongst the more knowing ones. To accelerate the pace, the party was divided into three sections. These were led respectively by Dr. Taylor, J. H. Buckley, and H. Williamson. The first party was timed to leave the surface at 10 a.m., the second at 10-30, and the third at 10-55.

Leaders were careful to impress upon their followers the danger of falling stones, and after other general instructions the first section moved "down below" punctually at the time appointed. Each explorer was encumbered with either a rope ladder, a life line or a rucksack containing a share of the commissariat. A goodly supply of "dips" was served out, and proved an indispensable provision.

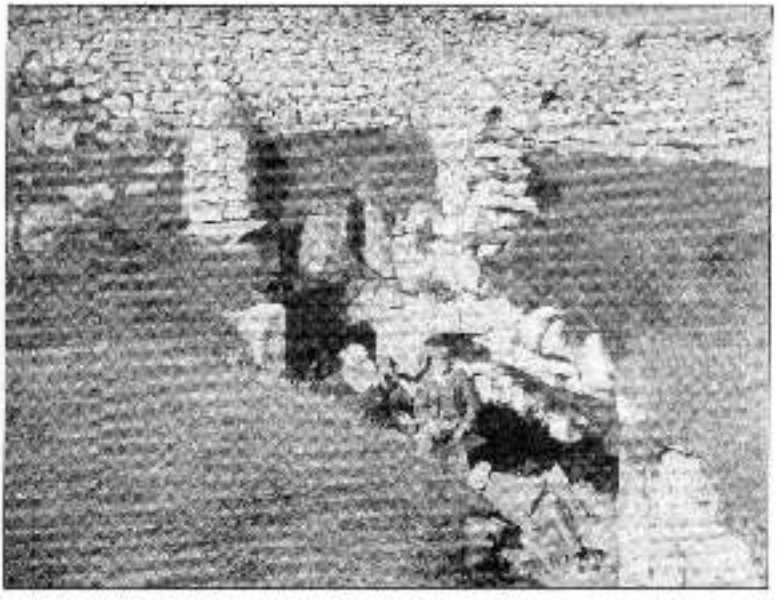
On leaving daylight by a fell-side ravine a boulder-strewn watercourse was entered and candles were lit as we neared the sound of falling water. This was caused by the main stream from the Fell thundering over a cataract some twelve feet in height. Soon we came to a deep pool to be skirted by a sloping ledge on the left, and thence followed the combined streams inward to the rocky reaches of Long Churn.

It was soon adieu to dry feet and legs, but the interest of

the strange subterranean passage being traversed was quite sufficient to divert the mind from wet and discomfort. In the avoidance of deep pools and jutting rocks, the conveying of a backful of baggage, keeping the light burning, and observing the weird scenery, a novice not used to such places found plenty of occupation.

After a time the stream suddenly diverged away to our left—without any expression of regret being heard—apparently into the unknown, and the party found itself in a dry passage, the bed of the stream in former ages or flood time. This we followed and the way became more weird and interesting. Soon steep pitches and pools from invisible sources were encountered. Curious alcoves and stalactite chambers flanked our course. One tried hard to take in the strange surroundings and keep pace with the fleet-footed leader, whose beacon light kept glimmering farther ahead and smaller. We came to pools dark and sullen which might be two or twenty feet deep, slippery shelving rocks hard to tread, sharp jagged ledges difficult to avoid, stalactites and curious cavities hollowed out by the scouring of sand and stones, all charmingly novel to the new hand, wondering where he would be if deprived of his fast diminishing inches of tallow.

Anon, the first big pitch was reached—a grim looking descent. On the far side of a basin-shaped cavity filled with water there is a narrow arête ; beyond a vertical drop of about forty feet into a fissure as black as night, and doubtless in flood time, when the stream flows by this passage, a fine cascade. Over the lip of the dark rift, the first rope ladder was lowered and down tripped the leader. Another ladder for use at the next pitch was sent after him. It happened to be the one I was carrying, and I breathed a good riddance as Dr. Taylor told me to go next. The miniature arête was straddled, the life-line duly secured, whilst certain searchings of heart as to one's fitness for the kind of sport being engaged in, occurred during the process of groping for the first rung of one's first rope ladder. There was, however, no turning back, and the reassurance established by two friendy stalwart Ramblers who held firmly to the life-line was most opportune.

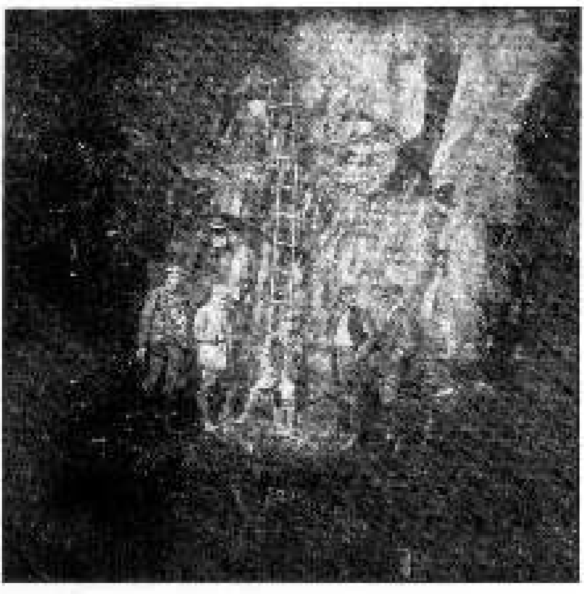


[Plate] ENTRANCE TO LONG CHURN, DICKSON POT. [Bradford Studios.

[Plate] INTERIOR OF LONG CHURN. [Bradley Studios.

Photo] [illegible]

STALACTITE CHAMBER IN LONG CHURN.



Photo] FOOT OF FIRST BIG PITCH. [*E. W. Carter*

End of Long Gutter.

There is a knack in manipulating a rope ladder. At first some anxiety was caused by the wriggling and twirling of the refractory tail end, which would persist in flinging itself about in all directions but the perpendicular one desired. As the day wore on, however, distinct progress was made from the awkwardness of a first experience. Still, perhaps a more suitable site for one's virgin lesson might have been tried than that black pitch at the end of Long Churn.

Most delightful ending to a trying situation! Half way down the pitch a welcome gleam of light pours in from an aperture above, and by the time the pool at the bottom is reached—there is generally a pool at the end of a rope ladder descent—one is ushered into the broad light of day.

A great transformation scene now confronts the explorer, which is one of the surprises and delights of a descent of Alum Pot. From the blackness and gloom of Long Churn one emerges into an entrancing daylight scene of striking loveliness. The opening overlooks the great Main Chasm at a point about ninety feet from the top. The vastness and beauty of Alum Pot are now realised. Above there is the wide sunlit opening with its border of early green foliage. A small stream flowing from a neighbouring spring tumbles over the lip of the chasm and creates an everlasting shower of fine spray. This has been the means of covering the walls, boulders, and ledges with a thick, rich growth of mosses, ferns and lichens. No such wealth of wall verdure or carpeting, natural or artificial, could be called to mind.

Below is the vast abyss still to be descended and explored. A huge boulder has wedged itself across the rift, forming a natural oblique bridge thickly covered with the same profuse vegetation. Still lower lie the ultimate depths of the pot-hole with colossal rock scenery, mysterious passages and waterways as yet unseen, and in the end unfathomable and unexplorable.

It is no exaggeration to recall this scene as impressive and especially beautiful when at intervals the noon day sun shone through the foliage, the falling spray and the peculiar soft haze permeating the whole place. Two or three of the party elected to remain here, but their vigil must have been a long one, albeit in fine surroundings and at a grand view point.

The rope ladder was quickly ready for the descent of the second pitch—a short and easy one—which brought the vanguard to the "Grass Ledge" aforementioned as seen from the top. This was traversed for fifty feet or so. Then the third pitch down a shallow chimney or crack landed the party on a kind of terrace of parallel ledges known as the Bridge Platform overlooking the fourth and longest pitch of the whole descent—a vertical cliff face with a sixty-foot drop.

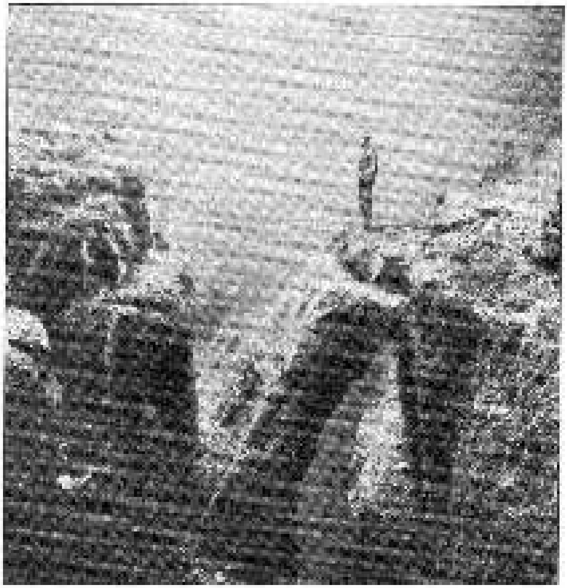
The vastness and grandeur of Alum Pot's rock scenery is seen to great advantage from here. The situation is highly sensational, and it required the ingenuity of the Chief in making the ladder and life-line doubly secure to allay another slight qualm on the part of novices essaying the principal descent of the day.

The pitch was safely negotiated by the entire party. The tail end of the ladder swung one into another good sized pool at the bottom, but it did not matter in the least.

The party was now on the floor of the main direct drop of 200 feet from the mouth of the chasm, not far from where the figure is shown in Mr. Cuthbert Hasting's larger photograph. The view—obtained with some difficulty—will give the reader an idea of the magnificent scenery of this part of Alum Pot.

By the time the remainder of the party had descended the long pitch, luncheon time was at hand and volunteer chefs and caterers were soon busy preparing the meal. Meanwhile a few sought still lower depths. Guided by two of the old hands, the interesting fifth pitch, partially through a waterfall, was descended, it being necessary for the first man down to absorb an extra douche of moisture and hold the ladder clear of the cascade for the remainder.

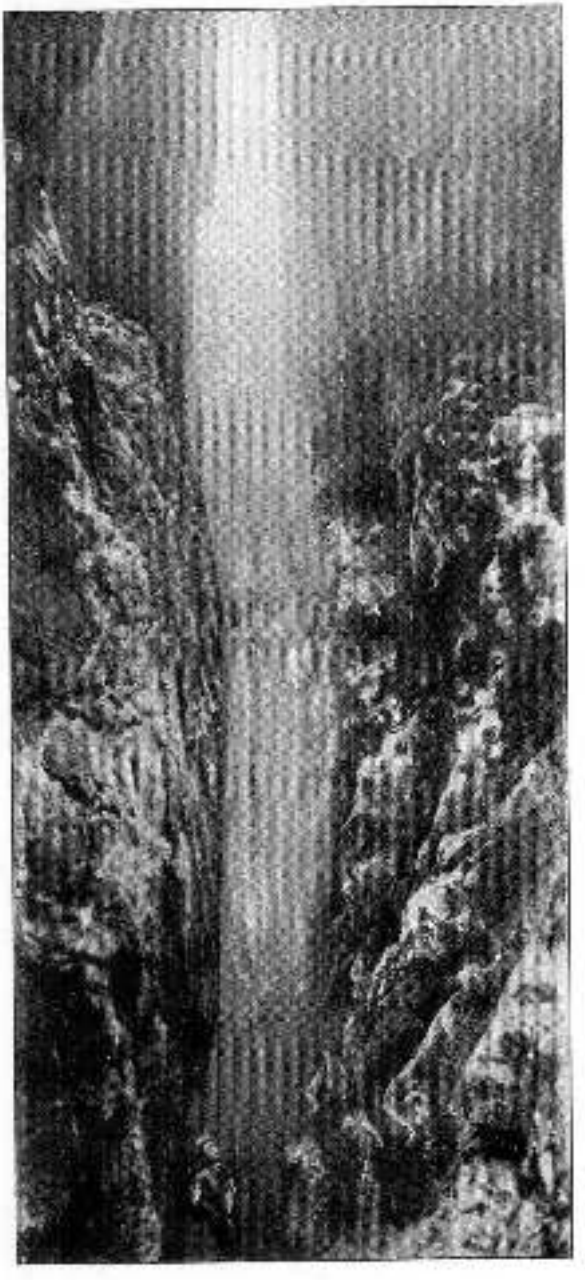
Following the stream we plunged again into darkness, candles were re-lit and a more weird subterranean passage even than Long Churn was traversed, Amidst a labyrinth of boulders and shelving rocks we groped our way. The bed of the stream was delightfully uneven. One could stumble into a pool or rapids of any depth and scramble over rocks of any roughness. Still we splashed and plodded on; it was all in the day's enjoyment. At one point it was interesting to observe the lodgment of huge wooden beams



Photo] THE BRIDGE—[illegible] FEET DOWN. [S. W. [illegible]

Photo] VIEW FROM NEAR THE BRIDGE. [S. [illegible]

Looking towards [illegible]



VIEW OF LARGE RIFT OF ALUM POT.
LOOKING DOWN TOWARDS BOTTOM CHAMBER.

—relics of the 1870 exploration. Having become dangerously rotten they had been dropped down the main chasm, carried along by a flood and left high and dry in the passage. This gloomy waterway leads to the bottom cave of Alum Pot, and our progress was rendered more awesome by the dull grinding roar of a big underground waterfall, the sound increasing as we proceeded. By the time we reached the point where the stream we were following falls into the lowest cave the noise was almost deafening. It is caused by our old friend the Long Churn beck, enlarged by tributaries, after pursuing a partly explored subterranean course, finally dashes over an enormous precipice into the vast cavern we were nearing.

This is entered either by the small waterfall alluded to or by an extremely narrow but dry passage to the left—the Rabbit Hole—where there is just room for the body to be wriggled through in a horizontal position. We burrowed through the aperture, down a kind of stone shoot, and so reached the culminating scene of Alum Pot, some 290 feet from the surface. In utter darkness, amidst the thunder of waters falling from a height of sixty or seventy feet, the contemplation of the huge vaulted chamber was indeed an impressive experience.

For the gratification of the party the uncanny surroundings were illuminated by flash-light and magnesium wire. Then was surveyed the final scene of all, a vast black pool plumbed to a depth of thirty feet which receives the combined waters of the two streams. Where is there such another "Meeting of the Waters?"

Further exploration is impossible, but careful research has traced the stream via Footnaw's Hole—where the water wells up and overflows in flood time—underneath the Midland Railway and River Ribble to Turn Dub, 1½ miles away. Measurements have been taken, and the level of the bottom pool of Alum Pot proved to be only slightly higher than that of Turn Dub, hence the obvious conclusion that the channel between the two must be completely filled with sluggish water. Fluorescein—a colouring matter generally used by explorers for the purpose—occupied twelve days to accomplish the journey between Alum Pot and Turn Dub. There

is no visible inflow at Turn Dub, and the outflow is lost in the waters of Old Ribble a few yards away.

A return scramble by the same route brought the party again to the luncheon place. An ample supply of good things was ready and full justice done them, especially the excellent hot soup, tea and coffee. During the meal some unearthly glimpses of the bottom passage and cave were obtained whilst photographers were at work down there with the flash-light. The instantaneous illuminations of the scene came as near one's conception of Hades as anything this old world of ours can put on view.

Time and the damp condition of many of the party would not admit of a prolonged stay below. It is a wet place with pools and streams underfoot and constant drippings from above. A move was quickly made to the foot of the first ladder and the ascent begun about 2-30 p.m.

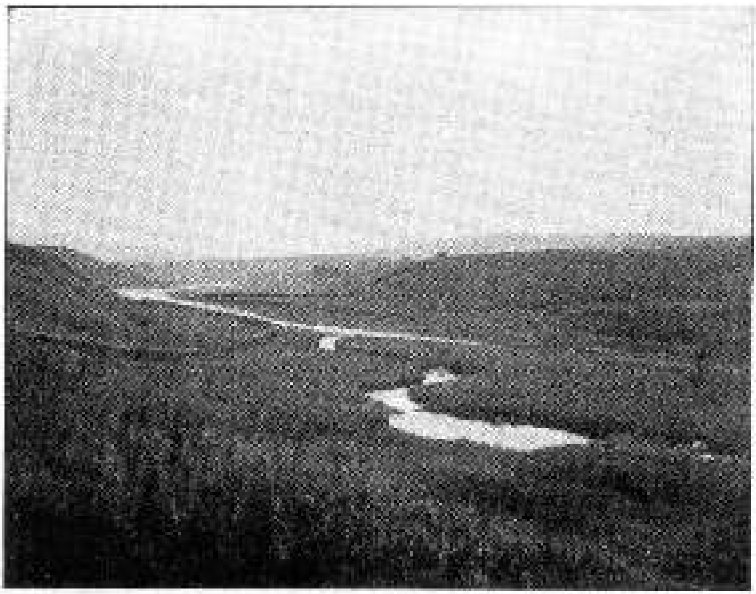
The leader skipped nimbly up the sixty feet of dangling ladder, let down the life line for the second man, and so on until the whole of the first section were safely up. They then moved on to the next pitch, and the first ladder was occupied by the men of the second section. This *modus operandi* was repeated until the entire party were safely above the black pitch in Long Churn, and the ladders, life lines, etc., drawn up after them. The upward going by so large a party was necessarily slow, with its numerous changes of life line and consequent waiting, still good progress was made. The return trudge through Long Churn was easily and quickly accomplished, varied by the exploration of one or two wonderful stalactite chambers not seen on the way down, which amply repaid the time necessary for visiting them.

The approach to dry land and daylight was a pleasant anticipation, whilst the scramble out on to the lovely green sward of the Fell about five o'clock was a positive enjoyment.

Speedily most welcome cups of delicious hot tea and other refreshments were handed round. In most cases dry comfortable garments were exchanged for wet ones. Those without change of raiment wisely elected to tramp the first part of the road to Stainforth.

When the prime roast beef and Yorkshire pudding was announced at Kern Knotts later in the evening there were no

Photo] POLLNAWS HOLE. [*Godfrey Bingley.*



Photo] TURN DUB. [*Godfrey Bingley.*

absentees, and the verdict unanimously pronounced was that no more successful or enjoyable exploration of Alum Pot had ever taken place.

A word must be said for the organisers, leaders and their lieutenants. By careful forethought and loyal co-operation the day's proceedings were carried through smoothly, without a hitch, and in excellent time, I am told, considering the size of the party. The novices and strangers present warmly acknowledge and will long remember the kindness and fraternity with which they were welcomed.

Since visiting Alum Pot, it has been my privilege to explore a fair number of the minor haunts of the pot-holing enthusiasts in Yorkshire. They are all places of great interest—Hull Pot and Hunt Pot in heavy flood the grandest—but they did not appeal to one like the subject of this paper. Of the pursuit generally one drawback—to all but the young, warm-blooded and robust—is obvious, viz., the saturation and consequent damp condition the explorer must endure for many hours. Perhaps the risks to subjects of rheumatism and kindred ailments may be lessened, though scarcely avoided, by the use of waterproof apparel and by working in smaller parties.

Again, a day spent in clambering amongst the rocks in the open bracing atmosphere of our high Fells must be less trying, tiring and more healthful than the continuous tread-mill-like grind entailed by the use of a swinging rope ladder in a humid atmosphere below ground. With these limitations one can well understand the fascination of the pursuit—be the object scientific, sporting or adventurous—to all lovers of the vast and phenomenal in nature.

To the writer the descent into Alum Pot was a profound and delightful revelation. Its unexpected vastness, the grandeur of its rock scenery, the beauty of its foliage, and the intense interest of its weird water-worn passages and cascades surpassed all anticipations.

As Moss Ghyll, Steep Ghyll, the North Climb of the Pillar Rock and the Napes Ridges of Great Gable fill one with reverence and admiration for the tremendous and sublime in nature of our land, so do the stupendous subterranean recesses of Alum Pot.

My most grateful acknowledgments and thanks are due Messrs. Cuthbert Hastings, S. W. Cuttriss and Godfrey Bingley for so kindly and readily allowing me to use their beautiful photographs, to Mr. Lewis Moore, the Hon. Secretary and the Committee of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club for the loan of the block for plan, and to Mr. J. H. Buckley for his services in perusing the M.S. of this paper.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was sent to press a party of Leeds explorers have had a sensational and not altogether pleasant experience in Alum Pot. The chasm was visited on September 20th last, and the descent successfully accomplished. During the ascent, however, a sudden torrential rain storm came on, and the fell becks rose rapidly. Long Churn was flooded to such an extent that the return journey through that passage was rendered impossible for several hours. Instead of gaining the surface by about five o'clock in the evening a section of the party were imprisoned until nearly eleven in a chamber at the entrance to Long Churn from the main chasm. Another section were hauled up with ropes and ladders from the grass Ledge some hours earlier. The sight of Alum Pot in flood, one of the belated informed me, was grand in the extreme, and will not soon be forgotten by any of the party. One can quite believe it.

SCOUTING ON SCA FELL PIKE.

By L. J. Oppenheimer,
Author of "The Heart of Lakeland."

The rougher part of Lakeland has for a long time been a favourite place for the pursuit of a sport known as "man-hunting." Cambridge men chiefly have been responsible for its introduction and continuance from year to year, but the development of it in a modified form under the name of "Scouts and Outposts," is principally due to a few members of the Climbers' Club.

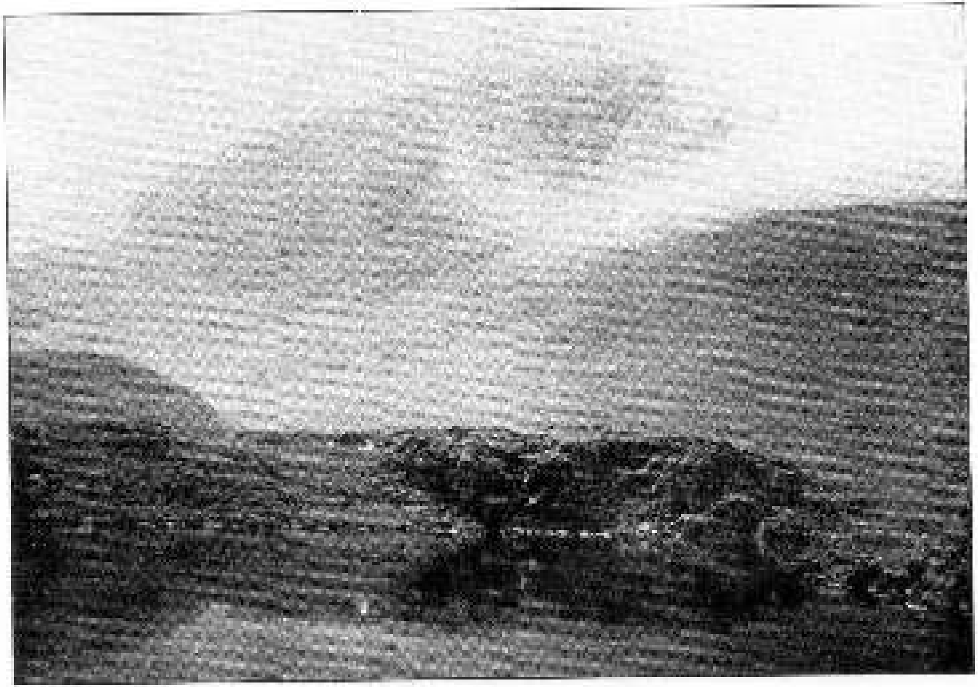
The general idea is for a few Scouts to attempt to pass through a long line of Outposts, details being varied considerably according to the selected goal and the number of players. In the game I am about to describe (entirely from my own point of view, as one of the Scouts), the goal was the summit of Sca Fell Pike. Five Scouts were to start at 10 a.m. from Wastdale Head, Boot, or Rosthwaite, as each thought best, and, to succeed, had to reach the goal before 3 p.m. The captain of the twenty-five Outposts could post his men at any time he liked, but they had to keep at least three-quarters of a mile from the goal until 2 p.m., except in actual pursuit of a Scout. Everyone taking part in the game was supplied with a map shewing the three-quarter mile limit. The rules for capture seemed at first sight somewhat arbitrary. A Scout was to be considered caught if two Outposts, each within 100 yards of him, together called on him to surrender, but to put an Outpost out of action he had to be actually touched by a Scout.

Our plan of operations required considerable discussion. Two of my fellow Scouts were to start from either Boot or Wastdale; the other two were with me at Rosthwaite. Of course, very much depended on the weather: if the tops were cloud-covered we had very little doubt of being able to get through almost anywhere, but we had to be prepared for a clear day. Very much also depended on the Outpost captain's

disposition of his men. Would he post them as close as possible to the three-quarter mile limit, or would he send out some of them to watch for us and fall back as we advanced until near enough to their comrades to effect a capture? If the former, he would be able to place his men 170 yards from one another all round the circle, and in that case they could capture us without moving if we tried to pass midway between any two and were seen. But parts of the limiting circle passed across very rocky ground, where we might easily approach unobserved, and either pass between two outposts unseen or steal on one of them and capture him, in which case, his nearest comrades being 170 yards away, could give him no assistance, and we should have a fair chance of either racing or dodging to the summit. It seemed much more probable however that the captain would place his men further out, on points commanding the approaches, with instructions to signal to one another as soon as a Scout had been seen. Now on the side of Sca Fell Pike, facing our starting point, the top of Great End forms a perfect post for surveying the approaches. Much the quickest way for us was by the Grains Gill and Esk Hause path, but for several miles this is in full view from Great End. We decided that only one should risk this route. My two Rosthwaite comrades planned a flank movement, going together as quickly as possible by the Langstrath track to Esk Pike. There they were to separate to get across the three-quarter mile limit, in the hope that if the line of outposts were drawn to catch one, the other might get through at the stretch so left undefended. I was to try by the Grains Gill route, keeping under cover so far as I could, and then round the west shoulder of Great End, crossing the line in the broken ground between the head of Skew Gill and the middle Pike.

For our side the weather turned out as bad as it could be. Looking up the valley we had bright sun in our eyes; looking down, every stone on the hillside miles away seemed to shew out sharp and clear. We put on the least conspicuous clothes we could find, but the bright red sash, which we had to wear on one arm as a badge, flamed in the sunshine. It was some consolation that the white sashes of the Outposts would shew even more.

The sunshine might be bad for us as Scouts, but in all other



Photo] [illegible]

GREAT END FROM SPRINKLING TARN

respects it was glorious : it flooded with light the fine little stretch of wooded valley between Stonethwaite and Eagle Crag, up which my friends turned to reach Langstrath ; it lighted up even the sombre old Seathwaite yews, and made the clear blue pool at Stockley Bridge and the nameless falls along Grains Gill fairly sparkle with delight as I raced along. I now began to take cover, trying to keep always out of sight from Great End, but found it no easy matter. Higher, where Grains Gill runs in a ravine I left the path altogether, for the rocky stream-bed, and made but slow progress. At last I reached the corner where the ravine bends sharply to the East, and here I had to leave the Gill to cross the open stretch at the foot of Great End.

This was the critical part of my course. I watched for some time, under cover, for any sign of an Outpost, but could see none. A large party, led by Professor Armstrong, was approaching. I knew that it was making for Cust's Gully, so I waited for some of the men, hoping to escape observation by mixing with them until the foot of their climb was reached. Unluckily for me they elected to have lunch beside a stream, when in the very middle of the open ground, and I had to make a dash for the western shoulder of Great End. I was nearing it when I heard various whistles. I had evidently been seen, and probably Outposts were being sent to catch me as I came round the shoulder. I quickly decided that it was no use pushing forwards, so turning, I made straight for the rocks to the left of Cust's Gully. There I could not be seen from either the top of Great End or the sides, where Outposts would probably be placed. I was in full view of anyone near the track between Sprinkling Tarn and Esk Hause, and in crossing a broad patch of snow, which lay all along the foot of the cliff, I could hardly escape detection by any Outpost below, but I felt sure that none was down there, and I climbed up the rocks, chuckling to think of the men going round the wrong way to meet me. The rocks were easy enough, and I was soon two-thirds way up the cliff. Then, to progress, it was necessary to cross a shallow gully. Alas ! when I came to try the snow lying in it I found it as hard as ice. At the foot of the cliff it had been soft enough, and I had not anticipated a barrier of this kind. It was impossible to kick steps in it, and I had not

taken my ice-axe out with me. This was very annoying, for it was only about four steps across to rocks which would lead easily to the top, so I tried in a number of places, but it was too much to risk, unroped, and I had to come down about a hundred feet and ascend again closer to the Central Gully. Two or three times I had trouble in circumventing patches of ice, but at last I was just under the top rocks, and peeped stealthily to see if an enemy were in sight. The rounded edge above the cliffs hid the actual summit, but the coast seemed clear, and I rested under the rock awhile to prepare for a rush across the top of Great End to the three-quarter mile circle, which was now only a quarter of a mile away.

I had not run ten yards up the rounded slope when I came full on an Outpost. The men who had been in touch with him had been sent down to the shoulder to look out for me, so he was helpless to capture me, and he seemed too surprised at my sudden appearance to run away and escape being captured himself. I touched him and called on him to surrender and come with me to the Pike. We proceeded a couple of hundred yards when the Captain of the Outposts appeared, trotting towards us and shouted, evidently under the impression that we were two of his men neglecting our duty. I told my prisoner to keep quiet, and we went forwards to meet the Captain, but when close to us he recognised his mistake and doubled. I gave chase, but soon found that I was no match for him, and desisted. The beaten track was quickly reached, and the three-quarter mile limit passed. Though I was safe now from meeting any more Outposts the Captain might be able to find another of his men and pursue me, so I pushed on and had the satisfaction of reaching the summit of Sca Fell Pike an hour and a half before the time limit.

My prisoner proved a most useful acquisition, for his pockets were filled with all kinds of delicacies for lunch, while mine were empty. We were able therefore to pass the time very agreeably, looking out meanwhile for other Scouts to appear, and watching a number of Outposts who were in sight from the cairn, scouring the country round with their field-glasses. We also derived considerable instruction and amusement from the remarks of numbers of tourists round us. After waiting half-an-hour two more Scouts advanced together towards us. They

[Photo] L. J. Oppenheimer.

GRAINS GILL AND DERWENTWATER
FROM HALF-WAY UP GREAT END.

came from Eskdale, and had got through the chain near Cam Spout, where they had to grovel along near enough to some Outposts to hear them talk to one another.

Soon the ring of Outposts began to close in, and very curious it looked from the mountain top to see them converging from all directions. My companions from Rosthwaite had not been caught, but their route had been too long, and they lost through exceeding the time-limit. We had won by ten to six—three for each of the three Scouts who had got through and one for the Outpost captured, against three for each of the two Scouts who had failed.

From three to half-past there were between fifty and sixty people on the summit, and it was unpleasantly like the top of Snowdon after the arrival of a loaded train. The impression I brought away was something like this—

"Hel-lo-o! Come along, it *is* the top this time."

"Eh, but that was warm work; it's a stiff pull up."

"Hel-lo-o-o—o!!"

"Well, where's the map? Let's see where we are now. Who are all these fellows with handkerchiefs round their arms?"

"Just a dash of whisky in it?"

"Careful: don't spill."

"See, there are some with red ones: whatever have they been doing?"

"Now, that must be the Isle of Man. Where's the compass?"

"Nay, that's Scotland."

"Have a marmalade—the meat are all finished."

"Now steady a minute: stand right on the top, and you three make a group in front. Are you right? Done."

"Thank goodness that's over. By Jove, but it's cold; let's get out of the wind."

"Here are some more of them with white handkerchiefs."

"Well, how many have got through? What, three? Don't tell me you got through where we were! And is that one of our men chained with the rope? Just leave our man alone, will you."

"Nay, never mind the compass, it's not working right. That's the Isle of Man right enough I tell you. You say it isn't? Well, then, what is it?"

"Hello, you up here? How are you? Scouts and Outposts? Rather a fool's game, eh?"

"I'd have preferred a climb on a grand day like this, but still it's not bad fun. What have you been doing?"

"Careful now—there, you've broken it: better try a tin-opener."

"But could you see us when you were crawling past?"

"Well, that's a relief. Oh, my poor body and bones. Isn't there an easier way down?"

"Here's my mackintosh to sit on, Papa: isn't it grand up here?"

"Now, keep together, girls, or you'll get lost: come away from that edge! Oh, it isn't an edge, isn't it? Well, come away from it and then you won't fall over."

"Has something glued the bottle fast in that corner? Just let it circulate a bit."

"Hel-lo! Hel-lo-o—o!!!...Didn't you hear the echo then?"

"I can't hear anything with all this rabble round."

"Well, that'll be Helvellyn, with what do they call it—Red Tarn—underneath it."

"That's Windermere, man!"

"Get along, look at the map: Windermere's not a bit of a thing that shape."

"It is certainly Windermere, with Wansfell above it: I know it well."

"I told him it were, Mister, but he won't believe nothing from me."

"Never mind Windermere! What I want to see is the Isle of Man. When our Bob knows I've been up here, the first thing he'll ask is 'Did you see the Isle of Man?' and I don't care whether that's it or the other, but if I've seen the Isle of Man———"

Imagine this sort of thing kept up for nearly an hour, always a dozen people shouting at once, with occasional wild war whoops interspersed, and you may perhaps have some idea of the way we desecrated Sca Fell Pike that afternoon. It was a pleasant contrast (after going down to Wastdale for tea and to meet old friends) to have a quiet walk back to Rosthwaite with the Captain of the Outposts under the sunset glow on the Napes, and then in the cool stillness of twilight down Borrowdale.

THE MOUNTAINEERING JUBILEE.

By T. W. Hanson.

The modern sport of mountaineering has attained its jubilee, though it is not easy to fix on a definite date from which to reckon.

We might very fittingly commence with the ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1854 by Mr. Wills (now Sir Alfred Wills), and proceed to catalogue the Alpine peaks that have been conquered. To these could be added the giants of the Caucasus, the Andes and elsewhere, concluding with Ruwenzori, whose ice-cap soars nearly 20,000 feet in equatorial Africa. Everest alone remains, and the heroic period of the sport may be said to have ended. To bag these big game of Africa or the Himalaya, an expedition comparable to a Polar one is required, and a purse deep enough to float a challenger for the America Cup.

The organised celebration of the jubilee took as its initial date the formation of the Alpine Club, whose reminiscences are of famous fellow members, and whose boast is of the number of Continental Alpine Clubs that have followed their example.

Another famous event in the early days of mountaineering was the publication of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," and the development of mountain climbing may perhaps be best traced by a study of the history of its literature. Our sport differs from all others because of the close connection it has always maintained with letters. The books of other sports contain the figures of record performances and the details of competitive results, but the names that are remembered in mountaineering annals are not necessarily those of the strongest and most skilful, but those who have been best able to express the supreme delight to be found among the mountains for them—for some others to be found in music and art.

The appreciative reader is anxious to emulate the exploits and to share the joy of the author, and so it was that in the

early days the pioneers' stories called many more to Switzerland. It was not difficult to find untrodden peaks in those golden days, but in time the Alps were practically subjected, and the books which by then had become classics were charming the minds of fresh generations.

The development became intensive instead of extensive, and the unfrequented ridges and more difficult faces were prospected for new and alternative routes. This more detailed knowledge of the mountains is reflected in a change in Alpine literature. The enthusiastic and poetic descriptions of holidays above the snow-line were succeeded by climbers' guides—businesslike books of condensed and portable information, free from all literary trimmings and sprinkled with as many contractions as a directory, and considered to be the last type in the evolution of mountaineering literature.

There will always be arm-chair climbers, men who thoroughly know the mountains by proxy, who have in imagination climbed next on the rope to Ball or Stephen, Wymper or Mummery; but there are also enthusiasts who, regretfully acknowledging that they lack the vigour and daring for original work, are yet anxious to see with their own eyes the scenes that are familiarised by reading, and to follow like pilgrims in the footsteps of their heroes.

This third class of visitors to the Alps is reflected in a later series of books than the climbers' guides. Mr. C. E. Mathews has devoted a volume to the "Annals of Mont Blanc," and Guido Rey has produced a fine monograph entitled "The Matterhorn." These two volumes testify that an epoch in mountaineering has closed, and the early exploits on these two famous mountains have become historic. Until a few years ago they were unvisited by man, whereas now they are saturated with memories of famous visitors, and their rocks aspire to the eloquence of the stones of an historic pile. The demand for such works is a natural sequence to the effect made by "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers" and other early books, and is parallel to the sale of descriptive volumes that treat of a stretch of country that has become famous as the scene of some great romance or poem.

Turning from the Alps to our own district we can trace a similar development. Mountaineering in Switzerland had

attained its majority before any technical climbing was attempted in the English Lake District, and this new branch might be considered as a "throw-back" in the evolution of the sport and not an advance. It certainly looks like a descent, to be content with hill climbing without aspiring to the eternal snows. Wasdale Head was apologised for at first as providing a nursery for Zermatt, and the Scafell and Gable climbs were considered as practice grounds for the Alps.

Even O. G. Jones took Alpine work as the standard, and wondered if his unique skill and strength would be equal to the recognised Swiss ascents. When, however, he published his "Rock Climbing in the English Lake District," the climbs in the heart of Lakeland became classical, and the book attracted a new set of men to the mountains of Cumberland in the same way that the early Alpine works acted as a magnet to Switzerland. Rock climbing at Wasdale Head was no longer a kindergarten, preparatory to the public schools of the Alps; but climbers, starting with Broad Stand, have spent the whole of their scrambling lifetime around Scafell, until they have learnt sufficient of their craft to qualify them to tackle the difficult routes up the Pinnacle. They have never hankered after Alpine excursions, having found the newer climbing to be all satisfying.

Rock climbing has had a vigorous and short youth; age has soon marked it, and legends of the generation of pioneers cling like a mist to the favourite cliffs. North Wales cries out that there are ample opportunities for new ascents among its broader mountains, but the old familiar gullies of Scafell and Gable are scratched over and over again, heedless of the call. Moss Ghyll is never without visitors for long, and like pilgrims they come to see for themselves the spot in Moss Ghyll where Professor Collie hacked a step, and the places where Jones actually climbed. The Pillar Rock has memories of that fine master of the sport, Robinson, and of Haskett-Smith, who spent nine years in completing the North Climb, and for their sakes no less than for the climbs, will generations yet unborn visit this promised land.

The traditions of mountaineering, and of English Climbing—whatever its detractors may allege—are as inspiring to us as the chapters of history are to a patriot, and the sport is

almost certain to deteriorate if we lose that higher feeling for the mountains, the respect and wonderment that was an essential quality in the pioneers' experiences.

Within these fifty years mountaineering has developed still further. We do not all live within easy reach of the fells, so, like Jones, we would wish to take home with us the Napes Needle and set it up as a rockery in the garden, and practise on it until the next holiday. Some enthusiasts living in the cities of Lancashire and Yorkshire for the fifty weeks they were not climbing, cast about for some practise nearer home for week-ends. The grit stone out-crops provided rocks of a suitable texture, and a little imagination and a sharp eye soon discoverd miniature gullies and toy arêtes, and in places sporting routes from the bracken-filled cloughs up to the heathery edge of the moor have been picked out. Small climbing parties explored these Liliputian precipices, hiding their ropes as cunningly as if they were out on a lynching expedition, and as afraid of ridicule as a youth who secretly enjoys playing with a toy boat.

Then Ernest A. Baker published "The Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak," and the Pennine climbs became classical just as Jones' book made the Lake gullies legitimate. The toy boat had become a model yacht, and this model climbing was indulged in openly and unashamed, and a few of the rocks became famous. This latest type of climbing book, with the same triplicity of title as its classical forerunner of half-a-century ago, is in the true line of succession and is a remarkable proof of the glamour that mountaineering has thrown over the present day world.

Cave exploration is another branch of the movement, and it has enlisted climbers, not so much because their craft is an advantage in underground work, but because it opens a field that satisfies the mountaineer's hunger for new ground.

"The true mountaineer," said Mummery, "is a wanderer . . I mean a man who loves to be where no human being has been before, who delights in gripping rocks that have previously never felt the touch of human fingers, or in hewing his way up ice-filled gullies whose grim shadows have been sacred to the mists and avalanches since 'Earth rose out of chaos.'"

This brilliant climber, who was fortunate enough to be

able to wander in far distant lands and among the highest places of the world, recognised the catholicity of the sport and the true spirit that underlies the more modest adventures when he wrote, "I am free to confess that I myself should still climb . . . . even if the only climbing attainable were the dark and gruesome pot-holes of the Yorkshire dales."

It is rock-climbing that has helped to make mountaineering universal and democratic. There are some who hold the belief that mountaineering can only flourish on ground which is never bare of snow, and they do not altogether relish the new developments. They are like bibliophiles who can only enjoy a first edition or the manuscript of some masterpiece; the better way is to love the work for the thought's sake, and to rejoice that it can be obtained in less expensive editions by every man.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

WORDSWORTH.

THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE J. W. ROBINSON.

Since the last issue of this Journal the committee appointed to promote the above has completed its labours.

Several meetings were held in Manchester, and after full consideration it was decided to fix an inscribed bronze tablet to a face of rock on the knoll at the end of the High Level track overlooking the Pillar Rock, Ennerdale.

An objection had been mentioned in some climbing circles to the erection of this memorial, the suggestion being that an undesirable precedent would be established. The case however is surely an exceptional one. John W. Robinson was locally much more than a rock-climber. He was a celebrity of the district, one of the dalesfolk to the manner born. His whole career was permeated and moulded by his love for the fells and dales of his native county and for their inhabitants, by whom he was esteemed as greatly as by his climbing friends.

Near the Memorial Tablet a cairn was erected on Easter Saturday, when a goodly number of the deceased climber's old friends, members of the Alpine, Climbers, Yorkshire Ramblers, Fell and Rock Climbing, and other mountaineering clubs gathered at the site for the purpose. The Chairman of the Memorial Committee, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, one of the earliest of the deceased's pioneer rock-climbing friends, directed the proceedings, and the structure though hurriedly raised, will be effective in denoting the whereabouts of the Memorial Tablet, and will serve as a distinctive and perhaps useful local landmark.

It had been intended to fix the tablet at the same time, but the casting was not ready. This function was therefore deferred until Whitsuntide, when, however, owing to the inability of the Chairman of Committee to be present, a further postponement became necessary. Finally, Saturday,

[Photo] [D. J. Osborne

THE BUILDING OF THE ROBINSON CAIRN.

June 13th, was arranged for the ceremony, and to the great regret of the Committee, the Chairman was again unable to be present. His place was most kindly filled by Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, another old friend and veteran of many ascents with the deceased mountaineer.

This fixture was most unfortunate, for the weather proved the stormiest of many stormy days recalled in the Lake District.

The evening before, in perfect weather, Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Seatree, Mr. Müller, Mr. Benson Walker—one of the firm of contractors—and his assistants arrived at the Angler's Inn, Ennerdale. This wild but interesting approach to Lakeland never looked grander or clearer.

Alas, vain hope! During the night the storm fiend took possession, and we awoke to a heavy downpour of rain, driven by a strong westerly gale. This continued throughout the day.

Mr. Walker and his assistants started early from the Inn, the remainder of the party about nine o'clock. The latter were joined near Gillerthwaite Farm by Mr. Oppenheimer, from Gatesgarth, who had braved the storm over Scarf Gap Pass. Mr. Walker and his men struggled valiantly up the Pillar Mountain side, drawing the heavy bronze tablet and their tools, and arriving at the sites elected before noon—no small achievement having in view the weather of that memorable day. When the whole of the party reached the High Level the storm was at its worst. After a hurried "snack" and consultation it was reluctantly decided to curtail the proceedings. The work of fixing the tablet had to be left for another day.

It was placed against its ultimate resting place, the inscription being as follows :—

FOR REMEMBRANCE OF JOHN WILSON ROBINSON,
OF WHINFELL HALL, IN LORTON, WHO DIED 1907, AT BRIGHAM.
ONE HUNDRED OF HIS COMRADES AND FRIENDS RAISED THIS.
HE KNEW AND LOVED AS NONE OTHER THESE HIS
NATIVE CRAGS AND FELLS, WHENCE HE DREW
SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH, AND CHARM.

"WE CLIMB THE HILL : FROM END TO END
IN ALL THE LANDSCAPE UNDERNEATH
WE FIND NO PLACE THAT DOES NOT BREATHE
SOME GRACIOUS MEMORY OF OUR FRIEND."

Whilst the small company hugged the leeward side of a boulder Mr. George Seatree (the Hon. Sec. and Treas.), on

behalf of the Committee expressed regret at the absence of the Chairman, thanked the wide circle of subscribers who had so generously responded to the call for assistance, and the Earl of Lonsdale for his kind permission to erect the Memorial. After a few words of heartfelt appreciation of the deceased he called upon Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby to unveil the Memorial.

Mr. SLINGSBY'S SPEECH :—

"We are assembled here to assist in the erection of a memorial of very especial interest. We are drawn together from the north, from the south, from the east and from the west—all imbued with one common feeling, the deep love and admiration of dear old John Robinson Owing mainly to the uncertainty of the date when the bronze tablet would be ready, we were unable to arrange for it to be fixed on the day originally intended, namely, the Saturday before Whit Sunday, and hence to-day was chosen. This change has, I regret to say, prevented many very old friends of Robinson's being present, whose absence we much regret. Notably is this the case with Mr. Haskett-Smith, the great pioneer of the modern type of rock-climbing in Cumberland, and who undoubtedly was Robinson's chief mountaineering companion. There are many others who would have liked to be present to-day. Fortunately, one of the oldest friends, tried and true, Seatree, is with us, and to him is due the thanks of us all for the energy, skill, and tact which he has used upon a true labour of love, the result of which we now all see before us.

Just a few words about mountaineering with dear old John. A great theme it is, too, and one in which are interwoven many most delightful recollections. To know Robinson was to love him. To climb with him, whether in sunshine or in storm, was always a keen enjoyment. His sunny nature and almost universal optimism were delightful characteristics. No matter how tired and hungry we were, how heavily the pitiless rain, how thick the clouds, how fierce the wind, how trying the cold, how near to great success had been our failure, if Robinson were with us the time passed pleasantly away, and it was impossible to be dull. John's brightness and jollity were positively infectious. He was always full of fun, ready to make a joke and enjoy it too. Well do we all remember his hearty laugh. His memory was marvellous, especially in recalling minute details, which, though full of interest, we had all forgotten. As a mountaineer he was in every respect first-rate, and had that rare gift of being able to read a mountain like a book. He was a magnificent route finder. No one had such a marvellous knowledge of the details of the Cumberland fells as he. Like all good mountaineers he loved the mountains with an intense love and a wholesome respect. He was bold as a lion, but took no unwarrantable risks, as he possessed the great moral courage of being able to sound a retreat when experience dictated that to advance would be to court danger. Many a time have I climbed with Robinson and rejoiced

with success or laughed at failure. Robinson, with Haskett-Smith, Hastings, Charles Hopkinson, and myself, did much of the exploratory work on the north face of the Pillar Rock, a much more difficult matter than is generally supposed. Unfortunately when success smiled upon us he was unable to join the party. This was much regretted by all. He, however, made the second ascent. He was in the first unsuccessful attempt to ascend Moss Ghyll, and I shall never forget the way which he climbed the mossy wall of rock up to the Tennis Court Ledge: as fine a bit of climbing as I have ever seen. This wall is much changed now. Fortunately John was one of the party in the successful ascent when the "Collie Step" was cut. This was not my luck.

A true ladies' man was our dear old friend in the best sense of the word, and many a winsome lassie has he introduced to the heart of the fells and to the best climbs in Lakeland. Not only did he lead them up, but also on several occasions he descended with one or more ladies the grimmest rock faces in Cumberland, a much more severe achievement, and a phase of British mountaineering which is too much neglected. Our dear old friend possessed in a high degree all the best characteristics of the north country yeoman, the back-bone of our race. In many cases, and most certainly in that of Robinson, these northern yeomen are the descendants of the Norse "bonder." John Robinson was essentially of Scandinavian ancestry, and I have often called him a British Norseman. If I could have paid him a higher compliment I would have done so. Though the hand of death has led our dear friend to his long sleep, all who, like myself, have enjoyed for many years his friendship and close comradeship on the fells of his native county will have a rich store of happy memories of John Robinson, which we shall cherish as a precious possession so long as life shall last."

The company then beat a hurried retreat, Mr. Walker and his friends making for the Angler's Inn and Cockermouth, the remainder aiming for Gatesgarth and Buttermere by Scarf Gap Pass.

Under the peculiar climatic conditions the Pillar rock was almost beyond recognition. The great bastion appeared to be hung with garlands of lace, the well known gully climbs on the north face being transformed into foaming cataracts. The rills were swollen into heavy streams, the streams into rivers. The Lisa, which the party intended to cross *en route*, was in mad impassable spate, and many of its tributary torrents proved too deep and strong to be negotiated. Through blinding sheets of rain, the storm-driven travellers trudged and waded up the bleak valley to the Black Sail footbridge, which at first looked to have been washed away, but ultimately the plank was found several feet under water.

The head of Ennerdale was a memorable sight and could not have been much worse at the Deluge ! For once it was our privilege to view the ravages actually being wrought by the turbulent torrents in their wild devastating condition. The summit of Scarf Gap Pass brought no cessation of the storm which had now raged for fully twelve hours. The steep fell slopes surrounding Warnscale Bottom were a repetition of the Ennerdale scene, only the flood water could not be carried away so rapidly. Literally there were hundreds of milk white cascades coursing down the slopes of the fine mountain amphitheatre, whilst the meadows at the head of Buttermere were submerged by a subsidiary Lake.

The usually high and dry footbridge at the foot of Scarf Gap Pass was several feet under water. Slingsby and Seatree—the rearguard of the baffled party—were not sorry to see the thoughtful Oppenheimer, who, along with Müller, had preceded them, wading hurriedly across the inundated fields from Gatesgarth with a climbing rope ready for emergencies. Kind friends at the well known farm administered to their dire necessity with the most delicious cups of tea ever partaken of. Greatly refreshed, the journey was resumed in improving weather by the swollen Lake, and by the time Buttermere Village was reached the rain had ceased at last. Never were storm-beaten travellers, lacking the proverbial dry thread, more kindly or effectually cared for than they were that evening by Mr. Edmondson's family at their comfortable hostelry.

The morning of the 14th broke fine, and in contrast to the previous day's experience, the weather grew lovelier as the day advanced. What was left of the party rambled in serene atmospheric conditions by Crummock Lake through the meadows and woods to Scale Hill, then crossing the river Cocker strolled over a quiet byway down the fair valley of Lorton to Whinfell Hall, the dear old home of their departed comrade. They visited the bonnie secluded farm, and recalled with sadness reminiscences of bygone happy times spent there with the ever genial " John " and his kind and loving parents.

On the Monday following (June 15th) Mr. Benson Walker with his staff repaired again to the Pillar Mountain, and

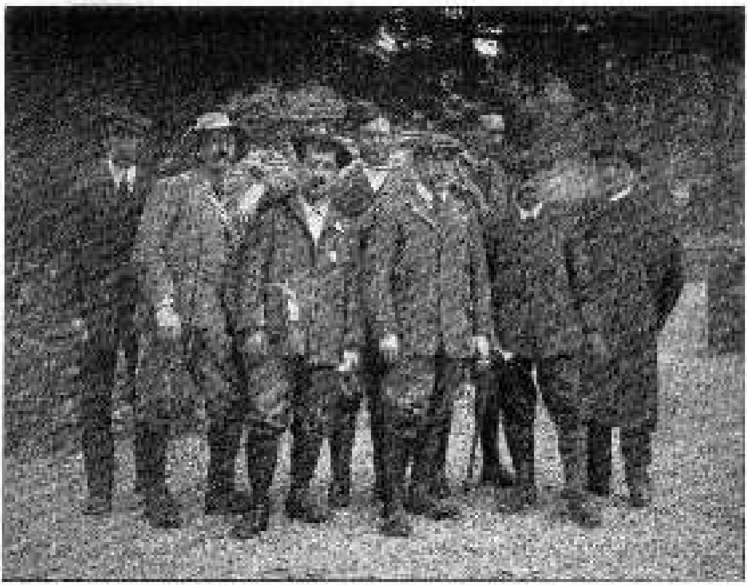


Photo.] [L. J. Oppenheimer.

THE BUTTERMERE CONTINGENT FOR THE CAIRN BUILDING.

Photo.] [C. Reeve Walker.

THE MEMORIAL TABLET.

completed the fixing of the tablet in moderately decent weather.

A bottle encased in an enamelled zinc box containing the appended record of the Memorial, written on parchment had been prepared for depositing in the cairn on the summit of Pillar Rock. This also had to be left for another day. It did not reach its resting place until the August "Meet" of the Club in Borrowdale, when Messrs. L. J. Oppenheimer and H. B. Lyon most kindly undertook to convey it to what is hoped may prove its final home.

RECORD OF MEMORIAL.

In memory of John Wilson Robinson, born at Whinfell Hall, Lorton, 1853; died at Brigham, 1907. An enthusiastic and skilful cragsman, who, between the years 1882 and 1906 ascended this rock by various routes over 100 times. A true lover of nature, and one of nature's own gentlemen, John Wilson Robinson endeared himself to a wide circle of mountaineering friends, who retain the keenest appreciation of his many kind acts and his genial and friendly intercourse during their visits to the Cumberland Fells. At Easter this year a cairn was erected to his memory by a few friends on a knoll by the side of the High Level route to Black Sail Pass. On a face of rock near to the cairn, which may henceforth be known as Robinson's cairn, has been fixed, on this 13th day of June, 1908, a bronze memorial tablet, subscribed for by over one hundred of his comrades and friends, who thus desire to perpetuate his memory.

Signed and deposited here on behalf of the Memorial Committee, whose names are given below,

GEORGE SEATREE,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH (Chairman), G. D. ABRAHAM, WALTER BRUNSKILL, G. B. BRYANT, PROFESSOR J. NORMAN COLLIE, GEOFFREY HASTINGS, ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C., F. W. JACKSON, G. W. MULLER, W. W. NAISMITH, L. J. OPPENHEIMER, C. PILKINGTON, PROFESSOR PROCTER, E. H. P. SCANTLEBURY, WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY, PROFESSOR WILBERFORCE, C. N. WILLIAMSON.

J. W. ROBINSON MEMORIAL—FINANCIAL RESULTS.

The amount subscribed for the Memorial Fund is £40 15s. 9d. The cost of the Tablet, fixing and expenses (printing and postage) absorbed the sum of £28 5s. 3d., leaving a balance of £12 10s. 6d. to be transferred to a "Private Relief Fund," which the Memorial Committee decided to promote.

A copy of the balance sheet will be forwarded to any subscriber on application to the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

WITH MAP AND COMPASS.

BY G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

A compass should always be carried in a district like ours where clouds come down so suddenly and unexpectedly; but of course a compass without a knowledge of how to use it might as well be left at home.

Many people have only the vaguest idea as to how a compass should be used, and, moreover, they are generally unaware of all the information conveyed in a good map.

I have met so many people who really did not understand the meaning of the contour lines, or even the correct method of holding a map that I think it would be advisable to first point out what may be learnt from a contoured map.

On looking at a map a great number of curved irregular *contour lines* will be noticed; they are sometimes marked in red, but are usually dotted. On some part of each line the height above the sea level will be marked in feet. Any position upon any one of these lines will be of equal height above sea level.

The use of these lines is best explained by means of a diagram (see fig. 1). Supposing one desires to get from the point marked B to that marked D, the contour lines will show at once that it would involve much labour to go direct, there being a deep valley between the two points. It would be obviously better to make for the pass at F and skirting to the north of the spur C, climb almost direct for D.

A bulge in the contour lines indicates either a depression or a ridge. If the lines within the bulge show a lesser elevation then the bulge indicates a depression. If, on the other hand, the contours within show a higher elevation, then the bulge indicates a ridge. For example, H shows a depression whilst a ridge is indicated at K. The more acute the angle of the bulge the deeper will be the depression or the sharper the ridge. At L, in the map, is seen a very deep ravine, and at G a sharp ridge is indicated to the north.

A pass or col will be shown by two contours of equal elevation—see N—approaching one another, and with higher ground on either hand. The nearer the contours are together the steeper is the ground.

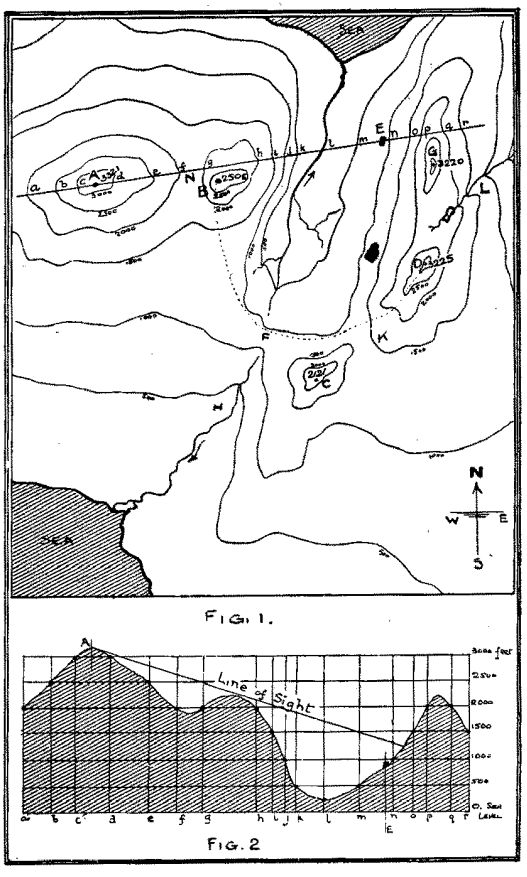


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2

From a correctly contoured map it is possible to ascertain whether any two points are visible the one from the other. Thus, let us determine whether the house at E is visible from the summit A. First draw a straight line intersecting these two points, mark off each point where this line intersects the various contour lines, lettering the points *a*, *b*, *c*, etc. Then draw, as in figure 2, a straight line and mark off the points *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., to correspond with those on line AE, i.e., of the same relative distances apart. This is readily done by folding the paper along the line you have drawn and then marking off the points on the line AE. Now draw above and parallel to this line, as many lines as there are contours and at equal distances apart (say $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch) and

mark them accordingly as shown. It does not much matter what distances these are apart as it is usual to exaggerate the vertical scale by perhaps 5 or 6 times that of the horizontal. Through *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., draw perpendiculars, then mark off the outline of the section thus :—the point *a* is on the 2,000 feet contour, so make a dot where it cuts the 2,000 feet line and so for each point ; join up all the dots and you have a section of the earth's surface taken through the line AE. It is now easily ascertained whether the house be visible from the summit by drawing a line (the line of sight) so as to just clear the high ground at B, as shown in the diagram. This line it will be noticed passes over the house, which is therefore not visible from the peak, neither, of course, is the peak to be seen from the house. Owing to refraction and curvature of the earth, this method is not accurate at long distances.

Now when using a map it is, of course, necessary to first set it in position to correspond with the country, *i.e.*, the north or upper edge of the map should face towards the north. This is best done by laying the map out on some suitable place, putting the compass on the map, and turning the map until the right hand edge makes an angle with the needle of 18 deg. east of north. The reason for thus setting the map so much to the east is because there is a difference of about 18 deg. between the " true north " and the " magnetic north," so that it becomes necessary to set the map to the true north. Most compasses are marked for the magnetic north, thus simplifying matters. Having set the map the various objects in view can be recognised by " lining up " your position on the map with the object to be identified.

Should you not have a compass, north and south can be found with a watch provided that you know the position of the sun. Point the hour hand to the sun, bisect the angle between it and twelve o'clock, and this will give you the line of north and south.

All the above remarks assume that the weather is clear. If it be misty then the real difficulties begin. It may be thought that having once determined the line for advance, it is easy to keep it, but this is not so. No one can walk straight in a mist, most men bear to the left, owing to the

right leg being generally the stronger; personally I wander off to the right.

I remember making use of this knowledge once with a friend at Sedbergh. We were in thick mist on Calf. Now his tendency was to go to the left, so he walked on my right; the result was that we kept running into each other, and so steered fairly straight as we neutralised each other's errors.

It is necessary then to look constantly at the compass. A good plan is to notice three objects, such as stones, which are in the line you wish to go; when you get to the first look for another further ahead, and in line with the remaining two. When you come to a prominent object—a cliff or a watercourse—look for it on the map and tick it off. It is only by great care and by identifying each object as you come to it that you can find your way in a mist.

I was once on Tryfaen with a friend, it was rather late, and we reckoned that we should just have time to cross the Glyders—which were in cloud and were then practically unknown to me—and so get off the rocky parts before dark. The alternative was to go down to the road and round by Capel Curig. Having a good map and compass I offered to lead, and we fortunately arrived safely at Pen-y-pass; but this was not a particularly difficult case.

Sometimes, however, the compass fails to work accurately, and through no fault in its construction. I was lately in Skye on the ridge—in mist—between Bidein Druim nan Ramh and Bruach na Frithe, and was uncertain whether I had passed Am Caisteal, so wishing to find out what was the direction of the part of the ridge I was on, I took out my compass and noted the direction in which it indicated north. Then upon moving near to some rocks it slowly swung round; I found, on moving it about, that it would point anywhere—the rocks were magnetic! I don't think any of the Lake District rocks are magnetic,* but it is well to be aware of such a possibility.

Knowing the Lake District mountains so well, I seldom find it necessary to consult a compass, but last Easter I steered by compass from the Drum House on Fleetwith to

*Magnetic rocks are to be found in the neighbourhood of the Pike of Blisco, on the borders of Cumberland and Westmorland.—ED.

Scarf Gap, avoiding all dips and going purposely west of the Haystacks.

Everything looks so different in a mist; a slight rise in the ground sometimes looks like a formidable ridge; a small tarn like the beginning of some vast sheet of water; even the cairns on Esk Hause loom up out of a mist like huge peaks. I remember walking from Oldham to Manchester in a thick pea-soup fog, with happy thoughts of the damp but pure mist of Esk Hause, when, "Hello!" I thought absent mindedly, "they've cairned the whole route!" but no, it was one of the electric tram standards appearing through the fog!

I can't help thinking that things are made far too easy nowadays. Cairns are built up, stones whitewashed, and direction posts fixed along the principal routes, so that people are seldom forced to steer by compass. Happily, however, there yet remain mountains and moors where such things are not, for only the main routes have suffered these indignities.

"The joy of life in steepness overcome
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us, and joy
In breathing nearer heaven."

TENNYSON.

THE STORY OF A MIDNIGHT CLIMB.

"Why not start this evening," said my friend, "we are going to have one of those beautiful warm summer nights when one could sleep out in the open air without extra clothing or discomfort."

"Yes, why not? I'm game! Let's make a start after tea, and we'll borrow some blankets."

"Blankets be hanged; let's go as we are," was the polite reply.

We two, after a longish journey of some fifty miles by motor cycle, had arrived that evening at Seathwaite, that delightful Lakeland hamlet, situated at the head of lovely Borrowdale, and notorious for the biggest rainfall in England.

We had made our way to Rain Guage Cottage with the intention of staying there for the night, and on the morrow to ramble over the fell tops and include some standard rock-climb, when ensued the foregoing idiotic suggestion—by the way, if you were to ask my friend he would say that the suggestion emanated from myself. Be that as it may, we decided, without much thought, to act upon it.

There is nothing very unusual in sleeping out on the fell tops without covering beyond one's ordinary clothes; it has been done often enough by climbers (usually, however, they have had no say in the matter), and hundreds of times by shepherds; certainly it is not a sufficiently unusual occurrence to warrant an article in our Journal; yet I venture to describe our experiences of that night, not because anything very exciting occurred — but I am anticipating.

As we left Seathwaite (at about 8 o'clock) on that glorious June evening, the sun was still lighting up the higher slopes of Glaramara with rosy-hued tints, making the rocks stand out in bold relief against the purple shadows below.

We were both in the best of "form," and enjoyed, to the full, the violent exercise and muscular exertion required in making the ascent of Sty Head Gill at a good fast pace.

It was after nine when we reached the tarn at the top of the Pass. The water looked clear and inviting, and being ripe for a plunge, we were soon divested of clothes. Shall I ever forget that glorious dip—that first header into the dark cool water? A dive into the deep shadows of a mountain tarn is unlike anything else of the kind. There is a freshness in the water that is somehow all its own, and there is that peculiarly beautiful greeny-blue irradiance when one opens one's eyes beneath the surface.

We needed no towels, but resumed our clothes without drying our bodies, after which we turned our faces towards Great Gable—then, away over the boulders to Kern Knotts, and so along the track—used by few but climbers—which leads one across Hell Gate to the base of the Napes Ridges.

How we raced along that scree strewn track in the dim light, and indeed there was need for haste, since it was then nearly ten o'clock—the sun had sunk in gorgeous splendour beyond Red Pike—and we did not desire to spend the night in that uninviting spot, amongst the scree and boulders.

"Let's make for the Needle Gully. We may find some soft grassy spot on the *Dress Circle.*"

"Right ho! Anywhere you like," was the reply, "lead on."

Only the twilight remained by the time the gully was reached. We first clambered up the little corner which leads from the gully to the platform at the base of the Needle, in order to inspect once more an old familiar spot. Here we opened out our 'ruckers' and prepared for supper. Having regaled ourselves with various dainties, we lit our pipes, then sat quietly, leaning back on our rucksacks to admire the scene in comfort.

What a delightful evening it was, quite warm and still save for the never-ceasing, distant rush of water down the rocky bed of grim Piers Ghyll. How peaceful the world seemed; how beautiful those tiny rose tinted clouds—and far away below we could faintly discern a twinkling light at Wasdale Head. I was feeling quite comfortable, even drowsy, when—

"How would it be to climb the Needle?" blurted out my companion suddenly, disturbing all my poetical thoughts of 'a better land.'

"Impossible!" I exclaimed; then after a pause for thought, "What, in the dark?"

"Well, it isn't really dark, and won't be all night—I'll lead if you will follow and give me a shoulder should I need it."

"Right you are my boy, but I will lead, thanks, and my blood be upon your hands if ought goes amiss. Come on, we'll make the first midnight ascent of the Needle!" and I chuckled at the thought as we hastily roped up.

It was a weird sensation shinning up that crack in the gloaming. The holds were scarcely distinguishable, and had we not both made the ascent on several previous occasions our escapade would have savoured of extreme foolhardiness.

Advancing from the top of the leaf was extremely tricky work for the leader, and the holds were very difficult to find; though the climbing here is comparatively easy in daylight. By the time the platform below the *Mantleshelf* was reached we both experienced a feeling that we were doing a foolish thing.

"What do you think, old man," I asked, "shall we chuck it and get down, or go on, or what?"

"If you are sure," he replied, "that you can safely lead up beyond the *Mantleshelf* then do so, for it would be a pity to give it up now."

"That settles it," I said, with a look of grim determination on my face, which was completely wasted, however, as it was too dark for my companion to see it, "let me use your shoulder."

Mounting to the *Mantleshelf* with his aid, then working out to the extreme left—there might have been a sheer drop of a thousand feet directly below for all I could see to the contrary—I then swarmed up a foot or two, retaining my balance as it seemed merely by friction. I had just got both hands level with the top of the Needle, when—I felt it sway—perceptibly—unmistakably. A sickening feeling overcame me and the usual cold shiver ran down my back. That enormous top boulder was actually rocking! My God! It was going over! My friend below had noticed this and yelled for me to come down, but it was then too late.

I did not lose consciousness, no—I was fully cognizant throughout of all that was happening in those awful moments.

The rock heeled over towards the Needle Arête—and fell! As it was falling, with me clinging to it, I could even then feel the rope being dragged across the flat top which once formed the *Mantleshelf*; then came a tremendous roar and crash as of thunder, and the huge rock bounded down the Needle Gully! Simultaneously I was pulled up by the rope with a horrible sickening thud and knew no more until—

* * * * * *

"Wake up, you silly juggins," said my cheerful companion, slapping me heartily on the back, "you've been jabbering away in your sleep with your hair standing on end for the last two minutes. Wake up and let's get a move on; there are too many lumps in this bed. The sun will rise in an hour or so; what say if we make for the top of Gable—up Hell Gate—and see the sunrise?"

Photo. FROM THE VIGNEMALE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BATHS OF PANTECOSA. [illegible]

TWO PYRENEAN PEAKS.

A NOTE BY VICTOR H. GATTY (A.C.)

The photographs of Pyrenean mountain scenery which appear in this number of the Journal, were taken during the course of a visit to the range in the first half of June. At that time of the year a great deal of the winter's snow remains unmelted, and many of the mountains are snow-clad, which later on will be bare. Whether this adds as much to the interest of the ascents as it undoubtedly does to the charm of the scenery is a matter of taste ; in the opinion of the writer there cannot easily be too much snow.

The mountain wall which shuts off Spain from France contains a large number of peaks of over 10,000 feet, and a few of close on or above 11,000 feet ; in the latter category are numbered the two peaks which form the subject of the photographs.

The Vignemale, 10,820 feet, is one of the principal peaks to be ascended from Gavarnie, which may be considered the chief climbing centre of the Pyrenees, not so much because several of the highest peaks can thence be reached, as because bed and board can there be found at the foot of the mountains, which is by no means always the case in the Pyrenees.

The view here illustrated represents the final summit of the peak ; before this is reached there is much of what the crag climbers of this club might class with Mr. Mantalini's mangle as "a demnition horrid grind" : to wit, three hours up a hot and stony, but yet beautiful valley, followed by four hours or more of snow—half winter avalanche snow, half snow covered glacier. The too short final climb up rock or snow, according to the season, is the reward of all this labour. The view from the summit, which is on the frontier line between the two countries, is a wide one, reaching far over France and Spain, and includes all the chief Pyrenean peaks within a radius of fifty miles on either hand. The nearest point of civilization, the Baths of Panticosa, looking towards which

the view is taken lies in a high valley to the south west on the Spanish side, and just out of sight; beyond this, rise many ranges of lower hills.

The point of departure for the Pic de Néthou, the highest summit of the Pyrenees (11,165 feet), is Bagnères de Luchon, which lies at a height of 2,000 feet only.

It is a pleasant drive through beech forests to the Hospice de Luchon, a country inn, which lies something over 2,000 feet higher, at the foot of two mule passes into Spain; across one of these, and on the far side of the valley of Venasque beyond, lies the peak. As one must descend into this valley and remount both going and returning, the total to be ascended on foot is little less than the full height of the peak. Hard walking rather than hard climbing is the characteristic of Pyrenean ascents.

A night spent under an overhanging rock, a departure just before dawn, and a long climb up snow and across the Néthou glacier brings us to the Col Couronné at the foot of the Dome de Néthou, a steep rounded hump of ice or snow up which steps must be cut: at the top of this is the point from which the picture of the peak is taken; a short climb thence along the narrow rock ridge known as the Pont de Mahomet, now buried under snow, brings us to the summit, whence we look down on a sea of peaks stretching away as far as the eye can reach, on every side except the north; amongst those to the eastward, which are seen in the photograph, are the hills of the little republic of Andorra; to the southward, only the nearer peaks are snow covered; beyond them lie the lower hills of Spain.

No long stay can be allowed, as little more than a third of the day's work has been accomplished in ascending the peak, and softening snow will still further lengthen it if there is much delay. Allowing for a noon-day rest at the sleeping place, it is eight hours before the Hospice de Luchon is regained, and the road rejoined leading to civilization, which is never more tolerable than after days and nights spent in the wilds.

THE HOSPICE DE LUCHON AND PORT DE PICARDE.
Starting Point for the Pic de Néthou.

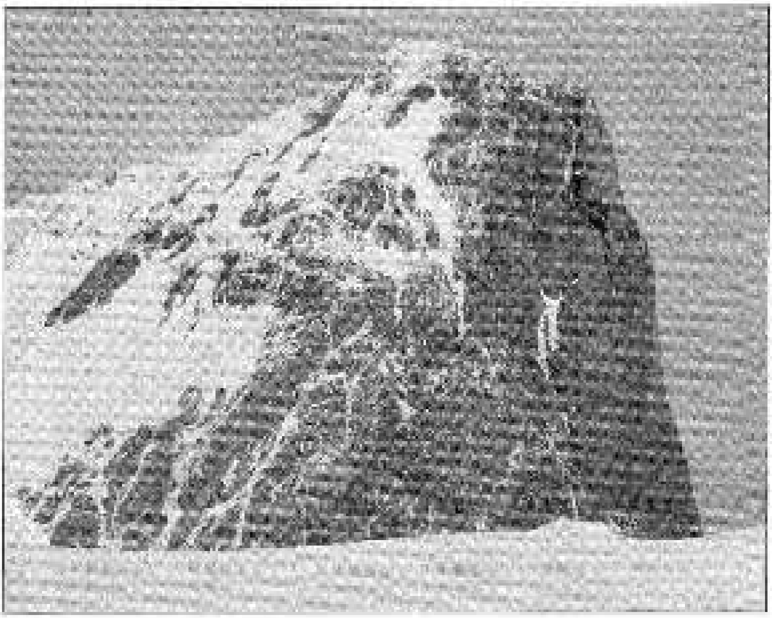


Photo by] [F. B. Ford.
THE SUMMIT OF VIGNEMALE FROM THE GLACIER.

FROM THE PIC DE NETHOU, LOOKING EAST

THE CLIMBS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

By George D. Abraham,
Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," etc.

Being a sequel to the article by C. N. Williamson which appeared in our last issue.

The most optimistic enthusiast, of those early pioneering days with which Mr. C. N. Williamson's interesting contribution to the first number of our Journal dealt so lucidly, could scarcely have foreseen the modern development of English rock-climbing. It would be unwise to say that the present generation of climbers is more skilful than their immediate predecessors, yet nowadays places, then considered inaccessible, have become veritable "easy days for a lady." To the outsider a climber's route sketch of the face of any of our highest cliffs would almost suggest the intricacies of a spider's web. Fearful and wonderful ingenuity has been shown in the naming of these devious ways, as witness poor Gimmer Crag, the latest victim in the first copy of our Journal.

It may be confidently said that some of the recent climbs touch the high water mark of human powers to resist the laws of gravitation, yet the early conquerors of Deep Ghyll held much the same opinion of their ascent. As to the future—prophets, beware. These are the days of a Ladies' Alpine Club, and some climbing clubs admit members of both sexes. Mountain flirtations and climbing marriages may develop unthought-of powers in coming generations; perhaps this is the "Fell" purpose of our own club.

To turn to the more practical side of the Lakeland climbs, the Face of Scawfell—perchance the grandest cliff in the district—calls for first attention. Wonderful deeds have been done here since those early days when auld Will Ritson told the pioneer of the North climb that "nought but a fleein' thing can gan up theer." Moving in a westerly direction along the Rake's Progress, the next door neighbour to Mr. Seatree's early route opens a fine example of the modern climbing spirit. Collier's Climb still ranks as one of the hardest courses, and worthily perpetuates the memory of one of the grandest of leaders. Lithe and long of reach,

Joseph Collier was just the man to achieve the so-called impossible here, and well nigh impossible it certainly was in those earlier days. But now that a large mass of rock has come away above the most difficult section, thus allowing more head room, the ascent scarcely justifies its early reputation. Yet it is not so very long since two of our members narrowly missed being handed down to posterity from that huge, slanting cliff. The leader made an unexpected descent, but fortunately the second climber had secured a serviceable belay on Rake's Progress.

The difficulty of Collier's Climb is now really of short duration. The problem consists of standing in an exposed situation on an uncomfortably sloping foothold, and straightening the body and arms out to their full length until a distant hand-hold can be reached. A long, light leader with a perfect balance has a great advantage here. Above this awkward pitch a broad grass ledge is available with a deep crevasse behind it, where considerable help can be given by the leader to the rest of a party.

Collier's Ledge, as this place is now called, is much easier of access by a route leading up to its westerly end. This forms the beginning of the Keswick Brothers' Climb, and starts with a well-known traverse out to a series of ledges which lead comparatively easily upwards.

It may be interesting to note that the actual first time that Collier's Ledge was reached from the west the party followed up the more or less well-defined crack which starts from a conspicuous recess in the Progress. The start lies several yards west of the beginning of the traverse and avoids this section. The way by the crack is more difficult, and was used by Mr. F. W. Botterill some years later when he followed the crack practically throughout to the top of the crags; a climb which had been made in sections by previous parties.

Reverting to the Ledge it may be briefly stated that Dr. Collier's Climb continues upwards from its easterly end; the Keswick Brothers' route enters a convenient crack at the opposite or westerly extremity. Under good conditions Collier's Climb possesses little interest in its higher part, and many climbers prefer to finish up the newer course, the more so if the interesting variation is taken which leads up the

right wall of the wide, upper chimney almost as soon as it is entered.

This wide, upper chimney rises steeply from the Rake's Progress, and was the scene of a remarkable *tour de force* by Mr. F. W. Botterill. He climbed it practically from bottom to top, and up to the present no one has followed in his footsteps, nor are they likely to do so for many reasons; the place is repulsively dangerous and difficult, and at one point the daring pioneer's footsteps are not there, for upward progress was made by using a quaint form of ice-axe plunged into doubtful turf. It should be noted that Mr. Botterill does not recommend this course.

The next climb in order is Moss Ghyll, and this ranks as one of the very best gully climbs in Lakeland. Dr. Collie's famous description of the first ascent is practically a climbing classic in miniature. Dr. Collier was also associated with the early exploration, and these names are so linked with the famous ghyll that an enthusiastic poet has sung of it :—

> Where deuce is called at tennis on the ledge,
> And steps are collied on the very edge
> Of nothing, while each exit than the last
> Is Collier or more Collie.

Minute description is scarcely necessary, but it may be mentioned that nowadays the ghyll is generally climbed direct from Rake's Progress as far as the Tennis Court Ledge Pitch. It used to be the fashion to ascend the right wall and enter the ghyll just below the steep rock face leading to this ledge. Most parties used to follow the same route up the right wall, and this led up to the front of a partly detached pinnacle. No one suspected danger, but one day this pinnacle thought fit to topple over, and it fell, whilst the last climber of the party was embracing it, on to the Rake's Progress. This climber's description of his sensations during the impromptu descent was equally or more exciting than any story told of big game hunting. Fortunately he retained his presence of mind enough to part company with his bulky companion before it left its impression on the Progress, and a long length of rope allowed his companions to play him safely down to a grassy platform and no further.

The steep wall leading up to Tennis Court Ledge and that

leading up to the Sentry Box in the Great Chimney, form the most serious obstacles in Moss Ghyll. In fact, the leader who can comfortably climb the steep wall up to Tennis Court Ledge need have no qualms about his success higher up. The scene of Dr. Collie's well-known step-cutting is nowadays over-decorated with footholds, and the only serious problem is which of these to use.

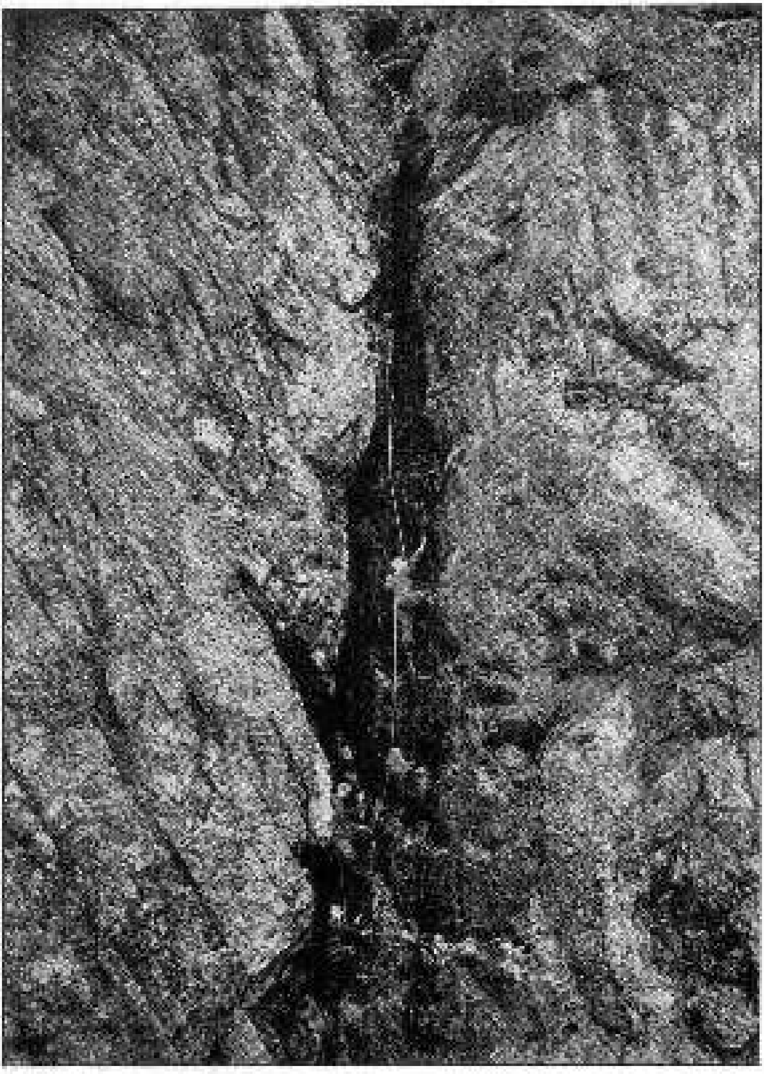
In the Great Chimney, instead of struggling up its wet, dirty, lunch-constricting recesses, it is advisable to gain the Sentry Box by climbing some excellent ledges on the vertical right wall, then traversing a few feet to the left into the *firma loca*. At one point just before the narrow traverse is reached some deliberation and careful attention may be required from the leader. Purchase on a somewhat distant foothold for the right allows the body to be raised on dissatisfying hand-holds until the fingers can grasp a good ledge with a deep recess behind it. Above the Sentry Box the difficulties are more apparent than real.

The Pisgah Buttress Climb starts practically from Tennis Court Ledge. The initial pitch from this Ledge to the Fives Court up above offers serious resistance to most parties. It may be unwise to compare it with the notorious Amen Corner,* but nevertheless there is a certain resemblance, and leaders who have failed here have not found the Gimmer Crag *impassé* so suggestive of finality. If the proper route is followed bearing to the right above the Fives Court, the upper part of the Pisgah Buttress requires little more than continuous care.

The next great rift in the face of Scawfell is Steep Ghyll. It is not a favourite course, and justly so. Climbers who find pleasure in standing on a disintegrating foot-hold and clearing wet, slimy moss off loose hand-holds, may revel in the attractions of Steep Ghyll. As a matter of fact this course has from the early days enjoyed a deservedly evil reputation.

Undoubtedly the most interesting part of Scawfell is the huge mass of rock that separates Steep Ghyll from the wide chasm of Deep Ghyll. This is now known to climbers as Scawfell Pinnacle, and there are six distinct ways to its

* See F. & R.C.C. Journal, No. 1.



[Photo.] [G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

THE GREAT CHIMNEY—MOSS GHYLL, SCAWFELL.

summit. These vary from the easy to the impossible, if the Irishism may be pardoned.

The ascent of the Pinnacle direct from Lord's Rake has never been made, and four of the most expert of modern rock-climbers lost their lives in the attempt. The writer is fully aware of the danger of making the statement, for the list of fatalities on British mountains shows that a certain class of climbers accept a warning as a challenge, but from a close personal knowledge of the place he would strongly urge that under its present conditions the face of Scawfell Pinnacle direct should not be attempted.

Several years ago the brothers Hopkinson and others spent much time in careful exploration from above, and one of the former party descended to Lord's Rake by means of a rope held on the ledge where the Hopkinson's Cairn is now situated. It was then wisely decided that the ascent would be unjustifiable. The ill-fated party of 1905 proved this judgment to be sound. Their leader slipped at a point scarcely more than thirty feet below Hopkinson's Cairn.

The late O. Glynne Jones refused even to explore the way up to Hopkinson's Cairn. Yet probably the most daring ascent he ever made was up the lower part of the nose of the Pinnacle, and then, bearing slightly to the left, a junction was effected with the ordinary route up the front of the Pinnacle from Steep Ghyll. This climb has not been repeated. Its discoverer held that it scarcely came within the realms of legitimate mountaineering. The next course up the Pinnacle in order of difficulty is that leading up its slabby western face, starting from above the second pitch in Deep Ghyll. For a thoroughly expert party of three this provides quite justifiable sport. Then there are two short climbs, one of them of recent discovery, starting near the foot of Professor's Chimney. Both of these possess tricky beginnings, and on account of their situation and length are not likely to be much visited.

For ordinary mortals the most popular and pleasing way of reaching the summit is by the lower part of Steep Ghyll and Slingsby's Chimney. This is too well known to require much description. A long, easy traverse leads gently upwards after leaving Steep Ghyll, and this ends at a point

where a rock obelisk is split off from the face of the Pinnacle. This is known as the Crevasse, and here O. G. Jones emerged after his struggle with the "face" climb.

It is usual to stand on the pointed tip of the Crevasse, and in wet weather there may be some difficulty in ascending from thence into the base of Slingsby's Chimney, a few feet higher. In a famous description of a certain Welsh climb the pioneers "had to adopt a compromise between the wisdom of the serpent and the sinuosity of the crab." Such extravagant verbiage might more justly be applied to the beginning of Slingsby's Chimney, and this must serve as a description of how it is done. Scarcely many years have passed since it used to be considered impossible for the leader to ascend Slingsby's Chimney without help from those below. A young and impetuous leader who innocently told the Wastdale *habitués* of his ascent unaided, was looked at askance, and his enthusiasm was cooled by hearing afterwards that a well-known pioneer had remarked: "Young fools! they'll break their necks before long!" In these days few leaders think of accepting any help at this point.

The short or easy way up Scawfell Pinnacle from the gap below Pisgah is so blazoned by the marks of nailed feet as almost to suggest a public highway. It is interesting to note that Mr. Haskett-Smith's first ascent did not follow this route. Doubtless the "easy way up" looked less feasible when hidden in moss and lichen, and he forced a course more to the right where the rocks are cleaner and afforded larger holds. The sensational view down into the gloomy depths of Steep Ghyll must have added excitement to the creditable performance.

Deep Ghyll will always be a popular climb, especially if Professor's Chimney is included in the course. Those who find the ordinary route dull may take the left-hand side of the first pitch; and a series of chimneys on the right of the second pitch have become more difficult of recent years. The second pitch now possesses a "through route," which in winter time may take a good deal of finding. It would add considerably to the status of Deep Ghyll as a climb if some mountaineer philanthropist would block up the tunnel with boulders and *débris*.

The West Wall of Deep Ghyll forms a magnificent cliff, but the climbing on it is disappointing. There are three distinct routes. The least important of these was discovered many years ago, and runs up very indefinite rock rising from the upper part of the ghyll. The Great Chimney is unmistakeable ; the deep, boulder-filled recess cleaves the "wall" from base to summit, and its forbidding-looking pitch is one of the most imposing sights on Scawfell. It is climbed by penetrating into the recesses below the huge chockstone, whence a traverse leads out on the right until just sufficient hand-holds allow upward progress to be made.

The West Wall Climb starts lower down the ghyll, and owes its discovery to the late J. W. Robinson. This is an easier course up more or less indefinite rocks ; it suffers neglect from being situated in a "land of plenty." The Pike's Crags Gullies and the Pulpit Rock on the Scawfell Pike side of Mickledore also suffer from this same cause. Yet two or three good days could be spent here. The gullies are named A, B, C, D, from left to right, as seen from Hollow Stones. Most of them are comparatively simple courses, but B, if climbed direct, is the hardest "nut to crack." There is an impressive—compressive would be a better adjective—exit from the cave forming the top pitch. Some of the other gullies possess magnificent-looking pitches, notably C, but they are all too easily obviated by climbing on one side or the other.

Great Gable had received scant attention from rock-climbers prior to the ascent of its world-famous Needle by Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith in 1886. Since then, thanks largely to the photographs of this wonderful rock, the Gable and its magnificent crags have loomed large in the eye of the British public. The popularity of British climbing owes much to the photographs of the Napes Needle, for instance, the late O. G. Jones was first led to serious climbing in our district by the sight of an enlargement exhibited in a London picture shop.

Even nowadays at Chamonix, the land of "needles" galore, we actually find our Cumbrian specimen surreptiously figuring on picture post cards as the Aiguille du Nuque, yet continental climbers smile incredulously if English mountains are mentioned. Nevertheless there are routes

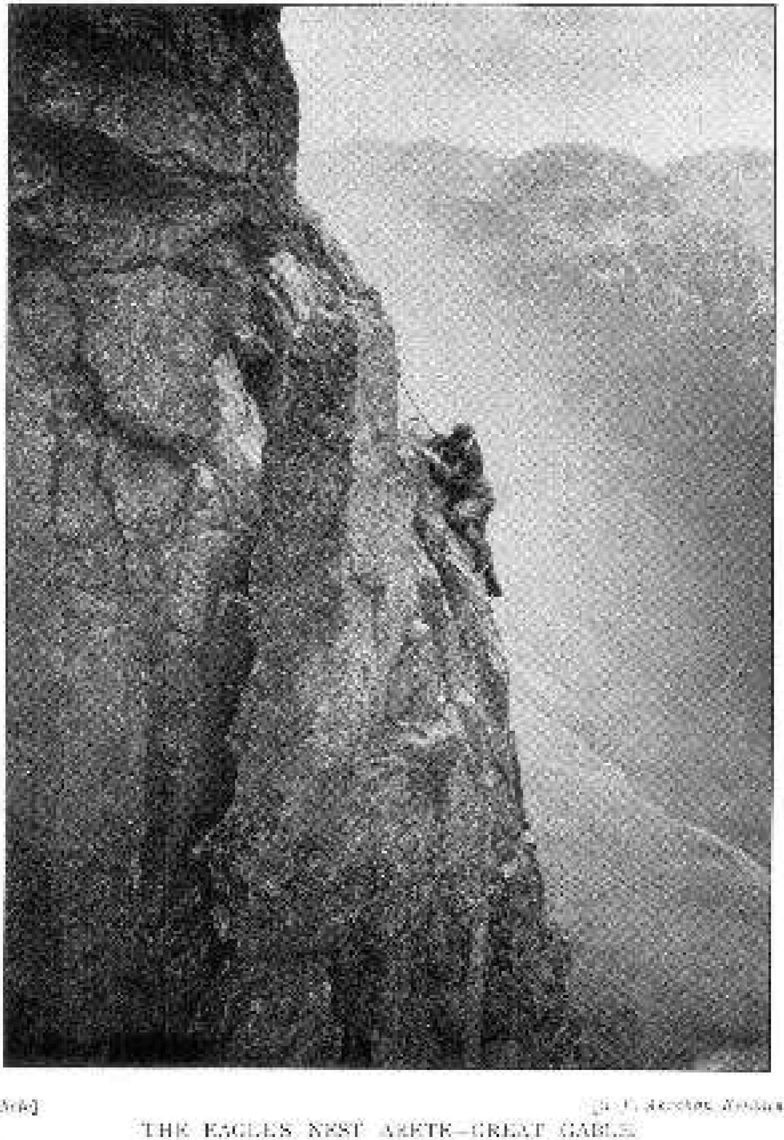
on Great Gable which would try, and perchance baffle, the best of Chamonix guides.

Undoubtedly the finest rock-climbing on this glorious mountain is to be found on its Wastdale front. The clusters of rocks, which seen in some lights resemble huge stacks of organ pipes, are called the Napes, and the Needle stands practically at their base. All the ridges and gullies have been climbed, and, with the exception of the direct ascent of the Eagle's Nest Arête, there is nothing that should defy a fairly expert party. This arête stands magnificently in the centre of the cliff. On its right the Needle Ridge rises from the rock behind the unmistakable Pinnacle, and on the left the Arrowhead Ridge cuts the skyline with the curiously-shaped rock from whence comes its name. Somewhat unsatisfactory gullies divide these ridges; comparatively speaking that west of the Arrowhead yields the most difficult climbing, and visitors to its recesses usually develop their powers of dodging falling stones, and test the hardness of each others skulls and tempers.

The Arrowhead Ridge, if climbed by the face, over the top of the "arrow" and thence along the crest of the narrow arête provides, in the writer's opinion, the finest course on Great Gable. To a party with an expert leader there are no exceptionally difficult sections. At several points, notably the stretch leading over the "arrow," the situations are sensational. It may be mentioned that many leaders prefer to traverse to the left just below the "arrow" and thus gain the notch between it and the main ridge. In icy weather this latter way is not to be recommended.

The writer once saw the third climber in a party of four slip backwards, with an unnerving rush, off the glazed handholds. This entailed some very exciting moments, especially for a young climber who held the upper end of the rope, and saved the situation most gallantly. Yet, a few minutes later, the victim had recovered his *sang froid*, whilst the young climber was suddenly taken ill, and became a victim to a kind of mountain sickness. Under these adverse conditions the rest of the ridge required careful attention.

The notch behind the Arrowhead can be gained by scrambling up some grassy pitches rising from the Eagle's Nest Gully; this is known as the easy way.



Photo] [*G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

THE EAGLES NEST ARETE—GREAT GABLE

The direct ascent of Eagle's Nest Arête is seldom made, and no leader should attempt it without a previous inspection with a rope held from above. The upper thirty feet provide the most difficult section, and this is aggravated by occurring when the leader may have become less efficient on account of the strain entailed on the approach to this part. There are two small, curious, pocket holds for the right hand, which will be found extremely useful near the top of the final difficulty. These are mentioned specially because they are hidden around a leaf of rock, and often missed altogether. In such airy situations the anxious leader thrusts two fingers into these tiny but comforting pockets with a deep sigh of relief.

A few feet higher a broad slab with numerous holds marks the junction with the ordinary route, which reaches this point by way of a chimney some distance west of the true arête.

The Ling Chimney is situated about half-way between the two routes, and in its upper reaches the rocks are steep and smooth enough to require skilful treatment. It may be interesting to note that this climb does not draw its name from the north-country word, ling (or heather), but from a Cumbrian climber of that ilk who first climbed it, along with Mr. G. T. Glover. The Engineer's Chimney on the Ennerdale Face of Great Gable was discovered by the same party. As indicating the skill which may be attained by home-trained rock-climbers, it may be remembered that Mr. Ling, with a companion of like proclivities, Mr. Harold Raeburn, has made the most successful guideless ascents in the Alps of recent years. Their conquest of the Viereselgrat on the Dent Blanche last August would almost rank as the finest guideless performance extant. Yet we are told that British climbing cannot make mountaineers. Might it not be urged that the man who can lead a party safely up say the Ling Chimney in its normal state, and up the Central Gully of Great End under winter conditions is as much or more a mountaineer than the man who is more or less pulled and pushed up and down the great Swiss peaks by muscular and patient professionals.

The Needle Ridge ranks as one of the easiest courses on

the Napes of Great Gable. Yet the lower slab may prove a serious obstacle to some parties, and sometimes it may be preferable to attack the ridge by way of a wide chimney leading up from the Needle Gully.

The Napes Needle calls for small attention. It is too obvious a problem, and few hints can be given for its ascent. The westerly crack troubles many aspirants to the summit, because they stick literally too closely to the interior of the crack. It is advisable to climb more on the outside of the leaf forming the right wall of the crack, and several foot-holds are thus available. In the upper part resource may be had to some holds on the left wall.

The crack facing Lingmell, after the initial short pitch, affords a much easier route up to the shoulder, whilst the arête between the two, if approached by a traverse from near the beginning of the west crack, has been considered by some experts the easiest of all. The final ascent on to the summit stone is the *crux* of the ascent. Climb slowly and deliberately, was the sound advice of the old school, and take no heed of the remarks and hints given by spectators who see imaginary holds from the Dress Circle.

The easterly end of the Napes possesses no definite attraction for the climber. At places the rocks are unreliable, and vegetation is too abundant.

There are some splendid outcrops of firm rock near the top of Sty Head Pass, viz., Lower Kern Knotts, with an engrossing little chimney in its centre; Kern Knotts itself; and a small, upper cliff known as Tom Blue, with a short but difficult pitch in it known as Schuster's Chimney.

The main mass of Kern Knotts possesses the greater interest, and the late O. G. Jones was again the originator of practically all the climbs hereabouts. Kern Knotts Chimney, as it is called, is now one of the most-climbed places in Lakeland, and the short, upper face climb has made many a novice realise that he has a life to lose. In wet or blustery weather its ascent may become really dangerous and difficult, and on such occasions it is preferable to finish the climb by making the upward traverse on the left, which starts from the top of the well-known big boulder that leans against the face.

Kern Knotts Crack may be considered one of the "show"

climbs of the district, and it possesses difficulty of a distinctly gymnastic order. A reliable leader once said that " brute force and ignorance go a long way here," and the writer is inclined to the opinion that more strength than skill are required to make the ascent. Powerful but inexperienced novices have been known to force a way up the Crack, but fail to complete the upper section.

The West Chimney is built on a different mould; considerable skill and judgment are required to successfully and safely tackle this course. It has often defeated leaders who have come flushed with their conquest of the Crack. In any case the leader should secure good anchorage before allowing his companions to advance. The writer once saw the third man of a party swing off into mid-air whilst scrambling up wet rocks into the recess below the narrow final crack. He spun round and round in thin air, and one of those who held him from above still bears evidence on his hands of the cutting power of an Alpine rope. It is a painful process lowering a heavy companion in such a steep situation.

The Ennerdale Face of Great Gable is the happy hunting-ground of the chimney specialist. The Engineer's Chimney is certainly the hardest climb on this side of Great Gable. The first two parties to make the ascent discarded a rope behind a loose chock-stone at the *mauvais pas*, and the leaders made somewhat imaginary use of this rope as hand-hold. The word imaginary is used because on arrival above the stone it was found to be very loose, and liable to fall forward when pressed from the top. Thus the Messrs. Barton were kind enough to remove the obstacle, which many thought would make the chimney impassable. This has proved to be an error, for the course is now both easier and safer, though only fit to be tackled by an expert party under dry conditions. Those who have tried conclusions with its slimy depths during the so-called summer of 1908 will appreciate this remark.

The Oblique Chimney is another of Dr. Collier's discoveries, and though the lower fifteen feet require that " indescribable twist " which the chimney specialist so often uses, the course can scarcely rank in the same class as its next-door neighbour previously mentioned. The upper portion of the Oblique Chimney has altered considerably of late years.

The same remark might be applied to the Central Chimney or Gully which, as its name indicates, rises almost in the centre of the cliff. Two or three years ago it was almost unrecognisable in a thick mist, but now that a huge slab of rock has fallen from above and become wedged across the chasm just below the first pitch it is unmistakable. In fact, it acts as a splendid landmark in such weather.

No true sportsman should do otherwise than climb the two first pitches direct, for they are delightful little problems in rock-craft. In severe winter conditions it may be justifiable to pass them on the left. Above these sections there is a small recess with at least three obvious exits. The usual "Staircase" pitch rises easily on the left; close to it a steep crack of some difficulty cuts into the rock buttress straight ahead, whilst on the right a somewhat loose but open chimney leads up to the wide, grassy platform whereon stand the remains of old Moses, the smuggler's, domicile. Above the other exits from the recess a long, easy, grassy traverse can also be made to these relics of the good old times, when on a fierce, cold, winter's day, doubtless a stray climbing party would have received as hearty a welcome as used to obtain on the top of Ben Nevis, that hospitable abode of the genuine "mountain-dew."

Above the Staircase Pitch the "Nose" of rock up which runs the direct finish, is an obvious feature in the landscape, and the crack as seen on its right-hand side provides an interesting way to the summit. As a winter climb the Central Chimney of Great Gable with the direct finish yields almost the finest expedition of the kind in the district. The short traverse out of the crack below the most difficult portion of the Direct Finish becomes coated with an almost impregnable covering of ice. It requires remarkably fine powers of balance to stand on the sloping, icy ledge and cut steps with one hand whilst the fingers of the other extremity cling to some tiny notch in the overhanging bulge.

The Doctor's Chimney is situated in the westerly end of the cliff, and faces in the direction of Kirk Fell. Near the beginning it is the usual custom to follow the original route and climb out of the chimney to a pinnacle on the right wall. It should be noted that the direct climb is now both safer

and easier. Higher up, the cleft becomes narrow enough to remind the climber that once in the clutches of the Doctor's, it is bad to get out again.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Pillar Rock and its neighbour, the Shamrock, possess the most numerous and varied climbs of any Lakeland mountain. The famous rock has long lost its reputed inaccessibility, for there are now at least eighteen different ways of reaching the summit as well as several variations of these.

From Wastdale Head the best means of approach will be by Gatherstone Head, Looking Stead, and the High Level Route. This latter track leads across the rough face of the Pillar Mountain, and finishes practically where the memorial to the late J. W. Robinson now stands, within view of the magnificent northerly cliffs of the Pillar Rock. The "High Level," which owes its discovery to this worthy pioneer, may be considered as the best means of approach to all the neighbouring climbs.

Beginning the survey of the more modern courses from this direction, the Shamrock, as occupying pride of situation, first demands attention. The great cleft which splits it almost in twain is known as the Shamrock Gully. Its lower section abounds in loose rocks, but at the top there is one of the most interesting and formidable pitches of its kind in Cumberland. It has probably baffled the best efforts of more expert parties than any other well-known course. The obstacle consists of several huge wedged boulders, and must be about 70 feet high. The right-hand exit takes the form, roughly speaking, of an inverted V, and its ascent is usually easier than that on the left of the boulders, though in winter this latter course may be more feasible.

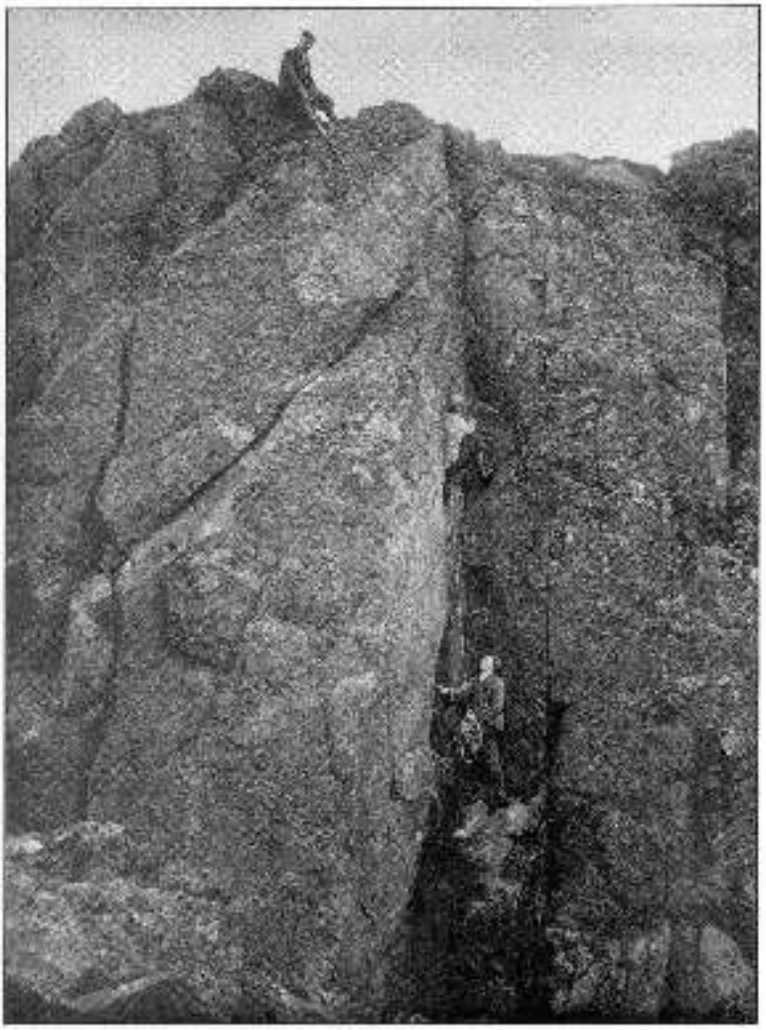
A way was recently found up the buttress to the right of the Gully, and from bottom to top the rock is sound.

The Shamrock Chimneys are situated further to the right, and perhaps their greatest difficulty consists in finding the proper beginning of the climb. The lower chimney starts from a grassy platform some distance above the base of the cliff. Probably that accounts for their comparative neglect, and those who do visit the place will find much chimney-sweeping awaiting them.

Walker's Gully, "the last great unclimbed couloir of Cumberland" to yield to the climber's attack, is unmistakable. It divides the Shamrock from the Pillar Rock. There is no more stirring sight for the enthusiast than to stand at the base of the vertical chasm and gaze up at its vast, boulder-filled recesses. Yet perchance this is not a wise thing to do, for the place acts as a natural funnel for débris falling from the face of the higher Pillar Mountain, and the sight may be stirring in more ways than one. The writer once saw a lunching party stirred out of here in quick time.

Before its final subjection Walker's Gully had been attempted by numerous parties, and all the lower pitches had been climbed. On the occasion of the first ascent the initial pitch, whose vast, slimy interior has absorbed the enthusiasm and strength of many aspirants to the summit, was passed by the left wall. Unless the conditions are exceptionally good this is the best course to follow. The writer doubts whether Mr. Jones' route up the final pitch has even been followed since the first ascent. He forced a way up the right-hand side of the pitch climbing up the vertical right wall, though it was insidiously glazed with hard ice. The rest of the party used the backing-up method, and for a tolerably tall person this is probably the best mode of procedure. Taking all circumstances into consideration the late O. G. Jones' first ascent of Walker's Gully may be considered one of the most brilliant and remarkable performances in Cumbrian climbing records.

The North climb is now the most popular way up the Pillar Rock. The nail marks of many previous Pillarites point the way unerringly. It should, however, be noted that after the leader has been lowered into Savage Gully in order to circumvent the Nose, it is advisable that he should take in the full length of the rope, and passing across the cleft of the Gully, find a comparatively easy way around by means of heathery ledges and a short, easy chimney. If the conditions are wintry or the party not experienced it is a good plan to lower two climbers into the Savage Gully. The party ought not to include less than three men. Not less than 80 feet of rope should be used, and a 100-foot length would obviate much risk of accident.



[Photo] [G. F. Abraham, Keswick.

CENTRAL JORDAN CLIMB: PILLAR ROCK.

Above the Nose the North climb leads up to the Low Man by an easy gully, where, on account of its loose structure, the climber has a better opportunity of showing his real mountaineering abilities than on any other part of the course. The more so if two or three parties are engaged in the ascent. It should be understood that no party should proceed up Stony Gully until the others have arrived above the Nose. Numerous accidents have occurred recently on account of this old rule of the earlier climbers being disregarded, let us hope thoughtlessly. It is not so very long ago since a lady was badly hurt whilst climbing the Nose, because some young climbers refused to wait until the other party had quitted the danger zone. Fortunately the stricken party included two experts, who made every use of the belays, otherwise the accident would probably have had fatal results.

On the Low Man the old route from the west is joined, and the summit can then be gained in several ways, all of them comparatively easy.

It should be noted that there are two distinct ways of reaching the "Nose" on the North climb, the one starting at the somewhat indefinite foot of Savage Gully, and passing the Stomach Traverse, whilst the other, often called in error "the easy way," starts some yards to the right along the broad grass ledge below the main cliff. The Hand Traverse affords a difficult means of gaining the top of the Nose without the descent into Savage Gully.

The New North West climb begins still further along the grass ledge at the foot of the cliff, and the start is well-marked by the boot-nail scratches, most of which have doubtless been made by returning parties. It is scarcely flattering to the judgment of modern climbers that so many of them should have unsuccessfully attempted this new and extremely difficult course. None but those who are thoroughly experienced should attack the latest route to the top of the Pillar Rock. A slip on the part of the leader on the upper section would almost certainly mean that none of the party would take any further interest in old age pensions. The writer has no actual experience of this climb, but two capable friends who recently ascended by this course say that "for 150 feet the belays are more imaginary than real."

The West Side of the rock is climbed in two ways only, the old route slanting up to the Low Man, and the New West climb. The former is the easiest though not the quickest way to the summit, and the latter possesses some of the best really justifiable rock-climbing in the vicinity.

The appalling-looking gorge of the West Jordan Gully is seldom visited. Since its first ascent some alteration has taken place in the upper pitch, and it is now difficult enough to require careful treatment by even the most skilful leader.

The Central and West Jordan Climbs might now almost be described as popular resorts, especially the Central Crack and it should be noted that this provides the quickest and probably the easiest means of descent. Most Wastdale *habitués* are familiar with the Central Jordan in the dark.

The East Jordan is an "easy run on a rope," but without this aid it is not worth the risk, and is scarcely ever noticed.

The routes on the Eastern Face are very well known, and have for the most part been dealt with in Mr. Williamson's article. The Great Chimney is a conspicuous feature of this face, and the steep crack on the left side affords the best solution of the chief difficulty. The fine buttress forming the left wall of the chimney has now been ascended from bottom to top, and though loose rock may be met with in the lower stretches, it deserves more attention from climbers in general.

The Pendlebury Traverse, which the famous Senior Wrangler climbed after walking from Keswick in his smoking-room slippers, is now somewhat different from the route first followed by its originator. This remarkable Pillarite of the old days climbed directly up from the Broad Slab without passing off to the right to the usual way by the Notch. Those who follow his example and attempt the smooth, obvious cleft to the left, which finishes in the final little chimney, will agree that the late Senior Wrangler's performance was most remarkable.

Of the less known Wastdale Courses the Screes rank high in the favour of many climbers. Those who are apt to disparage our homeland mountain sport should remember that the late A. F. Mummery, doubtless the greatest of British climbers, had a great respect for the local courses. After a visit to the district, during which he made the first ascent of

the Great Gully on the Screes, he said that "climbing in the Caucasus was easy and safe; also it was easy and safe in the Alps, though sometimes difficult; but climbing as practised at Wastdale Head was both difficult and dangerous."

The Great Gully in the Screes usually provides a long day's sport. There are two engrossing pitches in the lower section, and just below the first of these a steep branch gully rises up to the right. This has been the scene of exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes from falling rocks on each occasion when it has been visited. The ascent has never yet been completed.

East of the Great Gully are numerous indefinite courses. the best-known of which is the Seven Pitch Gully. The C Gully is situated in the opposite direction, and this is an extremely difficult, long, and dangerous course. In the latter respect it would rank with the Devil's Kitchen in North Wales.

The fine crags and gullies of Buckbarrow have been much neglected of late years. They are well worth a visit, if only for the magnificent and unusual view of the Wastdale Valley, with its gloomy lake hidden in the heart of the grandest mountain panorama in Lakeland.

The Overbeck Chimneys on Yewbarrow are but a portion of the attractions which this mountain affords, and Great End, another local favourite, offers winter climbing in its Gullies second to none.

It is impossible to deal with all the outlying climbs in the available space, but in a future number the writer hopes that this may be done. It is no exaggeration to say that some of the climbing herein described has reached the border-line where the law of gravitation must assert itself, and human muscle and endurance cannot prevail. A little further and the inevitable must happen. Let mountaineers discourage this tendency of the extremists, and remember the gospel of the old school, that the real mountain lover should find the keenest joy and pleasure in tackling courses that are well within his own powers, and not those where common sense and discretion indicate that unjustifiable risks are being run.

*THE RIGHT TO CLIMB AND WANDER.

BY LAWRENCE W. CHUBB.

Many years have elapsed since the House of Commons gave up two entire sittings to the consideration of Bills dealing with the privileges of the pedestrian ; and the fact that this unusual circumstance has arisen during the current session affords proof—if indeed proof were needed—of the growing recognition of the importance of protecting public rights.

The measures which have attracted so much attention are the Access to Mountains Bill and the Public Rights of Way Bill, each of which deals with different phases of the subject, and contains proposals, which, if passed into law, will greatly strengthen the position of all who delight in mountain climbing and field-path rambling.

The Access to Mountains Bill has, perhaps, appealed the more strongly to the popular imagination, for it is notorious that the mountain and moorland districts of Great Britain are, at a rapidly increasing rate, becoming more and more preserved for sporting purposes, and the climber is becoming increasingly regarded by the ghillie or keeper as a natural enemy of the sacred deer or grouse.

For upwards of a quarter of a century, Mr. James Bryce —politician and diplomatist, and always an enthusiastic lover of the mountains—lost no opportunity of pressing forward the need for some clear definition of the extent to which rights of property could be properly used to debar public access to the uncultivated moors and peaks of Scotland. It usually happened, however, that some unforeseen obstacle—such as the defeat in 1885 of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry—intervened

*Specially written for the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal by L. W. Chubb, Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, 25, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

to prevent Mr. Bryce from availing himself of any advantage he had gained in the ballot, though once, in 1888, he secured the Second Reading of his Access to Mountains Bill. Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., has been more fortunate ; notwithstanding lack of success in the ballot ; his Bill was put down for probably the only Friday in the session on which, as it subsequently transpired, it would have been possible to secure a discussion upon the measure. After a lengthy debate the Second Reading was carried by a majority of 177 to 65, and the details of the Bill were referred for consideration to Standing Committee " A."

Mr. Trevelyan's Bill differs from that associated with the name of Mr. Bryce, in that it is not confined to Scotland, but extends to the whole of the United Kingdom.

Put shortly, the Bill, as introduced, seeks to provide that no owner or occupier of uncultivated mountain or moorland shall be entitled to exclude any person from walking or being on such land for the purpose of recreation, or for scientific or artistic study, and that no such person, using the land in a 'bona fide' manner for the purpose indicated, shall be subject to legal proceedings, unless some special damage can be shown to have resulted from his visit.

This drastic proposal is accompanied by certain safeguards designed to prevent the abuse of the privileges to be conferred by the Bill. For instance, the statutory power of access could not be raised as a defence if it could be shown that the pedestrian carried fire-arms, or was accompanied by a dog ; that he lighted fires ; committed wanton damage to buildings or fences ; so disturbed any sheep or cattle as to cause damage to their owner ; or used the privilege of access with any malicious intent. Moreover, the Bill would not apply to any land actually enjoyed and occupied as a park or pleasure ground in connection with and in proximity to a dwelling house.

These concessions, though considered as going too far by many extremists, were greatly increased during the consideration of the Bill in Committee. Mr. Trevelyan agreed to insert an amendment to exclude woods, and all cultivated land, from the scope of the measure, and to meet the wishes of farmers he accepted an amendment providing that access

to mountains and moorland should only be gained by any existing public Right of Way. The principal objection to the Bill, however, was encountered from those who feared that it would let loose upon hitherto carefully guarded preserves, hordes of noisy and otherwise objectionable "'Arrys and 'Arriets," and so utterly destroy the value of their sporting rights. To obviate this fear Mr. Trevelyan put forward a further amendment containing a series of additional safeguards. These left unimpaired the public right to wander unless complaint was made of damage done or likely to be done, when, if the County Council were satisfied as to that, they would have power to declare a close time of two months or less, with a proviso that in some cases they might allow definite tracks to be used during that time. The amendment further empowered the County Council to make regulations against abuses, and protected deer and sheep during the lambing season.

Unfortunately, however, it was found impossible to conciliate the few opponents who still objected to the Bill, and on the declaration of the Prime Minister that no further facilities would be given for the passage of Private Members' Bills which did not meet with unanimous approval, nothing was left to Mr. Trevelyan save to withdraw the Access to Mountains Bill. It is understood that it will be re-introduced into the House of Commons next session, and in view of the fact that the Bill is now generally admitted to contain safeguards which will adequately protect the interests of farmers and sportsmen, it is to be hoped that it will be allowed to find its way to the Statute Book.

From the point-of-view of the climber it cannot be doubted that the Bill will confer great privileges, especially in the Highlands. It has been long felt that the rapid growth of deer forests in Scotland affords the pedestrian ground for alarm. In 1883 the area of deer forests in Argyll, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness, the Highland crofting counties, amounted to 1,709,892 acres. It has now grown to 2,958,490 acres, and it may be safely said that from this vast area the public are rigidly excluded. In other words, in the counties named, excluding other parts of Scotland, a tract of land greater in extent than the com-

bined area of Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Middlesex and Herts. is now wholly devoted to deer stalking, and no pedestrian may set foot on it.

And that which has happened in Scotland is now taking place at an ever-increasing rate in England and Wales. The Moors of Yorkshire are being absorbed for grouse shooting, and huge tracts of open land in the Cleveland Hills or on the uplands in the neighbourhood of Bolton are rigidly preserved. While in Wales the process of preventing the public from free access to the mountains is gradually making itself felt. Indeed, in the last few months the public right to ascend Snowdon itself, by one of the most interesting and picturesque routes from Capel Curig, has been challenged.

Where the common rights over mountain areas have been preserved, as has fortunately been the case in many parts of the Lake Country, the right to wander has not been contested to any serious extent. Generally speaking, however, it may be fairly agreed that the public have a very real grievance in the matter, for *until modern times the right of walking over uncultivated land was never disputed.* Moreover, before the steady tide of rural depopulation set in, the moors and mountains—almost without exception—were common land, traversed in every direction by footpaths and bridleways, used by agricultural labourers and others who desired to reach by the shortest route the scene of their work in neighbouring hamlets, fields or woods. Many of these paths have ceased to be of material use as ways of convenience alone, and hundreds of undoubted public rights of way have consequently been lost by disuse or physical obstruction—or where not actually lost, are gradually becoming mere memories. Now that travelling facilities have been improved, and a distinct cult for mountain climbing and country rambling has developed, these tracks have come to be appraised not only in proportion to their local use as highways, but also in proportion to the extent to which they contribute to the health and enjoyment of the community.

The Access to Mountains Bill will do much to remove the disabilities from which the public suffer, but it obviously only touches one aspect of the larger question of the protection of public rights. The extent to which this question is of

importance may be guaged from the fact that during the late holiday season the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society received no fewer than 256 complaints of the obstruction of Rights of Way, and 63 of the enclosure of Commons.

It is the unfortunate experience of the Society, that it is becoming increasingly difficult to preserve moorland or mountain paths in the more remote parts of the country, by means of the machinery provided by the existing law. Word has probably gone forth that no tenant of the estate is to make use of certain ways, and the fear that he may lose his home or employment if the wishes of the agent are disregarded, naturally carries much weight with the cottager, whatever may be his views with regard to his rights over the path as a member of the public. He cannot therefore be expected to give evidence on behalf of the public, and for this reason, attempts to establish Rights of Way must often be abandoned.

With the enclosure of the Commons—whether effected by legal or other means—the pedestrian lost his rights to wander, and with the obstruction of his paths, the power to walk from point to point.

The Society with which I am associated is endeavouring to remove some of the public disadvantages by means of the Rights of Way Bill, which passed its Second Reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 161 to 13. Its principal object is to render the proof of Rights of Way simpler and less expensive. At the present time the evidence of the oldest inhabitants must be secured at great inconvenience and risk to the old people, and even when there is no scrap of evidence to show that as long as living memory extends the path has not always been used and regarded as a public right of way, the public claim may be defeated if it can be established that, throughout the period covered by the evidence, the land affected has been under lease or subject to a family settlement.

This is an obvious hardship from the public point-of-view, and the Rights of Way Bill seeks to remedy it by providing that proof of the actual dedication of Rights of Way shall not be necessary, but that it shall be presumed, where unrebutted evidence can be produced showing the use of the way as of

right for twenty years, in the case of land occupied by the Freeholder, and forty years where it is under lease or subject to a family settlement.

The Bill, which has passed its Committee stage, will therefore place the law with respect to highways on a footing analagous to private Rights of Way as provided by the Prescription Act, 1832. It has the support of Local Authorities, as well as of Rambling and Field Clubs throughout the country, and with the Access to Mountains Bill, when passed into law it will remove from the public the fear of great defeat on purely technical grounds, and thus restore in the interest of the pedestrian, the balance of equality in rights of way litigation and footpath rambling—a balance which has been undoubtedly swayed in favour of the landowner by recent adverse customs and decisions.

Region separate, sacred of mere, and of ghyll, and of mountain,
Garrulous petulant beck, sinister laughterless tarn ;
Haunt of my vagabond feet, of my fancy for ever reverting,
Haunt and home of my heart, Cumbrian valleys and fells ;
Yours of old was the beauty that rounded my hours with a nimbus,
Touched my youth with bloom, tender and magical light ;
You were my earliest passion ; and when shall my fealty falter ?
Ah, when Helvellyn is low ! Ah, when Winander is dry !

William Watson.

A MOUNTAIN STORM.

BY WILLIAM T. PALMER,
Author of "The English Lakes," etc.

Before sunrise a brazen glare crept up the east—our night climb had been singularly unrefreshing—even on the fell tops there was no rushing breeze and the air came stagnant to the lips. Full day strode forth a warrior; the purple shadows vanished, the dull murk of heat obscured dale and stream, and distant mountain land. There had been no brilliance in the dawning, nor in the torrid hours to noon.

Keeping to the higher ground we strolled along. Oppressive calm held sway, and even the rivulets droned wearily to the mighty silences of gray rock and parched grass. Out in the west, beyond the quivering heat-haze, we watched the gathering of the storm; at sun-rise, a thin, ashen-gray line; by mid-day a dark rising pall which, at Nature's imperious command, seemed suddenly to throw itself upward and across the path of the sun. From our sight were blotted out the plains of the sea, and up there, among the naked thews of mountain, we awaited the rapid approaching of the storm.

The stillness grew awesome; not a sound came up from the deep glens—no curlew's wild call, no stonechat's crackling note. Far above—a black spot against the gloomy firmament—a raven wheeled; on either hand down dropped the larks in swift, silent spirals, passed us, and fell away beyond the rugged edge of crag, down, down, to the tussock-sheltered nests from which at dawning they had flown. Far beneath us, like panels of harsh, staring steel, set round in thirsty stretches of grass and bog, lay lakes, and many a tarn. Those hardy dwellers on the mountain-sides, the Herdwicks, were flocking together, mutely, fifteen hundred feet below, for they dare not trust the heights in time of lightning and of storm.

As the minutes passed the gloom increased, until the afternoon was dark as the gloaming when the last ray of sunlight has upward sped its way and melted into the heavens. The wings of the storm were hovering near over the mountain land. Darker, closer, became the solid phalanx of cloud. Then, along the horizon glared the baleful storm-light, sickly white amid the gray and the wrack. The storm is close upon us; hissing over the grass and between the rugged crags comes the breeze—not cooling, but hot as the breath of an oven. So dim the light that scarce a half-mile of upland is in sight. The breeze sighs itself away, and again the pause. Less dense around our heads seems the cloud-mask; the very pith and fury of the storm now comes along.

There is an instant's distant, brief and warning flicker; around us Heaven and Earth dissolve and slide away into the great, blue, all-possessing presence of the lightning flash. Our eyes see again; torn aside are the grim curtains of murk; illumined in fierce light mountain and crag, valley and rising steep; the still mirrors of tarn and pool, the tumbling rill, the rippling shallows of a larger stream, flash responsive to the master gleam. Sudden is the glare and powerful in its bursting, yet is its passage but a brief span un-timed; and the land, uplifted in all its stormy glory, falls back into cloud and gloom again.

Darkness—and silence; the air is calm. We hear the thunder—a feeble distant rumbling. Then from the gulf beneath our feet a stunning discharge as though a mine had been sprung beneath the world's foundations. A brief pause—and close above our heads the bowed heavens gave reply. The echoes of the two blasts mingled in a deafening unison, the clamour rolling from rock to glen, and from glen to cliff, and into cloudland above us. Down to the shelter of the rocks we crouched. We feared no peril, but even the most unresponsive soul must render awed homage to the terrible crescendos of mountain thunder.

For half-an-hour the lightning's weird flashings cleave the gloom, and the thunder rolls and echoes, sky calling defiance to rocky depth, and the depths responding in equal fury. The clouds drop closer, then down pours the rain. This is the last phase, the rearguard of our storm, and as the minutes

pass we are conscious that the march and counter-march of thunder above and below, and the bright thrusts of the lightning, are passing forward, over fell and pass. Around our sheltering rock the great drops splash, and the air, for hours parched and choking, is now damp and sweet to the throat. Shortly through the thinning rain-clouds bursts the glorious sunshine, lighting up a fairy world, where each rock is fringed with crystal, every fern frond, every grass blade is jewelled beyond the dreams of the artificer in precious stones. Above, the sky is bright amethyst, its circle just broken to northward where the dark storm clouds are passing far away.

And as we walk down the slope, soaked with rain, tired in body, but with new knowledge of the glory of the mountains in our minds, we meet the sheep, grazing as they climb back to their haunts on upland and hill-top; from above, sky-lark and titlark are making the air resound with joy-songs; the rose-beetles in iridescent armour are crawling from their shelters, and quivering in the soft breeze the hare-bells throw off their rain-loads to rejoice in the beneficence of calm after storm.

There is a thrill of strange delight
That passes quivering o'er me,
When blue hills rise upon the sight
Like summer clouds before me.

Ruskin.

THE ROPE,

AS USED IN ROCK CLIMBING.

By C. H. Oliverson.

Introduction. — When it is considered what a large part the rope plays in rock-climbing it will not be difficult to realize that the subject of the use of the rope must necessarily be a very large one.

I should be sorry to say that this article is intended to shew the only methods of employing the rope ; I wish to explain the methods which have proved very satisfactory in my own experience.

Reasons for using the Rope. — It is marvellous what weird ideas some people seem to have about the use of the rope ; I suppose that the very word " rope " appeals too suggestively to their imaginations. The majority of the uninitiated think that the rope is used to climb up, some seem to think that it is used to pull climbers down. Let me assure these that the rope is used solely for the purpose of safety, and that the absence of the rope or the misuse of it has caused a great number of accidents.

Some people have come to grief when they have gone out with the avowed intention of doing nothing so ridiculous as what we are pleased to call orthodox climbing ; no, they prefer, in some cases, to go out alone, and then they get to places where ordinary climbers would not care to go, even with a rope ; the result often being one more accident to be left at the door of that dangerous pastime—climbing !

I consider that the interest in climbing is greatly increased by the use of the rope, and I certainly should not enjoy climbs so much if there were no rope used.

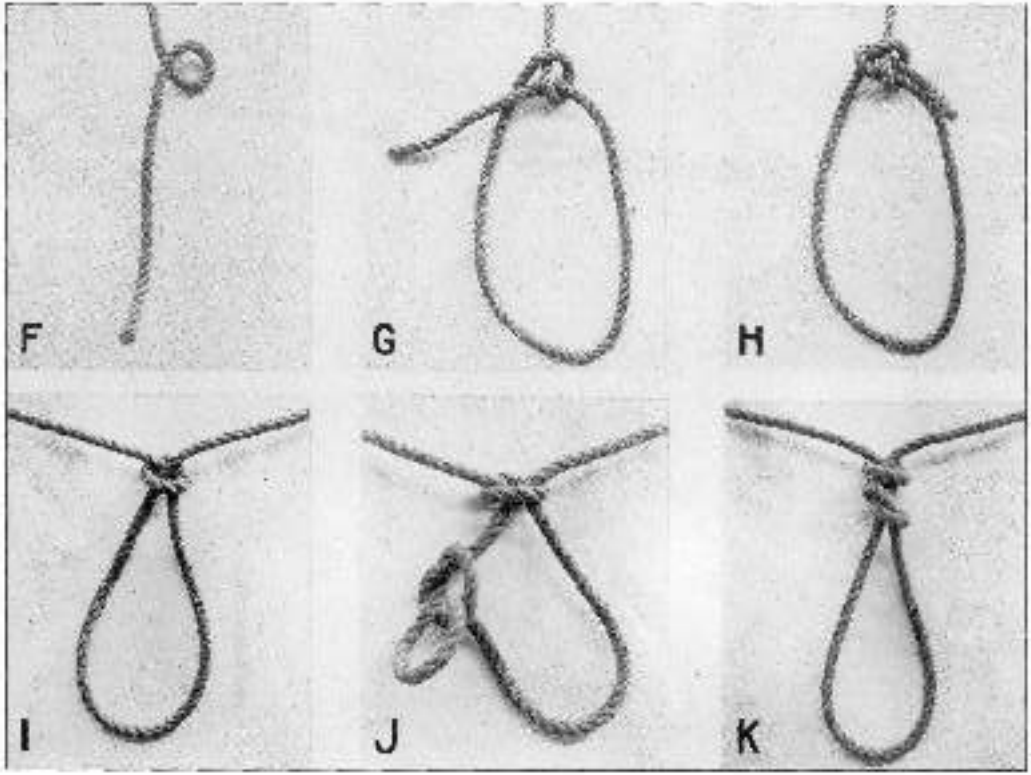
The rope is the emblem of the bond of union (very literally) between the members of the party. Climbing must be considered one of the best sports because there is no competition (or should not be) amongst the members of a party, they must all use the rope so as to help the rest.

The rope is a good guide as to the status of a climb. If the climb does not require a rope to render it safe, the climb may be considered easy ; if the climb requires a rope it may be considered difficult ; if the rope cannot be used to ensure safety on a difficult climb, the climb should be considered unjustisfiable.

Practice. — I would strongly advise the novice to go through a proper apprenticeship with the rope, to test its possibilities, before ever he attempts ordinary climbs. Many people make the mistake of starting upon fairly difficult climbs before they can even tie a knot in a correct manner. The best method is for the novice to find out some easy rocks on which he can experiment ; he will soon discover how easy it is to ensure safety by following some simple instructions.

I remember, once, I was practicing with a friend upon some steep rocks ; our method was this : one of us would go to the top of the rocks by an easy way, and then lower the rope to the other, who would then tie on and start climbing ; the top man would, meanwhile, keep the rope just taut, pulling it gently as his companion climbed up. In this instance I was the top man, and whilst my friend was engaged upon the middle part of the difficulty I felt a sort of nibble. I looked over the edge of the rocks, and was surprised to see my friend swinging to and fro at the other end of the rope, and not enjoying himself judging by his remarks. I learnt several things from this episode ; I found how easily I could hold the weight of my companion by reason of the apparently small amount of friction cause by the rope passing over the rounded edge of the rocks ; I concluded that it is much better to keep the rope at such a tension that in the event of a slip my companion would be on the rope at once instead of having any distance to drop first ; I learnt the folly of using a slip knot, or rather, my friend did—because he suffered !

How to tie Knots. — One of the most important items of climbing is to learn how to correctly tie the knots. There is no necessity for a complicated list of knots with more or less peculiar sounding names ; two kinds only are really necessary, and even these might be reduced to one so as to further simplify matters.


F
G
H
I
J
K

End Man's Knot.—The two knots referred to are the end man's knot and the middle man's knot. To tie the end man's knot, make a turn in the rope as in fig. F, then pass the end of the rope through the turn as in G, then bend the end of the rope back again and pass it through the turn once more, and the knot will be complete as in H. This knot cannot become loose by any amount of pulling.

Middle Man's Knot.—The middle man's knot is a rather more intricate matter, but this is one of the simplest methods of tying it. Make a simple slip noose as in fig. I, next upon that side of the rope which will slip through the turn make another slip noose as in fig. J, and pull the slack through; when the two slip knots are worked together they will appear as in fig. K. This knot can only slip so as to draw the two parts together, and no amount of pulling can make the knot unsafe.

I do not think it is advisable to tie the knots too tightly; the strain is less when a knot can give a little, and a tight knot is most difficult to undo if the rope should become wet; on the other hand, of course, the knots should not be too loose.

In making the nooses allow them to be of such a size as not to slip too easily upon the body, and yet in no way to impede the action of the muscles or breathing by being too tight.

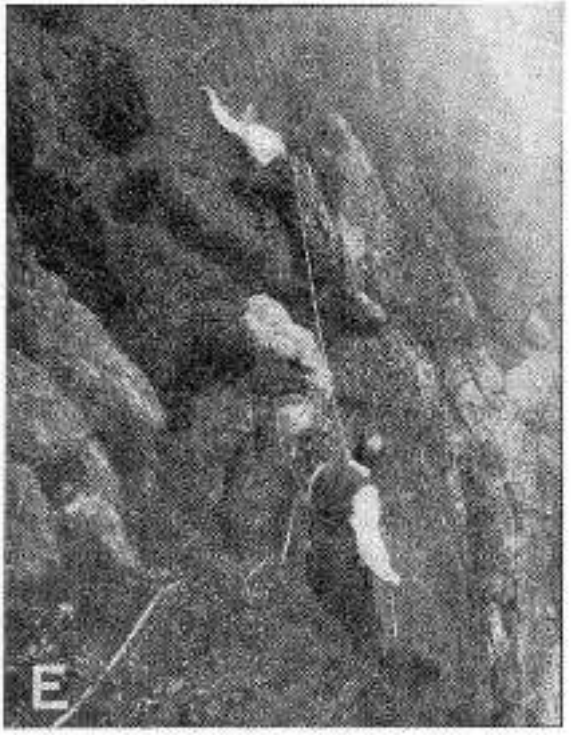
In using more than one rope for the same party, it is decidedly better to tie the middle ends of the ropes upon the same person rather than to tie the ends of the ropes together; it is sometimes risky, and generally awkward, to have a knot either above or below you, it is apt to catch upon projections and to dislodge stones.

People should practice the tying of knots when they are not climbing, as their thoughts are not so likely to be disturbed then.

Belays.—Next to knots the most important art in using the rope is in finding suitable belays. For the benefit of those who do not know, I will mention that a belay is anything upon which the rope can be hung in order to sustain a weight.

The most important thing about belays is to use as many as possible; have each member of the party always belayed in anything like a difficult position.

One of the best methods of attacking a climb is for the third man to belay the second as shewn in photo E (the third man being out of the picture on the left hand), the second man then has his hands at liberty in order to guide the rope for the leader. If the leader should slip, the second man can pull in the rope quickly and at the proper moment, which he could not do if he passed the rope over an ordinary



belay upon its way to the leader. When the leader reaches a suitable position he anchors or belays himself, and then gathers in the slack of the rope as the second man comes towards him, as shewn in photo D. The second man should then be held once more over a belay by the third, and so be able to guide the rope again for the leader, who proceeds as before. When the leader reaches what he considers a good stopping place he anchors himself, and he either holds the

rope tight whilst the second gathers in the slack for the third to climb, or else the second belays himself for the same purpose.

Photo C shows the third man belaying the second man behind the rock at the foot of the second man, and the second man guiding the rope for the leader. Should the leader slip in this position, he can have the chance of being held by either the second or third man.

In photo B, the party are engaged upon a traverse, and the rope is belayed over a projection of rock between each man.

Artificial Belays—Ice Axe Belay.—In some instances there are no natural belays upon the rocks, and then it may be necessary to form one in some way. Photo A shows a method of using an ice-axe as a belay. Each end of the axe is jammed in some rough part of the rock, with the head of the axe rather higher than the other end. The rope is then tied round the head of the axe in such a way as to prevent the rope from slipping down the shaft of the axe, and also so as not to pull the axe away from the rock; when any strain is put upon the axe it will be more firmly fixed in its place (the person who is tied to the axe should carefully test this point), and will allow the hands to be freely used in

order for the person belayed to act either as a leader or a second or third man.

Knee Belay. Another most useful belay is to bend the rope over the knee, keeping the lower part of the leg as nearly as possible in a straight line towards the man below, as in photo D.

In the majority of climbs there should not be less than three members in the party, this enables full advantage to be taken of belays, and the third man should always assist the second when the second is guiding the rope for the leader.

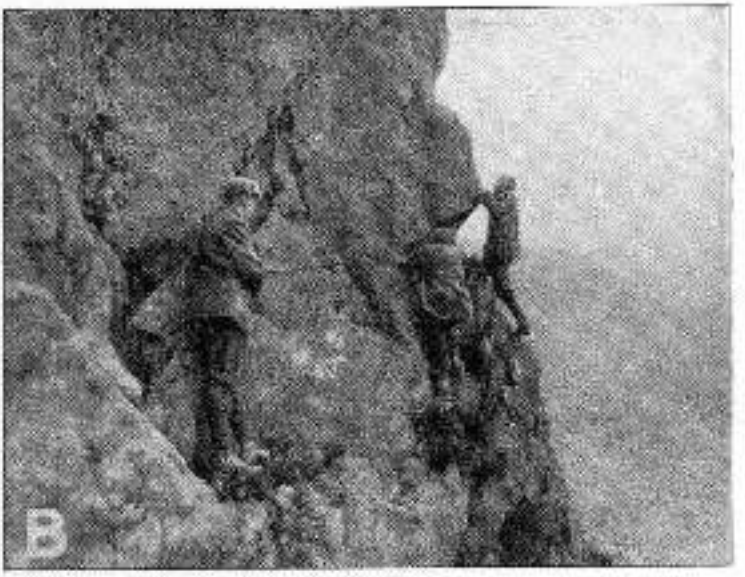
In long face climbs, etc., the leader should always endeavour to place the rope over belays in order to make himself secure as he advances, and so lessen the distance through which he can drop if he should slip.

In some exposed situations it is often possible to place a foot or the lower end of the alpenstock against the inner wall of rock, and so enable another companion to feed the rope to the person climbing; this method can be employed upon the wall immediately about Tennis Court Ledge on Scawfell (as an instance).

Care of the Rope.—As the rope plays such an important part in rock-climbing it is worth while to look after it well. Keep it dry by guiding it away from any water or wet moss.

Do not allow the rope to drag over rocks and scree, this only wears it out unnecessarily, and disconcerts the climbers.

When you have finished the day's work, do not throw your trusty much-tried friend the rope into the nearest corner, but hang it up—not in a hot place—but where the air can circulate round it.



Do not stretch the rope whilst it is drying; this destroys the twist upon which the rope depends for its strength. Do not have a knot at the end of the rope in order to prevent the strands from coming loose; but bind the ends with thin string, starting about half an inch from the end, and continuing for about an inch or so.

If an identification central strand be required have it made of wool or other soft material which can easily break, and so not interfere with the elasticity of the rope.

Summing up.—Never place a novice as second man.

Never allow more than one person to move at the same time in anything like a difficult position.

Do not allow the rope to hang loosely.

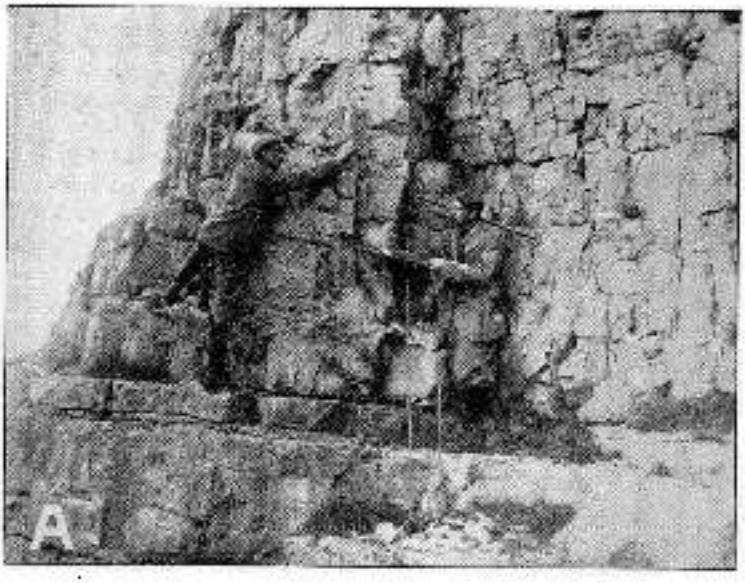
Do not take off the rope until each member of the party is clear away from the climb.

Allow companions to take their time in climbing, as you are there for the enjoyment of all.

Play the rope as though you were trying to tire out a whale with a piece of string.

Avail yourself of every method of making a climb reasonably safe, it is good form.

Always take plenty of rope, it is much better to have too much than too little. A rope to each man is often not too much in prospecting new climbs. Too little rope often means quite unnecessary risk.



Amount of Rope Required.—Two persons require from 65 to 75 feet of rope; three persons require 75 to 100 feet; and four seldom require more than 100 feet.

If a companion should slip do not jerk the rope suddenly, gradually pull it in, over if quickly.

Have the rope made of the best possible material; it should not be so tightly twisted as to make it uncomfortably thin; it also should not be so loosely twisted as to allow it to easily absorb moisture.

Conclusion.—In conclusion I wish to most heartily thank

my friends who have so kindly assisted me in posing for the photos during several different special journeys.

I would like to add that the methods of belays, etc., which I have described and also illustrated are not only the result of my own or other people's imaginations, they have actually been tested (and not found wanting) on several occasions.

The knots also are quite safe.

"Long live the rope and climbing."

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive;
Would that the little flowers were born to live
Conscious of half the pleasure that they give,
That to this mountain daisy's self were known,
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow thrown
On the smooth surface of this naked stone.

Wordsworth.

REPORT OF FIRST ANNUAL DINNER.

The first Annual Dinner of this Club, held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal, on November 23rd, 1907, was a most successful and enjoyable function, being well attended and full of enthusiasm.

In due course, after the usual loyal toasts had been honoured, that of "The Club" was proposed by the President, Mr. Ashley P. Abraham, who was received with enthusiastic cheers.

"Gentlemen,—

Before proceeding with the pleasant task with which your committee has entrusted me, I should like to read two telegrams which have just arrived from two members who have taken a great interest in our club, and who would, I know, very much have liked to be with us to-night—Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby and our Vice-President, Dr. A. W. Wakefield." (Applause.)

After reading the telegrams the President continued—"I trust that I may be allowed to say first of all how greatly I appreciate the honour you have done me in making me your first President. The position of President of a club of this sort is generally entrusted to a much older man than myself—to one who has attained to the dignity of a mountaineer. In spite of some sixteen or seventeen visits to the Alps I do not lay claim to this title. (Can any man who has not made ascents in the Himalaya, the Caucasus, the Andes, or other great ranges be a mountaineer in the highest sense? I very much doubt it). To me the steep chimney, the hard struggle up a vertical crack, the delicate balancing round an overhanging nose with a drop beneath one—as Kipling graphically puts it, 'as straight as a beggar can spit'—are still amongst the best things this world affords. At present it is the rocks that fascinate, and any slight justification I have for standing here in my capacity to-night lies in the facts

that I am a rock-climber and lover of our Lakeland fells first, and a mountaineer afterwards. (Loud applause.) My theme to-night, one of which any man might well be proud, is that of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District, its formation and past records, its future welfare, usefulness, and prosperity. Fifteen months ago the club was but an idea simmering in the minds of a few Ulverston and Kendal enthusiasts. To-day it is a fact. But why was it not a fact long since? I consider that this club should have been founded at least thirty years ago. Our Lake District climbing is the most thoroughly exploited in the world. Men knew these climbs almost as early as they knew the Alps; the mountaineers who have attained to any degree of note have, with very few exceptions, graduated amongst the Lakeland fells and crags. And yet we are about the youngest club in existence! This is no doubt partly accounted for by the formation of the Climbers' Club, whose venue was to be chiefly the Lake District and North Wales.

The sympathies of the Climbers' Club (a club, by the way, which has our warmest admiration and friendship) have been devoted more and more to North Wales however, and I know you will all agree with me when I say that the time has fully arrived when we are justified in having a club of our own. (Loud applause.)

Faith has been justified of her children! We can look back over a year of prosperity in every branch of our undertaking. The club has made up in energy what it lacked in initiative. It is a club very much alive. We have enrolled nearly two hundred members; we have held seven most enthusiastic Meets, during which we have got to know each other better, and during which fresh friendships, fostered by the mountains, have been made; we have installed ropes, books, and other necessaries in our various centres; we have published our first journal (thanks to Messrs. E. Scantlebury and G. F. Woodhouse)—a magnificent number (loud cheers); and we have eaten our first annual dinner! (Laughter.) Surely, gentlemen, this is a record of which we may well be proud. But it is only the record of our club as a corporate body. Although I have not time to-night to dwell fully on what they have done, its individual members have not been idle.

They have made many fresh ascents both at home and abroad, and during a year of almost unprecedented literary dearth in mountaineering circles, one of our honorary members has produced a most exhaustive work. (Applause.)

But there is another side to this pleasant picture—a very sad side. I cannot review our first year's existence without referring to the great loss we have sustained in the death of our late Vice-President, J. W. Robinson. Our club was very dear to him, and was the consummation of an idea he had long cherished. To many of us here to-night he was a personal friend ; to others of you he was known by name and reputation only, but there is not one of us but owes him a debt of gratitude. He did as much as any other single individual for our Lakeland fells ; in nearly all the older standard climbs he had a hand. If he were not actually in the party that made their ascent, it was almost invariably due to his discerning eye and marvellous knowledge of the locality that the best ascents were made. We shall miss John Wilson Robinson as we have already missed one to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of the highest development of our sport, one who by his achievements and his book lives in the minds and hearts of us all ; I refer to the late Owen Glynne Jones. I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my own sorrow, and I know it is the loss of us all as a club, that these two have been taken from us.

And now I come to the record of our club that gives me more pleasure than any other—the fact that there has been no accident. (Hear, hear.) This is a thing of which the oldest club might well be proud. Ours is almost the youngest and, as far as its individual members are concerned, the least experienced—facts which reflect the greatest credit on our members, and which fill me, as your President, with the greatest pride.

But having steered well so far we must not neglect the necessary habits of caution, carefulness, and observance of the proper tenets of our sport in the future. I have observed that upon occasions of this sort it is usual for the chairman to throw out some word of warning to the younger and more hot-headed members who exist in every club. And usually I have observed that some accident has not been wanting

as a peg upon which to hang such a warning. But in the present case your extreme care has put me in a very awkward position. (Loud laughter). However, there is no harm in repeating the old maxim about discretion being the better part of valour. How well I recall the first time I saw it applied! It occurred many years ago now—when I was quite a small boy—at Stanley Ghyll, in Eskdale.

An elderly relative, a somewhat irascible gentleman, and I wished to visit the falls. On enquiring at the lodge for the key to the grounds we met with a very surly reception from an old woman, who evidently resented people visiting Stanley Ghyll. My relative held forth on his 'rights,' demanded the key, and eventually obtained it. After duly visiting the falls, we returned to the lodge with the key. The woman's husband—a burly six-foot gamekeeper—had come home in the meantime, and to him also my relative held forth on his 'rights,'—after which we made our way to the lodge gates, having had the best of the argument. But just at that moment a fierce growl behind caused us to turn round, and there we saw a great black retriever dog. My relative was much annoyed. 'Call off that beast,' shouted he, clapping his hand to his thigh pocket as though he carried a revolver, 'or I will put a bullet through him.' The gamekeeper's reply was somewhat disconcerting. He hurried into his lodge and shortly afterwards appeared with a double barrelled fowling piece. 'Now,' he shouted, 'I'll talk to you. You begin by shooting my dog.'

But an imaginery revolver is a poor weapon against a real fowling-piece! Our retreat was more hurried than dignified. When we had put half a mile between us and the lodge my relative sat down on a stone, and endeavoured to save the situation by quoting the old adage 'Discretion is the better part of valour.' (Loud laughter.)

Lack of discretion is a great evil in rock-climbing, but there is another evil equally great, and that is competitive climbing. This has been the fundamental cause of most of our home accidents, and for this reason I mention it to-night. In almost every party there is, by common consent, one man better and more capable of leading than any of the others. When that man is beaten it is time to turn back. If

he be baffled, do not re-arrange your positions on the rope and let another try. That way lies great danger, for ultimately, perhaps, a raw but keen novice will find himself at the front. Anxious to distinguish himself he takes risks, and—well, such is a fruitful source of accidents. We have scores of novices in our club, and we have many first class cragsmen. I hope the former will decline to lead, and, at the risk of their being considered discourteous, I trust the experts will decline to let them lead, except on climbs well within their power. Thus we shall preserve a record free from accidents, and bring no disrepute upon our friends the mountains, upon mountaineering, the finest sport in the world, or upon ourselves as a club. (Loud applause.)

In conclusion, gentlemen, may I again conform to precedent and give a quotation or two. (Laughter.) The first is from King Solomon. Although I have not heard that he was a rock-climber, his advice on this matter is sound and should be laid to heart by all of us. The following is taken from Ecclesiastes —'Two are better than one, for if one fall the other can lift up his fellow. But woe unto him that is alone when he falleth, for there is not another to lift him up.' Wherefore let us abstain from solitary climbing!

My second quotation is a somewhat free paraphrase from Cicero, which tends to apply to our Lakeland fells what Cicero applied to books.

'They supply to our youth a spur to active exertion; they afford to old age the peaceful, soothing pleasures of contemplation. They add a new elation to our hours of strength; they supply a refuge and a recruiting ground in our moments of bitterness and depression. They are the ornaments of our native land; they are as companions to us when we walk abroad, and add a beauty and tenderness indescribable to the prospect from our country homes.' (Applause.) And so, gentlemen—coupled with the name of Mr. George Seatree—I give you the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. May it go on and prosper. May it stand for all that is good in climbing circles and, as each year rolls on, may it link us in the bonds of good fellowship and those best of all friendships—the friendships that are born of the mountains." (Long and loud applause.)

Mr. George Seatree, in responding, said the first thing he ought to do was to congratulate the members on the admirable speech which they had just listened to with so much pleasure from their first President. In the long years that would follow he trusted they might never have from the presidential chair of that club a less valuable presidential address. It had been hinted to him that he (Mr. Seatree) was expected to make a long speech, but that was when it was thought there would only be a few present. Now, however, there were so many anxious orators burning to get up on their feet that it would be quite enough if he gave them a very brief response. The Chairman had referred to the formation of the club as not being a new idea. He remembered well, long years ago, when the late John W. Robinson and he had it in their minds to get together a number of men at Wasdale Head to form a Club for Cumberland and Westmoreland. However, there were difficulties in the way at the time, so nothing came of it, and soon after the exigencies of business took him away and kept him too long from Cumberland and her glorious hills.

The President had sympathetically and in a heartfelt manner referred to the loss which the club had sustained by the death of Mr. Robinson. The death of Mr. Robinson had made the greatest break in his mountaineering acquaintanceship, and he felt deeply the loss of such a dear old climbing friend. Only that week he came across an entry in an old visitor's book belonging to Mrs. D. Tyson, formerly of Wasdale Head, by Robinson, giving that gentleman's description of the second ascent of the Scafell Pinnacle Rock, being the first ascent by the long route from Lord's Rake, on September 21st, 1884. He hoped it was of sufficient interest for him to read :—

"Yesterday, in company with Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, climbed from the 'Lord's Rake' end of the 'Rake's Progress' straight up to the top of the 'Pinnacle Rock' of Scawfell, being the second recorded ascent of this rock. The first ascent being made some weeks ago by the short 'Slab' route near the top, by which way we descended. You enter our climb of yesterday about 60 yards from the north end of 'Rake's Progress,' a slight detour to the right lands you at the foot of a steep and narrow gorge, up which no difficulty is experienced, to a height of about 300 feet, you are then faced up 150 feet of an

almost perpendicular chimney in which the holds are small, but sound as far as they go. Arriving at a point where the chimney is lined with rotten moss, a few careful steps to the right bring you to a broad ledge passing along about 20 yards to the arete which leads you up to the pinnacle rock above. A short scramble from this point lands you on the lower summit of the Pinnacle ridge, from which you look down a perpendicular wall into 'Deep Ghyll.'

Here we built a good sized cairn of stones. Nothing now remains but a very steep scramble up the arete to the top, where you observe the cairn built by Mr. Haskett-Smith on his first ascent, from what may be called the Pisgah rock and Pisgah gap side, a few weeks ago. This name is rather a good one, as the resemblance to the Pillar Rock 'Pisgah' is striking. The climb up the latter part of the arete is charming, the holds being splendid as compared with those in the chimney below. On the top you will observe, in a hole in the cairn, a bottle in which to deposit visiting cards. To descend from here into Pisgah gap is not difficult, as the holds, if not numerous, are sound."

Mr. Seatree went on to explain his own "North Climb" on Scafell. At that far back date (September, 1874) there were no rock-climbers, or very few, but the sport had advanced very much in popularity since then. He did not know that he need say more, except to express his own feelings of gratitude that they had at last a Lake District climbing club. There were members of other clubs frequenting the District as they knew. The Climbers' Club had done a vast amount of valuable exploratory work, and they were very greatly indebted to the many justly celebrated members of that club for the pioneer work they had achieved. He felt there was a sufficient climbing element in Cumberland and Westmorland to support a club of that kind very adequately if it could be aroused to a sense of its opportunities and advantages. Their club was founded without the slightest antagonistic feeling to other similar organisations. It was their ambition to become a local feeder of the wider and more important mountaineering clubs. (Hear, hear.) Some of them belonged to two or three clubs, but as Cumberland and Westmoreland men they would naturally have a warm side for the club whose advent they were celebrating that night. (Hear, hear.) They had a fine heritage left to them. The climbing traditions of the district were glorious, and it was for the members to maintain and hand down to their successors those traditions, not only unsullied, but with fresh lustre added. (Applause.) The mountains were there in their primeval grandeur, ready

to be climbed. Fresh generations must come, and they would hope it might be the proud boast of their club in the years to come, that it had been a useful instrument in helping and guiding future generations to the glorious sport of mountaineering in the district they loved so well. He was only an elderly pioneer himself with a high regard for his leaders, but he was still glad to get on to the tail end of a rope of some friend and enjoy the grand rock scenery of his native county. (Hear, hear.) He could not do better than finish, like the President, with a quotation from a recent book by a well known author, whom he was glad to see present :—

"He who once tasted the joys of the mountains, and breathed deep into his very being that health-giving air, wherein the lustiest germs fail to exist, carries with him the blessing of understanding what it really means to be alive. Year by year he will find his recreation, in the truest sense of the word, amongst nature's wildest recesses; he will actively realise the words of wisdom and say, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help,' and in the days of the sere and yellow leaf, when even steep grass slopes have become inaccessible, and perchance only the cosy corner of the domestic circle remains, the ineffaceable memory of the mountains will remain to the end. Old friends will not desert the aged mountain warrior, through comforting clouds of tobacco smoke will come the words, 'Do you remember?' Then will rise up visions of the huge white peaks, the vast fields of everlasting snow, and the great bare rocks stretching far overhead in front. Eyes will flash as of old, hands will clench eagerly, and the dormant muscles will vibrate for a moment with the joy and life of younger days, in the recollection of the onslaught on some almost impregnable giant of our country. But whilst we are young and active, let us away to the mountains to store up these life-long memories, and experience the joy of living."

"As you taste it only there,
"In the higher purer air,
"Unapproachable by worries
"And oblivious quite of care."

Mr. Seatree resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. Edw. Scantlebury then very briefly responded.

Mr. Arthur Lawson gave the toast of "Kindred Clubs," and said that it was a great pleasure to propose that toast. He felt it a great honour that the club had such an excellent President as Mr. Abraham. Cumberland folk were said to be clannish, and they liked to see Cumbrian men at the head of affairs if possible. He was afraid that he did not know much about rock-climbing, but as he had done very many miles on the fells he thought that he was qualified to belong to a club of that kind, though he could not say that he smoked his six or seven ounces of tobacco per week, which seemed to be a qualification of the club. (Laughter.) With regard to the kindred clubs, the first was the Alpine Club, which was *facile preceps* of all clubs. (Hear, hear.) There was the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, which he knew was a very good one, but he did not know whether they had made any more investigations about that bottomless pit. (Laughter.) There was the Climbers' Club, the Rucksack Club, and there was a club in Derbyshire, and he wished to connect them all in the toast. He had been in West Virginia, a land of mountains, where the motto of the state was "Mountaineers are always free men," and he thought the only life really worth living was among the mountains, and men used to mountains could never afterwards live happily on flat land, it was too dull and insipid. They were favoured to be in such a beautiful country as the Lake District. He noticed that rock-climbing had been called the most exacting of sports. He had followed sports more or less all his life, and they always called fox-hunting the noblest sport, but he supposed that rock-climbing must be the noblest, because fox-hunting had been called the image of war with only 25 per cent. of its danger, whereas perhaps Mr. Abraham would like to call rock-climbing the image of war with 75 per cent. of its dangers. (Laughter.) Rock-climbing had been described as eternal misery on the one side with death on the other, which was how they sometimes felt when they got on the rocks. (Laughter.) But he supposed they considered that the sport of rock-climbing caused no suffering to anything, and in that way it might be called the noblest sport. (Applause.) A cockney once said that he liked hunting but for the obstacles; that cockney should have tried rock-climbing! (Laughter).

He once had a curious experience with an aristocratic kind of rope, with a red strand running through it. (Laughter.) It was on the top of his box when he went to Virginia, and the Custom authorities wondered what it was for. He told them he had brought it to lynch a man. (Laughter.) They seemed to take that answer as being alright; they would not have understood him if he had said that it was for rock-climbing. (More laughter.) As a climbing institution they believed that the healthiest and sanest way of making the most of their lives was to breathe the purest air, and that they must do, if they wished to maintain the British as a healthy race and retain their position at the head of nations; they *must* maintain their physique. Lakeland was the playground of England, and it was there that they went to seek for strength and health. (Hear, hear.) He concluded by asking the company to drink to the toast, facetiously remarking that he would drink it in water, as he considered that to be best.

Mr. Woodhouse, in replying, said that he had only the honour of belonging to one of the kindred clubs, and that was the Climbers' Club, but they all allowed allegiance to the Alpine Club as the mother of all such clubs. It had been said that there was no need for the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, but he defended its existence by saying that as in physical science, research now went deeper and specialised more, for it had not stopped at the conception of an atom, but was now examining inside an atom; so with climbing—the Alpine Club was for the world, the Climbers' Club specialised on a small area—England, and the Fell and Rock on a still smaller area—the Lake District. Perhaps, he suggested, the circle of specialisation would be drawn closer and we would have a Gable Club, or a Dow Crag Club, a Gimmer Crag or even an "Amen Corner" Club. (Laughter.)

The President had made some very kind remarks about the Journal, yet the success of it was entirely due to the energy of Mr. Scantlebury. The amount of work done by Mr. Scantlebury was extraordinary.

Mr. Woodhouse concluded by thanking the company for the enthusiastic manner in which they had drunk the toast.

Mr. Darwin Leighton also replied, and said that he, like many others, would rather climb than make an after-dinner speech. He mentioned the old Kendal Touring Club, saying that the best holiday he had spent was with several members of that club. In the days of that club, which was now extinct, they could not afford to stay at hotels, but took their hotels with them. They once pitched their tent in Borrowdale, and after a week of glorious camp life and climbing on the hills every day, they found that their expenses worked out at 1/6 a day. Days like that did not cost them much in money, but they spent a good deal in energy, and had a jolly good time generally, and they would be rendering a good service to the community if they could persuade others to try spending their holidays among the mountains. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. J. G. Howard proposed the health of "The Visitors," and said he thought that at any rate they might have given that toast to someone with more experience in climbing, for he was a complete novice. He was merely a pedestrian rambler, and yet he had a great love of the mountains. He had tasted of the joys of mountaineering pure and simple and in all sorts of weather and in all kinds of vicissitudes, and it was joy all the time. (Hear, hear.) He had also tasted the joys of rock-climbing and only wished that he had started it sooner. Continuing, he said that he extended a hearty welcome to their visitors. He was sure he was voicing the wishes of all members present when he said that they were very glad indeed to have them there that evening, and they all hoped they would come again and again, even though they did not decide upon joining the club. He coupled with the toast the names of Mr. Tipper and Mr. A. W. Simpson.

Mr. Tipper congratulated the club on the new journal, which was written in a way that everyone could understand. He could sincerely congratulate the club on the measure of success which had already attended it, and he wished it every success in the future. On behalf of the visitors he thanked the club for their hospitality. He did not think that he had been to any gathering where there was such good fellowship, and where the welcome had been warmer. (Applause.)

Mr. Simpson also briefly responded, and before the gathering separated the health of the President was cordially drunk.

During the evening Mr. Woodhouse contributed an excellent flute solo, and Messrs. C. J. R. Tipper, D. Leighton, J. D. Blackburn, and G. T. Hogg gave songs.

One of the features of the evening was the song "The Climbers' Ditty," composed for the occasion by Mr. D. Leighton, the chorus being sung with much enthusiasm.

THE CLIMBERS' DITTY.

(Sung to the tune of "We be Three Poor Mariners.")

Oh! we be three bold climbers,
A trudging up the screes,
We spend our lives in jeopardy
Whilst others live at ease.

CHORUS—
Come let us tie the rope, the rope, the rope,
Come let us link it round, around, around,
And he that will not climb to-day,
Why!—leave him on the ground, the ground, the ground.

We care not for the promenade,
With collars, cuffs, and cane;
No! give to us the mountain farm
In sunshine, snow, or rain.
Come let us, etc.

We've left our marks on "Kern Knotts Crack,"
We've worn the "Needle" slim,
You'll find our rags on "Pavey Ark,"
Our cards on "Pillar" grim.
Come let us, etc.

Then when the twilight takes our years,
The homeward tramp of night,
We'll climb along those hills of clouds
Where cairns are stars of light.
Come let us, etc.

THE CLUB MEETS.

The Committee have very much pleasure in reporting the continued success of the Club Meets. They have been very well attended, better, in fact, than last year.

Nine meets have been held during the season (ending October 31st), all of which have been well attended, with the exception of the last one which was held at Dungeon Ghyll in September. This Meet was quite spoilt by the wretched weather. It rained in torrents the whole Saturday afternoon (September 5th), also all day on Sunday and Monday; Great Langdale beck was in flood, and parts of the road near Middlefell Farm were under water. Only three or four members put in an appearance, although judging from the promises made there should have been quite a record gathering. Small blame, however, to those who elected to stay at home and keep dry.

The Christmas Meet, 1907, at Wasdale extended from Christmas Eve to the first of January, and during this time from 30 to 40 members and guests assembled. The weather for the most part was excellent, and all the usual standard Christmas courses were taken. Deep Ghyll, the Great End Gullies and Gable Crag Climbs were in fine condition, and, as a well-known expert has put it, "the musical clink of the ice-axe and the cheery voices of climbers could here be heard from dawn till dusk." The Napes Arêtes also were soon clear of snow, and came in for a fair share of attention; but perhaps the best day was the last of 1907, when almost all resorted to the Pillar and Shamrock. The famous North Climb was literally crowded from top to bottom, and scenes of great confusion occurred in the vicinity of the Nose.

Two parties repeated a climb first made at Easter, 1906, on the Shamrock, by the late W. G. Clay (a keen Lakelander, who, alas, lost his life on the Petit Paradis), with S. P. Beeching, and the brothers Abraham. The climb is up the

fine buttress which forms the right hand retaining wall of the Shamrock Gully, a course to which it is infinitely preferable. At the foot of Shamrock Gully, a narrow Gully branches off to the right. The way lies up this and is, for about 100 feet, quite easy until, after a few steps to the right, a heathery slope on the nose of the buttress is attained. An awkward slab immediately above is then tackled, whence the going is easier until the climber is confronted by an 'impossible' wall, and is forced to the right. For thirty feet hereabouts is the crux of the climb. A difficult slab is taken for a few feet, and then a tricky step across into a very steep crack takes one upward to anchorage. The nose of the buttress is still quite inaccessible on the left, so a small cave, surmounted by a narrow, deeply-cut chimney is entered.

The struggle up this chimney is very fine and by no means easy, the difficulty being considerably enhanced by the exposed nature of the situation. Above this there remains only an easy pitch with a through route (the ultra-gymnast can disport himself in an exceptionally severe crack to the right) until the delightful stretch of arête which marks the finish of the Shamrock Chimneys is reached.

The parties came back along the Shamrock Traverse, which in places was swept with sheets of blue ice, affording some strenuous step cutting. Nothing of further note was accomplished ; indeed, fresh climbs in the vicinity of Wastdale cannot be wooed with much hope of success about Christmas.

New Year's Eve was a time of great merriment. Dinner was followed by a fives championship. All the leading mountaineering clubs were represented. Mr. W. C. Slingsby and Mr. G. Winthrop Young (Alpine Club), met Mr. F. Botterill and Mr. A. E. Roberts (Yorkshire Ramblers') in the semi-final. After tremendous excitement and a ding-dong game the younger club beat the elder, and in the final was in turn routed by our President and his brother, representing our own club. An adjournment was then made to the dining-room. It was now about midnight. As usual the darkest and most villainous looking person present (it would be invidious to mention names !) duly came in shortly after the dawn of the year and wished us the usual good things. At the proposal of the President, Mr. W. C. Slingsby then

took the chair, and proposed our club in glowing terms. Nectar, in the form of punch, was produced in a flowing bowl ; most of the kindred clubs were duly toasted, eloquent tributes were paid to the mountains and the best of sports, songs were sung, and the New Year greeted in the heartiest fashion. Next day turned out wet, and forty-eight hours afterwards the little valley, guarded by its jealous sentinels, had resumed its wonted quiet and solitude.

The first Coniston Meet was well attended but was partly spoilt by rain. The first day (Saturday) was however very fine. The fells were covered with a good thick layer of snow with many very deep drifts in places. A few members who arrived on the Friday night were lucky in getting a full day's rambling on the tops on the following day, the snow being in good condition for glissading. Those who arrived on Saturday evening were not so fortunate, for Sunday was a pouring wet day.

Our second Coniston Meet, held in July, was in scorching hot weather. Doe Crags were visited as usual, and the party arrived there in time to rescue a crag-fast sheep which the shepherds were unable to reach. It had apparently been trying the ascent of the North Gully ! The Great Gully, the Intermediate, and the North Gully were all ascended on this occasion by various parties.

Easter at Wasdale passed under almost ideal conditions. A large number of members were present, the longer holiday enabling many to come up from the southern counties. There was an unusually large quantity of snow on the fells, particularly on the north face of Scafell Pike. Ice and frozen snow abounded, thus affording a good opportunity to practice step-cutting and learn the use of an ice-axe. On Easter Monday the crisp ring of the ice-axe, as it echoed against the ice-covered walls of Deep Ghyll, was to be heard nearly all day in the vicinity of that famous gully. Even the Rake's Progress—which under ordinary conditions is little more than a sheep walk—presented genuine difficulties, being so choked with ice and ice-covered snow

[Photo] Alex Craig

GROUP AT CONISTON,
CLUB MEET, JULY, 1908.

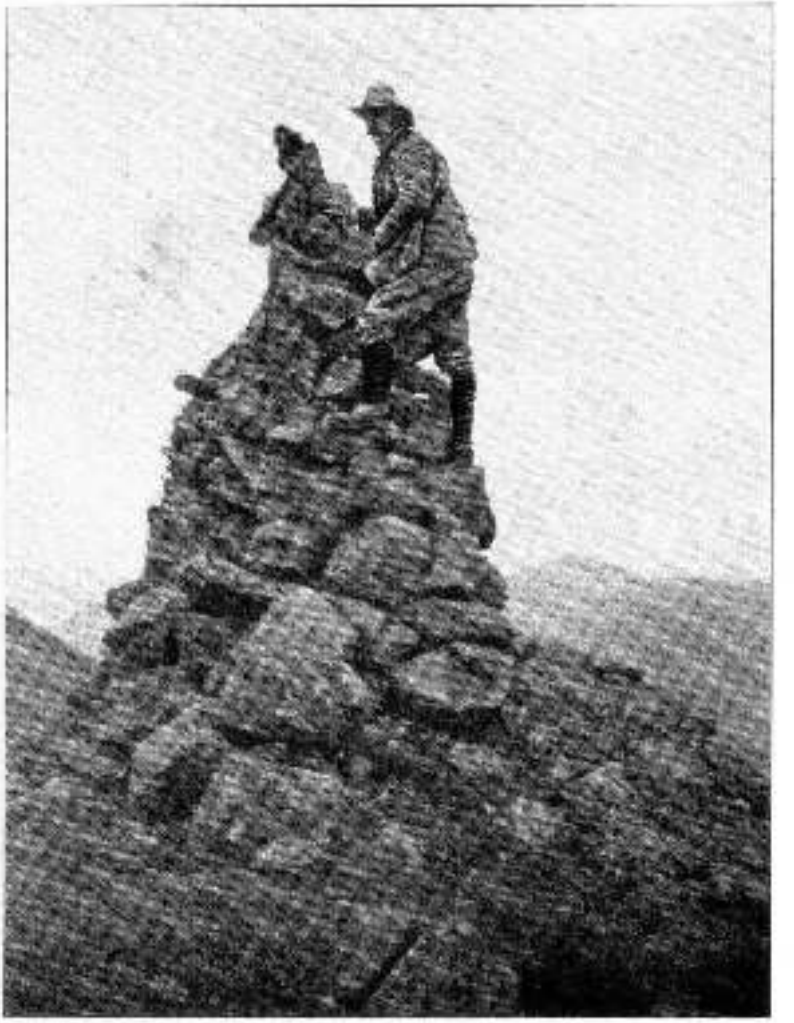


Photo THE ROBINSON CAIRN. *Z. f. Oppenheimer.*

that a party of three took over two hours to traverse it, cutting steps nearly the whole way from the foot of Lord's Rake to Mickledore Ridge. At the same time another party were experiencing a good deal of trouble with the buttress between A and B Gullies on Pike's Crag.

Easter Monday was one of those exhilarating days interspersed with alternate spells of sleet and snow storms, followed by intervals of bright sunshine, when gloriously clear distant views could be obtained; so clear was it in fact that the Gable Needle could be discerned with the naked eye from Scafell summit.

Easter Saturday was the day decided upon for the fixing of the Memorial Tablet to the late J. W. Robinson (particulars of which will be found on page 126.) The actual fixing had eventually to be postponed as the tablet was not then ready. There met, however, a large number of climbers near the spot where it was proposed to fix the bronze tablet. A suitable flat slab of rock was chosen for the site, situated at the terminus of the High Level Traverse and facing the Pillar Rock. Soon after midday thirty or more people had collected at this spot, some from Wasdale, some from Buttermere, and others had tramped from distant Rosthwaite to pay tribute to the late lamented cragsman. After lunch had been partaken of, the Committee (Mr. Haskett-Smith, Mr. George Seatree, and Mr. L. J. Oppenheimer) who were responsible for the fixing of the tablet, called for volunteers to build a large cairn. Huge boulders requiring three or four men to roll them to the spot were soon brought in position. Every one worked with a will and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, in fact, after all, cairn building is not half a bad sort of pastime judging from the amount of pleasure which seemed to be derived from it. Perhaps we shall shortly have a new book entitled "Cairn Building in the Lake District." Mr. Haskett-Smith acted as foreman to the cairn building gang, and he may be observed in the accompanying snapshot directing operations. In the course of an hour or so several tons of rock had been brought into position, forming a huge pile that will henceforth be known as "The Robinson Cairn." When the cairn building operations were completed, a large group was arranged by a prominent amateur-photo-

graphic member of our club ; he exposed two plates—so he thought—just to make sure of getting a good picture, but the result was a conglomerated mixture of heads, boots, cairns, ropes and rocks, the two photos having been taken on one plate ! After this the party separated, some going to climb on the Pillar Rock, whilst a large number, headed by George Seatree, made their way round the foot of the Rock and up the big gully on the west side, which owing to the glazed rocks proved to be rather difficult work in places.

The first Dungeon Ghyll Meet was held in wet weather, though some of those who attended managed to get a little scrambling and some practice at route finding in the mist. We seem to be particularly unfortunate in our Langdale Meets.

The Whitsuntide Meet was held at Wasdale, and in spite of the somewhat unfavourable weather it was considered by the eleven members who were present to be a distinct success.

On the first evening some anxiety was occasioned by the non-appearance of the usual Kendal contingent, but this was relieved later by the welcome and unmistakable sound of their voices in the early hours of the following morning.

A large number of the better known standard courses were successfully essayed, and there are rumours of a new climb on the Eskdale side of Scafell, but as yet no authentic information has reached us.

" Fives " on the billiard table was still as popular a game as ever, and it is a great pity that the proprietor does not provide extra facilities for this unique and splendid game.

Thorneythwaite is a charmingly beautiful spot, and the Meet held there in August was particularly enjoyable, being well attended both by members and fine weather. The old farm-house and out-buildings, surrounded as they are by fine trees and situated at the head of the loveliest dale in all Lakeland, form a most delightfully picturesque scene. The river Derwent winds its way through the meadows close at

hand, and provides a conveniently deep pool for those who like a bathe before breakfast or a refreshing dip after returning from the fells.

On the 2nd of August the whole party journeyed together under the guidance of Mr. L. J. Oppenheimer, up Honister Pass to the Drum House on Fleetwith, thence to Green Crag overlooking Buttermere, where our leader had designs upon a certain "good thing" in gullies. The first complete ascent of this gully,—first exploited by L. J. Oppenheimer, and previously named "The Toreador Gully,"—was then made; the party on the rope being H. B. Lyon (leader), L. J. Oppenheimer, Edw. Scantlebury and A. R. Thomson. The climb is a very wet one and would probably be classed as severe. Fleetwith Gully was afterwards climbed, and this we understand is the second direct ascent. On the following day Dove's Nest Crag was visited, and its underground passages traversed, whilst another party journeyed to the Pillar Rock, on the top of which they deposited an air-tight box containing a parchment with a record of the Robinson Memorial.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

The first Annual General Meeting was held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal, on November 23rd, 1907, Ashley P. Abraham, President, in the chair.

Rule 3 was revised, and now reads as follows :—

The officers of the club shall be elected for the ensuing year at the Annual General Meeting. The President, Vice-Presidents, and the three senior ordinary members of the Committee (in order of election) shall retire annually, and shall not be re-elected within two years. The Hon. Secretary, the Hon. Treasurer, and the Hon. Editor may be re-elected.

This rule comes into force from November 1st, 1908.

Rule 5 was altered to read as follows :—

All candidates for membership must be proposed and seconded by members of the Club, and will be elected subject to the approval of the Committee.

The meeting was followed by the first Annual Dinner, for full report of which see page 178.

The following gentlemen were elected as Honorary Members of the Club :—

G. A. Solly, Esq. (A.C.)
Hermann Woolley, Esq. (A.C.)

The next Annual General Meeting will be held at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, on Saturday, November 21st, at 6-0 p.m. and will be followed by the second Annual Dinner. An ordinary Club Meet has been fixed for this week-end, so that members coming from a distance to attend the General Meeting and Dinner may also have an opportunity of a ramble or a climb on the fells on the following day. It was for this reason that Coniston was fixed upon for this year's meeting.

Mr. Darwin Leighton was elected as a member of the committee on November 23rd, 1907, to fill the vacancy left by Dr. Wakefield.

Mr. Fred Botterill was elected as a member of the committee on January 17th, 1908.

Mr. George Lawrence Stewart (A.C.) was elected as a life member on November 23rd, 1907.

The following ordinary members have been elected since the publication of Journal No. 1.

Erik T. W. Addyman, Esq., 9, Buckingham Mount, Leeds.
Henry Bishop, Esq., Avon House, Fieldhead Road, Sheffield.
John Bolton, Esq., 7, Museum Street, Manchester.
J. Gordon Bowden, Esq., 54, Arodene Road, Brixton Hill, London,S.W.
H. Kidston Byrne, Esq., 637, Borough Road, Birkenhead.
I. C. Chrystal, Esq., Anchendennan, Arden, Dumbartonshire, N.B.
W. H. Cook, Esq., Barclays Bank Buildings, Fawcett Street, Sunderland
Walter S. Corder, Esq., 4, Rosella Place, North Shields.
Mrs. Corder, 4, Rosella Place, North Shields.
Robert Craigie, Esq., Norway Cottage, Abbey Road, Grimsby.
Mrs. Craigie, Norway Cottage, Abbey Road, Grimsby.
W. H. Greenwood, Esq., 58, Queen's Road, Leeds.
Alex. R. D. MacDonald, Esq., Hubert Place, Lancaster.
Arthur P. Manning, Esq., "The Vinery," Shirley Warren, near Southampton.
G. F. Mc.Cleary, Esq., "Redlands," Ardwick Road, Burgess Park, Hampstead.
Major A. C. Morrison-Bell, (A.C.), Guards' Club, London, S.W.
Rev. J. Neale, Harpole Rectory, Northampton.
C. N. Nettleton, Esq. (A.C.), 17, Thirlmere Road, Streatham, London, S.W.
W. G. Pearson, Esq., "Spennithorne," Abbey Road, Barrow.
J. Walter Robson, Esq. (A.C.), 25, Booth Street, Manchester.
John Sandison, Esq., 24, Burnt Ash Lane, Bromley, Kent.
George Samuel Sansom, Esq., 34, The Grove, Boltons, S. Kensington.
Leslie G. Shadbolt, Esq., "Rylstone," Harefield, near Uxbridge.
P. R. Shannon, Esq., 11, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, London, N.
Bernard Sutton, Esq., 850, Ashton Old Road, Manchester.
Philip S. Thompson, Esq., c/o Messrs. Spillers and Bakers, Limited, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A. R. Thomson, Esq., "Beech Bank," Bowdon, Cheshire.
H. Scott Tucker, Esq., "Belvedere," Mannamead, Plymouth.
Basil Howard Witty, Esq., 4, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.
J. C. Woodsend, Esq., Manor House, East Bridgeford, Notts.
W. A. Woodsend, Esq., Manor House, East Bridgeford, Notts.

The following have been nominated as members for the new year commencing November 1st, 1908 :—

Dr. T. R. Burnett, B.Sc., Ph.D., The Grammar School, Kirkby Lonsdale.
Lionel S. Chappell, Esq., 11, Grosvenor Terrace, Harrogate.
Eric B. Lees, Esq., Thurland Castle, Kirkby Lonsdale.
John C. Savage, Esq., "The Oaks," Ambleside.
J. R. Stamper, Esq., Church Street, Wingate, near Durham.
Miss Emily Ingle. 19, Apsley Crescent, Bradford.

A new list of members will be published at the beginning of January. Members are requested to notify the Hon. Sec. of any change of address.

Three oak bookcases with glass fronts and lock-and-keys have been provided, and are placed at Wastwater Hotel, Wasdale Head ; Sun Hotel, Coniston ; and at Middlefell Farm, Langdale. The keys may be obtained from the proprietors.

THE CLUB LIBRARY—To October 31st, 1908.

Name of Book.	Author.	Presented by
Rock Climbing in the English Lake District (3 copies) ..	*O. G. Jones* ..	A. P. Abraham. G. Seatree. Purchased.
Mountaineering, Badminton	.. ..	Purchased.
The Complete Mountaineer (3 copies)	*G .D. Abraham*	R. Craigie. Review Copy. Purchased.
Rock Climbing in Skye ..	*A. P. Abraham* ..	Review Copy.
Rock Climbing in North Wales	*G. & A. Abraham*	Purchased.
The Heart of Lakeland.. ..	*L. J. Oppenheimer*	Review Copy.
Three copies of Climbing in the British Isles	*W. P. Haskett-Smith*	Purchased.
Guide to Arolla	*Walter Larden* ..	Review Copy.
The Climber's Pocket Book ..	*Lionel F. West* ..	Review Copy.
Way About Lake District ..	*A. W. Rumney* ..	Purchased.
In Lakeland Dells and Fells..	*W. T. Palmer* ..	Purchased.
Highways and Byways in Lake District	*Joseph Pennell* ..	Purchased.
A Series of Letters	*Rev. J. Jackson* ..	G. Seatree.
Ruskin and the English Lakes	*Canon Rawnsley*..	Purchased.
Lake Country Sketches ..	*Canon Rawnsley*..	Purchased.
Mountaineering Clubs, reprint from Alpine Journal ..	.. ..	Alpine Club.
Guide to English Lakes (3 copies)	*Baddeley*	Purchased.
Map of Lake District (2 copies)	.. ..	Purchased.
Prior's Guide to Lake District (4 copies)	.. ..	G. Seatree.
Rucksack Club Journal, No. 2	.. ..	Rucksack Club.
Various copies of the Journals of Alpine Club, Scottish Mountaineering Club, Climbers Club, Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, Cairngorm Club ..	.. .. ..	Purchased.
Norwegian Club Year Book	.. ..	Norwegian Club
An enlarged photograph, framed in oak, of the Gable Needle ..	.. .. ..	Alan Craig.

EDITORIAL.

A club journal, more especially one containing a large number of illustrations, is an expensive luxury.

I wish to call the attention of every member of our club to the fact that a journal, such as the present volume, cannot become a financial success unless we have a large circulation. By a large circulation I mean one of at least 800 copies; our membership being only about 200, it is therefore obvious that we must depend very largely upon extending the sale outside our club, in order to maintain our journal as it now appears.

This is being done, as is evidenced by the fact that our first issue has repaid the cost expended upon it, but very material assistance can be rendered at this early stage of our journal's career by our members themselves.

I now appeal to the members of this Club to do their utmost to further the sale of our journal by ordering extra copies, which could be disposed of amongst their friends.

But a few copies of the first issue still remain, and it is anticipated that the price of these will have to be considerably increased before long.

The portrait of our President, which appears as frontispiece to this issue, was specially taken for the purpose, by the express desire of the Committee, whose intention it is to make a practice of publishing the portrait of each year's President.

A note from our President acquaints us with an earlier ascent of Deep Ghyll, Scafell, than that commonly accepted as the first ascent in 1886.

Messrs. Charles and Laurence Pilkington, with Mr. E. Hulton, climbed the Ghyll in 1882. Wintry conditions prevailed, and an hour and a half was taken over the second pitch. It will be of great interest to our members if any reader can tell us of some earlier ascent of this historic climb.

In our last issue, the initials given to the paper—"My First Rock-Climb"—should have been E. H. G., not E. M. G. as printed.

Sad tidings of a fatal accident are received from Wasdale. On Tuesday, October 13th, two climbers, F. A. Sprules, of Sheffield, and his brother, A. M. Sprules, of Saltburn, who were staying at the Wastwater Hotel, set out to climb on the Pillar Rock.

Their bodies were found on the following day, roped together, at the foot of the North Climb.

They had but 50 feet of rope, and it is conjectured that the accident occurred owing to the rope being insufficient in length to allow the leader to be lowered into Savage Gully.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the Pillar Rock, North Climb, it may be stated here that, at a point near the top of the climb a huge jutting rock bars the way; to lead round and up this rock (called the "Nose") is an exceptionally difficult and hazardous task, and most leaders prefer to be lowered into the adjacent (Savage) gully, from whence the top of the Nose can be reached, the rope lowered, and the rest of the party brought up over the Nose.

This is one of those climbs that should not be attempted by two-climbers, there should be at least three in order to safely negotiate, not only the Nose, but the "Strid," another *mauvais pas* of the climb.

Full particulars of this distressing accident have been reported in the daily papers, so that we will not enter here into any more precise details concerning it. We would however like to suggest, that in future, the proprietors of the hotels and farm houses situated at the climbing centres in this district, should take steps to ascertain from climbers as they start out for the day, some particulars as to where they are bound for, what climbs they intend to tackle, and at what hour they purpose returning.

This method would no doubt present some difficulties in the case of Wasdale Head hotel, at such times as Christmas and Easter when the hotel is crowded with forty or more climbers, but if a list of all those who were staying in the hotel was to be posted up in the hall, each party could fill in the particulars themselves, upon their departure for the fells.

Our Committee desire to tender their deepest sympathy with the relatives of these unfortunate gentlemen, also their condolences to the Derbyshire Pennine Club for the loss which they have sustained. We understand that Mr. F. A. Sprules was to have been nominated on their committee.

As we go to press intimation comes to hand that the Sprules were considered first-class rock-climbers. Judging from this fact and from the notes found upon them—which outlined a most ambitious programme of difficult courses—we are inclined to the opinion that the leader was attempting to climb the Nose *direct* when the accident occurred.

Climbing Risks.

Rock climbers, owing partly to a healthy dislike of sensationalism, partly to a fear of the charge often most unjustly brought against them of exaggerating the perils of their sport, show an increasing tendency to understate the difficulties of climbs. "If men would be content to serve an apprenticeship and to feel their way gradually from easier climbs onward, they would excite less apprehension in the minds of those who know what these climbs are." These words were written fourteen years ago by one of our greatest cragsmen, and they are even truer to-day than they were then.—*The Field, October 24th, 1908.*