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HEART'S DESIRE AMONG THE HILLS

W. T. Palmer

To me, the hills of Lakeland are a never-ending pageant, a pageant full of meaning and happiness. For each of us there is some heart's desire among the fells. Each day and hour brings to the eye fresh beauty, brings changing tints and moving lights, some new glory, ever fresh yet never repeated, next year or any other time. One day there is charm of clouds floating high and shadowing the hill side ; next, the vapour zones drop lower and lower tenderly to kiss the upper peaks ; or storms stern and gloomy roll and toss and burst against ridge and wall of rock. These are obvious things to heart's desire, but there are also opaque masks and screens behind which the spirits of the hills pass and whisper. How much do you enjoy that !

To the eternal hills you can listen ; use your ears as well as your eyes to inform your heart. I delight to come close to the hills, and to enjoy their music. They have an orchestra of infinite instruments and wide gamut ; an orchestra which never tires, but which changes key and pitch and pace according to the wind. One day I listen to the yell of a gale among the rock towers and to the continuous echoes which drum from below ; to the whistle of the wind on exposed ridge crossing, to the crash of gust against cliff, the hum round the sharp edges of a boulder. And next day there is the sigh of a breeze which makes for conviction that the mighty masses around are sensitive and even breathing gently. That's heart's desire for you.

There is a pageant of hillside waters which must not be overlooked—the silver slides on bare, storm-washed crags ; the thin hush of drops falling through the moss over a broken ledge and splitting into spray before it reaches the rocks below. There is jetting of hillside waters from cracks in the slabs and from between the hard strata, also in caverns where shadows flicker and turn ; and there is chuckle as the drops guggle unseen beneath piles of boulders and fans of screes. You need go no further than the foot of Dow Crag for these sounds. Further away from the cliffs, there

is the joyous song of gathering becks in the deep rock rifts, and a flash of white where the river spouts over the edge of the moor, a rippling cascade or the steady jet of a waterfall. Again that's heart's desire for more of us.

By many outsiders, our interest in the hills is reckoned to include only rocks and peaks, and to end at tree line where the first square or line of larch and pine is met. It does not. Though I may not quote that majestic, soul-uplifting passage from the Psalms, my eyes are always towards the hills—and to other zones beside the haunt of raven and buzzard. On the way in and out of Lakeland (even now, when I am resident there), my eyes ever scan the horizon for Black Combe from the south, for Skiddaw which is visible from thirty miles north of the Scottish Border. I love the gently sweeping rise but as I near the hills my spirit rises. There is a road curve near Heversham which brings a view of the Windermere fells, and there, moonlight or starlight or full day, I again revel to the heart among the hills. But then I was born in sight of the fells, and perhaps my heart is unusually full of their majesty and beauty. Familiarity never breeds contempt when the hills are beloved.

When opportunity comes my way, I wander among other British hills, and reap a harvest of fresh impressions, sharp contrasts and gentle comparisons. I am no critic; I make no choice. All hills are lovely to the lover of hills. Skye has a grim majesty when you stand in the high corries and exult in the swift rise of clean towers and mighty cliffs; from the western roads, the Coolins are unreal, like the nursery peaks slit and built by giants and fairies. They are ethereal, of the other world—especially if you see them with a golden haze of August cloud mixing with and pouring over their dark outlines. Lochaber looms bigger, broader and higher, as though Nature was vaunting the mighty space which Ben Nevis must fill. With Glencoe, Lochaber shares a crimson glow over snow peaks, which is altogether unlike Lakeland; there is also a mirage of white-capped mountains over blue sea-lochs and purple tide-streams. Do you wonder that my heart is impressed, lifted up by such glories.

Shetland with its ' old rocks ' battered by sea storms; Sutherland, Cairngorm, Galloway, the Yorkshire Pennine and moors, Derby-

shire, Wales, Cornwall—go where you will, the hills have character, and the glory of one system is varied in the next. Until they are actually seen, the Black Mountains of Brecon seem to upset all rules. The shape is not rousing; the hollows can hardly be important; it is difficult to find a definite ridge, but the hills excel in colour many groups which are better known and more widely appreciated.

I am tempted to analyse, in the rough way of one who has walked their ridges, peaks and passes, the hills of Lakeland. The scientists tell me that Black Combe of the south and Skiddaw of the north are tame masses of granite, and that an intrusion of harder rock has made the jagged rocks between these extremes. Nature does not work in such definite fashion in England, at any rate. There is mixture of rocks, twists of setting, gaps and intrusions which make the joy of hill walking in our land excel that of any other part of Britain.

There is ever variety about our hills. I agree that, looking from certain points, there are apparent waves of mountain, smooth backs covered with green grass and sharp fronts where cliff and boulder and scree are found. But when you get to the cliff, to the green back, you find that there is considerable difference. From Great Gable you can look across the ridge facing Ennerdale and ending with the Great Pillar mountain itself. There seems to be a succession of deep coves, each like the other except in scale, until you tramp there, and you find that the sameness is merely a trick, an illusion of the eye. I vaunt no command of geological terms, but just because I have walked far and quietly in my time I know that every ridge and pass, almost every corner of the Lakeland hills has its own mixture of rock, and after some experience you begin to know the cove or cliff by its rocks and by their aid or obstacle to your path.

Let us turn to the hill paths of Lakeland. They are so deep worn and clearly posted that hardly a map is necessary to identify and follow. I feel it a pity that many, even of the Club's aspirants, are content with map and guide-book knowledge of routes, and scarcely trouble to learn why a path twists this way or climbs up that corner. I have known people who could describe the different pitches or turns of Rossett Ghyll by the wild flowers and bushes

which flourish there, but they are exceptional. I wish more youngsters came along with their minds open to the glory of Nature, and shared in the heart's desire of the fells.

I can usually find my way across simple country by looking at the outcrops, and that's a lot of fun. If a marsh appears in front of the party, most people incline to produce the map to see whether it must be turned to the right or to the left. The type of ground is a sure guide when there doesn't appear to be a track, or where there are many little paths stamped in the grass. As a rule, if moss and marsh is in front, look ahead for the sheep tracks, for the sheep does not like to flounder in mud and moss. There may be marsh enough to go over the boot-tops, but the sheep path does not founder in soft, bottomless mud.

When I go up to the hills alone—whether at home in Lakeland or elsewhere in Britain—my eyes are always considering the tracks and paths, both for their present-day use, and for their past history. The study is worth while, and after all it need not take you into musty books. In Lakeland few passes were used by primitive hunters and trappers; the Roman legions and traders had a couple of recognised routes; the Norse vikings settled in the sea-entered dales, and left the tops alone.

Our hill-paths have their history without dates; many have been shaped and re-shaped by storm and sliding rocks. More are due to the sheep making their way across bad ground from one patch of rough grass to the next. They still use the paths about Rossett Ghyll for the purpose. There are fox paths among the rakes and rocks of our hills which, on a mild morning, hold the scent of passing dog or vixen, but these creatures are not guides. I have seen them scrambling among the broken crags of Scafell and Dow, but their technique is not recommended. A fox may slide down a long smooth slab, and bring up on the narrow grass ledge below. That is not good practice for the rock-climbing lad or lass.

Here and there, in wandering among the hills we find bits of path built over marshes and into fordable parts of streams, or cut out of the hillside—who, you ask, did this work? I agree that the Ordnance Survey may have marked some of these little fragments as 'Roman' or 'British,' but in Lakeland the evidence is slight. Sometimes, an hour spent with an old shepherd or flockmaster is

helpful in understanding these broken paths. 'When wool was gold,' they say, there was more diligence in minding the thousands of mountain sheep. Huts or hoghouses (where a small supply of hay was gathered in case of autumn storm before the flock retired to the low country) were built far up the fellsides. The places, even the old cottages which were permanent homes for shepherds and their families, are hard to prove after a century of disuse.

Other tracks among the hills are due to forgotten mines and quarries. The cut and beaten route from the back of Wrynose Pass in Little Langdale to the iron outcrops behind the Pike o' Blisco, opened three times in a century, and lately tried again, is a type. Elsewhere the old copper and lead shafts have fallen in; the tips are covered with grass or moss; the slate quarries however are hideous, incurable slashes, but these are rarely at high levels, and you only get the benefit of their old paths in the lower parts of the hills. Bear in mind too when looking at a dubious bit of built path or hacked track, that every suitable rock outcrop in our hills has been examined by prospectors and pioneers in search of mineral wealth. There are many scrapings in Ewer Gap beyond Bowfell, where the hematite comes to the surface over a small area.

The inheritance of these squalid man-made tracks is little joy; lovers of the hills press on, higher and higher, past the slate quarry road; past the ancient copper, iron or lead track; past the sledge tracks made long ago by shepherds of the hills, first to their cottages, then to the peat-hag where they cut their winter fuel; and then to the highest huts used in the 'boom' time. Some may have been the tracks of smugglers as well as of shepherds, and a few have climbed up and over the ridges to give a line of traffic between villages in distant dales.

The path is a long one, I prefer to get out of the zone of pick and spade, of gavelock and mell, to the open ways worn by mountain sheep and ponies as they feed across the high shoulders of the hills. These animals may have small use for scenic beauty, for the aspect of distant ridges, dales, lakes and sea. They aim for the best grass which grows on certain ledges of the hills.

Is our objective on the fells to be mere view-checking, mere peak-bagging, mere scrambling up rock courses and gullies; or are we to look for sustenance as well, adding to our knowledge

of sky and land, of ridge and hollow, of flowers and wild fruits, of the beauties—seen with our eyes and felt with our hearts—of all the hills?

Although I realize, I may be preaching to a converted audience—yet somehow I feel there must be some reader who will find in these random thoughts on the majesty and mystery of the hills, some measure of encouragement and inspiration on an off day.

A GIMMER CLIMB

C. Douglas Milner

The Leader brandished his boots at me and said 'These are as good as rubbers.'

They were a shapeless mass ornamented at irregular intervals with the remains of clinker nails. I looked dubious, breathed deeply and prepared to repeat what Doughty said to Chorley and others just before the horse died....but the fellow bore me down with quotations from certain of the ancients and staged a demonstration on an arête composed of two camp chairs, a table and a paraffin lamp, the latter being a natural hazard. While he was looking for a new lamp-glass I got a word in....several words in fact. Rounding off what I considered a masterly indictment of nails in general and his nails in particular, I pointed out that according to the distinguished author of 'More of Arfon,' only the more broadly-striped tigers dared to climb very severes in boots.

But he said this was an illusion. Gimmer 'E,' for instance, was very nice in boots....so I told him in good set terms that none but a low fellow would hack up such a climb, and that unless he took himself sternly in hand he would descend to doing the Needle in nails, wantonly disregarding the claims of posterity in his atavistic obsession. A man of honour climbed in rubbers on fine days, and on wet days retired to some warm spot and read club Journals. Of course it might be otherwise 'in another place,' where they have tin huts on hills and mountain railways, and every twenty years or so a new guide book, but in the Lakes! What would the C.P.R.E. and the F.L.D. think of him? I was pleased to see that this argument seemed to appeal to his better nature, but in a moment or so he brightened and said he would like to lead The Crack in boots, and how about it. It was by no means a standard climb, in fact being almost Welsh in its obscurity. Here the Second Man came out of his trance and vigorously declined to have anything to do with such a scheme. The Leader, curling his lip, delivered a short address with such words

as ' rockgymnastics ' and ' mountaineering ' so cunningly wrought into its substance that we were eventually goaded into agreement.

Came the dawn. The S.M., addicted to tricouni held by half-inch wood screws, went round them ' tightening up,' he said, carefully stripping the thread in the soles to which they maintained a tentative allegiance, and gloomily pointing out each nail to the Leader. I was happy with a new pair of boots.

About noon, we moved over to Gimmer in warm sunshine, the Leader looked confident, the S.M., hiding his baldness under a knotted handkerchief seemed more cheerful, whilst I was prepared to revel in that comfort and safety which is the prerogative of the tail of the rope. The Crack was very dry, but intermittent gusts of wind were to be troublesome on the traverses. The others had been up before and unlike myself wasted no time looking for handholds which were not. The S.M. lost a nail on the first traverse, I got my legs crossed and nearly fell off owing to allowing for a wind resistance which suddenly stopped. At the second traverse the Leader showed his opinion of my climbing by imploring me to do it in socks, otherwise I should certainly fall off. Taking advantage of a calm interval I just got up. The steep little arête to the big block is one of the nicest pitches on the climb, particularly at the right end of the rope. So far the rock had been continuously difficult and interesting, and probably harder than C.B. up to the Oval. The traverse to the niche below the Bower is easy, and here fun and games began. A cloud had been over Gable for some time, and a few drops of rain fell. The Leader was pecking at the overhang below the Bower in the tentative fashion of a man with something on his mind. Soon it was raining really hard. He continued to climb a couple of feet, frown at the overhang, mutter ' Very odd,' and come back. When the rocks began to spray the S.M. ventured cautiously that they ' appeared ' to be wet. Ignoring this irrelevancy the Leader continued to peck, until finally he chose to admit that an important foothold had been kicked out recently. At last someone suggested that as this was a Mountaineering Expedition on Gully Epoch lines, a traditional shoulder would not be out of place. I was commanded to come across and be stood on. The S.M. wedged himself well into the Niche with two ropes, his glasses and knotted

handkerchief, whilst I stood on the one foothold available, fortunately a good one.

> 'The toad beneath the harrow knows,
> Exactly where each toothpoint goes.'

and I found that the Leader had far more nails than I had thought. However, he duly translated himself into the Bower. The S.M., preparing to follow, stepped off The Foothold to a small nick and hovered....slowly two screws emerged from his sole. There was little one could do. I bent, placed my head under his foot and stood up. The S.M. disappeared whilst his nail went to join the collection of old iron at the foot of the climb. A worthy fellow, he brought me up on a rope which sang when plucked.

The amenities at the Bower are frugal....item, a doubtful flake suitable for line (we were on rope); item, one juniper root. I was to stay here, 'the prey of the elements,' until the hanky-panky (Official-combined tactics) was concluded at the chockstone. This latter is so small, so neatly and ideally placed in a thin crack otherwise clean, that one feels that nature is indeed wonderful. The S.M. tied on, and the Leader went up to have a look at the overhang. Facing right and stepping on to the foothold at the start, he moved up several inches, and treadled with the right foot. After a few seconds, he realised that this was no place for cycling, and came back to hold converse with the S.M. Meanwhile, tired of watching the misty contours of the hills, I decided to sing. Almost immediately afterwards, by a curious coincidence, the Leader went up to the overhang again and with a splendid burst of energy got the angel's hand at top L. (Conversation piece, two hours later):

Leader: 'Good job you sang, or I don't think I'd have got up.'

Self (smirking): 'Erk....'

S.M. (to me): 'He doesn't mean what you think he means....')

The next thirty feet or so above the overhang are still very hard, indeed the whole climb is most consistent. Here the crack is liberally fitted with sods, and there is still scope for a keen man with an ice axe.

We all came together again below the top pitch, and under the conditions, the tourist route to the right was not wholly devoid of charm. The Crack proper, however, uncompromisingly

maintains the standard. My diary says....' L had five shots at top pitch. Suggested tourist route. Crushed with a look. Advised socks. Advice taken. I had gt diff. here. R hand being dead.'

Into the full force of the gale on the top of the crag we shouted congratulations to the leader, and as we crawled sedately down the waterfalls of South East Gully conceded that though the contention about his boots was not proven, we had at least, like three devotees of another and inferior sport 'powler't up and down a bit and had a rattling day.'

THE MONSTROUS IMPENDING CRAGGS

E. W. Hodge

There is nothing new in pointing out, that it was once not the fashion to speak of scenery, and of mountain scenery in particular, as we do to-day. Our great grandfathers have been accused on the one hand of an inordinate dread of mountains, and on the other (they and many generations before them), of an unseeing indifference. But it would be just as wrong to credit them with an exclusive preference for flat country as to ignore that any change in opinion has occurred.

Our notions about beauty are largely not our own, but part of the contemporary opinion we share, an opinion the real founders of which often lived surprisingly long ago. What we take for our own immediate perception, would never have been expressed, (though it might be obscurely felt) if the soil of general opinion had not been prepared in advance to welcome it. Nowadays, a book of mountaineering memoirs is hardly complete without a description of the author's feelings as a child on first glimpsing a chalk-down through a railway carriage window. This could never have been so if Jean Jacques Rousseau had not set the example of blurting out one's feelings without first trying to see if they would fit into a frame of conventional dogma.

The history of forgotten opinions is not so very important perhaps for its own sake : a twice told tale, however engrossing. But if we wish to see ourselves with detachment, the past provides a good standpoint. There have always been people in every age who have enjoyed contending with weather and with gravitation ; and arranging and combining for their delight, by the craftsmanship of imagination, the colours of lichen, moss, crystal, and vapour. They have done this untaught or uncheered by any applause, forced even to apologise for an eccentricity they hardly dared defend, simply for the sake of being alone with nature.

But even this is not quite the same thing as the appreciation of scenery. ' The perception of what has acquired the name of picturesque and romantic scenery,' says Wordsworth, ' is so far

from being intuitive that it can be produced only by a slow and gradual process of culture.' Robert Burns conspicuously possessed the primitive, innate, sense of the wonder of commonest nature. But (as Wordsworth pointed out), Burns, when his earlier successes gave him the chance to travel, seemed to get little further pleasure from the 'sights' and viewpoints which were then beginning to become celebrated.

Even among those reared in a mountainous district, is it the wild fell and rock itself, or the lower alpine meadow and valley, which hold the affections? The folklore and song of most countries compels us to answer, the latter. Native Highland songs are of the shieling—not of the Coolin (which perhaps only means 'waste'). The mountain peasant, like Dr. Johnson in the Hebrides, is chiefly 'gratified by the sight of cows.' Primitive legends can show occasional stories of hazardous climbs undertaken as the ordeal by which a chieftainship has to be earned, or enrolment as an able warrior of the tribe—sometimes as the freak of a drunken wager, but not as rational enjoyment.

A convenient—if arbitrary—starting point from which to trace the growth of modern aesthetic ideas about mountains, is in Camden's 'Britannia.' As an Elizabethan, he was unembarrassed and versatile in his interests, and unaffectedly fanciful and appreciative. Gay poetical touches in his book jostle with agricultural information, and family history: in fact the whole of a country gentleman's range of interests. He seems something like the native Gothic outlook of England made articulate by the impact of the Renaissance, but not yet tampered with by the various eighteenth century ideas labelled 'sentimental,' 'philosophic' and so on. Where Camden has a model, it is a classical one. Thus Ingleborough is 'The Highest of our Appennine.' He is perfectly impartial between mountains and other natural features, such as rivers. Thus again, while the River Douglas 'creepeth and stealeth along quietly,' the Ribble 'coming with a quick and hasty stream out of the hills in Yorkshire, by three exceeding high mountains, Ingleborough hill at the spring head, which I wondered at to see how it ascendeth as it were by degrees with a huge and mighty ridge westward and at the furthest end mounteth up into the air as if another hill were set upon the head of it,' and so on.

Of Cumberland he writes, 'although it be somewhat with the coldest, as lying farre North, and seemeth by reason of hilles, yet for the variety thereof it smileth upon the beholders, and giveth contentment to as many as travaile it. For, after the rockes bunching out, the mountains standing thick together, rich of mettal mines, and betweene them great meeres stored with all kinds of wild-fouls, you come to pretty hills for good pasturage and well replenished with flocks of sheep, beneath which again you meet with goodly plaines spreading out a great way, yeelding corne sufficiently.'

Farther on Camden speaks of 'Hard-knot, an high steep mountain, in the top whereof were discovered of late huge stones and foundations of a castle, not without great wonder, considering it is so steep and upright, that one can hardly ascend up to it': a fair observation, if he is speaking (as he reasonably would in the case of a habitation) of getting up to it with vehicles and so on, in the way of ordinary convenience. I have not succeeded in finding in Camden any expression of exaggerated dread of mountains. In nearly all places he speaks not unkindly of them. Even those of Rosshire are 'hugh swelling mountains bearing their heads aloft....most truly preservers of snow.' One could not blame anyone travelling among these latter, in weather not of his own choosing, who should allow some words harsher than this to fall from him.

But this native attitude toward mountains, matter-of-fact though by no means unadorned with imagination, was to give place. The opinion that mountains were merely hideous, horrid and useless, or even disgusting, belongs properly to that period of taste which is called Baroque. (Three of these words, it should be said, are now much changed in meaning.) It came into England at the restoration of the monarchy in 1660, and lasted the first third of the eighteenth century, and, like every other change of artistic style, had its corresponding expression in most other interests of life, from literature to landscape-gardening. At the heart of this style of buxom cherubs and massive porticoes, is the rejoicing in the re-birth of an imagined gracious antiquity, the comparative triumph of order, reason, and plenty, all too scarce in the world of war, superstition and ignorance, bad roads and snowy mountains.

Thousands of southern Englishmen, no doubt, were introduced to the scenery of northern England, as to something new in nature, by the campaign of 1745 against the Highland rebels. But only one or two seem to have left such a narration as can be described as 'Tour.' It is to such as the anonymous 'Volunteer' that one must look for what the middle-class Georgian really thought about mountains: what impression they made on an open mind, not insensitive, but in the circumstances not inclined to false 'sentiment' or too much 'fine writing.' Apparently a regular officer, seasoned in many lands, he was so new to our English fells, or expected his readers to be so, that he found it necessary to describe even a common Westmorland beck: 'These rivers are quite different from those in the Southern parts of England.... through the whole course the stream is filled with mighty rock-stones; the sides generally lined with a firm rock....' In all the circumstances, of a campaign in December and January (unaccustomed and often scant food, hardship, and even losing part of his lip by frost bite) the degree of his appreciation of scenery does him great credit. From the churchyard at Kirby Lonsdale 'we have a most entertaining prospect of the snowy mountains, at a vast distance, and the beautiful course of the River Lune, in a valley far beneath us.' His detachment's way lay from Kendal to Kirkby Stephen 'over continued high mountains* covered with snow. We frequently come to valleys, which with great fear and danger we descend, they being so very steep. This was the most strange journey I ever made.... These strange and wonderful varieties make the time pass away agreeably enough, till my foundation and spirits begin to sink with fatigue.'

His choice of words is sometimes odd, or else, he seems to be echoing in a garbled, conventionalised form (though with sincere intention) the language of appreciation obviously forged by someone other than himself:—Fir woods are 'mighty solitary and amusing and are the only artificial beauty of these mountainous places,' and 'afford an entertaining scene to the wearied traveller.'

He conceived a genuine feeling for the becks, which he oftens mentions: at the descent of each weary moor, he says, one is

* But the context shows that 'mountain,' here only means, as usual, a moorland road—summit, not a peak.

'sure of meeting a most agreeable view, with noisy purling streams....which cascade, together with its noise, gives a person disposed to solitude, a most agreeable harmony, but with all these pleasing varieties, yet we endure great fatigue and hunger.' Surely the man who could write thus, in a snowy December, perhaps after a bivouac in the open following on a succession of hard days, had in him the makings of a mountaineer! After this, one can be generous, at finding him troubled by the common vertigo or bathyphobia of the plainsman: 'a most surprising hole (The Devil's Beef Tub, near Moffat), or small valley, frightful to look down, being so exceeding steep and deep, that one would think it extream dangerous to descend.' Later 'one of the rebels ran down here, when coming prisoner to Carlisle, and' (one is hardly surprised) 'made his escape.'

It is interesting that our author's taste for mountain scenery rather decreases than gains by habituation to it, for after months in garrison at Fort Augustus he writes:

> 'It was necessary to entertain life in this manner, otherwise by the constant view of mountains surrounding us, we should have been affected with hypochondriacal melancholy....constantly black skies, and rusty-looking, rocky mountains, attended with misty rains and cutting winds with violent streams of water rolling down from every part of the mountains.'

And indeed let anyone who is disposed to point the finger of scorn at him, first go in November to some utterly unspoilt glen beyond the Caledonian canal, and stay there under canvas until the ensuing April.

Abundant attention has been drawn to the Baroque aversion to mountains, nearly to the point of regarding it as the fundamental attitude of old times. But all things have an ending, as they have an origin. The next fashion had its origin under the patronage of coteries in high life such as those of Horace Walpole and Thomas Gray, and rapidly filtered downwards to all people who aspired to 'taste.' Naturally, underlying social and economic reasons permitted, though they could hardly shape, the change. There came into flower about the middle of the eighteenth century the results prepared by the long period of peace and prosperity under the premiership of Horace Walpole's father. The advance in every branch of life, comprised forgetfulness of the old, bitter

religious antipathies and of the factious political divisions, new wealth, and the spread of metropolitan manners to the provinces, and the first real attractiveness of travel for pleasure at home and abroad. Relieved from old terrors and discomforts, men could afford sensibility, not to say eccentricity, and enjoy feeling their flesh creep slightly. It seems clear that the words 'melancholy' and 'solitary' had a significance far more closely connected with pleasure than with distress, and anyone who supposed the 'weary traveller' was not enjoying himself, would be quite wrong.

One is struck, too, by the marked gratification with which writers of this school used to observe masses of rock immediately about to fall, as they thought, on their heads. This notion occurs again and again, and yet the trembling wayfarers continue to flock to the scenes of such dangers, as well as running the gauntlet of suffocation by the rarefaction of the air on Skiddaw, helm winds, bottom winds, whirlwinds and waterspouts. Bavarianism indeed!

The rococo style of ornament, current in France a few years earlier, now came into the full flood of popularity in England, followed by the outlandish and the sham 'Gothick.' Waterfalls gushed from the title pages of books, and even from mirror frames and cabinets, whilst pagoda-roofs, ruined abbeys, and blasted trees, became universal artistic properties. Hermits were employed to live in caves in gentlemen's parks. In regard to mountains, Horace Walpole himself seems rather to have shared the older point of view, for he found the rocks of the Mont Cenis merely 'uncouth' and scarcely even pleasurably horrifying. Such romanticism bore as little truthful relation to nature as it did to the mediaeval architecture or Chinese scenes that it aped. In the light of all this, it is easy to understand in what frame of mind Thomas Gray set out in 1769 on his well-known tour to the Lakes.

It would seem that by Gray's time a certain number of 'sights' had been established, which a tourist was expected to 'do,' such as Eagle's Crag in Borrowdale, Lodore (known as 'Keswick Waterfall'), Stybarrow Crag and even the ascent of Skiddaw, which was a recognised though rather daredevil proceeding. The Cumbrian hills had obtained a little notice among the magazines, 'Universal,' 'London,' and the 'Gentleman's' (1751) by descriptions which had appeared of the plumbago mines; a

romantic subject with a practical turn, of a kind dear to the Age of Robinson Crusoe.

Thomas West, in the earliest Guide to the Lakes, which was published in 1778, had laid down a number of 'Stations' or set viewpoints, at which foreground was judiciously combined with the distant prospect.

The establishment of such a tradition of sightseeing requires the interaction of two factors at least: the actual practice of local guides, and the more academic endorsement of people laying claim to 'taste.' In tours such as Hutchinson's, one finds people admiring the transparency of the water, or firing cannon from barges for the sake of the echoes, which are carefully described—a delightful picture of scientific seriousness almost losing itself in the naiveté of a child who learns the delightful grammar of scenery. It was the greater aristocratic landowners, who placed these barges on the lakes, who perhaps come nearest to being the pioneers of scenic appreciation—Dukes of Portland, of Newcastle, of Norfolk, proud of their domains and sufficiently independent to set an enlightened example, as so often they did in other ways. There can be no question that it was the lakes, not the mountains, which the early travellers came to see.

There is, even to-day, a very large section of people to whom mountains make no inherent appeal. Considerable physical, nervous, visual, and mental readjustment is necessary before many people brought up in really flat countrysides, can be fully at ease among mountains. Some flatlanders are never able to get over the claustrophobic aversion from a valley, or the corresponding dread of heights.

But for people partly affected by such disabilities mountain scenery has often a dramatic force, or romantic appeal, in proportion to their lack of acclimatization to it. The familiarity of so many of us nowadays, with levelled pavements, may have much to do with the widespread love of hills.

Gray was educated at Eton, in flatland, and lived most of his life at Cambridge. He certainly obtained his full expectation of sensation, from the Lakes. Of Rydal-head he remarks in passing 'as for going up to it, one might as well go up Skiddaw.' This was not Gray's first acquaintance with mountain scenery, for he

had crossed the Mont Cenis with Horace Walpole thirty years before and visited Perthshire. One may doubt whether Gray really believed that Lodore crags were likely to fall on his head, but he certainly wished his correspondent to think he did.

He is able to adduce one curious touch of corroboration for the opinion that mountains were regarded by people generally with more awe than now, when he reports that the country people about Bassenthwaite 'pronounce the name Skiddaw Fell with a sort of mingled terror and aversion.' Is not this just the impression made nowadays on one who hears old country folk speak of any place three or four miles from their home?

In the laying out of parks and gardens the same sort of sensational effect was aimed at. Samuel Johnson, on his tour to Wales, writes of 'the striking scenes' and 'terrific grandeur' of Hawkestone Park in Staffordshire, of the 'awfulness of its shades,' the 'horrors of its precipices,' of 'inaccessible altitude' and 'horrible profundity.' In the very year before this tour he had accomplished the really arduous voyage to the Hebrides, but never thought it necessary to speak in the least like this of the Coolin; an omission which has surprised many. But in any case he is only echoing the conventional tone of exaggerated sensibility, by way of compliment to a work of art in landscape gardening. He really cared nothing either way; literature or, at most, human behaviour, was his whole life, and he never really appreciated pictures, gardens, scenery, music, or anything else of that sort, at first hand. The Coolin were guilty of the solecism of being hopelessly far from London.

Too much can easily be made of our forefathers' shrinking from mountains. In the days when warfare raged the world over, in the interests of the nascent British Empire, toilsome journeys were all in the day's work. The poor Lichfield boy who had walked up to London, who had slept out hungry nights in the London squares, saw little romance in discomfort or pedestrianism. The new-fashioned tastes of Gray and his circle, cannot yet be taken as representative of those of the people, or even of the upper classes. James Boswell, who liked flirting with all kinds of ideas, seems to have been testing Johnson's reaction to this taste, when he drew his attention to 'yonder immense mountain,' in Glenshiel.

'No Sir,' said Johnson, 'it is merely a considerable protuberance of the earth.'

Boswell's real tastes, and those of ordinary people of his age, seem to be for a landscape in which different elements, in proper proportions, set each other off: 'We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion; a fine verdure about it, with a considerable number of trees, and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness.' This latter is really the very same description as was held up to admiration by Camden, nearly two hundred years before, in the case of Cumberland. This was Thomas West's preference too (but not that of the rather overstrained romanticism of William Gilpin, who will be mentioned later). Is it only the moderns who like their landscapes *all* desolate?

Countryside and native pursuits emerged at last from the limbo of provincialism and unfashion to which the Baroque age had damned them. Gray's remark that his landlord at Kendal was civil and sensible (in the peculiar meaning of those words at that date) is significant in the story of the appreciation of scenery. The number of bourgeois accustomed to travel any distance from their homes, had been growing steadily; first to suburb, like Gilpin's namesake John, of London Town, then to spa, then to sea-bathing (which first began soon after the middle of the eighteenth century) or even, like the Wordsworths, to Scotland, until, about 1810, a sudden spate of tourism was let loose in that country by the writings of Scott.

Nature, which had been such a favourite abstraction, was now familiar by actual observation, and this led to a development of ideas. Since the Renaissance men had considered it a profanation of their more idealistic and imaginative conceptions, to apply them to the present, and had conventionally assigned them a habitation in the ages of antiquity, and in the landscapes of the Mediterranean. Now they began to wonder if familiar scenes would not do equally well as symbols. Under George III, the Farmer-King (who as a young man had 'gloried in the name of Briton'), England turned her gaze inwards on herself, and the geographical position of Arcady was considered to be, as we see from Morland's paintings, no longer in Italy but near home. These lines will serve

to illustrate the turning-over into a new field of literary imagery :

> ' And did those feet in ancient time
> Walk upon England's mountains green
> And was the holy Lamb of God
> On England's pleasant pasture seen,
> And did the countenance divine
> Shine forth upon our clouded hills. . . .'

Mountains had already managed to attract some extraneous sentiment to themselves, since, as Leslie Stephen pointed out, they had become to some extent the symbol or badge of the left wing in politics, and so continued at least down to the time of Shelley. Why such an association of ideas should arise it is hard to explain in logic ; but it might be assumed that the idea of human nature rose superior to then-existing political institutions ; that and the idea of the intuitive effect of natural scenery, were, historically, speaking, born about the same period. Or perhaps the struggles of Paoli and the Corsicans, or of Hofer and the Tyrolese against Napoleon, or even of the earlier Vaudois and the Camisards had something to do with it. This train of thought died a natural death after the reforms of 1832 and 1848—unless Lloyd George's cry in pre-war days of ' slavery on the hills of Wales ' may claim descent from it.

Those who worship the awful majesty of mountains, should remember that through most of history and especially in earlier times, it is woods which have been in preference chosen, as the objects of dread, or of imagination ; from the wood in Italy where the priest guarded with his life the Golden Bough to that in which Varus's legions were swept away. In England we had the happy forest of Arden, and Sherwood where Robin Hood maintained his topsy-turvy justice. The spectre of Ben Macdhui is a modern parvenu—the authentic spook of those parts belonged to the Wood of Rothiemurchus. On a sad day in 1795 the last wolf of England, his thickety refuge gone, was slain at Humphrey Head, near Ulverston, and our land, whether quite built up or not, hilly or plain, was finally doomed to be suburban, whilst over the harmless carcasses of the mountains the silly sheep trample in triumph. Woods are not our chosen subject, but it is impossible to avoid the comparison. By Camden, no mountain is honoured with such aversion as the defiles of Athole ' bespred with forests,

namely, that wood Caledonia dreadful to see for the sundry turnings and windings therein, and for the hideous horror of dark shades.' In the rococo-romantick age it is the dark, twisted, haggard, tree which serves as principal symbol for the untamed might of Nature.

The prevalence of woods, as much as the absence of convenient roads, goes far to explain the noticeable blindness of the past, to the very existence of mountains; as one can see to-day in great parts, say, of Austria or France. The precipice, as one suddenly comes face to face with it in the lower Alps, is not the dominating feature of the landscape but merely a sort of break in nature. But where the woods have gone, the mountain must serve us nowadays for a symbol.

An important part in the popularization of British scenery was played by William Gilpin. He came of an old family in the Lake District, and spent his early years there. It is reassuring to know this, whereas if one only read his book on the Lakes (published in 1786) one would understand from it that his whole acquaintance with the district was acquired in the course of a week's tour. His sweeping judgments on the views the Lakes had to offer, will seem rather idly academic, until we reflect on one or two things. Before this time 'The man in the street' or should one say 'The man in the dale' who genuinely perceived the beauty of a mountain landscape, would find it very hard to say just why, in the absence of any kind of accepted critical principle, or even vocabulary. As in the case of our Hanoverian officer of 1745, a genuine enthusiasm for scenery sometimes seems to strive to express itself in phraseology ill-adapted to it. To supply this need was the service Gilpin tried to render. People were increasingly familiar with criticism of landscape pictures imported from Italy and France, mostly in the accepted styles of Salvator Rosa and Claude Lorrain. In pictures it was perfectly permissible to suggest any alteration, no matter how drastic, in accordance with the requirements of colour-harmony, and balance of mass. Gilpin therefore applied the accepted art-criticism to natural scenes; and so we occasionally find him lightly suggesting, let us say, the removal of Hevellyn to the other side of Thirlmere, or its division into three. Despite his exaltation of wild landscape at the expense of the old formal gardening and

building, he speaks of Nature herself as if she were a careless, though promising pupil. 'It cannot be supposed that every scene, which these countries present, is *correctly picturesque*.' 'Here Nature seemed to have aimed at some mode of composition which she left unfinished, but it was difficult to conceive what species of landscape she meant.' But 'the wild follies of untutored genius often strike the imagination more than the most correct effusions of cultivated parts.'

The inability to express their true feelings may explain a good deal of the concern of eighteenth-century travellers in archæology and other recondite matters. They had to pretend to travel for a definite object of some kind, just as in pre-war days people used to go abroad 'to drink the waters.' Gilpin now excused them the trouble of grubbing among masses of rather distasteful masonry, of the original purpose of which they had often very little correct knowledge, and, like Dionysus of old, demanded nothing of his followers, but a flow of facile chatter—and the light burden of a sketch book. So it was that England (and, with a difference, Scotland) found herself anew.

Gilpin's books (he had already published one in 1782 on the scenery of the Wye Valley) are still extremely interesting reading, not only because they exhibit a deliciously amusing picture of the scenic appreciator of that date, traces of whose notions may still be detected, but because they discuss problems of taste on broad lines, which everyone must consciously or unconsciously solve.

This was the era when imitation Gothic ruins, such as that on the island near Conishead Priory, were run up. The veritable passion for ruins which Gilpin evinces, is based entirely on their value as scenery and not on any archæological interest, and he considered them a particularly suitable embellishment to wild scenes such as those of the Lake District. When dealing with genuine ruins he seems to forget entirely that they were ever put up for any other purpose. 'Ruins are commonly divided into two kinds, castles and abbeys.' 'It is not every man that can build a house, who can execute a ruin. To give the stone its mouldering appearance, to make the widening chink run naturally through all the joints, to scatter heaps of ruin around with negligence and ease, are great efforts of art.' For the

same reason he deplores the vandalism, that would restore ruins. In his insistence on structural knowledge and honest workmanship in the construction of ruins, and in not introducing buildings which do violence to Nature, and in his dogmatic tone, and not infrequent inconsistencies Gilpin reminds one strongly of Ruskin.

He craves too, for dark legends to people the romantic scenes. Of Dunmail Raise he says 'Nothing could suit such a landscape better, than a group of banditti. Of all the scenes I ever saw, this was the most adapted to the perpetration of some dreadful deed. The imagination can hardly avoid conceiving....' etc., etc. Of another place 'A dreadful story is an admirable introduction to an awful scene. It rouses the mind and adds double terror to every precipice.' The banditti-and-ruin craze is at worst a rather amiable and appealing one, and scarcely the silliest variety of romantic sentiment.

Walter Scott had a genuine love of the hills, based on his upbringing among them and on plenty of later acquaintance. But the impulse which drove him to such exhaustive travels in the Borders, was largely an historical one. And he would never have been able to transmit it to his readers had he not peopled the wastes with Rob Roys, Redgauntlets, and Lords of the Isles. The boldness of his similes reminds one that he often preferred to see mountain scenery in terms of something other than itself:

> 'The ruins of an earlier world.'

(a common simile with the Baroque age too) or, more frequently, as a gorgeous backcloth for his adventure-dramas, a tangible kingdom of the imagination. His finest and most vivid descriptions seem to be seen through the golden light of a summer afternoon.

The happy frivolities of the age of rococo, or, rather, of the 'Gothick' romanticism which succeeded it, went down in the wars of revolution. People who have been through real ordeals are not inclined to make much of the minor superstitions or discomforts which once seemed to influence them powerfully.

With the turn of the century, a new spirit of prim and prosaic naturalism becomes evident. One catches its accents clearly in the preface to one of the books of sketches of William Green, the Ambleside artist; even his diction and prose cadences bespeak it:

> 'The artist ....feels he has a right to lay claim to characteristic accuracy. He has always considered that fidelity of imitation is the first step to improvement in the fine arts, and that those who have not originally attended with painful correctness, to the minutiæ of nature, must be very ill-qualified to form those grand ideal compositions, which, unless they are founded upon, and connected by an intimate knowledge of truth, are indeed but as :-
>
> ' "a tale
> told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> signifying nothing." '

—a severe but hardly unfair description of the earlier romantic movement.

Taste apart, one finds at this period more indifference than before or perhaps since, to the physical difficulties of walking up mountains. Walking and horseback riding had not yet ceased to be the natural means of distant travel, whilst travel had become so familiar that people were midway between magnifying the difficulties on the one hand, and conscious athletisism on the other. Pedestrianism also was for the first time respectable—that is, from the point of view of literary and social convention. People in the country, who had always been familiar with mountain scenery and walking, and townspeople, were now more assimilated to each other. In the first third of the nineteenth century, admiring scenery was rather a self-conscious novelty for the middle classes, like ' sun-cruises ' to-day. There is a certain note in contemporary remarks on scenery, which strikes us as prosiness or superfluity, in praising things which seem to us rather ordinary. But to think so is to fall into a mistaken interpretation, extremely easy, concerning the past. These must have been the things which it seemed then most necessary to say, and thus the very thing we are looking for. The appreciative education of the English people was then proceeding very fast and very seriously, and they needed to have pointed out much that we now take for granted—and perhaps, in taking for granted, overlook.

This appreciation was still continually recommended in terms of painting, as by J. Macculloch ; (1824) ' Here too are scenes which do not refuse the painter's art ; the compositions being as perfect as they are grand and full of fine detail, and nothing being wanting which can be required for this style of rich landscape.... The Tay is seen flowing deep below, amidst the noble oaks which skirt

its banks, winding under.... the prolonged and wild acclivities of Craig Vinean, as bounded by its lofty hills, and displaying the bright meanderings of its river, it terminates in the distant blue summits of the remote Highland.' This passage also points to the transition from the school whose motto was 'I want to make your flesh creep' to that of 'everything of the best.'

To the severe anti-jacobins of this period or a little earlier, a mountain could easily be, as it occasionally was even to Macculloch, 'more fantastical than pleasing.' Mountains nowadays were not expected to frown savagely, but to go properly attired in purple or blue according to the exigencies of the prospect; and forests to wave like the luxuriant side-whiskers of an early nineteenth century beau, or perhaps a little later, rivers to roll and forests to spread, as one sees in the early lithographs, like the bears'-greased locks of an early Victorian dandy. Pictures tell the end of the tale. In Pyne's prints of 1851, instead of Gilpin's banditti or picturesque rustics, gents in top hats and ladies in shawls with parasols sit with upright dignity in Windermere row-boats, whose curves, of an amplitude now seen no longer, seem a symbol of the triumph of mankind over the mischievous prospensities of wind and water. The public, it is plain, is now completely convinced of the necessity of the appreciation of scenery. The hills indeed have their due; their terrors are held up with a smoothly dramatic sweep, a practised picturesqueness. They are admired and encouraged to behave in character, for there is a lightning-flash somewhere about Orrest Head. It seems rather like a proclamation of man's new concordat with nature in the spirit of the ideals of the Great Exhibition. So much for the public.

Through most of our examples we have been obliged to consider people's ideas about mountains not merely as a subject in themselves but as deriving from their general ideas about art or about life. The remarks quoted do not bar mountains, but they require them in the background. Ruskin protested against regarding the peak as the essential expression of mountain scenery—it was the sub-alpine scenery which was most beautiful. In Camden's time the proportions of the desert and the sown were more nearly equal than to-day, so perhaps his contemporaries were in a better position to be impartial between their respective picturesque value

than we who nowadays commonly live such an artificial life. Earlier still, when the part of nature which had been brought into subjection, was small by comparison with that which had not, man did not under-value his own works. If one were so much as to begin to illustrate this point by quotation one would realise at once that man's attachment to his homestead and fields was stronger than his attachment to any mountain—his self-love stronger than his imagined sympathy with nature.

And yet love of natural landscapes is more than a mere reaction against our excessively urban life. The evidence of its authenticity is that it is felt, as by Wordsworth, Ruskin, Scott, and many others, at an age so young as to put any aesthetic fashion or conscious critical sense out of the question. The school-fellow of the village boys of Hawkshead, and the son of the wealthy wine merchant of Denmark Hill, and the laird's grandson, among hosts of others, were alike in this; and when its appeal dimmed with later life they felt no other could be valid enough to replace it. We must only be on our guard against the mistake that love of nature necessarily means love of her more savage moods alone, or that it is necessarily confined to mountains, or that Wordsworth was exclusively the prophet of any such view. Wordsworth, indeed, stands for a reaction to simplicity of taste in scenery—he stands towards Gray, as Green does towards Gilpin.

If viewing scenery is the appropriate means by which we feel ourselves in touch with the spirit of the universe we cannot restrict a love of nature merely to those views which happen to be strange or gigantic, and we cannot suppose that our ancestors were not also privileged to feel it in its essential form. Its expression is perhaps another matter, in which we are more dependent on fashion and example.

These lines from Mark Akenside, who lived between 1721 and 1770, may help to show that the delight in moorland scenery was not the discovery of the nineteenth century:

> 'O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
> The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
> Of solitary Wensbeck....Nor shall o'er th' advice
> Of vulgar wisdom move me to disclaim
> Those studies which possessed me in the dawn
> Of life, and fixed the colour of my mind.
> For every future year.'

T'GRUMLIN' FARMER

GEORGE BASTERFIELD

Fra ya day ta ya day yan nivver kna's,
Mappn its slattery, mebbie it blaas,
Peltin er drizzle, fog, snaa er sleet,
Wativver, owivver it nivver wer reet.

Cum sun an cum soakin i measure sae true,
An cum a girt arvist as t'land ivver grew,
It's nobbut time waste sic like arvist ta ree'ap,
Yan knas sic a glut maks stuff varra chee'ap.

Wen t'medders lig bakin aw crakit wi hee'at,
Er wet be inblaan aw spatin ta bee'at,
An t'crops be gay starvin reet waffy an thin
Well oop gaa's aw t'prices an nowt ta git in.

Yit wedder tht' wedder be gradla er pooer,
Er t'barns stannin idle er brossen at dooar,
Sum fwoak, maistly women, ga brayin yon hymn:
'Caad winter be cummin' but aw's gaddered in.

Aye, 'aw's gaddered in' that's t'wordin o t'hymn,
Barns mebbie 'oller an nowt i'tha bin.
Ther's nowt i daal 'ead sae queer as fwoak,
'Ceptin t'owd pa'son wha mun hev 'is jwoak.

Yance ower, lang sen, wi t'land ower dry,
An t'clouds aw gone missin nit yan i'tha sky,
Chaps ganged oopt'll pa'son an exed 'wilta pray.'
'Fer just a lile sup o' wet wedder ta day.'

Sed pa'son 'sic wedder gits aw on us bee'at,'
'Yan shower o' blessin wad set us aw ree'at,'
'Weel ga in an pray lads tho' prayin's na good'
'Wi t'wind bla'an oot ower brakin claes wood.'

Yit pa'son git gaen an begged a lile spate,
Na seuner amen girt clouds git aga'at,
La'ak ro'as int'll becks an becks int'll dykes,
Nit yan itha da'als ad ivver sin t'likes.

Cum peltin aw day an cum peltin aw neet,
Till t'watter i't'medders wad flooat, a girt fleet
Aw mak git a driftin, by gok ! sic a sooak !
Wi nobbut yan endin fer ruinnin fwoak !

Saa reet back ta pa'son we ganged, ivvry chap,
T'wer 'im as browt watter sae he mun stop tap,
' Aw reet ' sed t'owd Vicar ' wee'll pray yance agen,
T'wer shower o' blessin I exed yer mun ken.

Sae pa'son e gits issel reet alang t'ile,
Chaps clodden behint, cap 'i 'and sing'll file,
T'owd chap scraffles roond, gits int'll 'is box,
Moowd oop i 'is nities, 'is pinnies an frocks.

Wi 'ands oop ta evvin t'owd lad bellers oot,
' Good Lord we did pray as tha ended tha droot,'
' We exed a lile sup, thow thra's a girt spate,'
' It's simply ridiclus an seuer mun abate.'

An seurly bi dayleet clouds drifted away,
T'sun cum oot rwoastin a reet bonnie day.
Aye, prayer wer reet answered an aw git gud crops,
Aye, taties, sic clouters ! ligged under girt tops.

Girt mang'lls an tormits, a lok o' gud corn,
An bee'as i gud fettle as ivver wer born,
An yit that s'yam wedder it git us aw bee'at,
Aye, dang it, by gok ! tha wer na chikken wee'at.

Yance ower, time back, t'wind blaain i t'crag,
Ma floaat off a yow aw starved t'll a rag,
But yow mun be ungered t'll nowt but a flee'ace,
Fer wind ta git odd on't an gie it relee'ace.

Naa, need fer sic blaain er cragfastin yow
On ' Piller Staen,' ' Scawfle,' on ' Gaable ' er ' Dow,'
Wi raaps an i rubbers town chaps git 'em owt,
I'reet gay gud fettle, an git 'em fer nowt.

Wat ? fine ta be dewin wid, reet fer a climm ?
Nay Sunda ! an fwoak mun be brayin a hymn
Monda wi drizzle an fog ower ower't ste'ap
Reuind fer climmin er gidderin she'ap.

Aye, fine ta be dewin wid, oop itha morn ;
'Untsman be stirrin an soundin 'is 'orn,
An 'oonds givvin music sae far far away,
Yit gowks mun be warkin o' sic a fine day.

Nay wedder th't' wedder be drizzle er pelt,
Snaa, blaa er sunny I git yer aw telt,
It's nobbut a nuisance cum glooar er shine,
It nivver wer reet an it's nivver i'time.

THE RIDGES OF ARRAN

E. C. W. Rudge

No finer ridge-scrambling is to be found in Great Britain—excluding Skye—than that provided by the mountains of Arran.

Sixteen miles long by eight wide, this island is divided into two approximately equal geographical sections. The northern section is wholly composed of mountains, the southern almost entirely of relatively low, undulating moorland. The mountainous section is again divided into two contrasted groups of peaks and ridges; the eastern or main group, and the western group, consisting of a sequence of rounded summits connected by high ridges of barren moor. Except for one ridge on Bheinn Bharrain, the highest western summit, there is nothing of interest on the western group from the mountaineering viewpoint, but they provide some very fine high-level walking, round about 2,500 feet above sea level, and there are some fine corries and attractive lochans on their western—or seaward—side. The views of sea, loch and island from their summits are amongst the finest in Scotland.

It is in the main, or eastern, group that the mountaineer will find his interest awakened. This group consists of sharp, broken ridges, rising into shapely peaks and bearing on their crests large numbers of rock-towers of all sizes and degrees of difficulty. Two deep glens—Rosa and Sannox—almost split this group into two, but are prevented from quite doing so by a low transverse ridge called the Saddle, which acts as a sort of buffer between the heads of the glens.

Above the Saddle rises what must surely be the loveliest and most shapely little mountain in Great Britain—Cir Mhor, the 'Great Comb.' Rising almost in the exact centre of the group, which seems to radiate from it like the rays from the sun, it dominates the view from every peak and ridge in the whole range. On its southern side, the lovely conical summit is split by the crown of the Rosa Pinnacle—a glorious granite crag, uplifting its great boiler-plates, bastions and tip-tilted slabs to a height of 1,000 feet above the level of Glen Rosa. It has very rarely been

climbed, and is considered inaccessible from two sides. The climb up the southern face—the huge and formidable bastion of rock facing Glen Rosa—would appear to be a very severe expedition, even for an expert party, but the short climb to the top from the north, starting from below the summit of Cir Mhor, does not look particularly formidable. The northern flank of Cir Mhor itself consists of a vertical precipice 1,200 feet in height, which drops sheer into Glen Sannox : it provides a number of climbs of varying degrees of difficulty and length, but all of considerable interest. The eastern side falls away steeply, with loose boulders and scree, to a high shoulder which in its turn drops sharply to the Saddle ; while the western side falls less steeply to the pass between Cir Mhor and Caisteal Abhail (the ' Castles ')—the high, craggy ridge, crowned with enormous rock-towers, on the north side of Glen Sannox.

By following the Caisteal Abhail ridge in an easterly direction, some good scrambling is obtained, ending up with the sharp drop and subsequent steep ascent known as Ceum na Caillich (the ' Witches' Step '). The very shapely little peak forming the eastern ' take-off ' of the ' Step ' provides some stiff grass and boulder scrambling, but great care is necessary as the vegetation is loose and much of the granite is badly weathered. The direct route from the gap to the top of the eastern peak starts with an agreeable rock-climb ending in a steepish slab, but the subsequent grass and sand slope leading to the summit is dangerous, and should be avoided. The best route to the top is a traverse of the northern face, after which a scramble over grass and boulders lands one at the base of the summit-boulder. This provides a short and quite sensational little climb in itself, which is best done in rubbers—as is most of the rock-climbing in Arran, except the gully-climbs. A very pleasant day may be had by walking from Brodick to the head of Glen Rosa, and thence traversing Cir Mhor, Caisteal Abhail, Ceum na Caillich and Suidhe Fheargas (the ' Seat of Fhergus '), the continuation of the ridge beyond Ceum na Caillich. This brings one to the outlet of Glen Sannox and later to the main road, where a bus will save the six-mile walk back to Brodick.

Another very enjoyable day's scrambling is the ridge-walk over Goatfell, North Goatfell, and Cioch na h'Oighe (the ' Maiden's

Breast') down to Corrie. Rock-towers and pinnacles abound, and some climbing may be found on the Sannox side of Cioch na h'Oighe. The views throughout are magnificent. From Corrie a very pleasant walk along the sea-shore of about five miles brings one back to Brodick—or a bus can be taken if preferred. At Corrie also are some very interesting boulders, providing excellent sport for an off-day. They are four in number, and are called the 'Bruce Stone,' the 'Cat Stone,' the 'Rocking Stone,' and the 'Elephant Stone.' There is one particularly unorthodox method of ascending the 'Cat Stone' which may profitably be left to the ingenuity and imagination of the reader—when he sees it!

Last, but certainly not least, a'Chir, the 'Comb.' In the writer's experience of Skye, North Wales, the Lakes, Ben Nevis and Glencoe, he has found no continuous summit-ridge to equal this for interest and sport—except the Black Cuillin. It is unique in character and its architecture is Brobdingnagian. The Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide to the Islands of Scotland—which has an excellent section on Arran—describes it as follows (quoting from Bryce's 'Geology of Arran'): 'The ridge is formed by the edge of vast tabular masses of granite, inclined towards Glen Iorsa at a considerable angle, and cut sharply down on the side next Glen Rosa, so as to present towards it a continued precipice formed of successive tiers of granite sheets and rhombic blocks.' Huge, massive towers formed of vast granite blocks succeed one another all along the crest of the ridge. Each is a climb in itself, increasing in difficulty as one progresses from south to north. The summit of the mountain—like that of Ceum na Caillich—is a huge boulder, which provides several interesting problems, and the descent from there to the end of the ridge is the most difficult section of all. After negotiating a series of tricky problems, including a *mauvais pas* of considerable interest, one is faced with a decidedly sensational traverse round a huge granite block, which should not be attempted without a rope. In fact a rope is advisable on a number of occasions, if the ridge is traversed in a conscientious manner—especially if one is accompanied by a novice. This traverse is the last serious problem of the ridge; the remainder is simply a stretch of straightforward scrambling over granite blocks to the head of Garbh Coire Dubh, whence Glen Rosa is soon reached. If no

rope is carried, this traverse can be avoided by a steep and extremely loose descent down the west side of the ridge, after crossing the *mauvais pas*. An excellent day's scrambling may be had by ascending Beinn Nuis, and following the Tarsuinn ridge to the Bealach an Fhir-Bhogha, above which is the southern end of the a'Chir ridge. The traverse of a'Chir will form a splendid termination to a very interesting day, especially if the enormous rock-tower on the Tarsuinn ridge above Fhir-Bhogha is negotiated as a preliminary to a'Chir. This tower is a most impressive piece of mountain architecture, especially if viewed from Beinn a'Chliabhain, which separates the Coire a'Bhradain below Beinn Nuis from Glen Rosa. From this mountain, a very fine view of the whole great amphitheatre from Beinn Nuis right round to Goatfell, is obtained: it is a magnificent spectacle, and the ascent of Beinn a'Chliabhain should be made, if only for the sake of enjoying it. It is no exaggeration to say that every mountain in the eastern group can be seen from Beinn a'Chliabhain.

There are a number of recognized climbs on Beinn Nuis, and on the precipices of a'Chir itself, quite apart from the actual ridge of a'Chir. Several interesting days can be spent on these, and on trying out others hitherto unclassified.

With regard to accommodation, there are a number of attractive looking hotels in Brodick, but most of them are some distance from the mountains. There is nothing very near to them, except the cottages inhabited by tenants of the Duke of Montrose, which are not available for climbers. The writer stayed at the Invercloy Hotel (September, 1935), which is well situated for access to the mountains, since it stands exactly at the end of a short cut across the sea-shore. For this reason, it is also very well placed for bathing. The management was most kind in every way, and did everything possible to ensure the comfort of the climbers staying there—including the provision of hot dinners at all hours of the evening up to nine-thirty!—and, what is perhaps equally important in wet weather, the rare and refreshing luxury of being able to start out dry in the morning—for they boast a drying room.

MAY DAYS IN SCOTLAND

NANCY E. G. RIDYARD

Reading aloud from old journals in a candle-lit tent may be trying for those who are forced to listen, if they happen to be engrossed in other literature; but on one occasion it so fired the enthusiasm of the reader, that she was able to carry all before her the next morning.

We arrived at Torridon on a glorious evening late in May, 1935, after two perfect days on the road. Loch Maree and the white-topped ridges of Beinn Eighe looked very fine in the sunset, and we pitched our camp in the glen at the foot of Sgurr Ban. We spent the next day wandering along these same ridges, stalking ptarmigan which were surprisingly tame, and scrambling over the small pinnacles en route, trying to find some reasonable excuse for the employment of an ice-axe, but not, however, succeeding. (The axes were left to guard the car for the rest of our trip.) From Spidean Choire nan Clach we gazed across at the humped back of Ruadh Stac Mor and wondered what thrills it concealed from us, as we had already heard accounts of gigantic red and white cliffs reflected in a green lochan. After the usual very filling camp supper we lounged by the burn in a blissful state of repletion, and one of us read aloud the accounts of the enviable adventures of Somervell and of Bower on the buttresses of Beinn Eighe.

Early next morning we apprehensively undertook an expedition to Choire Mhic Fhearchair. The weather was perfect and the stalker's path through Glen Allt' a Choire Dhuibh Mhoir was delightful, with the shoulder of Liathach looming like a huge thatched cottage on one side and Beinn Eighe's grassy slopes on the other. Higher up we left Liathach and contoured the large mass of Sail Mor. It seemed a long way, but at last we saw a burn falling from a hanging valley and after following it to the lip, the 1,700 ft cliffs of Choire Mhic Fhearchair came into view across the lochan, just as Pavey Ark rears up behind Stickle Tarn when the dam is reached. We decided at once that it was hopeless to tackle the climb, and with a resigned air had lunch by the shore.

Gradually the spell of the Choire stole over us. We saw that, of the three buttresses, the easterly one was not as steep as the central or west; that the lower 300 feet of sandstone looked horrid, but that it was shorter at the eastern end and finished on a sloping grassy terrace which appeared easy to traverse. The right-hand edge of the upper quartzite crags of the east buttress was a fine ridge, standing above a deep gully. Perhaps as a result of lunch we felt more courageous, and leaving Helen Bryan to sketch, Evelyn Pirie and I walked to the foot of the crag and roped up. It was very exciting standing there and we were almost overawed when comparing the 1,700 feet of unknown rock above us with the shorter more familiar climbs of the Lake District. We felt indeed Lilliputian, like flies at the foot of a cathedral wall.

We zig-zagged up short chimneys and scoops of sandstone for about 100 feet, and soon reached the easterly end of the grass terrace which from below had looked so easy. We found to our disgust that it was steep and slimy, especially where it crossed the tops of the chimneys in the sandstone below. In some trepidation, for there was no belay, we edged along and reached the base of the upper ridge, feeling that we *must* ascend it as we disliked the idea of recrossing the slime. The first 30 foot pitch was loose and vertical, and the second climber required some persuasion and frequent reminders of the slime, before she would join the leader. The rest of the climb was perfect, and as it was entirely unknown to us, we had the thrill of route-finding among unscratched rocks. Almost every variety of pitch was met with as we chose the most inviting way up chimneys and faces, over ledges, along traverses, round corners and up cracks. Avoiding the gully altogether, we kept to the main ridge. Most of the pitches were short and we found an eighty foot rope would have been sufficient. On we went until gradually the angle began to ease and we found ourselves on the summit ridge, about two and a half hours from the start. We had signalled to the artist at intervals and when she saw us on the skyline, she lighted the spirit stove. We were soon having tea together as there was a quick grassy descent at the east end of the cliffs. That evening the reader from Journal No. 14 had a most attentive audience when the description of the buttresses was again read over.

We moved on next day to the most beautiful camp site near Dundonnell. The green tent looked most picturesque on golden bracken by the burn, with a background of gorse, pink crab-apple blossom and black pine trees, overlooked by the peaks of An Teallach. We did this ridge from Sail Liath, over Sgurr Fionna and descended into the Coire on the north side of Glas Mheall Liath; a most delightful ridge walk with fine views and good scrambling.

We spent an off day exploring Ullapool and then started on an entertaining journey home. After a long birthday dinner at Tomdoun, we decided to camp south of Glen Garry; this involved us in a search for water, fruitless until midnight, when we crept into our sleeping bags in Glen Nevis. As we had only a short day to spare, we planned to have an early tea in Fortwilliam; but we were still on top of Ben Nevis at 5 p.m., having been unable to resist the Tower Ridge after lunch in Glen Mhuillin. We arrived home up to time by travelling most of the night, taking such sleep as we had by the roadside and just catching the last boat at Erskine before the ferry was stopped for a chain repair.

We had had ten days of perfect weather, and although we missed the autumn colouring of the heather and the tangle, the freshness of the May days was ideal for camping and climbing.

IRISH HILL DAYS

ALAN F. AIREY

The blue hills of Donegal so famous in the song are equally delightful to visit. Errigal (2,466 ft) rises out of a moor with a white quartzite ridge which developes into a scrambling one at its northern end. Muckish (2,197 ft) is a flat topped hill easily climbed from the Gap of that name and interestingly descended by the north-east end through terraced rocks. Here, that Sunday evening we met rain and it increased the beauty of the colouring; grey brown moorland stretched eastwards dotted with the bright greens and yellows of cultivated farm lands and the white of farm houses, the ribbon of white road lay crossing the moor, and beyond all, the grey slabby sides of hills climbed into a rainy sky. Slieve League (1,975 ft) was a nice evening ascent from Carrick after motoring most of Saturday afternoon along the bumpy but beautiful sea viewing road from Donegal town. The landward side of the hill is heathery; the seaward side falls in a grand grassy cliff. On the ridge is a place known as 'The One Man Step,' but actually it is only a hundred yards of scrambling. The view is sublime; below, the sea foams into entrancing little coves and stretches in limitless blueness westwards to America and inland lies a rolling country of moor chequered with shadowy cloud-lit farm lands.

Brandon Mountain (3,127 ft) lies within five miles of the most westerly point of Europe, namely, Dunmore Head, in the Dingle peninsula of County Kerry. We climbed this hill one Saturday by driving a hired car from Tralee to its foot on the west side, and then boots on, we went up the bog road and took a wide grassy shoulder to the summit. Marvellous views greeted us all the way over island-flecked sea; little rocky sky seeking islands, outposts of the old world. The remains of an oratory are on the summit of the mountain; big cliffs fall from the ridge eastwards, and I have read there is some rock-climbing on them. After descent we bathed off Dunmore Head in long foaming Atlantic breakers warmed by the Gulf Stream drift to a June heat on that September day.

By far the finest mountain group in Ireland is Macgillycuddy's Reeks near Killarney in County Kerry. This group contains five points over 3,000 feet; three being set in semi-circular shape and two others being points on a four-mile ridge extending eastwards from them; this ridge actually is Macgillycuddy's Reeks. The semi-circular group includes Carrantuohill (3,414 ft), the highest mountain in Ireland. The foot of Carrantuohill is reached by cycling or motoring the twelve miles from Killarney to the hill hamlet of Coolroe on the northerly side of the hill. Besides the towny hotels in Killarney there is a delightful hill-like hotel at Beaufort Bridge half-way between Killarney and Coolroe. From Coolroe the way lies up The Devil's Glen; keeping the stream on the left-hand side and going first through woods a track is met which continues up to Lough Gouragh in the head of the glen and then to the head of the lake keeping it on the right hand. Looking towards the hill a stream enters the lake at the left, this is followed and continued along its farthest right-hand branch looking up. This peters out at the foot of a scree slope at 1,750 feet; the scree slope, 'The Devil's Staircase,' climbs to the ridge at 2,300 feet. Grass slopes are ascended north-westwards from here up to the summit at 3,414 feet; it is best to avoid going north on this last section as big cliffs are over that side. Caher (3,200 ft) is reached from Carrantuohill summit by going south-west and then west along a one and a quarter mile grassy ridge which falls in cliffs on the north. Beenkeragh (3,314 ft) is reached from Carrauntoohil top by going two hundred yards along the Caher route and then turning north-west down scree for four hundred and fifty feet, where the shoulder narrows to a ridge which rises and pursues an undulating interesting way on rather loose rock and sometimes on grass to Beenkeragh top. Again, it is important to remember that from the actual summit of Carrantuohill big cliffs fall north-north-west and west. These three hills form the semi-circular group mentioned.

To reach Macgillycuddy's Reeks from the col at 2,300 feet mentioned earlier, turn south-east for them instead of north-west for Carrantuohill. The way is a narrow grassy ridge falling in cliffs on the north side all the way; point 3,141 feet is passed, and one mile beyond it a cairn is met which is not marked on the

one-inch map. After a drop and ascent of a mile, a fine quarter-mile length of scrambling on sound rock is met, reminiscent of Skye and very difficult by the ridge; it can all be turned. The Reeks drop to point 2,398 feet and thence the way is into the Gap of Dunloe, descent into which should be chosen with care as the Gap is craggy in places. There are many long cliffs in this Killarney mountain group; in the main they are grassy and of disintegrating rock, but here and there are some cliffs of sound rock such as the one ascending to Caher summit on its north side; and I have read that there is rock climbing on some of the cliffs by the little lough which lies to the west of and above Lough Gouragh. In three ascents of these hills we viewed the mist and missed the view. These are very cold and wet hills taking as they do the winds from off the Atlantic which is only twenty miles away, but the fell walking is excellent, the ridges being so narrow and interesting. 'Killarney's lakes and fells' are reminiscent of Scotland, heather is everywhere, birch woods fringe the lakes, paths meander through them and water laps quietly on the shingle.

Connemara is a land of gorgeous browns and blues. It lies in the centre of the west-coast country and Clifden is the best place to stay. There are also some small hotels dotted about this land of The Twelve Pins. The Pins are twelve 2,300-feet cone-shaped hills connected by 1,500-feet high ridges and set in star pattern; they are steely grey in colour and the ridges are covered in curving slabs so that the going tires the soles of the feet somewhat. Rock-climbing can be found in small quantities on good rock amongst The Pins. The views from these hills are very wonderful across moors studded with lakes, and always there is the sea.

Within five miles of Dublin lies a place called 'The Scalp,' and here one can scramble on a low cliff in country reminiscent of the Lake District. County Wicklow, which adjoins Dublin, is a land of big grass and bracken covered hills the biggest of which, Lugnaquilla, is 3,039 feet high, and Glenmalure is the most delightful side to ascend it from. Nearby is Glendalough, a Cumberland-like valley with two lakes set in woods and scree, and in this dale are also the interesting remains of 'The Seven Churches' of an early Christian Settlement dated 500 A.D.

Hard by Tipperary is Galtymore, a grassy hill 3,018 feet high.

Borrowing the usual cycle we rode from the town for eleven miles through wooded glen country rich in hay and hot with a summer's day. The route for the hill from the north is by a cart track up the glen for two miles, up grass slopes on to Galtybeg and then along a grassy ascending ridge to the summit marked by a cross. The grassy ridge goes east and west for four miles each way at the 2,000 feet level. The view extends inland for miles over a green plain dotted with the white of farmsteads and the darker green of wooded country; south-west we could glimpse the Reeks in the silver light of fading day. As we descended in the evening they were making hay in the valley and the scent of hay and the dews as of a freshly-watered lawn were in the air.

NOTE: The main roads of Ireland are good; off them the going becomes suddenly very poor. A 9 h.p. car can be taken into the Irish Free State for a year for pleasure purposes for £2 10s. plus carriage of £3 each way by boat from Liverpool or Heysham, and for less via Holyhead. The country is covered by ½ in. and in some cases 1 in. Ordnance Survey maps. The mail trains running in connection with cross-channel boat services are good; other train services are poor. Bicycles and sometimes cars can be hired in the country towns.

EHEU FUGACES

C. F. HOLLAND

Alas! When I read this long forgotten article of mine I felt very old and feeble.*

But as I read it the shutters of memory were drawn aside and revealed a series of pictures of past adventure, not only of the events described in this article, but also of many another long buried.

These were, indeed, halcyon days, when all the world was young and the torch of life burned very brightly.

How the memories came thronging back, tinged with prismatic hues, but surely no more brilliant in the imagination than they were at the time.

Again I see Speaker's almost indecently long legs pushing him up the ghastly chimneys of the Campanile, or emerging from the hole like some prehistoric monster from its lair.

Again the long nights on the Langkofel drag their weary length along, and again I climb down that terrible last wall and crawl across those last slabs with Speaker acting as guardian angel above me.

Again, drowsy with the fumes of tobacco, we stagger down the long road to St. Christina, colliding mysteriously at frequent intervals; again that great sportsman, the Dutchman, produces his bottle of Maraschino, and the party we had rescued from the Schmitt Kamin quite intact succumb to the alcohol and become truly in need of help.

Again we sit around in the evenings with a vast surround of bottles filled with various nectars, reviewing the experiences of the day and planning the tomorrow, unutterably happy.

For a brief while the ghosts have lived again, and I can only express gratitude for their once having existed and for the happiness of being able to be among their company again.

THE DOLOMITES, 1923

Our entrance to S. Martino was rather discouraging; for many a long mile our car had swung and bumped along the winding roads of the Tyrol, infested at this season of the year with haycarts of antique pattern and incredible slowness, led by old women,

* Climbers Club Bulletin, 1924, by permission.

invariably on the wrong side of the road, and usually met at the most awkward corners imaginable.

What with the heat and dust, the menace of the haycarts, which took on somewhat of the appearance and character, to the dazed mind, of antidiluvian dinosaurs with homicidal tendencies, and the roaring dragons that leapt round corners at one, belching fiery fumes and breathing destruction—I refer to the Italian motorist out to enjoy himself—our nerves were in an extremely jangled condition by the time we reached the summit of the pass from which we should have had the first glimpse of our destination. From here normally there is a superb view of the Pala Group with the Cimone towering up, an airy pinnacle of the utmost distinction; but today all the surroundings were swathed in cold mist and nothing was to be seen.

A hotel near the top supplied us with some drink or other, what I entirely forget, but I know it was unsatisfactory and that we considered ourselves robbed by the lady in charge. S. Martino appeared to be a collection of hotels, mostly new and entirely horrible, having not even the redeeming feature of being able to supply accommodation. They were all full up. While I sat on the luggage, Speaker went round and interviewed hotel managers, who seemed to regard us with a mixture of contempt and amazement. 'What, my dear sir, come to S. Martino at this season of the year without previous arrangements? You must be mad. Every hole and corner is booked up for months. Go away! Go a long way away!' Alone I should have fled the place, but Speaker is made of sterner stuff, and suddenly, miraculously, we found ourselves settled in a jolly room, just what we wanted, large enough, and on the top floor, an important point when one has to live in the same locality as Italians in large numbers, for they keep it up a good deal at night and have a penchant for ragging about the passages and indulging in badinage and backchat in the small hours, at which time two or three really cheerful specimens will make about as much noise as a cavalry charge, not omitting the death screams of the sabred gunners.

The next day matters had improved, the weather was gorgeous and in the early morning sunlight the great rock peaks soared majestically into an unclouded sky with a mute but overwhelming appeal to us to come and climb them.

Our first ascent was that of the Rosetta by the south-west, a standard difficult, which we turned into a rather severe climb through taking our own way most of the time. The climbing was good, but loose stuff abounded, and a party of six Italians who were behind us very wisely abandoned the mountain. The final difficulty was the crux, as we selected the wrong one of two chimneys and found it a very exacting place, and indeed a dangerous one, being hardly ever climbed and so largely unswept. We made the mistake of sweeping it, inadvertently, with a rucksack. The result was an avalanche of large and pointed rocks, which damaged Speaker as it was, and might easily have killed him. So we learnt another of those lessons which seem so obvious in the retrospect, but which are so seldom learnt without the forcible impression of bitter experience. The chimney was rather similar in character and degree of severity to Hopkinson's Crack on Doe Crags, and climbing it served a useful purpose in putting us at our ease with the rocks, for we felt we were not likely to meet with anything much more difficult, and hoped that we should run into no kind of danger equally dangerous.

The evening of the first day was made memorable by our return at about 7 p.m., a time when all the fashionable visitors are promenading and showing off their evening dresses while the peaks are bathed in rose-coloured light, utterly outclassing man's efforts to adorn himself or herself. But who are these two strange figures that come down from the hills? The one tall and wild as to his hair, but neat in his garments, the other with many-coloured handkerchief for a hat, and garments amazingly rent and tattered. Can such things be or are visions about? The entire throng with one accord stops, looks, and listens, struck motionless as it were by Gorgon's head. Silence profound, and we hope respectful, reigns while we proceed down the street to our hotel. We never succeeded in creating such an impression again, even though I wore my ultramarine plus eights to astonish and delight the oiled and curled Assyrians.

From S. Martino the Pala group resembles a great wall, and the hinterland of peaks is not appreciated till one gets to the top of one of the points directly above the village. It is on the wall, however, that the best climbing lies, and a long holiday can be

spent at this centre and still material left to justify another visit. Most of the scheduled ascents start from the plateau that lies at the back on the peaks that on this side plunge precipitously to the depths of the valley, giving them all a most attractive wrong side, especially alluring when one knows that there is generally an easy way off on the far side.

The Cimone itself can hardly be realised from the village, but it is far otherwise with the two thousand foot walls of the Campanile and Cima di Val di Roda, which are set back enough to appear to full advantage, and it is obvious that here will be found the finest climbing in the group. In the second photo the great gulf between the Campanile and the Cima can be seen. On these cliffs we spent three halcyon days and believe we achieved a new climb.

The diagrams on the photo are meant to illustrate our various wanderings during the three days we spent on this immense cliff. The constellation on the left shows the approximate position of the preliminary unsuccessful start; the line to the right shows more or less the more promising line we took later on, and *Q* marks the point where we retreated on that occasion, since the afternoon was getting on and we had obviously no chance of reaching the top that day. The left-hand continuation indicates how this attack proceeded triumphantly to *A*, the summit of the Campanile. The sinuous line curving gracefully up to *B* shows the third day's route to the top of the Cima, which is, we believe, an entirely new route for about eight hundred feet.

It may seem to some that the hotels in the foreground of the photo are leaning over sideways at an alarming angle, but this is merely an optical delusion, and in reality they are reasonably perpendicular. The one in which we had our being is marked *P*, and in it we were always treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration, the head waiter being a truly remarkable man who invariably turned up at the earliest hour personally to superintend the assembly of our daily food, to whom nothing was too much trouble, and who was quite overcome with amazement when on leaving we presented him with a small token of our gratitude.

The manager, a son of the proprietor, also was most affable and presented me with an excellent coat in which to climb, for which he refused to take any payment. It was a grand coat when I first

wore it, but at a later date its pristine brilliance was a trifle overclouded so to speak; in fact, it was hardly the coat it had been. The manager and I split a bottle of champagne in its honour and all was well.

Our luck in the matter of weather held, and for all our excursions we had absolutely perfect conditions, unless one took exception to the heat and the terrific glare it occasioned. But to return to the Campanile. Purtscheller says that the ascent from this side is about the hardest course in the district, but the description is decidedly hazy as to details and the start is not defined to within half a mile or so.

The walk to the crags is extremely beautiful, a couple of miles through meadows and one plunges into the pine woods, rising gently the while till one breaks away to the right from the path on to the steep and unrighteous slopes leading up to the cliffs. A stream flows down the valley, and excellent bathing pools are easily accessible, an unwonted luxury in the Dolomites.

When eventually we reached the base of operations the great width of the front on which the attack was to be delivered was a source of trouble, and indecision prevailed. A first highly tentative advance was turned almost immediately, but another proved more promising, and the next three hours passed quickly in an absorbing effort to reach the great platform above, which we had made our objective. In this we failed utterly, coming to an *impasse* with overhangs in massed formation, from which the only possible course was retreat by the way we had come.

One p.m. found us again on the screes, very tired, very hot, very thirsty, and a thought disheartened. Food and rest restored our shaken morale, and we advanced once again to the fray, more this time with the idea of finding a means of approach to the upper half of the cliff. This time we began at the lowest point and worked up to a fine-looking chimney, which gave grand climbing and had no signs of previous climbers. The climbing was difficult and delightful. Easier ground was found above, and we came to the conclusion that there was a good chance of reaching the platform and from that entering the great gorge above. We had risen some six hundred feet from the screes, and feeling that honour was satisfied traversed away to the right, always on easy ground, and

strolled back in the cool of the evening with many a backward glance at the crags, and speculation as to what was awaiting us beyond our highest point.

An off-day on the Cuseglio, a small rock peak below the Rosetta, full of climbing and strongly reminiscent of a Cumbrian climbing ground, gave us an amusing time and sent us off in high spirits the day after on our second shot at the Campanile.

This time we went straight to our chimney and found ourselves at our highest previous level with all the day before us and a feeling that this time we were going to succeed. A chasm overhead, which had been in our minds as a possible line was discarded in favour of face climbing diagonally to the left, in which we made good progress and enjoyed a traverse which was rich in every virtue that a traverse can possess and quite as good as anything on Scawfell Pinnacle. Once across this, direct ascent on very moderate rocks was possible if the route was selected carefully. We were obviously close to the platform and were very shortly on it, close to the gorge, a thousand feet up; in fact, practically at the top.

We enjoyed that meal; perhaps we should not have enjoyed it so much had we known the struggles that lay between us and the top. Looking back one can reflect what a beneficent dispensation it is that one cannot foretell the future, and how much better it is to paint it for oneself in roseate hues and bear the subsequent slings and arrows with equanimity, avoiding the additional strain of a nervous anticipation of evils to come.

At this point to the left lay the gorge, gloomy, damp, and uninviting, to the right an enormous sweep of open slabs. 'Here,' we said, 'is a magnificent climb, let us return and do it,' after which we plunged out of the encouraging sunlight into the cold gloom of the gorge and our troubles began, for instead of a balanced and almost leisurely progress up the airy sunlit precipice, we found ourselves up against a grim struggle with cold, wet and slimy rocks, desperate and wild efforts below overhangs, snow and ice that looked like bringing us down at the last hurdle, and the continuous threat of the insuperable.

Two extremely severe pitches were conquered by Speaker, which was lucky, as I am convinced I could not have climbed them,

and then we came to what appeared to be the end of all things. Above was a vast overhanging mass of rock, to the left a vertical wall of amazingly loose rock, to the right an overhanging wall. In front was a hole, but it was guarded by a wave of snow some twenty feet high, and we had no ice-axe. At first retreat seemed unavoidable, but on becoming more used to the gloom in the great cave another hole was discovered high up in its roof, and Speaker managed to force an exit through it after some highly exciting climbing on titubant icicles. We emerged to scree, sunshine, and success, for we could walk straight up to the col we had been making for, and had then only three hundred feet of moderate and uninteresting rocks between us and the summit, from which a return was made to the col and the top of the Cima reached by a chimney on the other side of it.

It was not long before we returned; these vast cliffs had an irresistible fascination for us, and we wanted to climb the great slabs we admired so much on the previous expedition. Once again we thoroughly enjoyed our chimney and preened ourselves over the beauty of the traverse above it, before assembling for our first meal at the point of departure from the other route. All seemed delightful, the slabs looked inviting, dry, warm, and at an angle high enough to be interesting without offering overmuch difficulty; once again one learnt how deceptive a slope can be and how extremely hard it is to form a correct judgment from below. For a couple of hundred feet or so all went well, but then things steepened up mysteriously, holds began to slope the wrong way, the severity to become pronounced, and the obviously greater steepness above to cause serious misgivings.

Reluctantly we were forced back to the left towards a gutter between the extreme edge of the slabs and an enormous wall of most formidable appearance, which was in addition rotten to the core. The gutter was wet, slimy and horribly unpleasant, besides being in several places impossible, as one cannot climb a vertical scoop on tottering spikes which would probably impale anyone they fell on. We knew all about this sort of thing, and if our only way of ascent was by climbing the scoop, well, we weren't having any.

However, by now we were used to circumventing places of this type and did not abandon hope, and after gazing in dismay

at the first *impasse*, began to search for some alternative. This lay close at hand in the shape of a hole which Speaker discovered, winding up into the wall above us, almost dark but with a glimmer at the top of it. It did not look nice, being very narrow, full of obstacles and excessively wet. Speaker nevertheless urged me to explore its recesses, uttering strange oaths as the obstacles were dislodged one by one and I forced my way up the tortuous flue.

After a desperate struggle an exit was made through a window, but the stance was too small for two and I had to proceed twenty feet higher to an airy pinnacle on the face of the wall. Speaker followed with two rucksacks containing boots, and from his remarks one gathered that he was having a rough passage and that he thoroughly disapproved of the hole. I pointed out that he had himself discovered it, and that if he knew of a better one he could go to it, but these remarks were not received sympathetically. Eventually, after a lengthy period of subterranean phenomena, a rubber-shod foot appeared, then another, and the rest of Speaker made a highly original and diverting appearance in sections.

After slinging the sacks up to me he carried on and made a direct attack on the scoop which here looked more reasonable, though the utmost care had to be exercised owing to unstable rock, most of the holds having to be unearthed by the removal of the existing ones before it was possible to attain a stance some thirty feet higher. Now it was my turn to handle the sacks ; one is bad enough, but two are unmentionably troublesome and require special tactics. After a considerable exertion of brain power I devised a scheme and propelled myself upwards pushing one in front of me, the other dangling behind at the end of a four-foot tail of rope, a method which is probably the worst that the human brain is capable of conceiving. I felt like Sisyphus one end and a comet the other.

From the point now reached I resumed the lead and found myself confronted with another crux as the scoop again became impossible, and this time there was no convenient hole. The only alternative to retreat was to traverse out on to the slabs till one could ascend and attain a line of re-entrance to the scoop above the impossibility, a situation which caused a certain amount of excitement, as while success meant that we were reasonably

certain of getting up, failure would entail a descent which neither of us contemplated without feelings of intense dismay. On the lines indicated the solution of the problem worked itself out eminently satisfactorily, especially as the pitch provided about the best climbing of the day, while the absence of any option added more than a little to its interest.

After this the rest was anti-climax from the sitting in a moist cleft and endeavouring to induce the sacks to make the direct ascent to our subsequent traverse out to the right on to the broken buttress which led shortly to the summit, up which two utterly tired wrecks with shattered nervous systems dragged themselves slowly and painfully when the strain was at last relaxed and the inevitable reaction set in.

And so once again we descended the rough and winding track to the valley, and the delights of comfortable chairs, beer, dinner, and the reflections on what we both agreed was really the most difficult and exacting climb we had ever done. Nothing, we said, could ever be met quite so hazardous and formidable. For our peace of mind it was indeed fortunate that we did not know that within a week we were to have an experience on the Langkofel beside which that of this day was to pale into utter insignificance.

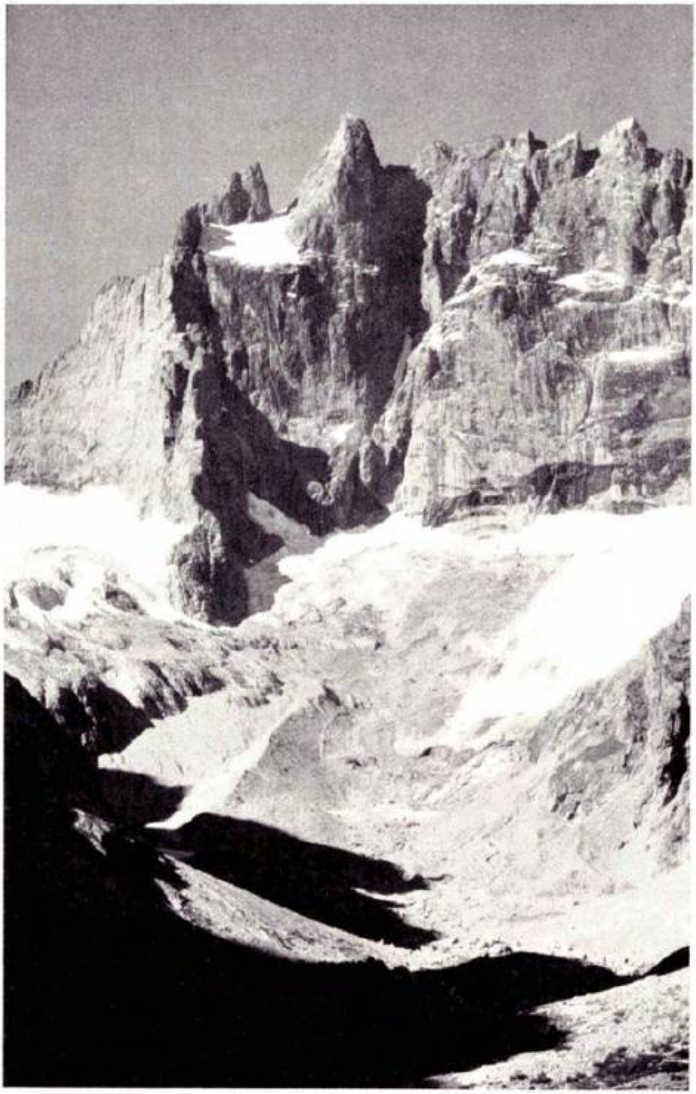
IN THE DAUPHINÉ

BRENDA RITCHIE

Anyone recording a newcomer's impressions of the Dauphiné would probably put first on the list the state of paralysed terror induced by the drive up the La Bérarde road, if it is made in one of the smaller Bourg d'Oisans charabancs, whose driver is evidently out to create a local speed record for sharp turns above precipices. Apart from these distractions, one's first sight of the Dauphiné Alps is impressive, for they have a character of their own. There are no pine forests, and few high pastures; the higher valleys are bare and stony, so that the Swiss valleys seem gardened and civilized by comparison. At least in the Meije district, the valleys are narrow and steep; the mountains rise in great rugged sweeps of precipice, or precipitous slopes, right to their tops, with no table-land or plateau half-way up, to break the outline or lessen the effect of height. Consequently, even the minor peaks look magnificent, falling in bold, steep lines to the valley floor. They make the utmost of their height, instead of dissipating it in slopes and plateaux, as Mont Blanc does seen from Chamonix. Another peculiarity of the Dauphiné Alps is the shapeliness of most of the mountain-tops, high and low alike. We used to notice a small peak to the south of the Vénéon Valley, which was a perfect narrow pyramid; and the Pointe du Vallon des Etages, at the head of the Etages glacier, was lion-shaped, very like the Matterhorn seen from the North-West.

In the very erratic summer of 1934, we were lucky enough to strike a patch of fine weather for some guideless climbing in the Dauphiné. Four of our party had arrived from England by August 12th, the remaining one from the Italian Tyrol two days later. We were told that the weather had been very bad, and that the Meije, so far, had only been climbed four or five times that season. But it was gradually clearing, and by the 14th the fine spell had set in.

We did a few training climbs, and then the Fifre; and also went into training for French huts, by spending an unrestful night



B. R. Goodfellow

MEIJE, S.
Grand Pic and Doigt de Dieu

in the Refuge de la Pilatte, which needs cleaning (or did then). Luckily, we seemed to have struck the worst first, and the other huts we used later were cleanliness itself compared to the Pilatte.

After the Fifre, we decided to make an expedition for two nights to the Adèle Planchard hut, and on the 18th we left La Bérarde at 3-15 a.m. We were heavily loaded with provisions for three days, and the way up to the Col de la Casse Déserte seemed steep and strenuous. In the ice-fall below the col, we came unexpectedly upon a series of complicated and enormous crevasses stretching right across the glacier. (We heard afterwards that they were notorious that summer.) Our ice expert successfully worked the only possible way through, but with this delay we did not get on to the col till 11 a.m., and instead of climbing the Grande Ruine on the way as we had thought of doing, two of the party prospected the lower part of the South-East ridge, which makes a pleasant rock-climb. The perfect weather still held. On the 19th, four of us went up the Tour Carrée. This is a good rock-climb with one short very hard pitch, which contains the only loose rock to be found on the whole climb. From the top we could see Monte Rosa, about 80 miles off, and could pick out the Aiguille du Géant in the Mont Blanc group. On the way back to La Bérarde, next day, we went up the Grande Ruine by the ordinary route. It was still fine, but there had been a red dawn and it was stiflingly hot on the glacier—the fine spell was evidently coming to an end. Our anxiety was, should we be able to get to the Meije, now in good condition, before the weather broke again?

On the 21st, an off-day for us, there was some rain, but not enough to mean snow high up. The 22nd was cloudy and dubious, and after hesitating, we decided to wait another day. The 23rd, as it turned out, was fine at first, though windy, and we went up to the Promontoire, some of the party arriving early enough for an hour's reconnoitring of the route above the hut. All day the weather grew worse and the wind freshened, till, about 7 o'clock, rain and hail came down in fury and the mountains were blotted out in storm. Gloomily we went to lie down. But the storm blew itself out during the night, and when, at 3 a.m., we got up, it was fine. Cloud lay low in the valleys, but above, the full moon was shining out of a clear sky and there was no wind. The

guides pointed out the verglas and fresh snow, gleaming frostily high up above us, and talked of the possibility of a night out. In the end they did not take their parties. Bearing in mind however the full moon and the near certainty of twenty-four hours' fine weather after the thunderstorm we set out together with one other English party, also guideless, led by T. A. H. Peacocke and A. T. L. Reed. We went in two ropes, of three and two. We left the Refuge at 4-20 a.m., climbing at first by moonlight; quite soon we reached the fresh snow and verglas. The first pitch of any difficulty—the Dalle Castelnau, where on the first ascent Pierre Gaspard took off his boots—was iced. After considerable waste of time, the two members of the second rope led by Geoffrey Barratt came to the rescue and climbed it successfully. After that, though most of the steepest pitches were free of verglas, elsewhere the plastering of ice and new snow made going slow and difficult, even over easy rocks. As the sun got up, melting ice particles rained down on us from the heights of the Grande Muraille. Helped by directions from the two of our party who had been over the mountain before, we followed the zig-zag route up to the Glacier Carré with one or two false moves only; even so, it was about 11-30 a.m. when we reached the foot of the glacier. The snow was softening, so that it was heavy going, and we took it in turns to lead and kick steps. Most of the final rocks of the Grand Pic were thick with ice and snow, and the first rope delayed matters slightly by failing to find the line of least resistance. We were on the top of the Grand Pic by 2-15 p.m. The weather was perfect. There were low valley clouds, but very little wind, and a clear sky. Sixty miles away, to the north, rose Mont Blanc, towering above all its surroundings. For the rest of the traverse we could see it all the time, in all its changing lights and colours.

We paused only 25 minutes on the top for a hasty meal and then set off for the traverse. In the course of our roping-down to the Brèche Zsigmondy, over a stretch of rotten rock, several pieces of the mountain came away, but luckily feel clear of all of us. Up the short rock patch beyond the Brèche was straightforward going, as it was clear of snow or ice; but the steep slopes beyond were thickly covered, and the traverse across them and up on to

the ridge was difficult. There was, of course, no sign left of previous steps: we had to make our own and choose our own route.

The ridge of the Meije, to newcomers particularly, is a most inspiring place. Not often in the Alps do you find the summit of a high mountain prolonged into a knife-edge ridge about one-third of a mile long, with steep ice slopes all along one side, and all along the other a rock wall of about 3,000 feet. This rock wall drops sheer, except for some horizontal ledges half-way up, to the moraines of the Etançons glacier.

By the time we were on the Pic Zsigmondy, the sun was no longer melting the ice. Instead of the two to two and a half hours, ordained by the guide books for the traverse of the ridge, we took four and a half, arriving on the Doigt de Dieu 7-15 p.m. To be out on a high mountain at an improper time seems, wrongly enough, to be rewarded with lovely sights. The ridge runs East and West, so that just before sunset the sun was in a line with the ridge itself; and when we reached the Doigt de Dieu, the highest point of the Eastern end of the ridge, we saw the shadow of the Meije, stretching out before us, apparently for miles, an enormous elongated cone of blue. This shadow-cone pointed with geometrical precision to the full moon rising in the East.

The lower rocks on the way down from the Doigt de Dieu were a good deal iced, and we had to rope-down. We did not all collect on the col at the foot of the Doigt, till the sun had set and it was growing dark. It was a fine evening, but a wind was getting up, and it was cold. All this time we saw Mont Blanc—rosy pink at sunset, green and ghostly in the twilight, and now gleaming in full moonlight. Our proper route was to continue along and down the ridge for another 30 minutes, and then find the iron ring for roping-down off the ridge and on to the glacier. But, just on the col, we found two slings, used evidently for roping-down off the ridge from the point where we were, without going any further along it. This seemed the better plan for us, if it was possible, since the climb along the ridge, not yet well lit by the moon, would be difficult. We held a consultation with Peacocke's party, and decided that, though this roping-down might be longer than the other, it would go with our two ropes tied together, which would

give us an effective length of 200 feet. One of Peacocke's party went down first, safeguarded with a long (composite) climbing rope. The moon obstinately remained the wrong side of the ridge, and the whole slope down which we had to rope was in shadow. The first man down had to search for the rimaie and the best way over it; he found it difficult and strenuous, particularly without crampons. He was so far below us that he was almost out of calling distance. Finally he got down, on to the slopes of the glacier. The doubled ropes reached just far enough; the rimaie must have been 180 feet below the crest of the ridge.

It then remained for the rest of us to get down, a much easier process when directed from below, and easier also with crampons (the one pair we carried with us) which we used in turn. This almost certainly saved time and energy in the long run, but it was, of course, a lengthy proceeding in the semi-darkness. Geoffrey Barratt, who came last man down, had been over three hours at the chilly post of honour on the ridge. The wind was just as cold down below, but those who were down first went on to the hut to make soup. It was still fine, but high cloud was blotting out the moon, and in the diffused light, the Tabuchet glacier seemed to have unaccountable angles. Thanks, however, to the directions of the glacier expert, we, the advance guard, got quickly down to the hut. This was 11-50 p.m.; the others followed about an hour later. In spite of the cold, we were, most of us, consumed with a raging thirst; but we could only make as much hot drink as we had methylated spirit to spare. We appropriated the entire store of hut blankets for the rest of the night; next day, the 25th, we went down to La Grave and back again to La Bérarde in the evening.

That night the weather broke again; and by the 26th there was so much fresh snow about that it was plain the Ecrins would not be possible during the few days which were all we had left. On the 27th we left La Bérarde for Grenoble, and from Grenoble drove out, and climbed the Mont Aiguille—our farewell to the Dauphiné for that year.

PYRENEAN HOLIDAY

A. D. B. Side

As soon as we had decided to make our first visit to the Central Pyrenees we studied the available books and maps so that time should not be wasted in indecision after arrival in the mountains It is hoped that these notes will be useful to others, and that those who intend to visit this region for the first time will not be disappointed.

The basis of our reading was, ' The Pyrenees : some maps, books and refuges,' by our colleague H. V. Hughes, in the Rucksack Club Journal, Number 24 (1930). As this should be available to club members and the article is unusually helpful it would be best for others to read it. In addition to dealing adequately with its sub-title, it includes a good bibliography to which a few comments will be added here.

We chose the last week in August and the first two in September for our visit and our definite objects were: (1) To see and climb in as much of the Central Pyrenees as possible during the period. (2) To be independent of guides, porters and transport in the chosen areas. (3) To camp the whole time and to be as self-supporting as possible.

The mountain groups we hoped to visit were, from west to east, Pic du Midi d'Ossau ; Balaïtous ; either Vignemale or d'Enfer ; The Massif Calcaire (Mont Perdu to Taillon) ; Cirque D'Oo and the Maladetta in that order, so as to travel away from approaching bad weather as the season was getting late. The third group was missed through lack of time. Actually we went from the Cirque D'Oo to Maladetta and then westwards so as to enable a friend who joined us after the first week to visit the western groups. This change of plans was not unfortunate because we had excellent weather nearly every day but not every night !

The pleasures of our holiday began with the planning of the tour. Everything of the lightest type was essential, so some special equipment had to be devised and a tent was made to our own design by Camp and Sports Co-operators Ltd., which provided satisfactory bivouac accommodation for three and comfortable camping for two. The camera and photographic material was pooled and on occasion choosing the subject, setting up the camera, and pressing the trigger was done by three different persons. Fortunately the camera did not resent this and we were

able to return home with about a hundred and forty good negatives to assist our memories of such diverse mountain splendour.

The food problem seemed a difficult one, especially as we had read that milk and butter were unobtainable in the Spanish Pyrenees. It was, however, admirably solved by my wife, and a varied daily menu was thought out which was not greatly deviated from, and the estimated rations just lasted out. In addition to our camping and climbing kit we left London with ten days' provisions. As varied a diet as possible was arranged and we included milk powder, butter, and wholemeal biscuits. A small 'methy' cooker with fuel was taken. It may interest campers to know that with one hundred feet of line and two ice axes we were able to start with a total of only fifty-three pounds between us, and that we were able to keep fit and put on weight during a strenuous holiday without recourse to the flesh-pots and the ubiquitous saucisson. One member of the party, however, had a special craving for duck and green peas. After a week some welcome food supplies were brought from England, and at the end of the second week we were able to collect a further parcel of food which we had posted to ourselves from London: food of a kind that we thought would be difficult to obtain: Quick Quaker Oats, milk powder, stoneless dates, Milkaroni, etc. When we travelled from Luchon to Luz and Luz to Laruns, we took the opportunity of buying fresh fruit, bread, tomatoes and cheese.

The round journey was made by Paris, and Toulouse, and back, via Bordeaux, from Laruns on a cheap Circular and Thermal Resort ticket. Briefly, our itinerary in the mountains was from Luchon by car to Granges d'Astau. From here we footed it past Lac D'Oo and Lac d'Espingo towards the Cirque D'Oo. We were glad the first night to pitch our tent just above Lac Saousat. The following day we set out to find a way over the Glacier du Portillon and the Col du Portillon D'Oo, but the snow of the previous night and the mist thwarted us. So next day we crossed the Port D'Oo (2,915 m.) into Spain. As we had been compelled to cross much farther westwards than we had intended it meant two more camps before we could pitch our tent just above the Rencluse Refuge on the Maladetta, one on autumn crocus in the Vall de Cantal leading to the Vall d'Astos and Venasque, the other below

Bains de Venasque in Vall d'Esera. We climbed the Maladetta but missed Pic Néthou, the highest peak, because of bad weather. We enjoyed the views from the top of Pic Sauveguarde, across the valley, on our way to Gavarnie via the Port du Venasque, the Hospice de France, and Luchon. We were fortunate in getting a lift in a butcher's van from the Hospice to Luchon.

Gavarnie was like Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday with extra supplies of donkeys, banners, and processions. It was good to get out of such a place and to sleep peacefully well above it that evening. On the morrow we climbed to the Tuque Rouye Hut, the highest in the Pyrenees, then to the summit of Pic Tuque Rouye with its perpendicular strata, and afterwards descended to the Cabane at the side of Lac Glacé. Mt Perdu was climbed and from its top we had our first view of the extraordinary canyon-like country to the south, including the head of the Ordesa Valley, a Spanish National Park.

The next trip was from Lac Glacé across a high shoulder of Mt Cylindre, past Mt Epaule, and on to Tour and then Casque, then through the Bréche de Roland and down to the foot of the Cirque de Gavarnie and to the village itself. Even with full packs this was a never-to-be-forgotten day.

Then the Arrémoulit Refuge was our destination; it lies between Pallas, Lurien and Ariel, three fine mountains, and just out of sight of Balaïtous. We travelled from Gavarnie to Laruns by train, to Eaux Chaudes by car, to Pic Sagette by aerial railway, to Lac d'Artouste in a tiny mountain train, and walked the last portion. We were fortunate in having distant views in all directions from the summit of Balaïtous with broken clouds in the middle distance and a sea of clouds beyond.

Our next home was at the side of Lac Pombie almost at the foot of the climbing on Pic du Midi d'Ossau. This we reached after a splendid walk over Col d'Arrius, down Val d'Arrius, across the Gabas road, and up Val Pombie. Because of one day and two nights of snow and hail, we were able to get only one climb on Pic du Midi—the easy route from Col de Suzon. It is a top to be attained by any route. We were sorry to leave our last big mountain and go down to near Bious Artigues after crossing Col Peyreget. This valley to the west of Pic du Midi was a charming one, yet in places, wild. High up we saw two izard, low down we found a

perfect setting for our last camp and the shadow of this fine mountain was cast around us by the full moon. The following day saw us back at Laruns on our way home.

We must go to the Central Pyrenees again ; that is definite. The Encantats, further east, in Spain must be visited too. We have seen them in the distance, but that is not sufficient. We long to climb those walls and ridges. The Pyrenees are a paradise for campers, and camping can be enjoyed almost anywhere. Most of our camp sites were high ones and we experienced at night some wonderful thunder and lightning storms and also hail, snow and torrential rains, but only once did we tempt the elements to wash us out, which they did effectively.

Rock suitable for climbing is to be found in most large groups. There are easy routes, ' supers,' and unclimbed faces. Some mountains are especially fine for the climber : the Pic du Midi d'Ossau appears to provide French climbers with endless sport.

A few words about maps and books. The six maps by F. Scharder 1 : 100,000 covering the whole of the Central Pyrenees, have been revised to recent dates and are now easily purchased. There is a second edition of the Carte du Massif du Vignemale 1 : 20,000 by A. Meillon, and also a good map by him of the district south of Cauterets, Carte des Environs de Cauterets, 1 : 20,000. The Syndicat d' Initiatives de Luchon have produced a useful map of the area south of Luchon as far as the frontier 1 : 30,000.

The Annuaire de Poche of the Club Alpin Français contains useful information about guides and huts. The Espingo Refuge below the Cirque D'Oo was destroyed by an avalanche last year and the new one is only partially built.

' Onze Jours aux Pyrénées Centrales,' 1934, by members of the C.A.F. is entertaining though not very important. The second edition of ' Les Pyrénées du Pic d'Anie au Canigou en 40 Excursions ' by Pierre Soubiron can now be obtained. ' Les Pyrénées Occidentales,' and ' Les Pyrénées Orientales,' both by G. Ledormeur, are in the press and should soon be on sale. His ' Massif du Balaïtous ' seems to be out of print. ' Pyrénées,' in two volumes by F. Schrader will shortly be published by Henri Didier, Paris. Volume one is, ' Courses et Ascensions.' Henri Didier has also republished ' Souvenirs d'un Montagnard,' by Henry Russell, a Pyrenean pioneer and a noted climber.

WELSH WILES

C. J. Astley Cooper

When an article appeared in the 1934 Journal on the merits of North Wales as a climbing ground, I naturally expected that the next issue would contain a devastating reply to the author's assertions, in spite of the lack of loose rock in Cumberland suitable for stone-throwing. I had even imagined the Editor in the unusual position of being able to select the most suitable from the numerous MSS. reposing on his table, instead of relying as he generally does upon the uninspired efforts of a writer like myself.

When the next Journal appeared without any notice being taken of the challenge, I could only answer that the other members of the Club were in a similar position to my own—namely, that they intended visiting N. Wales at the earliest opportunity, and, while probably sceptical, feared that the climbs might be as nerve-shattering in reality as the author had depicted.

Any scepticism may easily be forgiven by anyone who has perused the original Climber's Club Guides, in which a knowledge of the classics is used to enhance the picture of fearfulness, and where the drawings would be more in keeping as illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*. Those fabulous cliffs, rising sheer out of the mists without vestige of handhold would be a fit home for the Afanc and other objects of Welsh mythology, but the visitor will search for their counterpart in vain.

I cannot pretend to the exhaustive knowledge of Welsh climbing possessed by A.B.H., but I can claim to have spent an entire week in the district, in addition to two week-ends, a period more than sufficient for many travellers to publish their impressions.

I was fortunate in making my first visit in 1929, when the modern discovery of Wales had just commenced, and still more in becoming associated with some of the leading pioneers; in particular with F. E. Hicks, whose abilities as a leader were only surpassed by his extraordinary devotion to Oxford bags as a suitable dress for climbing. It was always a source of wonder to me when watching him climb, how he ever managed to put his

feet in the right place, for at each step his foot disappeared into a vast cavern of flannel from which it seemed fated never to reappear.

Under his leadership I was introduced to some of the Idwal climbs, such as the Girdle Traverse of Holly Tree Wall, etc., all climbs which come under the category of short stunt climbs of usually painful artificiality. Moreover, the rock can be considered as sound as any in Cumberland though too well equipped with sharp points to be comfortable in stockings or rubbers.

The next step was a journey to Clogwyn du'r Arddu, at that time seldom visited. We had with us a typewritten account of the West Buttress (Longland's) route, presented to us by A.B.H., but either through our stupidity or his inaccurate typing we successfully missed the proper start, and added a lower section to the climb, since utilised in part for the Narrow Slab route. Incidentally, I should be interested to learn how many of those climbers who prefer extraneous difficulties, really enjoy the wet grassy precipice guarding the foot of the Eastern Terrace.

The original route reaches the slab which forms the main feature of the climb by an easy chimney, some distance above the foot of the Terrace. We gained a footing on the slab just above the overhang, where we were confronted by a remarkably steep grass slab. It was, in fact, difficult to find any rock, and, being at that time unacquainted with the peculiarities of Welsh grass, our progress upwards was more akin to that of the reptiles than to humans.

We soon learnt that Welsh grass is considerably more tenacious than the rare specimens found on Cumbrian Crags, being more comparable to the heather and bilberry which is so common a feature of some Lake District climbs. One need only read ' Climbs and Ski Runs ' to discover how the gardening activities of Pigott, etc., nearly eventuated in the repulse of Smythe on this very climb, and to realise that grass in Wales plays a large but by no means unfriendly part in modern Welsh climbing. The problems provided by the rest of the climb do not differ in any way from those met with in the Lakes and need no comment.

My next visit to Wales was for a week-end in March under the leadership of Kirkus, transport by McPhee. We travelled by

Llandudno, where an attempt to avoid paying toll on the Great Orme met with no success. A probable first passage of what originally appeared a road but very soon became a tram track with rails 9 inches above the ground, brought us back to the main road and a narrow escape from detention for speeding.

The objective of the leader was Dinas Mot, a crag just above the Llanberis Pass. The nose of the buttress had not then been climbed direct, although a route of which we were unaware had been made up its left edge. There is little need to describe the climb, for that has already been done, but I would point out that the rock is very good, while vegetation is absent. The climbing is indeed very similar in its lower section to the Pinnacle Face, but I cannot speak of the direct finish.

The trip was really notable for bringing to my notice very forcibly the most gratifying feature of Welsh climbing; the possibility of getting climbing of first-class quality without being obliged to walk long distances, for during the week-end we were never distant more than a few hundred feet from the car.

My last visit was made at Christmas, with the avowed object of climbing on Lliwedd. This was not so much from any personal predilection, but rather from a feeling of propriety, for to have visited North Wales on more than one occasion without climbing on Lliwedd might be considered almost *lèse majesté*. Unhappily, our efforts were limited to an undignified scramble on the West Buttress, for on arriving at Llydaw, the noble pile was hidden by mist, and we wasted our day looking for the rocks in the wrong place.

I can still claim never having climbed on Tryfan or Craig yr Ysfa, and only scrambled on Lliwedd, a distinction which I believe can be claimed by few who have visited the district for climbing.

It will be understood from the foregoing, that it is my contention that the presence of abundance of grass and loose material in Wales is actually an asset to the climber, and not the liability that a knowledge of the properties of Lakeland grass would suggest. In this belief, I have the support of others more famous, for both Smythe and Pigott have written of the welcome assistance given by grass upon Clogwyn du'r Arddu. It is no doubt perfectly true that the only reason for falling off sound rock is the act of

just letting go, although the cause of our letting go may be quite obscure, but I feel that it is a simpler matter to let go of a small fingerhold of good rock than of a fistful of tough grass.

In addition to its value as handhold, it has also been utilised according to the laws of snow-craft, for we read of steps being kicked in the thick tufts of grass.

Whether the final result of the passage of many climbers and the consequent destruction of the grass will be a reduction in severity or an elevation to the impossible cannot be foretold, but at the present time it cannot be denied that the vegetation is of great assistance.

Welsh cliffs are probably equipped with more than their share of loose rock, but whether this was the case before the introduction of Manchester tactics is not obvious. In any case, recent exploits in the Principality have shown that the abundance of loose material has been put to a practical use. It would be idle to enter into controversy on the moral aspect of this practice, but it is plain that Lancastrian thrift has entered into climbing, and that where the extravagant Cumbrian has been accustomed to jettison all natural aids, the more imaginative Celt has turned his genius to the task of utilising the waste products of the mountains.

It has been claimed that the big Welsh climbs are much more formidable because of their lack of artificiality. While first thoughts would seem to lead to this conclusion, more careful examination of the question will show that the contrary may be the case. It will be admitted that the question is one of psychology, and that climbing technique has no part in it. That being so, it should be obvious that while it may be more difficult to *start* a climb with the knowledge that there is no escape to easier rocks, yet when once committed to the assault, the recollection of the difficult pitches waiting below in event of failure must act as a spur to the conquering of the pitches above. I am always scared before the first pitch of any difficult climb, quite irrespective of whether I can find an easy way off at the top or not, but I am quite certain that I can climb better after burning my boats than I can when I know that the pitch in front has only to be climbed for sport and not out of necessity. While, therefore, I must agree that lack of artificiality improves a climb, mainly because it increases our

feeling of achievement to know that we have embarked on what may be a desperate undertaking, yet the actual climbing of very difficult pitches on an artificial climb should need greater determination in order to combat the natural desire to take an easier way of escape.

So while I have the greatest admiration for those who first tackled these climbs, yet I feel that the knowledge of their difficulties, so hardens the determination of succeeding aspirants, that, given the technical skill to overcome these difficulties, future climbers will find that the climbs will succumb more readily than those in which similar severities can be avoided.

To revert to generalities, I think it will be admitted that Welsh hills are wilder and have truer mountain aspect than the Lakeland hills, but I must confess that to me they always seem hostile. I once spent a day scrambling alone on Idwal, and, although the day was bright and sunny, I found myself continually glancing back at the black hole of Twll Du, in the belief that something definitely unpleasant was about to issue from that unwholesome looking cleft. In fact, so great did this feeling become that I finally fled the scene, to spend the rest of the day by the shores of Ogwen, where a fishing cormorant helped to restore my belief in the natural world.

This recollection has made me wonder at the association of Kirkus, and the Afanc in the list of the sights of the district, and to come to the conclusion that this association has a direct bearing on some of the recent climbing exploits of the former.

In the early days of alpine mountaineering the best guides were usually men who spent their spare time hunting the chamois, and it seems possible that the new school in Wales has learnt its technique in the more difficult task of hunting the Afanc. Whether this is the case, or whether, as seems more possible, the ascents on Clogwyn are due to the efforts of Kirkus to escape the unwelcome assaults of an Afanc lurking in Llyn du'r Arddu is a matter of conjecture, but is undoubtedly unfair help to Welsh climbers, for in Cumberland we have no such incentive now that the Gert Dog of Ennerdale is no more.

ROPE MANAGEMENT

A. T. Hargreaves

In framing the following notes I have drawn almost entirely on my own experience; and although they are to a small extent based upon that of my friends, on the soundness of whose advice I can rely, they should be taken as merely expressing my own opinions. Thus, expert climbers who have evolved their own technique may differ in some minor respects from what I write.

General. Nowadays it is easy to buy good climbing rope. That supplied by most of the makers who advertise in the journals is probably sound and dependable. A novice should start with full weight rope, but after a little time he may use one of three-quarter weight, such as that obtainable from Beale, which, although thinner and so lighter than full weight, is much more robust than the so-called Alpine line, which is half weight. This line is not for the novice; one reason is that it requires more careful treatment, and novices will sometimes find it difficult to avoid standing or stepping on it, or dragging it over rough projections.

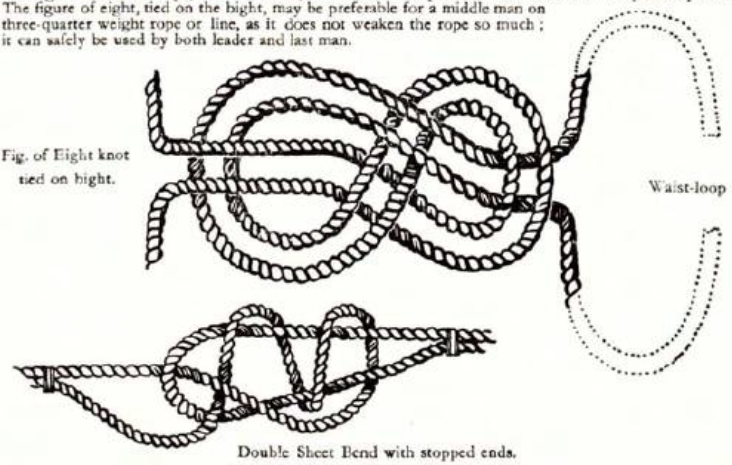
Bowline.

Knots and how to make them. There are probably several other sound knots, but for the ends of the rope, the bowline plus half-hitch, and the weaver's knot are simple and reliable. For the middle

of a full weight rope the overhand knot seems to be the only one practicable.*

How to rope up. The rope should be passed round the chest, just under the armpits, and should be comfortably but not unduly tight. After the knot has been adjusted to effect this, it should be hauled taut. It is a good plan for the leader to tie on so as to leave a free end about four feet long. This free end should be passed over one shoulder—like a Sam Browne—after the knot has been shifted round the back, and it should then be made fast to the front of the loop by means of two half-hitches. This prevents the loop from slipping down to the waist. A middle man can use the same device, by tying a bowline on the bight instead of an

* The so-called 'middleman noose,' which is the weaver's knot tied on the bight, that is, without tucking an end of the rope, is undesirable; as it acts as a slip knot when one of the two parts is pulled. The figure of eight, tied on the bight, may be preferable for a middle man on three-quarter weight rope or line, as it does not weaken the rope so much; it can safely be used by both leader and last man.



Double Sheet Bend with stopped ends.

The single sheet bend is suitable for bending two ropes together when a second one has to be sent up; but not for actual climbing. Then the double sheet bend may be used; the ends being 'stopped' to their own 'parts,' to secure the knot and prevent it from getting held upon the rocks, but the figure of eight bend—see Dr. Wilson's text book—is probably stronger for bending ropes of equal thickness.† If they are of different thicknesses, double sheet bend is essential.

To make things clear it may be explained that the word 'part' is the accepted technical term for a part of a rope; that the end which is tucked through when tying a knot is called the 'running end'; and that the part on the other side of the knot is called the 'standing part.'

A knot at the end of the rope should be so tied that an ample length of running end projects when it is finished.

The practice of tying a thumb knot in the running end is not a good one. If there is risk of a knot getting slack, as with the bowline under the circumstances in which it is used for climbing, the correct thing to do is to give the running end a half-hitch on to the loop as it jams tight up against the main knot, and so locks it.—(Ed.)

† Those who wish to learn how to tie knots quickly and correctly are referred to Dr. Claude Wilson's 'Mountaineering' and which gives exceptionally clear instructions; also 'Knots and Splices,' by Capt. Jutsum, 2/-, and Kephart's 'Camping and Woodcraft.'—(Ed.)

overhand knot, and passing one loop over the head. The first method prevents middle man's knot being slewed from side to side, the second method permits it. The leader should wear his knot at the back, or, for a traverse, draw it round to the side nearest to the second man; and a middle man should wear his under one arm; while the last man should keep his knot in front. When two ropes are used, the second rope should be tied around the waist-loop by means of a fisherman's bend or by tying a second waist-loop; in that case it is essential to intertwine the two loops at three or four points to guard against independent pulls in opposite directions. Knots should not be entirely ignored during a climb but should be examined from time to time, to see that they are not working loose.

Fisherman's Bend and Half-hitch

For tying second rope to waist-loop.

Management of rope. In easy climbing, such as may be found on the long ridges in Skye or on Ben Nevis, and where the party will all be moving together, forty feet or so between climbers is enough. The members of the party should not be separated to that extent, but should each keep about ten feet coiled in one hand, to allow for the next man slowing down or quickening up a little. The leader, by doing so instead of letting the rope dangle from the knot, will be better placed for belaying, by taking a turn round a projection or making a quick step to a secure stance, should some member of the party slip.

The rope should not be allowed to trail over, and so send down the debris which so often litters the ledges; and so constant attention should be paid to keep it clear of the ground. If the route runs round corners, extra care should be taken against the rope getting hitched up or wedged. Further, it is up to each member of the party to note possible anchorages*; for while there may be no need to stop and use them, they should be instantly available for use at a critical moment; as there is always the possibility that the whole party may have to secure itself in the least possible time.

Difficult climbing, including not merely climbs classified as such,

* It should be remembered that it is the rope which forms the belay on or over the belaying-pin or point or anchorage.—(Ed.)

but nearly all steep rocks on which both hands are needed. For this sort of work a minimum of sixty feet between climbers is often essential. If there is an excess of rope beyond this allowance, the last man need not tie on at the end, but can make a bandolier of the spare bit, taking two half-hitches round the coils with the end of the rope. Alternatively, he may stow the coils in his sack.

The leader, when advancing, should always be on the lookout, not merely for a secure stance, but also for a good anchorage on which to belay. On unfamiliar climbs it is advisable for him to stop at every suitable opportunity to belay and bring up the next man. This may occasionally make pitches rather short; but it provides against the second man having to move before the leader can get himself properly secured.

On arrival at a stance, everything in the way of means of belaying should be noted at once, and the best one chosen. It should be as high as possible, and care should be taken to see that it is sound.

Leader belaying himself. The leader passes the rope from his waist knot over the notch or projection, and hauls as taut as may be necessary down to his waist loop. He then forms a bight on the 'running' part—in this case the part leading away to the next man—passes it through his waist loop, and makes it fast with two half-hitches taken round both taut parts constituting the belay. An ample length of bight should be left projecting out from the second half-hitch. The leader should then be secure against being pulled off owing to failure on the part of his companions (Fig. 1).

STANCE & BELAY

FIG. 1

It occasionally happens that there is no convenient anchorage. Search should then be made for a secure thread round a stone

jammed in a crack (Fig. II); while quite often the only available belay may be round a large boulder, which, though completely detached, is obviously so heavy as to be virtually immovable (Fig. III). It may be necessary to sit down in order to get below the level of the belay; but, even then, the procedure should always be the same as regards tying oneself on to whatever is chosen as an anchor.

The rope to the second man may now be taken in, and the slack should be neatly coiled down in a place where he will not have to step on or move it. The leader should then pass the barely taut rope under his outside arm,* behind his back, and over his inside shoulder; and he should lean back somewhat towards the rock, so that he may not be pulled forward if a strain comes on the rope.

FIG. II

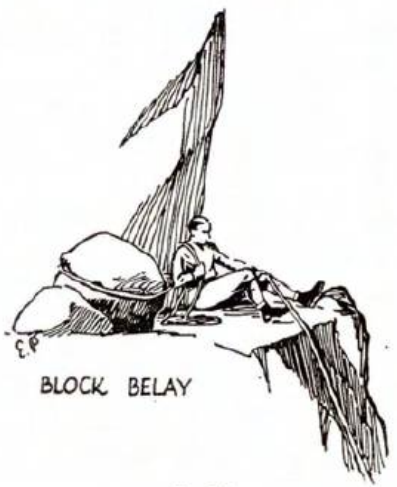


FIG. III

The second man now mounts and no slack should be allowed to accumulate, the rope being drawn in over the inside shoulder with the inside hand, and passed along underneath the outside shoulder with the outside one. If the second man appears to be in difficulties, a firmer grip may be obtained by taking a turn with the rope on the outside forearm, and also on the inside hand.

* If possible use whichever hand is stronger on the inside, nearest the belaying-point; in an emergency the weight has to be held across the back and over the inside shoulder with that hand.—(ED.)

Second man belaying himself. The older, and perhaps better known way of safeguarding the leader is for the second man to pass the leader's rope over a projection, and pay it away. Then, if the leader comes off, the entire shock has to be absorbed by the rope between him and the projection, where the rope may quite possibly break. The better way, which I am going to describe, is for the second man to belay himself; and for him to pass the leader's rope round his own body in much the same way as his own was dealt with while he was climbing up to join the leader, the precise directions telling him how to do so only being modified so as to be applicable for safeguarding a man above. The result will be that the second man is firmly belayed, and uses his own body, which will act as a shock absorber, for belaying the leader; and to do so effectively, he must avoid passing the leader's rope over any projection whatsoever, even one which is not sharp.

Having joined the leader at his stance, the second man should, immediately the leader has cast off his own belay, proceed to make himself as secure as possible; and not as comfortable as possible, as is frequently done. He should belay himself according to the method already described for the leader. If there is a third man, and sufficient of the rope leading to him is available, he may use that rope in order to do so; thus leaving as much length as possible for the leader to run out. Otherwise, he must use his end of the leader's rope.

If the belay happens to be over a sharp edge, it may be desirable that it should be double looped, because it may be subjected to shock if the leader comes off and dislodges the second man (Fig. IV). As before, the

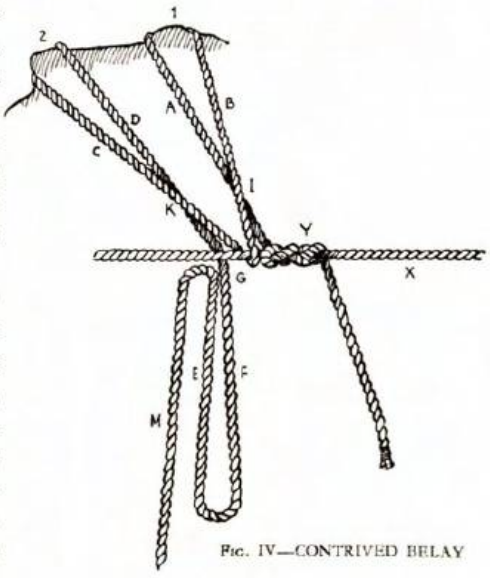


FIG. IV—CONTRIVED BELAY

second man passes the rope *a*, *b* from his waist knot *y* over notch 1 and hauls as taut as necessary down to his waist loop *x*. He then forms the bight *c*, *d* and passes it *upwards* through his waist loop and places it over notch 2 to duplicate the first loop of the belay; and lastly, after he has hauled down the running part *g* sufficiently to equalise the tautness of the two loops, he secures that part by forming it into a bight *e*, *f* below his waist loop, and with that bight taking two half-hitches round all four parts *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* of the two loops constituting the belay. It is scarcely necessary to point out that it may be advisable for the leader to use a double looped belay before he allows the second man to join him, if, owing to a traverse or otherwise, a jerk would come on the rope if the second man were to come off.

Placed so that he can watch the leader for as long as possible without changing his position, and with his body ready to brace itself up in an instant, the second man should pass the rope under the shoulder nearest to the leader, up the back, and over the opposite shoulder and hold one part in each hand. The leader should always be given about three feet of slack as the rope is paid away, so that, if he makes a sudden step, he will not be brought up with a jerk.

The system described, under which the second man belays himself, and not the leader, to solid rock, diminishes risk to the latter, and increases it for the former. Such equalisation of chances will be accepted as correct by any party which takes things seriously; and, in any case, the total risk, regarding the party as a single entity, is diminished.

These instructions for the second man are not necessarily intended to apply when an expert leader is merely taking a few people for a casual climb. The older, and more simple, method, may then suffice; and may, in some cases, be preferable, for an inexpert second man cannot always be relied upon to carry out the newer routine correctly. As already hinted, it ensures perfect safety to all but the leader; who may, as a further precaution, to be taken or not as desirable, belay the second man in the manner described, before letting him pay away the rope over a notch.

Whichever method be adopted, the second man should warn the leader when the drift is reduced to about fifteen feet, so that a stance with opportunity for belaying may be found as soon as possible.

During a difficult movement, the leader or the last man when coming down, may sometimes secure himself by passing his rope over some projection; but before doing so, he should be careful to see that it will run freely when hauled upon. In any case, he should only adopt this precaution when it is really necessary to do so; for the result of the rope jamming may be most serious.

Third man. His duties, besides those as honorary weight lifter and luggage carrier to the party, include that of belaying himself at all stances, whether he shares with the second, or is keeping a lonely watch in some damp corner. He should be alive to the danger from falling stones; and should pay the rope away smoothly when the second man is climbing.

Severe climbing. It is on severe and very severe climbs that Alpine line is most useful. Its lightness is very important on long pitches, and its small size allows the safe use of hooks and notches which would be too small to hold a rope. As regards length, a minimum of 100 feet is advisable for the leader. It should be borne in mind that line calls for more careful treatment than rope; and that it should never be allowed to drag over sharp edges or scree, and that climbers should be most careful not to tread on it with their boots. Further, it should be carefully inspected for damage and in any case frequently renewed. Line cannot, of course, be relied upon to take a jerk.

Short loop belays should always be pulled quite tight; and the loop should lie or better hang as vertically over the projection as possible, so that it may not become unhitched. A belay may occasionally be arranged by running the line over two edges or flakes leaning in opposite directions. It should then be pulled quite tight, in order that it may be perfectly good against any likely strain. It is useful to remember that two upright splinters of rock, each too loosely embedded to be safe for belaying if used independently of one another, may become quite steady when tied tightly together with the rope; the root of each then getting a firm grip in the crack in which it is housed.

It has often been said that a pitch has been made safe by the leader untying and threading the end of the climbing rope behind some jammed stone, and then tying on again. This method is certainly of some use, provided that the leader does not have to go far beyond the thread, and is sure he will not be forced to descend. A much safer plan is to carry a 5 or 6 foot length of spare line tied round the waist; and instead of threading the climbing rope, to use this short length by tying it into a ring round both stone and rope. The rope will then run freely, even if the leader has to be lowered like a sack (Fig. V).

FIG. V.

Roping down. If this is being done from necessity, and not merely to save time, the doubled rope should always be suspended by means of a rope ring slung from the projection; and its two ends should always be knotted and flung down, to make sure that the rope is long enough for them to reach a stance.

The projection chosen should not have unduly sharp edges. Its edges, as well as its front and back faces should not be inclined too much away from the vertical; and it should have a well defined depression at its back. If this depression, instead of being deeply cut, is merely due to a gentle backward slope of the upper part of the projection, the rope ring must be so placed that, when the weight comes on the rope, the latter will lie very nearly in the plane of the ring; for if the ring, and especially its upper part, slopes backwards towards the cliff to an extent of more than 10 or 15 degrees, a jerk on the rope, or even the steady pull due to the climber's weight, may cause it to ride up, and so slip off. Always give the rope a trial before descending, applying your full weight; if necessary by placing a foot in the ring, and always avoid jerking the rope when descending.

To descend, stand facing the rope ring, with a foot on either side of the doubled rope; pass both parts of the rope under the left thigh, round and up its outside, across the front, and so over the right shoulder, leaving the running parts free to hang down loosely over the back (Fig. VI). Then grasp both standing parts, in front, with the right hand at about chin level and also grasp both running parts with the left hand. To stop rope from riding up above the thigh, keep left leg slightly raised at the knee—only slightly, as it must not be allowed to slip up to the knee.

FIG VI.

If the rope is dry, long and difficult pitches may be so descended with safety in a few minutes; and you can stop yourself when you like by tightening the grip with the left hand. If the rope is wet, reduce frictional contact across the back by raising the left arm rigidly to shoulder level, for the rope will then run more easily; while you can stop yourself instantly by dropping the left arm, still kept rigid, to hip level. If both clothes and rope are wet, the difficulty is to move at all, and it may be found useful to bend the left forearm upwards, and grip the standing parts with the left hand below the right one, letting the running parts hang over the bend of the left elbow instead of over the shoulder. Then to stop, press your left forearm tightly against the upper part of that arm.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that if a rope is going to stop a falling man it has to act as a shock absorber; and anything which has to act in that manner, however strong it be, will break if it cannot stretch (compression is, of course, equally effective with a stiff body, such as a steel spring; but does not work with ropes). Thus, ability to stretch is almost, if not equally, as important, as mere strength; and a rope, once it has been subjected to a severe pull, may lose much of its capacity for stretching again. This capacity is also lost with age; but it is not desirable to wait until a rope gets old before discarding it, for a single heavy pull, or habitual lighter ones, may make a rope unfit for

further use.* The most foolish thing to do is to stretch one to remove kinks. The right thing is to take out the turns, starting in the centre and working towards each end.

If a new rope is coiled down on the ground—this should be done with the sun for right-hand lay—it will not lie flat unless the turns are taken out. If it is coiled round the knee and foot, it is forced to lie flat. It should then be undone in the evening, and re-coiled down on the ground; so that the turns and twists must be run to the end and taken out and the rope got ready for further use. Wet rope not exposed to the open air deteriorates very rapidly; and should not be stowed in the sack. It must be dried in a draught, and not in a hot room.

New rope will scarcely kink at all, if the dressing is dissolved out by soaking in a hot bath. The water should, at the start, feel just uncomfortable for the hand. An hour's soaking is sufficient. It is believed that this does no harm to the rope, but no definite information is available.

100 climbing hours has been suggested as the life of a rope for full efficiency. This appears to be a low figure, but on reckoning it up, I find I buy about three new lines a year; and this covers about 45 week-ends and all holidays.

A rope that has borne the shock of a falling leader may show no sign of damage, but there is no question that a good deal of its ability to stretch has gone; and it is safer to scrap it and buy a new one. Captain Farrar used to go much further. He used to scrap a rope after a single long and severe rock climb in the Alps. In this connection it is worth while considering whether those who wish to economise, should buy what is ordinarily sold under the description of climbing rope. Yacht racing is conducted regardless of expense, and Bannister's best white yacht manilla is used. In appearance and use it is indistinguishable from climbing rope, and it is about half the cost. Only one comparative test has been made, and under that it came out very slightly inferior; and it may only have done so as a matter of chance, for manilla rope is an exceedingly difficult thing to test, and can only be judged by the average of a number of experiments conducted by someone thoroughly skilled. On the other hand, rope does lose its ability to stretch with considerable rapidity; and it is fairly safe to say that from the economical point of view, it is better to spend the money available on the cheaper rope. The 1½ inch circumference rope is suitable as full size climbing rope, although what is often sold as such is 1¾ inch. It is sold by the pound, according to the usual custom for rope; but any length required can be ordered to be cut off the coil. You must 'whip' the ends yourself—tarred twine is best for this.—(Ed.)

* Swiss examination of old rope—age and extent of use not stated, but presumably the ropes had only just been discarded—showed the following features:—

Permanent lengthening of 8 per cent., which indicates inability to stretch farther when next subjected to shock.

Signs that knots for the two end men had been habitually made at the same places, which resulted in local wear. Measurements showed that the sectional areas at the places where the waist knots had been tied had become reduced from 450 to 260 sq. millimetres. Thus, not only had the rope become reduced in strength throughout its length owing to use, but on top of this there was a further reduction in strength of 58 per cent. where the knots had been tied. Remember in addition Eckenstein's discovery, since frequently confirmed, that ordinary waist knots cause a local reduction in strength of from 10 to 40 per cent. where the rope, even new rope, emerges from the knot, owing to the sharp bend it has at that point, and it will be seen that the effective strength of an old rope must be astonishingly small. The bowline is shown to be the weakest knot—and the figure-of-eight probably one of the strongest. The Munich method of using an independent waist rope, and an eye instead of any knot at the end of the main rope, overcomes all these deficiencies.

It may be worth while giving a practical example to show the seriousness of the Swiss figures. The risk of a rope breaking when a man falls into a crevasse while the whole party is on the move—that is when the rope is not belayed—should be negligible. In the early days of Alpine ski-ing a party was coming down the Pigne d'Arolla towards the Pas de Chevres, and the Evolena guide, who was leading, went through. He was presumably using a rope which appeared sound, and yet it broke and he was killed. In other words, no reliance whatsoever can be placed on these old ropes.

The most striking way of looking at the question, even as regards new rope, is this. Suppose a new rope has a breaking strength of 1,000 lbs. when unknotted. Reduction in strength of 40 per cent. at the knot brings this figure down to 600 lbs. To maintain the original strength one has to increase the sectional area, and consequently the weight, in the ratio of 10 to 6, or by 60 per cent.; so that 100 foot ordinary climbing rope weighing 5 lbs. would have to be increased in weight to over 8 lbs. The Munich method entirely obviates this, when there are only two men on the rope. It could be made adaptable for a middle man; for there is no reason why a 'pendant,' with eye and thimble, should not be spliced into the middle of a rope, to receive the independent waist rope. The pendant would have to lead downwards; and to provide for this it might be best to have two pendants, close together, one leading each way. The one out of use could easily be 'stopped' to the rope. Properly made splices carry the full strength of a rope. (Ed.)

AFTER THE ACCIDENT

WILSON H. HEY, F.R.C.S.

The day may be stormy and everybody roped and cautious, or it may be a pleasant sunny afternoon, with everybody full of the joy of life. More often the climbers are tired or scrambling on easy ground, with tension relaxed and caution consequently gone to the winds. Whenever it happens the bolt comes from the blue; and a bigger problem in mountaineering faces the party.

(It will hereafter be presumed that the injured man needs carrying to the valley.)

A definite line of action will calmly be decided. No false sentiment of humanitarianism, of which we read in books of mountain instruction, will disturb the main thought that whatever we do a *connection with the valley must be maintained.* The safety of the member, or members, chosen to run for help is of infinitely greater importance to the damaged climber than is his mental or physical comfort. I say this ruthlessly after long deliberation.

With a party of two, and perhaps with a weak third member, if the valley connection is endangered by attempting to reach the injured man to make him happy, or even secure, no such attempt will be made. If he can be reached he will be always tied to a belay. Since the leader, and probably the best climber, may be injured, it may be necessary in a party of three for the two sound members to leave him and to continue together to save him. Unorthodox, inhuman and callous though it may seem, the life and limbs of the messenger are to be considered before our fallen friend. Of this the history of mountain accidents supplies ample proof. But this will never be any excuse for not attending to a damaged climber easily accessible to the party. Even so, time must not be lost. Speed in bringing succour—the succour of equipment, heat and painless oblivion—is of greater import than is rapidity in moving him to the valley afterwards. If I were the injured man I would in all cases selfishly demand everything to make me comfortable—food, drink and clothing.

The swiftest of the party would descend to the valley, the most

sympathetic and the cheeriest would remain. But they would remain to work: to comfort the patient (for such the climber has become), to anticipate the arrival of the transport by building shelters for primus stoves, fetching water, reconnoitring or making a route, or doing whatever their ingenuity suggests to them. The swift messenger to the valley, using his own judgment, will not spare himself with the thought that he has to perform a further deed of heroism by reascending the mountain. His work will be done and he should be at the last gasp, *if so his judgment decides*, when he has told his story to the valley. Naturally, if he considers it essential that he should act as guide to the rescue party, he will spare himself; but a life may depend on his speed.

The whole valley should be roused. Even if only a single man is injured, it should not be his friends only who have the chance of coming to the rescue. Never can there be too much help. And if any of us be in the valley, however unsympathetic we may be with the damaged party, it is on our own conscience if we do not offer our assistance.

The proper man will automatically become, or be appointed, leader. He may not be the best mountaineer. He will have the valley ransacked for equipment, for the best stretcher, for medical haversacks, hot-water-producing equipment, food and clothing for the bearers as well as the patient. The number of bearers required to bring a man off the rocks is usually under-estimated. He may decide on a supporting party to leave at a later time, after food and sleep, and *their* leader will be appointed. He will detail one of the supporting party, or a person useless on the mountain but intelligent in the valley, to communicate with the ambulance headquarters and perhaps a doctor, and with the injured man's relatives, because in our thoughts the friends will come next to the patient. The ambulance should be instructed to proceed to, and to wait at the nearest possible point to the site of the accident; this may not be in our valley. For example, all climbers injured on Pillar should be taken to Ennerdale. Motor-cars may be sent round from Wasdale: a good motor-car may be much better than a rickety ambulance. An ambulance brought unnecessarily need never be a matter for regret. Probably it will be decided that the messenger from above shall not describe the accident to the Press

whilst he is in a condition of anxiety. The individual members of the rescue party will insist that neither the leader nor an accompanying doctor do hard manual work, except in an emergency. The leader will keep his mind clear and calm, and see that others do their appointed jobs.

On reaching the patient the rescue party, fully equipped, will not feel in the slightest distressed if they find that they have been called out in such large numbers unnecessarily. Those who know most about first-aid, and possibly least about mountaineering, will be lowered on to the ledge on which the man may be lying. Every endeavour will be made to take the stretcher to the man, and not to hoist or lower the man to the stretcher. More lasting damage has been caused by the rescuers than by the mountain itself. The primus by this time will be in action. Plenty of hot water to get the man warm, and if necessary for him to drink, will be prepared before he is ready to receive it. Heat and freedom from pain are more essential than speed. Morphia is usually essential if a man is to be free from pain. Pain produces shock, and the movement to the valley should for him be a relief and not an agony. If he has pain, something must be done to relieve him. To repeat, it is usually pain and cold that kill, if a man recovers from the immediate effects of the fall.

His wounds will be simply painted with iodine and covered. Any bleeding will usually have already been stopped by plugging, or by a handkerchief or a rope tourniquet. A fractured arm will be splinted and bandaged to the body. A fractured leg will have been so immobilized by a Thomas's splint, according to the instructions in the haversack, that even violent movement will not cause pain. If there has been the possibility of a fractured spine, as may be even remotely suggested by pain in the back, numbness, or weakness of the legs, he will be rolled at the very beginning with infinite gentleness on to his face and placed on the stretcher. He can be fed with anything hot, but large quantities of sugar and water are best of all. Alcohol may be necessary in extreme cases, but it is rarely advisable until he is within one hour of the ambulance. Continue to keep him warm and free from pain.

When in the ambulance it would be better to stop at the first doctor's house to see how far he can be transported. Generally

speaking, an injury *above* the waist is better taken to the nearest local hospital. An injured spine, or fractured lower limb, that is, an injury *below* the waist, is better moved to a big general hospital in a large city, where the trouble can be treated from beginning to end by the specialist. And remember that recovery may take months.

Then our work is ended, but our troubles begin. We have to think of the world. Our actions from the moment that the accident occurred will be open to criticism, and we must expect it and put up with it. In our duty we shall communicate with the Press by telephone or otherwise, a statement which has been previously put on paper after full consideration.

The relatives, who perhaps will be most critical of all, will be kept fully informed, and if the accident has proved fatal, we shall give full and open evidence to the Coroner. We shall then remember that it is his duty to find the cause of death, to decide as to whether or not it was accidental, and to search for negligence on the part of anybody. It will not be our concern to explain to the jury how that accident might have been avoided. It will be obvious to them that a mishap could easily have been avoided by taking an easier route, by more care on the part of the victim, or by walking the valleys instead of climbing the mountains. We shall not express our unconsidered opinions to anybody lest we spread dubious rumours, which may cause unhappiness to anyone concerned, or cast aspersions on our pursuit.

We shall endeavour to draw a moral from each accident, so that the technique of mountaineering may be advanced and mountaineering may be made safer for those who follow us.

K36 — 1935

JOHN HUNT

It was the object of James Waller, who already had some experience of Himalayan Mountaineering, to show what could be achieved by a small and comparatively inexperienced party with very limited resources, in the course of as little as three months' leave in the mountains. By the choice of K36 as our objective, we were at once faced with a number of difficulties. The mountain, 25,400 feet high, lies in the Saltoro Range of the Karakorams, and at least three weeks would be required to reach its vicinity. Its immediate neighbourhood had not been visited since before the war, and besides the fact that many details remained to be filled in on the existing map, no project had yet been made to climb it. Our hopes of doing so were based on the few and very indistinct photographs to be found in the Bullock Workman's book, 'In the Ice-world of the Karakorams'. Moreover, none of the local men would have any experience of porterage at that height and in the conditions accompanying it. To overcome the latter difficulty we made our numbers up to six by enlisting two of the better-known Darjeeling porters, with the intention of carrying our own loads on the assault. The party assembled in Srinager at the end of April consisted of:—James Waller (Leader); Dr. J. S. Carslaw; W. R. Brotherhood, R.A.F.; Palden (Everest 1933, Nanga Parbat 1934); Dawa Thondup (ditto) and myself.

Prior to this, months had been spent in arranging tents, sleeping bags, stores and other technical equipment to be sent from England, and among our stores were ski, snow racquets, a sledge and specially devised high altitude rations.

We set out in two parties, owing to some trouble with stores delayed in the Customs, and reassembled 14 days later in the village of Dansam, in the Saltoro Valley, and some five days' march from the junction of the Shyok and Indus rivers. Here the party divided into three groups for reconnaissance purposes, and a week was spent by each under conditions rendered trying by our lack of acclimatisation and by very bad weather, in exploring

various glaciers for a suitable approach to the foot of the S.E. ridge of K36. At that time, a study of photographs had led us to suppose that this ridge would provide a route to the summit.

During the reconnaissances each party reached a height of 18,000 feet *without* systematic acclimatisation, and starting from 9,000 feet.

The information which we were able to review in Dansam on the 20th May was very interesting. Waller and Dawa Thondup, exploring a re-entrant of the Sherpigang Glacier, had found a long glacier, hitherto unknown, which gave every promise of leading to the foot of our ridge. Low clouds had prevented Waller from being positive on the matter, but as the other two reconnaissances had produced negative reports, we determined to try the new glacier, the entrance to which was known locally as Likah.

Reducing our stores, we set out with 50 local coolies on the 22nd May, pitching Camp 1 at the snout of the Likah Glacier on the 23rd, at about 14,200 feet. The scenery was very impressive. Though we could not yet see our peak, we were surrounded by granite spires on the Chamonix model, rising to 19-20,000 feet, all unclimbed, unnamed, and many never before seen by man. A fine day was wasted on the 24th owing to trouble with the coolies, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we got all the men to a camp high above the right bank of the glacier, on the 25th, at some 16,500 feet (Camp 2). A difficult ice-fall had been negotiated, and the task of bringing six long ropes of coolies, sheep and goats over this, in a scorching sun, was an experience not to be forgotten.

On the next day, a col (Likah Col) had to be reached some 1,500 feet higher, and much delay was caused by the weak state of half our coolies, necessitating two shifts to bring up all the loads. A blizzard had by now commenced, and it was clearly impossible to descend the col that day, for it supported a huge cornice, below which was a 800 foot slope on its far side. Camp was pitched with difficulty and the coolies sent down to the valley under the escort of our Darjeeling men, for we had planned to move up to the S.E. ridge in slow stages from this point (Camp 3).

It is profitless to go into details of the next few days. Working in a blizzard to lower our 50 loads down through the cornice, on

the 27th, we had managed to bring only some ten loads—luckily tents and sleeping bags—down by evening. Our party was divided, we four being marooned on the glacier below, while the remainder was still on the col; loads were at all stages of descent down the steep slope. A blizzard blew continuously till the 31st, and great discomfort was experienced by the party below owing to lack of stores and stoves, and to snow blindness, This experience was responsible for an attempt to alter our line of communications to the route reconnoitred by me, via the Bilafond Glacier and pass. While Brotherhood set out with one coolie on this errand, which was expected to take a week, the remainder of us established Camp 3a, at the foot of the col, and then set to work shifting all the stores to the foot of the S.E. ridge, some 3 miles ahead of us, at the head of the Likah Glacier. One sledge on which much faith had been pinned for this section of the route, failed us, and all loads had to be taken by hand by the 8 coolies selected to remain with us at Base Camp.

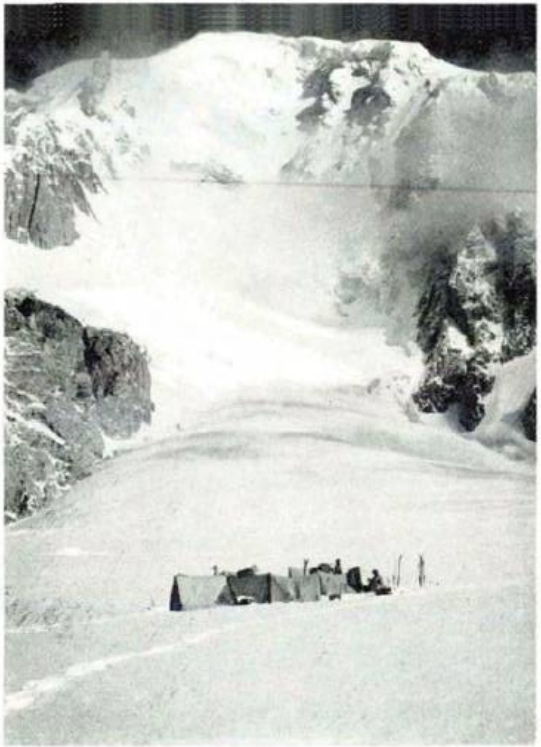
On the 7th, Waller and I had skirted the foot of the ice cliffs descending from Peak 36, as far as the Peak 36 Glacier on its Eastern side, and here we saw what appeared to be the only break in its defences, a line steep, but uninterrupted by ice cliffs, leading up the East face to a high point on the S.E. ridge. As an attempt by Waller and myself to ascend this ridge from its foot (Base Camp) had proved hopeless owing to a section of some 200 feet of vertical and frequently disintegrating ice, we decided to make an attempt by the East Face, and accordingly returned to Base in the evening of the 8th June.

Brotherhood's attempt to link up his new line with Base Camp had proved abortive; he had been faced with 1,000 feet of ice slope descending to the K36 Glacier, a passage obviously unsuitable for coolies with or without loads. We settled down, in a four-day blizzard, to wait for his comfortless return by the way he had gone.

On the 13th morning he rejoined us, and brought with him some urgently-needed wood fuel (our paraffin was running dangerously low), some very welcome letters from civilization, and the appearances of a spell of fine weather. We were, however, deceived. Inactivity over some 16 days at 18,000 feet increased

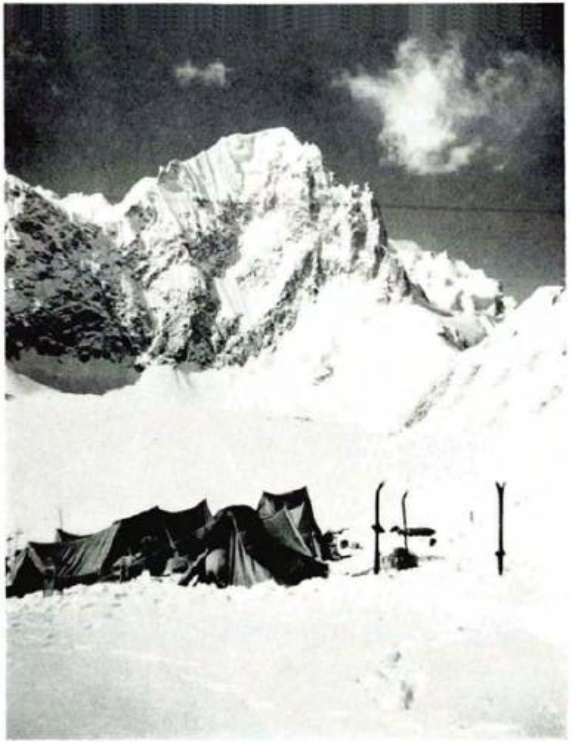
our determination to delay the assault plan no longer, and on 14th June we moved to a pre-selected site at the foot of the East Face (Camp 4). The weather at once imprisoned us for two more exasperating days, making conditions on the face as bad as they could be, and causing us to break into our H.A. rations, carefully calculated for a seven-day programme from Base to Base. This, and the discovery that it would be impossible to carry all our loads to the next camp, over obviously difficult ground in one shift, decided us to modify our plan, exclude an intended Camp 7, and attempt the summit from a Camp 6 placed as high as possible. It will be clear that this decision was reached mainly as a result of our experiences with the weather. Though we realised the extent to which this change in plan would affect our chances of reaching the top, we did not expect that the weather intended to hold good, at any time, for more than a few days....and we were right.

On 17th a Camp 5 (20,000 feet) was pitched, and the first shift of stores dumped, on a plateau on the East Face, after a terribly arduous day. The leader sank at times to his hips in the new snow, and on one slope, set at about 60°, over an hour was spent in leading up some 220 feet. While the 2nd shift was being made on 18th, it was possible for Carslaw and myself to proceed some 2,000 feet further up the face. Most of the technical difficulties are contained in this section of the route. Some slopes were slightly over 60°, and their troublesomeness accentuated by a deep loose covering of snow, clinging precariously to an under-surface of ice. A night wind rendered much of this route dangerous as we ascended on the 19th to pitch Camp 6. A huge fall of seracs had swept the track for some 300 yards, and higher up, Brotherhood and I started two successive wind-slab avalanches, in one of which we had an extremely narrow escape. Much delay was occasioned by the crossing of a monster crevasse, whose upper lip was some 50 feet high, and owing to the lateness of the day, we had to pitch Camp 6 only just above this point, at about 22,300 feet. A fixed rope was left at the crevasse (and also at a point lower down the face), and the Darjeeling men, with one local coolie, were sent down to Camp 5. Carslaw had been taken ill early in the day and had returned to Camp 4; although this was most unfortunate, we had already abandoned any hope of making two successive attempts on the summit, as originally planned.



John Hunt

BASE CAMP AT THE FOOT OF THE S.E. RIDGE.



John Hunt

CAMP IIIA (17,500 ft.) LOOKING DOWN THE GLACIER.

The morning of the 20th was brilliantly fine, and we three set out at 7 a.m. in high hopes. Though the summit was not visible, our calculation of the height had led us to suppose that only some 1,600–1,800 feet remained—an important mistake. With each of us taking our turns in the lead, good progress was made, and though the pace was much slowed down by the height and deep snow, the slopes were no longer particularly steep. Nevertheless, it was not till 1 p.m. that we reached the crest of the South-East Ridge, only to see the summit, for the first time, over ¼ mile to our right along the ridge, and almost 1,000 feet above us. We realised at once that our whole attempt had failed; from 11 a.m. onwards the weather had been deteriorating, we were now surrounded by swirling mists and snow was falling. Moreover, we had 'shot our bolt' for that day. It had been calculated that we must in any case turn back not later than 2 p.m. From this point, with one hour in hand, and progressing at only some 300 feet an hour, it was out of the question. We were defeated, and after assuring ourselves that no further technical difficulties lay ahead, we turned to go down.

Little need be said of the retreat. By the time we reached Camp 6, conditions were so menacing that despite considerable weariness (Brotherhood had great difficulty in reaching Camp 6) we packed up the little Burns' tent, and descended to Camp 5 with very heavy loads, finishing the last and severest slope in darkness. The promised blizzard set in during the night, and none of us will forget the struggle in blinding snow down to Camp 4, and back to Base Camp; conditions were such that much time was spent looking for a certain very necessary fixed rope, and the track made by the leader was filled almost at once with new snow.

In the afternoon of the 21st we reached Base Camp, and as neither time, stores nor our physical condition allowed of waiting for fine weather and another attempt, we descended, on 23rd, to the valley, in company with a gallant band of 30 coolies who had made their way up to Base under the leadership of our second cook.

NOTE:—The highest point reached was the foot of a prominent bump, or subsidiary summit, on the S.E. ridge. As identified subsequently from photographs, and from our observations at the time, it is probable that the height was about 24,500 feet. The failure of our aneroid barometer, which in that only roughly-mapped country had an important bearing on our plans, has made it impossible to be more exact.

For the New Year meet at Buttermere the weather conditions were anything but favourable, as it rained for the best part of three days and most parties had to be content with fellwalking. Of the others, a few went up Honister to see the results of the efforts to make the Honister road more attractive to motorists anxious to quicken the journey between Keswick and Whitehaven or Seascale! Some preferred the High Stile round, in dense mist, while the more determined tried climbs in Birkness Coombe, but without success. Less ambitious but perhaps none the less meritorious efforts by the President elect's party to celebrate the New Year on top of Pillar succeeded in rain and howling wind.

During the evening demonstrations of the Neill-Robertson and the Thomas stretchers were given and the New Year eventually was happily ushered in in the customary manner.

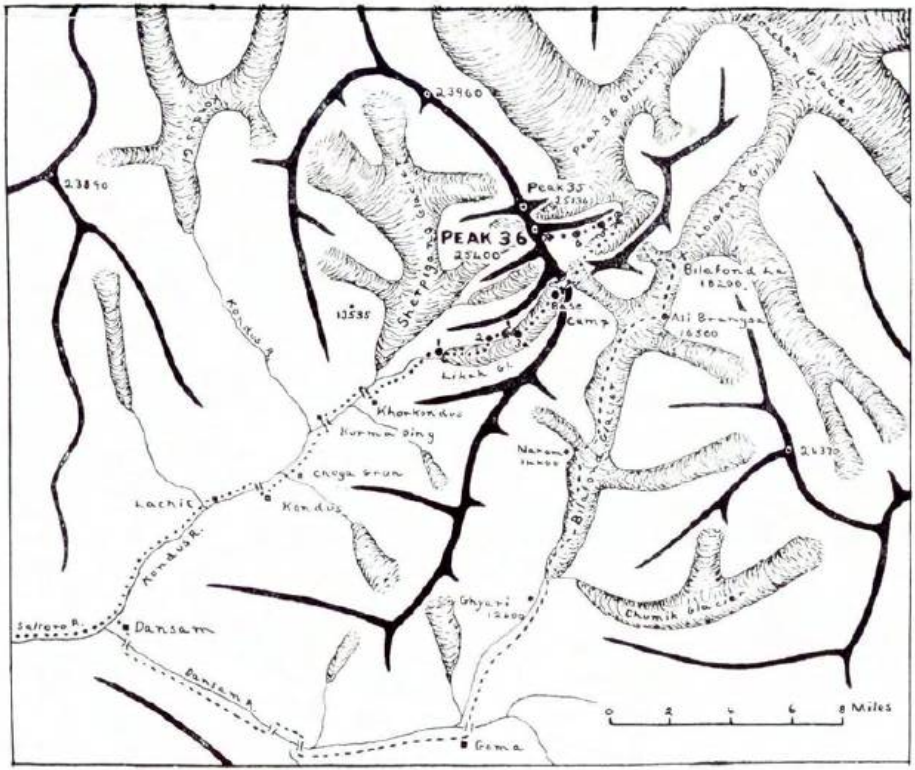
February.

Grasmere, the fellwalkers' meet, attracted a good crowd. Snow covered all the crags, most of them hidden in heavy mists, but there was no rain. All the tops around Langdale were visited and one party was fortunate enough to be on Skiddaw when the afternoon sun broke through the mist and shed a lovely light over the glittering expanse of snow in all directions. Everyone, except two 'isolationists' who stayed behind, was at the Play in the evening. The second morning broke misty and rainy, and in consequence the day was spent walking.

March.

Coniston. In spite of the thoroughly bad weather, twenty members turned up and some climbs on Dow were done, but the 'main body' moved over to Wythburn and ski-ed to the summit of Helwellyn, where rain had turned to snow, and good sport was enjoyed.

Langdale, though held in bad weather, was well attended by members who had come to meet the Climbers' Club and Pinnacle Club members. A few hardy ones climbed on Dow, but the majority made do with fellwalking.



John Hunt

SKETCH MAP K36

April.

Wasdale Easter meet brought a big crowd together and they made the most of the fine dry weather they had throughout. Route 1 and South-west on Pillar, Scafell Pinnacle, including Hopkinson's Gully, as well as Botterill Slab (led by Brenda Ritchie and others), are a few of the more delectable courses which were climbed in ideal conditions. Graham Brown and a large party disported themselves on Boat How.

Easter Sunday was unfortunately marred by an accident on Pillar. In the evening all members were mobilized with Club stretchers, etc., to offer assistance to a Youth Hostel casualty, while next morning—fortunately a very fine day—all members joined in a police search on Yewbarrow and all the fells as far as Pillar for a man supposedly lost for two days. On returning to Wasdale Head in the evening, after a fruitless search, it transpired that the man had been safe and sound at an hotel all the time.

May.

Clapham. The joint meet arranged with the Northern Cavern & Fell Club, at their kind invitation, for the exploration of Gaping Ghyll was a very interesting and enjoyable affair.

The Northern Cavern & Fell Club are to be congratulated on the excellent organisation of the numerous leaders, which enabled them to handle the large party in record time. The petrol engine and winch worked hard all day long without a break—in more senses than one—for it was stated afterwards that the thin wire rope on which each person was lowered 365 feet into the cavernous depths would be scrapped after the visit! Getting into the bosun's chair and casting off the life-line, hearing someone shouting 'Righto, Bill,' and then feeling the first jerk downwards into the bowels of the earth, was certainly a novel and exciting experience. The descent or ascent takes about three minutes and by means of a guard line the occupant of the chair is pulled, as far as possible, clear of the waterfall. Fortunately, owing to the dry weather, not a great deal of water was going down the Ghyll. The officials had hoped to lower the party through the more usual torrential fall; as it was they feared the conditions were too easy and in consequence the novices not sufficiently impressed.

On reaching the bottom everybody went off in various parties to explore the numerous passages. A party was composed of four with a guide. After spending an hour or two underground, crawling through very constricted spaces into huge domed caverns, some with stalactites and stalagmites in profusion, the ascent was made.

On the Saturday night the two Clubs supped together, the hosts treating their guests to a sing-song and feats of strength and agility—altogether a very delightful and memorable occasion by which to remember the Northern Cavern & Fell Club with friendly and grateful appreciation.

May.

The all-night walk from Rosthwaite, led by F. L. Cook, was a great success, although only nine members turned up. Probably the wintry conditions of the previous week made people prefer their beds to a night on the hills. However, except for some showers on Crinkles and Esk Hause, the weather was kind to the walkers, but the moon let them down badly, as it came out only while they were in the Robertson Lamb Hut. No one completed the course by going up Gable, but all voted it a most enjoyable night.

June.

Borrowdale Whit meet. Notwithstanding mixed weather there was a full house—many under canvas at Thorneythwaite, and a tent village near Sourmilk Ghyll housing the Editor of the *Borrowdale Guide* and his staff. There was intermittent rain on Sunday and a large party set out for Glaramara and later joined others at the Dove's Nest, and bathed in the lower pools on the way back to the farm. Others spent the day on Pillar. Widely scattered over the dale though members were, they all found their way to Thorneythwaite after dinner and the old room—packed to the beams—soon breathed again that comforting air of conviviality that cannot be enjoyed in quite the same way anywhere else.

June.

Buttermere. A goodly party joined in the usual walks and climbs—the latter to assist the hardworking guide Editor in his onerous job. The weather throughout was favourable.

July.

Coniston. More than twenty members attended this meet and some good climbs such as Hopkinson's and Broadrick's Cracks were done and a large party went as far as Scafell and climbed Moss Ghyll.

August.

Wasdale Head. Arolla meet having proved a very strong counter-attraction, very few members came, but the dale was crowded with young enthusiasts eager to be taken on to the rocks, and an ever-willing and sympathetic P.P. did his best to cope with eight or nine happy novices; by the time they had to go home they had progressed sufficiently to want to return at the first opportunity.

First Alpine Meet.

Arolla under Miss M. R. FitzGibbon and Ronald Walker, joint leaders. There is a separate account of it in the Journal.

Eskdale. The first signs of lovely autumn colouring lent an added charm to this as yet unspoilt dale. Occasional mists, thick in parts, tested some expert parties as to the correct way off Scafell; two parties met on Slight Side and each accused the other of being lost!

October.

Windermere Annual Dinner meet began wet and restricted most members to short fellwalks, as a result of which there was a full Committee sitting early in the afternoon, to prepare important proposals for the A. G. Meeting later in the evening. The Dinner was the great success it always is, and the disposition of the High Table and speakers made it possible for all the speeches to be heard by each one of the 184 in the room. Burnett proposed the Club, and the President made an admirable reply which pleased everybody. Wilson Hey then offered the toast of the 'Guests and Clubs,' amusingly returned by the Rev. H. H. Symonds for the Guests. Longland in effect replied to the other speakers for the Kindred Clubs, and gave a brief resumé of the Greenland Expedition, from which he had recently returned.

Sunday was fine and Gimmer crowded with strings of climbers on all routes and every course, and other parties were out on Pavey Ark and on Dow.

November.

Langdale meet went off quietly and uneventfully.

December.

Wasdale Head celebrated a real wintry Christmas with crisp snow and frozen tarns to add to the remote stillness and charm of the dale. Basterfield and another of his record-breaking henchmen actually kicked up the deep hard snow in Cust's in ten minutes! No records were broken, however—not even the longest—when on a later occasion he took a string up Deep Ghyll via West Wall traverse, and found that floundering in three feet of soft snow on a bright sunny day was slow work, even for 'winged heels.' But the weather kept fine and Pillar, Napes, and Kern Knotts were all visited in turn by the nineteen active climbers present.

THE ALPINE MEET

AROLLA, 3rd to 15th August, 1935

The first Alpine meet of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club was a great success, in spite of doubtful weather. It was attended by twenty members and friends, nine of whom were climbing in the Alps for their first season. The party who assembled under the hospitable roof of the Hotel Mont Collon on the third of August were—Miss S. Gray, Miss V. Roy, Miss C. Phillip, N. Doodson, A. Hardwick, Charles S. How, A.C. (guests); Miss K. Ward, Miss Winch, Norman and Helen Boothroyd, Miss M. R. FitzGibbon, F. Colley, R. Edleston, E. W. Hodge, Ronald Walker, and C. G. Markbreiter A.C. The Club are very much indebted to Ronald Walker, who notwithstanding impending domestic rearrangement and much extra work, came out to the meet to act as treasurer, and juggled so successfully with figures that our bills seemed as nothing. We were lucky to have Joseph Georges de Feu Martin of Les Haudères, Antoine Georges of La Sage, and Franz Joseph Biner of St. Niklaus, as our guides.

Monday, 4th August. A damp and misty day. The only possible ascent for the first day of the meet was the E. Arête of La Rousette, which is a scramble. However, we roped up for practice in rope management, and some of us took our ice-axes, also for practice.

The feminine members of the party felt that they had progressed just a little since Walter Larden wrote in his guide to Arolla in 1883 speaking of the ordinary route up La Rousette—'Easy; ladies (with strong boots) may be taken....'

That evening the meet was reinforced by the arrival of H. V. Hughes and Roland Abbatt who had been waiting in the Schönbuhl hut for two days, hoping to be able to cross to Arolla by the Col d'Hérens, but were forced by the bad weather to come round by Sion.

Tuesday. Four parties did the traverse of the Petite Dent de Veisivi in fine weather, the high mountains being covered in cloud. The hotel porter was up at 1 a.m., went to sleep again and forgot to call us, but we got away before five, arriving back at the hotel at 2-30 p.m. Markbreiter took the rest of the meet on a glacier excursion to the Col de Collon. In the evening the task of fitting 17 eager climbers on to four leaders, nearly proved too much for the organisers, but in the end everyone was fixed up happily for the next day.

Wednesday. A fine day. Three parties traversed the Aiguilles Rouges, encountering some snow and ice. The rest of us went to the Pas de Chèvres, where we lunched. Afterwards the energetic—Markbreiter, Hardwick, How, Abbatt and Ronald Walker—went on down the Pas, and across the glacier to the Dix hut to see if it was a suitable place for the Club to visit. The lazy found some good rocks on which the beginners had practice in rock-climbing, and we also descended for practice a nasty loose couloir to the Dix glacier; hardly anyone sent down stones—well, hardly anyone. Walking back up the glacier to the Pas de Chèvres (which is a moderate rock climb and no place for tourists without a rope) we came suddenly upon an entertaining scene—the returning

Dix hut party strung out on the Pas, inextricably intermingled with a vociferous French family, whom they were obviously rescuing; Abbatt was directing operations from the top, and it is a pity that there was no camera available to perpetuate the memory of one respected member of the Club, with one child hanging round his neck and another suspended from his waist. The family were numerous and we spent an amusing half-hour before they were all safely at the top and the Pas was clear for our ascent....afterwards, a lovely walk down to Arolla through flowers, carpeted meadows and pine woods.

Thursday. Another fine day. Two more parties traversed the Aiguilles Rouges in perfect weather. Everyone else went over to the Dix hut, hoping for the traverse of Mont Blanc de Seillon on the following day. Markbreiter and Ronald Walker ascended an unnamed peak behind the hut—afterwards christened the Dent Walker—Joseph and Antoine dealt with the problem of supper for sixteen, very efficiently.

Friday. A wet night followed by a thunderstorm in the morning. The Aiguilles Rouges parties slept the sleep of the just; by lunch time the others had returned, with harrowing stories of their night in the hut. They had been packed like sardines, 64 people had slept in the hut—which has places for 30—some of the me had been turned out of their carefully reserved corner by a Frenchman....it was rumoured that Hodge rolled on him in the night. Ronald Walker had lost a tooth over the breakfast bread, and Markbreiter was heard to remark that he would rather return to Arolla over any mountain than by the Pas de Chèvres; perhaps owing to this or a fondness for huts he had remained at the Dix with Hardwick and Hodge. During the day they made the ascent of La Luette, thus being one up on the fainthearted who had fled to the amenities of the Mont Collon. Tea at the Poste, and a short walk completed the day. We arranged for three parties to be called at 1 a.m. for the ascent of Mont Collon.

Saturday. The porter put his head round my door at 1 a.m. and said simply, 'il pleut'.... I replied—'go and talk to the guides—' in about a quarter of an hour he returned with the message, 'vous pouvez dormir.' The rain fell steadily until 6 a.m. At 10 o'clock we collected the Club, and walked up the lower Arolla glacier as far as the Roc Noir, where we lunched sitting on the glacier; afterwards the guides gave us lessons in how to cut steps up and down in steep ice, those who had crampons wore them, and there was some enterprising glissading. Back to Arolla for tea. Markbreiter and Hardwick arrived back at dinner time, very pleased with themselves—having surreptitiously and accidentally made the ascent of La Serpentine while they were looking for the Pigne.... Anyway, since Wednesday they had snatched three peaks from the bad weather.

Sunday. Fine. Three parties traversed the Petite Dent de Veisivi. For the others, a lovely lazy day in the hayfield, with tea in the woods behind the Kurhaus. Dr. and Mrs. Lapage arrived, and Hughes with How and Abbatt traversed the Pigne d'Arolla.

Monday. The joy of discovering that it was a perfect morning helped to disperse the horror of getting up at 1 a.m. Two parties traversed Mont Collon,

ascending by the Pièce glacier and the N.W. arête, descending by the E. face. Two more parties traversed Mont Brulé, as Joseph recommended it as a good peak for beginners in snow work. We all met on the upper Arolla glacier and walked back together.

Tuesday. Biner left us. The porter again woke me at 1 a.m. with 'il pleut'—my diary says 'wet; poured all day'.... It was very tantalising for those who had had a rest day yesterday and were hoping for the Pigne. Tea at the Poste, and a short walk round the two bridges above the hotel.

Wednesday. A repetition of the day before, except that it was wetter. Our hopes of doing any more peaks were now unrealisable.

Thursday. Fine. Snow nearly down to Arolla—a beautiful wintry scene. The remaining seven members of the meet had a good snow expedition up to the Bertol hut. They made the ascent of the Clocher de Bertol, and Joseph and Antoine stood on their toes on the summit of the Clocher, throwing snowballs down on the hut with a delightful abandon.

Friday. A final day spent picnicking and bathing in the Lac Bleu. Climbs done during the meet—

La Rousette by the E. arête (5 parties).
Traverse of Petite Dent de Veisivi (7 parties).
Traverse of Aiguilles Rouges (5 parties).
Traverse of Mont Brulé (2 parties).
Traverse of Mont Collon (2 parties).
Traverse of Pigne d'Arolla (1 party, guideless).
La Serpentine (1 party, guideless).
La Luette (1 party, guideless).
Clocher de Bertol.
Dent de Satarma.
Excursions to Col de Collon, Pas de Chèvres, Dix hut, Bertol hut, Lac Bleu, and Roc Noir.

The system adopted at the meet to pay for the guides was that half the guides' fees for each day was equally divided between everybody at the Meet for the day, and the other half, plus 10 per cent. tip, was paid in equal proportions by any or all of the party who went on a guided excursion. If no guided climbs were done owing to weather or rest, the whole cost was divided between the party. The average cost to members staying for the whole time was about £6.

With more leaders it would have been possible to do a greater number of climbs and the relative cost would have been reduced, but even as it was we found that our climbs cost us less than they would have done, had we been paying the local tariff.

What impressed everybody was how well the novices climbed, whether ascending sound rock or descending loose rock or wrestling with the problems of snow and ice; but we all gained some fresh knowledge of the fascinating craft of mountaineering and brought home many happy memories of our first Club meet in the Alps. M.R.FG.

THE LIBRARY

The Hon. Librarian

During 1935 a new home had to be found for the Library, as for various reasons the new Librarian was unable to accommodate so many books at her house. The Club in consequence was faced with the necessity of renting some suitable room to house the Library. Various opinions were expressed; there was the member—perhaps revolutionarily inclined—who said 'Burn the books . . .', those who thought that..'our only duty to the Library is the mere warehousing of the books,' and those who agreed with the proposal of renting a Club Room for the use of members, large enough to house the Library, as well as all the 800 reserve Journals for which the Librarian is responsible. This scheme did not receive enough support, because the only room available would have involved the Club in an expenditure of £25 a year. However, a home had to be found for the books, and with the aid of seven generous members who promised to contribute (plus a donation of 30/- from a guest at the annual dinner), the Library was housed in a room at the Conservative Club, Ambleside. (Annual rent of £8, including lighting and heating). The Fell and Rock was unable to secure the sole use of the room, but members may borrow books at any time, by applying to the caretaker for the keys of the bookcases and entering particulars of all books, etc., taken away from the Library, in the Library Book.

It is hoped that members will avail themselves of this opportunity to use the Library, and call to borrow books, maps or Journals on their way to meets. They should be returned to the Library either by post or left when in the neighbourhood. The Librarian will, of course, continue to send books to any member who may apply to her.

Some reviewers have in the past retained copies of books sent to them by the Editor for review purposes, as a result of which the Library is very short of the more recent publications on mountaineering. The Committee has now decided that *all* review copies of books are the property of the Club, and should be returned to the Library—reviewers, kindly note.

The books are kept in the two really beautiful bookcases which were made by hand for the Club by an ex-member—A. B. Reynolds, and are well placed in their present position.

The following books have been or will be added to the Library in the near future: Turkestan Solo, by Ella K. Maillart; Walking in the Lake District, by H. H. Symonds; Climbing Days, by Dorothy Pilley; The Romance of Mountaineering, by R. G. Irving; Adventures of an Alpine Guide, by Christian Klucker; Alpine Pilgrimage, by Julius Kugy; Nanga Parbat Adventure, by Fritz Bechtold; Modern Ski-ing, by A. H. d'Egville; Below the Snow Line, by Douglas Freshfield; A Bird Lover's Diary, by Arthur Astley (an account of the different birds to be seen in each month in the Lake District);

The Bondwoman, by W. G. Collingwood; Alpine Journey, by F. S. Smythe; the Scottish Mountaineering Club's Guides to . . . Skye, Cairngorms, Western Highlands, Central Highlands, Northern Highlands, the Islands; the Swiss Alpine Club's Guides . . . Alpes Valaisannes, vols. 1, 2, 3 (from Col Ferret to Simplon); Bernese Oberland, vols. 3 & 4 (Bietschorn, Aletschorn, Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn Groups); the Siegfried maps of the Zermatt, Arolla, Saas Fee and Bernese Oberland Districts; Guide de la Chaine du Mont Blanc, by Louis Kurz, 1935; the Barbey Map of the Mont Blanc District. The Librarian is most grateful for the following gifts: The Spirit of the Hills, by F. S. Smythe; and Everest 1933. Vol. 8 of the S.M.C. journal, bound in quarter morocco, from E. W. Hodge. A large number of Alpine journals from J. W. Brown. Some numbers of Die Alpen from Dr. T. R. Burnett.

Will members please remember the Library when turning out their bookshelves, and note that any books, maps or journals will be very welcome. The Librarian has for sale some back numbers of kindred club journals; will members wishing to make up their sets please let her know.

THE CLUB HUT

The President

The idea of building a Club Hut dates back to the period immediately after the War, though at that time the project, which was intended as a War Memorial, was rather for shelters near the crags. This did not meet with very substantial support and was abandoned. Nothing more was heard of the proposal for a considerable time, but during the past few years, and especially since the inauguration of the highly successful hut in Langdale by the Liverpool Wayfarers, there has been a growing opinion among the more active elements in the Club that we ought to follow the example of the other clubs, several of which are excellently equipped with hut accommodation.

It is not the object of this note to give a detailed account of all the steps taken by the committee during the past two or three years to attain this objective. The majority of those responsible have taken the view that Wasdale Head was the obvious place for a hut. From many points of view it would have been desirable, if possible, to copy the other clubs and make use of an existing building. Unfortunately, the only possibility at Wasdale, Down in the Dale, is not practical politics owing to sanitary difficulties. It was, therefore, necessary to find a suitable site on which to place a new building. This has been done. Indeed, Brackenclose Wood, which lies on the left bank of Lingmell beck, just above the track to Wasdale Hall Farm, is perhaps the most beautiful spot in the whole valley, with superb views both down Wastwater and up Mosedale. Owing to the enthusiasm and energy of W. G. Milligan, A. B. Hargreaves and other members of the Huts Committee, this little wood of stunted oaks is now the property of the Club. It comprises about one and a half acres of land upon which lie the remains of an early British (circular) monument.

After considerable discussion and having ascertained the views of a number of members, the committee decided to launch the somewhat ambitious scheme which was submitted to members before the Annual General Meeting. There is no need to repeat these proposals, which entailed an outlay of £3,500 and would have provided accommodation for fifty-four people. The response made to the financial appeal ruled this project out of court and the temper of the Annual General Meeting was rather in favour of having several small huts in different valleys than one very large one. It was also felt by some that the opinion of members ought to be taken as to whether the first hut should be built at Wasdale or in some other valley. The meeting eventually resolved that it was desirable to establish a hut or huts; to purchase Brackenclose Wood; not to use the Club funds for building; and to circularise members as to their views as to where the first hut should be built.

As a result of the circular it was made clear that a large majority of those who were sufficiently interested to vote, these forming less than fifty per cent. of the total membership, were in favour of building at Brackenclose Wood. The response to the appeal for subscriptions and loans on the basis of a much smaller scheme was more satisfactory than on the first occasion, some £1,700 being promised. It is hoped, therefore, that at least £2,000 will eventually become available.

At the Langdale meet in November the hut sub-committee was reconstructed and has already held several meetings. New plans have been drafted and considered, and even put before the executive at the Grasmere meet in February, when they were approved subject to the confirmation of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The sub-committee is at present engaged in making arrangements for commencing building, and if all goes well the roof should be on during the summer.

The response to the circular showed that there is a small but earnest minority, about forty in number, who are opposed to the erection of any new building in a Lake District valley head. Every sympathy must be felt with this point of view, for while our typical low narrow farms form an integral and pleasing part of the Lakeland scene as we know it, one ill-considered building, such as has recently appeared in Borrowdale, can disfigure a whole stretch of valley beyond repair. Our responsibility is therefore a serious one, and the committee have responded to it with a full realisation of their task and in confidence that with the aid of the C.P.R.E. they will be able to discharge it.

Among the minority some have expressed the view that new accommodation is quite unnecessary. This is said without realisation of the needs of the younger members. To many of these the expense of staying at hotels or even at farmhouses is more than they can afford. To others only very short holidays are available for the same reason. The result is we get fewer keen young climbers as candidates for election, and from the Club meets, with a few exceptions, young climbers are absent. There has, in fact, for some years been a middle aged feeling in the Club, and this has begun to reflect itself on the rocks, where many of the best new climbs have been falling to members of other Clubs. If we are to maintain our fine traditions we must recapture the youthful climber, and it seems that a well-built and convenient hut at Wasdale is one thing which is essential to this task.

Age renews itself in the activities of youth. It must be that the burden of providing the financial means for building and equipping the hut will fall on the older members. It is an opportunity to provide an entrance to the fells for many who would otherwise miss that supreme experience. We who have won among the hills experiences and visions which cannot be expressed in terms of much fine gold may now do something to open a path to the feet of the young men. Let us respond generously to the call.

IN MEMORIAM

Richard W. Hall

My first acquaintance with him came about rather oddly. John Robinson for a short time lived at Embleton between Keswick and Cockermouth. Going over there to see him I found he was away and no prospect of any train for several hours. At that moment an educated man accosted me, stating that he knew Robinson and lived close by and would be delighted if I would spend the interval with him and his family. He was a Mr. Watson, a bank manager, and as afterwards transpired an uncle of Richard Hall, whom I met soon after and began a friendship which was to continue for many years.

He was at that time devoted to camping, and his climbing had not gone much beyond Grassmoor; but very soon he not only increased his climbing range, but developed a sport of his own, navigating Crummock Water and the River Cocker in a home-made coracle.

He was eager to try camping beyond the sea, and pressed me for information about conditions in the Pyrenees. I told him of a number of suitable spots; but before he had made the attempt he fell in with a friend who had been in Andorra. They made up a party and had a most successful outing, and it was characteristic of Hall that the next year he felt quite competent to act as leader of another party to the same country, without knowing a word of the local or any other language but English.

I think it was in the year before his first visit to Andorra that I was starting for the Alps when two of my friends were suddenly compelled to hang back for a week or two. So I asked Hall whether he would care to join me for that interval. He accepted eagerly and went out with me, but when we got out he disclosed that he could only spare three days!

So the next day we went up the Stockhorn, a snowless, but interesting limestone peak, and the day after we took train to Lenk. Here there is a short cut which rejoins the road by a very steep path which had been knocked to pieces by a small landslide. It

looked terribly slippery and Hall insisted that we must have lost the true track. However, at that moment a woman appeared above us and not only descended by the path which he had declared impossible but did so pushing a perambulator in front of her. It was a wonderful performance, demanding strength as well as agility, for the little vehicle never had more than one wheel on the rock at one time; but it was profoundly humiliating to my poor friend.

It was now broiling hot; but as we passed the great waterfall which comes down from the Iffigen Alp it turned suddenly cold and as we drew near to the little inn we were in a black cloud and heavy snow. We made a hasty meal and then plodded on towards the Wildhorn Hut. In ordinary weather the path up a flat valley is well marked with paint; but now both path and paint were quite buried and as the thickly falling snow made it very dark, we ran some risk of going past the hut without seeing it. However, at last, I saw a line too straight to belong to a natural rock. It was the hut roof, and a minute later we were in the desired shelter. Here the novice was delighted with all the little contrivances and especially with the huge wooden-soled slippers. A pair of these he donned and began prancing round the room in them till his prancing ended in his smashing the handle of the saw on which we depended for preparing our fuel.

Nothing daunted, he hunted about for a long nail, heated it and with its aid bored two holes in the saw-handle and completely restored it. Next day the snow was deep all round the hut; as we worked up the glacier the air was beautifully clear the snow was firm and a stinging east wind was all that we had to complain of. The first snow-peak provides exhilaration for anyone; but to the enthusiastic Cumbrian it was a moment of intensest rapture.

To crown all as our train emerged from the Simmenthal there blazed up on the Kandersteg peaks the finest "Abendgluth" of the season.

Never was a first visit to the Alps briefer or more successful. Next day he was on his way back to England full of content. A few years later he joined one of the Tourist Agencies and took many parties to different parts of Western Europe greatly endearing himself to all who came under his charge.

Occasionally, he gave a lecture in London, when many of his flock turned up to give him an affectionate welcome.

It was wonderful how he found time for so many diverse activities. As 'Hobcarton' he was a regular contributor to the *West Cumberland Times* of breezy articles on open-air life among the fells, while his little book of poems contains much that though simple and unpretending is of decided literary merit.

W.P.H.S.

RICHARD W. HALL

By the passing of 'Dickie' Hall in February of 1935, a Cumberland landmark has been effaced, as well as a personal loss sustained by every member of the Club who visited the northern side. 'Dickie,' as he was familiarly termed, rarely missed a Buttermere or Borrowdale meet, but could not be attracted outside his own area. On a few occasions he came to the annual dinner at Coniston and Windermere, and was warmly welcomed.

'Dickie's' courtesy and helpfulness toward novices was well known; probably he was more associated with the youngsters of the craft than were most of the expert climbers of the day. He would put aside his own plans, and share in a party to teach and to train, and he was a most considerable, helpful and patient teacher. R.W.H. knew every nook and cranny about Buttermere and Borrowdale; he was an adept in finding unknown and opening out unfashionable 'courses,' and his contributions to the Buttermere 'Climbers' Book' were often suggested as models for other contributors placing routes on record for our Club's various 'Guides.'

As a fell-walker, 'Dickie' had a mighty experience. Probably he had been on Great Gable, Great End and the Pillar Mountain every week in the year, as well as round the Buttermere fells. He had a taste for science, and thought little of carrying and reading a thermometer at each spring and tarn on the way to Great End though the fells were streaked with snow and the New Year wind was bitter.

About his own adventures, 'Dickie' was hard to draw into talk; obviously he had seen many incidents which would have

furnished other people with dramatic lectures and stories. His book, ' The Art of Mountain Tramping,' covers many little-known ridges in Britain, and is full of hints from practical experience. Outside the Lake Country, he travelled the Pyrenees from end to end, and knew most of the Alpine districts.

The Club is much indebted to quiet, pleasant and consistent men like ' Dickie Hall ' for its present high standing in Cumberland. He was a cheery companion, and will long be missed at Buttermere and other Northern meets. We shall not look upon his like again.

W.T.P.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS ATTER

Mike Atter was one of the youngest and latest-joined members of the club and although he can have been known only to a few members, those who came into contact with his vigorous personality will regret more than ever the tragic end of so promising a personality.

His death took place last August. He went to Greenland with three other Oxford explorers to survey unexplored country on the west coast in the Strömfjord district. He and N. J. Dunbar were descending a river in their canoe, when it struck some rocks and overturned whilst they were negotiating some rapids. Atter was drowned whilst trying to save the stores they were transporting and, despite a long search, his body was never recovered.

Seldom did anyone so belie first appearances. Those who met him casually were apt to be deluded by that tremendous laugh, his eternal pipe and generally rather bluff manner. This was only a guard to his real nature, conscientious, and with a highly developed sense of public service, which took him into the territorial army when he was only eighteen and would make him cut short a climbing holiday to go to unemployed men's camps.

Although only a fair rock climber, but quite unperturbed by his several falls, he was a reliable man on the hills. Rock-climbing alone did not satisfy him. He was by nature an explorer ; it was this that led him to the Lofoten in 1934 and then to Greenland last year. He had not attended a club meet, as all his climbing activities had been centred round the Oxford University Mountain-

eering Club (of which he was treasurer), but he had loved the Lakeland fells since a boy and spent his last Christmas there.

Infinite regret at his tragic end can only be tempered with satisfaction that at least he lived his short life to the full.

E.V.

CHARLES FREDERICK CAYZER HOPLEY

Charlie Hopley had an intimate association with the Lake District all his life. While he was still a schoolboy at Sedbergh, his family came to live at Elterwater, and the beginning of his great love for the hills was fostered during his holidays. He joined the Club as a life member in 1909; and although his profession of mining engineering necessitated long sojourns abroad, and he was not able to attend many Meets, yet the Club always meant something very real to him. Through all his wanderings his set of 'Fell and Rock Journals' remained intact, and every year he impatiently awaited the publication of the new one. He served in the Royal Engineers during the war, latterly retiring to live in Ambleside, where he had many interests.

It was fitting that he should pass away among the fells that he loved so well, and whose every corner he had explored so often; he died suddenly on July 2, while walking over Walna Scar. He was known to only a few members of the club, but those of us who were privileged to gain Charlie's friendship will long remember him as a kindly and genial personality, always gentle and charming and ready to do any of the many things that there are to do for other people if one lives in a village. Perhaps the most expressive thing that can be said of him is—that he was such a good friend.

M.R.FG.

EDITOR'S NOTES

There appears to be a blank in the records of the Club's climbing activities for the past twelve months as far as successful explorative attempts on any of the great cliffs are concerned. The preceding year or two yielded some first-rate, if very severe climbs, and although even a repetition of them would have been a serious and possibly dangerous proceeding in 1935, owing in part to indifferent weather conditions, there is surely still an ' undiscovered country ' either on the old familiar crags or in the less easily reached parts of our climbing ground where new and interesting routes might be made.

Perhaps the advent of the Jubilee in 1936 will inspire some to adventure on a more extensive search to that end. The Club in 1936 is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first ascent of the Napes Needle on Great Gable, which was accomplished by W. P. Haskett-Smith in the June of 1886. It was his solitary climb down the Needle Ridge and up that strange mushroom-shaped pinnacle, destined to become the Club emblem, which attracted the attention of climbers to the Cumbrian crags. Interest thus aroused slowly increased and at last crystallized in the formation of this Club in 1906.

The celebrating of such a first ascent cannot fail to make a strong appeal. Climbers will be gathering at Wasdale Head next Easter to welcome Haskett-Smith as the Club's honoured guest—and incidentally as one of its past presidents and an honorary member. He is a true and able exponent of British climbing as we know it today and most of the members there will no doubt be attracted by the idea of ascending the Needle under his aegis—a feat which his remarkable health and vigour should enable him to enjoy with the best of them.

So that there should be some permanent and visible evidence of the Club's appreciation of the services Haskett-Smith rendered to British climbing in particular, an epitome of Lakeland climbing

and fell-walking and every associated Lake District interest will be published in the Jubilee number of the Journal for 1936. It will review the fifty years which have elapsed since the original ascent of the Needle; it will be confined exclusively to the Club's own climbing ground, the Lake District, and all that pertains to it; and will be published as a complete volume (No. XI)—No. 30 of the series.

For the achievement of this ambitious purpose, the Editor feels he can count upon the eager co-operation of all members in possession of data and information covering the period to be reviewed, and particularly upon those able to contribute special articles on all aspects and interests, who are invited to do so within the next few months, for publication by Christmas.

Prints and photographs covering the fifty years, particularly those of people, places or objects connected with the Club in its earlier stages, would be of especial interest.

The response accorded to the Committee's proposal to erect a Club Hut at Brackenclose Wood, at the head of Wastwater, will enable the Club to proceed with the scheme, now reduced to £1,500 for the building, out of donations and moneys offered on loan by members. The Hut Sub-Committee is at present getting out an amended plan and elevation based upon the reduced amount available for immediate needs, and the new scheme will then be put in hand. The various aspects of the question are clearly set forth in another part of the Journal by the President.

Hardly any topic concerning our climbing district has aroused such a wide and profound interest—and perhaps one may say—such general opposition, as the question of afforestation. Happily the interest in the preservation of the Lake District is not confined to the rank and file of the Fell and Rock or kindred clubs, since a voluminous correspondence in the responsible press proves that public opinion up and down the country has become keenly alive to the necessity of protecting what remains of the unspoilt countryside. This was particularly evident in connection with the threat-

ened treeplanting in upper Eskdale and the decision of the Forestry Commission to yield to public clamour by agreeing not to plant any trees whatsoever within four miles of the source of the Esk and to restrict planting to 1,630 acres, mostly in Duddondale, thus leaving 5,580 acres unplanted and free of access to the public, is a matter for grateful acknowledgment and thanks to the parties concerned. Sir Lawrence Chubb, of The Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, H. J. G. Griffin, of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and Kenneth Spence of The Friends of the Lake District, all helped to smooth the way to a settlement at once acceptable to the Forestry Commission and to the important public interests they represent.

It is to be hoped that Club members will give all the active support they can to the Friends of the Lake District, whose watchfulness and eagerness has borne such good fruit.

The fifth Everest expedition is fortunate in its leader and personnel. Hugh Ruttledge has among the twelve members men like Frank Smythe, Eric Shipton (both members of the Club) and Wyn Harris, who have been on previous Everest expeditions; Dr. C. B. Warren, E. H. L. Wigram and G. Kempson accompanied Eric Shipton on the Everest reconnaissance expedition this year. With so admirable and compact a team of climbers the leader's heavy load of responsibility should prove less onerous and success may smile upon these intrepid men if they should be favoured with a spell of fine days for their dash to the summit. That at any rate will be the wish of everyone during the crucial days next June, when the attempt is to be made.

The proposer of the Club's first Alpine meet has earned the thanks of those who attended the Arolla meet last August. It will be clear from Miss FitzGibbon's account, printed elsewhere, that the arrangements made were as perfect as the weather would permit. Both her and Ronald Walker's difficult work to satisfy all interests were warmly appreciated.

Encouraged by the success of this new departure, the Committee propose to hold the second Alpine meet at the Montenvers Hotel, at Chamonix, France, from July 26th to August 8th, 1936, where accommodation for about 30 has already been reserved, and so far three guides have been retained. The Hon. Editor has undertaken the preliminary organisation and all desirous of coming to the meet, as well as those willing to lead ropes of three behind the ropes led by guides, should send in their names as early as possible.

There is ample evidence of the wide scope of members' climbing activities abroad during the year in the articles published in this number. Equally evidential are the reports from other members of expeditions in other climbing centres on the Continent :— Bentley Beetham, who ventured as far as the High Atlas last year, led most of the climbs with Howard and Leslie Somervell in the High Tatra this summer.

Wilson Hey also spent a busy summer climbing ; in a long list, traversing the Chardonnet and the Dorées, he concludes imposingly with the four summits of the Aiguilles du Diable.

Graham Brown has an impressive list as usual. Traversing with Graven the Lyskamm from the Bétemps to the Gnifetti Hut, they ascended the Lyskamm direct by the N.W. ridge—a very fine route. After climbing some Monte Rosa peaks, they went from the Bétemps to the Marinelli Hut directly over the Jaegerjoch and then made a new difficult descent on the E. side direct from the Pass. Then came a fine long traverse up the E. face of Nordend (from Marinelli) and a descent of ' Ryan's rib' (N. ridge) to the Jaegerjoch and Bétemps ; finally they traversed the Dent Blanche by the Ferpècle ridge (up) and the Viereselgrat (first descent).

With Joseph Georges le Skieur and Camille Tournier, Miss M. R. FitzGibbon and the Hon. Editor traversed the Drus (l to r) made the (4th) ascent of the E. ridge (route Ryan) of the Aiguille du Plan, the N. face of the Aiguille du Géant, the Matterhorn from Hoernli across to and up Zmutt and down the Italian ridge.

Una Cameron traversed Mont Blanc—up the Peuterey, down the Bionassay ridge, then climbed the Red Sentinel and finally the

Aiguille Noire on which she made the first descent down the N.E. face.

Brenda Ritchie led many climbs with John Poole and W. McNaught first in the Dolomites, including the Schmittkamin, the Kleine Zinne Nordwand, Kleinste Zinne (traverse) Madonna Schleierkante (traverse) Marmolata Suedwand, and then in Switzerland traversed the Klein and Gross Gelmerhorn, and the Balmhorn by the Wildelsiggrat with M. G. Bradley.

Reciting the annual achievements of members in the greater world of alpine mountaineering is both pleasing and heartening from the Club's point of view. For even though rock climbing is a most important adjunct to the wider field of alpine exploration, it is not looked upon as an end in itself any more than is higher altitude climbing; but it does help to produce that splendid poise of mind and body, which is the first and best equipment for great and high climbing.

The lure of mountaineering is shown in the growing lists of members published by the Swiss and French Alpine Clubs for 1934, namely, 31,225 and 20,787 respectively, while those of the Italian, German and Austrian Clubs add at least half as many again to that total number of mountaineers. In comparison with such figures, the average number of fatal accidents works out at less than 1 per 10,000 (59 per annum from 1890 to 1918; 68 per annum from 1923 to 1934). These statistics apply to French and Swiss Alps only; the German and Austrian losses are known to be considerable. In Cumberland, during the year, one climber lost his life in Savage Gully and one member of the Youth Hostel broke an ankle through falling off the hand traverse on the North Climb on Pillar.

When the conquest of the north face of the Grandes Jorasses (on June 30th) by a Bavarian 'storming party' was reported by the *Times* correspondent, he attributed their success to the 'engineering methods' employed by them and likewise the two parties who followed in their wake a few days later. On July 10th, the *Times*

published a letter of protest from a Swiss climber in Zuerich, from which the following excerpt is taken :

> ' I can assure you that but for a few exceptions the Swiss generation of climbers that grew up after the War has kept to the " Code of Ethics " as handed down by the elders. It is essentially the Munich and Tyrolese School that came to courting danger as a means of looking for fame.... It is still possible in our little country to enjoy mountain climbing as a noble and peaceful adventure. Mountains are too grand and too closely allied to our dearest traditions for us to permit that sheer recklessness should take the place of experience and reflective ability.'

In which sentiments every true mountain lover will wholeheartedly concur.

The Hon. Librarian's appeal to members for gifts of old and new books as well as slides, ought to be met if the library, which has now been made accessible to all, is to afford the greatest service and pleasure to those who otherwise would not have access to books of climbing interest. Several valuable reference books have already been presented by members and it is hoped that others who are generously inclined will add guides, maps, slides, and important new books, or donate money to our enthusiastic Hon. Librarian, to satisfy the most pressing needs of the library. This appeal excludes the new publication of George Basterfield's ' Songs of a Cragsman,' now set to music, as the library has its author's copy and it is unlikely that any one of our 600 odd members is ever likely to be without his own bought and paid for copy !

An entry in the climbing book at Wasdale Head reads as follows :

' C. D. Yeomans, aged 64, ascended Walker's Gully.'

To be able and wishful to undertake so severe a climb at 64 calls for both congratulations and praise from his fellow members. Such perennial youth is indeed a fine reward for lifelong devotion to the hills. *Floreat Yeomans !*

Kathleen Boothroyd, well known to all as a writer of great charm, was married to Dick Leonard in July. Later in the year, Ronald Walker, the indefatigable joint organiser of the Arolla meet, and Phyllis Marsh were married. The Club's warmest wishes to them all !

The production of the first of the series of guide books to be published by the Club has proved more costly than expected, and the price of the Pillar Guide has now been fixed at 2s. 6d. post paid. That, incidentally, will be the price at which the other guides to be published in the ensuing year will be sold to members and non-members alike.

The choice of alpine photographs submitted by members has been embarrassingly great, chiefly because of the uniformly high standard attained by them. But, alas, there is an almost complete absence of Lakeland photographs, resulting in the issue of a journal with only seven subjects of Lake District origin. The Hon. Editor appeals with all the insistence possible for a complete reversal of this anomaly next year. Since Lakeland photographs alone can be published in the 1936 Journal, will members enable the Hon. Editor to adorn its pages with a profusion of fine photographs of the Club's own domain.

Errata in No. 28 of this volume.

p. 31 In the first line of Kipling's poem read : ' things ' for springs.'

p. 136. In fourth stanza, last line, read : ' Ravn's nestin 'igh.'

p. 137. In fourth stanza, first line, read : ' Aud' for 'An.'

LONDON SECTION

LIST OF OFFICERS :
President : Dr. Charles F. Hadfield

Committee

George Anderson
J. W. Brown
Miss Joyce Chapman
R. S. T. Chorley
W. P. Haskett-Smith
R. H. Hewson
T. M. Hardwick
Ronald Walker
W. McNaught

Hon. Sec. & Treasurer : G. R. Speaker

The year with the London Section included as usual, in the all-too-long intervals between visits to the Lake homeland or other climbing grounds, many long and enjoyable walking expeditions carried out by members not to be deterred either by long and early train journeys from home or by bad weather And there were other pleasant occasions when kindred spirits met to renew and extend friendly contacts.

In deference to the smaller band which rarely misses a Sunday walk, fort nightly expeditions were planned at the beginning of the year to test the feeling of other members, but the necessarily early starts and longer, farther afield and more frequent walks were found too much for so widely scattered a section, so the every-third-week arrangement was reverted to later in the year. Mapped out as always with an eye to the convenience of members in turn, the fourteen walking fixtures of the year completely encircled London.

In February, Eustace Thomas showed an excellent film of his thrilling traverse of the Aiguilles du Diable and of some equally interesting climbs in the Dolomites. And in March, Basil Goodfellow showed a capital collection of slides of alpine and tropical subjects, some of the best specimens of which he has allowed a well-wishing member, mindful of the Hon. Librarian's request, to borrow for reproduction for the Club collection. These evening lectures, thanks to the kind assistance of R. S. T. Chorley, were both given at the London School of Economics.

The Rucksack Club invited all L.S. members to a joint walk around Aldbury, taking in Aldbury Beacon and Ashridge Park. This followed their successful London Dinner, held on March 24. It was arranged by W. Bennison with the cordial assent of the President of the Rucksack Club and was also led by him. Such an opportunity for meeting Manchester friends naturally proved a great attraction.

Through the same country in May, Ronald Walker led a walk which terminated at Whitehill Cottage, Berkhamsted, where Mr and Mrs J. Osborne Walker entertained the party to tea.

Instead of the usual midnight walk in June, a week-end meet was substituted at the suggestion of W. McNaught. Lulworth was made the rallying point and a fairly large party travelling by car on Saturday, June 22, assembled at the foot of Durdle Door. A traverse of that rock arch from end to end was safely made both ways after which everyone went bathing until it was time to return to Lulworth. The Sunday, a warm and cloudless day, was spent sauntering as far as Kimmeridge over the cliffs, with halts for bathing. The return was over the Purbeck Hills to Lulworth. Then home. McNaught's excellent staff-work contributed substantially to the success of the meet, which certainly was one of the best of the year.

A September walk to Guildford can perhaps best be described as a mass descent on the charming house and gardens of George Anderson's brother, whose warm hospitality on these now annually recurring occasions gives the greatest imaginable pleasure to all.

The friends from all over the country who flocked to the 16th annual London Dinner on December 7 helped to make it the most numerously attended as well as one of the most successful events of the Section—so far! The many familiar faces and Darwin Leighton leading the old Club songs created a Cumbrian atmosphere in which time sped all too quickly. Among the distinguished guests were Gen. Bruce and Sydney Spencer representing the Alpine Club, Frank Smythe the Everest Expedition, H. J. G. Griffin the C.P.R.E., Miss McAndrew the Ladies' Alpine Club, and Col. Hills the Climbers' Club; also C. E. M. Joad and Miss Ethel Mannin, who represented themselves, with distinction. T. Howard Somervell proposed the toast of the Guests and Kindred Clubs, to which C. E. M. Joad and Miss Ethel Mannin replied for the Guests and Col. Hills for the Kindred Clubs. In the absence through indisposition of the secretary of the National Trust, the aims of that body were extolled and commended by the President, R. S. T. Chorley. George Anderson proposed the toast of the Club, the President and the Chairman, Dr. Charles Hadfield. During the evening the A.G.M. confirmed the President and Committee and Hon. Secretary and Treasurer in office for another year and co-opted W. McNaught.

Next day 30 or 40 set out under Ronald Walker's leadership for a 9-mile stroll over Berkhamsted Common and through Ashridge Park to Whitehill Cottage, where, by Mr and Mrs J. Osborne Walker's fireside they thoroughly enjoyed all the good things that were set before them.

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