

THE JOURNAL OF THE
Fell and Rock Climbing Club
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

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RULES.

1.—The Club shall be called "THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT," and its objects shall be to encourage rock-climbing and fell walking in the Lake District, to serve as a bond of union for all lovers of mountain climbing, to enable its members to meet together in order to participate in these forms of sport, to arrange for meetings, to provide books, maps, etc., at the various centres, and to give information and advice on matters pertaining to local mountaineering and rock-climbing.

2.—The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a Committee consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Editor, an Honorary Treasurer, Honorary Librarian, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Assistant Secretary, and seven Ordinary Members, with power to add to their number two extra members. Three to form a quorum.

3.—The Officers of the Club shall be elected for the ensuing year at the Annual General Meeting. The President and Vice-Presidents shall not hold office for more than two years consecutively. The three senior members (in order of election) of the retiring Committee shall not be eligible for election at that meeting.

4.—The Committee are empowered to fill up *ad interim* any vacancy occurring among the Officers of the Club or the rest of the Committee.

5.—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.

6.—The subscription shall be 7/6 per annum for gentlemen, plus an entrance fee of 5/-; and for ladies 3/6 per annum, plus an entrance fee of 5/-. Subscriptions shall be due on the 1st of November in each year. Members may become life-members upon payment of one subscription of four guineas.

7.—No member shall vote or enjoy any privileges of the Club until his annual subscription is paid. The Committee are empowered to remove the name of any member not having paid his subscription within three months from the date upon which it became due, but may re-admit him on such terms as they may decide.

8.—The Committee are empowered to elect as Honorary Members those who have rendered eminent service to the cause of Mountaineering.

9.—An Annual General Meeting will be held in November of each year, or at such other time as the Committee may determine. A copy of the Balance Sheet made up to October 31st, together with agenda of the business to be transacted, shall be posted to each member seven days before the Meeting.

10.—At least one month's notice shall be given of the date fixed for the Annual General Meeting.

11.—No vote shall be taken at a General Meeting on any motion affecting the rules or finance of the Club, unless notice in writing shall have been received by the Hon. Sec. at least 14 clear days before the meeting.

12.—An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club shall be called on a requisition in writing signed by any 8 members, being sent to the Hon. Secretary, who shall call such meeting within 10 days.

13.—Books, Maps, or any other articles which the Club may provide, must on no account be removed from the quarters where they are kept.

The Journal is published early in November at the price of 2/- net, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members.



AN ADVENTURE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY DR. A. W. WAKEFIELD.

In submitting the following account of an experience in the Rockies, Dr. Wakefeld modestly writes:—

“You have always been trying to raise ‘copy’ out of me, in spite of my repeated protests that it is altogether out of my line. I have now attempted to prove this to you once and for all by the enclosed M.S., which I feel sure you will not wish to publish.”

He then adds the following words of warning:—

“Quite apart from literary defects, I know full well that I transgressed numberless mountaineering principles upon that day, and consequently such an example of unorthodoxy would, I think, not be a good thing to set before the members of the Club.”

Be that as it may, we consider that this story not only affords most delightful reading, but serves as a useful warning to others.—ED.

A member of The Fell and Rock Climbing Club to be in the Rocky Mountains and not to climb! the thing was impossible—unthinkable! And yet I had been told that climbing was out of the question owing to deep snow on the tops.

I had already tried twice and failed to reach my summit, but that was before I had realised, or properly equipped myself to face, the excessive cold up aloft, and on each occasion I had only just been turned, near the summit of Mount Stephen and Mount Field respectively, by sudden storms of wind and snow, which, with the thermometer at somewhere below zero, froze my fingers and toes, and almost reached that final climax of freezing the blood in my veins (I have been unable, by the way, to ascertain the exact freezing point of such).

I now knew what to expect, and had full equipment to resist the cold. I did not wish to appear to think that I knew better than those from whom I had received the warnings, but I did want to bag a summit!

So I selected Mount Field, which, from below, appeared to offer a safe and comparatively easy snow ascent. So stating that I wished to get some photos of early sunrise effects from the top of Burgess Pass (about three thousand feet above Field), I awaited an auspicious looking evening, turned in early, and gave orders to be called at 5-30 a.m., with breakfast at six.

Alas, alas, when morning came there was mist hanging on the hills, and it was snowing! However, "nothing venture, nothing win," so optimistically, but I confess against my better judgment, hoping that the early mists presaged the finest day, and having everything ready, and having already accomplished the feat of being up at 5-30 a.m. on a horrid cold dark morning with the thermometer below zero, I decided to make a start to get my "sunrise photos,"—mist gives a wonderful effect to a picture!

There was about six inches of snow down at Field, and of course I knew it would be very bad higher up, but I hoped it would have settled down and hardened a little, as there had been no new snow for some days. However, following the advice of those who knew, I took snowshoes, which I only knew how to use in theory, not at all in practice.

Owing to delay with breakfast and trouble with the snowshoes, which had disappeared from where I had left them on the preceding night, I did not start until 7-30, an hour later than I had intended.

The trail struck upwards right away, winding and zig-zagging through the fine forest on the steep side of Mount Burgess.

Soon the snow began to deepen, and I put on the snowshoes, only to find that as I went up the steep track my toes slipped out of the noose that was supposed to hold them, and the shoe then hung round my ankle, swinging about like a flail. After repeated attempts I came to the conclusion that I could get along much quicker without them, so I slung them on my back and started upwards again.

For the first thousand feet I was quite satisfied with my progress, for in spite of delay due to snow and snowshoes, I made a thousand feet in almost exactly one hour, and felt myself to be going strong. The mist still hung above me on

the tops, and snow was gently falling, but it was quite warm—in fact, uncomfortably so—in the woods. Now, however, the snow gradually became deeper and deeper as I continued to ascend, and I made much slower progress.

Several times I tried the snowshoes again, but each time my toes slipped out, and I had to discard them. I then thought the best I could say for snowshoes was that they were light, and fairly convenient to carry on one's back! So I struggled upwards.

The trail was unbroken, except by a coyote (the "Prairie Wolf," a sort of Jackal) which had passed this way not long before. But a coyote track is not much use to beat down the snow. At two thousand feet I was labouring through snow at least up to, often above, my knees. About here I had to cross a broad open space on the steep mountain side.

Looking upwards, I saw that a big snowslide must have once occurred at this place, clearing a path through the forest about two hundred yards wide from the timber line right down to the valley below. Along this path not a tree nor a shrub was left! Across this slope I had to go a bit carefully, so as not to start another slide, and I was lucky enough to hit the trail again on the other side, not such an easy matter as would appear, owing to everything being nearly three feet under snow. I had taken longer over this second thousand feet. As I laboured on the snow became still deeper, and progress was very, very slow.

After a time the ascent became less steep, and the trail sloped away from Mount Burgess on the left towards the summit of the pass and Mount Field on my right. Now I tried the snowshoes once more, and, the path not being so steep, I found I was able to keep them on my feet—more or less. With snowshoes I did not sink into the soft snow much more than a foot, and I got along more easily, but very far from swiftly.

At last I reached the summit of the pass, but Mount Field still towered more than a thousand feet above me on the right. I knew this—I could not see it, for all above me was wrapped in thick impenetrable mist, and snow was falling fast. The timber reaches just to the summit of the Pass (about seven thousand feet above sea level), and the summit is formed by

a ridge connecting Mount Field (to the north east on the right) to Mount Burgess (to the south west on the left) Across the summit, northwards, the trail leads along the sides of Mounts Field and Wapta, then, turning south, descends rapidly, winding round the precipitous base of Mount St. Michael, and later along the foot of Mount McMullen. It then skirts Emerald Lake, an exquisite sheet of water, reflecting like a mirror every detail of the surrounding forests and mountains (Mounts Burgess, Wapta, St. Michael, and McMullen, may all be studied in detail on that glassy surface). At the foot of Emerald Lake is a chalet; where dwells a caretaker all through the long and lonesome winter.

It now became very considerably colder, and I put on my sweater that had been discarded lower down, and pulled my woollen cap over my ears. Having gone a little way along the ridge, certain inward sensations prompted me to pull out my watch, and I found that it was just about five hours since I set sail. So, remembering that Nature abhors a vacuum, and being unwilling to annoy her, I dropped a little way over the ridge in order to get shelter from the wind and snow, which were now blowing up from the south pretty coldly, and attacked the contents of my rucksack with some avidity. The Rocky Mountains strongly resemble the Lake District mountains in their tendency to create an appetite.

While engaged in thus re-adjusting my centre of gravity, the mist descended almost on to the ridge. I now made a bad mistake. Thinking to save time and distance, and moreover to have the advantage of being able to see where I was going for a little longer, I struck obliquely upwards from my shelter towards the point where the ridge joined Mount Field.

The snow on the slope became deeper than ever, and exceedingly awkward to negotiate on snowshoes at such a slant—and quite impossible without snowshoes. Moreover, I almost immediately became involved in a nasty gully, which took me further off my true course, and it was, as far as I remember according to my watch, a little after one o'clock when I left the ridge and commenced the final thousand feet of the ascent up the side of Mount Field.

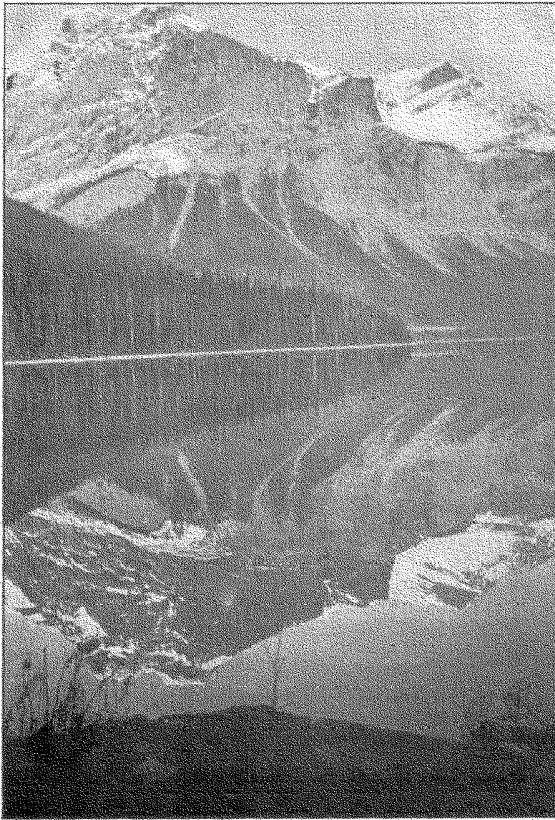


Photo
EMERALD LAKE AND MTS. McMULLEN AND St. MICHAEL,
ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A. W. Wakefield.

I was now in dense mist, and it was snowing fairly heavily. The ascent was steep, I am no mathematician, and will not venture to guess the angle, but at any rate it was more than I wanted considering that, without snowshoes, the snow was now up to my hips. At first I laboured on in snowshoes, and with immense toil I made about three hundred feet from the end of the ridge, where my aneroid barometer showed the altitude above Field to be about three thousand feet. I was unable to walk up straight in these dreadful shoes, and I had to

zig-zag up. During this time the mist grew thicker and thicker.

Those who have been on the mountains in deep snow and a thick mist will know the weird experience of seeing the snow fade off into the mist, and the mist gradually approach till it becomes the snow that one is treading on. It is impossible to distinguish where the one ends and the other begins, and, it being impossible to see even the snow on the ground more than a few yards away, one appears to be the centre of a little snowy islet floating in mist. Should snow be falling at the time, this little snowy islet is still further reduced in area, but never before that day on Mount Field have I known the islet become so minute that it was impossible to see even one footstep ahead, and so to recognise whether the next step was up or down hill !

It was not dark, but the dense mist, the snow-covered slope, and the falling flakes became so intermingled and confusing to the eyes that I was literally unable to tell, until my feet touched the snow, whether the step I was taking would land me higher or lower than I was at the time.

Under these weird conditions I zig-zagged upwards, knowing from many previous inspections of the slope from below, that all was safe. Every step seemed the same, or a little harder than the one before, until, as I was carefully planting my leading foot on the snow, I suddenly felt the conditions alter. Drawing back my foot I advanced cautiously, and found that the slope here suddenly altered its direction to face more east, and at the same time grew steeper, and to my great joy the snow became comparatively hard. Further progress through the soft deep snow in snowshoes was practically impossible. The last hundred feet had cost me innumerable zig-zags, much time, and immense labour.

But I dared not risk the hard snow on my unaccustomed snowshoes, I might be on to ice before I knew it, and, being unable to recognise a change of slope before I was on it, I might be slithering down some short cut to Field before I knew I had started. So I took the snowshoes off, stood them upright in the snow, so that I might find them more easily on my return, and started upwards in the Indian moccasins I was wearing. After due consideration I had elected to start in these, because for snow they are much the best, whether

with snowshoes or without, and I did not expect anything but snow work. Then again, moccasins are made of ample capacity to accommodate the two or three extra pairs of thick socks which are worn even for ordinary work in winter here. I had of course brought my good old climbing boots out from home, but due allowance had not been made in them for the said extra socks, and having already had frostbite in one toe when climbing in them, I was not inclined to give Jack Frost another chance.

Well, I set off again in great style over this harder snow, picturing myself at the top in no time if this lasted. Alas, it was a case of "counting my chickens, etc.," and the poor little chicks must have been frozen before they were hatched, for it was only just a little isolated patch of hardened snow, and soon I was wallowing and floundering in snow up to my hips.

It now became increasingly difficult to make any headway, and the slope became if anything even steeper. At six hundred feet above the ridge, or, as I reckoned four or five hundred feet from the top, I was brought to a standstill. I simply could not force my way through that snow, which was almost up to my waist.

I was on the point of turning, when a brilliant idea suggested itself to me. Seizing my ice-axe by the head with both hands, I drove the shaft through the snow a little ahead of me right down to *terra firma*. By leaning nearly all my weight on the axe, I was able to get my feet a few steps higher up the slope. I now repeated the performance, and by this means was able to make about a couple of feet at each effort. While replanting the axe I nearly always sank down again almost up to my waist in the snow, and it required a mighty effort to pull myself out on to the axe for the next step. I had wondered before why the shafts were so much longer in this country than those I had been used to. Now I knew, and wished this one had been two feet longer still! The axe-head generally came just above the level of the snow; occasionally it was below it.

The comic side of all this struck me forcibly, and I laughed to myself as I pictured the ludicrous appearance these antics would present to any spectator, had there been such. I knew

that some of my climbing friends, if they had been there to see me, would have certainly said something not at all complimentary about a monkey climbing up a pole. However, it was no fun for me, and my arms and shoulders were stiff for days afterwards—though doubtless some of this stiffness was attributable to my subsequent adventure. *Labor omnia vincit*, they say, but sometimes the subject and the object should be transposed. By efforts worthy of a Sandow or a steam crane, I made another three hundred feet by this “monkey on a pole” method.

By my barometer I was now only one or two hundred feet from the top, another half hour might do it. Suddenly and unmistakably I was impressed with the fact that it was beginning to darken. I had been watching the time, and had been calculating on having at least another hour of good daylight. I knew that I could come down this snow very quickly, and all I wanted to do was to make the ridge and strike the trail leading down through the forest before it was too dark to find it. Once on the trail in the forest I was as safe as houses, and, though it would of course be slow work, I was bound to get down all right—of course bar grizzlies, mountain lions, and other fearsome mythical animals.

The moon was full, and this, in spite of mist, would give me enough light to follow the trail down. However, it was exceedingly important to get on the forest trail before dark, for the top end of the trail was not so easy to find, and if I missed this it would be next to impossible to make my way down through this primeval forest in the dark—it is commonly said here to be practically impossible to make a way through such a forest, even in daylight.

These forests are such a tangled mass of growing trees, blown trees, dead trees, living trees, shrubs, creepers, undergrowth, and dead branches, that the difficulty of getting through them can hardly be imagined by anyone who has not seen or tried to make his way through one—as I had!

I stopped and summed up the conditions. I was, as far as I could make out, within two hundred feet of the top, and it would be a shame to turn after eight hours of such labour when victory was almost within my grasp. Still, two hundred feet might mean—well, goodness knows how long it

might mean! But whatever my watch said it was undoubtedly beginning to darken, and it was not the mist growing thicker. It would be all I could do—perhaps more than I could do—to strike the trail before dark.

The mist was not quite so dense now, and looking upwards the slope appeared to get still steeper, which meant that the physical difficulty of forcing myself upwards would become still greater. I felt for all the world like a crab in its shell. My mittens were frozen so stiff that I could not open or close my hands. Fortunately they had frozen in the correct position to hold the axe. My coat was frozen so stiff that I could only bend it with difficulty. My breeches had for some time been causing me considerable trouble. The snow on the knees had turned into ice, which had frozen as stiff as a board, and I found it almost impossible to bend my knees. My ankles, being protected by the deep snow, remained “lish” and were almost the only flexible joints in my anatomy. I felt just like a crab or a lobster must do in its stiff shell. I was not cold—not a bit. I was too well protected, and had been working like a steam plough, but as I stood there just a moment, summing up the situation, I realised that I should freeze up there in the wind in next to no time, and I must not run any risk of enforced inactivity in such a spot. This decided me to turn, and I set off down as hard as I could go.

Occasionally I would trip up in the snow, and fall headfirst down the steep slope, but I knew there was no danger, and my one idea now was to get down as far as possible before it became too dark to see where I was going. Already had the wind and snow in places almost obliterated the furrow I had ploughed only a short time before. These places delayed me, for I had to go carefully, not daring to run the risk of missing my track. In spite of this, I reached my snowshoes in a few minutes—it had taken me, as far as I can remember, nearly two hours to make that six hundred feet. I packed them on my back till I reached the bottom of the steep part, then I tried to put them on in order to get as quickly as possible on to the ridge, the snow here being very soft and deep, and not very steep.

I was never good at Euclid, and many an hour was I kept in at school to settle his “propositions.” I would dearly

love to have my revenge by setting him the proposition I now had to face ! I guess he might be kept in an hour or so thinking about it !

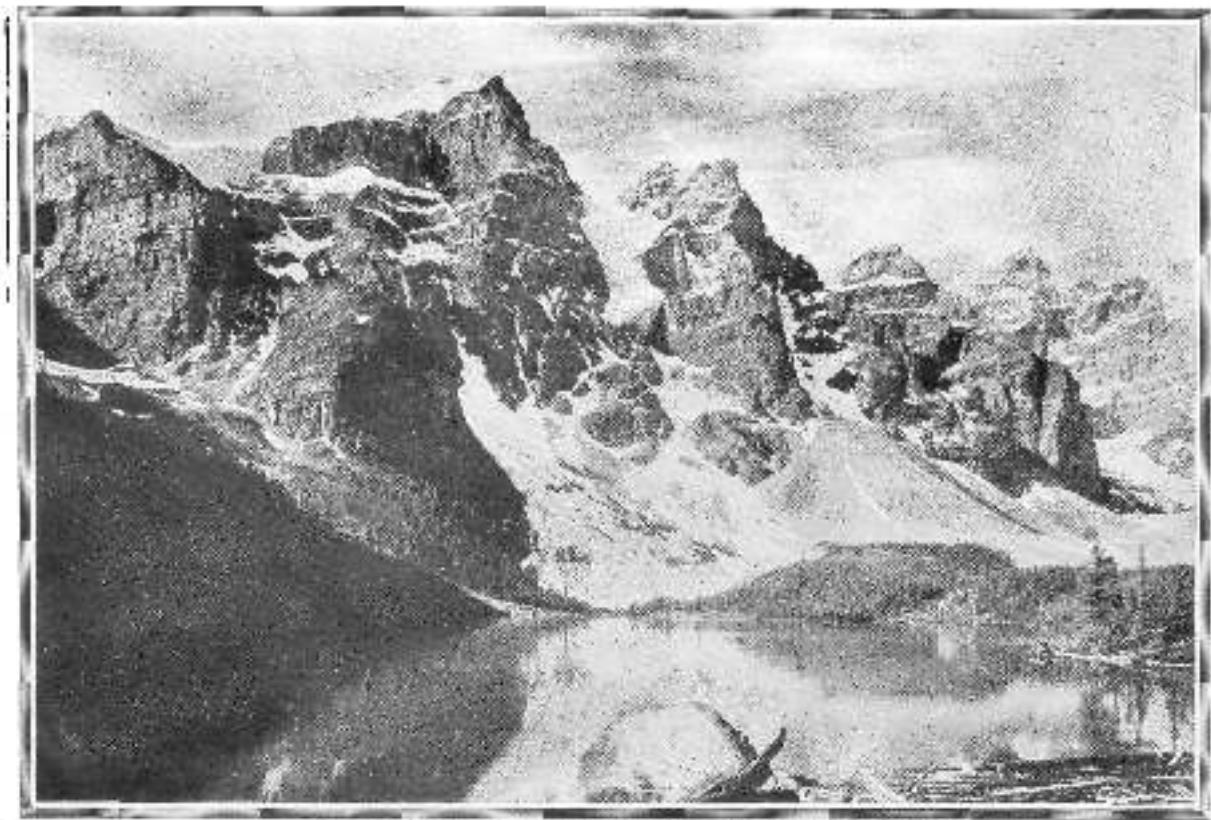
Snowshoes are fixed on to the feet by means of woven thongs, not unlike very strong thick lamp wicks. I had left them knotted when I took them off. The chinks in the knots had become puttied up with ice, and the knots were just as hard as a bit of Gimmer Crag. The condition of my mittens I have already described. I might as well try to button a barrel hoop round my neck for a collar with each arm stuck tight down a drain pipe, as try to undo those knots with those mits on. If I took off the mits my fingers would be numb in ten seconds, and freeze in half a minute.

What was to be done ? I tried to push on without the shoes, but found it a terribly hard and slow job, so I decided I must get them on somehow. I managed it at last by thawing out the knots with each hand alternately for a few seconds, meanwhile warming up the other one in my pocket. At first the snow all ran together, and formed a coating of ice over the knot and thong, ten times worse than before, but after a time I got them thawed out and properly fixed on my feet.

I now got along pretty well, and ever so much more easily, but the fixing had cost me much precious time, and every minute was of the utmost value.

As I hurried on towards the ridge my toe slipped out every now and then, and the same performance had to be repeated to some extent, but without snowshoes it would have taken very much longer.

When I finally got on to the ridge it was pretty nearly dark, and again I held a council of war with myself. The question—and a pretty important one—to be decided was “ what route shall I take here ? ” There was not a large choice. There were only two schemes that I could think of. The first was to find and follow the forest trail I had come up. To follow it would be easy—I doubted my ability to find it. There were two possible ways of trying to find it. The first was to follow my own morning's track along the north west side of the ridge. This was a certain road to success if the track still existed after the day's wind and snow, ¶



THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
Reproduced by kind permission of the Board of the Dominion.

it existed sufficiently plainly for me to follow in the dark, and if I could succeed in floundering through that deep steep snow in the dark. The "ifs" appeared to me to be too big, and I at once put that idea on the shelf.

The other way, to hit the forest trail, was to keep along the top of the ridge until I either hit my morning's track, or recognised the correct place to drop down off the ridge, and then trust to luck to find the correct trail. This course appeared to be possible but somewhat risky for my morning's track over the ridge would be almost certainly obliterated. Then the ridge being a pretty long one, it would be practically dark by the time I reached the Mount Burgess end, where the trail dropped down. The trail, apart from my own track, would be very hard to find here, for being deeply covered with snow, no path was discernible, the only means of recognising the trail was to spot the narrow clearing through the trees. The trees had been blazed here and there it is true, but these blazed trees would be quite invisible in the dark.

As I have already stated, the timber line came about the top of the ridge, and amongst all the odd trees, the scrub trees, the dead trees, and the little isolated bunches of trees, growing up at the extreme limit of the forest, I should in the dark be sure to see innumerable clearings and false passages, and the true opening would be very difficult to find. Moreover, if I went wrong here I was done—absolutely done—for I should have to descend three thousand feet through such a forest as I have already described, a feat altogether out of the question in the dark.

I then considered the alternative route, a little pet scheme of my own, which I had previously thought of, but never considered seriously. The angle formed on the south east side of the ridge where the latter joins Mount Field is the gathering ground of the waters of a little stream which descends at a steep but steady gradient for a good many hundred feet, and then disappears into the forest, evidently leading right into the Kicking Horse Valley, and almost straight towards Field, the very direction I wanted to go.

This route was just perfect for snowshoeing, the bottom of the gully being all padded and smoothed over with very

deep snow. It would obviate the necessity of the long and toilsome journey along the ridge, and it was evident that I could in a few minutes with perfect safety descend nearly a thousand feet. Of course I did not know what the rest of the course would be like, but only on the previous day the foot of a gully, which was clearly the same one that I proposed descending, had been pointed out to me as being the site of the town piggeries, and dumping ground for garbage, etc.

Now I argued that the beneficent C.P.R.,* the company which owns and rules everything here, as well as pretty nearly everything else in Canada, from the railroad and the telephones, to the mountains and the lakes, even the time is "C.P.R. time," I argued that this said C.P.R., which is really far-sighted in its policy, and treats nature and scenery with a respect and reverence rarely shown by a limited company, would never allow the foot of any big waterfall to be converted into a refuse ground.

This seemed to insure me against any big obstacle. Small drops of fifteen, or even twenty feet would all be banked up with snow, and I should scarcely notice them. If any pitch bigger than this did occur I should have the choice of two sides for turning it, and if the very worst came to the very worst I should only have to turn off into the forest. In this case I should be an hour earlier, and at least a thousand feet lower down than if I lost the trail on the ridge, and got into the forest there. Moreover, I should soon be in the comparative warmth of the forest instead of up there on the ridge in that biting wind.

So I plumped for the gully, and started down in great style. It made excellent going. I reached the point where it turned into the forest in quite a short time; here I said goodbye to the ridge, and pictured myself back in Field in quite a short time, for the gully had continued as if it had been almost built for my purpose. In one place the sides narrowed down and formed two great perpendicular crags, between which the gully squeezed itself, narrowing down till it almost disappeared, shut in by these big rocks. On reaching this point I anticipated difficulty,

* Canadian Pacific Railway.

and went cautiously. But no, the bed was all filled in with snow, and went on almost as smooth as a toboggan track. After this it became a little steeper, but I had no difficulty whatever. At one or two points I left the bed and went along the bank for a little, but it was perfectly easy and straightforward going. In this way I descended I suppose about fifteen hundred feet, it being easily light enough for me to see where I was putting my feet, and even to form some estimate of the course a few yards ahead.

Several times the unaccustomed snowshoe action gave me cramp in the thighs. I remember feeling dry and hungry, and a bit tired, and thinking how I should enjoy my bath and dinner and bed. I thought the excitement was all over—it had not yet begun!

At about this point the gully sank in deeply between its containing walls, and it became darker. I went carefully. At last I realised that I was at the edge of a biggish drop, all ice-covered from the stream. I did not care to go too near the edge, and it was too dark to see much below or around. However, so far I had experienced no shadow of difficulty in turning any little pitch I wanted to, the ridges on the banks all seemed to lead down into the gully again at a nice easy angle. So, thinking little about it, I turned off on to a good broad ledge on the right bank, apparently built for the purpose of taking me down. After going some way along this ridge, it narrowed down considerably and grew uncomfortably steep. There was another good ridge some twenty feet below me, but I could find no way of getting to it. Below and beyond that I could see little.

Things now seemed to be so steep, that I decided to take off my snowshoes, and I slung them on to my rucksack. After a little search I found a deep-cut oblique cleft in the rock, affording me what appeared to be an easy passage to the ridge below. I backed down this easily enough for perhaps twelve or fifteen feet, when the lower wall stopped.

I could now see that the ridge for which I was making had an unpleasantly steep slope, and that straight below me was a steep snow slope, ending I could not say where, but apparently shooting off into the gully below. There was not a tree or a stump of any kind below me to form a hold, but

some ten or twelve feet further along this lower ridge there were several trees and stumps at intervals on the slope, and in particular there was a good tree about two feet away from the rock wall, at what I may call the foot of my chimney. The only difficulty in reaching this tree was the fact that, as I have stated, the lower wall was absent for perhaps ten feet, and this ten feet was over a nasty looking snow slope. However, there was a pretty good ridge of snow piled up a couple of feet or so from the upper wall, thus forming a sort of scoop which led directly down to my coveted tree. This would give me a pretty fair passage down to the tree, but, in case of necessity, I did not quite see how I was going to get up it again. I paused for a while to consider the situation.

The ridge I was making for was certainly steep, but as far as I could see, though this was not far, it seemed to extend in the right direction, and trees seemed to be fairly plentiful. These ridges had previously led me just where I wanted to go, and that without any difficulty. If I turned I did not quite see how I should go, for I knew that the slope of the bank above was steep, and although I could not see where the bed of the gully was, I could not expect to do so in the dark, and probably it was really quite close. So I decided to go on, and I carefully let myself down the scoop on to the tree. The snowshoes on my back caught once on the rock, and nearly threw me out of the scoop, but I managed to unhitch them in time. Safely arrived at my tree, I thought the first thing to do was to have a look over the ridge, and see just how things stood and where things were.

I now realised that Indian moccasins are not just the best things for climbing; and I longed for my good old nails. The moccasins simply peel the snow off the glazed surface beneath, and they then slip on this, almost like ice on ice. It is impossible to obtain any foothold at all in such a place with them, and I soon realised that any climbing now would have to be done with my hands alone, and the only natural holds of any kind that I could use were the pine trees and their branches, which, owing to the steepness of the slope, only grew one here and one there, just where they could find enough soil. I was able to get a little additional help by digging the pick of my axe into the ground, but most of this was solid

rock, and I was consequently unable to get much help this way. The point on the shaft I had broken off earlier in the day during the pole-climbing antics. Happily my mittens, though still stiff and frozen, were not so absolutely hard and solid, like a plaster of Paris mould, as they had been higher up.

I now set about getting to the edge of the ridge. This with nails and without snow would have been child's play, for under such conditions the ridge would represent an ordinary rather steep slope ; but with snow and without nails it became a slope on which the very greatest precautions were necessary, for the least slip meant a certain slide with an uncertain ending. The first "pitch" consisted of a slide on to a fine big dead stump, almost directly below my present anchorage. I let myself slide down the snow carefully, holding on to a convenient low branch of my tree. This brought me safely to within a few feet of the stump, and then letting go the branch, I slid easily enough on to the stump. The first "pitch" was easy. The second was almost equally so. There was a fine tree perhaps eighteen or twenty feet below my present stump, and almost in a straight line below it, just a little to the right side. A big branch from the stump perhaps ten feet long, pointing down in the exact direction I wanted to go, formed a first-rate balustrade, while I tobogganed down 'the stairs (*sic*). On reaching the extremity of my balustrade I had only to wriggle a trifle to the right before sliding down the few remaining feet to the tree below. From the tree I was, without much difficulty, able to reach a tree close to the edge of the ridge, and very cautiously I peered over the edge into the darkness below.

As far as I could make out in the dim light the gully was so far below, and the descent so nearly perpendicular, that a descent, at any rate in such a way as would suit my convenience, was altogether out of the question. I had hoped to make a way down here, and was consequently disappointed. So I turned round to diagnose my prospects of progress along the ridge. It was too dark to see much, but what I could see did not appear at all promising.

While peering through the gloom, trying to find a route from tree to tree along the edge of the ridge, I suddenly realised



Photo
EMERALD LAKE AND MT. BURGESS, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

that the toes of both my feet were entirely without feeling, and I wondered if I had left them near the top of Mount Field, or whether they had dropped off into the gully below. No calamity of this sort had yet happened, but I was in danger of frostbite, if not already bitten. I was fortunately in a perfectly safe place on my tree, so set to work as quickly as possible to rub and hit my toes to try and increase the circulation. I kicked them on the ground and against the tree, and I pounded them with the head of my axe till I almost expected to knock them off my feet altogether. My heels also were quite numb, but not quite so bad as my toes. I kicked

and pounded away till I was almost coming to the conclusion that they had permanently turned into blocks of ice, when at last sensation began to return with a tingling and a pricking that left me in no doubt as to the fact that my toes were still alive.

How long this treatment by massage ("pummelage" would more correctly describe the method) lasted I have no idea, but when at last, discharging my toes as "cured," I started looking around me again, I was surprised and delighted to find that the mist had, to a large extent, cleared off, and that the full moon was just rising over the shoulder of Mount Stephen across the Kicking Horse Valley. I had not expected it to rise so early.

A minute later and it was almost as bright as day—a good deal brighter in fact than it had been during the greater part of the day. The trees and rocks sparkled and shone in the bright moonlight. The gully and its left bank were still in darkness, but my side was illuminated like a Christmas tree, as myriads of snowy tips caught and reflected the brilliant moonlight. It was a great sight in the calm stillness of that mountain side. The wind had now dropped, and there was no sound to break the mystic spell, but the occasional distant bark of a dog in the valley below.

But this was all moonshine. My job was to extricate myself from this tangle. A glance below made it very clear that I had been right in deciding that the direct descent was far too "direct" for me, and must be most carefully avoided. I was also able to see now that the ridge I was on was no use to me. Further along it became steeper, trees became scarcer, and then it seemed to almost flicker out. However, right behind this disappearing part of my ledge the bank appeared to become less steep, and if only I could get on as far as that I thought a descent would be possible.

Evidently my first job was to get back on to the ridge above, and this as quickly as possible, for I must make my hay, so to speak, while the moon shone, and she might coyly veil her face at any moment. It had been a perfectly extraordinary stroke of luck, if indeed such things are attributable to mere luck, that the moon should have suddenly risen in a clear sky at such a time, and I realised that not

a moment's moonlight was to be wasted. As I stood looking upwards at the ridge above me, I could see no other way to regain it except by the oblique crack, the discovery of which I had hailed with such joy goodness knows how long before. But my problem, or at any rate my first problem, was how to get to the tree at the foot of that crack.

To follow my downward route would be, I decided, impracticable, for the bits of slope I had slid down easily enough would be, I thought, absolutely impossible to get up in my own, and the slope's, slippery state. The ridge to the right of this, looking upwards, I also considered inadvisable, for, although there were a few trees to help me along and then up the ridge I was on, at the top of this I should have a considerable traverse to the left to reach my crack, and this traverse was across a steep snow slope, devoid of trees, and, in case of a slip, my first resting place would be in the bed of the gully at least sixty or seventy feet below. To my left the ridge was more liberally blessed with trees, and this route I decided to follow. Going carefully, I had no great difficulty in getting pretty well up the ridge here. My feet slithered about and kicked down mountains of snow like a steam shovel, but the hand holds on the trees were good.

Towards the top of the ridge I had to traverse a little to the right to reach my tree at the foot of the crack, and there was a patch of snow, without any tree to assist me. However, I thought I could make this pretty easily by means of a sudden rush. So I made my way to a good tree at about the narrowest part of the bare patch, and just opposite the dead stump with the downward hanging arm which had so materially helped me in my descent. The intervening ten or twelve feet I could easily rush, as I had a grand take off. I rushed, perhaps harder than I need have done, and landed straight and true on my stump, which I embraced with both arms like a long lost friend. But a false friend he proved—or else such an unwonted display of cordiality took him by surprise, for my friend was evidently enabled to hold his ground so boldly chiefly by means of his frozen toes, and the force of my impact broke this bond of union, for with no more formality than a sudden crack, he bade farewell to his former surroundings, and we started swiftly on our down-

ward course, *Facilis descensus Averni*, still locked in each other's embrace! I quickly dropped my treacherous acquaintance, and at the same moment managed to get right side up. A short swift shoot and I was again sitting astride the trunk of a truer friend, the tree I had slid down to originally and which I had carefully noted would be in the track of my descent should my rush across the snow patch be unsuccessful.

Again I toiled up to the left, pulling myself up by the branches. This time I was successful in crossing the snow patch by the slower and more laborious method of sitting on the snow, and getting such holds as I could by means of digging the pick of the axe through the snow into the frozen ground beneath. One more effort and I was up to the good tree at the foot of my crack. I now had to negotiate the scoop between the rock and the snow ridges before reaching the safety of the crack. This had been comparatively easy to slide down, but it was a different question to get up it. If I broke away the snow ridge it would be too risky to try, as there was not a tree on the slope below to catch me if I started sliding.

I first unhitched the snowshoes which I had been carrying on my back slung over my rucksack. I then worked up the scoop as far as I could holding on to the branches of my tree. From here I slung the snowshoes up into the crack where they fortunately stuck, and then I started cautiously wriggling up the scoop after them. The scoop was luckily not very steep, but I was not sorry when I had succeeded in wriggling into the crack, and had my back firmly planted on one wall and my feet on the other.

Although the rocks here were glazed with ice, still the angle was so oblique, and the rocks so good, that there was no difficulty in getting up on to the ridge above, and the snowshoes I pulled up after me on the head of my axe. I was even now only on the ground where I had been an unknown, but very considerable, time earlier. While contemplating what should be my next move, I opened my rucksack, and ate an orange that had been left over from lunch. I also had a small portion of cheese and biscuits left, but I always like to have reserve rations, so I left these in the rucksack.

I now made much better progress. Several times I had to

turn a pitch, but no serious obstacle was encountered. One biggish pitch turned me on to the left bank, where I was easily able to let myself down by the trees. Another pitch of some considerable height I turned by the left wall. Coming down again into the gully bed was at first easy, being amongst the trees, but the latter part was rather steep, and there were no trees *en route*. So I sat down in the snow and attempted to let myself slowly down by jamming the pick of the axe into the bank. The slope, however, was too steep for this method to be successful. The snow slid down under me, the axe, the shaft of which was now thickly coated with ice, as were my mittens, was wrenched out of my hand, and I whirled down the bank in a cloud of snow.

I knew it was not very far to the gully, but it was an exceedingly pleasant surprise to find myself landed softly and easily, with not even a bump or a scratch, in a big snow drift which here lay in the gully bed. My first thought was to recover the axe, the friend that had been of such incalculable value to me for the last (I don't know how many) hours, but on looking upwards I realised at once that this would be an exceedingly formidable task. I had come forty or fifty feet down the steep, smooth slope, and to get up again in my slippery moccasins would be impossible. I could probably have reached the axe by going further down the gully, and there getting up on to the bank amongst the trees. But it would have been a long job.

By my barometer I now only had a few hundred more feet to descend, and I could see the Kicking Horse River not so very far below me. I thought my difficulties were practically over, and that I would come back next day for the axe. In this I was correct, for I only encountered a few more small pitches, and those I wished to I could turn easily on the left bank. One I descended on a dead tree trunk that had been washed or blown over into the gulf, and stood leaning up against the rock, frozen firmly into position, apparently fixed there for my personal convenience.

Further on I descended a small pitch by means of a deep cleft in the rock down which I climbed. Here the snowshoes I had again fixed on my back jammed and nearly hung me up, but a little persuasion brought them round to the opinion

that they had better come on with me, and not spend the night by themselves out there all alone. These shoes had been a great nuisance to me nearly all day, and during the steeper part of my descent they had innumerable narrow escapes either of being left behind, or of sliding away down into the gully, as I alternately fished them after me with the ice axe, and then threw them on ahead of me. Only for a short time had they really been of any use, but during this short time they certainly were exceedingly useful.

The foot of the gully was soon reached, and a trail led me from here on to the main valley trail. My watch made the time nearly 6-30 p.m., and my mouth watered at the thought of the dinner for which I imagined I was just in time. Before I reached Field, the moon had bade me "good-night," and had once again veiled her face in cloud.

On entering the hotel, the unusual fervour with which I was greeted completely puzzled me until I discovered that my watch, in order to express its dissatisfaction with the cold to which it had been subjected, had decided to go on strike, and was just five hours slow. It was 11-30 p.m. instead of 6-30, as I had fondly imagined! In spite of this, however, I was soon enjoying a splendid dinner, and next day my only disability was a certain amount of stiffness. It had been conjectured at the hotel that I had made my way to the Emerald Lake chalet, for I had been there on a previous occasion, and this fortunately dispelled any anxiety that might otherwise have been occasioned by my non-appearance for dinner.

Now, after such an adventure, it is always well to look back and pick out the causes of failure, and any lessons to be learnt for future expeditions. In this connection I can at once almost hear the prompt advice of my friends to avoid cheap watches in future. No doubt, but does the price of a watch affect its running at a temperature below zero? A good many watches go wrong under these conditions, and I think it is due to an unsuitable lubricant, which becomes stiff at low temperature. In future I intend to have my watch specially lubricated for such conditions.

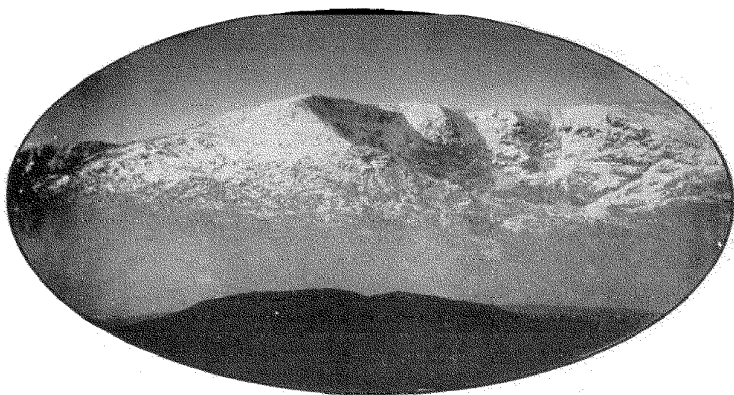
Another little wrinkle I have since learnt. One or two pieces of thong or thin rope tied round the foot over the

moccasin give to the latter a certain amount of hold in snow. I wish I had tried this.

In conclusion I can only advise anyone in search of limitless climbing to pay a visit to these Rocky Mountains, which, in the words of Mr. Whymper, can only be compared to "Fifty or sixty Switzerlands all rolled into one." Here are numberless peaks of all grades and sizes. Young peaks for young climbers, bold peaks for old climbers, fresh peaks for ambitious climbers, all sorts of peaks for all sorts of climbers. During the summer months Swiss guides are stationed at Field and Banff, and at Glacier House in the Selkirks, and in these districts many ascents may be made by just as stereotyped routes as in the Alps. But for many hundreds of miles, both north and south, the great Rocky Mountain Chain is almost unexplored, and innumerable first-ascents await members of The Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The C.P.R. has a most comfortable hotel at each of the above centres, and also at Laggan and Lake Louise. I have personally experienced the great kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Cancellor at Mount Stephen House, Field. Owing to the comforts of this hotel and the kindness experienced here, I look back upon my stay with the very pleasantest recollections. I have never been in any hotel which was made to feel more homelike.

Though I fully believe that in a few years there will be a popular "winter season" in these centres, I am doubtful if the high peaks will ever afford winter climbing, owing to the excessive snowfall. I have just experienced a week's steady snowfall, which produced nearly five feet of snow, a good part of which was settled. Between the snow storms the weather and climate are magnificent, and although the temperature may be well below zero, the cold is often less felt than at home on a damp day with the thermometer below freezing. Skating, snow-shoeing, ski-ing and tobogganing afford such fine sport as will undoubtedly, before long, attract a large number of winter visitors to these superb mountains.



Photo

W. Brunskill,

CONISTON OLD MAN (*Telephoto from 9 miles*).

DOE CRAG AND JOHN ROBINSON.

BY W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

Eighteen months ago, when we were struggling with great blocks and a gale of wind to build the cairn on Pillar Fell, near where the memorial tablet was afterwards placed, the Editor seized the opportunity of extorting from me a promise to write a short article. He suggested as alternative subjects the old friend we were then met to commemorate, and a yarn about climbing in the early days of twenty years ago. These subjects are so intimately connected that to deal with either must almost necessarily involve bringing in the other, and the title chosen above gives an opening for one as much as the other.

Long before we visited these rocks together, indeed long before we had seen them at all, John was very fond of discussing them and of planning expeditions to them which failed to come off. The omniscient Mr. Bowring had told me of them, and I had visited them, but not under conditions which favoured extensive climbing or close exploration. My usual companions were excellent walkers, but not very adventurous climbers, and as we used to walk over from Wasdale Head

and back between lunch at noon and dinner at 7-30 or 8-0, and had to maintain an average pace across country of four and a-half miles per hour outwards, and five miles per hour homewards, it will readily be understood that even when the weather was favourable we should not accomplish much detailed exploration.

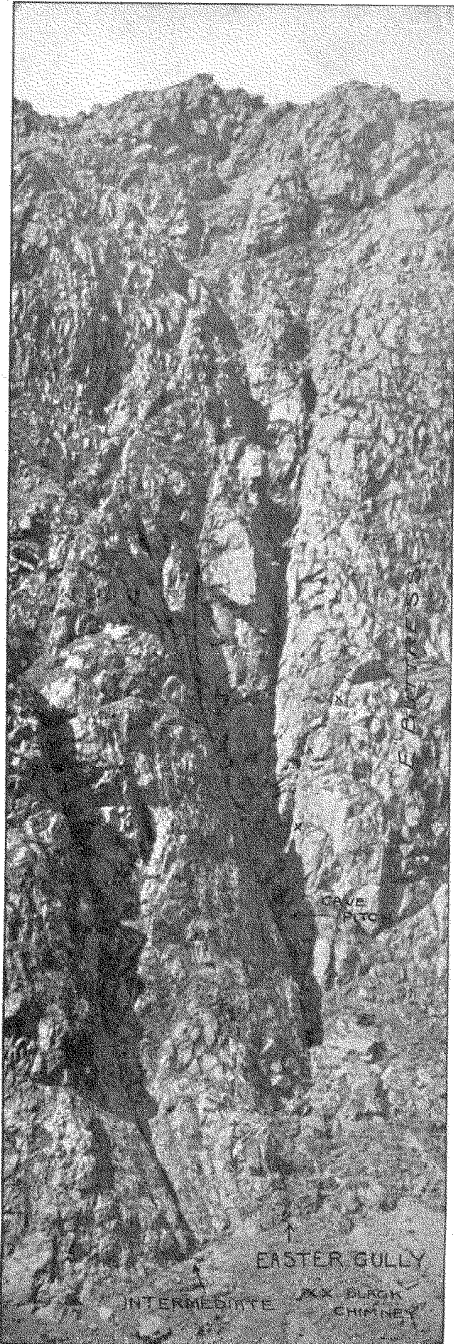
Once we approached by Walna Scar, and turning to the left found an excellent short climb (which, by the way, I have never since succeeded in finding again), in the rocks above the slate quarries. Later in the day we discovered that the real Doe Crag was farther on, but we could only walk along the top ridge before it was time to begin our homeward rush. Another day we got to Goats Water and scrambled a bit on the buttresses, but thinking that the gullies looked like longish jobs we did not touch them except the big Scree Gully at the South end.

Thus it came about that when at last Robinson and I brought off our meeting there I knew only the position of the Great Gully, and all the Northern end of the Crag was practically a *terra incognita*.

This meeting made an abiding impression upon both of us. The first point was that we had pitched upon a period of perhaps the most terrific rainfall that either of us had ever known. Coming from the North, I had spent the previous day and night in Dove's Hotel at Coniston, where rivers a foot deep raged through nearly every street, and the torrent tearing through the railway arch on the steep hill near the station looked as if it could not fail to wash the town away. Next day Robinson turned up faithfully at Torver, though it was still raining, and was immensely amused by the lines I had left in Dove's Visitors' Book :—

Mr. Dove is a dove of great mark ;
 But the dove we have wanted of late
 Is the dove who brought news to the Ark
 That the flood was about to abate.

He never forgot those lines, and at the moment we had every reason to remember them, for there was a dense fog with steady rain. We felt our way along the foot of the rocks till we came to the mouth of a large gully, which is now known as the "Easter."



We climbed up and stood below the great capstone which forms the first obstacle. To get a view we climbed up the bank to our right and then found that the fog concealed not only the opposite wall (up which the usual route runs) but even the capstone itself. We therefore continued upwards, and working out onto the buttress followed it up until we were able to enter the main gully again at the top of Hopkinson's Crack. We did not even know whether we had skipped one pitch or several, and never suspected the existence of the great rectangular recess which lies between the two.

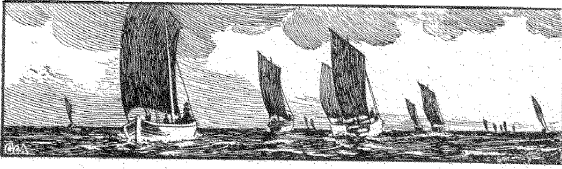
Curiously enough, my next visit, made soon after, was in a fog of almost equal density. We mounted the bank as before, but this time, instead of continuing out into the

buttress, turned to the left two or three yards beyond a sort of milestone which juts up from the grass, climbed on to a long grass ledge from the other end of which a steep crumbly descent brought us to the foot of what is now called the North or Black Chimney. Believing this to be the main gully we climbed it and were greatly surprised to find that it led us out onto a buttress, and not, as we had expected, onto the main face of the crag. Years afterwards, when Mr. Woodhouse was preparing his admirable monograph on these rocks, I confused these two days, but on application to Robinson was at once put right. His wonderful memory at once recalled every detail of a day twenty years gone by, and beginning with a sketch of the top of Hopkinson's Crack—as seen for a moment during a flutter of the fog—went on to describe our route with a clearness which brought everything back to me with the utmost certainty.

My next visit—a couple of years later—was made on yet another day of decided mistiness, and when my companions (after we had made the first ascent of the Great Gully) lowered me into Easter Gully, it is no wonder that I entirely failed to recognise it.

This series of misty experiences was the subject of one of John's favourite yarns. A young stranger came up to us one day and showed an intelligent interest in climbing and a very fair knowledge of various rocks. After a time he said: "Do you know where Doe Craggs are?" "Yes"; "Have you seen them?" "Not properly." Robinson fidgetted, but said nothing, and the youth no longer fearing criticism, grew bolder in his descriptions. Presently he went astray in some detail, and finding himself pulled up was much surprised, and cried out, "Why, you've been there! and you pretended you had never seen the place!" "It is perfectly true," I said, "we have often been there; but we have only *climbed* the rocks; we have never seen them yet!"

At every fresh visit to Easter Gully fresh doubt assails me whether, if I *had* seen more on the earliest occasions, I should have so coolly embarked on the then untouched descent of the lower half of Hopkinson's Crack; and even the side wall of the pitch below, considered as what schoolmasters call an "unseen passage," strikes the middle-aged climber as a decidedly speculative descent.



SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

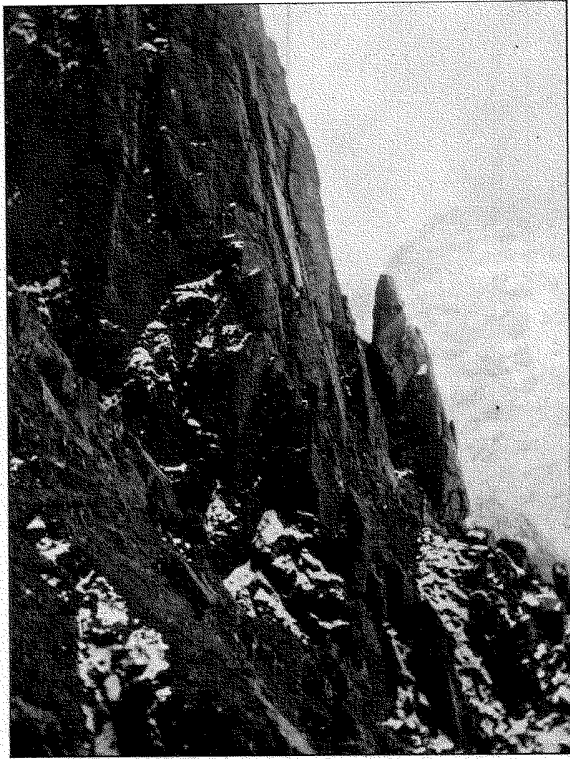
By GODFREY A. SOLLY.

So great is the interest now taken in the history of climbing in Lakeland, and so microscopic the investigation by climbing authors and reviewers, that I hope these notes may be acceptable. If not, the blame rests with those who asked me to write. My first visit to the district was at Whitsuntide, 1877, when, after a week's walking tour, I crossed from Buttermere to Wasdale. That was the only time that I saw old Will Ritson.

There were no climbers about. The hounds were there, and a few people had come up to go out with them that night to Red Pike. They invited us to start with them at about 10-0 p.m., but we could not go. There had been hardly any visitors at the hotel since the previous autumn, and the whole district seemed to be just waking up from a long hibernation. Thirty years later and we know what the change has been, how the hotels are now crowded out by enthusiastic climbers, not only at Whitsuntide, but at Easter and Christmas as well.

It was not till Easter, 1891, that I had **The Needle Ridge.** a chance of attempting any of the serious courses. I was staying at Seatoller with W. C. Slingsby and M. Schintz, and on our way down from Great Gable, we descended the Needle Ridge. It had then, I think, been only once ascended, and this was the first descent under winter conditions. Haskett-Smith had descended the top portion alone in the summer of 1886. Slingsby led, and I came last. The steep slab at the foot was rather startling, and I knew nothing of the little pocket half way up, but the other two coached me from below, and I got down safely. We then went up the Needle, Schintz leading. At that time a record of all ascents was kept and we were in the first thirty—Slingsby had been up previously.

It was during the descent of the **The Eagle's Nest Arête.** ridge that we first noticed the Eagle's Nest Arête. On a subsequent occasion some of us had a look at the outline, and observed that above the little platform now called "the nest," the ridge was continued at a less severe angle, and that there appeared to be three large steps or pitches that were possibly less difficult than the lower part.



Photo

G. P. Baker.

THE EAGLE'S NEST ARETE IN APRIL, 1892.

Time has shown that our conclusion was arrived at too hastily. No attempt was made to climb the ridge until April 15th, 1892, when a large party of eight divided after an ascent

of the Needle. The late Mr. Horace Walker, with C. Pilkington, R. W. Brant, and Schintz went up the Needle Ridge while Slingsby, G. P. Baker, W. A. Brigg and I went to the adjoining arête.

The actual climb is well described in the late Mr. O. G. Jones' book, and in an article by A. P. Abraham in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August, 1902. I went first and found it difficult enough to get to the little platform. When there I sat down to recover my breath with my back to the ridge and a leg dangling on each side. The party below made some uncomplimentary remark as to what I looked like perched up there, and I suggested that I was more like an eagle on its nest. That is, I fear, the very unromantic but truthful origin of the name. Those who have visited the spot know that no bird would ever build a nest on so windswept a ledge. Standing up, I found that the first steps of the next pitch were very difficult, and that the rock rather pushed one out. The others got out of the rope, and Slingsby, climbing up as far as possible, stood on a little step just below, with his hands on the platform. I put one foot on his shoulder and as I climbed up, making room for him, he raised himself and finally stood on the platform, helping me as far as possible. I went on and climbed the second step. Then when I came to the third I did not like it. Retreat was even less inviting, and consultation with the others impracticable. After looking round, something of a hold for each hand and foot was discovered, and I went on, with the knowledge that if even one hand or foot slipped, all would be over. Just above this the difficult part ended. Slingsby thought it better to stay where he was on the platform to show the others where I had gone, so Baker came next, and then Brigg, and finally Slingsby rejoined us.

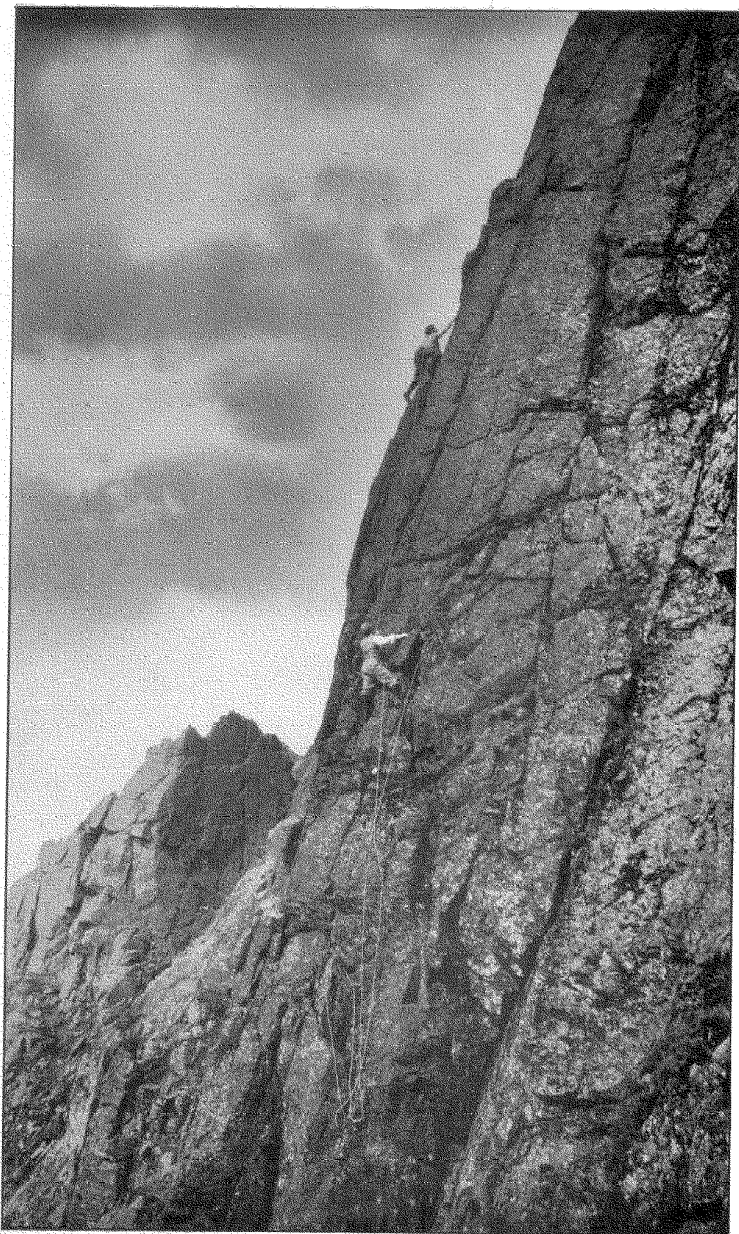
Sir Alfred Wills, a few years ago, proudly stated that after about forty years of ownership, he was handing on the deeds of his eagle's nest to the next generation. I then and there gave up all proprietary rights in mine, and no inducement would ever have tempted me to go up again without a rope from above. Two days later I went with Schintz to have a look at the place. We noticed the chimney afterwards climbed by Ling, and thought it would go, but we did not want anything so severe, so passed on and discovered and climbed the

chimney that is now regularly used as the easy way up the arête. When Mr. Jones published the first edition of his book, he did not know of this ascent, and said the chimney was not climbed until 1893, but the error is corrected in the second edition.

Talking over the climb afterwards, amongst our party, we felt unwilling to let it become known as a route to be followed upon our responsibility. Where one climber can go, another can follow, but we agreed that the margin of safety was so narrow that we did not wish any one to follow in ignorance of the difficulties. We therefore left our advice on record that no one should climb it unless he had previously reconnoitred it with a rope from above. The next ascent was made by O. G. Jones. He, as I am informed, went up and down it with a rope, and on a later day climbed it direct. His companion was H. C. Bowen, who followed on the rope but required no assistance. It has since been ascended a number of times, but no one has, I believe, ventured to descend it without a rope from above, nor do I think it would be defensible to do so.

Arrowhead Ridge. Whilst Schintz and I were in the chimney, Walker, Slingsby, Brant, Baker and Brigg went to the Arrowhead Ridge, and climbed as far as the Arrowhead.

This was the first ascent of the Arrowhead, and at this time the name was given to it and to the whole ridge. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting into the recess behind the Arrowhead, as the holds had to be discovered by digging into the bilberry and bent-grass roots. After the party were down, Walker asked Slingsby "Why did not you continue the climb along the ridge?" The latter replied "I thought you would not like any more," and it was clear that Walker was disappointed. Even his most intimate friends sometimes failed to measure Walker's enthusiasm and energy. Almost more than any man he combined the old and the new in mountaineering. Old enough to have explored the Alps in the fifties and to have been the pioneer of winter climbing in the sixties, he was still able in the nineties to take a part with younger friends in the conquest of some of the most difficult rock climbs in the British Isles.



Photo

A
EAGLE'S NEST ARETE.

G. P. Abraham,

A year later, with Schintz, Brant, and Bowen, I tried the climb, and kept a little more on the actual ridge than the first party, and then from the recess behind the Arrowhead climbed the rest of the ridge. At the top we met the two Briggs, and Holmes, coming down to try for the new climb. They had the bad luck to be half-an-hour too late.

So far as I know, the first ascent of the Arrowhead, direct, was made in 1896, when A. G. Topham led up it brilliantly ; he considered it very severe, and the little ledges much too small to give good holds. He tells me that "the party approached the base of the arête by a narrow crack, with grass growing in it. They then got straight on to the actual arête, which was very steep, and in places they climbed with one leg on each side of it. The top part was particularly difficult, with not much to hold by." I was only an onlooker. Walker and Slingsby were on the climb, and it was at Walker's suggestion that Topham, who was on his first visit to the district, had the chance of leading.

In the summer of 1891, the north face of **The Pillar Rock.** the Pillar had been climbed by Slingsby, G. Hastings and Haskett-Smith.

In the following October Slingsby, wishing to show Robinson the route, collected a party, who made the second ascent. Those present, besides Slingsby, Robinson and myself, were H. Walker, Brant, Ellis Carr, and Cyril Todd. We let Slingsby and Robinson down into Savage Gully, and whilst they were traversing round I was at the end of the terrace nearest to the gully, looking for a way up. I got my hands on to a hold on what is now called the buttress, and thought it would go, but I was unroped and did not venture. The late Dr. Collier climbed it about a year later. His companion—who was, I think, P. Winser—sat in the corner of the rock, by the vertical wall, and held Collier by a short rope, so as to be able to pull in rapidly in the event of a slip. Whilst I was exploring at one end, Ellis Carr from the other end noticed the crack that is now used in the Hand Traverse climb. Walker, Todd and Brant were pulled up by the wall, and were taught the use of a stirrup-rope.

This was the origin of a story told, not without exaggeration, at many mountaineering dinners. Mr. Walker's friends were

only too anxious to help him, and pulled their ropes vigorously. The stirrup-rope went all too well, but the rope round his waist jammed, and he was rapidly assuming an horizontal position. He expostulated, and when the rope was loosened, was pulled up as rapidly as possible. I never heard of his trusting to stirrup-ropes again. Carr then asked whether the traverse crack continued to the top of the wall, and hearing that it did, he climbed up to it, and went along it. I followed, and remember that I found it very difficult to get to the crack, having no one below to give me a shoulder up. That was the first passage of the hand traverse. The route was discovered and first taken by Carr. In the New Year following, a party visited the north face again and made a variation of the original route, ascending to the terrace by what is now called the Stomach Traverse. This traverse had been ascended and descended by Mr. P. Haskett-Smith and his brother more than once during their exploration of the face, but it was not used by either of the parties that made the first two completed ascents of the north face in 1891. I am informed that it has become the usual route, and that so few parties follow the line taken in 1891 that the herbage has grown again, and the old scratches and marks on the rocks are practically obliterated. Robinson was leading and decided to try the hand traverse. It is now well known to many that his strength failed, and that he fell off, but was saved by his comrades, to whom he was securely roped. I think that he was trying to improve the holds, and that this was an error of judgment. Two comments occur to me. First, that in such a place a climber should use all possible haste, and instead of attempting to improve the route, should husband his strength. Secondly, the whole party should keep on the watch ready to hold, if needed. This is an instance of the value of the rope when used by an experienced and careful party. If the ropes had not been there and the whole party on the watch to use them, life would have been sacrificed.

A little later in February, 1892, as far as I can remember, I was again on the Pillar with H. A. Gwynne, after whom "Gwynne's Chimney" is named, and others. I did not lead below the terrace, but from that point, with two ropes held by the rest of the party, I led across the traverse.

Getting near the end of it, I thought I could reach out with my left foot on to the top of the wall, but I found I was too far away, and had to resume the traverse with my hands. This little delay gave the others a few anxious seconds, but all went well, and this made the first direct ascent of the north face without the descent into Savage Gully, and without a rope from above. Excluding the New Year climb, it was the third ascent of the north face, and was recorded in the little notebook that was then on the top of the Pillar Rock, but which has since disappeared. Gwynne followed quickly over the traverse, and the others of the party tried, but doubting the strength of their hands, which had become very cold during the delay, they went back. One member made a second attempt, but near the end his strength failed, and he fell off on to the terrace. Gwynne and I had the rope. It was at the time hitched over a point of the lower rock forming the crack ; I could not gather it in fast enough to hold him till he reached the terrace, but with my hands I was able to keep it in the hitch. My hands were slightly cut as the rope ran out, but there was no other damage. With a rope from above, the climb is not really dangerous, as it should always be possible to prevent anyone from falling beyond the terrace. Still it must be remembered that during the first three expeditions two first rate climbers fell off, so it should not be rashly attempted by inexperienced parties.

These notes of climbs in days all too distant are too long already. A new and brilliant school of cragsmen has arisen, and many climbs as difficult as these described, or more so, have been discovered, and what we thought a good deal of then has perhaps become "an easy day for a lady."

In some cases handholes and steps have been engineered, but probably the difference is mainly due to the fact that our climbs have been repeated under summer conditions (I have never climbed in Lakeland in summer), and it has been possible to spend more time on the warmer rocks searching for holds and hitches. Each successive party makes the way easier than before : loose stones are brushed away, loose rocks are pulled down, herbage is removed, each crack is deepened and broadened. It is only when we realise this that we can reconcile many descriptions of new rock climbs

by the early climbers with our knowledge of the existing conditions.

In conclusion, I ask the readers of this paper to realise that it is written from memory only. I have no notes or journal. I have attempted to set down the truth, nothing but the truth, and nearly the whole truth, and believe that I have succeeded in doing so, but if any errors are noticed, I shall gladly welcome correction.

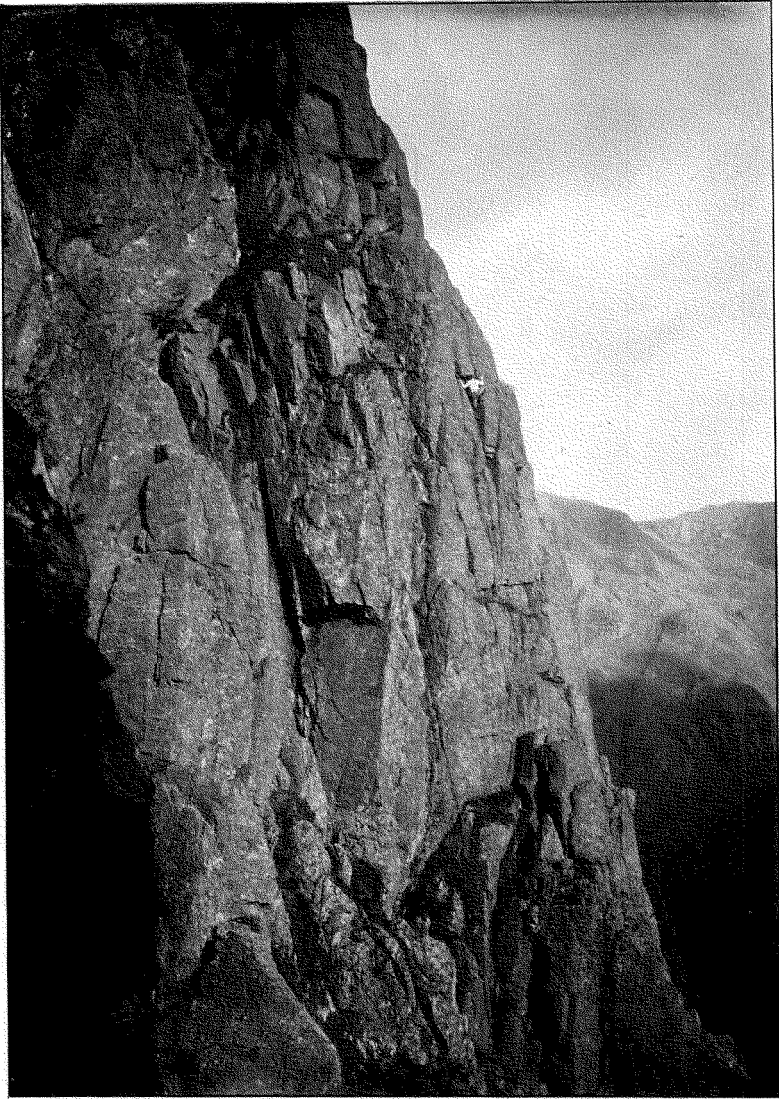


The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling of love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

Wordsworth.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills. No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

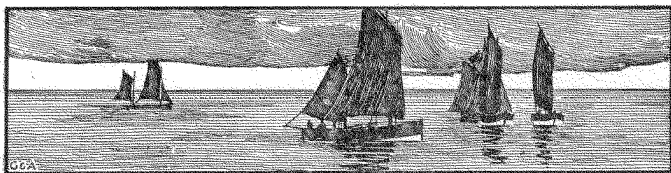
Longfellow.



Photo

THE ABBEY RIDGE.

W. Brunskill.



THE ABBEY RIDGE, GREAT GABLE.

BY FRED BOTTERILL.

One cloudy day in September, 1907, a party of Fell and Rock Club Members, including our President and his two daughters, made their way up Gavel Neese with the intention of attacking the direct ascent of the Arrowhead Ridge. They were under the guidance of one, whom, it was said, knew the rocks like a book, and, therefore, no one took the trouble to notice the route, but blindly followed his neighbour.

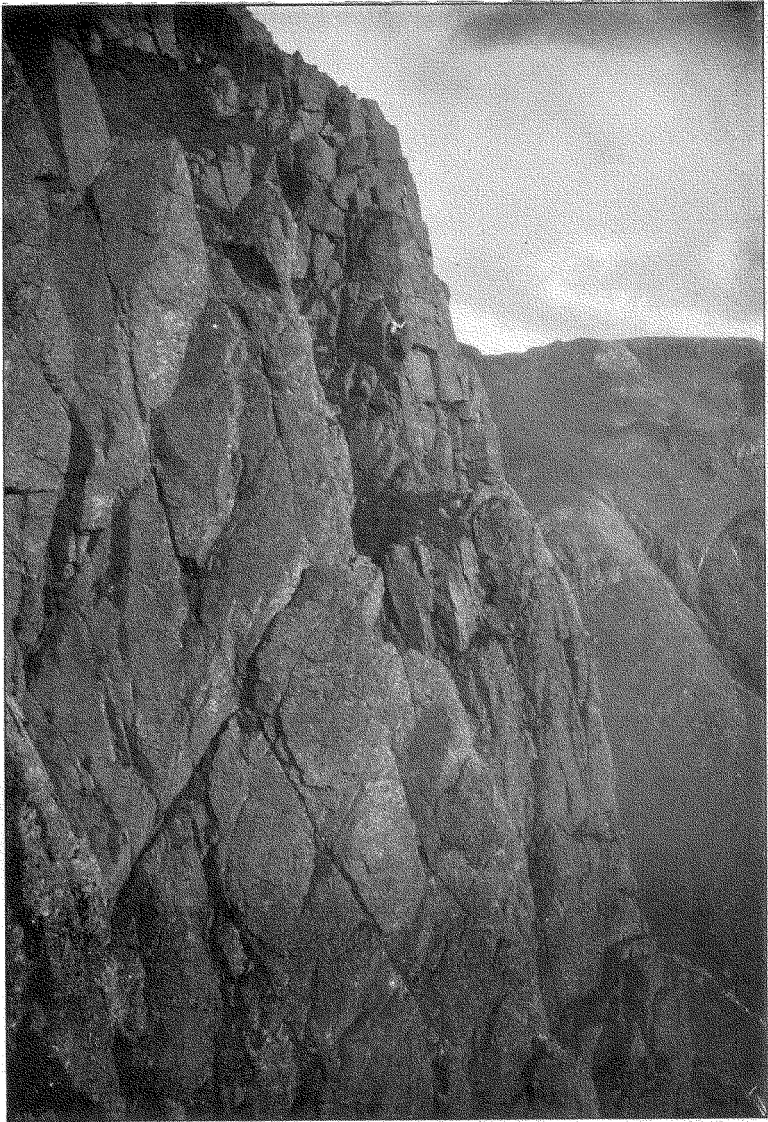
Starting up the Ridge they quickly found it unfamiliar and rather more difficult than usual; but this fact was put down to the greasy state of the rocks. The guide, however, who was supposed never to hesitate, was not only hesitating, but had stopped altogether in his upward course, and was fumbling in one place for quite a long time, evidently unable to advance with safety. Even at this point it never occurred to one of the party to doubt the identity of the ridge they were upon. Such is faith. Suddenly the clouds cleared, leaving the whole of the Napes in bright sunlight, and there, looming up on the left, seemingly in derisive attitude, was the Arrowhead.

Thus it came about that a little ridge which commences on the left of the Eagle's Nest Ridge, and runs upwards into it, came to be first noticed by us. But we were not its first discoverers. O. G. Jones—who seems to have noticed almost everything worth noticing—writes in his book: "Rock Climbing in the English Lake District," p. 158:—"The arête to the left of both was investigated at Easter, 1895, and manifested an inclination to yield to the attack of a party. But the party has not yet preferred the attack, and the suggestion may be taken at its worth."

Who, after this, would have expected this corner of virgin rock to be left undisturbed for fourteen years? Yet such has been the case, nor can it now be said for it, that its difficulty justified its immunity.

On April 7th, 1909, I had the good fortune to have J. Hazard as my companion, and as we had both been climbing for some days we were feeling sufficiently "in form" to make an attempt on this ridge. We set out, therefore, with that intention, accompanied by bright sun and warm weather. There are those who despise "form," and believe that one should always be fit and ready, but my experiences teach me that I shall find the rocks most compliant when I shall have been with them constantly for some four days.

From the Dress Circle (the ledge at the foot of the Eagle's Nest Ridge) we traversed to the left, moving upwards until we left the grass and had reached the rocks of the ridge. We scrambled upwards to the *flat top* of a pinnacle and then a short but difficult face landed us on a secure resting place, somewhat apart from the main mass. Above us was a wall of rock which looked most forbidding, rising sheer for eighty feet, and it was here, I remembered, I remained for so long trying to find a way in 1907. There was very little hold for hands and feet, although the rock was very rough. I could see, above me, perhaps eleven feet, a long, narrow grassy ledge which would afford me a resting place. It was difficult, but not nearly so as my previous experience had led me to believe, and I soon gained the grassy shelf. It was a disappointing ledge in its way, too narrow for comfort and certainly not the place for Hazard to join me. I traversed to the left of this ledge, quite to the furthest corner, and then mounted the arête, using as rests, at intervals of ten feet, narrow ledges about 24" x 5". It was on one of these I remained for some time wondering whether to go to the right or left. I looked down at Hazard and then at the valley below, and I realised how exposed was my position. A strong gust of wind here would be a serious matter, as there was very little for the hands to grasp beyond the rough projections of the rock face. There was hardly any wind and I was enabled to rest my arms by placing my hands behind my back, my cheek resting affectionately against the rock.



Photo

THE ABBEY RIDGE.

W. Brunskill

There seemed a way to the left up a grassy gully, and this proved to be an easier way off the ridge. Our route traversed for six feet to the right, under an overhanging corner (above where the figure is seen in the photograph facing page 243), and it was here we found the most sensational step of the whole climb.

I knew there was a small hold for both hands under the overhang, but it was eight inches beyond my reach. I looked above me for some means of raising myself, but could not see a possible way, and I dared not trust myself to the small finger holds. Raising my left foot I felt it press against some projection which from my position I could not see, and on looking down I noticed a foothold level with my knee, but quite out of sight of anyone standing upright.

This enabled me to place both hands on the hold beneath the overhang, and raising my right foot gained a hold which placed me in the position shown in the photograph.

Once over this I breathed freely, having attained a good resting place some fifty-five feet above Hazard. He asked if it was alright, and I told him it was a beautiful bit of rock work, but that I had, as yet, reached no place for him to join me. Twenty-five feet further up I heard a warning shout that the rope was quite out, but I had gained a good big ledge where Hazard quickly joined me, sending down on his way several loose rocks which had escaped my notice.

Before us now was a corner or ridge of rock which looked very sporting, and so it proved to be, and finally, some forty feet above our big ledge a splendid mantleshelf landed us high up on the Eagle's Nest Ridge, which we followed to its summit.

As is usual, our greatest difficulty was to find a name for the ridge, and the difficulty was increased by the fact that it would not do to spoil, by anything ordinary or hackneyed, the beautiful names of the Napes Ridges, and therefore we chose, as being equally romantic, the name that heads this paper, less, perhaps, because the ridge looks like the ruined buttress of an old abbey than because the name seemed to harmonise with the nomenclature of the Napes.

We have been asked frequently how this climb stands in relation to Jones' graduated list of climbs. At first we were

inclined to place it amongst the exceptionally severe climbs, and in truth, in my copy of Jones' work, it is entered next to Kern Knotts Crack ; but after having made eleven ascents of the ridge I feel disposed to place it near the bottom of the difficult climbs, next to the Pisjah Ridge, although it must be borne in mind that the climb has a run out of eighty feet for the leader. Changes of weather would affect it to an enormous extent, and high winds would be positively dangerous.

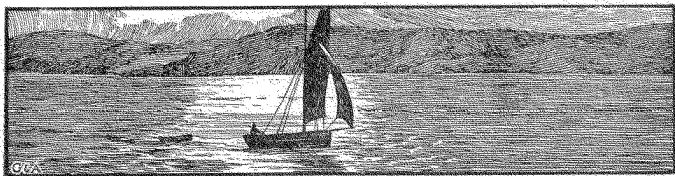


To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
An eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his dark musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness e'er he is aware.

Bryant.

From hill to hill, from lake to lake,
O'er crags where clouds like waters break ;
By hallowed grove and storied home,
By whispering stream and whirling foam.

George Milner.



CLAUDE E. BENSON ON THE LAKE DISTRICT.

In Vol. V. No. 17 of the Climbers' Club Journal, a distinguished mountaineer, whose identity shall ever remain an impenetrable mystery, but whose initials are W.P.H.S., has been good enough to suggest that I am a warlock, of sorts, because of my constitutional dislike of crossing running water. I deny the allegation (though, unlike the Irish M.P., I do not scorn the alligator). I have no dealings with Old Nick, a fact which should be obvious when one considers that that familiar name is after all a corruption of Nikke, the Scandinavian water-sprite. Stay. A disquieting thought distresses my soul. Perhaps my constitutional inclination to plunge on sight into his native element—!

This time it was the Derwent I tumbled into. So did Frederick the Great. We could not well help ourselves because the river had slopped itself all over the Borrowdale road, and we wanted to go to Rosthwaite.

That had not been our original intention. We had set out to climb Mouse Gill. When, however, we sighted Blea Crag, we abandoned any such design. The mountain face recalled

“ The green steeps, where Annio leaps
In floods of milk white foam,”

the said foam completely obscuring both the great chock-stones.

Wherefore we plunged on. We talked vaguely and sillily of the possibilities of Sergeant Crag, or Raven Crag, but, as we did not deceive ourselves, I conclude we were not utterly divorced from the truth. At Rosthwaite we plunged leftwards into the hotel. There we found Tom Stanley—

who was not then such a helluvaswell (this is esperanto) as he is now at Portinscale—one or two dalesmen, and an artist. We fraternised: we even had a drink together. The artist said “Skoal,” to show he understood Norse; Frederick the Great said “Prosit,” to show he understood Germano-York-Latin; I said “Hooroo,” which is Volapuk, and, afterwards, when I found I had omitted the sugar, “Blime!” to show I understood street Arabian.

Again we plunged, this time with the intent of going and having a look at Eel Crag. We all know what “going and looking at a climb” means, and this occasion was perhaps one of the few on which the phrase was construed by its literal instead of its conventional interpretation.

On the way up to Lobstone Band, during which I incidentally fell into the first really running water I encountered, Frederick first exalted me above measure, and then abased me deeper than the deepest Pot-hole.

“I say, old chap,” quoth he, “you ought to go more to the Alps. You’d do splendidly there.”

“If you’re not six feet, *look* it,” said a Drill-Sergeant. I am dead certain I looked seven just then.

“You see,” he continued, with delicate consideration for my feelings, “you’ll never excel as a rock-climber,”—from a giant I became a worm—“You started too old,” the worm wriggled faintly and collapsed. Not even the assurance that my walking capacities equalled those of a certain old gentleman whose propensity to locomotion up and down this wicked world is notorious, could revive me.

There was no good doing anything but literally “look at” Eel Crag. The whole face was a maze of spouting streams for one thing, and darkness was coming on apace for another. Gable Crag on Dalehead looked more attractive, but from the little I know of Gable Crag, it is not healthy climbing, even under favourable conditions. I dare say that when it is swept and garnished, it might afford quite tolerable scrambling, but, so far as the exploration has gone, I have found every reasonable fissure pretty rotten in the first place, and ready and anxious to upset half a hundredweight of loose material on your head if you look at it, with half a ton to follow, if you use wicked words.

There are few of the unfrequented parts of Lakeland with which I am better acquainted than the head of Newlands. I have often been there—just because I wanted to, and as often, just because the fox wanted to. Frederick the Great had never even seen the place.

I am an enthusiastic lover of scenery, and I revere enthusiasm in others, but it was getting dark : there was a long way to go ; and part of the road lay through a wood. Wherefore my companion's constant halts, now to admire the impressive cascades, now the imposing proportions of the surroundings, vexed my soul. It was abominably selfish on my part, and I am heartily ashamed of myself, but I must say, in self-defence, that I did not voice my impatience.

The incident gave me furiously to think—as the French say. On the way to Rosthwaite, through a gap in the persistent thick weather, we had caught sight of the prominent knob of rock, which I recognised as Raven Crag in Gillercombe. F. the G. (I trust the abbreviation may be pardoned) had, it seemed, never heard of that particular Raven Crag and seemed as hazy as the weather on the subject of Gillercombe. Yet Gillercombe is right above Seathwaite, and Raven Crag Gully affords an interesting, if extremely wet climb.

I hope I am doing no injustice to the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, but I do wonder whether they have ever taken the trouble to really know the fells of the district with which their name is identified, or whether the fascination of the noble sport they pursue drags them off by the easiest possible paths to the most difficult, possible rocks. If this latter be the case, it is regrettable, for the Lake District is very well worth the knowing, but, strange though the assertion may sound, it is by no means very well known.

May I, with extreme diffidence, venture a few suggestions, and, if I repeat what I have written elsewhere, let it not be imputed unto me for self-glorification, for the reverse is the feeling that actuates me. I am not conceited enough to imagine that all the members of the F. and R. C. C. have read all the stuff I have written, still less that they remember it.

One suggestion is to take a ruler and draw a line on the map from point to point, and keep to it, diverging as little as one possibly can. Take for instance a line drawn from

Nether Wasdale to Ennerdale, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Steeple. First you would meet Buckbarrow, which would afford enjoyable sport; then that ghastly green punch-bowl beyond Seatallan, which is good for nothing but testing the temper, and then—who knows—one might come upon another Haskett Gully. I don't suppose any member of the F. and R. C. C. has ever been guilty of so tame a performance as walking from Grasmere to Keswick, but if one should ever do so, and keep his eyes pretty wide open in the neighbourhood of Fern Gill, he might find his reward. I only make this suggestion tentatively, because I seem to remember in Vol. I. of the Journal something about hunting for the blood of an Old Stager who had called attention to a bayonet-shaped crack on Scawfell, and the mere thought of such a catastrophe happening to me makes me feel anæmic.

A humorous variation of this pastime is to go out in thick weather and try and forget you have a map and compass. You discover quite a number of circular routes never contemplated by the Furness Railway Company.

Another way of passing a happy if fatiguing day is to traverse the face of a group at somewhere about the two thousand foot contour. I may be carrying coals to Newcastle in suggesting as a first experiment the eastern face of the Fairfield and Helvellyn group between Striding Edge and Red Screes. I tried it once and again but I never succeeded. I got hung up by "metal more attractive" *en route*.

A last idea. It occurred to me on the west road round Thirlmere. Is it necessary to go to Wast. or elsewhere to get ice-work in winter? Above me was Launchy Gill, a frozen cataract. The idea translated itself into action, and—well, I did not get up. In fact I came down. It is true I had no axe and only ordinary nailed shooting boots, but I don't think I should have got up anyhow that day without a second. It seemed to me that even for a strong party the ascent would not have been wanting in sport. It gave me all I wanted and I finished by a sitting glissade, the latter part of which was not wholly voluntary, and the cessation of the motion wholly against my will. It was caused by going through thin ice, under which was water only a degree less cold. The ice,

as I have indicated, gave way, the water forthwith percolated through the seat of my knickers, which almost immediately froze. I was afraid the poor things would get frost-bitten, so I made tracks for the Nag's Head and took them to the fire. The interest here is, of course, purely personal, but it has occurred to me that some of these common or front garden gills that lie at your very door might quite possibly repay a winter afternoon's visit.

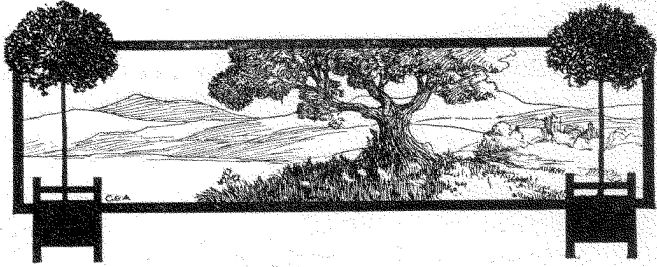
These suggestions may be taken for what they are worth. Of course they may only be worth an anna. At the risk of repeating an old yarn, I may as well say what an anna *is* worth. I had it direct from a ferocious Anglo-Indian, who was cursing at the depreciation of silver. "Papa," asked his little son, with filial interest, "what is an anna worth?" "Well, my boy," was the reply "a rupee isn't worth a—, and it takes sixteen annas to go to a rupee, so you can work it out for yourself."

Another yarn, which I heard the other day, may bear repeating—[*Sorry, but can't spare any more space.—Ed.*]



How strange the sight of roses—
 Roses both sweet and wild—
 Seen where a valley closes
 'Mid mountain heights up-piled.

Mackenzie Bell.



*** IN THE ABBEY PRECINCTS.**

CARLISLE,

D A W N.

No more on wings of south wind softly borne
Come the sweet murmurs from the Greta weir,
No robin wakes me with his matin cheer,
No cushat coos across the dusky lawn ;
In dreams I hear the bow of battle drawn,
I see the flashing of the warder's spear,
And all night long tumultuous I hear
Steam-horses whinny to their bugler's horn.

Blest are the dead, I cry, who lie asleep
Beyond all thought of battle and all dreams
Of foeman's onset at the cry, my mind
Fares forth to Skiddaw's vale, to Walla's steep,
And where the Greta coils and Derwent gleams
Rest for my heart and strength of soul I find.

H. D. Rawnsley.



Photo

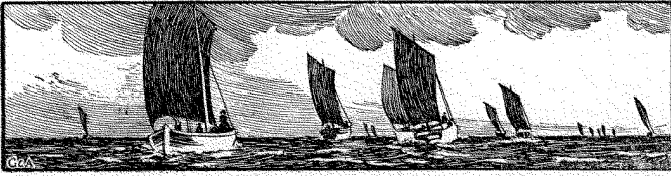
L. J. Oppenheimer.

DAYBREAK FROM THE GABELHORN GLACIER.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Oh, thou Deep !
Rolling beneath me thine eternal waves,
I feel myself thine equal, as I stand
And look upon thee from a height like this,
With thronging thoughts no tongue may ever speak,
Thou blue sky ! Circling all in thine embrace ;
Oh how I envy the air-cleaving wings
Of Alpine eagles, and the liberty
Of motion, unrestrained by clogs of Earth !
Ye hills, I love ye ! Oh, ye mountain tops !
Lifting serenely your transcendent brows
To catch the earliest glimpses of the dawn,
And hold the latest radiance of the West
To gild you with its glory, while the world
Hastens to slumber in the gloom below ;
It is a pain to know ye, and to feel,
That nothing can express the deep delight
With which your beauty and magnificence
Fill to o'erflowing the ecstasie mind.

Charles Thackray (from "Egeria.")



REMINISCENCES OF A FEW DAYS CLIMBING IN THE FELL COUNTRY.

BY WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

For some unaccountable reason, in the middle eighties, the Hon. Secretary of The Alpine Club had considerable difficulty in finding members who, having made new ascents, were hardy enough to read papers before the club, and the editor of "The Alpine Journal" experienced the same difficulty in getting "copy." This seems strange now-a-days, as that period was one in which much good new work was being done in many mountain countries.

During this period Mr. W. F. Donkin was the Hon. Secretary, and those of us who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship can realise how well-nigh impossible it was to refuse any request for a paper to be read before the club when the invitation to do so came, in the form of a letter, from Donkin.

For all that, on one occasion he had especial difficulty in getting anyone to come forward. I received the usual charming letter, which would brook no refusal. Though I had read or written several papers not long before this time, I agreed to send a short letter on "A new Ascent of Scaw Fell," which was to be read after another short paper on another subject.

This letter*, read in my absence by Mr. Donkin, with the exception of a note on the Pillar Rock by Mr. Leslie Stephen, was the first notice of any specific Lake District climb which had appeared in "The Alpine Journal." Any member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake

* "Alpine Journal," Vol. XIII., p. 93.

District who may read this little account to-day would rightly point out several inaccuracies.

“A NEW ASCENT OF SCAW FELL.”

BY WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

(*Read before the Alpine Club, April 6th, 1886.*)

“Last March a party of three—consisting of Mr. Geoffrey Hastings, Mr. J. Mason and myself—made what I believe to be a new ascent of Scaw Fell—I mean straight up Deep Ghyll from Lord’s Rake—a short account of which may interest the Club. As most of those who have climbed amongst the Cumberland Fells know, it is a very common occurrence to come upon steep, deep-cut and square-walled gullies, which run up to the top ridges of the higher fells. Very frequently, too, some huge rock has fallen from the crags above into one of these ghylls, and has more or less blocked it up, or has got jammed fast, or forms a natural arch, like that in Mr. Cust’s gully. Deep Ghyll, which is one of the wildest gullies in the district, is blocked up in two places by fallen crags, and (with possibly a solitary exception a few years ago, in a time of extremely deep snow, two climbing men, both strangers, walked down the snow the whole way without knowing that they had even done anything remarkable), I think this ghyll has never before been traversed. Early last year Hastings, three others and I tried very hard to force a passage, but, fortunately for us, we failed at the first block on account of ice-glazed rocks. Had we succeeded here, we should have run a very fair chance of being pounded between the two blocks. This time, after a couple of hundred steps had been cut in the snow in Lord’s Rake and at the bottom of Deep Ghyll, which joins the former at right angles, we reached the first block—a large rock perhaps fifteen feet square, which overhangs the ghyll, and so forms a cave. Below the rock the snow was moulded into most fantastic shapes by occasional water-drips from above. At the right hand of the big rock a few small stones are jammed fast between it and the side of the ravine, and they afford the only route up above the rock. These stones can be reached from the back of the little cave, and occasionally from the snow



Photo

SCAWFELL FACE.

W. Brunskill.

direct. Hastings and I got on the stones, as we did last year. He then stood on my shoulders and, by the aid of long arms and being steadied by me, he reached a tiny ledge and drew himself up. Mason and I found it no child's play to follow him with the rope.

"Some two hundred more steps in hard snow brought us to the only place where we could attack the second block. Here three fallen rocks stop the way, and on the left hand is the well-nigh ledgeless cliff which terminates far away overhead in the Scaw Fell Pinnacle. On the right a high perpendicular wall effectually cuts off the ghyll from the terraces of Lord's Rake. On the left hand of the ghyll, a small tongue of rock, very steep, juts out perhaps forty feet down the gully from the fallen block nearest to the Pinnacle wall, and forms a small crack, and this crack is the only way upward. From a mountaineer's point of view, the stratification of the rocks here is all wrong. The crack ends in a chimney about twenty feet high, between the wall and a smoothly polished boss of rock. Hastings, still leading, found the crack to be difficult, but climbed it in a most masterly way. All loose stones, tufts of grass and moss had to be thrown down, and, in the absence of hand and foot hold, the knees, elbows, thighs and other parts of the body had to do the holding on, whilst, caterpillar-like, we drew ourselves upward bit by bit. The chimney is best climbed by leaning against the Pinnacle wall with one's back and elbows, and, at the same time, by walking with the feet fly-like up the boss opposite. From the top of the boss a narrow sloping traverse, perhaps twelve feet long, leads into the trough of the ghyll. With a rope this is an easy run ; without one it would not be nice. A stone thrown down from here falls over both blocks and rolls down the snow out of the mouth of the Lord's Rake on to the screes far away below. The crack, chimney, and traverse, short distance though it is, took us about an hour to pass.

"Just beyond this place the ordinary route from Lord's Rake joins Deep Ghyll, and for the ascent of Scaw Fell there is no further difficulty. We wished, however, to climb the Scaw Fell Pinnacle—first ascended, be it known, O Alpine climbers, by Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, a gentleman who has

done much brilliant rock-climbing in Cumberland, and who, unfortunately, is not in our club. His ascent, made about eighteen months ago, is a rival of that of the Ennerdale Pillar made by Mr. Leslie Stephen about the year 1854.

“The climb from Deep Ghyll to the gap from which the Pinnacle is ascended is a very good one, where two men can do much better than one. The Pinnacle itself from the gap is perhaps twenty-five feet high, and is really a first-rate little climb, where the hands and the body have to do the bulk of the work. The old whisky-bottle which used to be on the Pillar Rock has been taken by Mr. Haskett-Smith on to the Scaw Fell Pinnacle, and, so far, it contains very few names. The Pinnacle can be reached very quickly from the top of the Broad Stand route, from Mickledore up to Scaw Fell. For further information I refer the members of the Alpine Club first of all to the fells and ghylls themselves, and next to the November number, 1884, of ‘All the Year Round.’

“Let us not neglect the Lake District, Wales, and Scotland whilst we are conquerors abroad.”

It was a most fortunate thing for me that I made some mistakes in this letter to the Alpine Club, because they drew a reply from Mr. Haskett-Smith, whom, at that time I had never met, and this led to a friendship which is one of my treasured possessions.

In “The Alpine Journal,” Vol. XIII., p. 178, under “Alpine Notes,” is the following reply :—

“Mountaineering in the Lake District.” Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith writes on January 13 :—

“Seeing my name mentioned in Mr. Slingsby’s “New Ascent of Scaw Fell,” may I beg space to add a few words to his clear and accurate account ?

“It was a member of the club, Mr. T. L. M. Browne, who nearly twenty years ago first drew the attention of climbers to Deep Ghyll, and the rock now known as Scaw Fell Pinnacle or Deep Ghyll Pillar ; remarking of the latter, ‘it looks stiff.’ The men who descended the Ghyll—when drifted up in 1881 or 1882—were Messrs. A. L. Mumm and J. E. King. Except Mr. Chr. Cookson, who descended with me in the summer of

1884, no one else is known to have passed the ghyll till the last few days, when Messrs. J. W. Robinson and T. Creak got up in deep snow.

“ The danger of being pounded between the two pitches is not really great, even to a solitary climber, as the ‘ high perpendicular wall on the right ’ is not difficult (down it my first entrance to the Ghyll was made in 1882), and, in spite of the ‘ well-nigh ledgeless cliff on the left hand,’ there is a simple exit round the foot of the Pinnacle. Besides the little cave (which I use now as easiest and neatest) and the outside way, quite feasible even without the help of snow, there is a way of passing the lower block by a break in the right-hand wall two or three yards lower down.

“ Let me thank Mr. Slingsby, through you, for what he says of me ; he makes, however, far too much of my little scrambles, never made except when the ice factor of difficulty ‘ vanishes.’ ”

These two letters gave a great stimulus to Lake District climbing in general, and undoubtedly led a great number of lovers of the mountains, at least to Hollow Stones.

After a considerable correspondence, Haskett-Smith and I arranged to climb together on the fells. This did not mature until several months had elapsed.

Doe Crags were selected as our field for exploration. This was very natural. Each of us had visited them before, but neither of us had scored much success.

Haskett-Smith and J. W. Robinson had once been over there from Wasdale Head, and after some scrambling at the northern end of this grand rock-face, had realised its potentialities as a field worthy of closer investigation.

In my case, with Mr. Howard Priestman, I had been there on Royal Oak day, 1887, in cold and wind. We tried the central gully for some little time, but eventually followed the “ better part of valour ” and retreated. We, however, climbed up the buttress between this and the great Scree Gully, and, attracted by the Scree Gully Pinnacle, we climbed this most unstable pile of shattered rock—probable the first ascent.

Clearly enough Doe Crags was the most suitable ground for us to try our first campaign together !

I think it was on July 13th, 1888, when the following party met at the inn at Broughton-in-Furness :—Messrs. W. P. Haskett-Smith, Geoffrey Hastings, Dr. Ed. Hopkinson, R. and A. V. Mason and myself.

Next morning we took the first train to Torver, and in due time found ourselves on that lovely moorland, and yet once again in the land of the parsley fern. The foot of Goats' Water is probable as draughty a place as can be found in the British Empire. Those of us who were there at the club meet last year doubtless remember well how the spindrift, whirling and swirling, was carried high overhead and far down beyond the foot of the tarn on to the boggy moorland. Nor shall we forget how it was well-nigh impossible to stand up against the strong gusts of wind.

In our visit in 1888, the draught was only a moderate one, but still it did not then, and indeed rarely does, tempt a party to have a meal near where the water runs out. The crags looked their best and wildest. Thick clouds came far down the buttresses and yet further down the gullies, and each one of us felt that it was good to be there.

Up and over the screes, and the great and still unconquered ghyll is reached. To Hastings falls the lot to essay the climb. Slowly and carefully he pulls out the shaken or frost-riven stones which we had left the previous year, and we eagerly watch his progress over the first pitch, knowing full well all the time that he is not the man to fail if success can be attained. Up we follow, steadied by the rope. We wait in a place of safety while our leader clears away the grape shot of the mountains which lies ready for bombardment on the slabs of the second pitch. Soon we are surrounded by the boiling and seething mists, which we men of the fells know so well. Up and yet up we go until the wind and the flat moorland tell us that we are on the top. Hurrah!!!

After walking a few yards we turn down the face again into a great hollow. Here, when we have dug our heels firmly into the bent-grass, we lower Haskett-Smith with a rope over a ghastly precipice into a boiling cauldron of mist. He is soon out of sight, and we lower him as far as the long rope will allow us to do so. He then unties himself and climbs down, down, down. By some lucky chance we hit upon a

relatively easy line of descent, and after a time join Haskett-Smith below the crags.

He now thinks that the place where we lowered him was a corner of the Easter Gully.

As we intend to reach Wasdale the same evening, we are not tempted to climb further in Cloudland, so we speed down to the stepping-stones of Duddon. H. Prior, in his now classical book, "Ascents and Passes in the Lake District of England," writing about these stepping-stones says, they "deserve a pilgrimage for their own sake; glorious stones, primæval, archetypal, the thoroughfare and highway of races whose very existence has dropped out of history."

We follow that lovely path under Harter Fell and come down to Eskdale. The bogs about the Burnmoor Tarn are as boggy as ever, the welcome at Wasdale Head as hearty, the rooms as stuffy, the beds as hard, and the sleep as sound as they used to be in these good old days.

Such, briefly told, was our first day's walk. We then had a most enjoyable day on the Pillar, and I think also one on Great Gable.

Then came Scaw Fell. The two brothers in our party did not join in this. We climbed up the first pitch in Deep Ghyll and then turned on to Rakes Progress. Some time before this Dr. Ed. Hopkinson had been lowered from below the Low Man on the Pinnacle to a small crag overlooking Deep Ghyll, where he built the well-known Hopkinson's Cairn. Our object in coming to the Rakes Progress was to try to find a way up the face of the rock to this cairn, or to some point above it. In turn, each of us climbed some little distance up this face and returned, all agreeing that, though undoubtedly a greater height could be attained, and the rocks were dry and warm and the day perfect, it was undesirable to proceed further. Haskett-Smith then led us into Steep Ghyll, from which we climbed out on to the face far above, where we had been experimenting; then on to the split rock, over the crevasse on to the tilted table and to the foot of the chimney. Here, after a little, but very little, sweeping, we had a most enjoyable climb, and were well pleased with the success which awaited us. Each of us had been on the Pinnacle before. At this period the descent to the gap was very different from what

it is now ; the foot-holds, so large to-day, were mere scratches on the rock, about an eighth of an inch wide and deep. I have several times during recent years climbed the Pinnacle by the Nose and Chimney route, and, strange to say, the last time I did this I found the crossing, the crevasse, and walk up the tilted table to the foot of the chimney to be more difficult than the ascent of the chimney itself, with a rope above.

Though the mouth of this chimney is rather wider than it used to be, and there is consequently more hold than formerly, the angle of this great precipice is as great, the view down to Hollow Stones as impressive, the rock as firm, the climb as enjoyable, and one's friends as trusty, tried, and true as ever.

This is a mere sketch of my first mountain campaign with the great pioneer of Lakeland climbs. Many such an one have I had since, with both him, Hastings and Hopkinson, on many a distant mountain range, as well as in Lakeland. Many a climb do I still hope to have with all three.

As I now write I am looking keenly forward to a meeting within two days' time with Haskett-Smith at Torver. May we have as jolly a time as we have had on many mountains, in many countries, in times past, is my earnest desire.



Through the rifts of a cloud he looks down on a scene,
Where the rivers roll bright, and the meadows are green.

Schiller.



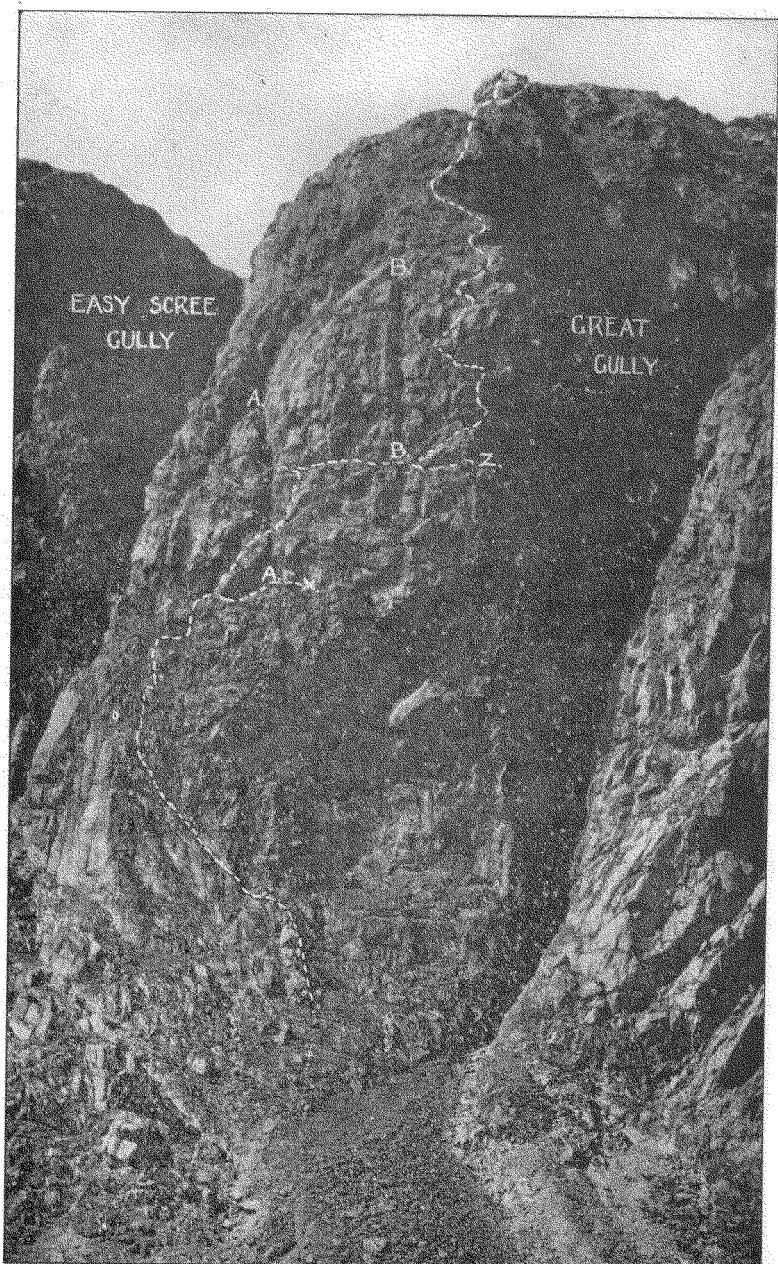
“A” BUTTRESS—DOE CRAG.

On the 12th September last S. H. Gordon and A. Craig did some prospecting on the above-named buttress with the intention of finding out if a new route was feasible on the upper part, keeping near the Great Gully. They were turned back, however, owing to the want of a third man to belay the rope when more than half way up the climb. A fortnight afterwards (Sept. 26th) they returned again with four others to make another attempt.

Starting from the cairn at the foot of the buttress and following the old route made by Messrs. Abraham and Philipson in March, 1903, to the top of the small pitch at the end of the traverse, they worked vertically upwards by a small scoop to a magnificent belay some twenty feet up. From here a small triangular rock can plainly be seen about fifty feet up and twenty feet to the right. It is best reached by keeping directly up for twenty-five feet to a small shelf, then round a corner to the right and up a scoop for another twenty feet or so.

This rock marks one end of what we have called the “ Lower Traverse,” which leads across the buttress to the right. The end of it (marked x on photo.) is well worth a visit for the fine view of the other buttresses to be seen from there.

From a few feet along this traverse the route leads up and to the right to a platform strewn with loose stones, and on from there by a sloping crack into the “ chimney ” (marked A.A. on photo.) about twenty-five feet from its foot. Crossing the “ Chimney,” the way leads to the right and upwards to a ten-feet scoop, which needs considerable care, and ends on the “ Upper Traverse.”



Photo

"A" BUTTRESS, DOE CRAGS.

Alan Craig.

This second traverse runs from the top of the first pitch of the "Chimney" to the foot of the "Crack" (marked B.B. on photo.) and on for thirty feet or so. Like the "Lower Traverse" it is well worth following to its end (marked Z. on photo.) for the sake of the rock scenery which alone would repay a visit to the buttress.

Following this traverse to a few feet beyond the "Crack" and across a strid, which bears some slight resemblance to its namesake on the Pillar Rock, the route lies upwards to the right, by a slab leading to a fine corner, round which there is a good landing on to apparently loose rocks overhanging the Great Gully in a most imposing fashion. Working a few feet back to the left a short but severe corner (probably the stiffest thing in the climb) leads on to a grass ledge, which is followed to the left until an easy slab gives a route upwards. From here the rest is easy scrambling along the edge of the Great Gully.

This is a climb which, although not exceptionally difficult, yet needs very great care. It should be classed fairly high up in the list of "difficult courses" in Jones's book, perhaps slightly more difficult than the Arrowhead Ridge (direct). Most of the loose stones were cleared out by the party (greatly to the disgust, apparently, of some other climbers well out of reach on "B" buttress), so the climb will now be found fairly clear of rubbish. A party of three will be none too many for this climb, and a fourth would be a useful addition. The "Upper Traverse" is about eighty feet long in all, and the belays here are rather unsatisfactory, except at either end. Sixty feet of rope between the leader and the second man makes this part of the climb much safer.

The "Chimney" (A.A. on photo.), first climbed by S. H. Gordon and H. S. Liesching on August 22nd, 1909, may be followed from the "Lower Traverse," and will be found to contain one pitch up to the end of the "Upper Traverse," and one beyond. It is not difficult, and leads into an easy grass gully which is uninteresting.

The "Crack" (B.B. on photo.) looks very severe, and has not yet been climbed.

THE TRIPPERCROCK.

A VERY *Loose Carol* OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

'Twas dammot ! And the flicksy sails
Did fly and flimmer o'er the wave ;
All toorisd were the Borrodails,
And the Beercasks outgave.

Beware the Trippercrock, my son,
The glass that flies, the stones that crash ;
Beware the Pop-Pop bird, and shun
The frumious Bottlesmash,

He bound his clinknale sole on foot ;
Longtime the lantic foe he sought ;
Then rested well by the Pinnakell,
And grouised awhile in thought.

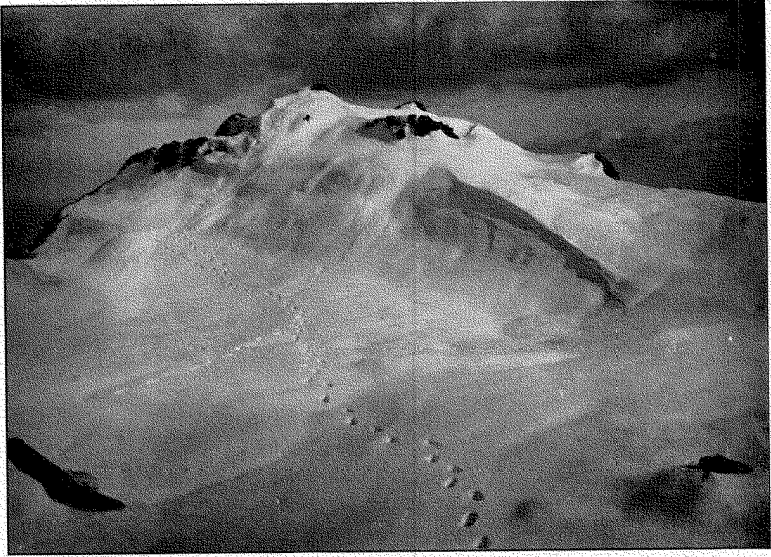
And, as in thought he humpied there,
The Trippercrock, with lingo blue,
Hurled piffing through the scorffe air,
And hurtled as it threw.

One ! Two ! Click ! Click ! And sharp and quick
The clinknale foot went clitter-clack ;
Till, when it swore to chuck no more,
He went jodumphling back.

And hast thou smit the Trippercrock ?
Come to my arms, my plucksome boy !
O safious time. Cerloo, Cerlimb.
He kaykwalked in his joy.

'Twas dammot ! And the flicksy sails
Did fly and flimmer o'er the wave ;
All toorisd were the Borrodails,
And the Beercasks outgave.

Claude E. Benson.



Photo

NEAR LOW WATER ON CONISTON OLD MAN,
TAKEN AFTER THE HEAVY SNOWFALL OF MARCH, 1909.

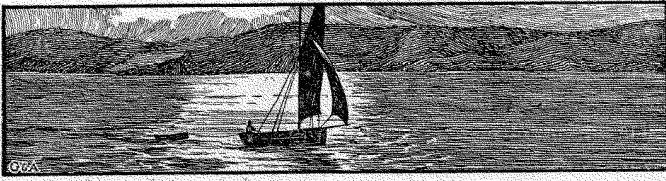
J. Hanks.

REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endured,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

Byron.



STRAY LEAVES.

From the Diary of a Wasdale Camper.

APRIL 10.—My friend W. has a genius for the transport of heavy camping outfits. With the aid of a contrivance, in shape and size not unlike a garden seat, he once induced me to carry a weight of one hundred pounds on my back from Bethesda to the head of Cwn Llafar.

I survived the experience, but when he proposed a camping expedition to Wasdale I was not sorry to find that he had devised a machine on wheels for the carriage of our baggage. The machine in question was brought to Seascale in three parts: the body came in the baggage van, whilst each of us included a wheel amongst our personal effects. In spite of these precautions a zealous railway official, who caught us in the act of re-fitting our vehicle at Seascale Station, was with difficulty persuaded that it would be unjust to charge us with extra rates for a "trolley." Our total load, as weighed at the station, amounted to two hundred and ten pounds. Two tent poles served us as shafts and a climbing rope as traces, and thus, yoked tandem, we trundled gaily along the road to Wasdale. Our wheels had seen better days in the service of a bath-chair; one was tireless at the start, and the other shed its last remnant of respectability in the first mile, so that our progress was not altogether noiseless. Horses shied, dogs barked, children ran, the elders gaped. It was market day at Gosforth, and, as we passed through, many a shaft of homely wit was aimed at us. We reached Wasdale before sundown, and pitched our tent in the woods close by Lingmell Beck.

MAY 10.—But for the wretched cows, my new camping ground would be perfect. I live in nightly fear that they will get entangled in the stay ropes of the tent. But I think I have at last hit upon a means of keeping them at a safe distance. Several trees grow near the tent, and by passing a rope round their trunks at about four feet from the ground, I erected what seemed an excellent fence or barrier. Having done this last night, I lay down to sleep with an easy mind. But about



Photo

LINGMELL CAMP, WASDALE.

J. J. Rennison.

daybreak I was again unduly disturbed, and on going out found one of the smaller beasts had got in under the fence, and was grazing contentedly in the enclosure. Having disposed of the intruder—and that with no light hand—I took thought as to how I might improve my defences. It was clear that one rope was inadequate, and I proceeded to make a second line of defence with the rope W. had left behind. I ran it round about a foot of the other rope, and having secured greater stability by the use of two ice-axes, I felt I had got

the better of my adversaries. They come from time to time and peer in at me over the top of the barricade, but none has so far had the cunning or boldness to make a breach.

JUNE 19.—For the last week I have strayed but little from my own doors, scarce leaving the wood except to look for letters at the inn or to forage for food. Looking back now it is not easy to separate those days one from another, so peacefully have they glided away and merged into one another. On most days the sun shone brightly, and if, as happened occasionally, I felt the rays too strong, I had but to shift my couch a few degrees round the trunk of the tree under which I lay. I seldom saw or spoke to anyone.

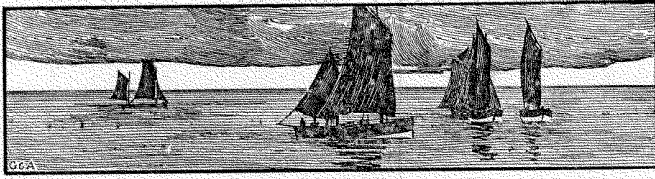
JUNE 24.—Men whose occupations keep them the whole day in the open are notoriously averse to airiness within doors : your farmer and your sailor shun a draught like the plague. I confess that I begin to have a sympathy with this attitude. After a long day on the fells I have always a strong inclination to make the tent snug and tight, to draw the door flaps and nestle deeply in the sleeping bag. To-night, as I lay and smoked my pipe after supper, it was with difficulty that I resisted the desire to draw the doors to and shut myself in from the wind which howled weirdly among the trees. I pictured to myself the four walls snugly lit up by the steady flame of the candle, which now flickered and burnt low in the gusts of wind that swept in through the open doors, making it impossible to read ; the Devil whispered in my ear that in such a wind there would be no lack of ventilation, however closely I laced the canvas. But I valiantly withstood the temptation, though I yielded to the weakness of the flesh as far as to draw a travelling rug over the sleeping bag. Soon I fell asleep, and as I slept I dreamt. I seemed to hear the sound of distant trumpets, which ever and anon drew nearer and sounded louder, till at length I woke up startled by the outburst of a mighty blast !—Such a blast as may have roared forth when of old the walls of Jericho fell. I awoke to find the gale raging furiously. The canvas of the tent was flapping loudly, and one side had torn away from its fastenings. It was only by lying spread-eagled on the ground and holding on by hands, feet, and teeth that I kept the roof above my head, till, in the next lull, I was able to go out and secure the fastenings.

JULY 4.—On Wind Gap I was accosted by two young men who were sitting there in the sunshine. They were anxious to see the Pillar Rock, so bidding them accompany me, I started up the last three hundred feet to the summit of the mountain at a good speed. Now, as from time to time I looked behind at my companions, I perceived that their progress resembled that of good Christian on the Hill of Difficulty ; for “ from running they fell to going, and from going to clambering on their hands and knees, because of the steepness of the place.” When they had recovered breath at the summit we began the descent to the Pillar Rock. But here a strange thing happened. No sooner had we reached the steeper slopes than the elder of the two, trembling all over and clutching wildly at the tufts of grass to keep his balance on the comfortable platform on which he sat, refused to descend further. “ It is all right for you two,” quoth he, “ but I am a married man, and I won’t take the risk.” Thereupon we both fell to persuading him, I with gentleness, but his companion somewhat upbraidingly. At length, by uncoiling my rope and tying him to one end of it, I persuaded him to move. Then with infinite caution he proceeded down the slopes to the west of the Pillar Rock. Our charge slithered rather than walked, and the descent occupied close on an hour. But the poor fellow’s troubles were not at an end ; for though we set him comfortably on a level piece of ground he soon began to show signs of alarm, and begged to be shown the quickest way from the neighbourhood, alleging that the great towering crags filled him with an awe too great to be borne. As he went off in company with his companion the rattle of stones down the scree told me that the rest of my party were close at hand.



A burning sunset floods the Eastern hills
With wave on wave of wondrous rose and gold.

George Milner



WARNINGS.

(The following article, written by our ex-President, Mr. Ashley P. Abraham, has the sanction of the club's executive, and must be regarded as its official expression with regard to the matters it discusses.)

In these days, when the words of the wise are on many climbers' tongues and the intention to obey them in too few climbers' minds, it might seem almost useless for any organised body to take steps to stop the deplorable series of accidents on our Lakeland fells. It is the firm conviction of the club's executive, however, that there are great numbers of our members to whom some official pronouncement on the matter may prove beneficial; members who have come new to the sport, and have approached it, however unwittingly, from the wrong standpoint. To these, chiefly, is the present short article addressed, although the expert may perhaps find in it some suggestions (tendered with all diffidence) as to where he also has erred.

At the outset it must be apparent that the club exercises only a moral influence over its members. Unlike many other sports, rock-climbing is not ruled by any official body with power to prevent men from climbing unless they conform to certain rules.

It must also be apparent that rock-climbing can never be absolutely free from risk, although in our Lake District it is less fraught with unavoidable danger than elsewhere. In no climbing ground are the dangers so perfectly under control as here, because the climbs, for the most part, have been ascended so frequently that practically all treacherous grass, loose holds and friable rocks have been cleared away; the danger lies almost entirely in the intrinsic difficulty of the climbs themselves. This being so, what are the reasons

responsible for the most deplorable and ever-growing list of accidents ?

After most careful enquiry into not only the fatal accidents, but other minor accidents which might well have proved fatal, it is our humble opinion that the causes lie chiefly under the following three heads—(i) Competitive climbing ; (ii) lack of appreciation of the difficulties and dangers ; and (iii) tackling difficult climbs with chance companions. If these three be rigorously eschewed, we sincerely believe that the fair fame of our Lake mountains will not again be sullied by these unspeakably lamentable happenings.

Taking these causes in the order of precedence, for their importance is about equal, there exists a spirit amongst many climbers which in the long run is bound to lead to disaster. Instead of approaching the climbs in a true sporting spirit, and with the intention of extracting from them healthy physical and moral exercise, these climbers' chief aim is to achieve some climb or other that has baffled another party of their acquaintance. If they are not "scoring off" other climbers or succeeding where others have failed, they are not happy. This spirit of rivalry leads them to persevere beyond the line which divides the safe from the dangerous, with results, which, alas ! we know too well.

Such men made a serious mistake when they took up climbing ; their attitude towards the rocks and towards each other merits our utter condemnation.

Another form of competitive climbing, equally dangerous, but more insidious, is that which arises amongst the individual members of a party. 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 high time to turn back. If man after man be allowed to try the obstacle which is stopping them, it is more than likely that an athletic but inexperienced and incompetent climber will ultimately find himself leading. Anxious to distinguish himself, he will take risks, and—well, such is a fruitful source of accidents.

As regards the lack of appreciation of the difficulties and dangers, let us give two authentic instances which occurred recently. Beginner A. was taken for his first three days'

climbing as follows :—North Climb on the Pillar Rock, descent by the New West Climb ; the Oblique Chimney, the Needle and two arêtes ; Scawfell Pinnacle from Steep Ghyll, descent by Moss Ghyll, and up Pisgah Buttress from Tennis Court Ledge. Beginner B. was taken up Napes Needle and the Oblique Chimney the first day, and upon the day after was allowed to lead up Moss Ghyll ! Now it must be apparent to every right-minded climber that both of the above novices got an utterly wrong and misleading first idea of climbing ; all their early novitiate tended to cultivate that familiarity which breeds disastrous contempt. In their lack of a proper sense of the danger and difficulty lies very great cause for apprehension. It is a truism that beginners should start on easy courses and feel their way through to the more difficult ones. Thus will their climbing be not only safe, but they will extract from it infinitely greater enjoyment than if they attempt to start at the wrong end. With the excellent graduated lists of courses at their disposal, in the standard works on the climbs, they can urge no plea of ignorance. Also, it behoves experts to inculcate in beginners a desire to do climbs well within their powers, and not to spoil them and render them a danger to all with whom they come into contact, by taking them up climbs vastly beyond their appreciation or understanding. We would go further and say that in cases where an expert is climbing with novices, or with climbers considerably less experienced than himself, he should be responsible for their safety, and resolutely discountenance any foolhardiness in which they may wish to indulge.

The third cause of accidents, that of tackling difficult climbs with chance companions, can be more briefly disposed of. Indeed, it is such a senseless thing to do, and the reasons against doing it are so very apparent, that the single word “ don't ” ought to be sufficient. How any sane person can allow himself to be tied, on a difficult climb, to a person about whose climbing he knows practically nothing, quite passes our comprehension. Even the average third-rate Swiss Guide—a person not remarkable for intelligence—generally refuses to tackle a stiff climb with an unknown “ Herr.” And still we often find otherwise sensible men at our climbing centres tackling places like Moss Ghyll, the North Face of the Pillar,

and so on, with total strangers. More than one of the fatal Lakeland accidents have been directly attributable to this thoughtlessness. We most strongly urge upon climbers who find themselves stranded at Wasdale, without a companion, to insist upon an "easy" or "moderate" course when a stranger comes along.

Such are the three chief causes of accidents evolved by the principles underlying our Lakeland climbing at the present time. With the causes which may well be considered elementary, such as the upsetting of loose stones, climbing too quickly or when "out of condition," we do not propose to deal. They are well known, even to the beginner, and if, knowing these things, he disregard them, the consequences must rest entirely with himself.

But it is perhaps desirable to refer to the use of the rope over a rock belay; and also to our "exceptionally severe" courses.

A great number of men when second on the climb (a most onerous but very much under-rated position, by the way) do not belay their leader's rope in the correct manner. It is quite the common practice to have the rope taut between the "belay" and the first man. A very little consideration must teach the fallacy of this. If the leader fall, the jerk comes direct on to the rope, over the usually sharp edge of the belay. A fall of a very short distance, if vertical, will break the best of ropes under these circumstances. Undoubtedly the correct method is for the second man to hold four or five feet of slack rope in his hand (or hands) between the leader and the belay. If the leader then fall, the first heavy strain on the rope is taken by the hands of the second man—a painful process, but preferable to risking life. In the case of an actual fall on the part of the leader, the best opportunity that occurs of arresting him is when he strikes a ledge or slab. By using the rope as set out above, the leader has four or five feet of space in which to strike, and this extra space may make all the difference between a severed rope and one that holds. If the "belay" be a small one, and it be necessary to use both hands to prevent the rope from slipping off it, the rope would then be paid out taut between the belay and the leader, but not otherwise.

It is with some diffidence that we refer to the "exceptionally severe" courses. It has almost become a truism that "it is upon the easy places that accidents happen." If this really be so, then there is an ever-increasing number of absolutely safe climbs being made in our Lakeland! In the first edition of Jones's "Rock-climbing in the English Lake District" there were but nine of these "exceptionally severe" courses. At the present time there are upwards of two dozen. Much has been said and written about their danger. It has been suggested by the lay press that "being unfit to be climbed, they should be laid under a ban." But we know too well that such a dictum would prove a direct incentive to many who are not members of our club, but who climb in our area.

Besides, it is quite a question whether these climbs should be banned. It must not be forgotten that in our ranks are climbers who are quite competent to lead up these courses in absolute safety. Is it fair that these men should be robbed of the most coveted prizes which years of patient and thoughtful climbing have justly made theirs? We think not! What then is to be said of them? Surely it will cover all if we say that a man must not essay these climbs until he is thoroughly competent, provided always that there be a method of ascertaining when this competence is attained.

Now these excessively difficult climbs are such as do not occur in proper mountaineering, and as such they require, nay they *demand*, special treatment. It is our opinion that there is nothing derogatory to a man's sportmanship if, before he attempts to lead up these climbs, he first descends them on a rope held from above, or accompanies a well-known and competent cragsman up them. It ought not to be necessary for us to say that if then he is not absolutely sure he could lead up in perfect safety, under no circumstances whatever should he attempt to do so.

At a meeting of the executive of the club, resolutions were passed, and will be recommended to the General Meeting on November 20th, which express the official attitude of the club on this matter.*

In conclusion we would repeat the warning words of the

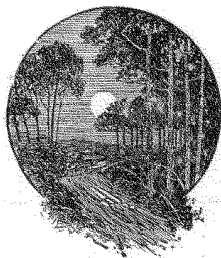
* See Committee Notes.

late C. E. Mathews, and most earnestly commend them to the attention of all our readers.

“ In all mountaineering some risks must be run. The wise man knows what risks to face and what to avoid. I don't see the evidence I should like to see of a wise judgment in this regard, and so many expeditions which should have been replete with sunny and happy memories, bear a sombre sound for evermore, ‘ like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.’ I see everywhere courage and daring ; I do not see as often as I could wish, the better qualities of prudence and discretion. Remember that a man's life is not his own. It belongs to a mother, perhaps, or a sister, to a wife or a child, and no man can rashly hazard it without striking a cruel blow at some tender and loving hearts, which have deserved better at his hands. I repeat, with all the energy of which I am capable, those pathetic words which I have so often used—

Oh ! the little more, and how much it is,
And the little less, and what worlds away.

The future of mountaineering rests with the British amateur. Let it be yours, by precept no less than by example, to be faithful to the best traditions of which you are the inheritors, and to bring neither dishonour nor discredit upon the noble craft to which it is both your privilege and your happiness to belong.”





IN MEMORIAM.

ANDREW SISSON THOMSON.

BY GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

As we look forth on that land of mountains which Andrew Thomson loved so well, an added gloom seems to pervade their sombreness as twilight dies, and darkness like a deep sorrow covers their magnificence. Great clouds blot out the fading light, and the region of rock and fell seems almost to feel the weight of sorrow which has fallen with such terrible suddenness on the loved ones left behind. Yet this overwhelming gloom is symbolic of the future glories. The dawn has come. Our friend has passed through the valley—he stands on the peak at sunrise—the mists have rolled asunder and the mystery of the infinite stands revealed.

Though Andrew Thomson has left us, his example of unselfishness and absolute pure-mindedness must live on. The world is the poorer for his loss ; it is immeasurably the richer for his having lived. A man of deeds, not words, he was never happier than when helping to dissipate the misfortunes of others, be they friend or casual acquaintance.

An expert motorist, with remarkable natural engineering capabilities, he was always willing to help anyone in trouble. From the earliest pioneering days he followed the sport of motoring with that absorbed keenness which marked all his work. In those days of innumerable break-downs far from home, the last resort was “ wire for Andrew,” and the kindly soul was never appealed to in vain. Distance seemed no object. On one occasion he journeyed far north into Scotland to help a friend in distress, and after three days and nights of ceaseless

effort in fearful weather they and their machines reached home in safety. The only sleep Andrew got during this trying time was whilst his friend took a turn at repairs. He crept up the bank to shelter under the leeward side of the wall and then remembered no more until he awoke some hours later to find himself on the road, with his friend asleep on the bank a few yards away. Despite the rain and storm Andrew had been overcome with weariness, and so soundly had he slept that the roll down the bank into the road had failed to rouse him. Of course such deeds meant great physical strength and endurance, and these powers were aided by almost super-human patience and perfect control of methods of living. Andrew was temperate in everything except in his self-sacrifice for others ; he was singularly wide-minded and always refused to think evil of any man.

To such a character the pure sport of mountaineering appealed most strongly. The spirit of the explorer was ever present, and though any work on his beloved native mountains was always the keenest enjoyment, he loved best to visit those craggy recesses where human foot had never trod. The discovery of Gimmer Crag and the elaboration of its routes were Andrew's special enthusiasm. Rock-climbers owe to his memory a deep debt of gratitude for this work. The magnificent crag, whose solitudes are stirred only by the echoes of distant streams and the cry of wild birds of prey, will stand as a perpetual memory of our friend.

As an original and life member, his interest in our club was remarkable. There was no keener supporter of all its functions, and it is doubtful whether a single meet took place without Andrew's enlivening presence. Be the weather fair or foul, usually the first sign of a meet in one of our Cumbrian dales would be the hoot of the ' Stormy Petrel,' as some of us used to call his ubiquitous motor. Few of the active members but have had a "lift" at some time or other ; numbers did not seem to count, and as long as the passengers could "hang on," Andrew made no murmur of overloading. Tyres might burst, chains break, or the engine groan distressfully, but no word was ever spoken that could jar on the most sensitive ear, at least by the driver. And in the evenings of



Photo

ANDREW SISSON THOMSON.

G. P. Abraham.

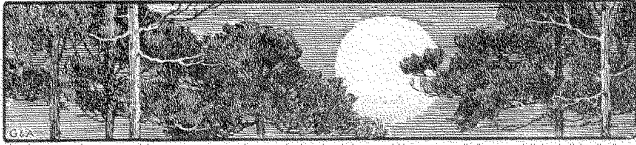
good fellowship after the serious pleasures of a day on the rocks—who shall ever forget that keen kindly countenance, beaming with enthusiasm and ready wit, as old tales were retold and battles with the crags were in imagination fought over again.

As a rock-climber, Andrew was singularly expert, safe, and reliable. His thorough mechanical knowledge and practical experience of the use of the rope have saved more than one party from serious mishap. Climbing for the pure love of the sport, he hated notoriety, and, except to bosom friends, these adventures were never mentioned. The crags of North Wales and Scotland also bear record of his powers, but the hope of his life to attack some of the giants of the Alps will now never be fulfilled. In storm and sunshine Andrew was always the same. His keen sense of humour could always see the "bright side," and few men could be so confidently relied upon in a tight place. In the smaller kindnesses and attentions which add to the pleasures of a climbing party, he was remarkably adept. The less capable and enduring members were always his first consideration.

The following remembrance of our last climb together is typical of the man. The way lay up the Pillar Rock on a day of wintry storm and wind-swept rain. Before the top was reached everybody was soaked to the skin, and one of the younger climbers was regretting on the way valleywards that he had no dry clothes or stockings. Then up spoke kind Andrew, "I've plenty for both." Some of us knew later that Andrew did not change that evening, and a slipper dropped on the stairs when bed-time arrived revealed the fact that our friend had also gone stockingless.

Ah! would that this world contained more such men! Who shall now cheer us in the days of storm and stress?

"Cold falls the rain; it cannot harm him now:
Chill blows the wind: he does not feel its chill:
Tears are for us and sighing for the wind:
But somewhere on a nobler mountain's brow
He bids us know he waits our coming still,
And cheers the feet that falter on behind."



A WINTRY DAWN.

BY WILLIAM T. PALMER.

Bright with stars the nearer firmament, ivory-white of snow around, with here a patch and there a line of beetling crag or naked rock-scarp,—an aspect drear and chill and solemn, but at the same time a sight for men to see, to delight in, to love and yet not to describe.

Already the journey had brought me above the snow-line, to that point where Rossett Ghyll slacks away, where the serpentine of Langdales disappears, and where suddenly one becomes aware of consorting with very mountain tops. Seen in cold, even, shadowless star-gleams, in what an immensity is one fixed. Not long did it take to pass up the near shoulder of Bowfell—there was light in plenty from “that glorious planet nailed low” to show what to avoid in the climb. The then pearly “griming” made rock and even smaller stone—shiver dangerous to step upon,—there was neither weight nor substance to hinder progress over grass and loose, small scree.

From the summit, what a glorious view around, above. Clear through the frosty night shone the more distant fells and the sombre levels round Solway and Morecambe Bay. There was an entire absence of sound—a crushing silence—yet even a message as distinct and powerful as though an Isaiah spoke, “What small insect is this—a man?” It always does one good to spend a clear night on the fell-tops even in less impressionable days, but on that occasion I was almost scared. I am not ashamed to confess to the profound awe of that night when afar off the planets ranged, and the fixed stars seemed strung back more deeply into the mystery of space.



Photo

SUNSET FROM SUMMIT OF "OLD MAN"—BLACK COMBE IN THE DISTANCE.

J. Hanks.

A catalogue of mountain names, grand, rolling and majestic though they may be, conveys none of the romance and witchery of a winter's night ; on dull days or bright, by slack and shoulder, crag and ghyll, we clamber up and tread the sacred ground about their cairns ; they become familiar, almost despised, till in a night of snow-covered expanses and clear starlight they reveal their true glory and give to the wanderer an indelible memory. And the glory of the mountains is their immensity, their immortality, their calm repose. Far beneath lay Angle Tarn, black, yet a clear mirror-glass in the solemn snowbound land. Beyond, Borrowdale, a finger of dark lowland cleaving the whitened north ; to the south, Windermere was clearly visible, and Derwentwater nestled against the white ghost of Skiddaw. But what term in our imperfect idiom of Nature can express that sea of craggy summits to westward. Helvellyn to the north of east, and the Pikes near at hand, their storm-scarred front drooping steeply into the indefinite murk of the glen ; the grim, serried lines of mighty hills beyond—in a less favoured land than that of the Cumbrian group any of these would have aroused enthusiasm. In our country, however, they are merely marked appreciatively as the eye hastens toward those finer things to westward. From the Wastwater Scree right up the sunset line to the very verge of Derwentwater—every diversion of the compass has its own glory, and the night-rambler will ever feel that the world can hold no sight more fair : to him the memory is all-enduring.

Silence, vastness, ruggedness,—the rivulets, whose tinklings on the summer days soothe the ear not yet attuned to Nature's greater being, are frozen at their springs ; even the torrents of Eskdale and Langstrath have shrunk : to murmurs first and then to peace. The air is still : the clank of steel on rock splits the silence, then echoes off like a roll of musketry. The cold becomes even more intense, and to the night wanderers on these heights proves a real difficulty. To withstand it, one wears heavy clothing, yet there must be great care to avoid any perspiration. To walk with clothing frozen stiff is not a pleasant experience.

Now in the east, a faint primrose-glow fringes the horizon, presage of moon-rise. This night the moon is a mere shred,

a sky decoration hardly more powerful in its light than the nearest blazing planet. Up the east she rises, a glittering sickle of light, soon to disappear with the coming of dawn. As one walks southward through that unvisited hinterland between Bowfell and Wrynose, the violet sheen disappears from the northern sky, and the almost imperceptible flushings and pulsings of a distant aurora cease. At times one has witnessed the northern half, the heaven ablaze with many a delicate colour, with streamers now white, now primrose, now crimson, upswaying many a degree toward the zenith. The moon clears the eastern hills; attendant stars wheel onward in her wake. Then come the first signs of approaching dawn, the arch of blue climbing the sky. Dawn light over the hills, the gloom clears off the hollows, the glens appear, the tarns, the rivers. Nature too seems awaking, so far as she can awake among the sterile mountain-tops. The raven chuckles from her roost in crag or solitary tree, then, croaking, wings her way toward the haunts of men. There is a stir in the valley, a chorus of bleating from the flocks, and nearer, but still far below, the snarling of foxes quarreling over some carcass. The improving light dispels the mystery; though still awesome, the mountain-groups seem nearer, kindlier than at dead of night. We see detail now, where then was broad effect, the tinting of dead bracken showing through the then upland snow, the rowans and the hollies in the ghylls. And with dawn too, there comes a breeze, a mere breath of air, but the skin seems to shrivel at its terrible iciness. One knows that the still of the night is gone, and that for hours the piercing blast will render untenable these upland regions. So down the ghyll we flee.

This morning a dark narrow cloud suddenly gathers in the east, but soon it is shot through with many a shaft of light, and the few wisps of cloud hovering toward the east are full of golden glory. Blood-red as the cloud obscures, now brilliant as the dimness is past, the sun rises up, and over the hills of glistening white, striking diamond flashes from every snow-edge, comes on broad day.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON GREAT GABLE.

An account of the sad accident on the Eagle's Nest Ridge on the 27th September, 1909, is perhaps due to the members of our club, more especially as some very important facts are to be concluded from the events.

Whilst Thomas James Remison was not a member of our club, he was known and esteemed by many of our members. He had been climbing for three years, and during that time had endeared himself to all who had the privilege of climbing with him. Especially was this so during the year of 1909, when he climbed more than usual, and his climbing friends had more opportunity of appreciating his kind-heartedness, his extreme generosity, his quiet courage and comradeship.

A keen sportsman, a clever musician, a good photographer, his loss will be felt by many members of our club. They will recall with sadness those happy days spent with him on our fells.

In climbing, his undoubted skill, his slow deliberateness, his trustworthiness inspired his followers with confidence. He had led many first-class climbs, and was keenly desirous of trying the Eagle's Nest Ridge direct and the North West Clin's Pillar.

Once in Walker's Gully he was dissatisfied with his ascent of the top pitch, and asked to be lowered down it that he might try it again.

He knew the Eagle's Nest by repute, and had examined it from above. Keenly desirous of trying it, he, with two friends, ascended to the Napes on the 5th July, 1909, and when

rain prevented the party from attempting it, plainly showed his disappointment. When, therefore, he heard that a party was setting out to attack it he joined them with alacrity. The party consisted of Fred Aldons, Oliver Thorneycroft, Fred Botterill and Rennison. They rose at 5-30 a.m., and by 6-30 were on their way, R. remaining behind to change his boots, and, starting half-an-hour later, caught up the others at Needle Gully. To those who saw him during that half-hour he appeared troubled in his mind. While the other three climbed the Needle R. remained behind on the Dress Circle. After the Needle they ascended the Abbey Ridge in two parties, Aldons leading Thorneycroft, and Botterill leading R. This order was arranged so as to save R. for the attempt on the Eagle's Nest.

Descending the Eagle's Nest Ridge easy way, the first party was overtaken, Aldons descending the direct way on a rope, and on returning said that he (Aldons) did not feel sufficiently in form that day to lead it. R. and B. passed them, Aldons and Thorneycroft intending to join up to their rope and bring up the rucksack.

At 9-40 by R.'s watch*, B. advanced to the belav pin, which is some sixty-five feet above the Dress Circle. R. joined him there, and after a moment's rest, advanced.

It is necessary at first to climb slightly, perhaps three feet, to the left before going upwards. R. had gone to the left and had advanced upwards about ten feet. His arms were both outstretched, his knees and toes occupying two parallel cracks. His feet would be within eight feet of B.'s head. He had not spoken since commencing, perhaps three minutes. He had not moved a limb for twenty seconds when. . . . he slipped all points of contact coming away simultaneously. He made no effort to save himself—uttered no cry—never turned his head—exactly like a man with palpitation.

At that moment the knot at his waist was within thirteen

* It stopped at 9-50, and was only slightly damaged.

It must not be thought from this that B. had any doubts as to the advisability of R. leading; but knowing the climb, and having seen others on it, he wished R. to fully realise its difficulty. "Speak to me frequently," said B., "so that I may know you are alright."

feet of the belay in an oblique line, the belay being level with B.'s waist. There was from fourteen to eighteen inches of slack paid out for the leader's next forward step ; there was also fourteen to sixteen inches of rope round the belay. B. instinctively placed both hands on the rope, feeling sure of pulling R. up, and crouched to meet the jerk. B. was not in a good position, quite unable to lean backwards. There was no time to take in any slack. The jerk came immediately and the rope broke with a loud snap, six inches above B.'s right hand.

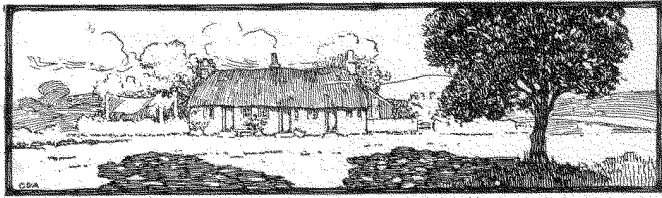
The belay of rough rock is one which is always used, its shape is oblong but with unequal angles. The rope parted at the most acute angle, which was nearer forty-five degrees than ninety degrees. When measured the length of the rope between the knot* at the waist to the extreme end of the fracture was fourteen feet ten inches, the total fall before the strain came on the rope being about twenty-five feet.

It must be made quite clear that R. was only going on tentatively, intending to come back had he the slightest doubt. This is important in what follows. Since the inquest it transpires that R.'s sister noticed the previous evening that he was not well ; she wished him to sleep inside instead of camping, as he had a cold. He acted curiously (different from his usual firm way) in the dale on the fatal morning. He had some time previously suffered from pains in the chest, and had thought it advisable to see a doctor at Keswick whilst away ; from home. *The doctor forbade him to climb.* R. felt better, however, and dismissed it from his mind ; but the inference to be drawn from this is that at the time of the slip he might possibly have had an attack of syncope.

The deep sympathy of the Fell and Rock Club and of all climbers goes out to the bereaved ones in their great loss. It is on them that the blow of so heartrending a circumstance falls.

Thomas J. Rennison passed away in the midst of 'the mountains he loved so well.

* This was very tight indeed, and could scarcely be unloosened. The knot was that known amongst climbers as "the fisherman's bend." Amongst sailors as "the Alpine knot."



THE SECOND ANNUAL DINNER AND GENERAL MEETING.*

The Second Annual General Meeting and Dinner of our Club was held at Coniston on Saturday, 21st of November, 1908, one of the periodical meets of the members of the club being arranged for the same time and place.

This is the first occasion on which any climbing club has held its annual gathering amongst the mountains, and Coniston being the actual birth-place of the Club, there was a fitting appropriateness for the innovation to occur beneath the shadow of the Old Man. The function was very well attended, nearly fifty members, friends and guests being present—a striking proof of the healthy interest aroused by the formation of the club, having in view the very inclement weather which generally prevails at this season of the year.

Representatives attended from many of the older mountaineering organisations. Mr. G. B. Bryant attended on behalf of the Climbers' Club, Mr. William Cecil Slingsby represented the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, Mr. Colin B. Phillip represented the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and Mr. Philip S. Minor the Rucksack Club of Manchester.

Several parties arrived at the secluded Lakeland town on Friday night and early on Saturday morning. That day was spent by them either in exploring Doe Craggs or in pleasant rambles over the Old Man and Wetherlam. In the evening the General Meeting was held at the Sun Hotel, where Mr.

* Further particulars of the General Meeting will be found in the Committee Notes.

Satterthwaite had made most excellent arrangements for the reception of such an unusual crowd of winter visitors. After the purely formal business, including the passing of the report and balance sheet, Mr. A. P. Abraham, the retiring President, proposed that Mr. George Seatree be elected President for the coming year. This was seconded by Mr. P. S. Minor and carried unanimously. Mr. G. D. Abraham and Mr. G. F. Woodhouse, were unanimously elected Vice-Presidents, and the three vacancies on the Committee were filled by Messrs. A. P. Abraham, L. J. Oppenheimer and C. H. Oliverson. Mr. E. Scantlebury was enthusiastically reappointed Hon. Secretary and Hon. Editor of the Club Journal. Mr. Alan Craig was reappointed Hon. Treasurer, and at the request of Mr. Scantlebury and the Meeting he kindly consented to act also as Hon. Assistant Secretary.

After a short interval the company sat down to an excellent dinner, the newly-elected President occupying the Chair, the following members and friends being present :—

Messrs. L. J. Oppenheimer, Henry Harland, H. B. Lyon, G. H. Charter, E. Scantlebury, J. Geo. Howard, Basil Witty, J. H. Burman, Edwin Hope, J. Hanks, Wm. Cecil Slingsby, F. C. Clitheroe, Chas. Grayson, A. P. Abraham, Alan Craig, Godfrey A. Solly, Dr. Ernest Solly, H. Buckley, Philip S. Minor, Robertson Lamb, S. Hamilton Gordon, Darwin Leighton, Hugh Livingston, Colin B. Phillip, George B. Bryant, W. A. Woodsend, R. B. Domoney, Andrew Thomson, T. Thackeray, C. H. Oliverson, W. H. Thomson, G. E. T. Thorpe, Henry Bishop, W. T. Palmer, W. Shaw, and F. B. Kershaw.

The first toast was that of "THE KING," by the PRESIDENT (MR. G. SEATREE).

THE PRESIDENT then said :—

Gentlemen—seeing that Mr. Slingsby is not quite ready to speak, I take the opportunity to read to you one or two telegrams received to-night from members whose absence we greatly regret. Before doing so I should like to offer a word of cordial welcome to both visitors and members to the first Climbing Club Dinner to be held amongst the mountains. It is an innovation which, judging from the appearance of this room, is very likely to be repeated. Mr. Woodhouse wires that he is stormbound at Sedbergh and is very sorry indeed he cannot

be with us. He wishes luck to our meeting. The weather of to-night is responsible for other absentees, yet after all it is not much to complain of, it being typical Lake District November weather. If it had been very fine you would doubtless have been quite disappointed. (Laughter.) Mr. George Abraham wires "Heartly wishes for a jolly gathering, very sorry unable to join festivities through having damaged leg by falling down stairs, being unroped." (Laughter.)

I now have the pleasure of calling upon a distinguished Honorary Member of the Club, our friend Mr. Wm. Cecil Slingsby, to propose the toast of "Our Club."

MR. WM. CECIL SLINGSBY, who was greeted with loud applause, said :—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—(Laughter)—for if the ladies are not here corporally they are always in our thoughts—I have to confess that I appreciate from the bottom of my heart the great honour that you have given me in allowing me to propose this toast, a very great .toast indeed. But for the life of me I really do not know why I should have been called to do it except that I am getting to the stage of "Old Fogeydom." (Laughter). There is, however, amongst us to-night at least one "Minor." (Loud laughter.) That "Minor" (and forget not that a "Minor" is a person under 21 years of age, who may, for ought we know, still be when at home under the care of a nurse) led me a nice dance to-day on the Lancashire fells. He took me first up the Old Man, of course, by a wrong way, and suggested that we should allow ourselves to be blown by the strong south-west wind along the ridge, then over Wetherlam, and back home through Tilberthwaite Ghyll. I followed him with trembling and halting footsteps. To all intents and purposes the wind must have shortened the distance, for, whenever the suggestion was made to the "Minor" to turn eastwards, the reply invariably was, "We have not got far enough to turn yet." On and on we went until a rift in the clouds revealed the Wrynose Pass. Eventually we got down into Langdale. This proves what an advantage it is for an old fogey to take a "Minor" with him on the mountains. Yes, they are sure to land up *somewhere*.

In connection with the toast to be proposed, I assure you that no person present here this evening, however closely or remotely he is connected with this club, has its best interests more at heart than I have. In passing, however, I do not think that I am a member. If not, it is my great misfortune, but not my fault that I am not an ordinary working member, and solely because our late President would not allow me to be one, but said, "Oh! Slingsby is an honorary member." (Laughter.) This I considered to be an order, and as it came from a good quarter I naturally obeyed it, especially as it saves a subscription.

When I first received notice of the formation of the club and of its name, I said, "That is the club which is going to be a very great success." The success of the first Journal proves already the success of "The

Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District." I think the latter half of the title of the club a very important one indeed, and I am sure that all in this room will agree with me in the belief that the elimination of this latter half would be a source of weakness rather than of strength to us. (Hear, hear.)

The club was born a strong and sturdy babe ; it has had a very short childhood, a most successful youth, and has arrived at robust manhood at a very early age. I need only point to this large gathering to prove the marvellous success of the club. But how could it have been otherwise, when its fortunes have been so well directed as they have been ? In our *late* President—am I in order or am I not ?—I don't care whether I am or not ; but, if correct, it does seem to me that the term of one year for a President is too short ; he can hardly have got into his swing when he has to retire. There are other clubs which have a three years' term. (A Voice : TEN YEARS—laughter.) Well, I do know a person who was president of a kindred club for a term of ten years, but this was very bad form indeed, and the principle of so long a term is not worth the consideration of the Committee and members of this club for a single moment. I do not say that I don't want to see my old friend Mr. Seatree in the chair now, but I do say that I should be quite as well pleased to see Mr. Ashley Abraham before us, especially as Mr. Seatree has no intention of shuffling off this mortal coil for the next twenty-five years if he can help it, so he might have come on later. (Applause.)

After this long parenthesis, I'll hark back. [Under the guidance of so capable a master mariner our success was assured. In the person of Mr. A. Abraham we have had a consummate adept, not only in his great climbing capacities, but in his additions to mountain literature. Most of our libraries are enriched by his books, and I take this opportunity of heartily congratulating him. Surely, too, I ought to add that it is with the greatest pleasure that I congratulate the club in the possession of its new Vice-President, Mr. George Abraham. We all regret his absence from us this evening. Some folk say that tumbling downstairs means a wedding in the near future of the tumbler. In this case he is fortunately married already. A few weeks ago I was staying at a mountain inn near the highest mountains in Norway. Here I found two copies of George Abraham's book, "The Complete Mountaineer." The contents of which were being greedily absorbed by Norse mountaineers, one of whom, Mr. Rubenson, last year made the remarkable ascent of Kabru in the Himalayas. "The Complete Mountaineer" has become the mountaineering text book in that country.

Gentlemen, there are many points upon which we may congratulate ourselves in belonging to so great a club. I understand that in a few weeks time a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, of which I am a member, is going to bring forward a motion to restrict the number of members to two hundred.* I do not advise the Fell and Rock

*This motion was not passed.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON GREAT GABLE.

An account of the sad accident on the Eagle's Nest Ridge on the 27th September, 1909, is perhaps due to the members of our club, more especially as some very important facts are to be concluded from the events.

Whilst Thomas James Rennison was not a member of our club, he was known and esteemed by many of our members. He had been climbing for three years, and during that time had endeared himself to all who had the privilege of climbing with him. Especially was this so during the year of 1909, when he climbed more than usual, and his climbing friends had more opportunity of appreciating his kind-heartedness, his extreme generosity, his quiet courage and comradeship.

A keen sportsman, a clever musician, a good photographer, his loss will be felt by many members of our club. They will recall with sadness those happy days spent with him on our fells.

In climbing, his undoubted skill, his slow deliberateness, his trustworthiness inspired his followers with confidence. He had led many first-class climbs, and was keenly desirous of trying the Eagle's Nest Ridge direct and the North West Climb Pillar.

Once in Walker's Gully he was dissatisfied with his ascent of the top pitch, and asked to be lowered down it that he might try it again.

He knew the Eagle's Nest by repute, and had examined it from above. Keenly desirous of trying it, he, with two friends, ascended to the Napes on the 5th July, 1909, and when

Climbing Club to do the same, or else they will have to make rules not to take any more men on now. Indeed, one very great feature of our connection with this club is that sooner or later all Englishmen, all Scotchmen (laughter), and all Britons too, will come into this district and walk over the fells (I walked over them when I was nine years old, and that—well, I won't tell you what my age is now— was not yesterday), and they have not the pleasure of knowing the members of the club, but they will come across this journal, which ought to be at all the railway stations, and they will get a sort of knowledge they could not get from Baddeley or Black or any guide books. And if they have great luck—all climbers have great luck—(laughter) they will fall in with some members of this club, and be introduced to some of the climbs and shown how to climb them in a safe manner. I need hardly refer to a very sad accident that happened a short time ago on the Pillar Rock, where some very plucky young fellows (not members of our Club, by the way) came to a sad end through not knowing the ground.

This club—and not only this club but all other Mountaineering Clubs—thoroughly justifies its existence. I do not think that any intelligent man, woman or child has a shadow of a doubt but that all these clubs are doing good. They bring men who, perhaps, would otherwise be loafers to see the finest scenes in nature, and I think that the appreciation of the beautiful in nature is growing very rapidly in these islands of ours. (Hear, hear.) We are supposed not to be an artistic race, to be rather prosaic and sentimental. Don't believe it! It is not true. I know hard working men who appreciate the beauty of these fells in the Lake District quite as much as I do. I do not think that there is anybody in this room who appreciates them more. When we hear about the cheap trips to the Lake District we know that though many of the men who take advantage of them stop at public houses, there is surely a small percentage who, if they have the time, will get to the hills.

I say without fear of contradiction that there is no country on the Continent of Europe that can show such marvellous colouring as the English Lake District. I used to say that the North of Norway could beat it, but when I came across Colin Phillip and Norman Collie they brought me to a different conclusion. I had to take our friend Phillip up to Arctic Norway, and he said "Oh! those greens are too green." (Laughter). But at that time the ferns and grasses were of that very lovely green that shouts at you, just like the grasses and bracken do on these fell sides in August. But surely the colour we have to-day is a colour that no country on the Continent can show. In passing I may point out that there are some benighted folk who say that we mountaineers don't care a button for the grandeur of the mountains, but there are still Ananiases and Sapphiras and always will be. (Laughter.) I say that there is no body of men who appreciate the beautiful in nature more than mountaineers.

Well, gentlemen, with regard to the club at large. Our members

have been doing magnificent work. It would be invidious for me to attempt to pick out the names of those on our list, and I do not think it would be judicious of me, because I am rather doubtful. I do see Mr. Craig looking down upon the table, and I also see a North West Pillar Climber. I maintain that rock climbing was never better followed in times past than it is to-day by the members of this club. This club began from small beginnings. It has already become a great force, but it is only in its infancy, and I hope in a few years time we shall number our thousands ; that they will have a true love of the fells, that when they are climbing they will not run unnecessary risks, that in fact they will remember those they have left at home. (Hear, hear.)

I want to put this problem before you. Supposing there is a climb in this country where, if the leader should fall, he is bound to bring the party down. Is that climb justifiable ? If it be so, is it justifiable to climb without a rope ? I think it is worthy of your consideration whether a climb of this description should not be climbed without the rope. This is a serious question, and I have long ago come to the conclusion that even the leader does get a tangible support from the rope below him.

Our club has blossomed out into literature on a large scale, and I am sure you will all agree with me in congratulating Mr. Oppenheimer or "Oppy," as we call him, most heartily on his delightful addition to our Alpine life. Mr. Abraham will bear me out when I say that his photographs are works of art. The philosophy, art, geology, and mountaineering generally, treated there are first rate. I have already alluded to Abraham's books, but have we not here something in the nature of a club's monument ? I think you will agree with me that the greatest credit which it is possible for us to record, should be paid to the Editor and his Assistants, and to the writers of this book (the Club Journal). (Loud applause.) I go further, and I venture to suggest to capitalists that it would be a very good speculation to buy up the balance of these. A club like this very much depends on its journal. "The pen is mightier than the sword." The pen of the Editor of the Club Journal is as important as the actions of the President himself. (Hear, hear.) This work will live a long time. In this Club Journal there are some delightful references to the poets. I picked out one the other day, and I thought I would fire it off at this meeting :—

"Nature never did betray

The heart of him that loved her : 'tis her privilege,

Through all the years of this our life, to lead

From joy to joy."

We are not a prosaic company here, we are nature lovers of the very best type, and we do believe most firmly that nature is leading us, when we go on to those fells, "from joy to joy." The memory of our climbs in some cases is quite as enjoyable as the hours we spend on those climbs, and when we get to the "sere and yellow leaf"—I am pretty well approaching it now—we shall fight our battles over again

and draw from our memory and enjoy them almost as much as when we were actually encountering the difficulties. There is no sport worthy of the name of sport that is without some little bit of danger, and I would give but little for the sport where danger is absolutely eliminated. At the same time I think it is absolutely wicked to risk one's life knowingly.

Across the lake we have the home of dear old John Ruskin. I should like everyone present to read in that fourth volume of his two chapters, "The Mountain Gloom" and "The Mountain Glory." They deal with subjects that are very dear to us indeed. Ruskin says :—

"For myself, the mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery, in them and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead up to them my affections are wholly bound up."

I am sure, gentlemen, that our affections are wholly bound up in the mountains, the great mountains and the inferior scenery leading up to them.

Gentlemen, I have the greatest pleasure in proposing as a toast "The Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District," coupled with the name of Mr. Geo. Seatree, (Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE PRESIDENT in responding, said :

Mr. Slingsby and gentlemen, I feel very nervous about the "pitch" immediately in front of me. The hand-holds are not too good and the footholds are no better (laughter), but I feel reassured by the two stalwart shoulders which are available on my right and left. I have to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Slingsby in coupling my name with this toast and you all for the cordial manner in which you have responded to it. In another place I have already thanked you for doing me this honour, the distinction of electing me your President. I have sometimes wondered why such was your intention, for I never expected to become the President of a climbing club. I read recently in a book by Mr. F. W. Maitland—a charming book, the "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen,"—that "when English mountaineers are in search of a president their choice is likely to be determined by certain qualities of heart and head which are not always to be found in conjunction with the longest score of subjugated peaks." I freely admit it is not the number of peaks which gives me any claim to this honour, and I cannot quite find out what are the qualities of head and heart. If I have any claim to this position it is in the keen interest I have taken in the club since its formation, and in the fact that perhaps (as I think Mr. Matthews once said when he was made President of the Climbers' Club) "I may have acted in some sort of way as a link between some of the old and the younger generation of climbers." Now, gentlemen, Mr. Slingsby has delivered to you a very delightful address, and it occurred to me when he was speaking that there must be something wrong with this programme. Instead of Mr. Slingsby toasting this

club, and the humble individual, myself, addressing you, we ought to have been toasting Mr. Slingsby for his splendid achievements in mountaineering, and for the high position he holds in the mountaineering world. We might cover the whole of these walls from beginning to end with a scroll, and we should not finish his record. We might devote one of the walls to the Alps, another to Norway, a third to the homeland climbs, and the fourth to the pot-holes of Yorkshire. He once nearly went to the Himalayas and if he had gone there we should have required the ceiling as well. (Laughter.) However we are delighted to have him with us in such cordial support of our club. It is quite like him to come amongst us in this kind manner. Mr. Slingsby is a true mountaineer, and after all his roaming in nearly every part of the world, we know his heart is in Lakeland, "we know it is there." Perhaps I may be permitted a few words with regard to the formation of the club. I will be as brief as possible.

It was in this very room, not over two years ago, that in solemn conclave a few local climbers met together—I have been reminded that it was on the very spot on which Mr. Slingsby is now sitting from which the resolution to form a club was made—a curious coincidence. It was an historical occasion and we are mindful of those founders of the club, because if ever we should be commercially inclined, to them would belong the founders' shares (laughter), and not to either the late president or myself. The reception of the club was not unanimously favourable. Some said there were plenty of clubs already. We have had that argument urged by gentlemen whom we had every reason to expect would have supported a Lake District Climbing Club. Others urged that the Climbers' Club covered the ground. Now for an adequate and I think a full reply to these arguments, I simply refer you to the membership roll of the club as it stands to-day. (Hear, hear.) We have nothing but admiration, respect and gratitude for the immense services rendered to Lake District Climbing by members of the Alpine and Climbers' Clubs. (Hear, hear.) Let me remind you of the roll of honour of the men who have been mostly responsible for the exploration and pioneer work of the principal climbs of Lakeland. Haskett-Smith, Robinson, Slingsby, Hastings, Pilkington, the Bros. Hopkinson, Solly, Norman Collie, Collier, Glynne Jones, the Keswick Brothers, Botterill, Oppenheimer, Woodhouse and others. All or nearly all of these pioneers were members of the Climbers' Club. It is true many of the climbs were explored before the formation of the Climbers' Club, but at the same time we must still recognise that the men enumerated have been the chief factors in the annals of Lake District climbing, and that they have at one time or another belonged to the older clubs named.

The object of our committee then, I take it, is not to promote an antagonistic organisation but to form a useful auxiliary to those older clubs. (Hear, hear.) We are glad to have amongst us to-night the honoured Secretary of the Climbers' Club—Mr. Bryant. (Hear, hear, and applause.) No club could have a better secretary than Mr.

Bryant has been, and there is not a single member of the Climbers' Club who does not owe to Mr. Bryant his most affectionate and grateful regard. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Bryant is much too shrewd a business man not to agree with me that a club officered locally and with the majority of its members of committee residing within the district, has a better prospect of success than one with its head-quarters in a distant part of the country. If ever a mountaineering district by its compactness and homogeneity presented a suitable field for a climbing club of its own, I beg to submit it is the Lake District we love so well. (Hear, hear.) Reference has been made by Mr. Slingsby to the accidents which unfortunately have occurred this year within our borders. During the late season two fatalities, as you will remember, have occurred to mountain-ramblers, and two to rock-climbers. Our deep and heartfelt sympathy goes out to the friends of those four victims. The Blencathra fatality might have occurred anywhere, having probably been brought about by a fainting fit occurring to Mr. Weldon. The sad death of young Caine on the slope below the Napes Crags is perhaps a warning against solitary rambling amongst rocks by tourists. Most deplorable of all was the terrible accident on the Pillar Rock. It is hard to blame the dead, but if the brothers Sprules had only tempered their superb pluck with a little prudence, if they had been a little less reserved and given themselves the benefit of a few minutes conversation with Mr. Harland, who was staying at the Wasdale Hotel over the fatal week-end, their valuable lives might have been spared, and the fair fame of our glorious North Climb of the Pillar Rock remained unsullied by that much deplored tragedy. I hope and pray that one of the chief missions of this club will be the humane one of helping and guiding young climbers to the avoidance of such deplorable and damaging accidents in future. (Hear, hear.)

Climbing men of experience surely carry a distinct responsibility in this matter when staying at the climbing centres. Beginners may not, or cannot very well ask old climbers to be included in their party, but the old climbers may ask the beginners. (Hear, hear.) I know the difficulty of intruding on parties of old friends who wish to climb together, but our Club "Meets" ought to result in practical measures for the assistance of young climbers, or it will fail in one of its chief functions. Before leaving this painful subject, I will ask leave to read a few wise and telling words of warning uttered by the late C. E. Matthews on retiring from the Presidency of the Climbers' Club in 1900; those present familiar with the quotation will pardon me:—

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Matthews, "I am addressing you from this Chair for the last time, and I will tell you that there is no tone deep enough for regret and there is no voice loud enough for warning. Remember, you hill-climbers in England and Wales, that one thousand feet of difficult rock in Snowdonia or Cumberland require as much care and as much prudence and as much precaution as one thousand feet in the Alps. Remember that if these fatalities continue our craft cannot fail to be discredited

in all impartial eyes. I am speaking now not of one catastrophe, but of catastrophes in general. It may be that I am only a voice crying in the wilderness, but I implore you, the mountaineers of the future, to do nothing that can discredit our pursuit or bring down the ridicule of the undiscerning upon the noblest pastime in the world."

It is gratifying to call to mind that no accident has befallen any of our members since the formation of the club, but that is not quite sufficient. The guiding and helping influences of the club will, it is hoped, go far to rid the district of such calamities, for to disabuse the public of the impression that fell and rock-climbers are suicidal neck-breaking idiots—as climbing men are often termed—will be one of the chief objects.

Returning to a pleasanter theme, I may speak briefly about the future of our club. We are entitled to congratulate ourselves on its phenomenal success so far. As Mr. Slingsby has pointed out we are grateful for the assistance and kindly recognition of many of the leading mountaineers of the country in whose estimation, it is gratifying to note, we stand so well. Our financial position is sound, but I should like to see it stronger. As I once heard an old Cumberland farmer say "There's nowt like a lile bit of a reserve fund for a rainy day." We must also allow for the possibility of our having to pass through less prosperous times. We are fortunate in the possession of one of the best of secretaries and editors (hear, hear), and Mr. Scantlebury is surrounded by several able associates. Our organ is proving a decided success, and I think we may claim for the first two numbers of our journal that they deserve the credit that has been given them, and that its continuation will be beneficial. It is to be hoped that the members of our club outside the executive will do all they can to assist the editorship of this journal by voluntarily sending suitable contributions. The better the journal, the larger the circulation and the higher the standard at which it can be maintained, with better financial results. Speaking of the club journal reminds one of the enormous increase and improvement in the quality of the literature of the mountains. My earliest recollections of Lake District mountaineering literature are associated with the antiquated guide books by West, Robinson and Otley published between 1780 and 1844. A great and much prized improvement came with the publication of Jenkinson's "Practical Guide" in 1873, and "Prior's Pedestrian Guide," and then of course Baddeley's. But these were all rambler's guide books, and to those who hankered after short rock-routes up our mountains there was little or no assistance forthcoming, and no published guidance whatever. The publication of Mr. Williamson's article in "All the Year Round" in 1874 was a perfect Godsend. Ten years later we had Haskett-Smith's useful volume, followed six years afterwards by the standard work by Owen Glynne Jones. I am not touching upon the classic literature of the Lake District, which is perhaps amongst the richest in the land, nor to that wonderfully profuse supply of Lake District folk-lore and dialect publications. It is purely of mountaineering

literature that I speak, and this brings one to the contemplation of the very distinguished position in this section of the book-world attained by members of this club. I need only mention what Mr. Slingsby has done for Norwegian mountains in this respect, what Haskett-Smith has done for the British Isles, what Messrs. Abraham have done for the Lake District, North Wales, Skye and mountaineering generally, the books by Messrs. Benson and Palmer, and last of all Mr. Oppenheimer's classical work the "Heart of Lakeland"—an additional gem indeed. We recognise also the modern enriching which mountaineering literature has received from artists of the brush and camera. (Hear, hear.) We are honoured to-night with the presence of Mr. Colin B. Phillip, one of the most successful of all painters of mountain scenery. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.) With his exquisite art he combines a knowledge of our homeland mountains which is phenomenal. What Mr. Phillip does not know about our British and Irish mountains is not only not worth knowing, but probably never will be known. (Laughter.) Before leaving this topic, a tribute must be paid to our Ex-President and his brother, for the high water mark they have reached as exponents of that special branch of art—mountaineering photography. (Applause.) I sometimes think we do not sufficiently realise the splendid pictorial legacy which will be left to mountaineering posterity by Messrs. Abraham. Then there are such artistic members as the esteemed Treasurer (applause), Mr. Oppenheimer and many others who have been so successful in adorning the pages of our journal by depicting many of the well known scenes at our club meets. How many dull hours are brightened, and how great is the boon conferred by literature and art in mountaineering, no man can tell, but those of us whose lot is cast within the four walls of smoky cities have a very good idea of their benefits. (Hear, hear.) The periodical meets of the club promise to be a really useful feature in its life, and the committee hope that increasing numbers of the members will avail themselves of these pleasant occasions, and bring their friends with them. It is intended to establish, I believe, a small but useful and reliable library of mountaineering books, maps and views at each of the club's quarters at Wasdale, Langdale, Conistone, Buttermere and Borrowdale. This is an object which I am sure will commend itself to rock-climbers and rambles. A nucleus of books has already been collected. You will find a catalogue in the journal, and I feel sure I voice the views of the committee when I say that any generous impulse observable from any quarter to augment these libraries will not be subjected to any undue interference or hindrance. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) The committee desire to make the club a thoroughly useful one in every way, and cordially invite suggestions from members to assist them in rendering the club a practical organisation for the benefit of beginners, active cragsmen and veterans visiting the district.

I beg to remind you that we are a young club, and venture to suggest that,—whilst we endeavour to preserve our individuality, increase our numbers and influence,—we be not too aggressive in our attitude.

Let us govern ourselves as becometh our youth. Do not let us get a "swollen head," or we may be reminded that after all the fells of Cumberland and Westmorland are but a small speck on the topographical map of the world, compared with the vast mountain ranges of other lands. If there has to be rivalry I trust it will be of a friendly and fraternal character. Above all, let us bear in mind that we belong to a world-wide brotherhood of lovers of nature, a universal camaraderie of the mountains wherever they raise their majestic forms, all animated alike by the desire to foster a love for the sublime and beautiful in nature, whether we belong to this club or that, to this or any other land. In that spirit I believe the club has been founded; in that spirit I trust its operations will be continued throughout the years of its existence, which I hope will be many and beneficial. (Loud and continued applause.)

The toast "Kindred Clubs" was proposed by MR. A. P. ABRAHAM :

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I rise to propose the toast—"The Health, Prosperity and Success of the Kindred Clubs." Before proceeding with this very congenial task,—congenial, not because I feel myself in any way fitted to carry it through successfully, but because I have what we Cumbrians call a "soft spot" for these clubs. I would commend to you a notice which used to hang in one of the concert saloons in California, "Don't shoot the man at the piano, he's doing his best." (Laughter.) I should like to say, first of all, how glad we are as a club, and individually, to welcome those representatives of the kindred clubs who are with us to-night. This toast of the kindred clubs is one which I give with very great pleasure because they have been really the making of our own club; their attitude towards us has been one of the friendliest. Criticism there has been, we all know that quite well, but a very well-known man has said "Blessed is love, blessed is hatred, but thrice accursed is that muddy mess men call indifference." (Loud laughter.)

There has not been a story told yet, and I think I will tell one. A certain Lord of the Manor keeps one man on his place who is more or less half-witted, keeps him on doing odd jobs, for which he gets paid very little indeed. This man—whom we may call Jock for the sake of the narrative—was going to one of the local fairs, so he went to the cook, who gave him a mutton bone and a chunk of bread. He pocketed these and set off to the fair. Before he got there he sat down on a railing and "wired into" the bone and the bread.

Just then the Lord of the Manor came along, and exclaimed "Hello, Jock! it's a fine day!" Jock went on gnawing his bone. "Jock! I said it was a fine day!" but still Jock took no notice. The Lord of the Manor was a little irate. "Jock! I said it was a fine day!" Jock, still gnawing his bone, looked round and said, "Yes! you recognise a poor chap when he's gotten summat!" (Laughter.) That has not been the attitude of the kindred clubs; they have not waited till we have got our "bone," till we are a fairly big club, but they have

supported us, not only by criticism, but by advice and help in every way, and their members have flocked round us in a manner which would gladden the heart of any sportsman, and which we look for in mountaineers. Of these kindred clubs, the members who have supported us chiefly come in order of precedence, as the Climbers' Club, who have contributed more than any other, then possibly the Alpine Club, the Yorkshire Ramblers', the Rucksack Club, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and, in a smaller degree, other clubs too numerous to mention to-night.

I observe that in proposing a toast of any sort it is usual to sink all that is in any way derogatory and mention only those things which are good. To-night it is my intention to say what is good of these clubs, so far as I intend saying anything at all, because it could not be anything else. Starting at the beginning, it is rather presumptuous for a youngster of a little over a year old to say anything either flattering or otherwise about his grandmother (laughter), for that is very much the relation in which the Alpine Club stands to us to-night. It is the premier club, it goes without saying, and the one which has given birth to all the others. The older it has got the better its traditions have been upheld. At the end of fifty years it is more alive, is better managed, produces a better journal, and there is more enthusiasm than at any other time in its life. (Hear, hear.) Such a lot has been said about the Alpine Club that I feel I have said as much as a humble member of the community may do. I now pass on to Mr. G. A. Solly. (Applause.) In our club there will be a good few members to whom Mr. Solly has only been a name, and an exceedingly honoured name, because in all young climbers—it may be a vice or it may be a virtue—there is a desire to strive after things which they cannot climb, and Mr. Solly did some years ago two climbs which most of us could not attempt to scale. I refer to the direct ascent of the "Eagle's Nest Arête" and "The Hand Traverse" on the Pillar Rock.

Now, at the present time, it is quite a common thing, when a difficult climb is to be undertaken, for the party to go to the top and let a man down on the rope; and where a climb is of known great difficulty, it is my opinion that such ought to be done: if a climber leads up afterwards this does not detract from the merit of the performance. To add to Mr. Solly's performance I understand that Mr. Solly had never been down the Eagle's Nest before; it was climbed "off his own bat." I feel sure that all our young members will remember this dinner because they first saw Mr. Solly in the flesh.

The next club which I should like to refer to is—taking them in order of age—the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This is a club for which my own personal regard is very great indeed. It is a club which I look upon prominently as a useful club. They had 66 members at the Easter meet. That is the sort of meet we want. We think they are a splendid thing, these meets on the fells, and it is a splendid thing for the climbing fraternity that the Scottish club is a good and capable club because they have got a most wonderful land to exploit. The

Homeland is wonderful enough, goodness knows, but I don't know anywhere like the "Coolin" of Skye; they impressed me very much more than Switzerland ever did. It may be heresy to the members of the Alpine Club, but it is a fact.

And now we have come to an institution which is as well known and quite as much respected as the Scottish Mountaineering Club. I refer to Mr. Colin B. Phillip. (Loud applause.) Mr. Seatree has already made reference to Mr. Phillip's intimate knowledge of the fells of the British Isles, so I shall only say this:—I was in Mr. Phillip's rooms the other night, and he had a square of paper, about a yard in extent, on the table. I looked at it two or three times before I saw that it was a map of the English Lake District, but there was very little map showing. Mr. Phillip had put, through the years gone by, black lines on those tracks which he had followed on the fells, until almost the whole map was obliterated. The same thing, I know, pertains to Scotland.

After the Scottish Mountaineering Club—speaking only in the way of age—comes a club which has our warmest sympathy, and with which we feel most closely in contact, and that is the Climbers' Club. (Applause.) The Climbers' Club is the club upon which we modelled our own club in the first place. Had there been no Climbers' Club there would probably have been no Fell and Rock Climbing Club. I do not want for a moment to compare ourselves with the Climbers' Club, but we do consider ourselves as auxiliary to them. What the Climbers' Club have done in Wales, and what they are doing in the world, I hope we may do as a club in the English Lake District. Of course, it is impracticable that we can go very far afield, but I hope that we shall make it as much our own as the Climbers' Club have made Wales. In saying this, I do not lose sight of the tremendous amount they have done for the Lake District. In speaking of the Climbers' Club one hardly needs to mention the name of Mr. Bryant. (Loud applause.) One has felt that, all along, Mr. Bryant was the organiser—I am not sure whether the idea of the club did not originate in the brain of Mr. Bryant—he is the man who has made it what it is to-day.

After that comes the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. (Hear, hear.) Not only have the Yorkshire Ramblers done a lot of climbing, but they have specialised, they have gone in for what is not very euphoniously termed "Pot-Holing." I have not been down a pot-hole, so I don't know what the feelings of the speleologists may be. (Laughter.) It was at one time suggested that our motto should be "Look up, not down, look out, not in." If that is our motto, it would well fit the Yorkshire Ramblers if it were reversed. (Laughter.) And in the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club I come, naturally, to our friend, Mr. Slingsby. (Loud applause.) What is there I can say about him? It has been said by some of the most polished orators in the British Isles what Mr. Slingsby is—and still has fallen short, but I will repeat what probably is the most impressive thing said about him. Mr.

C. E. Matthews said "I propose the health of Mr. Slingsby, Slingsby is Slingsby—*voilà tout.*" (Cheers.)

And then that gallant band—The Rucksack Club. One of their most illustrious members, Mr. L. J. Oppenheimer, has just given us a most beautiful record of their chief undertakings, in his delightful book, just published, "The Heart of Lakeland." No doubt all present to-night have read that book, so there is no need for me to dilate further upon the Rucksack Club. Nor is it necessary for me to introduce to you, or say anything about, their representative here to-night—Mr. P. S. Minor. That he is "one of the best"—whether it be on the mountains or when conducting the evening soiree—is well known to all of us. (Loud cheers and applause.)

And the Derbyshire Pennine Club, the Cairngorm Club, and the others, we drink to them all.

One of our lady members has kindly put into my hand the toast of the Kindred Clubs written in verse, and if you will bear with me I should just like to read it. The writer has likened the kindred clubs to a garland of flowers:—

The kindred Clubs! What eloquent oration
Might hang on such a peg!
I'd fain invoke some modest muse to aid me,
Like Silas Wegg.

We'll wander forth to cull in friendship's garden
November's blossoms fair.
Unfaded they, though Autumn winds are sighing
And trees are bare!

Surely a choice bouquet is represented
Around our board to-night!
Edelweiss, heather, saxifrage, and roses
Both red and white!

The mother club has sent us G. A. Solly,
No flowers his coat adorn;
The Edelweiss, the Schweizer's loveliest blossom
HE should have worn.

Of what the Climbers' Club has done in Cambria,
We have not time to speak.
They've earned the right to sport a Welshman's emblem
The fragrant leek.

Yet be their sign to-night a flower from Tryfaen
To wind and storms defiant,
A saxifrage might fitly deck the raiment
Of G. B. Bryant.

The S.M.C. are cannie Hieland laddies
Baith braw and guid to see;
The climbs they've done or ever mean to tackle
Are all A. P.

The heather is our genial Colin Phillip,
 And pray forgive our foolin'
 If we suggest that he should be rechristened
 And this time Coolin !

The Yorkshire Ramblers, cave explorers, climbers
 (We're never quite sure which)
 Wear as their oriflamme a sweet white rosebud,
 No flea or flitch !

They send an honoured guest in Cecil Slingsby
 Who's seen the Midnight Sun,
 And climbed Tind stolkyar lemming shuysgut ingsby
 (Oh fearsome one !)

The Rucksack Club shall wear to-night as token
 A red and royal rose,
 They're all good climbers, first-rate men, and Minor
 Is one of those.

Whate'er their name or badge we give them greeting
 And welcome to our feast ;
 Ourselves the last-formed mountaineer battalion,
 But not the least.

May they and we increase our growing numbers
 And still in friendship meet
 On fells and rocks, and where our annual dinners
 We cheerful eat !

We'll leave no peak unscaled or rock unnailed
 In either hemisphere,
 Yet will we strive to keep from misadventure
 Our records clear.

And when our eyes are dim, our joints rheumatic,
 And active climbs are o'er,
 Beside the fire with memory we'll revisit
 Old haunts once more.

So here's the toast, with clinking glasses drink it,
 (No sportsman could be loth)
 "The Kindred Clubs and those who represent them !
 Here's luck to both !"

MR. COLIN B. PHILLIP responding for the " Kindred Clubs," said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen. I do not know whether you will be glad to have heard me when I have finished, because my views at the present moment are rather in the condition in which your mountains were when they were originally created, that is, in a state of chaos. (Laughter.)

There was an American on the top of Ben Lomond, and he was being shown the geological formation and the way the "schist" came here

and there, and he remarked "Wal, I guess I should like to have seen these mountains kicking about in chaos." (Laughter.) You see now, an unfortunate member of a kindred club kicking about in equal chaos.

The Scottish Club is proud to own kinship with you. In a sense we are your pupils because rock-climbing in the British Isles was born in the Lake District, and most of the distinguished climbers have had their baptism in your district. If you carry your minds back you will remember what has been said this evening by better speakers than myself about the distinguished names connected with Lakeland. We have had to come down to England for a good many of our best climbers, but that is not a reflection on ourselves considering the population of Scotland is small though the hills are many. I am also a devout lover of your local fells, and there is hardly a year passes, when in coming from the north, in which I do not stop to see these beautiful hills of yours; they are quite as good as ours though in a different way. As a climber's country it is probably the finest in the British Isles, especially at this time of the year when it is not the tourists' season. When that is on in Scotland, we have trouble with them getting into our deer forests, and they are a great bother to climbers. We have had a considerable discussion in Scotland as to the access to mountains. When I was a lad and there was no Scottish Mountaineering Club, a climber was looked upon as a real nuisance—"Oh bother these fellows coming here and disturbing the deer." Since our Scottish club has been started a great deal of that sort of talk has disappeared, and there is a desire on the part of deer forest proprietors to meet climbers half way, which is appreciated by the climbers in Scotland. Happily the finest hills we have, the Coolin of Skye, are not debarred, for anyone coming up at any time of the year, can pursue their climbing to their heart's content, and it is second to none in the country.

Well, the speakers that have gone before me have been too good. They have said too much about me. They have exaggerated my powers of painting, and certainly my powers of walking. The late distinguished headmaster of Loretto divided the Scottish Mountaineering Club into two sections: these are the "Ultramontane" or rock-climbers, and the "Salvationists" or the hill walkers. I am only a "Salvationist." (Laughter.) In my young days I began climbing very early in Scotland, and that is when I learned to love the mountains. When we saw a rock we said—"Oh this thing is inaccessible," and we walked round the other way. It is quite extraordinary to cast one's mind back to the history of climbing in Scotland and see the great changes which have occurred. When your pioneers were climbing the Pillar Rock no one in Scotland ever dreamed of trying to climb a rock at all. The only craggy mountain that anybody thought of going up was Sgurr-nan-Gillean, and that was done with a guide by the easy route. The Coolin have now been climbed in great measure, although there are a great many detailed climbs still left to be achieved. The Glencoe Mountains have been climbed, also those round about Ben Nevis.

I always feel a little sick and sorry when I hear people comparing the mountains of one country unfavourably with another. I have had quite as much pleasure when I have stood on the plateau above Armboth Fell and swept my eye around Helvellyn, Blencathra and Skiddaw as I ever had anywhere, and I certainly hope that the Fell and Rock Climbing Club will never desert their grand old Lakeland, for many of its scenes are amongst the finest bits of country that I know anywhere. I have to thank you for the very cordial way in which you have drunk the toast of my health, coupled with that of the Scottish Mountaineering Club.

MR. G. B. BRYANT, responding for the toast "Kindred Clubs," said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen: When my committee received our invitation and entrusted me to send a representative to your dinner, I promptly formed myself into a sub-committee and unanimously decided that the best man to come was myself. (Hear, hear.)

I have to thank you most sincerely on behalf of my club for the extremely kind way in which every reference to it, especially the generous words of your President, have been received by this room. The Climbers' Club was formed in 1898 and at the time there existed senior to it, not only the Scottish Mountaineering Club, but the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. Still, for the Climbers' Club there was a large amount of unoccupied territory, and in the present day I believe it is the custom everywhere to lose no time in taking unoccupied territory, and in doing that, we very soon added to our numbers a great many men whose principal climbing had been in the Lake Country, and amongst those, some of our very best. To that extent I think I may still lay claim on behalf of my club to an interest, which is not entirely in the past, in this most lovely country, from a mountaineering point of view.

Well, as an official of my club, I must confess to having taken a great deal of interest in the details of your formation. (Hear, hear.)

For some time that would be properly described as an interest, to-night I think it is no exaggeration to say that it is an admiration. From the beginning there was evidence of the greatest energy, and to-night I may say that there is evidence of an unsurpassed success. We have found in the Climbers' Club that one of our hardest nuts to crack has been the journal. I think you have cracked it. Your first and your second journals must be very difficult to improve upon. (Hear, hear.) They are valuable additions to mountaineering literature. (Hear, hear.) I should like to most heartily congratulate Mr. Scantlebury. There have been secretaries before him (poor things in their way) but he is the first I have ever met who was Secretary and Editor in one. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.) In my club it takes two men to make a Secretary, and three to make an Editor.

I have been very glad in responding to this toast to follow Mr. Colin Phillip, the representative of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, to which we in our turn owe a great deal. We have to thank them for our President, Mr. R. A. Robertson.

To the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club we are indebted for Mr. Slingsby, our last President, called by some irreverent scribe "a bearded cherub born with wings." I think this quotation comes from Young's "Night Thoughts."

Of all these clubs, each has its sphere and its individual character. It appears to me both right and proper that this should be the very first thing the club should seek to preserve, but it may perhaps be just possible that whilst the individuality of every club is its first concern, yet there can be no reason why they should not keep in touch with one another by an annual dinner, in which all the clubs should take a part.

It is surely absurd that such an idea should enter any man's mind as rivalry or competition, or jealousy of any club, whatever be its age or priority over any other. (Hear, hear.) The objects of the club I represent to-night, were very simple; they were to encourage mountaineering and to constitute a bond of union amongst lovers of the mountains. That principle seems to me to involve the formation of more clubs, so that no district, especially one like this, should not be represented by a mountaineering club. That is to encourage mountaineering, and to increase the hope of a bond of union amongst mountaineers. However fast the clubs may grow, it is the raw material that counts, and if the climbers' clubs now are more numerous, they are probably less in proportion to the number of climbers than they were.

I well remember being struck with a little surprise when I first heard Mr. Mathews speak of climbing as "a noble sport." I had hardly, till then, realised it in that way, but still, if you come to remember that whilst other sports require combination, discipline and subjugation of the individual to his sport, a fine training of muscle and of nerve, and a spirit of comradeship, yet on each of these points mountain climbing may claim at least an equality.

But on the last, comradeship in climbing must strike a deeper root and bear a more lasting character. For there is a step, defined by Meredith I think, as "the step from what we are to what we shall be," and it may well happen to any of us to know a moment when it is due only to a good comrade that such a step is not taken.

So that if climbing brings us all this, as it undoubtedly does, then there is good work for such a club as yours. It is the heritage of the mountaineer to find an escape from the physical and moral attrition of his working life in the hallowed atmosphere of the mountains, there if he is worthy, to gain some understanding of Carlyle's great words that "Nature is his mother and Divine." (Applause.)

Mr. G. A. SOLLY, in proposing the toast of "The Visitors," said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen, before proposing the toast which has been entrusted to me, I should like to say one word of personal explanation. This is the first time I have had the chance of attending a meeting of this club. I had the opportunity of coming to-night

as the representative of another club in which I happen to hold office, but a year ago you did me the honour of electing me an Honorary Member, so I thought that the best thing I could do was to put myself in connection with the club as soon as possible (applause), and here I am proposing a toast as one of your own members.

It is the custom of all new clubs and all young climbers, if they can, to break up new ground on the mountains, to try some new ascent, or to explore a district which has not been explored, but I find that a new club in other ways follows the old and beaten track. When the summer days are over, and the long evenings are with us, the members gather together for its dinners, etc., and good "meets" they are too, and now at rather a late hour and towards the end of the list I have to submit the toast of "Our Visitors." There is nothing I am going to say that would interest modern daily newspapers. I am not going to give the characters and the past history of any of your guests. Some of them I know too well, others I don't really know. (Laughter.) I have been looking round the board, and as far as I can make out most of the guests have already had their healths drunk as members of Kindred Clubs. There was one who was really, I thought, a bona-fide guest, but I found he was wearing on his watch chain a gold medal won for hill climbing—on a motor car! I don't know whether that is appropriate or not to this club. (Laughter.) At a dinner like this where we are most of us comrades on the hills, or have been, or hope to be, we do like to see our friends around us, and in the spirit of the remarks of Mr. Bryant it is because we cannot exist for ourselves alone. We follow what we believe to be one of the noblest of sports, not a sport of selfishness, it is a pure sport. We wish that it may lead others to go where we have gone, in spirit, if they cannot go in bodily form, and that others may know that we are trying to make ourselves fitter men, not only in body but in heart and spirit as well, and so in a small measure to help forward the progress of the race. This ideal is at the bottom of all these climbing clubs. It is a good thing to draw men to the fresh air of the hills, and to stimulate in them feelings of comradeship and mutual dependence upon one another. Nothing that I have ever known brings the feeling of companionship closer and more present to your mind than the tug of the rope in a wind or on a difficult pitch.

With regard to several clubs actually represented here by members present, they are, as we have heard, all strong clubs doing their duty in different ways. I have only one piece of news which I should like to give you. I cannot absolutely vouch for its authority, it has not been in the "Daily Mail" yet, but it is just as true as if it had. (Loud laughter.) It is that the Yorkshire Ramblers, who follow the pot-holing variety of climbing so much, are going to elect a very distinguished person as an honorary member. He has performed the greatest feat of "climbing down" known to history—I refer to the Emperor William. (Loud laughter.) But to come to other matters. I value these hills for what they have been to me. I believe it is thirty years since I

was at Coniston, and I am glad to have come back again. I had really no idea until to-day how grand these hills are. I walked up with Mrs. Solly and some friends to-day, and we had in the wind and rain really a splendid day. Such a walk as that was worth something in what it teaches one of the beauty of our English hills. As we mounted by the path behind this hotel we saw first the autumn tints on the foliage around us, then higher up we had the slopes of the hill-sides with their ever-changing colours of green and brown, and these in their turn led up to the cloud-covered tops in their gloom, with the suggestion of the glory beyond. I ask you to go to the hills in the same spirit of admiration and reverence. You will find there freedom, "for of old sat freedom on the heights." As Tennyson, one of the greatest lovers of nature has said—"It is not freedom from small things only, but it is freedom from all sorts of worry and all strife, from all that is tainted with selfish passions, or with any undesirable or impure thoughts." As one goes up one breathes the fresher air and is the better for it, and one finds "the bodiless thought, the spirit of each spot." We go there to seek what is in the hills, not to look at them from the outside. Wordsworth writes as if he were part of the hills; other poets always seem to me as if they were looking at them and were not of them, but Wordsworth seemed to get more at the soul of the hills. Perhaps Ruskin, who lies buried here in Coniston, followed that line more closely than any other writer, although it is commoner now as the hills are better known. I think these thoughts have come from him, how in the first instance as men thought of the tops of the hills, they mostly associated them with the religious idea of the abode of spirits. Following on from the old days of the Greeks who worshipped the gods of the heights, our forefathers found in the hills either something to worship or something to dread. But now Ruskin has taught us to get to nature and to see the beauty even in the sterner part of the hills. The lower part of the hills you do not pass over, you know that it gives you strength. Just as the tops give the enthusiasm, the lower part gives the help and the strength of character that bear you through life. But I am rather afraid I am passing away from my toast. We welcome the visitors at all these gatherings; we give them to-night one and all a hearty welcome; we hope they will qualify for this or some other mountain club, and as time goes on they will perhaps be here to respond as members. I am asked to couple the name of a gentleman with this toast, who can, I believe, give us an excellent song and an excellent speech—Mr. Minor; he represents the Rucksack Club, and I will ask you to drink his health with enthusiasm.

Mr. PHILIP S. MINOR responded to the toast of "The Visitors," and in the absence of Mr. G. F. WOODHOUSE, Mr. BISHOP proposed the health of "The President."

The proceedings were characterised by great heartiness, and were enlivened by excellent musical items given very ably

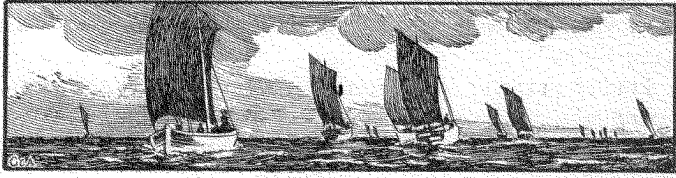
by Messrs. Buckley, Abraham and Leighton; the very enthusiastic gathering terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sunday morning broke amidst wild gusts and showers of heavy rain. After the house party had been photographed, a start was made for Goats Water and Doe Craggs across the gale-swept slopes of Coniston Old Man. On nearing the tarn the wind blew down the wild "corrie" with tremendous velocity, lifting vast sheets of water from the tarn hundreds of feet into the air, and almost carrying pedestrians off their feet. Some of the party sought shelter behind the crags or in quarries and were ultimately driven back to the Hotel. The hardier and keener spirits braved the tempest and climbed one or other of the fine gullies on Doe Craggs or the neighbouring heights. In the evening service at the church was attended by several, whilst others had to undertake their homeward journey to the South and Kendal. A few lingered on until Monday, and were rewarded by magnificent weather either for their visits to Doe Craggs, the beautiful Tilberthwaite Gorge, or their journey home.



What Nature makes in any mood
To me is warranted for good.

Lowell.



THE CLUB MEETS.

“How at their mention memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant.”

Yes, many of us will look back to the club meets with pleasant recollections, with memories of many a jolly day's rambling or climbing with congenial companions, and of the evenings spent together after the exertions of the day—“when the do-you-remembers come thickly and fast.”

The meets have proved a great boon to many of our south-country members; for by arranging their periodical trips to the district to coincide with one of our week-end meets they can be sure of securing suitable companions for a day's fell-rambling or rock-climbing, and, be they novices to rock-climbing, they are sure of finding some fellow members who are ready and willing to initiate them into the sport.



Ten club meets have been held since the publication of our last journal. The first was at **Coniston**, when the General Meeting and Annual Dinner were held: particulars of this meet are given with the Dinner Report.



The second meet was held at Christmas time; **Wasdale Head** being the appointed meeting place.

The gathering of climbing people was a record one in point of numbers. During the earlier period the hotel was occupied by a large party from the South and Yorkshire, including Messrs. Winthorp Young, W. Cecil Slingsby, Trevelyan and

friends, who made the old dale-head hum with their strenuous climbing days and jovial evenings. The severity of the weather in the last week of the old year—when the district was held fast in the grip of a real old fashioned snowstorm—afforded the worthy southerners a taste of true Cumberland winter weather which, however, rendered climbing operations difficult, if not impossible.

Unfortunately for those members of our club who arrived for the New Year week-end, expecting a continuance of wintry conditions, a rapid thaw set in two days previously, and the storm was followed by several days of mild, damp, spring-like weather.

New Year's Eve found the hotel full to overflowing, most of the London party still lingering from Christmas, and the arrival of strong contingents of Alpine, Climbers, Yorkshire Ramblers, Rucksack, Pennine and our own clubmen gave the gathering a more than usually representative character. Altogether during the Christmas and New Year holidays about one hundred climbers visited Wasdale Head. The members of our club who attended were :—George Seatree (President), George Abraham (V.P.), Ashley Abraham, Guy Barlow, Alan Craig, A. E. Field, H. B. Gibson, S. F. Jeffcoat, H. B. Lyon, G. F. McCleary, C. H. Oliverson, W. B. Brunskill, L. J. Oppenheimer, Andrew Thomson, G. R. West, D. Bishop, P. S. Minor, W. G. Pearson, G. Bartrum, Wm. Cecil Slingsby, J. R. Whiting, Geof. Hastings, L. G. Shadbott, G. S. Sansom, A. R. Thomson, Miss Plues and Miss A. E. Seatree.

On New Year's Eve, the time honoured parting with the old year and festive welcome to the new one were duly celebrated by the inevitable "fives" tournament on the billiard (?) table, and an impromptu concert interspersed with many cordial expressions of goodwill, and accompanied by the usual fraternal convivialities.

New Year's Day was mild, damp and misty amongst the crags. Climbers, like the weather, were a bit "slack," although a few of the more energetic essayed some of the nearer climbs. In the evening there were "fives" matches, bridge and music. The following day brought a clearance in the weather and a disappearance of all slackness. There was a great gathering at the Pillar Rock, numerous parties being

formed for the negotiation of most of the popular courses. The great old bastion was never seen so busy by many of the older climbers. The North Climb, the West Climb, the Jordan Climbs, Pendlebury's Traverse, the Slab and Notch, the Old Wall and the Shamrock Gully all being well patronised. It is estimated that not less than thirty or forty climbers reached the summit of the old "Pillar Stone" on that day. Great Gable and Scawfell also had their loyal adherents.

In the evening a successful and first rate farewell concert was organised in the hotel dining-room. The President of our club occupied the chair and put forth his best efforts to make the evening "go." So did Mr. Philip Minor, who was in fine form, and Miss Plues (vocalist), and Miss Seatree (pianist) added greatly to the artistic charm of the evening, as did the three brothers Abraham, and Messrs. Oliverson, Lyon, Ewing, Wildboar and Jeffcoat. The recitations by Mr. Field were better than ever, and were much appreciated. There were eloquent speeches by Dr. Collier and Dr. McCleary. The brilliant execution of the latter gentleman, and of Mr. Bishop in their pianoforte solos, fairly brought down the house. Last of all poor Andrew Thomson, who alas, will never be heard again, was forced up to sing his one inimitable song "Slattery's Light Dragoons."

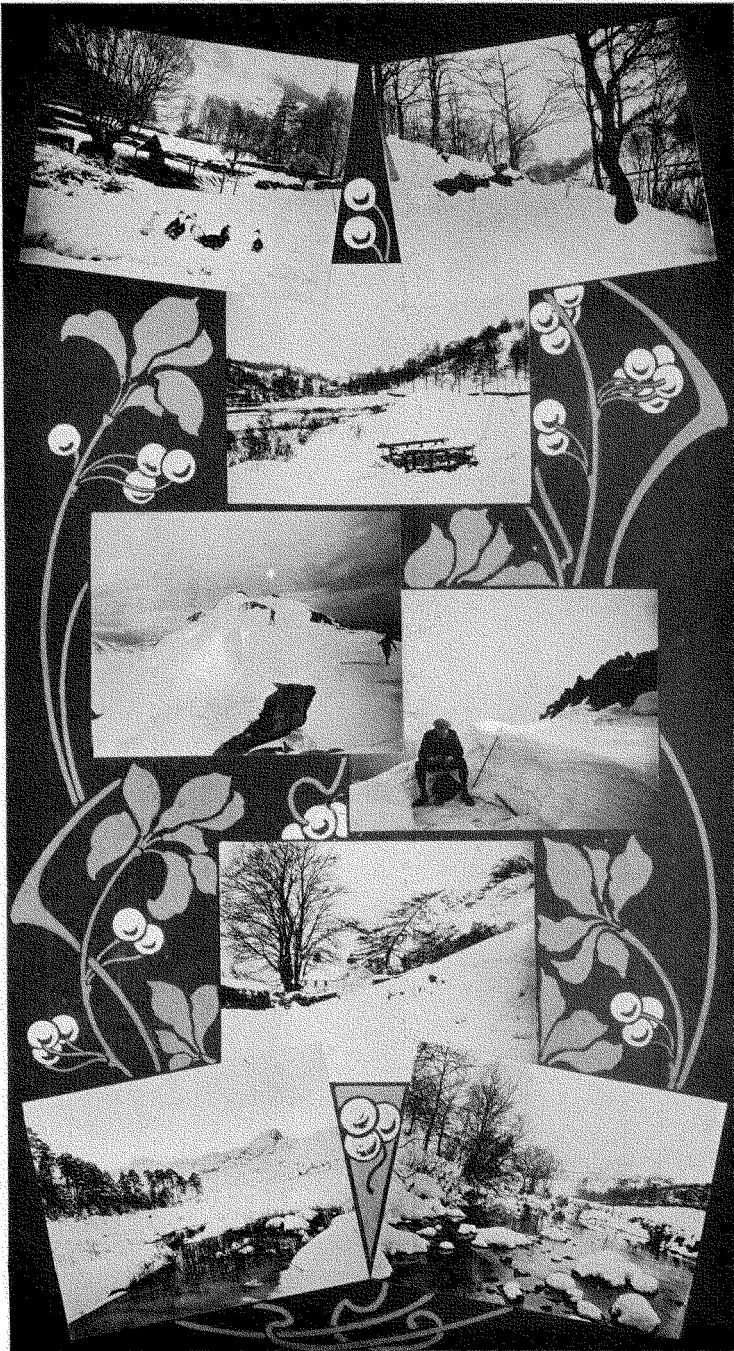
The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close an evening which the Chairman said reminded him of a real old Cumberland "Merry Neet."

Next day brought the inevitable partings and drizzling rain.



The first **Coniston** meet held early in February was not favoured with good weather. The Sunday was spent at Colonel Crag and another small crag overhanging Levers Water. A new climb on the latter was successfully tackled by H. B. Lyon, W. Brunskill, S. H. Gordon and W. A. Bowdler. This is an arête with fifteen feet of difficult work at start, and is a climb worth going to for anyone wanting a short day from Coniston. After half an hour's walk to Levers Water the Crag will be plainly seen on the right of the tarn (due east from the centre of the tarn).

The first Langdale meet, early in March, was not a great



Photos

E. Scantlebury.

SOME SNOW SCENES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST LANGDALE MEET,
MARCH 6TH—7TH, 1909.

success in point of numbers—but was thoroughly enjoyed by the only three members who managed to make their way there through the two or three feet of snow which lay on the roads. It took them the whole of Saturday afternoon to walk from Coniston to Middlefell Tarn. During the night another four inches of snow fell and the party made their way back to Coniston, after taking the whole day over the seven miles walk through soft snow across the fells.



Easter was spent at **Wasdale Head**. The following account of the doings is taken from our Climbing Book.

“The weather at Easter was good in parts. The early birds revelled in warm sunshine on Friday and Saturday but the unlucky wights, such as the writer of these notes, who did not get to work till Sunday, had little but cold and wet rocks for their portion.”

“Of the doings on Friday and Saturday little seems to be known, and concerning them only fragmentary entries on stray half-sheets of note paper have come to the writer's notice. It is said that the Napes were crowded, and there are rumours of exciting scenes on the Dress Circle and the Needle. But the details of these occurrences are so extraordinary that we hesitate to give them permanent record on mere hearsay evidence.”

“The steady downpour on Sunday struck terror to all but the stoutest hearts, and only one expedition is reported. This was undertaken by a strong party of two, the *elite* of Kendal and Windermere; advancing up Brown Tongue they made a gallant attack on Scawfell Crag and only just failed to effect an entrance to Steep Ghyll. The account of their daring deed was confirmed by some scramblers—who discovered their traces a few days later in the course of an ascent of the Pinnacle by Slingsby's Chimney.”

“On Monday we hear of a novice, who has lately joined the club, assisting up the Arrowhead Ridge two others, experts in their own esteem, who had got into difficulties at the shoulder.”

“On Tuesday, as usually happens, there was a general *saufé qui peut*, and something better than standing room could be had in the smoke room. Amongst those left was Mr. A. E. Field, who lingered on with two young men whom he was diverting with mathematical and other pursuits. We hear that the mechanical principles of the resistance of solid bodies and the elasticity of strings formed a prominent feature of the course of study. That there was a wise and judicious combination of theory and practice effected the following brief summary—which Mr. Field has kindly supplied—of the experimental work undertaken will show:—Central Gully, Gable Crag (direct finish); Central Gully, Great End (chimney finish); Deep Ghyll and Professor's Chimney;

Seawfell Pinnacle (easy route); Bottle-Shaped Pinnacle Ridge Needle Ridge (descent); Pillar Rock; North Climb, Central Jordan Pendlebury Traverse, Pisgah (direct), and Kern Knotts Chimney."

"Hard by the School House a caravan was a conspicuous feature of the landscape for several weeks before the holidays, and about Easter Sunday a tent came into being in the woods. There they still linger, and it is not known whether exigencies of finance or an ardent desire for simplicity of life, have impelled their occupants to this retired mode of life. Mr. H. A. Holl with a large party arrived about the middle of the week after Easter. No details are at hand of their expeditions, but we hear that few of the happy hunting grounds were left unvisited."

Mr. F. W. Sanderson and Mr. R. B. Sanderson arrived on April 14th and stayed until April 22nd. On Tuesday, April 20th, F. W. Sanderson achieved the ambition of a lifetime by ascending the New West Climb on the Pillar Rock. On the evening of the same day he celebrated the event by becoming a member of the Fell and Rock Club."

"A notable feature of the meet was the discovery of a new climb on the Napes. The route is up a ridge which forms a buttress to the Eagle's Nest Ridge on the west side. The name Abbey Ridge has been given to the new climb by its discoverer, Mr. F. Botterill. The following list shows that the early ascents are associated chiefly with the names of members of this club.

1st ascent—Messrs F. Botterill and H. Hazard.

2nd ascent—Messrs. H. B. Gibson, F. Botterill, F. W. Sanderson and R. B. Sanderson.

3rd ascent—Messrs. H. B. Gibson and G. L. Stewart."

On the Pillar Rock explorations have also been conducted. On May 6th Messrs. H. B. Gibson and W. B. Brunskill succeeded in finding two new routes to the summit of the Pillar Rock on the west side of the Jordan. On the 8th of May Mr. F. Botterill made a new exit from the 'Great Pitch,' Shamrock Gully; and on the same day H. B. Gibson and W. B. Brunskill found a way up the right wall of the Shamrock Gully, directly above the Great Pitch, which gives one hundred feet of very fine climbing and forms an excellent finish to the gully climb."

"Other notable ascents have been the Great Gully of the Screes, the North West Climb on the Pillar and Kern Knotts Crack."

On Saturday April 17th, rumours of the discovery of a rich vein of gold in the Central Gully, Great End, brought the President post haste from Liverpool. The evening was spent in the caravan arranging tackle and discussing the best modes of operation. At a late hour the party adjourned to the hotel with the result that, before retiring for the night, the President accepted an invitation to breakfast at the tent. Wiser counsels may have assailed him in the morning, but he is a man of his word and duly turned up at nine o'clock. His hosts—who included a well-known dietist from Windermere—being obviously in

difficulties with the porridge pot when he arrived. The President with ever ready tact, hovered about in the offing, affecting much interest in the scenery till he saw that matters were more ship-shape. Few details of that meal have come to light. The President strongly denies that he ordered breakfast on his return to the hotel. His hosts assert that he disclosed a preference for burnt porridge and even asked for a second helping! When pressed closely on the subject a look of terror came into the President's eyes, but he goes so far as to say that he would risk the experience again for the sake of witnessing the weird and unique gastronomic feats which were performed for his edification. Later in the day a strong party headed by the President, wended its way up the Sty Head track and eventually reached the Central Gully, having lost two of its members at Kern Knotts Crack. Little is known of the day's work, but we can hear of nothing more valuable being discovered than a pair of spectacles. Indeed, in spite of the fact that a piece of gold of the value of twenty shillings was discovered by an earlier explorer, there is good reason for supposing that the ground was "salted."

"Mr. G. L. Stewart arrived at the hotel on April 24th and stayed a week. He was accompanied by Mr. A. E. Andrews. Two weary campers, who undertook to show him the good things of the district can testify to his great zeal and enthusiasm and to the soundness of his wind and limbs."



A second meet was held at Coniston on May 1st and 2nd, twelve members being present. Doe Crag's buttresses were the scene of action. There is an entry in our Coniston Book for May 16th, which is worth recording.

"Darwin Leighton, S. H. Gordon, and Alan Craig—Easter Gully by 1st pitch; 2nd pitch left hand crack to large platform, and finished by last forty feet of right hand crack.—Four and a half hours of it and every second full of glorious life."



A goodly number of members and friends attended the **Borrowdale** meet at Whitsuntide, and Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Jopson, of Thorneythwaite Farm, the charmingly situated club quarters, were as assiduous and successful as ever in catering for the comfort of their guests. The President and Mr. Howard journeyed from Liverpool on the Saturday, and were followed later in the day by Messrs. Theo. Browne, President of the Wayfarers' Club, and Mr. Davidson—whom the members present were glad to welcome as their visitors for the week-end.

By evening Messrs. Craig, Lyon, Thorpe, Leighton, Gregson and Downie had arrived from Ulverston, Kendal and Barrow, also Messrs. Woodsend, Travel, Boden, and Duncalf from the South.

An arrangement had been made for joining forces at the Pillar Rock with Mr. Fred Botterill and a party of friends from Wasdale Head on the Sunday. An early start was made from Borrowdale by almost the entire house party, who tramped up the Honister Road, over by Drum House, across the slopes of Brandreth, and the head of Ennerdale Valley, up Black Sail Pass and thence by the High Level Traverse to "Robinson's Cairn," the appointed rendezvous. The weather was delightful and the glorious mountain ramble, with its exquisite views, was keenly enjoyed.

The Borrowdale party were first at the Cairn, and soon after luncheon, Messrs. Botterill, Williamson and Gibson, accompanied by Miss Wright and Miss Seatree, arrived from Wasdale. The President of the Wayfarers' Club, whose first visit it was, took to the crags like the proverbial duck to water, and in due time was safely welcomed into the select order of Pillarites, having been led to the top of the rock over the Slab and Notch route. Two parties ascended the New West route.

Our President has spoken in warm terms of the pleasure he derived from this climb, occurring as it did just thirty-five years after one of his earliest pioneer ascents by the Old West route in 1874, when he and his friend gazed wistfully at the grand precipitous western face of the rock and sadly decided it was not for them.

When the New West party reached the summit, the President of the Wayfarers' Club had just been installed, and there was much hand-shaking. It may be mentioned that on the same day another party on the rock accomplished more significant work: Messrs. Aldus, Horsley and Boyd climbed the New North West, and descended by the North West, after which the two former gentlemen successfully negotiated Walker's Gully, the three climbs forming perhaps the finest single day's sport ever achieved on this grand old crag.

The day kept exceptionally fine for the Pillar Mountain, the clearness of the atmosphere affording magnificent views of the near crags, distant fells and the lowlands. The return

journey was over the same route. The two parties bade farewell at Lookingstead. By the time Honister Pass was reached by the Borrowdale section the weather had broken and rain was falling heavily. Signs of weariness were observable in the ranks of the older travellers. Grumpy mutterings were heard about a nearer base being desirable for Pillar Rock operations than Borrowdale. That was outside in the rain and darkness, but once within the cosy kitchen-dining room at Thornythwaite, after an excellent, though late dinner, all the discomforts were forgotten, and over the last smoke the members of the party were vying with each other in praise and appreciation of a great day's outing.

On Whit Monday it rained in torrents and climbing was voted as out of the question by most of the party. The Liverpool and Ulverston contingent—with the exception of Mr. Davidson, who had gone to Wasdale—drove to Keswick. In the afternoon, the weather having cleared, a boating excursion on Derwentwater was decided upon, and the row on the lake proved a delightful prelude to the crowded train journey home. The remainder of the party spent Monday afternoon in Coombe Ghyll, and explored the curious underground passages on Dove's Nest Crag.

The **Patterdale** meet, held on September 4th and 5th, was in the nature of an experiment, but not a very successful one judging from a letter received from one of the members present who was applied to for particulars. He writes :—
“ The less said about the Patterdale meet the better ! ”



The Autumn meet of the club in **Langdale** was anticipated with a good deal of interest, that well known climbing centre being very popular with local members. Alas ! the weather was in its unkindest mood and the gathering suffered numerically in consequence.

The new Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, recently renovated and refurnished by Mr. Cowperthwaite, of the Prince of Wales Hotel, Grasmere, was chosen as the headquarters for the weekend, and the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Baylis, the manager and

manageress, to cater and entertain the visitors comfortably, were much appreciated.

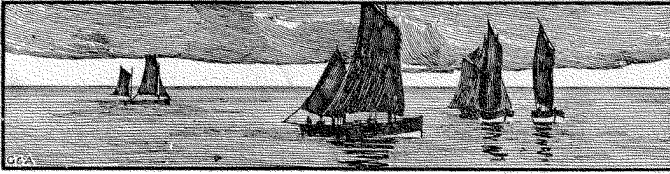
The Hon. Secretary and Editor, with the Hon. Treasurer of the Club, were the first arrivals, having cycled from Ulverston. The ex-President motored over from Keswick, picked up the President at Ambleside, and Mr. Bowden *en route*, arriving at about 6 p.m. Next came Mr. Fred Botterill, who had tramped from his Caravan near Strands via Eskdale, Hard Knot, Wrynose and Pike o' Blisco. Mr. Lyon turned up from Kendal later in the evening, and Mr. W. Brunskill from Windermere in good time on the following morning.

The next day dawned in dreary weather, and it went from bad to worse. After breakfast, to the regret of all, the ex-President was reluctantly compelled to leave for Keswick. The remainder of the party started up Mill Ghyll for the Pavey Ark Gullies, and enjoyed one of the compensations of rambling amongst the fells in bad weather. The stream from Stickle Tarn was in fine spate, and the numerous rapids and waterfalls to the right of the path as the climbers toiled up the steep slope were grandly picturesque, with the foaming rill in its rich setting of autumnal foliage and brown bracken.

Notwithstanding the tempestuous conditions, the climbs and descents of the two famous gullies were thoroughly enjoyed. Both parties were soon so jolly wet with the numerous shower baths encountered that they became impervious to the further efforts of Old Pluvius to damp their ardour, and the climbs went splendidly from beginning to end.

On two occasions only there was a brief raising of the thick cloud-pall, when the oft-admired view of Stickle Tarn and the valley far below from Pavey Ark, was momentarily beheld.

Once clear of the grey dripping rocks a hurried stampede occurred towards the valley and the comfortable quarters, where a welcome hot bath, dry apparel, a cosy fireside and steaming cups of refreshing tea were exchanged for soaked garments and a chilly, sodden October atmosphere outside.



COMMITTEE NOTES.

The second Annual General Meeting was held at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, on November 21st, 1908.

The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. Ashley P. Abraham.

The Minutes of the first Annual General Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Hon. Sec. reported that the Club consisted of thirteen honorary members and 167 ordinary members, fourteen members having resigned during the year and thirty new members having been elected. The Hon. Sec. pointed out that the large number of resignations was, to a great extent, due to the fact that many members joined the club when the subscription was a nominal one of 2/6, in order to give the movement their initial support, but that they were not sufficiently interested to remain as members after the subscription had been raised.

For the sake of comparison it may be mentioned here that at the time of going to press the club consists of 210 members.

The balance sheet for 1907-8 was presented by the Hon. Treasurer, and, having been previously circulated to all members it was, by the consent of the meeting, taken as read.

Mr. Ashley Abraham then proposed that Mr. George Seatree be elected as the new President, warmly eulogising Mr. Seatree's services to the club and to Lake District climbing. Mr. Philip S. Minor seconded the proposition, and Mr. Wm. Cecil Slingsby supported it. The matter was put to the meeting and carried amidst great applause.

Mr. Abraham, after having stated how pleasant his term of office had been, and, after thanking Mr. Seatree, Mr. Scantlebury and the Committee, retired in favour of Mr. Seatree, who took the chair as President for the year.

The following new officials of the club were then elected :—
 Vice-Presidents : Mr. George D. Abraham and Mr. G. F. Woodhouse, M.A. ; Committee : Mr. A. P. Abraham, Mr. C. H. Oliverson and Mr. L. J. Oppenheimer.

Mr. Scantlebury was re-elected as Hon. Secretary and Hon. Editor. Mr. Craig was re-elected as Hon. Treasurer and was also elected as Hon. Assistant Secretary.



The following gentlemen have been elected as life members :

C. F. Hopley, Esq.
 Alan Craig, Esq.

The following ordinary members have been elected since the publication of Journal No. 2 :—

George Thomas Amphlett, Uhlenhorst, Rondesbosch, S. Africa.
 N. H. Arnison, Fellside, Penrith.
 Mrs. Arnison, Fellside, Penrith.
 Theodore R. Burnett, The Grammar School, Kirkby Lonsdale.
 Harold Brodrick, M.A., F.G.S., 7, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Lancs.
 H. E. Bowron, 120, Kenmare Road, Liverpool.
 W. Audley Bowdler, Kirkham, near Preston.
 W. B. Brunskill, Sunbeams, Windermere. S.
 Ernest H. Banks, B.A., L.L.B., 13, Fulwood Park, Liverpool.
 J. Bowen Burrell, 19, Fulwood Park, Liverpool.
 Herbert Porritt Cain, L.L.B., Moorfield, Shuttleworth, nr. Manchester.
 Dr. W. Collier, St. Mary's Entry, Oxford.
 J. Cowperthwaite, Prince of Wales Hotel, Grasmere.
 R. B. Domony, 23, Church Walk, Ulverston.
 R. Duncalfe, Wiverton Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.
 Manley Farrer, Llantrissant, Barton's Road, Hampton Hill, London.
 Adam Fox, 124, Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester.
 Chas. Thurston Holland, 43, Rodney Street, Liverpool.
 Edwin Hope, 1, Bennett Road, Crumpsall, Manchester.
 Miss Maud Holden, 3, Braddyll Terrace, Ulyerston.
 C. F. C. Hopley, Box 262, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. (*Life Member*).
 Harold Morris Hill, Ashfield Road, Thornton, Bradford.
 J. Rowland Hill, Ashfield Road, Thornton, Bradford.
 Miss Emily Ingle, 19, Apsley Crescent, Bradford.
 Eric B. Lees, Thurland Castle, Kirkby Lonsdale.
 John Mounsey, Eamont Lodge, Penrith.

Frederick William Panton, 1, Mosley Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Colin B. Phillip, R.W.S., Glen Brittle House, Near Carbost, Skye, N.B.
Cooper Pattinson, Windermere.
John Rogers, 187, Abbey Road, Barrow,
Melmore F. Rogers, 8, Garland Place, Dundee.
Joseph Ritson, 39, Airedale Avenue, Chiswick, London, N.
James Randal, Low Mill, Ulverston.
Miss Robertson, Glenclutha, Juniper Green, Midlothian.
J. R. Stamper, Church Street, Wingate, Durham.
John C. Savage, The Oaks, Ambleside.
E. W. Steeple, The Retreat, King's Norton, Birmingham.
J. Wilson Smiley, 637, Borough Road, Birkenhead.
F. W. Sanderson, The School, Oundle, North Hants.
R. B. Sanderson, The School, Oundle, North Hants.
Ernest Tomlinson, The Garth, Ovalway, Gerrards Cross.
Alexander Venables, Farringford, Olton, Warwickshire.
Edgar K. Venables, Farringford, Olton, Warwickshire.
A. H. White, Mourne Grange, Kilkeel, Co. Down, Ireland.
Horace Westmorland, Merlin House, Penrith, Cumberland.
Arthur Wells, Patricxbourne, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
Mrs. Irene Sarah Wells, B.A., Patricxbourne, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.
C. Douglas Yeomans, 10, Northumberland Road, Sheffield.



Mr. F. B. Kershaw was elected as an extra member of the Committee on January 2nd, 1909.



The Committee have decided that it is not in the interests of the Club to provide ropes. They have accordingly been withdrawn, and will not in future be supplied.



It has been suggested that the club should form a "lantern-slide library." The Hon. Sec. will be glad to hear from members who are interested in this scheme, and will place before the committee any suggestions they have to make.



The New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll, has been appointed as the official club quarters for Langdale, instead of Middlefell Farm. A special tariff has been arranged with the proprietor for members of the club.

It should be noted, however, that this change in quarters

does not signify any fault with Middlefell Farm, but simply that, owing to the increasing number of members who attend our meets, it has been thought that the Hotel will be better able to accommodate us.

Rule 3 has been amended by the committee, and will be placed before the General Meeting, in the following form, for approval.

“The officers of the club shall be elected for the ensuing year at the Annual General Meeting. The President and Vice-Presidents shall not hold office for more than two years consecutively. The three senior members (in order of election) of the retiring committee shall not be eligible for election at that meeting.”

The following important resolution will also be submitted to the General Meeting in November, 1909.

“THAT THIS CLUB STRONGLY CONDEMNNS ANY MEMBER WHO LEADS OR ATTEMPTS TO LEAD UP ANY OF THE EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE CLIMBS GIVEN IN THE LIST BELOW, WITHOUT HAVING PREVIOUSLY CLIMBED THE DIFFICULT PART OF SUCH COURSE ON THE ROPE HELD FROM ABOVE, OR BEHIND A FIRST-CLASS CRAGSMAN WHO HAS PREVIOUSLY LED UP SUCH COURSE.

“THAT THIS CLUB STRONGLY CONDEMNNS ALL THE MEMBERS OF ANY PARTY NOT ACTING IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ABOVE RESOLUTION.

“THAT THIS CLUB STRONGLY URGES UPON ITS MEMBERS, AND UPON ALL PERSONS CLIMBING IN ITS AREA, THE NECESSITY OF NOT ATTEMPTING TO LEAD UP ANY OF THE COURSES GIVEN BELOW UNTIL THEY HAVE LED UP AT LEAST TEN OF THE COURSES CLASSIFIED AS DIFFICULT IN THE BOOK ‘BRITISH MOUNTAIN CLIMBS.’ ”

LIST OF EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE CLIMBS,
AS MENTIONED ABOVE.

Scawfell Pinnacle (Direct from Lord's Rake), Jones' Route.
North West Climb—Pillar Rock.
C. Gully, The Screes.
Walker's Gully—Pillar Rock.
Doe Crag—Easter Gully.

Eagle's Nest Arête, Great Gable.
 North Face, Pillar Rock, by Hand Traverse.
 Kern Knotts Crack.
 Doe Crag, Central Chimney.
 Scawfell Pinnacle, by Deep Ghyll, Jones' Route (or by
 Gibson's Chimney).
 Haskett Gully—Scoat Fell.
 Warn Gill—Buttermere.
 Birkness Chimney—Buttermere.
 Toreador Gully, Green Crag—Buttermere.
 Doe Crag, Intermediate Gully.
 Gimmer Crag, "A" Route.
 Gimmer Crag, "B" Route.
 *Screes, Great Gully (direct).
 Scawfell Pinnacle, High Man (direct from Deep Ghyll).
 Doe Crag, North Gully.

*We are advised that the Great Jammed Boulder in this gully is now very insecurely wedged and that the ascent of the gully should not be attempted.

Our President has kindly presented to the Club framed copies of the following extract from a speech delivered by the late C. E. Matthews.

GENTLEMEN,—I AM ADDRESSING YOU FROM THIS CHAIR FOR THE LAST TIME, AND I TELL YOU THERE IS NO TONE DEEP ENOUGH FOR REGRET AND THERE IS NO VOICE LOUD ENOUGH FOR WARNING. REMEMBER, YOU HILL CLIMBERS IN ENGLAND AND WALES, THAT ONE HUNDRED FEET OF DIFFICULT ROCK IN SNOWDONIA OR CUMBERLAND REQUIRE AS MUCH CARE AND AS MUCH PRUDENCE AND AS MUCH PRECAUTION AS A THOUSAND FEET IN THE ALPS. REMEMBER THAT IF THESE FATALITIES CONTINUE OUR CRAFT CANNOT FAIL TO BE DISCREDITED IN ALL IMPARTIAL EYES. I AM SPEAKING NOW, NOT OF ONE CATASTROPHE, BUT OF CATASTROPHES IN GENERAL. IT MAY BE THAT I AM ONLY A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS, BUT I IMPLORE YOU, THE MOUNTAINEERS OF THE FUTURE, TO DO NOTHING THAT CAN DISCREDIT OUR FAVOURITE PURSUIT, OR BRING DOWN THE RIDICULE OF THE UNDISCERNING UPON THE NOBLEST PASTIME IN THE WORLD.

Extract from a speech by the late C. E. Matthews, Esq., on his retirement from the Presidency of the Climbers' Club in 1900.